# Extrication of Evil

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**Extrication of Evil**

by [CrypticFondness](http://archiveofourown.org/works/8887273)

Summary

Five Foster kids from different backgrounds all end up at a reform school for troubled youth. They thought it would be better than going to prison. They all thought wrong.
THIS FICTION WILL GET UPDATED. WE CARE. IT WILL HAPPEN.

WARNING:
We're going to warn you now....This is going to be a dark.

This fiction contains...

Underage rape, and just about anything and everything you can think of.
There will be graphic abuse sexual and non sexual written in detail.
If you're uncomfortable with it, please don't read it.
But I also ask you to give it a chance before you judge.

ALWAYS CHECK TAGS AS THEY ARE UPDATED FREQUENTLY AS WE THINK OF MORE THINGS TO DO TO THE LADS.

Updates on Thursday 99% of the time. Sometimes Friday if I forget or don't get a chance to on Thursday. If editing takes awhile longer then probably update will happen on a weekend or just whenever it's done being edited.
Hope you enjoy!

(TAGS ARE TAGGED FOR A REASON INCLUDING SHIPS! DO NOT ASK US TO UNTAG SHIPS AS WE KNOW THE FUTURE OF THIS STORY AND YOU DO NOT!
~CrypticFondness )

If you're going to comment that you're sick of Watson and Liam and not enough of the others, then we hear you. All of you. But change takes time. We can't edit what's already been posted. We can edit what we haven't posted best we can and make our current stuff even better

If you check our Instagram/Twitter/Tumblr there is an important message about the story!

Hello again! I am currently working on new stuff and am trying to aim for posting a new chapter in the next few weeks. I promise not much longer. I'm so sorry.

See the end of the work for more notes
Chapter 1
Chapter by CrypticFondness, larryslove

Zayn was riding in the backseat with his earbuds inside his ears and music on full blast as the social worker drove him up the long unpaved driveway to the Borstal. It was where he was being sent to go to school after being caught on his now previously school grounds selling various drugs.

He was only 16 but the Judge had threatened to try him as an adult if he didn't give up his supplier. Zayn was far from an idiot and neither was his public defender. He knew he'd be dead if he gave up a name and even though the police offered protection, he knew it wouldn't matter.

A deal was made where he would have to attend an alternative form of schooling instead of going to jail if he did give up the name.

Zayn ended up giving the police an old alias of his supplier that he knew wasn't active anymore.

Now he had arrived at the school. He looked out the window of the car. The school looked like something out of a low budget film.

It had an Iron fence around the property with a gate that was currently open at the end of the driveway. There was no grass, only dirt and the place seemed to be in the middle of nowhere. Zayn had noticed a while go that he had began to only see trees for what felt like miles.

When they parked, Zayn stepped out of the car, noticing the ground under his feet was completely gravel. He looked at the building and noticed it was built out of red brick. There was one window beside the front door but it was covered with an iron bars.

“Move!” The social worker yelled at him and pushed him forward to make him start walking.

“Don't fuckin push me!” Zayn complained as he began to walk.

“Don't stand there gawking like an idiot then.” The social worker shook his head as they walked up to the front door where they were met by two security guards.

“New student, Zayn Foster.” The social worker told the guards.

“So we got ourselves another Foster kid.” One guard said as the other smirked.

“Does that make me special then?” Zayn asked sarcastically.

“Ooh. And he's got a smart mouth. That'll come in great use.” The other guard grinned.

Zayn was about to ask what the hell he meant but was interrupted by the sound of the heavy metal door opening and being pushed through.

“I have a tight schedule and I have to make sure you're signed in before I leave.” The social worker pushed him again.

Zayn walked faster. He wasn't in the mood to get pushed again. He would hit the social worker if it meant he wouldn't risk going to jail. The judge had warned him if he slipped up in any way and was caught, he'd go straight to jail. Zayn acted tough but even he knew he wouldn't survive prison.

As they walked the halls, Zayn noticed it was a cement floor and the walls were made of red brick.
He didn't expect that. Usually that shit was drywalled over.

They reached the main office where the Headmaster's assistant was typing away at his computer.

They waited and after a minute of not being noticed, the social worker cleared his throat.

“Oh. You must be Zayn Foster. Welcome to Modest Borstal for at risk male youth.” The man said. “I'm Tom. The headmaster will see you shortly. You can fill out the paperwork in the meantime.” He handed the social worker the clipboard who skipped to the last page and signed it.

“Here.” The social worker handed Zayn the board. “I'll get your shit out the car and leave it with security. You know yourself I assume so you can fill out the paperwork. Don't make me come back here.” He almost growled and walked away.

Zayn walked his social worker walk off then sat down on one of the chairs in the office. They were uncomfortable to say the least. He filled out the paperwork the best he could and handed it to Tom.

“Zayn, I assume?” Zayn heard an older man's voice.

“Yeah, that's me.” Zayn nodded turning around. He saw a tall man in a fancy suit. He had greying hair and light blue eyes.

“I'm Simon Cowell, Headmaster Cowell to you.” He introduced himself and looked at Tom. “Tom, has he dropped his hazards yet?”

“No yet, sir.” Tom said. “I can do that now though.” He offered standing.

“No need. You clearly can't do your job, so I will do it for you.” Mr. Cowell spoke harshly and snatched away the paperwork Zayn had filled out.

Tom frowned and sat down.

Mr. Cowell grabbed a plastic box that read prohibited items. “Empty all your pockets. Everything goes in here. Including your electronics, that also includes your cellphone. Don't even think of hiding anything.”

“What are you going to do with it?” Zayn asked, concern for his property suddenly struck. His posture changed into a more dominant stance and he glared hard at the headmaster in hopes of coming off as tough instead of scared.

Mr. Cowell could read that Zayn was trying to hide fear. He'd done this enough times now however that he was no longer sympathetic.

“Your personal belongings go in a box marked with your name and identification number. The box is then placed in storage until you are released at age eighteen or you are relocated by the courts.” He explained and crossed his arms over his chest. He wanted to show that Zayn’s act didn't phase him in the least.

Zayn still stood reluctant even though he knew he didn't have an option. The few things he had in his pockets were the most valuable to him. They were the only things he had with any value actually.

“Either get moving or I'll have someone empty your pockets for you.” Mr. Cowell nearly growled.

Zayn jumped a bit at the change in Mr. Cowell’s tone. His defiant side kicked in after and he
fought the urge to roll his eyes. Slowly he reached into his pocket and reluctantly put a small pocket knife into the box. He then reached into his other pocket and pulled out his iPod with the red ear buds attached. It was so hard but he finally dumped it into the box as well.

“Anything else? Get it in the box now Zayn. If I find anything on you myself it will be far worse.” He warned.

With a shaky hand he reached into his pocket again and pulled out a half empty pack of cigarettes and a lighter. He made sure to keep the cigarette pack closed as he placed it in the box because he was hiding his weed inside it.

“You guys uh, you guys have like programs to help addicts right? The caseworker said he thought you did.” Zayn wasn't interested in quitting but he knew being in here he'd have to try or he'd go crazy.

“Don't you worry Zayn. We’ll help you with your problem.” Mr. Cowell gave him what seemed to be a fake smile.

Zayn just nervously nodded but made sure to keep up his tough act. He wasn't about to let these people break him so easily.

“Now that we have that out of the way please step into my office.” Mr. Cowell then turned and walked into the office he had come out of moments before.

Zayn took a deep breath and walked in behind him. The door slammed closed and the sound echoed off the white painted brick walls before everything fell silent.

Zayn stood in front of the desk with his hands in his pockets as he watched Mr. Cowell sit down in his plush office chair.

Mr. Cowell then slipped on a pair of reading glasses and opened a folder on his desk. “Zayn Foster. Age sixteen. You've been in eleven foster homes since you were abandoned as an infant. You've been expelled from three schools and now you're here to escape going to prison on drug charges. Sound about right?”

“Yeah, I guess.” He shrugged.

Mr. Cowell instantly looked up at him with a calm yet sharp eye, “You will address me with respect Zayn. I'll give you one more chance to correct yourself.”

“Oh, yes sir?” He questioned. This man had done nothing to earn his respect but he wasn't about to cross him and get sent to prison.

“Yes, Headmaster Cowell.” Mr. Cowell corrected him with a voice that had heavy tones of annoyance.

“Yes, Headmaster Cowell.” Zayn replied while resisting the urge to clench his jaw.

“Much better.” He smiled and then silently read through Zayn’s file. He'd already gone over it but he liked to scan it again with the lad present in case there was anything he wanted to question him about. He then looked over the paperwork Zayn had filled out and sighed when he saw the lad didn't know much about himself.

When Mr. Cowell was satisfied he closed the folder, grabbed a notepad and pen then looked up at Zayn, “Now I need you to strip.”
Zayn’s eyes went wide. “What the fuck? No. No I will not strip. I don’t know what kind of…” He was cut off by Mr. Cowell raising his hand.

“Before you accuse me of being some type of pedophile...It’s just to confirm that you have not hidden anything from me on your body that may be hidden under your clothes or inside you. I also need to document any markings on your body. You’ll for change into your school uniform when I'm finished.” He explained and pointed to a stack of clothes on a table nearby.

“You will only wear this uniform. You have several sets. One may be used for when the other is dirty or for when you are sleeping. Of course, if you choose to sleep with nothing on that’s your choice.” Mr. Cowell explained. “Now, I’ll ask again and you better not make me ask you a third time. Strip.” His voice growled.

Zayn felt shivers go through his body. He nodded and slowly took off his shirt. He placed it on the chair behind him. He then slowly removed his shoes and socks. He took a deep breath as he felt tears burn in his eyes. He couldn’t remember being so uncomfortable in his life. He slowly undid the button on his jeans and chewed the inside of his lip as he pushed them down.

“There.” He said refusing to look Mr. Cowell in the eyes.

“The pants too.” Mr. Cowell said rolling his eyes. He hated when the new lads were cocky little shits.

“But-” Zayn began to argue.

“No. Don’t push me. You will do what I say. Pants off. I’m getting tired of repeating myself.” Mr. Cowell came around to lean against the front of his desk and rubbed his temples.

“Y-Yes, Headmaster Cowell.” Zayn stuttered out as he pulled his boxers down. He felt the need to cover his private area so he placed his hands over his crotch.

“You seem to have trouble listening. Remove your hands or I'll do it for you.” Mr. Cowell growled sharply.

“S-Sorry… didn't know I couldn't…” Zayn trailed off and frowned deeply then removed his hands placing them at his side.

“No Zayn, hands on your head.” Mr. Cowell ordered.

Zayn quickly did as he was told and placed his hands on his head.

“Underage tattoos.” Mr. Cowell noted out loud as he noticed Zayn's lip print tattoo on his chest and his gun tattoo on his right hip. He wrote it down on the notepad for Zayn’s file.

“Turn around slowly.” Mr. Cowell instructed.

Zayn slowly turned around as a tear finally fell from one of his eyes. He had never felt so exposed before.

“Scar on the left knee, and above your eyebrow I see.” Mr. Cowell mumbled as he wrote it down as well.

“Mmm, bend over please and spread ‘em. We check everywhere. You would be surprised by what these delinquents try to sneak in here.” Mr. Cowell seemed amused.
Zayn nodded and leaned over as he spread his arse cheeks apart. He never felt more embarrassed or humiliated in his life.

He felt Mr. Cowell’s hot breath on his backside and he froze in place. There was no more questioning if he felt violated. He definitely did.

“Very good.” Mr. Cowell said after a moment. “You may stand up now.”

Zayn stood and grabbed his boxers but Mr. Cowell stopped him.

“We have a uniform for you to put on and it doesn't include pants.” Mr. Cowell handed him the new clothes from the table. “We take extreme measures to make sure nothing is snuck inside. It's why we also allow no visitors.”

Zayn wanted to make a snide comment but knew better.

He then took and looked over the uniform. Grey t-shirt, grey sweats, with a grey zip up hoodie and grey slip on trainers. It was awful.

“Just put the damn thing on.” Mr. Cowell was losing his patience.

“Yes, Headmaster Cowell.” Zayn said and quickly got the uniform on.

“Can I keep my socks?” He asked. He wanted to be sure before he put the slip on trainers.

“Lose them. You don't need them. Pants and socks create more laundry and are a waste of funds. You'll be fine without both.” Mr. Cowell said.

Zayn nodded and slipped on the trainers he was provided.

“You look great.” Mr. Cowell gave a fake smile. “Let's get you acquainted with the facility and then I'll show you to your room.”

Zayn remained silent. He kept telling himself this was way better than prison. This wasn't exactly great however. He wished he could go back and be more careful so he wouldn't have to be here. It was too late for that though.

“Have a seat out with Tom while I finish getting your things into a box.” Mr. Cowell pointed towards the door.

“Yes, Headmaster Cowell.” Zayn spoke softly and left the office. He took a seat and closed his eyes. He needed a moment to just process all this.

As Zayn sat waiting, eyes closed he heard the faint sound of a bell. It caused him to open his eyes and look around.

“Just alerting the staff and faculty to a new student arriving. Don't worry.” Tom winked and went back to his paperwork.

Zayn had an uneasy feeling that he couldn't quite put his finger on but he just assumed it was his nerves and fear for the unknown.

“Ready Zayn?” He heard Mr. Cowell question after a moment.

Zayn looked over and took a breath before replying as he stood, “Yes, Headmaster Cowell.”
Slowly Mr. Cowell walked Zayn down a long plain hallway and through a security checkpoint where his photo was taken for their system.

After that he was lead into the area where the students remained at all times.

Their first stop was the nurse's office. “This is Nurse Carol. Have a seat so she can draw some labs for testing.” Mr. Cowell pointed.

“What? Are you serious? Why?” He argued. Zayn was not a fan of needles.

“Don't worry dear. It's just for a routine screening to test for STI’s and other diseases. I'll let you know the results when I get them back.” Nurse Carol assured him.

She didn't read as cold but she didn't read as warm either. She just came off as very professional.

Zayn bit back a whimper as he sat and pulled an arm out of his jacket. He then kept his eyes closed tightly as she took a few vials of his blood. He held his breath the entire time as well making him a bit light headed when he stood after finishing.

Mr. Cowell showed no sign of concern however. He just urged Zayn along on their tour. The next room they saw was the cafeteria. Mr. Cowell explained that the students were served three meals a day and his meal times would be listed on his daily schedule.

Zayn just kept quiet as he observed the very dull, plain, sterile environment. Cement brick walls all around that were painted white and grey tiled or cement floors that the metal lunch tables were bolted to.

As they saw room after room and met faculty, staff members and teachers, Zayn noticed how most of the employees here were men. He also couldn't help but notice how solemn and broken the students all looked. Many seemed very battered, with scars, cuts and bruises. It really set into perspective the idea of this school being for troubled young men.

All of them wore the same grey uniform. Some of them were stained with what seemed to be dirt or blood. It gave him an uneasy feeling but he refused to admit to even himself that he was scared.

Zayn was tough. He wasn't scared of anything. He'd been through a lot in his life. This would just be another stepping stone. He could get through this. As often as the government moved him around he was sure he wouldn't be here long anyway. His public defender even said the headmaster could report good behavior to the judge allowing him to be put back into a foster home. He just had to stay strong.

“Alright Zayn, this is the residential area. You lads have an outdoor court yard and a lounge but those areas are rewards and privileges not requirements. Students are kept in rooms that can hold up to six students. I group certain students together based on a various number of factors. You are going to be the first in a new group however. This will be your room. Room two thirty eight.” Mr. Cowell explained as he pulled out a key and unlocked the grey metal door.

Zayn took a deep breath as he felt Mr. Cowell grab his shoulder and gently push him forward. As he looked around his heart dropped a bit. He'd never seen such a sterile and bare room. Three metal bunk beds and two metal bookshelves with three shelves each filled the room. Four white painted cement brick walls boxed it all in. One corner had a half wall that somewhat hid a metal toilet and a tiny metal sink.

“This is your new home Zayn. For now you’ll stay locked in here. Once the staff gets you a daily schedule and someone to get you acquainted with the rules you’ll be allowed to earn more freedom
as well as get into a regular routine. Do you have any questions?” He asked looking around the
room then back to the lad.

“I… no, I don't think so Headmaster Cowell. Um, what if I need to speak with you?” His mind was
in a whirlwind and he wasn't really thinking straight.

“If you need me let the nurse know. She’ll leave a message with Tom who will leave a message for
me. You’ll be fine though Zayn. You just need a chance to get used to things.” Mr. Cowell gave
him one last fake smile then turned towards the door.

“Thank you.” Zayn tried to leave a good lasting impressions.

Mr. Cowell only laughed slightly under his breath then slammed the door shut as he walked out
without even a goodbye.

Zayn suddenly heard the door lock and wondered if “alternative school” really meant “Prison for
minors”.

He looked at the white bricked walls. They were painted. The walls on the outside of the school
had been red. It seemed odd, how everything inside this building lacked color, vibrancy and
warmth.

He looked at the bunks and saw that the mattress only had a fitted sheet plus a thin fleece blanket.
Both had holes and stains on them. The pillow was completely flat and had no pillowcase on it but
also looked stained.

On one of the metal shelves sat several pairs of uniforms. Zayn assumed those must be his and that
must be his shelf.

Zayn let out a shaky breath as he ran a hand over his face.

He then noticed that his things hadn't arrived. Security still had them, maybe, Zayn reasoned with
himself.

He did wonder why so many of the other students looked so rough. Was there a recent brawl
between everyone? He wondered.

He wasn't sure how to feel about using the toilet with so little privacy. What about showering?
They had to clean themselves somehow.

He looked down and noticed that the floor was still cement. He had to keep reminding himself that
this was better than prison or he'd break down without being here more than an hour.

After a moment of just standing around he decided to choose a bed. He decided on the upper bunk
furthest away from the toilet but exchanged the pillow with the best looking one.

He then climbed up and sat with his feet hanging off the side. Zayn couldn't help but question how
he would survive this place. It wouldn't have been so bad if it wasn't all dull, bland and colorless.

Some time passed, Zayn wasn't sure how much when he decided to lay down. He didn't know how
long it would take for someone to come see him. He thought maybe taking a nap would pass the
time as he waited.

Zayn never even realized he had fallen asleep. It didn't hit him until he heard the door opened. He
must have been more tired than he thought.
“Get your arse up!” A man shouted.

It startled Zayn causing him to move very quickly as he got to his feet on the floor.

“Zayn Foster?” The man who had come into the room asked hard. He sat a small box down on the floor then looked at Zayn.

“That's me.” Zayn nodded.

“Good, hold out your left arm.” He ordered. When Zayn obeyed the man roughly grabbed his hand, pushed up his sleeve then fastened a security monitor around his wrist. A plain black band with a small black box that felt much like a watch.

“Alright then, here is your daily schedules.” The man handed him a a single sheet of paper. “Put it on your shelf. You can look over it later.”

“Alright.” Zayn nodded and went to put the items where he had been told.

“Look you little shit!” The man suddenly growled rather loudly. “I'm not your mate I'm your fucking Keeper! I will be spoken to with respect because as far as you're concerned I'm the damn boss!”

Zayn’s eyes were now blown open. He was taken by complete surprise. “Sorry, s-sir.”

“Fucking better be or I'll make your arse sorry. Do you understand Slag?” He asked hard.

For a split second Zayn thought about correcting him and telling him his name was Zayn. Something told him not to however; probably fear.

“Yes, Sir.” He nodded instead.

The Keeper looked at him hard before speaking, “You will address all Keepers as Sir until told otherwise. Your instructors will be addressed as mister or miss and their last name. You will be address as Slag or whatever else we feel like calling you.”

Zayn just silently listened, resisting every desire to go off on this arsehole.

“You will not speak unless spoken to or unless you are in the cafeteria or recreation areas. You will follow your daily schedules without question. You will do anything else you are told to do when you are told to do it. If you break any of the rules you will punished. If you cross myself or any other Keeper, staff or faculty member you will punished. Good behavior will earn you rewards. Is all of that clear and understood?”

Zayn swallowed hard before nodding, “Yes sir.”

“Good.” He picked up the small box from the floor and walked to the door. “Your classes won't start until tomorrow and you haven't earned any recreation time yet so you will remain in your room today except for meals and your nightly shower.”

Again Zayn nodded, afraid to say too much.

“If you're hungry for lunch get your arse over here and clasp your hands together behind your back. Otherwise get back on your fucking bed.” He growled at Zayn.

Zayn was starved so making a decision was easy. He quickly moved over to the door and placed his hands behind his back. The Keeper then opened the door and shoved Zayn out it roughly,
almost causing him to fall on his face.

The Keeper laughed, angering Zayn. “Learn to walk Slag.”

Zayn bit his tongue to stop himself from making the mistake of telling the Keeper off. He then locked his eyes on the floor and allowed the Keeper to guide him to the cafeteria.

When he walked inside, he was surprised by the sounds he heard. The students talked quietly and he thought he could hear sounds of moaning? So he looked up and was surprised by what he saw.

It was a Keeper, he was standing beside one of the lunch tables where one student was on his knees in front of the Keeper sucking on his cock while the other students watched.

Zayn felt his jaw drop open. He had to be seeing things. He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

“You'll have get your chance soon.” The Keeper beside him spoke.

Zayn didn't know what to say. He didn't know how to react. He felt confused. How were the Keepers able to do such things in the open.

“Over here.” The Keeper grabbed Zayn's arm, holding it tightly. “Is where you get your meals. Just like any other high school, you look at your options and tell the ladies what you want. You grab your tray first though and unlike your other schools, you don't need to pay for your lunch. The government takes care of that.” He explained. “You have an hour break for lunch but you are not to go anywhere outside these four walls. If I, or any other Keeper catch you...You will be punished. You have forty minutes now to pick something to eat and sit down to eat before the next bell. You better be ready when I come back for you, Slag.” He pushed Zayn and left the room.

Zayn looked around the room as he rubbed his arm. It had really hurt being handled like that. He grabbed a tray and looked over the choices. Nothing looked appetizing. He knew he had a limited amount of time though so he decided on what looked like chicken noodle soup.

After getting his lunch, he looked around trying to see if there were any open spots for him to sit with someone. He wasn't sure he wanted to the more he thought about it. He didn't want to made to do anything.

He saw an empty table in the corner of the room so he walked over and sat down. He was about to take a sip of his soup when he heard a shout. He looked in the direction of the sound and noticed it was the Keeper he saw a few minutes ago. He had came on the student's face.

Zayn noticed that the student just went to sit down. He wondered why he wasn't cleaning himself off. Maybe he wasn't allowed but then wouldn't the instructors see? Unless that was the point or they knew and didn't care. He felt so confused. How was this allowed?

He shook his head and took a sip of his soup only to spit it back out. It didn't just have an awful taste but it was cold. It tasted so gross he couldn't stomach another bite.

He contemplated speaking to his social worker about this but he would probably be accused of lying. He then thought about the Headmaster but he was the guy in charge of whether or not he went to jail, he didn't want to risk anything. Maybe if he did as he was told, he wouldn't be forced into anything.

Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by another Keeper sitting a student he had been carrying at the table. “Now, stay here and be a good boy while I get your bottle.” The Keeper spoke as if he was talking to a toddler. “Remember if you need the toilet, that's what your nappy is for.” He said
and walked away.

Zayn's eyes went wide. “Nappy?” He whispered.

The boy nodded. “I broke the rules.” He said quietly. “This is usually what happens or the worse beating of your life. Sometimes it's other things depending on which Keeper is dealing with you.”

“How...does this even happen? Why does everyone just accept it?” Zayn asked.

The boy shrugged. “Headmaster is only here for a new a student, when done with the student, he goes back to his other office. Either way, the Keepers run this place. The instructors aren't any better but they obey Keepers.” The boy paused. “When you start classes tomorrow don't be surprised if it's not the...average high school class.”

“What do you mean?” Zayn asked.

“The instructors act a lot like the Keepers. They...make us do stuff in class. Either to them or each other. Math class can be... interesting.” The boy said.

Zayn wasn't sure he wanted to know so he moved on. “So, what are the rules? What did you do wrong?”

“I didn't listen. I talked back. I also didn't swallow. I ended up throwing it up. Cum tastes disgusting.” The boy said. “Basically, do whatever you're asked of without question. It's in your best interest. We always tell the new kids to do whatever they're told without question. It makes things easier.”

Zayn opened his mouth to say something but the Keeper came back and shoved a baby bottle into the boy's mouth. “Drink up, baby.” The Keeper laughed loudly as he watched the student.

The Keeper then took a closer notice at Zayn. “Mm, milk chocolate. My favourite.” He grinned. “I'm going to have fun with you later.” The Keeper grabbed Zayn's jaw and looked over his face. “Mm, perfect face.”

Zayn flinched. It was a reflex.

The Keeper tightened his grip. “Nice reflex. I really am going to have fun with you. I haven't been this excited in a while.” He let go of Zayn's jaw with a small rough push.

The Keeper looked back to the boy. “You don't have much longer of your lunch break left. You might want to hurry up and finish that bottle of yours.”

The boy nodded and finished his bottle as quickly as he could. “That's a good, baby. I think it's time I changed you.”

Zayn frowned. He felt so sorry for this boy.

He watched as the Keeper lifted the boy up and carried him to the middle of the room. He ordered the other students to clear the table at once which made the students move stuff off as quickly as they could in a panic. They feared what would happen if they didn't move fast enough.

Once the table was clear, he threw the boy down onto it. He whistled sharply to get the other students in the cafeteria attention.

He then pulled the boys sweats off in one tug leaving them on the floor. His slip ons fell off in the
The lad lay on the table in an adult nappy as everyone stared on, watching for what happens next. Zayn wanted to look away but something told him that he shouldn't.

The Keeper pushed the lad's shirt up halfway then decided to take it off leaving him mostly naked on the cold metal table.

The lad gasped feeling the cold against his bare skin but knew better than to say anything.

The Keeper then undid the tabs on the adult nappy letting half of it fall open, exposing the young lad's crotch to everyone in the room. “Awe, did the baby do a wee?” He mocked and used some napkins to clean the lad up. He wiped over the cock several times then lifted the legs. “I thought I smelled something nasty.” He chuckled seeing the poo on the student's ass and some on his lower back.

The boy had tried really hard not to use the nappy but he could only hold everything in for so long. He had been wearing it since late the night before.

The Keeper pulled some rubber gloves out of his pocket and put them on. He wasn't going to risk getting shit on his hands.

The Keeper slowly cleaned the student up. “Oh, would you look at that. I forgot to bring out a new nappy. You're just going to have to lay there until I come back.” He pulled off the rubber gloves. He handed them to another student. “Throw these out.” He went to walk off but quickly turned around. “Almost forgot. You need your dummy.” He pulled it out of his pocket and put it into the student's mouth.

Zayn frowned more. How can anybody bear to live like this? Surely prison would be better.

When the Keeper came back with a new nappy, he slowly put it on him then did up the tabs. “Stand up on the table, baby.” He ordered. “And spin around.” He added when the student stood up.

The other Keepers laughed loudly while the students stayed quiet.

The bell suddenly rang and the students rushed to dump their rubbish and head off to class. “You may go to class, baby but as you are. Your uniform will be returned to your room by the end of the day.”

The lad nodded as he quickly got down from the table and grabbed his rucksack. “If you get there late I'll spank you for your class to see.” He called after the student.

Zayn stayed in his spot and watched as the Keeper came towards him. “I'll be seeing you soon, milk chocolate.” He messed Zayn's hair and left with a laugh.

Unsure of what to do Zayn stood perfectly still waiting. He knew now the last thing he wanted was to end up on the wrong side of a keeper.

Soon however the Keeper who brought him to the cafeteria returned. Zayn quickly clasped his hands behind his back as he sucked in a sharp, nervous breath of air.

The Keeper approached him with a laugh, “Get a wake up call during lunch and decide to be a good boy?”
Zayn nodded quickly, “Yes, sir.”

The Keeper nodded and looked at the tables. “When the bell rings you're expected the get your shit thrown away and get yourself to the next thing on your schedule. For you the next thing is getting back to your room.”

“Sorry, may I throw it away now, sir?” Zayn didn't want to move if he wasn't supposed to.

“Well I sure as fuck ain't going to do it.” The Keeper scoffed and folded his arms over his chest.

Zayn just nodded and moved as quickly as he could to throw away his rubbish and return the tray to the window the other boys and put theirs at. Zayn then rushed back to stand where he had been before.

The Keeper stared hard at him for a moment before nodding his head. “Alright then Slag, get your arse moving.”

Zayn had never hated that word as much as he was starting to now. He didn't argue however. “Yes Sir.” He nodded and walked off with his Keeper close behind him.

When they reached his room the Keeper unlocked the door and gave him a swift shove into the room.

“Do you have any questions before I lock you in here?” The Keeper ask as he stood in the doorway.

“Do I just call you sir or is there a different name or title you'd rather me use?” Zayn assumed there probably was.

“You can call me Mr. Watson or sir.” He replied. “Anything else Slag?”

“No, Mr. Watson. Thank you.” Zayn bit his lower lip. He wanted to ask why the students were being treated so poorly and how the Keepers were able to never get caught. He also wanted to ask his belongings and where he was to shower. He wasn't exactly brave enough right now though. Perhaps he would later.

“Yeah yeah, I'll show you a better place to kiss up to me later.” He smirked and left the room, locking Zayn inside.

Now that he was alone Zayn pulled at his hair and bit his tongue so he wouldn't scream. He was regretting his decision to come here already and there wasn't anything he could do about it.

After somehow managing to calm down a bit he walked over and picked up his daily schedule. For the most part his Monday thru Friday list seemed pretty normal.

He was to wake up at 8 am. Have breakfast, brush his teeth, get his stuff, be searched before leaving for class and then attended his first period starting at 9 am. He had three morning periods before lunch.

Each period was 50 minutes, giving you 10 minutes to get to your next class. He got a break for lunch at 12 for an hour and then had his final three periods after. The school day finished at 3.50pm

After that he was to have an hour of therapy time before dinner. The schedule then said after he had free time, homework time or room time before a shower then bed at 9 Monday thru Thursday and
10 on Friday. He wasn't sure how he would be able to fall asleep so early.

It didn't sound to terrible though and the idea of therapy was actually sounding like a good thing. He hoped the weekend schedule would be equally as simple.

On the weekends he was to wake up at 8am and have breakfast. After breakfast there was group therapy then the schedule read ‘chores’ and Zayn let out a groan. He would have lunch then after an hour of chores he was allowed recreation time or room time before dinner.

After dinner on Saturday there was ‘film time’ listed followed by a nightly shower then back to being locked in room till lights out and on Sunday there was ‘study time’ listed for the morning after breakfast. Most of the day after that was recreation time or locked in room. Followed by another shower before bed at 10pm on Saturday and 9pm on Sunday.

It didn't seem completely awful. Zayn was hopeful he could eventually get used to it. Film time was something he thought he actually might enjoy though. He'd never really gotten to watch films. He was lucky to get to watch a bit of Telly growing up.

Zayn put the paper back on his shelf and then went to have a wee before washing his hands climbing back up on his bunk. It wasn't long after that Zayn once again was asleep.
Chapter 2

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Poor Zayn...

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE!

Wattpad has limited our second Chapter (and most likely future ones) on it’s site.

You can only view it if you follow us!

So if you so wish to read it there instead of on Tumblr or here.

Then you can follow us on Wattpad @larryslove1618

Zayn had been sleeping when he heard a loud sound of a door closing. The sound scared him out of his slumber and he sat up quickly. He ended up hitting his head on the ceiling in the process. “Ow! Fuck!” He groaned.

“I don’t have all damn day! Stop wasting my time.” Zayn heard a male voice say with icy tones.

Zayn quickly jumped off of his top bunk. He didn’t like heights but the top bunk still felt safer than anything else right now.

When he got on the ground he made sure to stand up straight with his hands clasped behind his back.

He slowly looked up and saw it was the Keeper from lunch; the one who had called him milk chocolate.

Instantly Zayn felt nervous because he had no idea what to expect.

The Keeper licked his lips. “Mmm, I bet you taste good.”

Zayn didn’t say a word. The advice he’d gotten from the kid at lunch struck him. He should just do whatever was asked of him. It was better to just accept everything. Perhaps maybe nothing too horrible would happen then.

“Lose the clothes.” The Keeper order harshly.

Zayn felt a bit scared but he did as he was told and quickly got out of his clothes. He couldn’t help but feel uncomfortable under the older blokes gaze and unintentionally placed his hands over his crotch.

The Keeper growled. “Remove your hands. Do you want a lesson to help you remember?”

“I-no...Sir.” After lunch he knew the last thing he wanted was a lesson. “Sir, is there anything else
I should call you? Like a title or a different name?” He asked removing his hands and placing them behind his back with his hands clasped. “If you prefer?” He quickly added.

“You may call me Mr. Jones.” The Keeper smirked.

Zayn just nodded in response. He didn't want to say the wrong thing.

“Arms at your side. Spin. Slowly.” Mr. Jones instructed.

Zayn nodded and placed his arms at his side. He then turned around slowly.

“Very nice. Very nice indeed.” Mr. Jones nodded. “Not a lot of hair, always a nice bonus. What are you, fifteen, fourteen?”

“Sixteen, just recently.” Zayn was starting to feel dizzy from the spinning.

“You can stop. Face me.” Mr. Jones ordered.

Once Zayn was standing in front of the Keeper, the older bloke stepped towards him and ran a hand over Zayn's chest and down over his crotch. “Your tats look good on you.” He complimented.

Zayn wasn't sure to say thank you or not. He shivered at the Keepers touch and silently hoped it didn't show. It was all he could do not to whimper and ask him to stop.

“There's no one like you here. They're all too white, light, or dark. They're all good enough but milk chocolate has always been my favourite. Let's see if you can live up to expectations.”

Zayn wondered if he should ask what the Keeper wanted but reminded himself that staying quiet was working great so far.

“Let's get you hard first.” Zayn watched as Mr. Jones moved to stand behind him. The bloke pressed himself against Zayn's backside as he moved a hand to take a hold of Zayn's soft cock and began to pump it.

Zayn held back a whimper. This was becoming too real, no one besides himself and a couple of girls had ever touched his cock. It made him want to cry but he refused cry in front of the Keeper.

The Keeper worked to get Zayn hard, it took longer than the bloke had expected. “Next time, don't make me work as hard to get you stiff.” He growled in Zayn's ear.

“Ye-Yes, Mr. Jones.” Zayn heard his voice quiver.

“I am going to taste you then you can make me feel good.” Mr. Jones smiled running a hand over Zayn's bare arse. “Now since I will not get on my knees for you. I will lay down on the bunk and you will straddle me so I can suck you off and taste that sweet milk chocolate.”

Zayn nodded.

“First, you will undress me. I don't like feeling confined when I get stiff.” The Keeper instructed.

Zayn did as he was told, he held back the tears in his eyes as he turned around and undressed the Keeper.

He then suddenly felt a hard slap on his arse, making him gasp. It had really stung. However, he refused to cry even then and give Mr. Jones any satisfaction.
He watched as Mr. Jones lay on the bottom bunk. “Milk Chocolate, you can cry, you can scream and beg as much as you want. No one is coming to help you. No one wants you anyways. Now hurry up. I'm getting cold.”

Zayn nodded and climbed into the bunk. He straddled the Keeper as previously instructed.

“You're a bit far from me mouth.” Mr. Jones complained and moved Zayn closer to his mouth. He used his elbows to sit up enough so he could take Zayn's hard cock into his mouth as he began to suck on it without caring that it was too rough and causing Zayn pain.

Zayn let out a whimper and tried to focus on anything else than the feeling of Mr. Jones mouth on his cock.

He knew he was expected to cum but he wasn't sure how he'd do that when it was difficult enough to just keep himself hard.

Zayn let out a reluctant moan; disgusted by the fact it felt good.

Suddenly he felt his nipples being pinched. He tried to imagine it was someone other than Mr. Jones but it was proving difficult.

He stared at the ceiling of the bunk hoping if he didn't look, it might make it easier.

Mr. Jones sucked harder and took more of Zayn in his throat as he began to deep throat the young lad.

Zayn then felt both of his nipples being played with and hated how it felt good. He didn't understand why it would. He wasn't into this, he didn't want this.

He felt a little relieved when the Keeper removed his mouth from his cock but groaned when he felt his balls being licked and sucked. “Mmm, I love me some milk chocolate balls.” He heard Mr. Jones say.

Soon he felt Mr. Jones' mouth back on his cock sucking and licking. It didn't take much longer after that for Zayn to finally cum into the Keepers mouth as shame washed over him.

After the Keeper finished swallowing the load, he licked his lips and pulled Zayn close to him. He kissed Zayn roughly forcing him to open his mouth and once it was an open mouth kiss, Mr. Jones pushed his tongue inside Zayn's mouth, tasting every part of it. This action also caused Zayn to taste traces of his own cum that lingered in the Keepers mouth. It was almost enough to make him throw up.

The kiss was short lived and Zayn was pushed backwards with such force his back hit the bar of the bunk. “Fuck.” He groaned.

“Maybe later. If you taste good, I bet you feel good.” The Keeper winked. “Now, suck me.”

“I-I-I’ve never…” Zayn trailed off.

“Awe, has my sweet milk chocolate never sucked a cock before? Well, consider this practice, not everyone is as patient as me. Just copy what I did to you or something. It's not that difficult.” Mr. Jones shrugged. “Now get sucking.”

Zayn crawled forward and placed his mouth on the Keepers hard cock. He began to suck lightly, not having clue what to do.
“You call that sucking?!” The Keeper complained. “Ugh. Suck harder.”

Zayn did as he was told and began to suck harder.

“Mm, better, good boy.” Mr. Jones smiled as he began to relax.

Zayn didn't know what else to do. He didn't want to touch any part of the Keeper. He wasn't sure if he was even allowed to without asking or if he was even allowed to ask. It all felt rather overwhelming.

“Use your tongue and hands.” Mr. Jones told the younger lad.

Zayn did what was asked of him. He swirled his tongue around the hard cock in his mouth and used his hands on the exposed area of the cock by rubbing.

“Mm, squeeze don't rub. And do more than just bobbing your head up and down. I hope you're a fast learner, Milk Chocolate.” The Keeper said.

Zayn removed his mouth. “I am. I promise. I'll do anything. Just tell me and I'll do it.”

“Either way, you'd be doing what's asked of you. Now get back to work. You need to make me cum. Figure it out.” The Keeper's voice was cold.

Zayn nodded and went back to sucking. He tried to remember what he liked but he had only received a few blow jobs.

He sucked the tip for a moment which earned what sounded like a pleasant grunt from the Keeper.

Zayn started to rub the cock with his hands again before remembering no rubbing. So maybe if he did some twists that would make it easier.

After some experimenting, Zayn finally figured out what the Keeper liked and didn't like. It didn't take long after that for Mr. Jones to cum inside Zayn's mouth.

Zayn went to pull away but Mr. Jones held his head in place forcing him to swallow all of it.

The Keeper then ordered Zayn to lick him clean.

“Now that I'm clean, you can put my clothes back on.”

Zayn nodded and did as instructed.

When he finished, he resumed position with his standing straight with his hands clasped behind his back.

The Keeper looked over Zayn's body and smirked. “Can't wait to find out how you feel.” He chuckled as he started to walk away but then paused and turned back around to give Zayn's arse a hard slap.

“See ya.” He laughed and walked out of the room.

When Zayn heard the door lock, he quickly ran to the toilet where he violently threw up.

After Zayn had emptied sparse contents of his stomach into the toilet he began to cry as he rinsed his mouth out at the sink.
He'd done his best to hold it back but he couldn't. He'd just been sexually assaulted and it didn't look like it would be a one time offense. There was nothing he could do to stop it. He just had to take it. It was hard to accept.

As he climbed up onto his bunk more tears fell. He couldn't seem to stop them. Who could really blame him though?

He curled up under his blanket into a ball and let the tears fall. There wasn't much, if anything that could make him feel safe here but this was pretty close.

Zayn let the fear wash over him as he lay there crying. He was scared of what the Keepers would do to him. He was afraid of being stuck here until he turned eighteen. He was also terrified of not getting a fix; something he really was starting to need.

The more he cried and tried to formulate some sort of survival plan the more exhausted he became. Finally the exhaustion because too much and he fell asleep.

Just as before he was woken up by the sound of his Keeper barging into the room. He starting moving to get on his feet right away.

“Let's go slag.” Mr. Watson instructed as he watched Zayn climb down the ladder of his bunk.

“Yes, Mr. Watson.” Zayn replied. Once in position with his hands clasped behind his back he took a nervous breath.

“I heard you behaved yourself for Mr. Jones. He was impressed.” Mr. Watson folded his arms over his chest and looked him up and down.

“Yes sir. I did my best.” Zayn hung his head hoping to show that he was obedient and respected Mr. Watson’s authority. Perhaps then he'd go easy on him.

“Most of our new slags put up a fight. Does this mean you plan on being one of the good boys? Take what you deserve without a fight?” Mr. Watson asked.

It pained Zayn deeply to agree but he did, “Yes Mr. Watson.” If he took the other students advice and just did everything he was told then just maybe all of this would be a little easier. Maybe he could figure out a way to stay on the Keeper’s good side and not be hurt so much.

“That's a good slag. Now, if you're hungry get your arse over here. I don't have all day.” Mr. Watson grumbled.

Zayn nodded and rushed to stand where he was told. He bit his lower lip, wanting to ask Mr. Watson something but he was too afraid to just open his mouth.

“What is it? Spit it out before I change my mind.” He growled.

With a soft, shaky voice Zayn asked, “Mr. Watson, sir, a-am I going to be...” He paused to swallow a lump in his throat, “...raped?”

Mr. Watson just smirked, “Yeah Slag. Sooner or later.”

“Mr. Watson,” Zayn bit his tongue to stop the tears from falling. “I'm a virgin. Completely. Please, is there anything I can do, anything at all, so that whomever does it might go easier on me? Something to make it maybe hurt less?”
Mr. Watson glared at him with an icy stare before questioning, “You’ll do anything? Anything without a fight?”

“Yes, I swear, Mr. Watson.” Zayn struggled to not let his voice crack and show how scared he was.

“I’ll see to it you get some good prepping for your first fuck. The second your disgusting arse slips up though I’m fucking you raw and ruthlessly. Am I understood?” He asked with a hard tone as he got directly in Zayn's face.

“Yes Mr. Watson. I promise.” Zayn nodded blinking his eyes a few times. He really really needed his weed or even a fag now. He didn't figure he'd get anywhere if he asked right now though. He would wait till he could prove his promise, or possibly ask someone else.

“Good Slag. Also, you make sure if anyone tries to fuck you they know I called dibs on your first fucking here. Now let's go. Keep your mouth shut in the hall.” With that Zayn was shoved hard into the hallway.

When he almost tripped Mr. Watson laughed at him. He then kept pushing him quickly down the hall until they reached the cafeteria.

“You have an hour bitch. Your tray better be thrown away this time. Prove I can trust your word or the deal is off.” Mr. Watson warned, breathing into his ear. He then left.

Zayn took a moment to breathe and collect himself before walking over and joining the line of students waiting for their meal.

“It’s spaghetti today.” A voice behind him spoke.

Zayn turned and was greeted by another student, “I'm David, spaghetti is one of the few meals here that actually taste good. You're new so I thought I'd tell you.”

Zayn smiled softly, “Thanks, I'm actually starving. Uh, how did you know I was new though?”

“Your room keeper brought you in alone. You looked shocked at lunch when you came in and saw Mr. Jones was getting a blow job. Oh and Headmaster Cowell brought you into the history room while I was in class.” David explained.

Zayn grabbed his tray and rested it on the metal bars of the serving line before putting a plate on his tray. “Oh, I see. Uh, how long have you been here David?”

David copied Zayn’s action before replying, “Six months. Oh and no it doesn't get better. You just get used to it.”

Zayn frowned a little but nodded as he reached the lady serving the spaghetti. He pointed to it and she dropped a serving of it on his plate before he moved down the line.

After getting his food he stood and looked around the cafeteria for an open seat away from the two Keepers who were on lunch duty.

“Over here. Follow me.” David offered and walked off to an empty table.

Zayn quickly followed and took a seat at the bench when they reached it. The spaghetti actually smelled good and it made his stomach growl.
“Dig in before it gets cold mate. Like I said, this is one of the rare meals worth eating. Don't ask for seconds though. You’ll get…”

“Punished?” Zayn asked cutting him off.

David just nodded as he began to eat.

“Are all the students nice here? So far the only two students I've had contact with have been nice.” Zayn said between bites.

“No, of course not. This is like a regular school with all the clique's. We just get sexually and physically assaulted as well. Some of us are nice and offer advice to the newbies but be careful who you trust. Some students are only looking out for themselves, doing what they can to stay in good graces with the Keepers.” David so far seemed like a nice lad. Zayn felt thankful.

“So, what should I be aware of? Anything I should know so I don't trip up and accidentally get myself in trouble?” Zayn asked.

“Just do what they say, don't talk back and don't complain.” David then took another bite of his spaghetti.

Zayn nodded and was about to say something when he heard yelling.

Both lads turned their heads towards the sound. Zayn's eyes went large when he saw a Keeper pick a student up and throw him across the room hitting a wall then crumpling down to the floor in agony.

“Don't you ever speak to me like that again, slug! I thought you knew not to be a little prick.” The Keeper yelled.

Zayn swallowed. “Are they all like that when you do something wrong?” He whispered.

“It's usually worse.” David whispered back as the Keepers in the room gathered around the student and began to kick him.

Zayn frowned as his leg began to jump. “Has anyone ever completely avoided a physical attack?” He asked.

“Not that I’m aware of.” David shrugged. “I mean, everyone has their favourites, so it’s hard to say exactly, but we’re all human. We’re bound to make mistakes.”

Zayn nodded. “So with favourites, do they get...special treatment at all?”

“Sometimes.” David nodded. “Nothing’s free though.”

Their conversation was interrupted by a group of lads teasing a younger lad who looked to be about thirteen. The young lad had a anal plug stuck inside him but it was also a furry fox tail. The older boys were playing with the tail and calling the young one names.

Zayn's mouth dropped when one of the older boys pulled the plug out so quickly that it made the young one scream out in pain.

He watched as the older boy dropped it on the floor and ran off. The others quickly followed. Zayn wanted to see if the young student was alright but David stopped him.

“Sit your arse down. The Keeper will make you pay if you interfere or try to comfort. Most of
them don't like seeing that.” He warned.

Zayn sat back down and sighed. “So like...Drugs? Or maybe just a simple fag?” He asked. “Is that considered special treatment?”

“Talk to Mr. Taylor.” David pointed the Keeper out. He was standing by the cafeteria doors. “You’ll have to do something sexual, and it’s far from a simple blow job. But if you’re desperate…”

“I am. Uh, Mr. Watson did call dibs on me though. Is that going to be a problem?” Zayn then ate more of his spaghetti.

“Maybe. Just go ask him now that everyone is distracted. Ask for a fag and ask what you need to do to deserve it.” David explained.

Zayn nodded. “Uh...Are we allowed to just go talk to them?”

“For something like this, yes.” David nodded and finished his spaghetti. “Go while he's still standing alone.”

Zayn stood and noticed that the young student was trying to explain what happened to the plug and why it was on the floor. The poor boy was in tears. He watched as the Keeper said something and push the student.

Zayn was too far to hear anything so he cautiously walked towards Mr. Taylor. He was the one guarding the cafeteria door.

“Mr. Taylor?” Zayn spoke quietly as he approached him. He stood in front of the Keeper and stood in position with his hands clasped behind his back. He looked down at the floor hoping the Keeper would see it as a sign of respect.

“Hm. Newbie. Fast learner I see. What do you want?” Mr. Taylor sighed. “You better talk fast if you don't want a beating.”

“What can I do for you to deserve something, sir?” Zayn wasn't sure how to word it. He didn't dare look up.

“Speak to me and not the floor.” The Keeper's voice was stern with his comment.

Just then they heard a mix of screams and cries. Zayn looked towards the sound. The young student was being spanked with a wooden paddle.

Zayn then looked at the Keeper. “Would you like me to repeat my question, sir?”

“No. And I suppose...I would love to fuck someone new tonight.” Mr. Taylor smirked.

“Uhm, sir...Mr. Taylor...Mr. Watson said to tell anyone who wants to fuck me that he has dibs.” Zayn spoke nervously.

“Lucky bastard.” Mr. Taylor sighed again. “I know what I can do. I'll swing by later or maybe have some fun while you shower. But this also depends on exactly the items you want.”

“Just a fag, sir.” Zayn told Mr. Taylor.

“Hm. Easy enough. You won't get it unless I get my fun first, you understand?” Mr. Taylor told him.
“Y-Yes sir.” Zayn nodded.

“Smart. I like that. I'll see be seeing you soon, buttercup. Go back and sit down.”

“Thank you, Mr. Taylor.” Zayn said and went back to sit with David.

“How’d it go?” David asked as Zayn sat back down.

“He wanted to fuck me for it. He backed right off when I told him Mr. Watson had dibs though.” Zayn explained. “So now he's going to see me in the showers. I'm pretty nervous but I really need a fix.”

David nodded, “It's not easy but I promise it's the key to surviving here.”

“Yeah, I'm seeing that. I just hope I'm not trying to survive here until I'm eighteen.” Zayn frowned for a moment. “I doubt I'll get anywhere but I plan on begging my caseworker to find me a family.”

“Foster kid huh?” David suspected. “Most kids here are.”

“Oh? What about the ones who aren't? I mean, do parents really choose to send their kids here?” Zayn felt a bit shocked. Who in the world would send their kids to this sex dungeon?

“The other kids here are just escaping jail time for major offenses. Like me, I robbed a store at gunpoint. The gun was fake and the guy working the register was actually a friend. The judge didn't think it was as funny as I did though. He told me I could go to jail for six years or live here till I turn eighteen.”

“Isn't it hard to go so long without seeing your family?” Zayn asked. He didn't know what that felt like first hand.

“My caseworker can sign me out twice a year and supervise a visit with my family.” David smiled as they all heard a bell.

“Alright you fucking slags! Dinner is over! Get your shit cleaned up and get moving!” Mr. Taylor yelled.

“Later Zayn.” David waved then rushed to clean up his tray.

Zayn followed suit then went back and stood in the middle of the cafeteria to wait for Mr. Watson.

Soon as the other students cleared out, Mr. Watson appeared. “Ah. Slag. You've learned your lesson from last time I see.” He had noticed that Zayn's shit was cleaned up.

“Let's go.” Mr. Watson grabbed Zayn's arm and pushed him towards the door. He kept pushing Zayn down the hall and finally into his room.

“You'll stay here until it's time for your shower. After your shower, you'll be thoroughly searched to make sure you're not sneaking anything back here. If you're caught with something, what happens to that pretty face of yours is your own fault.” Mr. Watson explained.

Zayn nodded. “I understand, sir.”

“Good lad. I'll be back for you later. Shower time is always fun.” Mr Watson smirked and walked out of the room with a low laugh.

Zayn relaxed a little after the Keeper left. This all felt overwhelming. He didn't know what to
expect but he was happy tomorrow was Friday. He begins classes and only had to suffer through it for one day before the weekend officially hit.

Zayn sat on the bottom bunk. He didn't want to sleep, he had slept so much that he was now wide awake. It didn't help his jumping leg or the fact that he felt like he was losing his mind. He needed his weed but a fag would do as a substitute but he had to wait for his shower to get it.

As time passed on, he was starting to feel crazy. He was alone in a room with four brick walls that were painted white but it was chipping so you could easily see the red brick underneath. He had no windows either. He had nothing to pass his time expect think and pace the floor.

After a bit more time, Zayn heard the door open. He quickly stood towards it with his hands clasped behind his back. “Ready, sir.” He spoke once the Keeper walked in.

It earned him a heavy slap across the cheek. “While I like seeing you be ready, you have to remember...Only speak to me when spoken to.”

Zayn nodded.

“Understand?” Mr. Watson asked.

“I do, sir. Sorry, sir. Won't happen again.” Zayn said fighting a whimper.

“Good. Now, leave your clothes here. It's a preventive to make sure that you Slags don't steal and try to make weapons to escape before your time. No one leaves here unless they're eighteen, charges are dropped or sometimes a body bag.” The Keeper spoke. “Leave the trainers here as well. Oh and no talking.”

Zayn nodded and quickly got out of his clothes leaving them in a pile in the middle of the floor.

“Hands on your head and follow me.” Mr Watson told him.

Zayn did as he was told and walked out of the room naked with his hands on his head. He followed the Keeper down the long hallway.

He saw other boys walking down the halls doing the same thing he was. Everyone was quiet. It felt creepy like they were all marching to their deaths.

When they finally reached it, Zayn’s eyes went large. He had been doing that a lot today. It was a huge room. There were several tall brass coloured poles in the middle of the room. It looked to fit four students per pole. It had knobs underneath it where you controlled water and could hang a shower cradle as well.

“Slag!” Mr. Watson yelled as he slapped Zayn across the face. “Pay the fuck attention.”

“Sorry,” Zayn mumbled.

“Follow me.” The Keeper growled. “And keep those hands up.”

Zayn followed the Keeper to a set of lockers which were across from the showers.

“This is your locker. This is where your supplies are kept. Your shower items plus your schooling items. Every night you return your bag, you also don't use any of your school supplies without supervision. Do you understand?”

Zayn nodded again. “Yes, sir. I do.”
“Every Keeper has a set of keys to the lockers and you need permission to take anything from your locker into your room. If you take something out and have it in your room, you’ll be supervised by your Room Keeper. If you somehow sneak something past us, you will be punished and I’m not talking about a spanking, those are just for fun. We’ll make sure you’ll regret being born more than you already do I’m sure.” Mr. Watson further explained.

Zayn again nodded to show that he understood.

“If you understand, fucking use your words and don’t act like a fucking toddler. If you act like a baby, we’ll treat you like one.”

“I understand.” Zayn quickly nodded.

“Now, usually...You shower with your roommates, but seeing as you have none...You’ll shower with a room that has three students.” The Keeper told him as he pulled out the shower cradle. “You have shampoo in here. As well as a toothbrush and toothpaste with mouthwash. Please, don't be a dumbass and try to sneak something out. We will catch you. We always do. We will be watching you as you shower to be sure that you don't try something stupid. You have an hour to shower, and brush your teeth.”

Zayn once again nodded to show that he understood. He wondered why they were given an hour for all of this but then he heard grunts and groans and when he looked towards the sounds he saw a Keeper fucking a student from behind while the student leaned against the brass pole.

Right. That's why. So the Keepers had plenty of time to assault and rape students. Probably even beat them in here too.

“Now, I believe that you need to have a shower. You'll be showering with that group until you get a roommate.” Mr. Watson pointed out the shower. He then handed Zayn the cradle. “Take this and go.”

Zayn took it. “Yes, sir.” He said quietly and walked towards the shower.

The other lads at the shower ignored Zayn. They didn't even look at him. They just went on with whispering between each other while a Keeper nearby watched.

Zayn hung the shower cradle up. It wasn't long after he began to wash his body that he felt someone press against his back. He sniffed. He didn't say anything nor speak. So far, doing nothing until something happens has worked pretty well.

“I have what you want, Buttercup. If you give me what I want, without a fuss...Then it's all yours. Can you do that?” Zayn heard Mr. Taylor's voice say softly into his ear.

Zayn nodded. “Promise.” He whispered.

“Good.” Mr. Taylor nodded. “On your knees.” He ordered.

Zayn dropped to his knees.

“Undo my trousers and pull my pants down. You're going to suck my cock, my balls and my arse. If I can't feel good by fucking you, you are going to damn well make me feel so good.” The Keeper said. “While staying on your knees.”

While the floor in the shower room wasn't cement, it was still hard and very uncomfortable to kneel on.
Zayn did everything that was asked of him until Mr. Taylor finally came across Zayn’s face.
“Trousers and pants back up now please. I'll make sure you get what you want. I'll drop it off later. Stand up and clean yourself up, Slag.”

Zayn nodded and stood up, his knees were killing him. He quickly finished his shower then grabbed his shower cradle brushed his teeth using a simple toothbrush that was provided.

“Hurry up, Slag. Time's running out. If you're not done by time's up, you're in for a punishment.” Mr. Watson appeared at Zayn’s side.

Zayn spit out the mouthwash and put it back in the cradle. “Okay, done.”

“Good, get in line. Each room gets one towel to share. You do without on Sundays. Sunday's are laundry day.” Mr. Watson pushed a towel into Zayn’s arms then grabbed the cradle.

Zayn took the towel and quickly dried himself off. He handed it back to Mr. Watson. “Now what should I do sir?”

“Go wait in a corner somewhere. Everyone waits with their room but seeing as you are flying solo, you can wait in the corner. Oh and hands back on your head.” The Keeper instructed.

Zayn nodded. He was beginning to get sick of doing that.

He then went to wait in a corner by himself.

He watched as other room Keeper's examined the students by looking over their bodies, feeling their bodies, and looking at their arses then finally inside their mouths.

Zayn watched as a couple students were caught with stuff but being further away from everyone else, he couldn't tell what they were.

The students were severely beaten in front of everyone else and thrown back into their group.

Soon everyone left and it was finally Zayn’s turn to searched then leave with Mr. Watson.

“Alright Slag. On your knees and bend over the lower bunk.” Mr. Watson pointed as he pulled out a small tube of lube from his pocket.

“Yes sir.” Zayn looked terrified as Mr. Watson shut the door when they walked in his room.

Zayn moved to one of the lower bunks and leaned over it on his knees that were already sore.

“I'm going to stretch that virgin hole of yours. I don't give a shit if you cry but the second you start fighting me or bitching at me to stop you'll be sorry. My kindness will stop and you’ll get the hell fucked out of you. Am I clear?” He growled and walked towards Zayn.

“Yes, Mr. Watson. I promise.” Zayn again struggled not to whimper as Mr. Watson knelt down beside him.

Zayn gasped sharply when a glob of cold lube dropped onto his hole. Zayn shut his eyes tightly and and grabbed the sheets on the bed.

Mr. Watson laughed and roughly began to massage Zayn’s hole with his finger. When he was satisfied that Zayn’s virgin hole was softened and lubricated enough he smeared some more lube on his finger and pressed it into Zayn.
The pain wasn't terrible but it hurt. It caused Zayn to bite down on his tongue. As Mr. Watson worked his finger in and out of his hole he whimpered.

“It only gets better from here bitch. Take it like the whore you are.” Mr. Watson pressed another finger into Zayn and laughed when the boy began to cry softly from the pain.

Zayn gripped the sheets tighter as his tiny hole was stretched past what he thought was safe or normal.

“If you'd stop blubbering and relax it wouldn't hurt. Dumb shit.” Mr. Watson sounded annoyed but kept stretching Zayn with a third finger.

“Here,” Mr. Watson hugged and wrapped his free hand around Zayn’s cock. If Zayn didn't relax he'd be very sore and it would make it difficult to fuck him later, even if he waited a few days.

“Ah!” Zayn let out an involuntary moan. As much as he hated it, getting his dick touched felt good.

Once again Mr. Watson laughed at Zayn. “None of you little slags can resist having your teeny little cocks rubbed. Such sluts.” He kept working on Zayn’s cock with one hand as he slipped his fourth and final finger into Zayn’s arse.

“Ah! Ah!” Zayn began to pant. The pleasure he was feeling with the dulling pain in his arse was getting to be too much. “Mr. Wa- Watson, sir, please.” Zayn feared being in trouble if he came.

“No, show me what a slag you actually are. Make a fucking mess.” Mr. Watson pushed with an evil smile.

“Fuck!” Zayn yelled loudly as his body shook and cum began to soak the bedding below him.

The Keeper could only laugh wildly at Zayn as he withdrew his fingers. He grabbed Zayn’s hair and pulled him backward, then laughed more at sticky mess Zayn had made it.

Zayn’s face flushed red from embarrassment as he sat on his feet.

“ Fucking whore you are. Wash yourself in sink and get in bed. Mr. Taylor will bring you your reward in a while.” Mr. Watson stood and moved towards the door.

“Aren’t I supposed to make sure you've had your pleasure?” Zayn was scared of getting a beating.

“You're a smart slag. I normally would have my way with you but I'd rather fuck something then get my dick sucked. You'll make me cum soon enough though lad. Now get going before lights out.” He warned and left quickly.

Zayn stood quickly and went to the sink where he quickly cleaned himself off of cum. He tried to clean himself of the lube off of between his cheeks and over his hole but it was too sore.

Zayn sat on the cold cement ground, it made his arse that felt like it was on fire feel somewhat better.

“Slag! On your feet!” Zayn suddenly heard a voice.

Zayn quickly got to his feet and assumed position of standing straight with his hands clasped behind his back. He saw it was Mr. Taylor. Finally. He was going to have his fix.

“When I went to get your fags, I found something else...But I promise if you're a good little lad for
me, you might just get to smoke some of your weed some day.” The Keeper told him as he let his eyes run over Zayn’s body. “Here is your fag. But you'll smoke it outside. So either put some damn clothes on or let's walk outside now.”

Zayn quickly got dressed. “Uh, it's a bit cold out seeing as it's only March. Do I get a coat?”

“No. Clothes on let's go. Mr. Watson said he may let you stay out a couple minutes past lights out so you can enjoy your reward.” The Keeper said as he watched Zayn get dressed.

After Zayn got his slip on trainers on, he was instructed to put his hands on his head.

He did as he as told and followed the Keeper down the hallway. They stopped at a side door that Mr. Taylor had to unlock to open it.

“This leads out to the courtyard. You'll have your smoke here until I feel it's time to go back inside.” Mr Taylor explained. “Or, Mr. Watson comes to get you.” He placed the fag inside Zayn's mouth then lit it.

“There. Hands down, you may enjoy your reward now.” The Keeper sat on a nearby stone bench, his eyes never leaving Zayn.

Zayn took in a nice long drag then blew it out. He sighed content. He looked up at the sky and saw stars. He couldn't remember the last time he had ever seen stars or maybe he never really paid attention.

“I can't wait to fuck you. It's really too bad that I have to wait.” Mr. Taylor said breaking Zayn’s thoughts.

Zayn didn't speak. He just took another drag of his fag, feeling better and satisfied.

He was halfway done when the courtyard door opened. “It's past lights out, Slag. You've been out here long enough. Put it out and let's go.” Mr. Watson appeared.

Zayn quickly did what was asked and placed his hands on his head. “Look at that. Fast learner.” Mr. Taylor said.

“Refreshing innit?” Mr. Watson smiled briefly. “Move out, Slag.”

Zayn moves like he was asked to and followed the Keeper down the hall. He could hear sounds coming from other bedrooms. “You'll have your turn tomorrow night.” Mr. Watson told Zayn.

Zayn stayed quiet and walked inside the room. “Go to sleep, Slag. You have an early morning.” The Keeper told him then turned off the lights, making it difficult to see.

Zayn walked slowly feeling his way to the ladder to go to the top bunk. He got under the sheets and quietly cried.

He wondered if it was worth it; Giving a sexual favor for getting to smoke a half a fag. He'd have to do it every time he wanted something. He was addicted to both the fags and the weed. He didn't know how to live without it. It would have to be worth it.

Finally, Zayn grew tired enough to fall asleep.

Chapter End Notes
Next chapter Niall shows up!

...It'll be posted next week.

Leave us love!

Or suggestions on what you want to see. We're open to anything really. xxx
Zayn groaned as the lights in the bedroom turned on. Maybe it was all a dream and it never happened.…. 

“Get your arse up, Slag.” He heard the Keeper, Mr. Watson yell. “You start your classes today. Hope there isn't a surprise test waiting for you.” He chuckled. 

Zayn carefully and slowly climbed down from the top bunk. He assumed position with his hands clasped behind his back and standing straight. 

“You smell like smoke. The Headmaster is in again today. Get some clean clothes on.” Mr. Watson told him. 

Zayn didn't speak. He just slowly started to strip. His knees ached. His arse burned and he had discomfort in his arse whenever he moves. He felt like shit. 

“Move faster.” The Keeper growled. “You only have a couple minutes before breakfast and you don't get a long breakfast either, not with needing to brush your teeth and getting searched before classes start.” He smirked now. 

*Sorry sir. Body is sore. I'm moving as fast as I can.” Zayn frowned. He wanted to be good but his body was betraying him. 

“Fight through the pain, Slag. This is your life now. Get used to it.” 

Zayn took a deep breath and moved faster. It wasn't long before he was dressed in fresh clothes. 

“Hands on your head. Let's move. We're running late.” Mr. Watson shook his head. “What happened to you supposedly being a good little lad?” He asked as he opened the door and pushed Zayn out. 

“I want to be good. I promise I do. I promise to try harder and to fight the pain like you said.” Zayn sounded desperate. 

“Whatever. Just move faster.” 

When they arrived, Zayn quickly got his breakfast. Cold scrambled eggs with soggy French toast
and a waffle. He was given a carton of milk and a juice box of Apple juice.

He found a table where he could be alone and attempted to eat his breakfast. Everything tasted horrible but he needed something in his stomach. He felt sick from barely eating the day before.

He managed to get quite a bit down, before drinking his apple juice. He wasn't a huge fan of drinking milk on its own.

When they reached the shower room, everyone's locker was opened so they could collect their toothbrush and toothpaste, along with mouthwash.

After brushing their teeth and using the mouthwash, the students were told to put them away and to get their things for classes. Zayn did as he was told. He didn't speak. He wasn't in the mood for conversation. He just followed directions.

They were then split up into whomever had what class for first period. Once in their proper group, a Keeper came and stripped them of their clothing and searched their bodies for anything that they might have been trying to steal. This time, no one was caught with anything so they were allowed to move on to their first class with a Keeper escort.

Zayn’s first period was Maths. He hated it but he also hated it being his first period.

Everyone took their seats so quickly while Zayn just felt lost.

“Zayn Foster?” He heard a voice call him.

He turned around and saw whom he assumed to be the teacher. “Yes?” He said. He wasn't sure what kind of role the instructors played so he wanted to be careful.

“I'm Mr. Rose. Your Maths instructor. There's a seat for you at the front here. There is tutoring available for new students who have trouble catching up.” Mr. Rose stated.

Zayn nodded. “I'll keep that in mind. Thanks.”

“There's a seat in the middle of the first row that's been assigned to you. Everyone has assigned seats. We're about to start now so please. Sit.” Mr. Rose motioned towards the desk.

Zayn nodded and quickly sat in his seat. He could feel eyes on him and it was why he hated to be the new kid at school.

He inwardly sighed. He wondered if he could just go to jail instead but that would be a messy situation and it was to an extent his best interest to stay here.

After a bit of time passed, he heard the door of the classroom open.

He didn't bother looking as he assumed it was probably just a student arriving late.

“Slag.” Someone yelled into his ear causing him to let out a small yelp as he jumped.

“What did I say about paying attention?” Zayn heard Mr. Watson say. He wasn't expecting him to come into the room. He also noticed another Keeper was with him.

“I was doing my work, sir. I-I didn't hear the door.” Zayn half lied.

“Stand up, trousers down and lean over the desk.” Mr. Watson instructed.
Zayn stood up as quickly as he could. He felt shaky but he was doing his best. He pulled his trousers down as he leaned over the desk.

“Listen up, Slags.” The Other Keeper said to the students in the room. “You will be good little slags and sit there and watch. He may even need help relaxing and one of you get the lucky chance to help with that.”

Mr. Watson then poured lube on Zayn’s hole causing Zayn to let out a loud gasp. It was cold. The Keeper put some lube on his fingers and slowly worked one finger inside Zayn.

Zayn let out a short yell. He was sore from last night. This felt worse than the night before.

“How. You there.” The other Keeper pointed towards a student. “Slag, come suck his cock. He needs to relax. Give him some relaxation.”

The student quickly nodded. He made his way over to Zayn as fast as he could. He dropped to his knees and started to pump Zayn’s cock to make him hard. He squeezed it a few times and licked the tip.

Zayn let out a moan. He hated what was being done but it also felt good. It made him wonder if he somehow liked it. Why else would it feel good?

He then felt another finger go inside him at the same time the student finally put Zayn’s cock in his mouth and began to suck as he bobbed his head back and forth.

Zayn moaned again and a third finger was added. Both began to really feel good.

“Don’t cum unless I allow it.” Mr. Watson told Zayn as he removed his fingers from Zayn’s arse.

“Do you know what this is?” Mr. Watson showed him something that was skinny the middle but round and flat on the bottom. It was clear and it was pink and sparkly on the inside.

“N-N-No.” Zayn moaned out. Fuck this student was talented with his mouth.

“It’s an anal plug. To keep you stretched so I can fuck you tonight.” Mr. Watson explained as he shoved the plug into Zayn’s arse.

Zayn let out a small whimper feeling it go in. It had hurt going in but there was a lot of pleasure going on for him to care about.

“Now that it’s in, you can cum into your fellow Slag’s mouth.” Mr. Watson smirked.

Zayn didn’t need to be told twice. He came into the student’s mouth as he gripped the edge of the desk.

“Good slag, taking all that cum and swallowing it. Now clean him up and go back to work.” The other Keeper told the student.

The student did as he was told then went back to his desk.

“Get dressed, Slag. Do your work. I’ll see you after class.” Mr. Watson said and left the room with the other Keeper.

Zayn quickly pulled his trousers up and sat down to do his work.

He found it harder to concentrate after getting the plug put in. It hurt so badly to be forced open
constantly like that. Not even squeezing himself around the plug gave relief. He couldn't help but wonder if he should have just let the Keeper fuck him unprepared instead.

Something else Zayn questioned was how he was supposed to use the toilet with this plug in. Perhaps he wouldn't even be allowed. If Zayn was lucky though he wouldn't need to go.

When first period was over Mr. Watson came. Zayn had a short break before his next class and Mr. Watson made sure to use that time to ensure Zayn still had his plug in.

When Zayn hissed at the pain cause by the plug being pressed on Mr. Watson laughed and told Zayn how it would hurt worse to get fucked without all this extra help in getting ready for it.

Zayn forced himself to thank his Keeper before being taken to his next period. Forcing himself to sit down in the seat was difficult. Every time he sat on the plug it drove inside him a bit deeper.

He kept moving around in his chair trying hopelessly to find a comfortable position to sit. His science instructor was more than happy to encourage Zayn to keep still in his seat by threatening to make him stay on his knees during class and give all his classmates a blow job.

After that Zayn just sat as still as possible with his weight shifted off towards his left hip. That of course cause his hip to be sore making Zayn yearn deeply for just even one hit of weed. Anything to relieve this stress and pain; even if only a little.

Zayn’s third period class was history. He'd always hated history. Learning about things of the past bored him deeply. It got a little more interesting ten minutes in when another student fell asleep.

Mr. Stenson was extremely cross and called for a Keeper to come deal with him. Zayn felt a bit sorry for the lad who was forced to take the Keeper’s huge cock down his throat until he vomited from choking on it. He felt worse when the student was spanked then the Keeper used the belt to violently beat him.

While Zayn worked to stay awake and focused for the rest of his class a scrawny and pale lad with long blond hair was being driven up the long gravel drive of the school.

“Are you sure this is the only option?” He asked with disgusted yet leary voice.

“Yes, now shut up. I’m sick of telling you that you don't get a choice.” His social worker sharply replied.

The lad rolled his eyes as the school finally came into view. He sat forward in his seat a bit and instantly began trying to assess things so he could formulate a plan to run away, like he always did.

“Don't even think about it you little shit. There's no running away from this place.” His social almost laughed as the car stopped. “Get out. I don't have all day.”

“Okay, okay, chill.” He grumbled as he got out of the car slowly.

When the blond was firm on his feet the social worker grabbed the back of his jacket and shoved him towards the entry of the school.

Niall’s eyes went a bit large when they were met just inside the doors by two very bulky security guards.

“I'm dropping off a new student; Niall Daley.” His social worker told them.
“Shocker, not a foster kid.” One of the guards commented as he looked over the papers he held in his hands.

“Oh no, he's a foster kid too. He just originated in Ireland. Their abandon babies are given the last name Daley.” The social worker almost laughed as he explained.

“They're gonna have fun with this one. An Irish foster kid.” The other guard laughed.

Niall opened his mouth to speak but was shoved forward before he could.

“Sit down and keep your mouth shut.” The social worker warned as he pushed Niall into a chair.

“Hey, I can sit myself down thank you.” Niall hissed a bit. That jackass was really pissing him off.

“I said shut it!” The social worker said through gritted teeth.

“New student I see. Fill out these forms and have him empty all of his pockets into this box.” Tom gave the social worker a faux smile as he handed him a clipboard and clear plastic box.

“Fuck that, you guys are stealing me shit. What's mine is mine!” Niall snapped loudly as he stood.

“Excuse me young man.” A new voice was suddenly heard. “Nothing is being stolen from you. Your items will be labeled as yours and they will stay yours. Now, either calm yourself and do as you're told or we will do things the hard way.”

“Who the fuck are you?” Niall’s eyes narrowed towards the bloke.

“I am Headmaster Cowell and you will treat me with respect young lad.” Mr. Cowell said.

“Am I getting it back?” Niall asked.

“Not until you leave this place, but trust me. It'll be well stored and taken care of.” Mr. Cowell said. “And you will address me as Headmaster.”

“Can I get stuff from it later?” Niall asked.

“You will use Headmaster when speaking to me. You will treat me with respect.” Nr, Cowell gritted through his teeth.

“I'm done.” The social worker said.

“You're seriously leaving me here?!” Niall yelled.

“Seriously and happily.” The social worker handed Mr. Cowell the clipboard. “He's your problem now. I'm tired of chasing him.”

He looked towards Niall. “If you would rather go to Juvenile Detention then I will happily call the Judge and let her know.”

Niall mumbled under his breath.

“That's what I thought.” The social worker said. “Try to make some friends.” He laughed and walked off.

“Niall, please. Empty the contents of your pockets and anything on your money into the hazards box.” Mr. Cowell stepped towards him. “Or I can get the caseworker back in here and you can go
Niall sighed. “Why are they called hazards? Oh sorry. Why are they called hazards, Headmaster.”

“Drop what's in your pockets and body or we do this the hard way. You don't want the hard way. Trust me.” Mr. Cowell said. The kid was stalling and cocky as shit. He had his hands full with this one.

Niall muttered as he dropped his phone, his earbuds, his cash which was only a fiver, and a pocketknife.

“And that is why we call it a hazards box, Niall.” Mr. Cowell said. “Is that everything?”

“Yes.” Niall lied. He had a small knife strapped to his ankle.

“Into my office.” Mr. Cowell started to walk. “Follow me.”

Niall followed Mr. Cowell into his office. He sat in the chair in front of the desk.

Mr. Cowell closed the door and sat in his office chair. He opened Niall's file that was on his desk. “Let's see... Runaway from Ireland. You were found a couple days ago sleeping on a park bench in the city. Abandoned right after birth, nine Foster homes in your fifteen years. Wow. You have a few misdemeanors... Ireland is sick of trying to keep you, so England has agreed that you may stay in the country so long as you attend this school or you'll be sent home and sent to Juvenile Detention. Is this correct?”

“Sounds right... Headmaster.” Niall shrugged.

“Alright. Stand up please.” Mr. Cowell said as he stood up and pushed his chair back.

Niall stood. “Are we done, Headmaster? Just telling me my life story and that's it?”

“Not yet.” Mr. Cowell rubbed his temples. He was getting a headache from this kid.

“I need you to take your clothes off-” Mr. Cowell was cut off by Niall interrupting.

“The fuck? Ah, hell no. You ain't touching me!” Niall shook his head.

“It's not-” Mr. Cowell started.

Niall headed to the door but Mr. Cowell caught him by the arm first. “Stop and listen. I have to document all injuries, past and present. All markings on your body and to make sure that you're not sneaking shit in. So fucking strip.” He pushed Niall back. “I am losing my patience. If you don't comply, we have ways to make you.”

Niall narrowed his eyes towards Mr. Cowell. “I refuse. This can't be legal.”

“I gave you a chance... Remember that.” Mr. Cowell opened the door ajar. “Tom, call Mr. Davis and Mr. Scott in here please. Our newest student is being rather difficult.” He then closed the door.

“I want to call me caseworker. I get a phone call right?” Niall demanded.

Mr. Cowell shook his head as he inwardly sighed. He hated dealing with these type of students sometimes.

They stood in silence for a moment longer before the door opened and two large blokes walked in.
“Mr. Davis, Mr. Scott, I require your assistance with our newest student. He's refusing to remove his clothes for my examination.” Mr. Cowell told them.

“I'll hold him.” Mr. Scott told Mr. Davis who nodded in agreement.

Niall backed up only to hit a wall. He wasn't used to being inside four walls.

Mr. Scott grabbed Niall's arm and held on tight then grabbed the other one as he pulled Niall's back against his front. He held him in place while Mr. Davis took off Niall's trainers. He wasn't about to get kicked with the lads trainers on, that shit hurt.

Niall fought against the hold the larger bloke against him. “Stop wiggling.” Mr. Scott spoke with an annoyed tone.

“Fuck you.” Niall groaned as he tried to get free.

Mr. Davis worked on undoing Niall's trousers, it took a couple of minutes due to the amount of movement on Niall's end.

Once the trousers were undone, Mr. Davis pulled them down along with Niall's pants. He lifted the lads legs and threw the trousers and pants across the room.

Now that Niall's bottom half was exposed, the blokes in the room noticed a knife strapped to Niall's ankle. “Here you are, Mr. Cowell.” Mr. Davis carefully removed the knife and strap, handing them to the Headmaster. Mr. Cowell placed the items into the hazards box.

“How do you want to do the top half?” Mr. Davis asked the other Keeper.

Mr. Davis unzipped Niall's hoodie. “I say, put him on the floor, sit on him. I'll take the rest off.”

“You can't fucking do this to me!” Niall yelled.

“Stop being difficult then and take the rest of your clothes off!” Mr. Davis told him.


Mr. Davis growled. “You're going to pay for that.” He muttered under his breath. Mr. Cowell didn't hear the comment.

Mr. Scott and Mr. Davis worked together to get Niall down on his back.

Mr. Scott straddled the young lad as Mr. Davis pinned Niall's hands.

Niall groaned as he continued to fight against the larger blokes.

It took awhile but they managed to get the rest of Niall's clothes off.

“Stand him up now.” Simon ordered.

The two Keepers stood Niall tight as Simon walked around Niall's body making note of his scars, cuts and bruises. He had a lot of them.

“Niall, I need to check to see if you're trying to smuggle anything inside. Therefore, I need you to bend over and spread your cheeks.” Mr. Cowell said.

“Oh, fuck no. I'm not going to let you…” Niall was cut off.
“Lads, if you can?” Mr. Cowell spoke to the Keepers.

The two blokes then forced Niall to bend over and reveal himself to Mr. Cowell. Niall cursed the entire time.

“Alright, I'm done my examination. You can stand him back up.” Mr. Cowell sooke once a few moments had passed.

The Keepers stood Niall up. “You're all freaks.” Niall tried to get free.

“Niall, you will wear a uniform while attending our school which I believe is until you're eighteen.” Mr. Cowell picked up the uniform from his desk. “Now put the uniform on and the slip on trainers as well then I will show you around and show you to your room.”

“Can't put the ugly thing on if these two blokes won't let go of me.” Niall said in a cocky tone.

“If you try anything stupid you won't like what happens.” Mr. Scott warned as he and Mr. Davis let go of Niall slowly.

“What would I try now? I mean you've already fucking violated me.” Niall grumbled angrily.

Niall grabbed the uniform but as he began to slip into it everyone saw it was clearly too large for his tiny, underweight frame.

“Just a moment Niall. I have a smaller size. Most of our students just require the medium.” Mr. Cowell stopped him.

Mr. Scott and Mr. David kept a very sharp eye on Niall as Mr. Cowell left the room briefly.

“You think you've been violated now runt? Just wait.” Mr. Davis smirked just before Mr. Cowell came back in.

Niall just shot him a hard look as he changed into the smaller grey uniform.

“Small fits you better. Once we get some weight on you we can change to a medium if needed.” Mr. Cowell informed.

“What kind of a uniform doesn't give the students fucking pants or socks? You people are disgusting.” Niall argued.

“I tell every new student the same thing; pants and socks waste funds and create more laundry. Everyone survives fine without them.” Mr. Cowell explained.

“Still disgusting.” Niall folded his arms over his chest.

“Mr. Davis, Mr. Scott, can you please help Niall find a chair out with Tom until I'm ready to take him on his tour?” Mr. Cowell rubbed his temples.

Before they could reply properly though Niall began leaving the room himself, “I don't need help finding a chair. I'm a runaway, not blind or a moron.”

“I hate the mouthy ones.” Mr. Cowell breathed under his breath as the Keepers followed Niall from the room and watched him as he sat in a chair sideways and waited.

Tom pressed a button under his desk which made the ‘new student alarm’ sound off in the living quarters of the school.
“Fire drill?” Niall asked annoyed.

“No, just letting our staff know we have a new arrival.” Tom smiled and went back to his work.

“How welcoming.” The young blond rolled his eyes. “Fucking shitty ass school.”

“You already have trouble headed your way. I suggest you shut your damn mouth before you make it worse.” Mr. Scott growled as he got in his face.

“Fuck off dumb ass.” Niall told him and turned his face away.

Mr. Scott was about to say more when Mr. Cowell opened his office door.

“Come along Niall. Will you be acting your age or do my Keepers need to help you?” Mr. Cowell asked in a warning tone.

“I got this. You can call off your baboons.” Niall rolled his eyes and stood.

“Very well. I'll call them back if you change your mind however.” Mr. Cowell gave his warning as they walked to the main security checkpoint.

Niall of course had to make a comment about the photo being taken felt like a mug shot. When they did his fingerprints he commented on how they'd better not use them to frame him for a crime.

Now it was time for Niall to have his blood drawn. He wasn't afraid of the needle but he wasn't crazy about them “sampling his DNA.” Nurse Carol calmed him by assuring him that it was just to test for illnesses.

Mr. Cowell also asked Carol to give him a standard little check up since he was so puny and frail. She assured him that other than Niall’s weight he looked healthy.

“I suggest a high calorie diet to help him catch back up. The kitchen has some high calorie shakes. They’ve worked great for some of the other students.” Carol told Mr. Cowell.

“Alright then, I'll inform the kitchen. You can do a weight check in a few weeks to see if it's helping,” Mr. Cowell agreed. “Come along Niall.”

“High Calorie shakes… sounds great.” Niall turned up his lip in disgust.

“You’ll have three meals as well, don't worry.” Mr. Cowell told him and took him down a hall towards the cafeteria.

“Three meals?” Niall asked suddenly enticed.

“Yes, the government pays for all of you students to be fed properly. You’ll get lunch soon in fact.” Mr. Cowell could see excited Niall was at the fact he was getting fed.

“Do I get a shower too?” Niall asked, his attitude suddenly changed.

“Yes, every night.” Mr. Cowell replied as they reach the cafeteria.

“Okay so, maybe this place has a few perks.” Niall folded his arms over his chest.

“Yes, thrilled you think so. Anyway, this is where you’ll eat. You can get a tray, go through the line a choose what you want. Meal time will be listed on your daily schedule.”
Niall nodded in response and then followed as they toured the classrooms. After that they headed towards the rooms.

“Each room holds six students. The room I've put you in is far from full so you shouldn't feel too awkward. It's room two thirty eight.” Mr. Cowell explained as they neared the room.

“Awesome, cause a runaway who normally sleeps outside won't feel awkward in a room at all.” Niall smiled sarcastically.

“You're better off not speaking; especially since you aren't addressing me correctly. When you speak to me you need to call me Headmaster Cowell.” Mr. Cowell told him and began to unlock his room.

“Sorry… Headmaster Cowell.” Niall rolled his eyes behind the Headmaster’s back.

“This is your room.” Mr. Cowell said and opened the door. He instantly grumbled under his breath, “Excuse the dirty laundry that should be in the bin next to the toilet.”

Niall sighed distressingly. Being confined to four walls bothered him terribly and these walls being plain and sterile made that feeling worse.

“Now Niall, there's a recreation area complete with outdoor courtyard but I have issues I really need to get to. You’ll stay in here until a Keeper comes to help orient you. Pick a bed and make yourself at home. Oh and I'll get someone to exchange the uniforms on your shelf for smalls.” Mr. Cowell suddenly remembered the uniforms as he spotted them while letting Niall into his room.

“Fabulous Headmaster Cowell.” Niall gave him a fake smile and waved a bit sarcastically as he left.

Niall stood perfectly still glaring at the white, cement, brick walls around him for a moment. It was almost enough to make him claustrophobic. He wasn't used to this.

After a moment he went to the door to check if it was locked and kicked it hard when he found out it was indeed locked. He then went and began exploring the room.

He took note of the small area that had a toilet and a pedestal sink. It didn't bother him. He had used various things and gone to the most disgusting places to use the toilet.

He wasn't sure how he was going to handle someone else being in the room as he did his business though. A wee was one thing, but a shit was another, especially when they smelled terrible.

Only one other shelf had clothes so Niall assumed it belonged to the other kid that shared this room with him. He wasn't sure which bunk was taken by the other student though so he sat on the floor and leaned against the wall.

He looked around the room, no windows. He looked up at the ceiling and saw that there was a vent. He's crawled through them before. Benefits of being small.

He stood up and walked over to a bunk. He climbed to the top. The bunk wasn't directly under it but it was close to it. Niall frowned upon seeing that it was screwed into the ceiling.

He cursed as he climbed down.

He went back to his spot on the floor. It was cold and reminded him of being outside.
He closed his eyes as he leaned against the wall and quickly fell asleep.

He wasn't asleep long before he heard the door being thrown open, then footsteps and the door closing.

He looked up to find a large bloke hovering over him.

“Who the fuck are you?” Niall’s eyes narrowed towards the bloke.

“Get up, Slag.” The bloke grabbed Niall's arm roughly and pulled the little one to his feet.

“Hey! Let the fuck go, you prick.” Niall fought to get free but that only made the grip harder.

“I'm your fucking Keeper. Room Keeper to be exact and you will treat me with fucking respect, Slag.” Mr. Watson said.

“Slag? Ay! I ain't no dirty whore. I don't let men touch me.” Niall groaned.

“You will address me and all Keepers as sir, you little fucking Irish Slag.” Mr. Watson spoke harshly. “And we can call you whatever the fuck we want little Slag.”

Niall opened his mouth only to be cut off by Mr. Watson.

“Listen Slag. We own your pale Irish ass. Disrespect me, and I'll make you wish you stayed in a home!” The Keeper told him and pushed up the sleeve of Niall's left arm. He placed a black band on Niall's arm. He put it on as tight as he could without cutting off circulation. “Security band. So you Slags don't run off and if you do, we can find you.”

“Does it have to be so tight?” Niall asked.

Mr. Watson slapped Niall across the face. “Sir. You address me as sir. You also will not speak without being spoken to.”

Niall held his cheek. It had really stung. He felt like his skin was on fire.

“Here is your daily schedule.” The Keeper handed it to Niall. “It's lunchtime, let's go.” Niall was then dragged him from the room.

“Ow. Fuck…” Niall complained.

“Shut up, you Slag. If I hear anything out of your mouth, you'll regret it.” Mr. Watson gripped Niall's arm harder.

When they reached the cafeteria, Mr. Wilson didn't let go, he just increased his strength. The more pain Niall was in, the easier it was to listen to the Keeper.

He listened to the Keeper explain everything about the cafeteria then let go of Niall's arm and pushed him forward. “Go eat. I will be back to pick you up. Your white Irish ass needs be ready.” He then walked off.

Niall stood looking around as other students began to enter the cafeteria. He felt a little like a deer caught in headlights.

He was “saved” when a student gave him a pat on the back and big smile, “Hi, you look lost so you must be new. Come with me I'll show you how this cafeteria thing works. I'm Joe by the way but the other people call me Joey; except the Keepers. Anyway, follow me!”
The kid named Joe had spoken all in one breath then grabbed Niall gently by the shoulder and pulled him along as he got in line.

Niall’s first response was to protest but he was starved and he wasn’t entirely sure how to do this so he needed help.

“What was your name? You never said. I said but you never did. Incase you forgot I'm Joe, or Joey, whichever.” He grinned big at Niall.

“I'm uh, Niall.” Niall replied. This kid had far too much energy and it was a bit annoying. Niall was trying hard to be nice though, especially since he needed help.

“Oh, you sound Scottish! Are you Scottish? Why are you here in England if you sound Scottish? Oh is it true you all wear skirts in Scotland?” Joe asked grabbing the trays. He handed one to Niall.

“Uh, okay, you have to slow down, mate. My brain doesn't work that fast.” Niall told him as he followed his actions. “I'm Irish by the way. I ran away and was hoping to hide here in England but they found me and Ireland didn't want me back.”

“Oh, okay. Irish is still cool though. I mean, it might make you too popular amongst the Keepers but you’ll get used to it. Everyone does.” Joe smiled and began selecting his lunch.

When Niall saw what there was to choose from his mouth began to water. He was so hungry and it had been awhile since he’d had a real meal.

“I can have anything I want? As much as I want?” Niall asked Joe as he eyed the food.

“Yes, of course. You can have seconds if you have time but almost no one can stomach this stuff enough for seconds. Take your pick though.” Joe spoke with such speed that Niall had to concentrate to understand him.

Moments later Niall found himself following Joe to a table with his tray full. He'd gotten a scoop of corn, a scoop of carrots, a ham and cheese deli sandwich and two scoops of mixed fruit.

“Irish?” A keeper asked walking up to the table.

“Uh, yeah? I'm Irish but my name is Niall?” Niall replied feeling confused.

“Like I give a shit what your name is.” The Keeper rolled his eyes. “Here, make sure you fucking drink it all.” He instructed as he sat down a glass with a thick pink liquid in it.

“Is this that high calorie shake thing the Headmaster said I was going to get?” Niall asked.

“Well it sure ain't piss. Don't fucking waste any of that food either Slag!” He growled then walked off.

“Stupid Keeper. Are they all rude like that?” Niall asked and dug into his food. He instantly moaned and began eating about as fast as Joe spoke.

“Yeah, they’re all proper dicks. You obviously haven't seen how things work yet. Don't you worry though, someone is bound to get it at lunch today. Someone always does. Oh and how are you eating that like that? The food here is shit.” Joe was in shock.

“When your scraps you call meals normally come out of rubbish bins even these cold vegetables and stale bread taste gourmet.” Niall explain to him as kept eating. He was curious about what Joe
had said regarding the Keepers but it sounded like he'd figure it out soon.

“Fucking Slag! You should be eating instead of running your fucking mouth! This isn't chatting
time it's meal time!” Niall suddenly heard a Keeper yelling.

“Sir, I'm sorry. I was just…” David tried to explain but was cut off.

Zayn who was sitting across from him felt very nervous now. He made sure to stay silent though.

“I don't give a fuck what you were 'just.”’ The Keeper yelled in his face. “Stand up, if you aren't
going to eat I've got a better job for you. Drop your sweats and bend over the table.”

David looked scared but did exactly as he was told. He didn't even bother begging.

Across the cafeteria Niall’s jaw had fallen open. He was in utter shock as he watched the Keeper
begin to fuck the student now bent over the table whimpering and crying in pain.

“Oh fuck no.” Niall shook his head but suddenly Joe was reach across the table covering his
mouth.

“They’ll make you next if you say shit like that. It's how the Keepers run things here. Sex and
beatings, both normal I'm afraid. Just keep your head down when allowed and stay quiet and do
what you're told. There is no avoiding it Niall so do what you can to make it happen to you less.”
Joe was now whispering.

On the other side of the room Zayn was frozen with fear. David was crying from pain with his face
just inches away from the plate he'd been picking at.

What's worse is that Zayn blamed himself. He'd been asking Joe questions about the different
instructors. Had he not been David would have been eating instead of getting into trouble.

Watching this so close was also making Zayn feel sick to his stomach. This is what was going to be
happening to him later. Even with the plug stretching and prepping him he imagined it would hurt
like hell. He didn't know if he'd get lube or not either. I mean, this Keeper hadn't used anything
David.

“Come on you fucking Slag! Beg for my load! We both know you want it! Little slut!” The Keeper
moaned louder as he pounded restlessly into David.

“Ah! Please! Sir please! Ouch! Ah! Cum in me!” David cried and begged.

“Yes! Yes! Fuck!” The Keeper screamed and slammed into him one finally time as he filled him
with cum.

A moment later when the Keeper had caught his breath he pulled out and gave David a hard slap
across the arse.

David bit down on his tongue so he wouldn't yell out from the pain. He then whimpered an
apology, “I'm sorry. I'm so sorry sir.”

“Better be. Sit down and fucking eat before I decide to give you a real spanking. Oh and don't you
dare clean yourself up; not until your shower tonight.” The Keeper laughed.

David nodded and pulled up his sweats before carefully sitting down. He was sure his bum was
probably bleeding a bit now but he knew to ignore it.
“You, Aladdin,” The Keeper turned to Zayn. “I heard you get your turn at a good fucking tonight. Plugged up right now hmm?”

“Y-yes sir.” It was all Zayn could do to control his voice.

“Up, let's check and make sure you've still got it in there.” He smirked and laughed as Zayn hissed softly when he stood.

Zayn pushed his sweats down and left them fall around his ankles he then placed his hands on his knees and bent over, “Is this alright sir?”

“Perfect.” The Keeper replied and bent down a little. He laughed when he saw the plug had pink sparkles. “Like a little fucking princess.” He teased and pressed it into Zayn deeper.

Zayn’s knees shook and his eyes closed tightly as he struggled to not cry. He could hear a few other students laughing and nothing being done about it.

The Keeper didn't say anything. He just pulled the plug out then slowly slid it back in. He repeated this action a few times, fucking Zayn with the plug.

Tears stung the corners of his eyes. Thankfully it wasn't horrible but sadly it did hurt, his poor bum was sore after all.

Finally the Keeper pressed the plug back into Zayn and backed away, “I’ll make sure Mr. Watson knows you're behaving yourself nicely. Can't wait for my turn with you. Your little hole looks perfectly delicious.”

“Yes S-sir.” Zayn nodded as his voice cracked. “Get your trousers up and eat before you run out of time. If you waste any of that food I'll make sure Mr. Taylor doesn't help you with any fixes tonight.”

“Yes, sir. I swear I won't.” Zayn obeyed and sat down slowly.

The Keeper just nodded and walked away.

“Sorry.” Zayn mouthed to David. He felt terrible for getting what seemed like a new friend into trouble.

David just shrugged and did his best to eat the food in front of him without throwing up.

A while later, all students were checked thoroughly before leaving to escort them to their next class. Zayn wasn't sure how to feel about his next class. He enjoyed English but who knows what would happen given the state of how things were.

Niall wasn't sure what to do once Joe left, he felt relieved to be rid of him. He talked way too much for his liking.

He decided to take a look around the room. The same old white painted brick walls. There were small windows but all of them barred. There was a door leading to the courtyard.

Niall looked around and quickly walked over to it. He tried to open it but cursed when it was locked.

“Did you really think it would be that easy?” He heard a chuckle behind him.

He jumped a bit, he hadn't expected anyone.
“Time to go, Slag. You start classes Monday, but don't think that gets you out of your chores this weekend or therapy tomorrow.” Mr. Watson smirked.

“Therapy? ...Sir.” Niall said.

“Let's go, Irish.” Mr. Watson grabbed Niall's arm.

“Fuck.” Niall groaned.

“I have other plans tonight...But you'll be watching.” Mr. Watson continued to smirk.

“What the fuck does that mean? Sir.” Niall hated calling the Keeper sir, but he didn't want to get slapped again. Not today anyways.

“You'll find out. Stop talking.” Mr. Watson told him as they exited the cafeteria.

The Keeper pushed Niall down the hallway and kept pushing him until they reached his room where he was just about thrown in.

“You'll stay here until dinner. You have to earn your recreational privileges...And you'll earn them the hard way. Pun intended.” Mr. Watson laughed.

Niall just stood in the middle of the room rubbing his arm. It burned and was throbbing.

“In the meantime, you can get acquainted with your daily and weekend schedules.” Mr. Watson said and left, locking the door behind him.

Niall sighed as he ran a hand through his long hair. He walked over to his shelf and picked up the papers.

He looked over Monday to Friday. Three periods then lunch, then three more with one class changing every Friday and individual therapy on Wednesdays. At least every class had a ten minute break. Niall thought. He did wonder why they needed an hour for a shower though.

His thoughts were interrupted by the door opening then slamming shut.

“You little fucking Irish cunt!” Niall saw Mr. Davis who immediately pushed him against the wall.

Niall groaned against the wall, his head had gone back and hit against the wall. He didn’t feel like he was bleeding though.

“You were difficult!” Mr. Davis then threw Niall onto the cement ground.

Now he felt like he was bleeding a little bit. His head had hit the ground with a loud thud and it had hurt like nothing he had ever experienced before even when he was living on the streets.

“You were disrespectful!” The Keeper was so angry at the small and young Irish lad.

Niall felt pain shooting through his small body. He felt himself being moved onto his side as The Keeper began to kick him with great force in the stomach.

“You fucking spit in my face!” Mr. Davis spit on Niall's face. “Let's see how you like it, yeah?” He then kicked harder.

Niall fought the urge to wipe off his face, he knew it’d be a bad idea. How did the other students put up with shit like this? He wondered.
“It took so fucking long to get you to do a simple fucking task!” The Keeper growled. He leaned down and grabbed a fist full of Niall's hair, pulling him to his feet.

Niall yelled as he felt himself being lifted by his hair. It felt like it was being ripped out even though it wasn’t.

“Not to mention that cocky little mouth of yours.” He then punched Niall in the jaw a couple times.

Niall groaned again and felt blood building up into his mouth.

The Keeper breathed heavily as he looked at Niall for a moment. “You're such a cunt. A dirty little Slag. You need to be taught a few lessons. Lesson one, when I fucking tell you to do something you do it or you live to regret it.” He undid his belt and looked at Niall. “Strip.”

Niall stood there for a moment with tears running down his bloody face. He spit some of the blood that had developed in his mouth on the floor.

He had never hurt so much in his life. He wasn't sure he even had any strength to take off his clothes. He didn't know how he was still standing.

“Did I fucking stutter?” Mr. Davis gave a large growl.

“N-N-N-No, sir.” Niall quickly said and began to get undressed.

Once Niall was undressed, the Keeper struck him a couple of times with the belt but stopped and said he'd finish the whipping at his shower later.

Mr. Davis then got undressed. “Turn around and bend over.” He ordered.

Niall did as he was told and he started to receive whippings from the belt on his bum.

It almost felt like it would never end but soon enough, it did.

“All fours, cunt.” The Keeper ordered.

Niall began to move towards a bed slowly but was stopped by another whip of the belt, this time on his back.

“I didn't say anything about you getting a bed. You don't deserve it. Now, get on all fours like a good little dog and show me that Irish hole.” Mr. Davis demanded.

Niall got on all fours and adjusted his body so his ass was in the air. He used his hands to spread his cheeks apart.

The Keeper smirked as he rubbed the hole with his finger. “You're not an arse virgin, that much is obvious.”

Niall didn't speak. He didn't dare move. He was in far too much pain.

Mr. Davis moved the clothes on the floor, both his and Niall's to make a cushiony spot for his knees.

He then spit on Niall's hole then into it and pushed two fingers inside causing Niall to scream out in pain.

“Don't be such a pussy. It's obvious you've had arse action before.” The Keeper added more spit
and then another finger.

Niall whimpered.

“Such a baby.” Mr. Davis rolled his eyes. “If you keep it up, you'll be treated like one.”

Niall bit his lip to keep from making any sounds and from crying.

The Keeper lowered his head down and licked over the hole a few times before finally entering his tongue inside.

Niall felt like throwing up, between the pain and the disgust, it was starting to be too much.

Thankfully, the Keepers tongue wasn't in him much longer but then he felt something else. Something worse.

Niall suddenly felt Mr. Davis push his dick inside of him. He screamed out in pain and started to sob as the Keeper began to thrust in and out of him.

Mr. Davis grabbed a fistful of Niall's hair and pulled it back, lifting his head.

“How does that feel?” He laughed into Niall’s ear.

“Not the best.” Niall’s emotions got the better of him as he told the truth.

The Keeper pushed Niall’s face into the ground and started to thrust into him even harder than before.

Niall tried to scream again but his voice was beginning to become hoarse between the screaming and sobbing.

“That’s right, cry like the little pussy you are.” Mr. Davis smirked. “Ah. Fuck. Yes. I love your tight little arse.” He moaned out, feeling close.

Mr. Davis then reached around Niall’s body and wrapped a hand around the smaller cock. He began to pump it vigorously.

Once Niall was hard, the Keeper began to play with Niall’s balls, trying to work on getting him close to cumming.

Niall bit back a moan; he felt surprised by the fact that this felt good.

“Bark.” The Keeper ordered.

Niall felt angry deep down but he couldn't fight back right now. He was too weak. “Arf, arf.” He let out a weak bark.

Mr. Davis let out a small laugh and then moaned. “Tight little arse with a matching small cock. My hand could wrap around this twice.” He mocked. “Don't you dare cum unless given permission.”

After a few more forceful thrusts, the Keeper pulled out of Niall. There was a little bit for bleeding but nothing terrible.

Mr. Davis moved Niall to his back. “Make me cum, you cunt. Use your hand.”

Niall slowly raised his hand and began to pump the Keeper a few times, before long Mr. Davis was
cumming across Niall's chest.

He then took Niall's cock back into his hand as he began to suck on it in the most unpleasant way. Niall whimpered. It hurt so much. He didn't know if he could cum.

“Come on, you Irish cunt...Cum. Show me how much of a Slag you are.”

“I...I can't.” Niall cried.

“What did you say, bitch?” The Keeper grabbed Niall's face in his hand.

“I…” Niall sobbed. He couldn't make himself cum. He would if he could but it wasn't enjoyable in his mind even though his body liked some of it.

“If you don't cum, I'll make your worst nightmares come true.” Mr. Davis whispered.

Niall closed his eyes tightly as he tried to focus on something that would make him cum and once he did, it didn't take long for him to cum as the Keeper wanked him through it.

Mr. Davis then stood up as Niall lay on the cold floor, trying to control his breathing and sobs.

“Shut up, you whiny little puppy.’ The Keeper rolled his eyes. “You know that saying 'you are what you eat?'”

Niall nodded slowly.

“Well, we do something similar here. 'You are what you act' So if you act like a whiny little bitch, that is how we're going to treat you.” He explained as he got dressed again.

“In fact, lay there Slag. I have the perfect thing for you…” Mr. Davis chuckled and left the room.

Niall laid perfectly still. He was hurting too much to move anyway. Yes, he'd been jumped on the streets and had let people fuck him for a little money to survive a handful of times but none of that compared to this.

This was embarrassing. This was pain he'd never felt. This was a nightmare coming to life. He wanted to run away from it all but he had no idea how to do that. Everything he could think of had been blocked off in some way; not to mention the tracker on his wrist.

“Get on all fours Slag!” Niall suddenly heard the Keeper coming back.

“Please, please!” Niall couldn't help it. He didn't want raped again. It hurt so badly. He couldn't take anymore.

“Cute but if you don't do as you're told you'll earn another beating.” Mr. Davis warned.

Whimpering, Niall moved back onto his hands and knees.

“What a good little dog you are.” Mr. Davis teased and walked over to him. “To help you remember that you're a dog I got you a little surprise.”

Niall looked up at Mr. Davis best he could as his little body shook a bit.

“I got you a collar. It's even got a little lock so you don't try to be a naughty puppy and remove it.” He laughed and bent down to show Niall.
Niall felt his heart shatter. He'd been here maybe two hours and he already wished his life was over. He hung his head and bit his tongue to stop any tears.

“Aw, now you understand your place.” Mr. Davis kept teasing as he locked the collar around Niall’s neck. “Don't you worry either; I'm going to make sure all the Keepers know that you're our little pet now. Maybe if you ever learn to behave properly we’ll let you be human again.” Mr. Davis messed up his hair and back away.

Niall struggled with two desires. On one hand he wanted to lung at Mr. Davis and rip him apart. On the other hand he just wanted to curl into a ball and cry profusely. No, perhaps he just wanted to curl into a ball and die.

Niall just remained perfectly still however. He couldn't take another beating or more sex right now and he feared if he moved or spoke at all that he'd regret it.

“Clean yourself up now dog. You can't go to dinner later looking like that.” Mr. Davis took one last good look at him and the left the room laughing rather obnoxiously.

For a while Niall stayed perfectly still on his hands and knees. He was afraid to move. He also knew moving would bring on more pain. After a moment however he knew he had to, so he stood slowly.

He walked slowly to the sink and began washing himself best he could. He also took time to feel the collar on his neck. There definitely was no way he was going to be able to get it off.

After getting as clean as he could with only water and his hands he got dressed and chose an upper bunk to lay on. He hoped the other student in his room hadn't already chosen this one because he wasn't planning on giving it up.

Niall stared at the ceiling for the longest time as he mentally screamed at himself in an attempt to make the tears stop. As time passed on, the tears finally did stop and he tried to sleep but the pain was too great so he lay there emotionless and perfectly still.

Chapter End Notes

Give us some love!
Zayn was being escorted back to the dorms by Mr. Watson. “You don’t have any privileges nor do I have time to supervise you doing any extra work to catch up on shit you’ve missed, so you will remain locked in your room with your roommate until dinner time.”

“Yes, sir.” Zayn said quietly. He felt like he should acknowledge that he had heard what his Keeper told him. The roommate mention made him wonder what he’d be like and what it’d be like having someone else in the room with him.

Mr. Watson opened the door and laughed seeing Niall on one of the top bunks.

“Well, look at you, little Irish. Mr. Davis was bragging about you and that collar. You’re a little pet now.” Mr. Watson grinned as he pushed Zayn into the room.

Niall stayed quiet. He wasn’t sure how to respond.

“Rucksack now.” Mr. Watson held out his hand towards Zayn.

Zayn quickly took the bag off his arm and handed it to the Keeper.

“Listen, pet. When I walk into the room, you need to stop what you’re doing and show me some fucking respect.” Mr. Watson aimed at Niall.

“Is there a specific way?” Niall asked weakly.

“Slag. Show him how it's done.”

Zayn quickly stood up straight with his hands clasped behind his back. He held back a whimper from his plug shifting.

“Get your bloody arse down here and show me what I deserve. Or I'll tell Mr. Davis to repeat his lesson.” Mr. Watson said.

Niall slowly sat up.

“I don't have all afternoon.” The Keeper complained.

“S-Sorry. Fast as I can.” Niall’s jaw was throbbing from being punched.

Zayn felt sorry for the boy. He looked at Mr. Watson. “Sir?”

“What is it, Slag?” Mr. Watson growled.

“Might I go help him?” Zayn asked. He feared if the student took to long he himself might be
punished. He was also a decent person and hated to see another person suffer. He was going to have to live with this student now. He wanted to be on good terms.

“He needs to learn...But he can learn when I have more time. So yes, you may help.”

Zayn walked over to where Niall's bunk was. “I'm Zayn.” He whispered. “Let me help? It'll be worse for you if you don't hurry up.”

Niall was too weak to tell him to fuck off. He was also scared of the Keepers threat so he nodded and allowed Zayn to help him down.

All this movement made the plug feel even more uncomfortable inside him.

Niall struggled to move his hands behind his back but finally did it.

Zayn resumed position but felt his plug move making him hiss in pain.

“Good enough.” Mr. Watson nodded. “Slag, bend over. Let's check that plug. Chav,” He paused and looked at Niall. “Watch closely.”

Zayn carefully pushed his joggers down and leaned over as he placed his hands on his knees.

Mr. Watson smiled and pushed on it, making Zayn whimper. “Very good. You'll be well prepared for tonight. And luckily for you, you have a one person audience.”

Zayn nodded.

“If you stick to our deal, I'll inform Mr. Taylor and you may be able to get something special. We'll see. I've wasted enough time on you, Slags. Go lay down until dinner...Or play with each other. Either is fine. Later.” He said and left the room.

“So was this your first day?” Zayn asked turning to Niall.

Niall nodded. He climbed into a bottom bunk. He didn't want to climb down again if dinner wasn't far off.

“What'd you do to make a Keeper so angry?” Zayn was curious. The bruising made it obvious he'd been beaten.

“Being meself.” Niall answered. He didn't want to talk but he wanted to get the basic questions over with then maybe he'd be left alone. “What did you do to earn a plug?”

“I made a deal...Kinda. I've never...” Zayn paused. He wasn't going to say he's never had sex before. “Never taken dick before. I promised not to fight and to listen...If he would make it hurt less.”

“You don't want to fight?” Niall asked shocked.

“Of course I do... I'm just not a fighter. Believe me, it's easier to just do whatever is asked. I don't want to be beaten or even put in a nappy.” Zayn shrugged going to his bunk.

Niall's eyes went wide with shock.

“Yeah, from what I've seen...And they will force you to use it to. They'll change you as well. Well, it's what I saw yesterday at least.” Zayn said looking down at Niall.
Niall didn't reply. He wanted to be left alone.

“What's with the collar? I didn't think they allowed jewelry, or whatever you call it.” Zayn asked curiously.

“It's not fucking jewelry. One of them kept calling me a dog and then put it on me. It's locked on so I can't take it off or I fucking would.” He snapped back.

“Oh.” Zayn replied quietly. “So...You're Irish?” Zayn then asked.

Niall sighed. “Yes, I'm fucking Irish. Why is that a big deal? I can't be the only Irish kid in this school or even in all of fucking England.”

“Chill. Just noticed the accent. It sounds similar to Scottish.”

“I am not fucking Scottish! We sound nothing alike. Now kindly, shut up before I make you.” Niall was feeling more anger than pain at the moment.

“Sorry.” Zayn whispered and decided to lay down instead.

They stayed in silence until they heard the door open where they were on Zayn was on his feet and in position within seconds.

When it was taking Niall longer to stand, Zayn helped him up. He felt it was the right thing to do. He even helped Niall balance while the lad was putting his slip ons, on his feet.

“If you two are finally ready, let's go.” Mr. Watson sounded annoyed.

Niall found it difficult to to walk without gasping out in pain.

Zayn frowned, he really did feel bad for his roommate but he feared if Niall slowed them down, they wouldn't like what happened.

“Let me help you.” Zayn offered and took Niall's arm, wrapping it around his neck. “Lean on me. I may not have gotten a beating yet but I'm not heartless.”

Niall nodded. He felt grateful for the help. He had been a bit of a dick to Zayn earlier and here the lad was helping him. You'd never see that on the streets. Everyone had a pack to be loyal to or if you were a loner, like he was, it was trust no one and survive any way possible.

Once they arrived at the cafeteria Mr. Watson looked at the two lads harshly, “You two stay together. Help him if he needs it. I don't feel like having to beat someone so they'll clean up a mess if he drops something.”

“Yes, Mr. Watson.” Zayn nodded.

“Such a good lad… for now.” He used a teasing tone as he replied to Zayn before leaving.

Once Mr. Watson was out of earshot Niall pulled himself away from Zayn. “I don't fucking need your help.”

Zayn inwardly rolled his eyes. It was obvious the lad needed his help. He understood his pride however. “That's fine. I'm not crazy about having to help you either. I just don't want to get in trouble. You've seen how bad it can be.”

“Yeah, fine. Just don't baby me.” Niall said and began slowly moving to get in line.
“Wouldn't dream of it.” Zayn agreed and followed close behind.

As they walked through the line Niall loaded his tray up with food while Zayn struggled to find something he thought he could stomach.

“Try the chicken salad sandwich. Doesn't have a lot of flavor so it's easy to stomach.” David said coming up behind him.

“Thank you.” Zayn replied and then requested it for his meal. “Love that you know about the food.”

“All of this food is great. You guys are nuts.” Niall told them as he loaded his tray with lots of food.

“There you are Irish pup, don't forget your shake.” A Keeper told him and put another glass filled with thick pink liquid on his tray.

“Yes, sir.” He mumbled his response and tried to get his tray picked up. He hissed a bit from the pain he felt due to the weight of the tray. His body was still hurting.

“Switch me. Mines lighter.” Zayn told him and grabbed the tray from his hands.

Niall rolled his eyes but grabbed Zayn’s tray anyway. He then followed as Zayn went with David to an open table.

“Who's your mate?” David asked quietly as they began to eat while the Keepers walked around. He chose to ignore the collar on his neck.

“Not my mate. Just roommate.” Zayn explained.

“Oh, nice. Roommates give you someone to talk to.” David nodded.

Zayn then whispered a reply so only David would hear, “It also helps take the Keepers focus off me.”

David just grinned as a fourth lad sat with them.

“Niall! Hi! How are you? You look terrible. Did you get a turn with a keeper? It looks like you did. Bet it hurts huh? Being in pain in no fun. Of course being here is no fun either. Did a Keeper put that collar on you? I've never see one on a student before. Why did they do it? You don't have to tell me. I'm just curious. I'm mostly curious if you're doing okay though. So are you?” Joe spoke quickly.

Niall instantly groaned. This is not what he wanted at all. He wanted left alone. “I'm surviving.”

“That's good. That's great!” Joe replied.

“Hey mate, keep it down. The more you talk the more likely we are to get in trouble.” David hissed. He already didn't like this kid.

“Sorry, oh hey, you're the lad who got fucked at lunch right? I'm sure you are. I don't forget faces.” Joe spoke softer but just as fast.

Niall smiled inwardly as he ate and worked on his shake. He was happy Joe was talking to someone else.
“Yeah, nothing special. It's happened before.” David rolled his eyes.

“Yeah, I'm sorry about that. It was my fault.” Zayn told him. Trying to get this annoying kid out of their conversation.

“Honestly, don't worry about it. I'm fine. We’re cool too.” David assured Zayn.

Zayn was about to reply with a thank you. He'd seemed to have found a friend in David. Joe spoke before Zayn could say anything though.

“You're the one with the plug in. All the keepers want a piece of you. They all keep talking about you. They think you're sorta special cause you're dark skinned. I think they're really attracted to it. I don't know. Either way, does the plug hurt much? Why did they put it in you? I've not had one yet so I'm just curious.” Joe only stopped to take a bite of food.

“Wow.” David shook his head. “Your friend is very… full of words.” David told Niall. He was trying to be mean without being obvious.

Niall opened his mouth to insist Joe wasn't his friend but of course Joe spoke first.

“Friend. I like that. I've always wanted one. I've never made a friend my entire life though. Now I have one. I'm so excited. This is the best thing that's ever happened to me. Thanks Niall.” Joe looked happier now. He was actually smiling bigger than any of them had seen.

Niall was an asshole. He wanted to put Joe in his place. He didn't need any friends. He kept his mouth shut though. So far this kid had helped him. Maybe if Niall just pretended to be his friend he'd keep helping him.

“I got the plug because I promised to be good and not resist if my room keeper would make the first time less painful. It hurts but I think it's just cause I'm sore.” Zayn replied to Joe’s question. “Just looking to make getting used to this place easier.”

“How are you feeling about that? He's doing it tonight right?” David asked.

Zayn nodded, “Nervous. I'm not into pain…” He then whispered softer. “Plus, I really wish my first time didn't have to be rape.”

“Irish pup! Get your pathetic arse over here.” A Keeper yelled from where he stood with another student.

Joe, David and Zayn watched as Niall made his way over slowly.

“That's one of my roommates, Tyler. He's a favorite. He's a total slut too and practically begs the Keepers to use him so they'll give him more privileges. I know it's just his way of surviving in here but not even I would do that.” Joe whispered.

The others just watched with him as Niall was told that the slag standing with him had been a very good boy and he needed to reward him.

Niall of course asked how he was to reward the lad.

The Keeper then explained that the student could choose any one thing he wanted so long as it wasn't sex.

Tyler smiled almost evil and told the Keeper he wanted “the little puppy” to suck him off until he
It was while watching Niall that David got an idea. “Zayn,” He whispered. “You don't want your first time to be rape right?”

Zayn knew better already then to stop paying attention to Niall and Tyler so he replied without moving his eyes. “Yes, of course.”

“Can't stomach the idea of wanting sex with any Keeper right?” David asked another question.

“Not if they were the last blokes on earth.” Zayn replied still not catching on.

“Therefore you should ask one of them to fuck you. If they allow you to go to the film tonight they’ll all be occupied with other students so you can lay down and do it. The lights will be off.” David was proud of himself for thinking up an idea like this.

Zayn briefly glanced at David then back to Tyler where Niall was now having his hair pulled as Tyler moaned obnoxiously loud. “Has anyone ever done that before?”

“Yeah, the ones who are secretly ‘dating’ and not rooming together do it. Rarely caught too.” David encouraged.

“Not many students date lads outside their rooms. Of course, not many lads here date. Just the ones who are like desperate for that sort of connection. You know cause most of us are actually straight. Oh, and a lot of the Keepers are in relationships with women outside of the school here. At least that's what Tyler told me. Don't you…”

“Shut up Joey. You're going to get us all punished.” A lad from the table behind them kicked at him.

Joe then became quiet, for the first time since he'd sat down.

David just shook his head as Zayn finally replied. “I assume you know which lads I have a better chance at getting to help me?”

“Oh yeah, if you get to come to the film find me. I'll point out the better lads to ask.” David agreed.

“Alright,” Zayn agreed finally. It really was his best chance at not losing his virginity due to rape.

It didn't take too much long for Tyler to finally cum as he held Niall’s head tightly in place. “Swallow all of it you little Irish bitch.”

Niall swallowed the cum as it slid down his throat. It tasted disgusting. He wanted to throw up but he knew that would be a bad idea.

When Niall felt Tyler release his hand from his chuck of hair, he moved his mouth off of his cock. He noticed there was still some cum dripping from the tip but didn’t dare say anything.

“I didn’t say I was done. I'm dripping all over the floor now and it’s all your fault.” Tyler dramatically complained.

“Clean him up then clean the floor, little dog.” The Keeper told Niall.

Niall licked over Tyler’s tip until the cum stopped dripping.

“Uh, what do you want me to use to clean the floor...Sir?” Niall looked up at the Keeper.
“Your tongue, you brainless Irish twat.” The Keeper growled.

Niall swallowed the vile that had suddenly came up in his mouth back down. He lowered his head down and stuck out his tongue as he began to lick the cum off of the floor.

He worked quickly partly due to the fact that it was awful and partly due to he’d believed that the quicker he got it done, the less chance of something bad happening to him.

“Thank you, Mr. Thomas for my reward.” Niall heard Tyler say to the Keeper. “The little puppy you chose for me was the perfect choice.”

“You earned it.” Mr. Thomas nodded.

“I can’t wait for tonight...for you to use me. You’re the best.” Tyler told the Keeper.

The Keeper nodded. “You know it...Now, pull those joggers up and go finish your meal.”

“Yes, sir.” Tyler smiled a little and quickly went to sit down. He made sure to kick at Niall's hand as he passed by while teasingly calling him a ‘little puppy’.

When he finished, he looked up at the Keeper. “I finished, sir.”

The Keeper looked at the floor. “Ha. Spotless. Go finish your shake, pup.”

Niall nodded and stood up slowly, his knees were a lot more sore now from kneeling on the floor.

He slowly walked over to the table where Zayn and the others were sitting and sat down.

“That was nasty. You licking the floor like that. I hope you don't get sick! What did it taste like?” Joe rattled on.

“Shut up “ Zayn gritted through his teeth. “If you want to ask a dozen questions, at least wait until a time where we can talk without getting into trouble.”

“It tasted gross.” Niall whispered and started to chug down his smoothie.

He took a break when he began to choke. “This stuff is wretched.” He coughed.

“Then you shouldn't drink it.” Joe said.

Niall rolled his eyes. “Right and get beat up?” He then chugged the rest of it just in time for the bell to go off.

He grabbed his tray and slowly walked over to the rubbish bins to throw away the remnants of his lunch.

He then went and stood by Zayn. “Am I supposed to wait with you?”

The two weren't aware of each other at lunch for Niall to know whether or not he waited with Zayn or not.

“Yeah, home groups stay together from what I've seen... For being escorted at least.” Zayn explained.

“Home groups? Look at you with all the top and proper language.” Niall rolled his eyes.
Zayn sighed but before he could respond Mr. Watson showed up.

He quickly assumed the position with his hands behind his back and standing tall.

It took Niall a little longer as his ribs were killing him. He wasn't sure if they were bruised, cracked or worse, broken.

Mr. Watson searched both lads to make sure that they weren't smuggling anything from the cafeteria.

“Alright, Ace. Let’s check that plug. Bend over.” Mr. Watson looked at Zayn.

Zayn nodded and quickly leaned over.

Mr. Watson then pushed the plug further inside. “Won’t be long now before I get a chance to fuck that pretty arse of yours. Stand up. Get your joggers on, both of you and let’s go.”

On the way back, Zayn noticed Niall was having a hard time walking, so he made Niall lean on him for support which Niall after a little grumbling accepted.

Zayn didn't want them to get in trouble for being slow so he was doing this for purely selfish reasons.

Once they reached their room, Mr. Watson pushed them inside.

“Neither of you will see the film tonight. You haven't earned shit!” Said Mr. Watson. “You… slag.” His eyes moved to Niall. “You will not be having any privileges anytime soon. You have a lot to make up for. I expect you be a good audience member tonight.”

Niall nodded and watched as the Keeper left.

Zayn frowned. “Fucking hell. I can't go to the film tonight so I can't get fucked before my rape.”

“Sucks to be you?” Niall said as he slowly walked towards his bed. If he didn't have to go anywhere else, he could stay on the top bunk all night.

“Yeah, apparently.” Said Zayn walking towards Niall. “Wait, I have an idea...Uh, you've had gay sex before right?”

Niall stopped at the ladder. “Lots of times. Living on the streets...Well, you have to be open to do anything if you want to survive.”

“Fuck me.” Zayn spoke quickly. “Well, not really...I mean...Uhm.” He took a deep breath. “Enter me. Just fuck me like a little? I don't want to lose my arse virginity to rape.”

Niall leaned against the ladder as he listened. “You realize if I do this for you, I will know that when Mr. Watson fucks you later, you're not really a virgin...I have the power to make life horrible for you. Well, more so.”

“And I'll be your bitch. I will do whatever you want. Just... Please?”

Niall liked the idea of having something over Zayn’s head and nodded. “Alright. Let me get meself hard first...”

“Uh, want help?” Zayn offered. “I mean we don't know when he's coming back, so..”
“Think about it this way...It’s better he sees me wanking off than you giving me what looks like a handjob or worse an actual blowjob.” Niall shook his head. “I don’t want to get another beating...And I can get hard all on me own. Keep your dirty hands to yourself.”

He then pulled his joggers down and wrapped a hand around his soft cock. He closed his eyes and fantasized about about his first time. It was still his best sexual experience even though it wasn’t the greatest. Soon enough though, he was hard.

“Go over to the toilet, lean over it and hold the wall.” Niall instructed.

Zayn agreed and did as he was told; walking over to the toilet area. He pulled his joggers down and leaned over, holding the wall.

Niall stepped out of his joggers but kicked them close to Zayn so he could quickly get them on if the Keeper came back.

“Nice plug.” Niall chuckled looking at it.

“Just...Take it out already. Uhm. Be gentle. Please.” Zayn begged a little.

“I don’t want to hurt you and I will be gentle...but mate, this is going to hurt.” Niall slowly pulled the plug out as Zayn whimpered.

Niall took a brief moment and didn't do anything. He just let Zayn have a brief moment of relief now that the plug was out.

He threw the plug on his joggers then carefully and slowly started to entered Zayn.

Zayn whimpered as he felt Niall go inside him. It had hurt but at least he was going slow and was so far, gentle.

“I'm going to push the rest of the way now, 'ight?” Niall said.

Zayn nodded; scared to speak just then.

Niall pushed the rest of the way in as Zayn bit on his lip to stop any sound from coming out.


“Uhm, can you do a few pumps? Just to be sure.” Zayn asked nervously as he tried to keep his whimper silent. He had no idea what to expect next.


“That's fine. Just a few and then you can put the plug back in and we're done, okay?”

Niall sighed. “Whatever.” He gripped onto Zayn’s hips and began to move slowly.

Niall bucked his hips as he found a steady, slow and gentle rhythm. He did this a few times then stopped.

Much to Zayn’s surprise, it was just starting to feel good.

“Can I be done now?” Niall asked.

“Yeah, yeah...You're done. But please put my plug back in...I don't want to get into trouble for
having it out.” Zayn asked.

“Of course.” Niall rolled his eyes and carefully inserted the plug back into Zayn. “You realize you owe me so fucking big now right?” He wanted to be sure.

“Y-yeah, I promise.” Zayn nodded. “I know we like, hate one another or something but I meant what I said. I'm extremely grateful you helped me and so I've no problem paying you back.”

“Yeah, yeah. Just leave me alone so I can get rid of this stupid hard on before Mr. Dipshit comes back.” Niall demanded a bit as put his joggers around his ankles.

Zayn quickly got into his own joggers then moved slowly to get on his bed.

Niall sat on the toilet, hoping it would make things far less obvious if the Keeper came back and began to wank himself. Once again he let his mind wander to the only decent sex experience he had.

Zayn did his best to ignore the heavy breathing and soft moans. It was hard since they had nothing to do.

Finally Niall was able to reach his orgasm and cum into the toilet below him. He then gave himself a moment before standing up and dressing.

“Ace!” The door suddenly slammed opened fast and hard.

It made Niall jump and almost fall.

“What are you doing dog?” Mr. Watson asked hard as he looked at Niall curiously.

“Trying not to fall over. Gave me a damn heart attack… sir.” Niall wasn't about to be all nice and polite with his reply.

“Ace?” Mr. Watson seemed to be questioning him as to what Niall was doing.

“I, he was having a wee sir. I wasn't watching or anything but it's hard not to hear.” Zayn told him as he worked on getting to his feet properly. Niall soon joined him.

“Right, anyway, I've spoken with your instructors. You're not where you need to be academically but they all said you behaved yourself and seemed to be truly trying. I've spoken with the other Keepers and they all say you've be very well behaved also.” He folded his arms over his chest.

“Yes, Mr. Watson.” Zayn nodded. He wasn't sure what else to say, if anything.

“I'm going to allow you to see tonight's film. I suggest you take this as a lesson on why doing as you're told is best.” He then looked hard at Niall. “Good little lads get rewarded. Let this be a lesson to you as well.”

“Yeah, sir.” Niall was struggling to get used to the whole ‘sir’ thing.

“Let's go slag. The film is already starting.” Mr. Watson grabbed his arm and pulled him from the room then locked Niall inside.

As they walked towards the recreation room Mr. Watson stopped Zayn and whispered in his ear, “I can't wait for our fun tonight. You're going to be tight. When I'm all done you won't be such an innocent little boy anymore. Are you as excited as I am?”
Zayn swallowed hard, he wanted to answer honestly. He knew he couldn't though. He decide to give Mr. Watson the answer he wanted without exactly buttering him up, “Yes Sir. I’m ready thanks to the plug.”

“Damn straight.” He laughed obnoxiously then continued with Zayn to the rec room.

Once there Zayn was instructed to find a seat and behave.

The previews were still running thankfully and the light from the screen made it easy to find David.

“Hey, I was starting to think they weren’t going to let you come.” David whispered while looking at the screen still.

“Me too. I mean, he said I wasn't allowed but then he came back and said I could since all the teachers and Keepers said I behaved today.” Zayn explained and looked around a bit.

Some of the Keepers were already in corners of the room with students. Others looked as though they were watching the students but everyone knew they were really just trying to decide who they wanted to fuck.

“Around here being good honestly pays off. I mean, the pay off is still shitty but it could be much worse.” David replied and held his breath as a keeper neared them. Thankfully it was another lad beside them who was taken to the back of the room.

A few moments later the film had properly started and all the Keepers in the room had paired off with students. Moans and whimpers came from the back making it a little hard to focus but somehow the students managed.

“Alright, I think it's safe to find someone to fuck you now. I tried to sit near some good choices.” David whispered after looking around once more.

“Uh, actually I took care of it.” Zayn bit his lower lip.

“How?” David looked confused. “Did he do it early?”

“No, he said I wasn't allowed to see the film so I asked the only other person in the room with me.” He explained. He didn't know how exactly David would react.

“That idiot with the accent and stupid dog collar?” David asked. “Your roommate?”

Zayn rolled his eyes. “I thought it was my only choice. I didn't know he was going to let me come. It's way better than just sucking it up and letting my first time be rape.”

David stayed quiet for a moment then replied. “Yeah, I guess you're right. I hope he doesn't use it against you though. He doesn't look very trustworthy.”

Zayn took a deep breath and stretched his legs out in front of him. “I think so long as I do what I can to help him he won't ratt me out. I hope anyway. I mean, he could get into trouble too couldn't he?”

David nodded. “Yeah, don't tell him though. If he ever spills the pain will be nice payback for him trying to take you down.”

Zayn gave a half smile. “Great idea. You're pretty smart.”
David tried not to laugh; he didn't want to attracted attention. “Thanks Z. You don't mind if I call you that right?”

“No, its way better than what everyone else calls me. I'd call you D but…”

“No, no don't do that. I already know why it's a terrible idea.” David shook his head.

“You don't want to be ‘the big D’?” Zayn teased.

“Shut up.” David playfully pushed back and tried to get more comfortable on the hard floor. “Tell me how your first time went? Hurt as much as you worried?”

“Only for a second actually. He was slow and gentle so just before he stopped it actually started feeling sorta… nice.” Zayn felt embarrassed.

“Yeah, it's supposed to be nice. Just butter up Mr. Watson and maybe he’ll be gentle too. You saw how Tyler was. Just copy that.” David advised.

“I really don't know if I can go that far. I mean, I'll certainly try if it means saving myself from pain but… that's really a bit much.” Zayn made a disgusted face just at the idea.

“I hear you. I do. I can't even bring myself to do it. Definitely try though. I promise not to judge though.” David elbowed him a bit and tried to start watching the film.

Zayn just shook his head and tried to do that same. Having a friend, one like David, made this much easier to handle. He just hoped David was being real with him. Zayn had learned young you couldn't really trust anyone.
The film ended too early for Zayn’s liking. He didn't want to go back to his room to be raped.

“The more relaxed you are, the less painful it'll be. Easier said than done I know.” David said.

Zayn nodded. “Thanks.” He said quietly.

Mr. Watson suddenly appeared and grabbed Zayn’s arm. “Let's go, Ace.”

“Alright, shower time. Do it quickly. We have business to attend to.” Mr. Watson instructed.

“Yes sir, I, I leave the plug in right?” Zayn wasn't entirely sure.

“Yeah, I'll take it out just before I fuck you. You wanted it to hurt a bit less and you've earned that so far. Best way to help is for you to be perfectly open before getting my cock. Now get busy or I'll assume you don't want a shower.”

Zayn didn’t say another word. He just set to shower as fast as he could. At some point Niall joined him. He couldn't help but notice the lads body covered in bruises from his earlier beating.

When they both finished Mr. Watson stood over Zayn rushing him to dry off and dress faster. Zayn was staring to get scared due to how eager and aggressive Mr. Watson seemed but he just kept telling himself David's advice; butter him up.

Finally after he and Niall were thoroughly checked over to make sure they weren’t trying to smuggle anything, Zayn was nearly being dragged down the hall with Niall to their room. Mr. Watson was done waiting. When they reached the room he unlocked the door and pushed both lads inside. “Strip. Now.” He instructed Zayn then looked at Niall.

“Go lay down like a good little dog… There. That bunk. Ace here deserves an audience.” He pointed to a bottom bunk.

Niall nodded and went to lay down on the bed. The last thing he wanted was to watch. He assumed once the Keeper got started he'd be too wrapped up in Zayn to notice him.

Mr. Watson then looked at Zayn with an evil smile as he began to strip. “I've been waiting all damn day for this. Go lay on that bottom bunk.” He pointed to the one across from Niall.

Zayn felt himself shaking but went and laid down as he had been told. Having Niall right there would make it harder for him to say things to butter up Mr. Watson. He knew he needed to try
“Good lad. Take this like a good boy and I'll make sure your little hook up tonight is especially
good.” He grinned and began to take off his uniform.

Zayn swallowed back a growing lump in his throat as he saw Mr. Watson naked. The sight of his
body made Zayn want to vomit.

“I-is this alright for you sir?” Zayn tried so hard to make his voice sound like he wanted this but
feared it was coming off as being full of fear.

“Yeah, now bend your knees and spread your legs. Wrap your hand around that cock. Pump it and
show me how much you want this.” Mr. Watson instructed.

Zayn didn't want to. He wasn't sure if he could even make himself hard. He had to though so
slowly he began to do as Mr. Watson asked. He forced himself to keep his eyes on the Keeper. He
hoped it would please the man more than if he closed his eyes.

It took some time but finally Zayn was breathing hard and his cock was fully erect. “Sir? Now will
you…” he paused for just a second so he wouldn't choke on his own words. “…fuck me?”

Mr. Watson was completely hard now. Zayn had him turned on, hard, leaking, ready. “You want
my cock, Ace?”

“Y-yes, Mr. Watson.” Zayn stuttered a bit but tried to keep the sound of pleasure in his tone.

Mr. Watson climbed onto the bed and pressed his body down against Zayn’s. “Tell me you want
me to take your virginity.”

Niall who had now been looking away suddenly snapped his head to look at the pair.

“Come on Ace. Tell me you want me to be your first.” Mr. Watson pushed.

Niall's eyes grew impossibly wider when he heard Zayn whimper out, “Be my first time please sir.
T-take my v-v-virgin-in-ity.”

The Irish lad had no idea this was supposed to have been Zayn’s first time entirely. The way Zayn
had worded himself Niall assumed the older lad had fucked girls before.

“Ah! Sir, please. It's cold. Please.” Zayn gasped and tried not to squirm when his plug was
removed and a glob of lube was dropped into his open, stretched, hole. “Please warm me.”

“With pleasure.” Mr. Watson growled into his ear and slowly slid his large, hard dick into Zayn’s
arse.

Zayn had promised not to protest and so to prevent the sounds of pain from being heard he leaned
up best he could and hid his face against Mr. Watson’s neck and shoulder. Thankfully this made
the whimpers of pain sound like high pitched moans.

“What a good lad. Such a whore for me already.” Mr. Watson moaned and began to pump gently
in and out of Zayn.

Zayn couldn't properly reply without giving away how much pain he was in so he nodded against
his Keeper. He already wanted this to stop so badly. It was all he could do not to cry and vomit.

“Yes, moan for me slag. Let me hear how much you love getting your virgin arse fucked.” Mr.
Watson encouraged.

Zayn cried out a little as he felt Mr. Watson picking up speed. He wasn't being as gentle as Niall had been but he knew the man could have been much rougher thanks to what he'd seen around the school.

When Zayn turned his head, needing air his eyes caught Niall's and the exchanged silent look caused deep embarrassment to wash over Zayn. Tears stung his eyes as he did his best to moan for Mr. Watson before shutting his eyes. He couldn't bare to look at Niall and see him anymore.

“Fuck! Yeah! Little slut! Shit you're so tight for me.” He groaned louder and began to thrust into Zayn harder. “Don't you dare cum on me slag.” He warned.

Niall felt terrible now. He wasn't going to say anything though. He loved the idea of Zayn owing him too much.

“This is how the fuck you need to behave you filthy dog!” Mr. Watson growled as he kept drilling into Zayn who was pathetically moaning in a fake tone.

It no longer was causing Zayn real pain, thank God but nothing about this felt good.

Niall who had been itching his nose quickly turned his attention back to the bunk beside him. He hoped he hadn't been caught not properly watching.

“Sit your arse up and focus before I decide you need a punishment! I won't warn you again!” He yelled then moaned before biting Zayn’s shoulder gently.

Zayn cried out, it wasn't extremely painful it did hurt.

“That's it. Get loud. Let everyone hear what a whore you are! Scream my name!” The Keeper growled as his balls began to tighten.

“Ah! M-Mr. Watson!” Zayn yelled. Hoping the one time would be enough.

“Shit! I'm gonna fucking cum! Gonna own this arse!” He moaned deeply and suddenly began to fill Zayn’s arse with his warm cum.

The words tasted like bile in his mouth but Zayn managed to whimper out, “Thank you sir.”

“I'm gonna pull out and you're gonna wank yourself until you cum. I wanna see you spray your load all over that tanned skin. When you cum you scream my name.” Mr. Watson growled in his ear.

Zayn nodded and bit his lip to stop from screaming in pain when Mr. Watson pulled out of him fast and rough.

Quickly Zayn wrapped his hand around his only semi-hard cock and began to pump as though he was very turned on. He closed his eyes long enough to imagine how it had felt when the student sucked him off earlier in the day.

Once he was hard again he opened his eyes, forcing himself to look at Mr. Watson as he continued to think about how nice it had felt to get a blow job. That was the only thing that had happened to him in here that had honestly felt good.

“Keep your eyes on him dog! Don't you even blink!” Mr. Watson snapped at Niall.
Niall just silently nodded and kept his eyes reluctantly on Zayn.

The older lad began to gasp as his balls got tight. Finally the idea of having himself sucked off drove him over the edge and he began to cum hard, careful to spray his load over himself as he barely managed to get out the Keepers name.

Due to gasping he knew the quiet cry wouldn't be enough so as he regain control of his voice he yelled the man's name before finally removing his hand and panting.

“I'm actually impressed Ace.” Mr. Watson smirked. “Get over here and lick him clean before I beat you like the naughty puppy you are!” He yelled at Niall.

Niall wanted to protest but right now he was too sore and tired. Perhaps tomorrow he'd put up a fight. Tonight he just came over and did as he was told, licking the cum of off Zayn.

Zayn laid perfectly still, allowing Niall to clean him. He didn't want to move and get into trouble after he'd just worked so hard to stay out of it.

When Niall finally felt he'd cleaned all the cum off Zayn he pulled away and stayed on his knees.

“Do you feel clean enough Ace?” Mr. Watson folded his arms over his chest.

“Yes sir. Thank you sir.” Zayn surely didn't feel clean but he didn't want Niall to be punished.

“Good. Get yourself together and someone will come make sure you get to go for a fix.” Mr. Watson told him as he got dressed.

“Yes, sir. I, may I ask a question please?” Zayn very, very slowly sat up and looked at the Keeper.

“Make it fast.” He growled moving for the door.

“W-will others be allowed to fuck me now?” Zayn tried not frown but he couldn't fight it. He didn't want just anyone to be able to fuck him whenever they pleased. At least with Mr. Watson having dibs it assured Zayn that only he could fuck him when he wasn't busy.

“Lovely to see you disappointed at the idea. Such a turn on.” Mr. Watson read the frown the wrong way. “I can't stop the other Keepers from fucking you. Too many people want a piece of you. Make sure it's known among them that I'm your favorite however and I'll continue to allow you to get your little fixes at night. Don't disappoint me slag. Breaking your reputation as well behaved wouldn't end up pretty for you.”

Zayn just held back his whine and nodded. “Yes Mr. Watson. I promise.”

“Good lad.” He laughed then left the room by slamming the door.

For a while Niall stayed quiet as he paced the floor a bit while Zayn tried to collect his thoughts and resist the tears that wanted, no, needed to fall. Finally he felt put together enough to get dressed so he stood.

“What the fuck!” Niall softly shouted as he charged at Zayn and pushed him against the wall. “You fucking lied to me! You were a virgin! You made me take your virginity! If he finds out he’ll… he’ll… probably chop my fucking cock off!”

Zayn whimpered from the pain and soreness. “I couldn't bare the idea of my first time being rape. I swear I won't tell. I'd be in so much trouble myself if I did.”
“You owe me. Fuck, you owe me. I'll beat your ass myself if you tell anyone! I swear I will! You hear me! I like my cock attached to me body! I mean it you piece of shit!” Niall growled.

“I swear. I swear, mate. Please just let me go. Please. I'm already in so much pain and a Keeper is coming back soon.” Zayn didn't want to fight him. He would if he needed to but he didn't want to.

“Yeah, whatever.” Niall pushed against him hard before pulling away and climbing up onto his bunk. “You're fucking disgusting by the way. You know that? Fucking moaning for him. How could you want that?”

“I didn't. I was faking you dumb fuck. I was warned about how to help myself not get hurt so bad. You might actually do well to take some of that advice. I'm tired of carrying your arse for you.” Zayn grumbled as he dressed.

“Shut up before I make you shut up okay? I'll take care of my damn self! You worry about being the slut you obviously are!” Niall snarled and rolled on his side to look away from him

“Yeah, you've been taking care of yourself and look where that's gotten you! Soon they're gonna be smacking you with rolled up newspapers.” Zayn snapped back harshly.

Niall sat up and spun to look Zayn, his face full of anger. He couldn't reply before the door opened again though.

“That's a great idea, buttercup.” Mr. Taylor walked in.

Niall glared at Zayn.

“Lay down, puppy. Time to sleep.” Mr. Taylor smirked.

Niall lay back on the bed and rolled to his side. Tomorrow was another day to fight.

“Get your trainers on, Buttercup. I'm taking you for a little relaxation. You've been well behaved so you've earned a little something.”

Mr. Taylor then walked over to Niall and slapped his arse hard causing Niall to whimper a little. “That's for being unkindly towards your roommate here. You should follow his example of good behaviour and you will earn some privileges.”

“Yes, sir.” Niall said quietly.

“Let’s go, buttercup. I don't have all night Maybe if the doggy behaves, he'll be allowed something nice...Or he might end up sleeping in the dog house.” The Keeper laughed as he grabbed Zayn’s arm.

He pushed Zayn out of the room and walked him down the hall. “So I've heard that you were very well behaved today, especially tonight. I think that calls for something special.” Mr. Taylor now unlocked the courtyard door.

He gently pushed Zayn outside and locked the door behind them.


Zayn for the first time in the last couple of days, smiled, a genuine smile. “Thank you…” He took it and placed it in his mouth.

Mr. Taylor pulled out his lighter and lit the joint up for Zayn.
Zayn took in a long drag and relaxed feeling the drug wash over him.

“From now on, you’ll need more than good behaviour to get what you want from me.” Said Mr. Taylor. “You only can go so far on good behaviour alone.”

Zayn raised an eyebrow. “What do I need to do? Uh, Mr. Watson’s my favourite.”

“You’re not very bright are ya?” The Keeper laughed.

Zayn inhaled the drug again and let it out slowly. “I was just letting you know who my favourite was...And I promise to keep my good behaviour and not fight back. I’d just like to know what I can do for you.” He needed his fix. He had been going crazy without it and now after his rape, it was the the exact thing he needed to feel better. He wasn’t about to fuck it all up.

“Just don’t cry. I don’t like criers.” Said Mr. Taylor as he let his eyes wander over Zayn’s body. “Can’t wait to get a piece of you. Maybe I’ll take you and the dog at the same time.”

Zayn nodded and continued to smoke his joint.

“I’ll be nice and let you get some rest tonight. Tomorrow is a different story.” The Keeper told him.

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Zayn was surprised when the Keeper let him finish smoking the entire joint.

He was then taken back to his room and locked inside. The drug allowed his body to relax and not feel any type of soreness or pain so he happily climbed up to his top bunk which was across from Niall’s who’s back was to him.

He remembered their argument from when Mr. Taylor came in and heard the beating with newspapers comment. He felt a little bad about that. He didn’t mean for the Keeper to hear that part. It was just bad timing.

The next morning came and they were woken up by Mr. Watson, who had came in with a leash and puppy training pads for Niall. He explained that when moving from room to room Niall would be on a leash and walking on his hands and knees.

The puppy pads were to be used for when he was inside their room needing the toilet and for needing the toilet outside the room, he would go outside with Mr. Watson or another Keeper.

After breakfast, there was group therapy which wasn’t fun for anyone. The lads weren’t really up to talking about their feelings especially with someone who seemed to know about what was going on at the school and clearly didn’t do shit.

When therapy was done, everyone had chores to do. Niall’s job was to scrub the toilet area of his room clean with a manual toothbrush. Zayn had to help with laundry. He didn’t get as shitty a job as some others due to good to behaviour.

By the time he finished, it was time for lunch. Niall kept his distance from Zayn who was sitting with David. They weren’t required to sit together and pretend to get along though.

After lunch, they had more chores to do. Niall was given an old electric toothbrush to clean the floor of the cafeteria with other students and Zayn had to clean up the outside yard of dead leaves and twigs with others.
Then it was time for dinner followed by a free time in the recreation room. Zayn was allowed to attend again, this time with Niall who tried sitting by himself in a corner but Mr. Davis spotted him and used him before Niall could even attempt to relax at all.

Later on it was time for their nightly shower then after the usual search to make sure no one was smuggling anything back to their rooms, they were escorted back to their rooms.

That night, Zayn was used by Mr. Watson while Niall was made to watch the entire thing. Niall had looked away at a brief point and that caused him to be hit with a newspaper that Mr. Watson had brought in with him.

“Are you sure this is my only choice?” A wispy haired lad asked as the car he was in turned onto a gravel drive.

“Yes, Louis. Please don't be upset though. This will be good for you. You’ll get a proper education here and maybe make some friends. They even have therapist so maybe you can get help with whatever is going on in your head.” His social worker was actually nice. That was a rare thing.

“I'm slightly less than a year shy of being an adult though. I mean, wouldn't it be easier to just let me do my own thing?” He asked as he stared out the window.

The school came into view as rain began to sprinkle down.

“The judge was very clear Louis. You agree to come and attend this school, getting good grades and learning how to be a proper member of society or you go to prison for a few years for what you did.” She reminded. “You promised to come here and try to be rehabilitated.”

“Yeah, of course I did.” He rolled his eyes. “This had better be easier than prison. If I change my mind I can call you right?”

She shook her head. He really was a handful but she's seen much worse. “You'll be fine here. I promise. It's only for a few months.”

The car stopped and she got out of the car and opened his door. “Let's get your bag and then we’ll go in. Make sure you’re polite. They don't normally take students on the weekend.”

Louis nodded and rolled his eyes as he grabbed his rucksack from the boot of the car. He then sighed deeply and closed his eyes for a moment, letting the rain fall on his skin before finally following her into the building.

“Louis Foster?” A guard asked the social worker as they walked into the building.

“Yes, thank you all for taking him so quickly.” She smiled.

The guards gave her a fake grin and pointed her towards the reception area.

Louis followed and looked around with his nose turned up. This place lacked color and life. Louis didn't like it.

“Hello there, I'm sorry our receptionist isn't here to greet you properly. He normally has the weekends off.” A tall man in tan dress slacks and a nice jumper said as he came out of a door near the desk.

“Oh that's fine. We understand.” She grinned at him then pointed to Louis. “This is him. The lad who needed emergency placement. So nice of you to help him out.”
Louis rolled his eyes again and folded his arms over his chest. This old lady was so sweet it was practically killing him.

“Louis, you can empty all of your pockets into this container while your case worker fills out your forms. I'm Headmaster Cowell by the way.”

“Sure, uh, I get it all back right? Like when I get released from this place?” Louis asked as he began filling the little bin with the content of his pocket.

“Yes, it will all be marked as yours and when you turn eighteen or are placed somewhere else it will be given back.” It was refreshing for Mr. Cowell to have a lad not protest to the hazards box. He knew it was probably too good to be true though.

Louis nodded and finished putting his things in the box. A cell phone that no longer had service. A set of blue ear buds. A pocket knife. A few condoms and a white gold chain necklace.

“Here you are Mr. Cowell. He's all yours.” The social worker handed him the form and looked at Louis. “Be good. This is the perfect place for you.”

Louis rolled his eyes and nodded then watched her leave. He then looked at the Headmaster and gave him a sarcastic grin. “Now what?”

Mr. Cowell took a deep breath and rolled his eyes. “Now you come into my office.” He pointed towards the door and watched as Louis walked in and plopped himself into a chair. He put his feet up on the desk in front of him and smiled sarcastically again at the Headmaster.

“Trainers off!” He quickly instructed.

Louis huffed and did as he was told. His eyes looked around the office as the Headmaster glanced over his paperwork.

“Louis Foster,” He began and grabbed Louis’ attention. “Placed into foster care my a teen mother. You've had six Foster families over the last seventeen years. You've been picked up by police twice for suspected prostitution and finally arrested for it yesterday. The Judge sent you here to allow you to avoid jail time. Do you agree?”

Louis smirked. “You forget the part where I kidnapped a girl and scaled a skyscraper as I ripped airplanes from the sky.”

“Louis, now is not the time for jokes. If you want to joke I can find someone to assist you in getting serious.” He sat on the corner of his desk and looked over the lad before shaking his head. “Sorry, mate.” Louis shook his head, fully amused by the fact he was obviously annoying the Headmaster.

“I'm not your mate. You will address me as Headmaster Cowell. Now get up and strip.” His voice turned more cold and serious.

Louis gave him a sassy smirk and stood with a laugh, “Well, well, that didn't take long. So eager Headmaster Cowell.” He slowly took off his stained jumper then began to circle his hips and wiggled his bum as he lowered his ripped up joggers.

“No, no, that's not at all what I'm after.” Mr. Cowell shook his head and rubbed his temples. “I'm simply performing a security check to make sure you're not smuggling anything inside my school. Now take off your clothes without the flirting.”
Louis just laughed a bit more as he removed his clothes more simply. “How’s this Headmaster Cowell? Pleased with what you see? I promise not to tell.”

“That will be enough. No more talking unless asked a question directly.” Mr. Cowell voice was now agitated. He was on the verge of called for Keeper simply to make this entry less awkward and sexual.

Quickly Mr. Cowell began to document scars and marks over Louis’ body. He had lots of random scratches and a few bite marks. No tattoos.

“Without any remarks turn around, bend over and spread your cheeks. I need to make sure you aren't smuggling things in your bum.” Mr. Cowell had quickly grown ill of dealing with Louis.

Louis behaved himself by not saying anything but he laughed and wiggled his bum a bit as he showed the Headmaster he had nothing in his arse.

“Thank you. Here is your uniform. Put it and only it on.” Mr. Cowell sighed and began signing off on final paperwork for Louis.

“Nice, no holes. Soft and warm too. Do I get more or just this one like prison?” Louis questioned.

“You'll have more waiting for you in your room. Glad you like it. Most students don't.” Finally this lad had something pleasant to say.

“Very nice.” Louis nodded as he dressed. “A bit strange there's no shorts or socks. Afraid we’ll hang ourselves with them?”

“No, they create more laundry which is a waste of money. Now find your mute button and stand at the door. I'll take you on your tour in a moment.” Mr. Cowell sat down in his office chair.

“Bossy.” Louis commented as he went to stand at the door. He then heard a bell. “What's that for? You don't have classes on the weekends, do ya?”

“No...That was to let our staff know a new student has arrived. It's so they can let the other students know to behave.” Mr. Cowell explained as he filled out his paperwork.

“Oh. So I'm special?” Louis smirked.

“Every student gets this treatment.” Mr. Cowell told him and stood up. “Time for the tour. If you'd follow me…”

The first stop was the nurse who drew blood from Louis and made some other notes for their records.

After that, Louis followed Mr. Cowell around as he showed him the school. It wasn't until he got to the recreation room that he saw groups of students.

“This is the recreation room. You may spend time here if you've done your chores and homework.” Mr. Cowell explained.

Louis took a look at the student's, many with cuts and bruises on their face. All the students looked sad and gloomy. Some looked very serious.

He also took note of a student in a corner. He had his knees to his chest and his head down with his hood up. He could see bits of blond hair sticking out though. He wondered what the students
problem was.

“Anyways, nothing much to see here. I'll show you to your room.” Mr. Cowell placed a hand on Louis’ shoulder and guided him out of the rec room.

They walked down the hallway to where Louis’ room was where Mr. Cowell unlocked the door and gently pushed Louis forward.

“This is your room. It fits up to five or six students. You have a toilet area…” Mr. Cowell began to explain when Louis interrupted.

“...Is that a puppy training pad? Fuck! Is it used? What the fuck is the place? I'm not staying in this room.” Louis said.

Mr. Cowell raised an eyebrow at the lad then looked at Louis. “Some of our students have mental health issues in some cases, it’s best to just play along. Louis, this is our only free room and might I remind you, you are an emergency placement? Like you told me earlier, it’s only a few months until you’re eighteen and out of this place. I’m sure you can learn to cope until then.”

“Good to know.” Louis said.

“Headmaster Cowell…” Mr. Cowell added.

“Sorry. Forgot. I'll try me best to remember...Headmaster Cowell.” Louis said.

“New students spend their first day in their room. You will remain here until someone comes to get you for lunch.” Mr. Cowell told Louis. “I’m sure your roommates will be more than happy to fill you in on how the system around here works.” He added as he walked towards the door.

“Roommates? How many? ...Headmaster Cowell. You know, it’s sexy to want to be called that.” Louis grinned.

“Good day, Louis.” Mr. Cowell said and left the room, leaving Louis alone in the cold space.

Chapter End Notes

I know we enjoyed writing it!
Chapter 6

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Basically, Louis meets his roommates and it doesn't go down well.

Louis began to look around the room more now that he was alone. Three shelves had stacks of clothes on them but only two had paper with a printed schedule. Being the nosy little shit he was he looked at both.

“School. What joy.” He rolled his eyes. “Chores? They can't be serious. I'm not cleaning up after anyone but meself.” He continued. Then he spotted the handwritten names in ink on the bottom of the page. “Niall Daley.” He read the name from the other page he hadn't looked at yet. “Zayn Foster.”

He put the pages back where he'd found them and thumbed through the uniforms on the shelf without any papers. “I assume these are mine. Ugly shit.”

Just about that time the door slammed out and Louis spun around quickly. “Give a lad a heart attack why don't you?”

The Keeper who stood in the door didn't seem to care at all. “Louis Foster?”

“That'd be me I'm afraid.” He grinned at the man.

Suddenly the Keeper stepped towards him and grabbed his wrist before slapping a black bracelet type object to it.

“Hey, if you want to play rough ask first. I'm usually down.” Louis replied back.

“I don't have to ask you for shit you little slag!” The Keeper yelled as he twisted Louis’ arm behind his back.

“Ouch! I'm a fucking student here you ape! You can't speak to me that way!” Louis shouted.

The Keeper pushed Louis forward and laughed when he fell to the floor. Quickly he placed his foot on Louis’ back to hold him down, “You have a lot to learn lad! I'm your fucking Keeper! I can do what I want to you when I want. I make the rules and you follow them or I beat your fucking arse. Do you understand?”

“You're serious?” Louis seemed baffled from where he laid pressed to the floor.

“Very serious slag. Oh, and you will address me as Sir.” He almost growled.

“This is insane, sir.” Louis grumbled.

“Oh just wait. It gets better.” He laughed. “Now get your pathetic arse up. It's time to eat.” He moved his foot and eyed him hard.
Slowly Louis rose to his feet and dusted himself off.

“Your hands need to be behind your back. When I'm in this room you stand at attention to show respect. Feet shoulder width apart.” He demanded even more.

“Sir, are you sure I wasn't accidentally taken to prison?” Louis asked rolling his eyes and obeying.

“Shut up! I'm tired of explaining shit to you. If you're hungry get your pathetic arse over here and shut the fuck up. Otherwise you'll stay in here and starve.”

Louis sighed, very annoyed and came over to his Keeper. He was starving so he kept his mouth shut and waited to see what would happen next.

He followed the Keeper down the long hall to the cafeteria where he saw other students coming in.

“You'll wait for the others to go inside first.” Mr. Watson said.

Louis nodded. He was hungry. He didn't want to say anything that could mean he wouldn't get anything to eat.

He didn't take much notice of them besides the fact that they were all fairly quiet. It wasn't until he saw a student with blond hair on his hands and knees.

He was also wearing a dog collar that was attached to a leash. It looked like another Keeper was holding onto it with a rolled newspaper in his other hand.

“Holy shit…” Louis whispered.

“If you don't behave, that's what happens.” Mr. Watson told him.

“I get turned into a dog?” Louis snorted.

The Keeper pushed Louis against the wall. “You get punished.” He growled. “Let's go, Slag.” He grabbed Louis’ arm and dragged him into the cafeteria.

“Look, I may be a whore but I'm no slag...Sir.” Louis said.

“But you are, especially if you ended up here.”

“You eat meals here. Get meals from there.” Mr. Watson pointed to where the food was. “You pick up your tray, get your shit, and sit down. You have one hour for lunch. You make sure you're ready for when the bell goes off and I come back for you. Is that understood?”

“Yes, sir.” Louis nodded.

Mr. Watson let go of Louis’ arm as they suddenly heard a loud noise.

Louis noticed it was the blond kid again. He was yelling at a Keeper and because of the student's heavy Irish accent and the speed of which he was speaking, he was hard to understand.

The student was then thrown to the floor by the Keeper and kicked in the stomach several times before being lifted by his hair and thrown against the table where he was made to bend over.

Louis looked around, everyone was watching a few even snickering. Why wasn't anyone doing anything? It was confusing to him how this was allowed to happen.
“Naughty puppy...Needs a spanking.” The Keeper pulled down the students joggers and began to hit his bare arse with great force.

The student let out a small yelp, which quickly turned to tears and yells as the slaps became harder with each hit.

Louis’ jaw then dropped as he witnessed what the Keeper did next.

The Keeper then spread the students cheeks open and rubbed with his finger over his hole, followed by him spitting into the hole.

“Stay here you sorry excuse for a dog.” The Keeper smacked the students arse again, this time, full strength. “I have a special present for you.”

The Keeper was only gone a couple minutes but during that time Louis asked if he was allowed to at least get his food. He pouted when he was denied.

“I was saving this especially for you. You're too much of a naughty puppy to properly behave.” The Keeper said returning with what Louis recognized as a sex dog tail toy.

The Keeper shoved it into the students arse with no prep, causing the young lad to scream out in pain.

“There. It's in. Now you look like a dog. Collar and a tail.” The Keeper laughed loudly causing a few other students to laugh with him.

“One more thing...Pull up your joggers.” He ordered the young student.

The student followed his orders but then was pushed over the table again as the Keeper pulled some scissors out of his pocket and cut a large hole in the back of the joggers. He pulled the tail out. “Now you can show off your pretty tail as you walk.” He smirked. “Don't forget to finish your shake.”

“Now you can eat slag.” A random Keeper in a guard's uniform told him before shoving him towards the lunch line.

Louis felt like he was in complete shock as he went through the line. It made him feel like he was in some sort of alternate universe. The students around them talking about who had raped them or abused them made it worse.

“What's wrong little puppy? Can't sit down because of your tail?” A student began to make fun of the boy who'd just been assaulted. No one stopped him, a few other students even laughed.

“What the fuck is this place? Where did they send me? This is fucking worse than prison.” Louis whispered under his breath as he looked around near aimlessly with his tray of food.

“We call it hell.” A student who'd been behind him in line whispered. “Just find a seat and keep your head down unless told otherwise. Always, always, always obey the Keepers without question. That's how you survive.”

Louis turned to question the student but he walked off quickly and sat down. Louis sighed and after being nearly knocked over by a few students he went and sat at the same table with the student who'd warned him.

“This is a joke right? I mean, none of this is legal. I don't mind letting someone fuck me to get
where I need to be but… this is… impossible.” Louis spoke softly to the student who was keeping his head down.

“This is real mate. It's not legal or even moral but none of that matters. The Keepers run this place and we obey or get severely punished. It's just how it is. Accept it.” The student never looked up from his meal.

Louis swallowed hard, “You're serious?”

“As cancer. Now put your head down and eat before we get in trouble.” The student warned. He then began to twitch nervously as a Keeper neared them. The shaking only stopped when the Keeper moved away.

“Fucking hell.” Louis silently hissed before forcing himself to eat. The food was far from delightful but he was hungry enough that he could get it down okay.

After a while of silence Louis whispered, “How long have you been here? Has it always been this way?”

The student spoke quietly between bites so it would look like he was obeying, “I've been here almost two years; one more to go. It's always been this way. The only thing that changes is the faces of students and Keepers.”

“I have a bit less than a year.” For Louis everything was slowly sinking in. “I uh, I'm Louis.”

“Finley, just call me Finn.” He still never looked up. “We aren't really supposed to make friends here.”

“Right, uh, of course. Not friends then.” Louis replied and kept eating.

“We’re cool Louis. Don't worry. I just do what I can to be good. If anyone ask, we aren't friends. We just get along. You do that for me and I'll keep giving you tips to survive here. Deal?” Fin asked.

“Y-yeah, sure. We just get along. Everything else is secret.” Louis promised.

“Good. Next tip, eat everything you out on your plate. The second the bell rings get rid of your rubbish and return the tray.” Fin told him.

Louis just nodded and glanced up at clock before continuing to eat. When the time came he did everything Finley had told him to. He then sat and waited, unsure of what to do next.

“Come on you fucking slags! If you've earned free time get your ugly arse to the recreation room. If you don't have free time get to your fucking room!” A Keeper yelled harshly at the students leaving the room.

“Keepers!” The same one yelled to all the Keepers who were rushing into the room, “Our babies need put in bed for their naps.” He looked down towards the floor.

Louis then noticed the lad who'd been given a tail was waiting at the door on his hands and knees. A Keeper came and he attached a leash to the collar around his neck and pulled him off as he asked if the “little puppy” needed to “go outside for a wee”.

Louis watched as the student slowly nodded. He was surprised that the student agreed but a person
can only hold it in for so long.

“Let’s go, Slag.” Mr. Watson appeared and grabbed Louis’ arm.

“Owe.” Louis complained.

“If you don’t shut up, I’ll give ya something to whine about.” Mr. Watson squeezed his arm.

Louis stayed quiet as he got dragged back to his room.

“You stay in here for the day and anytime you’re not doing school, eating, therapy. You haven’t earned any free time.” Mr. Watson told him and left the room before Louis could speak.

Louis looked around. He didn’t want to anger his roommates by laying in the wrong bed so he just sat on the floor.

A few long silent minutes went by and the door opened.

“Get in. You’ve been a bad puppy! You’ve lost your free time for today.” A Keeper dragged the young lad into the room with a leash attached to his collar.

“Oh. Look puppy, you have the pixie for a roommate.” The Keeper smirked as he looked over Louis.

“Don’t just sit there! Stand your tiny little body up!” The Keeper yelled undoing Niall’s leash and throwing it on the floor. “You will treat us with respect when we walk in!” He then looked down to the lad. “Dog, show him how it’s done. Do one of your tricks for us.” He laughed lightly.

He slowly stood up, his legs felt shaky and wobbly. He hadn’t done much standing in the past couple of days. He assumed the position and held back a hiss as his body filled with pain when he put his hands behind his back.

Louis quickly stood up and copied Niall’s actions. “Like this, sir?” He asked to be sure.

“Yes, much better.” The Keeper said then looked over at the student. “Back on the floor!” He ordered. “Dog’s don’t stand up for very long…”

He quickly dropped to his hands and knees. He kept his eyes on the floor.

“Good boy. Now lay down.” The Keeper snapped his fingers.

He moved to lay on his stomach while on the floor, as dogs normally do. The tail plug moved quite a bit while he changed positions, it made it hurt even more than it already did.

“Uh, sir?” Louis spoke. “What do I call you?”

“You can call me Mr. Scott.” The Keeper answered. “But that doesn’t mean you’ll get away with not calling me sir, do you understand?”

“Understood, sir.” Louis said,

“Dog, go sit up in front of that bunk. We’re going to need an audience.” Mr. Scott told the student.

“You, Slag...” Mr. Scott looked at Louis. “I get first dibs on you.”

“W-what does that mean?” Louis nervously asked.
“It means that you strip for me now!” Mr. Scott spoke with great annoyance. “You will do as I say.”

“Well, most customers pay me first.” Louis told the Keeper.

This angered Mr. Scott causing him to push Louis against the bars of one of the bunks.

“I don't have time for your shit. Your payment will come in the form of me not beating your dirty whore arse!” Mr. Scott yelled. “Now, either you take your clothes off or I will do it for you.”

Louis groaned. He had hit his head against the metal. He rubbed his head for a second then quickly removed his clothes.

“How do you want me, sir?” Louis asked as he watched Mr. Scott remove his clothes.

When Mr. Scott removed his clothes, he grabbed Louis’ arm and looked over his body. He was exploring it briefly with his eyes.

Louis normally wasn't bothered by this type of attention. He had sold his body for a living. He always ran away from his Foster homes, each of them only in it for the extra cash. He rented a shitty little low income flat and the owner had let him pay cash so there was no legality's to worry about.

This time, it all felt different and he wasn't sure how to handle this situation.

Louis then felt his arse being hit hard and let out a gasp. It had stung a lot.

“You, little pixie...Have a great arse. Everyone will want a piece of you.” He heard the Keeper say.

Mr. Scott stood in front of Louis and looked over him once more before bending down and getting a condom from his trousers pocket.

“We'll have to use a condom with you for now, Pixie. Being the slag you are? Never know what kind of diseases you carry. Gonna have to have that blood you gave tested.”

Louis narrowed his eyes towards the Keeper. “I'm fucking clean!”

The outburst earned Louis a slap across the face.

“I'll do so much worse if you test me again, slag.” Mr. Scott growled. “Get me hard! ...Both of you!”

Niall who hadn't been paying attention suddenly looked at Mr. Scott. He crawled over and noticed Louis was pumping the Keeper's cock and licking it.

“Don't just sit there! Help him make me stiff! I don't have all fuckin day.” Mr. Scott complained. “You know what? Just because you refused to blow me earlier, you can literally eat my arse.”

Niall felt horrified and almost sick at the thought but he was tired of being treated like an animal. He crawled behind Mr. Scott and parted the bare cheeks in front of him, his hands on the Keepers hips.

He leaned forward and slowly licked his tongue over the Keepers hole. He repeated this action a few times then was told to actually enter his tongue inside the hole.

The thought alone made Niall want to gag, but he couldn't fight anymore today so he did as he was
told and entered his tongue inside Mr. Scott's hole as he began to eat his arse.

Mr. Scott let out loud sounds as pleasure as the two boys worked on pleasing him. Louis was now sucking him while Niall continued to eat him out.

Soon he felt he was ready to begin to fuck Louis. “Slags, stop!” He ordered. “Puppy, go sit over there.” He pointed to the bookshelves which had a direct line of sight to the sink.

Niall crawled over and sat up again as a dog who was sitting up would. It felt painful because of the tail plug inside him, but he refused to let it show.

“Listen, you filthy dog. I want you to watch me closely. Don't take your eyes off of me, in fact, don't even blink!” The Keeper instructed him.

Mr. Scott turned to look down at Louis and pushed the unopened condom package into his’ hand. “I trust you know how to put one of these on another person?”

“Yes, sir.” Louis said tearing the package open with his teeth then rolled the condom onto Mr. Scott.

“Now, over to that sink and bend over.”

“Yes, sir “ Louis quickly walked over to the sink, bending over across it. “How's this?”

“This will do. Next time, I'll be more prepared.” Mr. Scott smiled as he lined up his cock with Louis’ hole and pushed in completely at once.

“You're such a slag, Pixie...That you don't even need prep, not that I would have given it to you. Only good lads deserve that.” Mr. Scott told him as he gripped Louis’ shoulders and began to slam into him.

Louis knew how not to make any noise, except those sounds of fake pleasure and fake praises. He had been doing it for so many years that he had lost count.

As the Keeper fiercely drilled into Louis’ hole, his hips snapping against Louis’ skin and in return Louis’ hips hit against the sink. It didn’t take long for the Keeper to start playing with Louis’ arse by slapping it hard and constantly feeling it.

Louis closed his eyes briefly but snapped them back open when he felt the Keeper snake a hand around front and grabbed onto his soft cock. “Gotta get you hard so you can feed the puppy.”

When Niall heard that, he felt confused as to what Mr. Scott could possibly mean.

Louis quickly thought of the usual things that made him hard, his most pleasurable experiences, sometimes he had enjoyed himself with clients.

The thoughts didn't take long to make his cock to become completely stiff in Mr. Scott's hand.

“Good, Pixie.” The Keeper smirked and started to go even faster as he drilled deeper into Louis’ hole and with greater force as each snap of the hips came.

It didn't take Mr. Scott much longer to cum into the condom with a small shout of pleasure.

“Now that I'm done.” He pulled out and took off the condom, tying it up and throwing it away into the bin. “You can go feed the puppy.” He stood Louis up and guided him towards Niall.
“Dog, open your mouth. The Pixie is going to feed you some yummy stuff.” Mr. Scott smirked as he stood back and watched the scene unfold.

Louis wanked himself until he came as Niall had his mouth open and tongue out waiting to catch as much as he could.

“Now swallow.” Mr. Scott instructed harshly.

Reluctantly Niall swallowed what he'd been given. It made him sick to his stomach but he didn't have a choice.

“Finally decided to be a good puppy?” Mr. Scott asked him. “Keep it up and maybe we’ll reward you.”

Niall could only nod. He didn't trust his voice right now. He didn't want to end up whimpering and being called a puppy again.

Mr. Scott just laughed at them as he moved and got dressed. “Clean yourselves up and behave until dinner.”

“Yes… sir.” Louis quietly replied. He felt exhausted now.

As soon as Mr. Scott left and the door was closed Niall sighed in relief. He then looked at Louis but didn't say anything.

“Sorry about that. I didn't really want to.” Louis told him awkwardly. He didn't even seem phased by the fact he was still nude.

“I understand. Don't worry about it. We don't get a choice around here.” Niall told him. “Now if you’ll excuse me I want to wash my mouth out.”

Louis nodded and watched in confusion as Niall crawled to the sink then stood up. “So um, do you just like, feel like a dog or do you actually think you are one?” He tried to ask politely knowing it might upset the lad.

Niall quickly spun around. “You think I want this? You're crazy mate! I'm being forced to do all this! Where the fuck would you get the idea I want this or think I'm a real dog?” He was angry now.

“I, I see that.” Louis bit his lip for a moment then nodded and looked around. “Guess it's a good thing I'm used to it… only most lads pay me.”

Niall raised an eyebrow but desperately needed to wash out his mouth so after doing that he looked at Louis and laughed. "Wow. You actually are a slag! I'm sure all the Keepers will be focused on the lad with the most experience.” He smiled. "I'm sure you'll even love the punishments. Nothing would faze a slag like you."

"Fuck you!” Louis quickly spit back at Niall. "You don't fucking know me you little bitch. Why
don't you just get back on your knees and crawl over to you little bed and shut the fuck up?"

"What's there to know when I know that you're a slag for real?" Niall shrugged. "I mean, the fact that you have people pay you for sex and sexual things...It kinda does make you a slag or aren't you bright enough to realize that? Oh and the beds may be little, but so are you, so it's the perfect size for you." He smirked. "Be careful. They may dress you up like their little doll." He laughed as he slowly walked towards his bunk.

Louis walked over and shoved Niall hard enough to make him fall. "You don't know me! You don't know my life so don't you dare try to judge me! In case you haven't noticed you're in this shitty place too and with a fucking rubber tail shoved up your arse!"

Niall groaned as he fell to the hard floor. He slowly stood back up and punched Louis in the jaw. "Fuck you! It's not like I asked for this, unlike you, you fucking tiny slut!"

"I didn't ask for this shit either you whore!" Louis yelled back and smacked him across the face. "You're such an arse! Wait till I tell the Keeper all about how you've been walking on your feet and using the toilet normally."

Niall wasn't that fazed by the slap. It was nothing like when the Keeper hit him the other day. Now that was a hit that actually hurt. He rolled his eyes. "I didn't use the toilet, I just cleaned out my mouth and none of them have said anything about walking on up right when I'm alone. Oh and with you being a slag, you do ask for it." He shook his head and looked at the ladder to his top bunk. He wasn't going to be able to climb it due to his tail so he crawled into the bunk below it.

"The Keeper isn't in here and it'll be your word against mine. With my jaw being red I can argue you did it to threaten me to keep my mouth shut." Louis smirked. "Oh and you obviously know thing about prostitution cause it's not about just wanting to have sex. For most people it's honestly the only way to survive. Fuck, you're such a moron!"

"Whatever." Niall sighed as he crawled in.

He normally chose his words more carefully and was normally smarter than he had recently been sounding but his head felt fuzzy and he was in so much pain. He half wished Zayn was here to witness this argument. Zayn would back his word so Watson wouldn't know that Zayn wasn't actually a virgin when he got fucked the other night. "Dinner isn't for awhile and the mark will soon fade. You have nothing. Go die in a corner, you slag." He rolled over and faced away from Louis. "Oh and believe me, there's better ways to survive than being a slut and selling your body."

Sure, he had give a few favours to people on his journey to England, but he wasn't selling himself, he wasn't at prostitution level.

After that Louis laid down and the pair stayed quiet until their door slammed open some time later.

"Alright you fucking slags! It's time for dinner! Let's go!" Mr. Watson shouted.

Louis was quick to go over to the door. He'd been pinching his jaw every so often to keep it red.

"What the fuck happened to you? Backtalk a Keeper?" Mr. Watson laughed.

Louis shook his head, putting on an act, "If I tell you Niall might punch me again sir."

"Dog?" The Keeper growled. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

"Arf." Niall barked. He was being a smart ass but he was hoping he'd get beat for being a smartass rather than hitting Louis.
"English, you twat." Mr. Watson walked over to him. "Did you hit the Gremlin?"

"No, sir. I'd have to stand for that and I'm not allowed...I know I'm usually a rule breaker, but I don't touch slags." Niall answered. "And I'm too sore from my beating earlier."

Mr. Watson looked back and forth between the two. "I don't fucking care. You two have dinner. I'll figure out a punishment for both of you later."

"What did I do?" Louis complained. "He uses the regular toilet, hits me so I'll be too scared to tell and I'm the one who gets punished?" How in the hell was that fair?

Niall just glared hard at Louis. At least he was getting a punishment out of this too.

"No one likes a tattletale." Mr. Watson said as he put on Niall's leash and pulled him off the bed and onto the floor. "I don't think he's stupid enough to use the indoor toilet though. He's not that much of an idiot." He looked at Louis. "I don't give a fuck about your little fights with each other. Now, move you fucking Gremlin." He roughly pushed Louis out the door while dragging Niall behind him with the leash.

Louis folded his arms over his chest as he walked. This wasn't fair.

Niall thought it was hilarious of course. He hated that he was still being treated like a dog though.

"Sir, if you don't care about us fighting does that mean I can kick the shit out of him?" Louis was being a smart alec.

"Hitting each other is not the same thing as a beating. Only Keepers get to beat the shit of you's. If I notice any of you actually beating each other, you'll be sorry." Mr. Watson growled and pushed Louis into the wall as they walked. "Your beating will be worse for speaking out of turn. You only speak when spoken to or have you forgotten?"

"Sorry sir." Louis resisted the urge to roll his eyes. This was beyond shit.

Niall just chuckled under his breath as he watched the exchange.

Mr. Watson heard the chuckle and kicked Niall in the side, hitting his ribs.

Niall fell on his front as he groaned in pain. "Shut up, little puppy before I beat you with a newspaper like the naughty puppy you are!" He growled. "Such naughty boys. Whatever am I going to do with the two of you...You both need to be taught a lesson, but you need to eat first. Now move it." He grabbed Louis and pushed him forward then kicked at Niall's feet.

"Move it, slags."

Louis inwardly sighed and walked on into the cafeteria. It smelled less than appetizing but he was hungry.

"Sir, may I stand to get my food please? I promise to behave." Niall asked softly as he tried not to whimper from the new pain.

Mr. Watson looked down. "Fine." He undid the leash. "You'll be off leash for lunch, but if I see any misbehaving...I will punish you and put you back on your leash." He paused. "As part of your punishment for your earlier behaviour, you will eat it without your hands. Like a real dog." He laughed and walked off.
Louis looked at Niall and laughed loudly before walking off to get his food.

"Get out of the way pup!" Tyler yelled walking in behind him and kicking him as if on accident.

Niall held back a groan as he slowly tried to stand up. It was difficult to manage but finally he stood and was able to get his food. He walked over to the table Joe was sitting at but remembered he couldn't sit because of his tail. He sighed and moved the chair out of the way and stood on his knees. He wasn't sure how to get the food down without using his hands. It didn't help that Joe was already blabbering about something. He wasn't listening. The ringing in his ears was far too loud. His shake didn't come with a straw, how the fuck was he supposed to eat that without his hands?

"Hey mate, that's definitely not my friend." Louis whispered as he got in line behind Fin.

"Hey Louis." He whispered back. "Don't eat the peas, someone said they saw a bug in them."

"Ew." Louis made a face. "Thanks for the heads up. Hey, uh..Have you ever gotten into a fight with a roommate? Like a physical fight?"

"Of course. I didn't start it. He did, all cause I got rec time and he didn't." Finn replied as he chose his food. He turned his nose up at the peas and chose the green beans.

"Ever mention it to a Keeper? My roommate and I got into it. When Watson asked what the mark on my jaw was from, I told the truth and now we're both being punished. Doesn't seem fair." Louis huffed as he grabbed a few things that looked edible.

"Nothing here is fair Louis. Oh and never ever tell on your roommate or anyone else. It's like an unwritten code between us students." Finn tried to explain as he grabbed a bottle of water. "If we can't rely on one another we're fucked."

"What if he's a jerk and deserves what he gets?" Louis argued as he also got a bottle of water.

Finn shook his head and found them a table. "Let me ask you this, did getting in a fight with him help things?"

"No..." Louis sighed. "But he's such a jerk. He wouldn't stop insulting me. I lost my cool." He frowned. "He said because I'm a prostitute, I'm an actual slag. He kept going on, so I shoved him, he hit me, and then I slapped him."

"Ok, so maybe he deserved it. I still wouldn't have told. Make something up next time. You slipped and fell and smacked your face on the floor." Fin whispered as he ate. He kept looking up at the Keepers to make sure they weren't getting too close.

"Fine. I'll play along and not rat anyone out." Louis frowned then took a bite into his sandwich. "This is the worst thing I've ever tasted." He said as he swallowed.

"After a while you learn how to take eat really fast so you barely taste it." Finn whispered. "If they ever serve mash potatoes add some water."

Louis nodded. "Will remember that. Thanks for the tip." He glanced over at Niall who was eating with his face and chuckled. "I'm happy enough that he's treated like a dog and has to eat with no hands."

"Yeah, that's rough. I've seen worse though. Try being the one treated like an infant or the one being treated like a girl or worse... the one taken to the pit."
"Pit?" Louis asked curiously.

"Purgatory, it's a tiny little room where you're kept by yourself 23 hours a day. You're taken out to shower; that's it. The Keepers come in and fuck the shit out of you too." Fin explained then began to shake nervously as a Keeper walked past their table making his rounds.

Louis' eyes went big. "Holy shit." He whispered.

"Yeah, so maybe keep your mouth shut from now on." Fin advised. "Do what they want; everything they want."

Louis nodded. "Yeah, I'm learning that. Some Keeper was dropping Niall off and I got fucked. Our room smells as he can't use the toilet and has to use puppy training pads."

"Sorry mate." Fin replied. "At least you have less than a year left. Count the days."

The bell rang before Louis could reply and Finn got up and rushed off rather fast. Louis got up to follow but smacked right into another student causing both of their trays to fall and make a huge mess.

"Shit! Shit!" The other student panicked.

"You should have watched where you were going!" He hissed as he tried to clean up before his Keeper came over.

"I'm sorry." Louis said as cleaned up. "It wasn't totally my fault. You weren't paying attention either."

"Less talking more cleaning up! Anything left on the floor you can use your tongue to clean it up." Louis heard Mr. Watson say.

"And you." Mr. Watson looked at the other student. "Have lost your free time! I'm disappointed, Ace. I'm really disappointed."

"I-I... I'm sorry, sir. I'll do better. Promise." The student looked terrified.

"It's my fault, sir." Louis looked at Mr. Watson. "I wasn't paying attention."

"More trouble for you later then, Gremlin. Both of you get to work! It better be done by the time I bring the dog in from being outside to do his business." He said and walked away.

"Thanks dumbarse." The student hissed cleaning up everything to the best of his ability. "Work my bloody arse off to get free time and you destroy it in a matter of seconds."

"Like I said, it's your fault too. If you had paid attention none of this would've happened!" Louis hissed back. "But I am sorry. It wasn't intentional."

"Just help me get this cleaned up like nothing ever happened." The lad told him. Fighting wouldn't help anything. He hated fighting anyway.

Louis quickly helped and after they were done, there was still a bit of food that you couldn't exactly pick up with your fingers. "Do we really have to use our tongues?" He made a face.
Zayn sighed as he looked around and saw Keepers still in the room. "Yeah, cause if they see us and tell our punishments will be much worse."

Louis made a gagging sound then began to lick at the food on the floor. When he finished, he sat back on his heels and looked at the other boy. "I'm Louis by the way."

"Zayn," he replied quickly as he kept working on the floor. It had to be clean before Niall was done. "Stand up and see if any splattered far out."

Louis nodded as he stood and looked around. "I don't notice anything. Do you?"

Zayn stood and looked around as he coughed and pulled a random blond hair out of his mouth. "I think we're okay. Let's throw this rubbish out quickly and have one last look."

Louis nodded and looked around again. He still didn't see anything. "I see nothing. Besides a dog on his way over." He chuckled.

Zayn rolled his eyes. He didn't like Niall all that much but he didn't think it was fair to make fun of him. "Well, hopefully Mr. Watson agrees." Zayn felt nervous.

He quickly stood at attention but hung his head hoping to show he was remorseful for what had happened. He bit his lower lip and held his breath.

Mr. Watson walked up to the two lads and looked around at the floor. He held Niall's leash short and tight. "Clean. Good work, but that doesn't mean that you get your free time, Ace. Both of you, move! None of you are allowed free time, back to your room." He pushed both Zayn and Louis and pulled hard on Niall's collar with the leash.

Zayn wanted to beg him for some ounce of mercy but he knew that wouldn't help. He thought about offering something sexual in exchange for his free time but he refused to stoop that low. He was a good boy but he wasn't a whore like some lads here.

Niall just followed on his leash as fast as he could manage. At times he was drug do to being too slow because he was in pain.

Once Mr. Watson reached their room, he unlocked it and pushed the two boys in front of him inside. He leaned down and pushed Niall's tail in a bit more. "At least you'll be open for whomever wants to fuck you next." He smirked and slapped Niall's arse hard. He undid the leash and grabbed the collar. He gripped it and dragged Niall into the room, choking him a bit. He closed the door behind him. "Two naughty lads and a very naughty puppy. You'll all be punished. I'll be back once I'm decided. Try not to best each other up, that's not your job, Slags." He left, slamming the door behind him.

"This is your room too?" Louis asked Zayn. He hadn't connected the name on the paper to him when he'd introduced himself.

Zayn sighed. "Well, I'm here, aren't I?" He took a brief look at Niall who was on the floor laying in pain. He felt bad for him. "C'mon." He offered a hand. "Let me help you to a bed." He offered. He wasn't heartless. He felt the best way to keep the peace, was to try and be helpful and nice.

"Whatever." Niall rolled his eyes and let Zayn help him. He hated needing help. As soon as they made it to a bunk he pulled away from Zayn, "You can let go now. Shit."

"Fuck mate, you really are a proper dick aren't you?" Louis asked Niall as he sat on another bed.
"Fuck off." Niall groaned as he moved to lay facing away from them.

"He is." Zayn agreed. "I try to be good and do whatever the Keepers want so I don't end up like some of the kids who fight back. ...Like him."

"Cause you're a weak fucking piece of shit." Niall grumbled. "And it's your fault that I'm beaten with newspapers, so you don't get to say anything about me."

"How is it your fault?" Louis laughed as he glanced at Niall. It was cruel to treat him like a dog but at the same time Louis found it very amusing.

"We were arguing when a Keeper came in, we were yelling so we didn't hear the door open. I was angry so I said something like 'before you know it they'll be beating you with rolled up newspapers.' The Keeper heard me say that and since then, it's become their favourite punishment for him." He frowned a little. No one deserved the treatment Niall was getting.

"I see." Louis nodded. "So then, these keepers really do... like dress up students as random shit and make fun of them deeper than how they abuse other students?"

"Have you not been paying attention or are you really just that fucking dumb?" Niall asked. "Try looking around next time you're in the cafe."

Zayn nodded. "That's some of it. It can be much worse. Try having to go around with a nappy on all day or be forced to wear it until you have to go...My first day here, I saw a student in a nappy. He had used it and a Keeper changed him in front of the entire cafe." He paused. "Classes aren't much better. Keepers will come into class and do whatever they want to you. The teachers will make you sexually please another student regardless of you being good or bad."

Louis shook his head, "This is what I get for wanting to avoid jail."

"Poor thing, complaining because you don't get paid for sex here." Niall took a hit at him.

"At least I get paid to have things shoved inside me." Louis tried to shoot back. "Don't be such a twat. Just nap like a good little doggy."

Niall would have gotten up quickly and started another argument with Louis but he was too sore at the moment. "I'd say fuck you but ten thousand people already have. Who knows what diseases you have. I hope Zayn has to fuck you when the Keeper comes back because then you'll both die of aids or something."

Louis laughed. "I'm fucking clean. They even took my blood so they could test it to be sure." He rolled his eyes. "I hope you go from being treated like a dog to being treated like an infant. Or better yet, Zayn has to fuck you ...I'm sure having that tail in must be hurting. I mean, it was just shoved in there. No prep, no lube, just a little tiny bit of spit...And sounds like you've taken plenty of beatings. It'd be a shame for you to be fucked so hard you couldn't even crawl."

"Bloody hell, both of you stop." Zayn groaned feeling annoyed. "I hope I don't have to fuck either of you." Honestly he wasn't sure if he even knew how to properly fuck someone. He hoped his punishment would be having to suck the Keeper off or something. At least he was used to that.
"Wait, are we made to fuck each other? Is that a thing?" Louis asked looking between Zayn and Niall.

"From what I hear? Yes, it's a thing. A rare thing I think but still a thing." Zayn sighed. "Seems like students mostly are just forced to suck one another."

Louis nodded and opened his mouth to say something but then the door opened and Mr. Watson entered the room.

"Your punishment will be shared. First things first...Get out of your clothes. Ace, help the puppy out of his, I don't want to wait twenty minutes for him to get undressed." He growled. "Make sure the tail stays in...for now at least."

Zayn quickly got off his bed and walked across to Niall's. He looked at him nervously as he touched his hoodie. Niall was unpredictable most times and now that he was being made to undress him, he felt nervous.

Niall glared hard at Zayn, "I don't need help!"

"I'm just obeying." Zayn told him softly and kept working to get his clothes off.

Louis didn't seemed phased by being nude but he was nervous about what their punishment would be, "What's going to happen sir?"

"Ace and the leprechaun here will fuck you while you suck me off. I'm sure your little tiny Slag arse is used to being stretched wide up." Mr. Watson smiled. "But first, you all get rings." He chuckled as he pulled them out of his pocket. "And no one gets to cum without my permission."

Louis' mouth fell open. He'd taken two cocks at once before. He'd done it twice actually. The men had paid him extra well for it. He'd never done it while sucking someone else and while in a ring though. "Sir, I... I've never done all that at once."

"How do I do that with this tail in?" Niall asked confused as Zayn finally finished stripping him.

"Turn around, bend over." Mr. Watson ordered.

Niall did as he was told.
"Such a nice tail for a little puppy like you." Mr. Watson laughed loudly. "As soon as we're done, it's going back in. You'll shower and sleep with it. If you can go the rest of the night and tomorrow morning being a good puppy, I might see about having it taken out for you." He pulled out the tail roughly and slapped Niall's arse hard, leaving a red handprint in his wake.

"Get up!" He ordered. He looked at Louis. "You. Undress me, make me hard." He looked at Niall and Zayn. "You two...Make each other hard and then the fun will begin." He threw Niall's tail onto his bunk.

Zayn bit his lower lip as he approached Niall. "W-what do you want me to do?"

Niall rolled his eyes despite being in pain and wrapped his hands around Zayn's exposed cock, "Just rub my cock. I'll let my thoughts do the rest."

Zayn nodded and began to rub over Niall's cock slowly as Niall returned the action.

As for Louis, this part wasn't a big deal. He stripped Mr. Watson of his clothes and then dropped to his knees, "This is okay right?"

"You're not so stupid after all, Gremlin." Mr. Watson nodded. "Get to work, Slag. I don't have all evening. I do have a job."

He looked over at Niall and Zayn who were rubbing each other's cocks rather slowly. "Slow and steady does not win the race, Slags. Why not just sixty nine instead?" He smirked.

Zayn groaned softly as not to be heard. He didn't want to do this. He had to though, "Lay down, make it fast."

Niall wasn't going to argue. Of course he didn't want to do this but if Zayn was at least willing to take on the more difficult position he'd gladly let him.

Louis dipped his head down and took the Keepers cock into his mouth. He tasted horrible but he'd had worse in his mouth. Besides, the sooner he could suck it up and get all this over with the better.

Zayn carefully moved so that his head was now between Niall's legs staring at the semi hard cock and his cock was facing Niall's mouth. He lay on his elbows and picked up the cock. He slowly brought it into his mouth and began to suck. It wasn't horrible, but it wasn't pleasant. He bobbed his head as he sucked, trying his best to bring Niall to a full hardness. He even rubbed over Niall's balls gently in effort to speed up the process. The more pleasure, the faster he would get hard and the faster all of this would be over with.

Niall moaned from the pleasure Zayn's actions were giving him. He didn't want to like it but after so many beatings and punishments it was hard not to like something that finally felt good.

Louis was doing a very good job at getting Mr. Watson hard but he wasn't hard in the least bit. He had no idea if that mattered.

"Sounds like someone is enjoying themselves." Mr. Watson chuckled. "That's enough for now, Slag." He pushed Louis away. "You're not hard." He observed as he looked at Louis. "That's a problem. Need me to fix it? Oh wait, I'm talking to a professional here. Get yourself hard and do it fast." He walked over to check on Zayn and Niall's process.

Louis rolled his eyes and wrapped his hand around himself, working quickly to get himself hard.

"Z-Zayn st-stop." Niall tapped on his side. He was fully hard now and when he felt their Keeper
next to him he knew it was time for the pleasure to end.

Zayn pulled away and looked up at Mr. Watson as he sat on his knees. "Now what should I do sir?"

"Glad to hear you're getting some enjoyment, puppy. Maybe you'll behave better." Mr. Watson said to Niall. He looked at Zayn. "I'm happy to see you're both hard. Face the dog and lay back. The Gremlin will be over as soon as he gets himself hard. He's a professional so I'm sure he won't be much longer."

Zayn felt confused as to what Mr. Watson wanted and Niall wasn't much help but Louis understood exactly. "Lay with your arses touching so your hard-ons are next to each other. Christ sake." Louis rolled his eyes and turned to Mr. Watson. "I'm hard sir."

"Good, lad." Mr. Watson smiled and placed the cock ring on Louis then one on Zayn and Niall. "These will prevent you from cumming. No touching yourselves nor trying to take these off unless I say otherwise."

Zayn and Niall quickly got into position.

"You know what to do, Gremlin." Mr. Watson smiled.

"Sir, I swear I'm not trying to be bad are argue but there's no chance they'll fit without some sort of prep." Louis looked horrified. "I'm not that experienced with double penetration."

"I was suggesting that you move to the other bunk so I could prep that tiny arse of yours." Mr. Watson glared at him. "I wasn't finished my thought. Next time, give a Keeper time to actually finish speaking." He pushed Louis towards the bunk then walked over to his trousers where he took out the lube then headed back to Louis.

Louis disagreed that he wasn't finished speaking but now wasn't the time to argue. He just laid over the side of the bunk and gripped the sheets to help steady himself.

Zayn and Niall laid uncomfortably on the floor. Niall sighed, "I hope they hurry."

Me too. This floor is cold. Ugh...And the ring is beginning to hurt a little." Zayn complained.

"Ace!" Mr. Watson slapped his head as he walked by the lad. "No complaining and shut up, both of you. Just lay there and be quiet."

Mr. Watson then poured lube onto Louis' hole, then his fingers and began to roughly and quickly stretch Louis open, starting with two fingers. He had been fucked by the other Keeper earlier, so that helped some.

Niall rolled his eyes and flipped Mr. Watson off while he wasn't looking.

Zayn had seen it however and smiled. Mr. Watson deserved it for sure.

"Another please?" Louis asked. He knew if he was to take two cocks he'd need more stretching than two fingers and there was no way his roommates were doing well on the floor in cock rings.

"Slag." Mr. Watson grumbled. "I've barely started..." He added another and then one more just to stretch him even more and hopefully cause him a bit of pain. He was growing tired of Louis acting
like a know-it-all. "You should be good now." He slapped Louis’ arse and pulled out his fingers.

Louis had hoped for more actually but he'd have to make that amount of stretching work.

Carefully Louis positioned himself over their hard dicks. He held them steady and slowly sunk down on them, hissing loudly and whimpering as they stretched him open. "Shit!"

Zayn's mouth fell open and he gasped at the tight sensation. Niall however was moaning, he liked how tight everything felt.

Mr. Watson laughed. "Did you really think I was going to stretch you to the point of least amount of pain as possible? You don't deserve that kind of treatment. All you get is just wide enough to fit their cocks." He smirked as he watched. He smiled as he watched Louis. It was quite the sight.

"Of course." Louis whimpered as he finally bottomed out. "Christ sake!" He couldn't hold back from being loud anymore.

"Louis! Please move! It's too tight!" Zayn begged.

"Shut up Zayn!" Niall complained. He was enjoying this.

"Both of you shut up, you annoying little fucks." Mr. Watson kicked them both in their sides. "Let the little whore do what he does best. Now, suck me." He ordered Louis and held his hard cock out for Louis to suck.

"Gimme your hand." Louis told Zayn. He'd need extra help supporting himself if he was going to suck off Mr. Watson.

Zayn offered his hand to Louis and held it tightly to support him.

Louis carefully lifted himself off his roommates then slowly slid back on them as he began to suck on the Keepers cock. This was hard.

Mr. Watson moaned loudly. "Very nice, slag. Very nice." He gripped Louis' hair tightly. "You're very good at your job."

Niall closed his eyes tightly as he enjoyed the pleasurable feeling. He still felt a little shocked from enjoying Zayn earlier, but pleasure was pleasure, despite who might be on the giving end.

Zayn groaned a little. The feel was becoming easier to bear, but the cock ring made it difficult for him to really try and attempt any pleasure out of this.

After a few slowly pumps Louis was able to speed up a bit and feel some pleasure out of this. He kept sucking on Mr. Watson's cock as well. It was difficult to find a rhythm but he was managing to do what he was told.

As Louis moved faster, Zayn managed to start actually feel some pleasure, but the ring was becoming increasingly uncomfortable, he knew better than to say anything though.

It didn't take much longer for the Keeper to finally cum into Louis' mouth. He held onto Louis' head tightly making sure he didn't miss a drop and sucked him clean.

He looked down at Zayn. He had been behaving pretty well throughout the punishment. He deserved a little reward. "Ace, are you ready to cum?" He asked.
"Sir, please sir, please." He hadn't meant to sound so needy but when he opened his mouth the only thing he could do was beg. "Please may I cum? Please Mr. Watson."

"Slag." Mr. Watson looked at Louis. "Get off, Ace here and move to the little Irishman. Face away from him though."

Louis lifted himself up off of the two cocks then turned around so he was facing Zayn and away from Niall. He held onto Niall's cock as he lowered himself down onto it.

"Keep your eyes on, Ace here..." He said as he slipped off Zayn's ring. "Stand up, Ace. Stand in front of the tiny whore so you can cum on his pretty face."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." Zayn nodded as he stood.

"Since you've been good, I'll even help you get off... Seeing as I'm your favourite and all."

The Keeper wrapped a hand around the hard cock and began to pump it. He started slow then began to quickly pick up speed.

Zayn moaned as he felt the edge being taken off. It wasn't pleasurable to have Mr. Watson wank him off but he was close to cumming and that felt good.

Niall began to pant and whimper as Louis was able to better focus on riding someone properly now. It felt amazing and he wanted to cum but couldn't. "Slow down." He whispered to Louis.

Louis slowed ever so slightly. He didn't want to get in more trouble but his cock was starting to hurt now too.

Zayn moaned louder and his breathing became harder. "Mmm," He moaned as Mr. Watson rubbed him off but he was close to cumming and that felt good.

Niall began to pant and whimper as Louis was able to better focus on riding someone properly now. It felt amazing and he wanted to cum but couldn't. "Slow down." He whispered to Louis.

Louis slowed ever so slightly. He didn't want to get in more trouble but his cock was starting to hurt now too.

Zayn moaned louder and his breathing became harder. "Mmm," He moaned as Mr. Watson rubbed him off but he finally came, his cock aimed at Louis' face.

"Good lad." Mr. Watson told Zayn. "Now clean him up and I'll make sure Mr. Taylor is especially kind with his hook up for you tonight."

Zayn didn't waste any time and quickly licked Louis' face clean.

"So good. You may get dressed now, Ace."

Zayn quickly went to where he left his clothes and started to get dressed.

"Slag. Get off. Now." Mr. Watson ordered Louis. "Both of you get dressed! You'll be keeping your rings on until after your shower later. Don't even think of touching each other, believe me... I'll know." He told them.

He got dressed then looked at Niall. He kicked him in the ribs hard for no reason other than he didn't like the kid.

"Ace, help the puppy get dressed so I can put his tail back in." The Keeper ordered.

Zayn honestly felt sorry for them. It had to hurt being hard and so close to cumming yet denied.

He rushed over to Niall and helped him get dressed. He was careful to not touch his dick so he wouldn't stimulate him more. Once dressed he helped him stand and looked to Mr. Watson, "Where do you want him?"

"You're being very helpful." Mr. Watson. "It won't go unnoticed. You can help him get on the
floor on his knees so I can give him back his tail."

Zayn felt horrible for Niall. He honestly did. He didn't feel bad enough to argue with the Keeper though.

Louis sat, doing his very best to not make a sound as he watched Zayn help Niall onto his knees. From where he sat it looked like Niall was doing everything he could to not cry. Had he not been in so much pain himself he would have laughed.

"Ace, since you're in such a helpful mood and the puppy did take his punishment well enough...He may be stretched. I want you to do it." The Keeper ordered. "It's not that hard, just put one finger into his hole and when I tell you, you can add another."

Zayn nodded as he turned to Niall. He gave him an apologetic look before slowly using the hole in Niall's sweats to insert a finger into the lad.

Niall bit his lower lip to stop from crying out in pain. It simply hurt because he was so sore. Everything hurt. He felt miserable. He would have told the Keeper he was sorry but he refused to do that in front of his new prick of a roommate.

The Keeper walked over and stood beside them. "Once your finger is as far as you can get it, move it around, bend it even." He instructed Zayn. "Once you've done that, you can put another finger inside."

Zayn followed the instructions given to him. He hated having to hurt Niall even more. He didn't like the lad but he knew this was entirely too much.

"Sir, please may I lay down on my bed now?" Louis asked from his spot on the floor. He thought maybe laying down would make the pain not as bad.

The Keeper looked over at Louis. "Fine. Go lay down. You're going to need to walk to your shower later anyways." He looked back at Zayn and Niall. "Repeat your actions with the second finger and then add one more." He smirked. "And repeat the actions once more."

Zayn held back a sigh and did as he was told. Being taken back to one smoke a day was killing him and with all this sexual assault he really needed it. He'd do anything for it at this point.

"Good lad. I'm very pleased with you and how helpful you've been. I will tell Mr. Taylor. Why don't you go make the puppy feel good while I put in his tail? Go rub his cock or something. I think he's earned that much." Mr. Watson told him.

He couldn't be serious. All of this just because he'd accidentally made a small mess on the cafeteria floor and argued with Louis? Niall bit into his lip so hard he could taste a metallic flavor building in his mouth.

Zayn simply did as he was told. He moved and gently rubbed over Niall's hard and almost purple dick. He kept his movement as slow as he could and made his hand ridged in hopes it wouldn't stimulate Niall too much.

Niall bit harder into lip and Zayn noticed some blood coming out of it, so he quickly wiped away with his fingers. He couldn't be sure what Mr. Watson would do if he noticed.

It didn't take long for the Keeper to slowly push the tail back inside Niall. "Good, puppy." He smiled and gave Niall's arse a light smack.
"Ace, your work for now is done. You'll be rewarded kindly later." Mr. Watson stood up and left the room.

Zayn then very slowly and carefully as he could took his hand out of the front of Niall's joggers. "Let me help you to the bed...Please." His voice came out softer than he meant it to. It was hard to see another human being treated like this.

"Fuck off! All of you fuck off! Leave me the fuck alone!" Niall yelled and laid on his side, right there on the floor. "None of you arses better touch me!"

Zayn nodded and crawled up to his bunk. He laid down and let a few tears fall. He felt bad for Niall and even Louis. He feared he might be making things worse by being the one who got it easy, but that's what being good and doing as you were told, got you. He wasn't about to feel sorry for that.

"This is bullshit!" Louis cursed. "I had to take both of you while sucking him. Then I had to take Niall while Zayn came on my and licked it off. To top it all off he left this damn cock ring on me!"

"Put a fucking cork in it dipshit! In case you haven't noticed things could be much worse!" Niall yelled harshly.

"Life would be a little easier if you do as you're told and try your best not to get into any trouble." Zayn said softly. "It's what seems to be working for me. If I'm good, I can smoke and get high."

"Yeah but you look like a total whore." Louis told him.

"You'd know wouldn't you?" Niall asked him harshly from where he still lay on the floor.

"It's better than going cold turkey with my addiction. How is it not getting paid to have sex and do shit?" Zayn rolled his eyes. That so didn't come out as he planned but he felt out of his mind having gone without his drugs for this long.

"God, not only do I have to deal with all this hell but I have to deal with it with you two!" Louis shouted.

"You're no walk in the park either loose arse!" Niall yelled back.

Zayn inwardly chuckled at Niall's remark. "Well, you'll still be stuck with us when you shower... Sucks for you." He moved to lay on his back.

"Yeah well eventually you're gonna crew up and when you do we'll both be there Ace!" Niall spat as he slowly got up on his knees and moved towards the nearest bed.

Louis tried to adjust the tent in his joggers but it didn't help. "Christ sake! When the fuck are showers Zayn?"

"Eight o'clock." Zayn answered Louis, ignoring Niall. "I'm glad you're used to being naked around people because all the students shower in one big open room then we each have a section where we shower with our roommates. Sometimes you miss out on a shower by getting fucked instead...Or busy sucking Keepers off." He explained.

"And with us being in these cock rings were sure to get something done to us." Louis groaned.

"Whoever uses me better let me cum or my dick is gonna fall off." Niall replied.
"If you're lucky that tail will fall off with it." Louis had to take a hit.

Zayn couldn't stop himself from laughing a little bit. "Sorry...It was a little funny. But if you really want that tail gone, you have to be good until tomorrow at lunch. Hopefully for your sake, you can manage that."

Niall sighed. Honestly, he hoped he could be good for that long too. He wasn't sure what was going to happen though.

"Everyone just shut up so I can sleep." Louis groaned. If he slept he couldn't feel the pain of his hard on.

Zayn went quiet and turned the opposite way as he closed his eyes hoping to drift off to sleep for a little bit before the showers.

A while later, even though to the rest of the lads it had only felt like a few minutes, the door slammed open, causing them to jump into awakeness.

"Time to get clean, Slags!" Their Keeper yelled. "Get down here. I don't have all night. Ace, make sure you help the puppy. I don't want to wait."

Zayn moved fast to help Niall onto his hands and knees.

Louis was slow but managed to get up himself. "Sir, will you be taking the cock rings off of us?"

Mr. Watson walked over to Niall and placed the leash on him. "Nah. I'll let the other Keepers have fun with you two during your showers, if they're interested. If no one takes it off by the time we're leaving to come back to the room, I'll take them off then." He looked at Zayn. "Ace, since you're being so helpful...Help the puppy shower since dogs can't stand up to shower themselves." He smirked then turned to open the door.

Zayn was starting to grow angry at always having to help. He felt like yelling and telling Mr. Watson that Niall wouldn't take too long if he'd stop beating him. He didn't though he just grumbled at Niall to move faster as he helped him.

Louis took no time at all. He undressed and stood with his cock still hard and a bit discolored now with his hands behind his back. He looked around the room as he waited for the least repulsive of the Keepers and began to flirt with him using only his eyes.

"Don't forget to wash behind his ears." Mr. Davis approached and laughed. "Don't worry, pup. I'll take you outside when you're done your shower." He smiled.

Mr. Watson pushed the lads with their shower cradles into the shower areas and watched.

Mr. Taylor approached. "But I meant what I said before, I need a little something before I can give you what you want...No matter how good of a lad you are."
"What can I do for you then?" Zayn asked as he stood.

"Deep throat me, suck me cock and balls and all." Mr. Taylor smiled. "Then you can shower after you're done."

"Won't I get into trouble for not washing up Niall?" Zayn asked worried as he moved to be on his knees in front of Mr. Taylor.

"No, I'll make sure your room Keeper knows you were obeying me." He smiled.

Meanwhile Louis was stood in front of the Keeper he'd been eyeing. He was being as sexual with his washing up as possible. At some point he even turned around and bent over so the Keeper would get a nice good look at his hole.

Zayn inwardly sighed once again as he pumped Mr. Taylor's cock a few times making it hard then began to suck on it. He slowly worked himself up to deep throat him but it didn't go very well as he gagged and suddenly couldn't breathe.

"Practice makes perfect. Don't stop." Mr. Taylor told him.

Zayn nodded and tried a few more times, it only got slightly easier. He was figuring out how to breathe but choking was an issue so to himself a break, he worked on sucking the Keepers balls, he had never felt so gross in his life.

Across the shower a Keeper finally approached Louis, "What a little whore you are." His hands ran over Louis' hips from behind and then he bit his ear.

Louis hissed but forced himself to relax and lay against the man behind him; rubbing his bum against the Keepers crotch.

"I see someone's punishing you. Why's that?" The Keeper asked as he ran a finger over the cock ring.

"I bumped into another student in the cafeteria and we both dropped our trays. My Keeper said other Keepers could remove it if they wanted to though." Louis told him.

"I take it you want me to take it off?" He asked as he began to run his hand along the length of Louis' hard dick.

Louis whimpered and moaned at the same time, "Only so we can play better. I give great blow jobs when I'm not in so much pain."

Zayn had been deep throating Mr. Taylor what felt like a while now when the Keeper pulled Zayn off of him and came on his face. "You'll be rewarded nicely tonight." He smiled. "Clean your face off and finish cleaning the dog and yourself." He ordered and walked away.

Zayn quickly washed off his face and when he opened his eyes, he noticed Louis with the Keeper but then looked down at Niall who was laying on the floor, letting the hot water run over his body. He looked so skinny and weak. You could see his ribs. He frowned. "I have to finish washing you... I'll still be gentle." He paused. "Maybe, I can even convince a Keeper to touch you and let you cum."

"How would you do that?" Niall almost whimpered. The hot water felt so good and his sore body.
He needed relief though. He didn't care what happened anymore so long as someone would let him cum.

"Mr. Taylor." Zayn spoke soft as he gently washed over Niall's back. "He always wants something in return for whatever you want like any other Keeper, but if you tell him you want a smoke or to get high, then you suck him off...Just flirt a little with him, just a few words...Your accent will do all the hard work and like all the other Keepers, I'm positive he'll want you. In this case, being the only Irish kid in the school, has its perks."

He gently washed over Niall's arse, avoiding the tail. "It won't be hard for me to get him back over."

Louis was now pressed against one of the shower poles with the Keepers cock shoved deep in his arse. "Little slut. Can't get enough hmm?"

"No, sir. More please." Louis cried hoping he'd get to cum if he buttered up the Keeper.

"Good cock whore. Beg for more little bitch." The Keeper was very pleased. "Turn around and swallow my load like a good slut."

Louis spun around and dropped to his knees the second the Keeper pulled out, "Please sir. Please let me taste you."

The Keeper was more than happy to give in and cum down his throat. When Louis swallowed he grinned downed at him.

"Such a good whore. Stand up little slut." Louis stood up and looked at him hopeful. When the Keeper slid the cockring off him he nearly cried it felt so good.

"Wank yourself off like the slut you are and finish washing up." The Keeper then turned and left him.

Zayn looked at Niall. "I need you to sit up a little so I can do your front."

Niall slowly sat up and Zayn washed over his front, avoiding the crotch area. "That's about it besides your arms and legs. I'll do those later, but.." He paused.

He noticed Keepers making rounds around the showers, and he quickly caught his eye, which made the Keeper start his way over to them.

"He's on his way over. It's just like I told you... I know how you feel about it, but if you want to cum, this is your only option." Zayn wanted to help. "Unless you think you can hold off till the end of the shower...But Watson kind of hates you, so I wouldn't be surprised if made you leave it on even longer."

"I'll do it. Just go away though." Niall seemed to beg. He'd do anything to get to cum but he didn't want Zayn to have the satisfaction of hearing him ask.

Zayn nodded and walked around to the farthest away from Niall. He used the shampoo and began to wash his hair. The sound of the shower drained out the noise of what was closest to him.

Mr. Taylor moved to sit on the back of his heels. "Hmm, what can the dog do for me? I've already been sucked. I would love to feel that arse of yours, but another time. You eat me, and I'll wank you. Snowflake." He smiled. "And maybe, if you make me feel really good... I'll throw in a special treat just for you, little pup."

Niall sat the best he good to show the Keeper he was ready and willing to obey. He inwardly hoped he could earn whatever this extra treat was. If Zayn's extra treat was weed he could only imagine what an extra treat for him might be.

"Wag your tail first. I really want to see that." The Keeper grinned.

Niall carefully turned and wiggled his arse. "I'll be good. Promise." He wiggled his arse some more.

The Keeper then pulled his trousers down, along with his pants. "Eat me, little doggy. Put that tongue to good use."

Niall leaned in and did everything he could to make the Keeper feel good. He licked over his pucker before fucking him with his tongue a bit and moaning against him.

Mr. Taylor pushed back on Niall's face. "Good little doggy. Good tongue." He moaned as he stroked himself. He even moaned a little himself.

Niall kept working, pushing himself harder against Mr. Taylor. He poked his tongue deeper into him and fucked his hole harder and faster. His hands nervously came up and massaged his bum to help everything feel even better as he moan more.

The Keeper moaned a little louder. "At least your tongue makes up for your lack of size." He wanked himself harder, having already came not that long ago with Zayn, the Keeper came into his hand. It wasn't intentional, he had actually wanted to cum on the lad's face, but hopefully next time. "Clean my hand." He ordered holding it out.

Niall made quick work of licking his hand clean. He did his best to make it seem as though he enjoyed it. He figured the others were busy so they wouldn't see him.

Once Mr. Taylor's hand was clean he pulled his pants and trousers up. "Tell me, puppy..." He grabbed Niall's chin. "What's your poison? Your roommate enjoys his fags and weed, what about you?"

"I'd give anything for this tail to come out, or to be allowed to walk on my feet again. Is that at all possible or am I aiming too high sir?" Niall felt hopeful yet cautious.

"That's not what I meant." Mr. Taylor growled. "I heard if you were good until lunch tomorrow, the tail comes out. Be a good little doggy and it'll come out. But I suppose, I will let you cum..." He said as he pulled the ring off. "But you have earned a treat, any drug of your choice. But if you don't want to relax or anything, who am I to stop you..."

Niall finally understood what he meant and he felt foolish for having asked for the other things. "Any drug? So like, could you do Oxy or Vicodin?" A pain pill would be incredible right now. He was trying to focus on holding back his cum until the Keeper had clearly given him permission to let it go.

"Pain reliever? Sure. Pick one and you'll get it later." Mr. Taylor told him. "Once you've given me an answer, you cum..."

"Oxy please sir." Niall nearly begged. Mr. Taylor was starting to become Niall's favorite. If a little sexual favor earned him oxy then maybe he could force himself to be a little more willing with him.
"Done. When I get buttercup, I'll bring you alone, little fairy." Mr. Taylor explained and left.

As Mr. Taylor walked away Niall wrapped his hand around his cock and tugged just a few times before spilling his load onto the shower floor with a high pitch whine. Cumming had never felt so good. He'd needed that so badly.

Soon he'd have something to rid himself of the pain for a bit so he could sleep. A good night's sleep would surely help him have a decent day tomorrow. He just needed to make it to lunch.

Mr. Watson walked and looked at Niall. "I see someone had fun with you, but...You're still a bit messy." He looked over at Zayn who was busy enjoying the hot water. "Ace! Finish cleaning him. Shower time is almost up."

Zayn jumped a little. He had been in his own world. "Sorry. I gave Mr. Taylor a blowjob and he told me to clean myself... I'll finish him now." He quickly went over to Niall.

Niall gave Zayn a very slight smile, "Thanks, he's going to give me a pain pill later."

Zayn just nodded as he kept washing Niall

"Watson," A Keeper walked over to him. "That one," he pointed over at Louis who was almost finished washing up. "Huge slut but a great fuck."

Mr. Watson smiled. "Good to hear. Maybe I'll have to try him out for myself tonight." He smirked as he watched Louis.

"Yeah, practically begged me to fuck him. Seems he can't get enough sexual attention." The Keeper laughed. "If he wants it give it to him. Shit, spread the word mate. Not like these slags are good for anything else anyhow."

"Very true. At least he'd be loose." Mr. Watson laughed. "Spread the word that he's to be taken by anyone at any given time...He's an actual slag, so it's not like he isn't used to getting fucked twenty times in a night." He laughed. "If the little baby whore wants it, I say we give it to him."

"Help him dress the part?" He laughed as Louis came over holding his shower cradle. "I already have an idea I'll work on."

"Sir, I'm done." Louis told him. He wasn't sure what to do now.

Mr. Watson grabbed the shower cradle. "I'll take that. You go stand over there in that corner, hands on your head. Either myself or another Keeper will inspect you to make sure you aren't trying to smuggle anything out."

Louis nodded and did as he was told.

Zayn came over next at the other Keeper walked away. He held his and Niall's shower cradle. "Sir, Niall and I are clean. May we go wait to be inspected?"

Mr. Watson looked down at Niall. He had been behaving a lot better recently. "I'll let you off your leash, if you promise to be a good little doggy."

"Yes, sir." Niall was struggling with feeling defeated and not wanting anyone to know he was feeling that way. He was very prideful and private so this was very hard to adjust to.

"Good lad. You two may now go. But just because you're off your leash doesn't mean you can
stand on two legs again." Mr. Watson told him then looked at Zayn. "Stick by the dog, don't want him getting lost now." He laughed.

"Can't fucking wait." Niall groaned as he crawled on his hands and feet. It wasn't long before they were stood with Louis

"Just naked like this?" Louis asked as they were pushed out the door.

"Hands on your heads, Ace." Mr. Watson said as they walked.

"Sorry, sir." Zayn quickly put them on his head.

Niall kept crawling on his hands and knees beside Zayn as they all headed back to their room.

"Get your clothes on or sleep naked. I don't care." Mr. Watson grabbed Niall's joggers from the shelf. He pulled out a pair of scissors and cut a hole in the back. "Have to make sure you show off your pretty tail." He laughed then threw the joggers on the floor.

Niall bit his tongue as he carefully began to get his joggers on. Before he could struggle too much though Zayn was there to help without even being told to.

"We don't have to wear our uniform to sleep?" Louis asked. "So it's okay if I only sleep in a t-shirt? It doesn't matter if they like it or not?" He pointed towards Zayn and Niall as he asked Mr. Watson his questions.

"It doesn't matter if they like it or not. Sleep where you want in the room, how you want, clothing optional. It's preferable to have no clothing actually." Mr. Watson explained

"Oh?" Louis seemed confused.

"Easier to come in here and fuck you without much effort." Zayn spoke up.

"Kiss up." Louis hissed back under his breath.

"Exactly. Only been here a couple of days and you've got everything down. I'm impressed, Ace." The Keeper smiled. "Any other stupid questions?" He looked at Louis.

"Thank you, sir." Zayn replied and quickly got dressed. He didn't know when Mr. Taylor would come and he wanted to be ready.

"No sir. I don't think so." Louis told him and climbed up on a top bunk after only putting on a shirt.

"Good." Mr. Watson then looked at Niall. "I hear you're getting a treat as well tonight. I expect you to behave and I expect you to continue to walk as dogs do." He told him then left the room.

"God I can't fucking wait for that pill." Niall groaned as he crawled onto a lower bunk.

"How the fuck do you both get treats?" Louis grumbled.

"I get treats for being well behaved and giving sexual favours. I know at least one Keeper who does hookups if you're good and you do something sexual to him." Zayn explained sitting on the bottom bunk across from Niall. "And I don't know what Niall did. I just got the Keeper to come over and I got lost." He shrugged.

"It's none of your business. I just did what I had to do that fucking cock ring could come off and so I could get relief tonight." Niall said.
"So then... you acted like a whore?" Louis smirked. He was amused because Niall had been harping on him for it earlier.

"Probably not as much as much as you did to get off." Zayn looked up at Louis. "I wouldn't call what I do or whatever Niall did acting like a whore...More like survival."

"Hey, I was bound to get fucked by one of them damn Keeper. I just did what I needed to do the least repulsive one would use me." Louis shrugged. "Might as well try and make the most of my misfortune."

"You would know how." Niall mumbled.

Louis opened his mouth to speak by then the door opened.

"Buttercup, fairy... Let's go!" Mr. Taylor spoke loud as he entered the room.

Zayn got up and quickly went to help Niall get onto his hands and knees quickly. He wasn't asked, it was partially a habit now and partially because he wanted to show how good he could be to do something without being told.

The pair quickly left with Mr. Taylor and followed him outside.

He handed Zayn his joint and lit it up for him.

He then looked at Niall and pulled a pill out of his pocket. "You can sit up to take this." He explained. "Tongue out."

Niall stuck his tongue out and Mr. Taylor placed the pill on the lads tongue then handed him a bottle of water. "Make sure you drink all of that water before we go inside. We go back in when Buttercup is done his joint."

"Shit, thank you so much." Niall shook his head. "Seriously sir, I needed this so bad."

"Shh... not too loud." Zayn whispered as he sucked in a long drag before moaning softly.

"Sorry, I guess I got too excited." Niall said softer.

"Just be quiet." Mr. Taylor said as he watched them.

Zayn went to sit on one of the cement benches nearby and looked around. Not that there was anything to look at.

With Zayn a short distance away Niall whispered, "Sir, if I do something you want willingly again will you give me more pills? Just, if I ever need more."

Mr. Taylor nodded. "I can do that, no crying though. I hatecriers. I'll make it worse if you do. More drinking, less talking...To me at least. Why don't you go bother your roommate?" He sighed.

Zayn looked down at Niall. "Is the pill kicking in yet?" He asked. He was making conversation. He would've liked some alone time but somehow, they kept getting pushed together. He was getting used to it though.

They chatted quietly until Zayn was done his joint. Niall was made to relieve himself outside. He even had the tail taken out so he could use the yard as his toilet.
Next up, LIAM!

Next chapter probably, if not next chapter, then the one after that for sure!

Also be sure to check out the blog for visuals on the boys, and things that go on in the story.

For example...If you want to know what Niall's tail looks like or better visualize the threesome position, I recommend that you visit the blog. :)
Chapter 8

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Liam has arrived! Enjoy!! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After a good night's sleep, Niall managed to behave himself enough that he earned his tail out. Besides his arse being sore, he felt better. Of course, he still had a major hole in the back of his joggers which earned him unwanted attention by Keepers rubbing over his arse and fingerling him a little in the hallways.

He tried to behave in his afternoon classes but when he gave a sarcastic reply to a question, the instructor had a Keeper come in and punish him. He was spanked so hard that bruising began to form. He hadn't earned his legs yet but was told if he was good until dinner the next day, he'd be allowed to walk again.

Niall had no idea if he could behave himself that long, but having the tail out, it made everything slightly easier to deal with.

Zayn did as he was told, trying to keep her himself in check. It was becoming difficult, but he managed. Being good didn't have too many perks as since he was well behaved and another student was causing trouble, he had to blow him and swallow.

Louis had a bit of a rougher day when a Keeper came into each of his classes and fucked him hard in front of everyone. They told him that since he was a whore, he'd be treated as one.

The following morning, the door opened with a loud bang causing the lads to get out of bed and to their feet quickly.

"Gremlin..." Mr. Watson walked over to him. "Strip. You're getting a new uniform."

Louis wanted to ask why but he figured he should see what it was before saying anything. He quickly took off his shirt and looked at their Keeper. "What would you like me to put on, sir?"

Mr. Watson reached outside the door and came back in holding a hanger. On the hanger hung a little pink flannel printed triangle top that looked like a swim suit top for a girl. It also had a tiny skirt that was the same fabric with some black accents. It basically looked like a slutty school girl, sex outfit.

Louis' jaw dropped open while Niall tried to contain his laughter and Zayn did his best not to smile.

"I...You..." Louis was lost for words.

"It's not like you haven't worn outfits like it before." The Keeper told him.

"I got paid for that shit. You can't make me wear that!" Louis' voice squeaked a little.
"Oh really?" Mr. Watson walked closer to him as his tone of voice got deeper. "Should I remind you of what I can and can't make you do?

Louis swallowed. "N-No...Sir." He took the hanger from him. "How long do I have to wear this...uniform for?" He asked as he began to take it off the hanger, he felt Niall and Zayn's eyes on him. It didn't make this any easier.

"As long as I want." He laughed. "Now get moving. I don't have time to wait for you."

"Yes, sir." Louis nodded and quickly got it on.

"You look nice." Niall spoke finally. He tried to keep his laughter out of his voice.

"Fuck you." Louis spat at him.

"No thanks." Niall laughed.

Zayn rolled his eyes. He feared this interaction was going to get everyone in trouble.

"If you three wish to eat at all today shut the hell up!" Mr. Watson warned.

Quickly they all stopped talking and were then led down to the cafeteria.

"Dog, you can stand to get your food like always. Ace, keep close to him in case he need help." Mr. Watson then moved to Louis and ran his hand over the lads bare arse, "You, well, let's just say you should eat quickly. I've heard someone has plans for you."

Louis nodded. "I'll be quick, sir."

"Good. Good behaved little lads get rewarded." Mr. Watson told him, then pinched his arse and walked away.

Louis rubbed his arms a little as he felt the other students staring at me. Some laughed as they walked past, others made unkindly comments.

He quickly got his breakfast. Soggy French toast, cold scrambled eggs, and a stale roll.

He noticed how Zayn was helping Niall without even a look of annoyance now. Lucky bastards got treats and he didn't get shit. He had been behaving well enough, why couldn't he get something? It wasn't fair.

He sighed as he sat down and attempted to eat.

"Where to sit?" Niall told Zayn as he moved slowly to find a table.

Zayn noticed David and began to walk that way.

"I actually am sorry you have to keep helping me." Niall told him. "Don't tell anyone I said that though."

Zayn shrugged. "I'm getting used to it and to you. It's not as bad as it was. Hey, if you can be good until dinner, then you get to walk again and I'll probably not have to help you or as much at least."

"Sounds so much easier then what it's probably going to be." Niall sighed.

"Hey Zayn." David smiled but spoke softly. "What happened to you yesterday? I saw some kid
bump into you at dinner and then you never showed for free time."

"He ended up being my roommate and it cost me my free time." Zayn sighed. "After we cleaned up the mess, sent to our room for a punishment."

Niall looked at his food, he wasn't allowed to use his hands. How was he going to eat French toast without hands? At least he could eat the scrambled eggs fine.

"If you want help with eating, I don't mind." Zayn offered, looking at Niall.

"You might get in trouble." David warned. "Just lean over and bite into it." He then told Niall.

"Yeah, do you really wanna get punished and stop being the goodie goodie for me?" Niall asked.

"I was told to help you though, he didn't say anything about not helping you eat." Zayn shrugged as he dug into his scrambled eggs.

"Well I'll let you know if I need help then." Niall replied and kept eating as people teased him.

"So what was your punishment? I told a Keeper off last night and got fucked until he came twice then got spanked with his belt. Leather fucking hurts." David rambled a bit. He liked having Zayn for a friend.

Zayn exchanged a look with Niall then began speaking softly. "Our roommate, Louis...He had to take both of us at once, me and Niall I mean... like double penetration...But when we became hard, we got cock rings. I was allowed to cum once our Keeper was, but the others had to wait for another Keeper to take off their rings and let them cum." He explained awkwardly.

"Damn, that's rough. Sounds like your room Keeper likes you though." David smiled. "It sounds strange but it's a good thing."

"Toss up between if Louis or I is the least favorite." Niall spoke from the floor.

"I gave him the impression that he was my favourite Keeper. I didn't mean to but he took what I said the wrong way but I try my best to be good. I try not to cause any trouble. I try to always do what's asked of me and never complain or talk back. It's so hard but definitely worth it." Zayn said. He nodded and looked down at Niall. "I think it's Louis today. I mean, just because of his new uniform."

"Seriously though, not a bad thing. If he thinks he is your favorite he might stop some other Keepers from messing with you." David finished his last bite of food.

"His new uniform is funny as fuck. Slutty school girl. It's exactly what he deserves." Niall laughed quietly.

Zayn smiled briefly, silently agreeing, then worked on finishing up his food. "Yeah, he said to let them know that he was my favourite and I might not have to do anything with them. Depends on the Keeper, I guess." He grabbed his tray. He carefully walked around Niall and empty his tray in the rubbish bin. He then went back to the table. "I hope I'm able to shower this morning, without having to do anything to a Keeper. Just wash myself..." And probably Niall, but he didn't want to say it aloud.

"That depends who is on shower duty." David told them then went to throw his own rubbish away.

"Little pup, milk chocolate, where's the slut?" Mr. Jones asked walking over. "It's been too long
since he's had his hole used. Wouldn't want him to get all needy."

"He's over there sir." Zayn pointed.

As he walked away Niall laughed.

"Slut, you done eating?" Mr. Jones asked Louis.

Louis' head snapped up and swallowed. "Yes, sir." It was a Keeper he didn't recognize. "What can I do for you?" He smiled at the Keeper.

The Keeper laughed a little and then licked his lips, "Get your rubbish thrown away. It's time for you to have that hole used."

Louis nodded. He quickly stood and threw out the leftovers in the bin. "Ready, sir." He flashed a flirty smile.

"Getting a bit needy I see. We'll fix that. Don't worry slut." He grabbed Louis' arm and pushed him over near the cafeteria doors.

"There's our princess." A Keeper laughed. "We have your throne ready. Just lean over it. Stick that arse out."

Louis couldn't help but feel surprised that it had a blanket over the table. He did as he was told and leaned over. He even wiggled his arse for the Keeper.

"Listen up all you slags!" Mr. Jones yelled. "This little slut here can't seem to get enough attention so as you leave the cafeteria to go shower up for the day you will finger him. As many fingers as you want, as hard or rough as you want. Feel free to give his arse a smack too."

Louis' eyes went wide. "You can't be fucking serious..." He said in disbelief. He shouldn't be shocked at this point but somehow he felt surprised by this. He felt nervous as he even heard some students cheers.

"Don't be shy princess. We all know how much you love getting used. We're just helping you fulfill that need." The Keeper laughed. "Do we need to tie your pretty little hands down?"

"No, sir." Louis wanted to give a smartarse reply but he really didn't want his hands tied down. "At least I get to shower after..." He mumbled.

"Yes, we'll let you shower slut. Then it's back into your new uniform and off to class." Mr. Jones told Louis as they waited for the bell to ring.

Louis let out a small groan. This wasn't going to be a fun day. He sighed as he heard the bell ring and soon he heard students coming his way. He felt his body tense up between nervousness and fear.

"Settle down Princess. They're all ready to help you feel better." The Keeper laughed then looked at the students lined up. "Alright then, get to it. Don't take too long so the others behind you can get a go."

One by one students stepped up and took turns fingering him. Some were gentle but some were rough and hard. Others took advantage of being allowed to spank him.

When Zayn approached, he was sure to be gentle. He figured if he showed kindness towards Louis
now, he might return the favour if he ever had to do something to Zayn. When Niall approached, he was allowed to briefly stand so he could finger Louis, he also decided to smack his arse rather hard, with that arse, it was hard not to take advantage.

The more students that passed by the worse Louis began to feel. His arse was hurting and sore. He didn't know how much more he could take without crying. This was really pushing him past what he'd ever experienced before.

A lot more students than he expected slapped his arse, making the discomfort worse. It felt like a never ending line, at some point, he began to cry. He wanted it to be over.

"What's wrong princess?" The Keeper teased. "You love all this attention don't you? Maybe it's because you'd rather be fucked?"

Louis wouldn't rather be fucked. He had been fucked enough yesterday, he had been feeling better until what felt like the never ending line of students fingering him. He nodded though. "I would much rather be fucked, sir. I'd love for you to fuck me...Mr.?" He wasn't sure of the Keepers name.

"I'm Mr. Derringer and I'd love to fuck that sweet arse of yours but it'll have to wait." He almost purred in Louis' ear as the line of students came to an end. "You're done now and need a shower. I promise to let you scream for me later though."

Louis was so sore now. He prayed he could be left alone in the shower. Hot water was sure to make him feel better.

When they made it to the showers, Zayn silently prayed that Niall would be allowed to wash himself. He hadn't enjoyed washing Niall at all. "Ace, don't forget to wash the puppy. If he's a good little pup, then he can probably wash himself tonight."

Zayn inwardly sighed and looked down at Niall who looked upset. He felt bad for him, it had to be harder on Niall's side of everything. He took a look at Louis who was already in the shower enjoying the hot water.

"Just a little longer." Zayn whispered when they were alone under the water. "I know you hate doing what they ask but it's helping you earn not being a puppy anymore."

Niall nodded. "Easier said than done." He sighed as Zayn began to wash him. "Just try and be good. It's for as much your sake as it is mine... Think of something else when you get angry, or just imagine saying something to them instead of actually saying it."

"Hey, slag." A Keeper came over to them. "Make sure you wash the dog real well. Don't forget to clean everything on his body. Cock, hole and all." He laughed and slapped Niall's arse then walked away.

"See, what was the reason for that?" Niall grumbled. "I wasn't even doing anything just then."

Zayn shrugged. "It's just because they can, I think. But why do any of this to any of us?"

"I don't know but it's mentally exhausting." Niall sighed. "Thanks for not being a bitch about this though."

"I agree." Zayn sighed. "...I'm not going to be a dick about this, what's the point of that? It'd get both of us in trouble and just make things worse. No sense in that. In a place like this, we gotta look out for each other and try to be easy on each other in my opinion."
He had finished washing almost every part of Niall's body, he even washed Niall's hair not wanting to miss anything and get in trouble. He hadn't touched his dick and hole. The two spots he was told not to miss. It was awkward enough having to wash him without having to touch the most sensitive and private parts of his body. "I uh...I need to, uh." He wasn't sure how to word it.

"Just do it." Niall rolled his eyes. "Like you said, we'll both get into trouble if you don't."

Nearby Mr. Watson called out to Louis, "Alright you, you're done. Get over here and dry off." It wasn't exactly time to be finished but he had plans for the lad.

"Right. Right." Zayn nodded and got out of his head and started to wash over Niall's arse and his hole. He was quick, but gentle, and he did the same thing with his cock. "There." He said softly. "All done." He stood up. He was going to tell Mr. Watson that he was finished with Niall but noticed that he had become busy with Louis.

Zayn looked back down at Niall. "Just lay there and relax, I guess?" He suggested.

"Sir?" Louis seemed to question as he did as he was told.

"Just get yourself dried off and get back into your little uniform." Mr. Watson snapped.

A Keeper who was nearby laughed as he watched Louis move quickly. Everyone seemed extra amused by Louis.

Louis quickly nodded and did as he was told. "Now what, sir? Should I brush my teeth?"

"No, get over here and turn around. Grab your knees and hold still." Mr. Watson gave him a hard look. "Let's go slag."

Louis felt worried but did as he was told. He leaned over holding his knees. "Now what, sir?"

"Now you shut up." Mr. Watson told him as he came over and leaned down. "Time to give you a lovely little tramp stamp."

Carefully Mr. Watson began to write on the small of Louis' back just above his bum where it would be visible above his skirt.

"There we go." He smiled and read it aloud. "Fuck me HARD."

Louis bit his lip. It wasn't going to be a good day. "May I go brush my teeth then go wait in line to be inspected, sir?"

"Yes, you may." Mr. Watson replied and smirked as Louis obeyed. "Little slut is gonna get fucked so much today he won't be able to walk properly by dinner." He told another Keeper who stood close by.

Louis quickly brushed his teeth, then handed Mr. Watson back his shower cradle. "Here you are sir. I will go stand in line now." There was no way of getting out of being fucked multiple times today, but maybe if he obeyed and was kind, he could get some of it easy.

"Let's go slags! If you're late for first period all of you will get punished!" Mr. Watson yelled loudly.

"Hurry it up." Niall told Zayn as he worried. He really wanted today to go well so he could act as a human again.
Zayn quickly finished cleaning himself. He then raced over to the sink where he brushed his teeth. When he finished, he helped Niall into his clothes then got himself dressed. "Fast enough for ya?" He asked as they began going towards the line.

"Hey arsehole, I'm trying to stay out of trouble for a change. I don't want anyone ruining it for me." Niall hissed.

"I think they're going to be focused on me today so stop your bitching before we all get it." Louis quietly growled.

"Who says that even if you are a good little doggy, they'll let you walk again? They seem to really hate you." Zayn rolled his eyes but then caught sight of the message across Louis' arse.

"With that kind of invitation...I think the rest of us are safe for the time being." He chuckled softly as he pointed it out to Niall.

"Mr. Watson said I'd be allowed to walk again." Niall spat back before looking at where Zayn was pointing. "Oh fuck... literally." He then began to laugh.

Louis turned around and looked at the lads standing behind him. "Shut up or I'll suggest that the little dog needs a muzzle." He glared between Niall and Zayn.

Niall began to move past Zayn so he could get at Louis but a Keeper walking past quickly shoved him back into line with his foot.

"Don't worry little pet, you'll get searched soon enough." The Keeper warned.

"Yes sir. Just don't want to be late for class." Niall lied.

"We decide when you leave for class and if you even get to go to class at all." The Keeper said. "In the meantime, wait your turn, little doggy. We wouldn't have to put you back on a leash, now would we?"

The Keeper looked at Zayn. "It'd be in your best interest to keep an eye on the little pet." He said and walked away.

Zayn sighed. "When isn't it in my best interest to look after the Irish pup?" He ran his fingers through his head, feeling annoyed. He had grown used to caring for Niall and even most of the time trying to help him behave so he'd stop having to care for him but it was getting to be a bit much with everything else going on plus coursework on top of everything else.

"It's no picnic for me either you fucking suck up." Niall rolled his eyes.

"Both of you shut up." Louis gave them a threatening glare.

"How about all three of you shut up?" Mr. Watson asked nearing them. "Who wants searched first? How about the pretty little cunt who can't seem to get enough dick?"

"Or maybe the puppy who can't seem to stop talking, the one who maybe needs a muzzle." Louis smirked. "But if it pleases you, sir. I'd be happy to go first."

Zayn sighed deeply and shook his head.

"How about I just get a double ended dildo and make the both of you stay connected for the next twenty four hours?" Mr. Watson asked as grabbed a handful of Louis' hair and spun him around
"N-No...Sir." Louis stuttered out. "If that were to happen, then it'd be a pain separating us to fuck me, and I'd much rather be fucked than go through that...If possible...Sir."

"Then I suggest you stop trying to be a little bitch." Mr. Watson actually spat on Louis as he spoke. "Now bend over so I can properly search you."

Louis nodded and leaned over. "I'm sorry, sir. I'll be better."

After Louis got thoroughly searched, Zayn and Niall were up next. They were then given their rucksacks and told to be on their way to class.

It was the last class before lunch and Louis' arse was sore. He had been fucked three times and made to cum each time, didn't help that everyone was made to finger him before either.

Suddenly, the door swung open and Mr. Watson walked in. "Let's go, slag...Bring your shit." He walked over to Louis.

Louis felt confused but did as he was told. He was even more confused when they walked out of the room and down long hallway.

Mr. Watson then approached a door. He unlocked it. "Welcome to purgatory. Drop your shit and get inside."

"I'm so sorry for whatever I did." Louis spoke quickly. After what Finn told him about the pit, he felt terrified. "Let me make it up to you...Please, sir." He voice shook.

"Not an option. Hurry it up." Mr. Watson impatiently told him. "If I have to push your sorry arse in you'll regret it!"

Louis bit his tongue to stop a whimper as he dropped his bag and entered the long, silent hall full of metal prison looking doors.

"All the way down to number fourteen." Mr. Watson pointed and shoved him a bit.

Louis nodded again and walked to the door. He didn't touch it. He just stared. He had no idea what he'd done wrong. Mr. Watson shoved him out of the way and unlocked the door, then pushed him in. "Better not hear a fucking peep out of you, you dirty slag." He slammed the door closed and walked away.

A young boy sat in the back of a car that was now turning into the long driveway leading up to Modest Borstal. As his eyes landed on the building they began to water. "Please, I'll take back everything I stole. I'll do whatever the owners want me to. I swear it; just please don't do this to me."

"Kid, I know you're sorry but it's too late. The judge has already ordered you to live here. There's nothing I can do about it." His social worker told him. The man was trying to be polite as this kid was behaving and honestly seemed sorry for what he'd done. His patience was wearing thin.

"Listen Liam," The social worker said as he parked. "It's just a school. Nothing bad is going to happen so calm the fuck down. Get your stuff and let's go." He climbed out of the car.

Liam nodded slowly, he grabbed his stuff and followed his social worker to the doors.
"Liam Foster." He told the two guards outside the front doors.

The two large men looked over the file. "We have a crier." One mentioned to the other. "Don't worry kid. You'll be fine." He smiled a little as he handed back the file and opened the door.

Liam quickly wiped his eyes. He didn't like being called a crier. "You'll come back and check on me right? Just to like..." Liam searched for the right words, "...m-make sure I really am okay here and settling in?"

His social worker looked at him. "I have over a hundred kids to look after. I can't be coming back to check on you. Believe me, you'll be fine. It's just a school and they even have you see a therapist as well and you have group sessions. I'm sure you'll be fine once you make some friends. If there's anything serious, you can have the school call me," He hoped that would help the boy's fears.

"That's not fair." Liam's voice cracked. "You're job is to look out for the kids and make sure we are all safe and stuff." His arms wrapped around himself as he sat down in a chair. "You're just dropping me off here and leaving forever. They could kill me and you wouldn't know cause you refuse to come back and check on me."

"It doesn't matter about fairness. It's about what's possible. Liam, they are not going to kill you. It's the school's job to give updates on the kids here to their social workers and to the judges...To make sure that they're behaving and stuff. If they get too out of hand, then it's jail or juvenile detention for them."

"When I end up dead I'm coming back to haunt you." Liam replied as he brought his feet into the chair and hugged his legs.

"Hello, sorry about that." A man said stepping out of a door marked as 'toilet'. "Here is the paperwork to fill out." He handed a clipboard to the caseworker then looked at Liam. "I'll need you to empty all your pockets into the hazards box. Alright lad?"

"Great. Thank you...Tom." The social worker read the nameplate on the desk and sat beside Liam. "You're being ridiculous. So please...Tone down the paranoia."

"No, I won't. I'm genuinely scared and you don't care. I have no one but you and that means nothing to you." Liam whined as he stood up and began to put his things in the box.

"Wow, I think you're the first student to not complain or question having to empty out their pockets." Tom told him.

"It's just stuff and I'm getting it back right?" Liam shrugged.

"When you are no longer a student, yes, you get it back." Mr. Cowell nodded as he entered the room.

Liam nodded slowly. "Okay."

"Here you are." The social worker handed over the paperwork. "Go easy on him. He has trouble adjusting to new situations. He's quite emotional at the moment." He whispered.

"Of course." Mr. Cowell nodded.

"I'll call in a few days okay? That's the best I can give you." The social worker told Liam.

Liam nodded. "Yeah, thanks."
"Bye, Liam." The social worker gave him a pat on the back then left.

"N-now what?" Liam nervously asked both men, looking between them.

"Now you come into my office." Mr. Cowell said. "Follow me."

"Please sit." Mr. Cowell told Liam as they walked into the office.

"Liam Foster...fifteen...Enjoys stealing stuff, I see. Did someone make you? Or do you do it for yourself?" Mr. Cowell asked.

"First time, the Foster parents son made me...I was eight. He was sixteen. But after that, I learned the more I stole, the more money I could make on the streets for them. Maybe save up enough money to run away." Liam nervously explained.

"I see...Well, first things first. I need to examine you. I need to mark all bruises, cuts, scars for our records. I need to make sure you're not smuggling anything in." Mr. Cowell paused for a moment to let the young lad absorb the information. "I need you to take off your clothes so I can do so."

"What? No. Please...No." Liam began to cry. "I can just tell you and I promise I'm not smuggling anything in."

"I'm afraid I can't take your word for it. This is school policy. Please...Or we'll do it the hard way." Mr. Cowell told him.

Liam nodded. He was afraid of what the hard way was.

"Good lad." Mr. Cowell told him as he moved to be closer to him.

Slowly Liam began to undress. The tears in his eyes began to form again and finally fell once he was standing nude in front of, whoever this man was.

"I'm Headmaster Cowell. You will address me as Headmaster. Arms at the side." Mr. Cowell took his clipboard and began writing notes of various markings on Liam's body. "Now bend over. I need to check you aren't trying to smuggle anything inside."

"Yes Headmaster Cowell." His voice shook a bit as he slowly turned and bent over. More tears fell as humiliation washed over him. He just wanted to be anywhere other than here right now.

"Spread your cheeks." Mr. Cowell ordered and Liam obeyed as the hot tears ran down his face.

"Very well." Mr. Cowell said. "You made stand up now."

Liam stood up and wiped away his tears. "Can I put my clothes back on now, Headmaster?"

"You can put your uniform Liam." Mr. Cowell replied and pointed to the stack of grey clothes.

"Oh, of course Headmaster Cowell." He squeaked and grabbed the clothes. He had no idea how he was supposed to feel comfortable if he wasn't even allowed to keep his own clothes.

Suddenly there was a bell and Liam jumped.

"It's just to alert the staff and faculty that there is a new student. Nothing to worry about," Mr. Cowell watched as Liam dressed. "I'll give you a little tour then we'll head to your room."

Liam nodded and now that he was finished, he followed the Headmaster out of the room.
"Headmaster?" He questioned as he followed. "When do I get socks or boxers?"

"You don't. We don't use them here. It's more cost efficient." He explained.

Liam sighed and wiped away more tears on his face. He felt uncomfortable without proper under garments but at least he had clothes on now.

"We're going to stop in to see Nurse Carol first. She's going to draw some blood so we can make sure you don't have anything that could put our staff or other students at risk." Mr. Cowell explained and opened the door to her office.

Liam found the nurse to be cold and unkindly. She made the needle really hurt. He sighed once they were done and held his arm as they walked.

As they walked, Liam peered into open door classrooms, he saw many students with bruises and cuts. Some looked really beaten up.

"There's not much besides classrooms. We have a Cafeteria and a recreational room for when you're done homework or chores." Mr. Cowell explained. "It's lunch now though and I imagine you're hungry. So I will just show you to your room where you can wait for someone to take you to lunch."

Mr. Cowell approached a door and unlocked it. "This is your room, and you'll be sharing it with three other lads."

When Liam saw the conditions of his room, he began to cry again. "Headmaster Cowell, please..."

"Please what? This is what the rooms look like, all of them. Get used to it." Mr. Cowell said.

"Why are there puppy training pads on the floor?!" Liam's voice squeaked.

"Some students who get placed here have mental health issues, sometimes in certain circumstances, it's better to play along with the delusion."

Liam nodded. "So I just wait here until someone gets me for lunch?"

"Exactly. You'll be fine. I'll take my leave now." Mr. Cowell turned to leave.

A few minutes later, the door slammed open making Liam jump at the unexpected sound.

"Get the fuck up!" The man yelled at him.

Liam whimpered and quickly stood up. "Are you going to take me to lunch?"

His answer was a hard slap to the face, which caused him to cry again.

"You will be speak when spoken to and you will speak to me with respect. You will refer to me as sir. I'm your room Keeper and you listen to me. You obey and life will be easier, you don't listen, well, ask your Irish roommate what happens."

Liam nodded.

"Let's go then slag! I don't have all fucking day!" Mr. Watson grabbed Liam's arm and pushed him out of the room.

Liam bit his lower lip again and tried to swallow the lump in his throat as the Keeper shoved him
down the hall and to the cafeteria.

"You, Slag, help him figure out how the cafeteria works." Mr. Watson yelled at a student walking in past them. "I can't be arsed to explain it all myself."

"Yes sir." The student replied.

"When lunch is over stand and wait for me. Am I understood?" He used a deep and intimidating tone as he spoke to Liam.

"I'm Oliver. You can call Ollie though." The student introduced himself.

"I'm Liam." Liam's voice was soft.

"The foods shit but at least it's something. So over there, you get food, and only get as much as you can eat. The Keepers don't like us wasting food...When you're done, throw out your rubbish in the bin over there and place the tray on top. You can sit quietly until your room Keeper comes to collect you." Oliver explained.

Liam nodded. "Can I ask you something?" He asked as they moved towards the long lunch line.

Oliver nodded.

"I got slapped by my Keeper. How do I report that? Do I go see Tom at the office?"

"Don't go see Tom..." Oliver shook his head. "It's what the Keepers do. Be thankful all you've gotten so far was a slap."

"What do you mean?" Liam asked confused.

"You'll see." Oliver said. "Piece of advice? Do as you're told. Do it fast. The faster, the better...And no matter what, never say no."

Liam was more terrified now. What did this lad mean?

"I, yeah I just..." Liam was struggling to find the right words. "I'm just really scared."

"It's normal. You won't stop being scared...And try to stop crying. It doesn't help any." Oliver said.

Liam opened his mouth but was cut off what sounded like moaning.

"Slags! Pay attention to this." A Keeper called out and laughed.

Liam's eyes scanned the room to where other students were watching. He gasped when he saw a Keeper leaned slightly over a table. There was a student in front of him almost under the table, sucking on the Keepers cock. There was another student behind the Keeper eating him out.

"They're not allowed..."

"Yes, they are..." Oliver cut him off. "I mean, obviously it's not legal but no one stops it and we're completely under their control. If we don't want to get beaten within an inch of our lives or humiliated...We do as we are told. Teachers have a part to play too. They make us do things to each other. Like, even if you're good in class, some kid who was mouthy might end up blowing you. It's the way life is. A lot Keepers don't like criers. Some enjoy the crying though."

"I don't understand though. My caseworker said this place would be good for me. I..." Liam
stopped speaking when his voice cracked. He was scared to death now and was fighting tears like this lad had advices.

"You'll never understand so don't try. Just do what you're told." Oliver once again encouraged. "There, you see that lad crawling on the floor? He didn't listen. Now they treat him like a dog. Do you want that?"

"N-n-no." Liam's voice quivered.

"Then listen to me. It's going to suck. You're going to hate it. Suck it up though." Oliver patted him on the back then pointed for Liam to keep going in line now that the Keeper had cum.

Liam got his food and was careful with how much he asked for. He looked at Oliver. "Are there assigned seats?"

"No, but they don't like you talking when you should be eating...And if you do talk, be quiet about it." Oliver said. "Come sit with me, I'm usually alone or with my roommates, but they're especially annoying me today so I was going to sit by myself."

Liam nodded and bit his lip to keep from crying. His head was fill of Why's and he had lost his appetite but he knew he should eat something. "I know this is the least my problems but I don't know how I'm going to go to the toilet in a room full of other people." He frowned as they sat down.

"You get used to it. After you start getting used in front of them having a wee doesn't seem too bad. You shower together too." Oliver pointed out. "A big group shower room."

"Getting used? What do you mean?" Liam asked shoving food in his mouth.

"That little scene we were just made to watch?" Oliver said. "You'll get your turn. You'll get it over and over and over. Sorry mate."

"So I'll have to suck Keepers cocks and lick their arses?" Liam asked. "At least I'm not getting fucked."

"Uh... yeah, about that..." Oliver trailed off as a Keeper walked past them. When he moved away he spoke again, "Anything and everything sexual you can imagine is going to happen." He honestly felt bad for this lad.

Liam felt tears. "Is there no avoiding it?" He asked as tears began to fall.

"No mate, don't cry don't cry!" Oliver said looking around. He knew what would happen if the lad was seen crying. "Find a happy place. Think of puppies and bunnies or the beach."

"This Foster family I was with when I was about six or seven...Their beagle had puppies." Liam smiled. "But then the last one died." He remembered and more tears fell. "I don't wanna die here!" He cried harder.

"Mate you'll regret it if you don't stop. I swear you will. Think happy thoughts." One reason Oliver was trying so hard was that he really did wish he could make Liam feel a bit better. The other part however was his fear of what would happen to him if Liam was seen or heard crying.

"It's so hard though." Liam sniffed and tried to force himself to stop crying. "I don't really have any happy thoughts. They're all tainted by something bad." He frowned and wiped his eyes. "I've never even had a real friend before. All of them have stabbed me in the back one way or another, or just
wanted to be me friend as some kind of joke." He sighed and stuffed more food in his mouth, hopefully that would stop the tears.

"Well, call me a friend then okay? There's your happy thought. We don't get to hang out or anything but we can eat together. Alright?" Perhaps that would help this lad feel better.

"Did I hear someone crying over here?" A Keeper asked walking over. "Tell me the truth Oliver."

It was a huge risk but Ollie shook his head and lied, "No sir. I choked a little on a carrot and was coughing."

The Keeper raised an eyebrow but nodded. "If I find out that you were lying, I promise to make you regret it."

Oliver nodded. "Understood, sir. May I finish eating my lunch? I don't want time to run out before I've had a proper chance to finish."

"Eat...And maybe you'll eat me for dessert later in class." The Keeper smiled and walked away.

Oliver sighed deeply. That was a close one. "No more crying Liam." He told him kindly and kept eating.

"I'll try." Liam sniffed. "Did you really mean it when you said you'd be my friend? You didn't just say it to make me stop crying?" He asked. "Oh, what would happen to me? It's just crying?"

"One question at a time," Oliver laughed a bit. "I really meant it. When you earn free time there's a few board games we can play and we can eat together. Friends, best you can get in here anyhow."

Liam smiled a bit.

"You're other question, they like to treat you in the way you act. Like the kid who is treated like a dog, I imagine he was acting like a little bitch or something. Crying would mean you're acting like... well I'm sure you can guess."

"Oh..." Liam frowned again. "So what happens if you're good? Do you get out of the sex stuff?" He asked eating more.

"Not always. I wish though." Oliver finished eating and wiped his mouth. "The sex isn't as bad if you're good. Sometimes you earn good things. Like some Keepers will hook you up with stuff. Others will give you extra privileges."

Liam nodded as he began to understand this place. "I've never had sex with a guy before...I did once with a girl but she did all the work while I just layed there." He sighed deeply and finished his meal.

"Tell the first Keeper who shows any drop of kindness towards you. Be really good. Don't cry. If you're lucky that Keeper will go easy on you. Most Keepers love the chance to fuck a virgin so they'll reserve your first fuck for themselves. That's why you tell the first Keeper you think feels right. Don't be too picky though. Someone won't wait long to fuck you."

"Oh." Liam frowned but nodded. "I'll try that I guess. Uh, what are the extra privileges you mentioned?"

"It varies with each Keeper. One of the lads in my room is allowed to walk the hall unescorted. That's a privilege. I've seen some lads get to choose the film on film night. Others have simply
gotten to choose a sexual act to have done on them."

Liam nodded and then there was the bell. He frowned. "What happens now?"

"Throw your rubbish away and wait for your Keeper to come back. Be polite and don't act scared. No crying. I'll see you at dinner." Oliver smiled then quickly walked away.

Chapter End Notes

Any feedback/suggestions are much appreciated! We do talk about suggestions and we do try our best to include them if we feel it fits into our view for the story. :)
Chapter 9

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

I PROMISE THIS IS THE CHAPTER THIS TIME! LOL.

So sorry for the mix up last week. I had posted Chapter 8 again...For some reason I thought I hadn't posted it yet.

And I go to post Chapter 9 and it's not finished yet! AHH!!

Life's been busy so that makes writing on my end go slower than normal.

Might be less busy by the end of next week tho? I hope. Lol.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Liam sighed as he stood, walked over to the bins and threw away his rubbish. He placed the tray on top and when he turned around he saw his Keeper. "Hi...Sir..." He swallowed.

"Let's go. We have to drop your roommates off at class. I'm not making two trips." He grabbed Liam's arm tightly and pushed him towards the doors leading out to the hallway.

As they approached, Liam saw two other lads. One was the lad that he had seen crawling around and another kid that had tanned skin.

"New roommate, but I'll get you all acquainted later." Mr. Watson said. "Let's move." He opened the door. "You better be fast little pup, I would hate for the door to close on you."

Niall moved as fast as he could as he crawled through the doorway, despite his arms and knees hurting so badly.

"Mr. Watson, sir?" Niall questioned once clear of the door.

Liam just nervously watched but fought with everything he had to not show his fear.

"What is it, dog?" Mr. Watson growled as he turned to look at Niall. "You have class so talk fast."

"Sir, I was just wondering how you think I'm behaving so far today? I promise I'm trying so hard." He hung his head, worried he'd be told that he'd already lost his chance to walk normally again.

Mr. Watson looked at Zayn. "How much have you had to help him today?"

"Not counting the showers...since I was told to wash him, and get him dressed again...I believe he's been doing much better on his own." Zayn tried hard to help Niall.

"Sounds like you're doing well then; now get moving," Mr. Watson warned.

"Watson, need him taken back to his room?" Mr. Taylor asked walking by with another student in tow. "Idiot here puked in class and has been ordered by the nurse to lay down the rest of the day so
I'm headed towards the dorm rooms."

"Saves me a trip to the dorms. I'll take that offer. Slag, go with Mr. Taylor. He'll take you back to your room."

"Yes, sir." Liam nodded and walked over to the other Keeper while Mr. Watson took Niall and Zayn to their classes.

Liam stayed quiet as they took the other student to his room.

Once he was inside Mr. Taylor locked the door and turned to Liam. "Alright new kid, you get to go back to your room now. Enjoy getting to be lazy today. Tomorrow your normal routine starts."

"So that means I get free time then? ...Sir." Liam asked.

"Uh, if you mean free time to lay around your room, yes. Free time in the rec area has to be earned and you even then you have specific times for it." Mr. Taylor explained as they walked. "I'm Mr. Taylor by the way. Don't like being called sir as much as I like being called by my name."

"Thanks for explaining..." Liam felt nervous and this Keeper was being kind so he had to take the chance. "Uhm, I'm a virgin...And I'd really like it if you could fuck me first?" He bit his lip. He didn't know if that was the proper way to ask or not. How did you ask someone to you don't want to fuck you to fuck you?

"Me?" Mr. Taylor laughed a little. "While I'm not sure I understand why me I am however flattered."

He spun Liam around and looked him up and down. "I think what you mean to say is 'I'm a virgin and I'm hoping you'll go easy on me since I'm telling you and giving you a chance to fuck me first'."

He turned Liam back around and smiled. "Am I right little lad?"

"Yes... Please. Out of all the Keepers I've seen, I think you would be the best." Liam begged a little.

Mr. Taylor smiled, very amused yet pleased. "Good lad aren't you?" He ran a finger over his lips and smirked. "Prove what a good lad you are and make sure all the other Keepers know your first fuck belongs to me. If you do that and be a good boy when our time comes then I'll go easy on you."

Liam fought tears when he felt Mr. Taylor run his finger over his lips. "I promise to be good. I promise to never say no." He nodded. "I'll let them know. Promise." He forced a smile.

"Good lad." Mr. Taylor nodded. "One last thing, push your joggers down. Show me your cock then turn around and let me see what I get to fuck later."

Liam's eyes went large. "But we're in the hallway..."

"Did I fucking stutter? I know where we are. Now, drop your joggers and show me!" Mr. Taylor ordered.

Liam nodded. "Right. Sorry..." With shaky hands Liam pushed his joggers down, stood in front of him for a moment then turned around. "Is this okay?" He asked as he lifted the back of his shirt.

Liam let out an involuntary sound when his arse got squeezed. "Is there anything else I can do for
you?" He tried to make his voice sound strong.

"That'll do for now. I'd have you suck me off but unfortunately I have things to do." Mr. Taylor then took his keys and unlocked the door to Liam's room. "Don't forget our deal little lad."

Liam pulled up his joggers and walked into the room. "I won't. Promise." He kept his forced smile. "Uhm, I've never sucked a dick before...So I'm sorry in advance if I'm terrible at it."

"We'll teach you little lad. Don't fret." Mr. Taylor liked how innocent and small Liam's personality was. "I'll make sure you're properly taught how to do everything."

Liam nodded. "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"Not sir; Mr. Taylor." He told him and then left. Mr. Taylor definitely had eyes for the new lad. Sweet little innocents ones were his favorite.

When the door closed, Liam walked over to the nearest bunk. He collapsed on top of it and cried until he eventually fell asleep.

He was awakened sometime later by Mr. Watson opening the door and kicking the blond kid inside, he had been the one who had been acting like a dog.

The Keeper then looked at Liam. "I have other shit to do, but we'll talk later." He then slammed the door and locked it. He went and picked up Zayn from class and took him to his individual therapy session.

He then went to purgatory and picked up Louis who was begging on his knees to be let go.

"You're not in trouble, you slag. We had a new student arrive today. I couldn't let the Headmaster see you in your new uniform." Mr. Watson explained. "Like when we had the puppy pull his hood up and put his head down so that the Headmaster wouldn't see his collar. But that doesn't mean I don't like you begging." He smiled.

"Anything you want. Anything, I swear. Please just don't leave me in here." Louis wasn't crying but he felt like he could. This tiny little cement room with nothing but a bed and table was making him go crazy.

"Let's go, you have a new roommate to meet." Mr. Watson grabbed his arm and pushed him out of the door. "Walk." He ordered.

"Yes, sir. Thank you." Louis said breathlessly. He never ever wanted to be put in the pit again.

"You should beg more often." Mr. Watson continued to smile. He took ahold of Louis' arm and took him out the door then lead him to his room. He threw him inside once it was open. His eyes then shifted to Liam. "We need to have a little talk..."

Liam instantly began to worry. He could tell by the look on the Keepers face that he was cross. It made a lump grow in his throat. "Y-yes sir." He almost whimpered.

"Get over here in front of me. Arms behind your back. Now." Mr. Watson harshly instructed.

Niall and Louis just quietly watched from beside their bunks.

Liam scrambled to get up and quickly did as he was told. He opened his mouth to say something
but decided against talking.

"What's this I hear about you being a virgin?" Mr. Watson didn't like how it seemed like Liam had gone behind his back.

"Uhm, I am...A virgin...But not really...But yes. Uh," Liam paused. He felt so nervous and scared. "I had sex with a girl once but I just laid there. She did all the work. I've never done anything sexual with a guy...Or a girl...Or anyone..."

"I'm your room Keeper. Information like that should get told to me. Can't undo it now though. You've been claimed." Mr. Watson sighed deeply and annoyed.

"I..I didn't know. I thought it was alright to tell anyone...I'm very sorry, sir. How can I make it up to you?" Liam asked.

"I would tell you to get on your knees and suck me off but I'm also told you haven't a clue how anything sexual works." Mr. Watson paused to think as he looked around the room.

"Get over here whore. You're going to suck me off so our new slag can see how it's done." He smiled evil and proud of his idea.

"Yes, sir." Louis jumped off his bunk, ignoring the pain that came with it, and quickly walked over to the Keeper. He dropped to his knees and undid Mr. Watson's trousers and pulled his pants halfway down. He quickly made the man hard by licking, stroking, and a little pulling. Once hard, Louis quickly put the cock inside his mouth and began to suck.

"Get on your knees so you can watch closely!" Mr. Watson snapped at Liam. He then let out a moan. "So good at this. I'd expect a whore to be though. All the experience you have." He spoke to Louis.

Liam nodded as he dropped to his knees and watched more closely at what Louis was doing. Louis began to deep the throat his Keeper as he carefully moved his hands to rest on Mr. Watson's hips to help balance himself. He expertly sucked and licked cock. He also twisted the exposed area of the cock that he wasn't sucking.

Niall stayed silent on his knees but tried to watch carefully as well. Mr. Watson seemed to be extra pleased with the job Louis was doing so if he could learn a little something maybe it would help him.

"Yes, good slut. Don't you dare stop." Mr. Watson was already nearing his peak.

Louis kept going, repeating his actions over and over. He even took a step forward and played with the Keepers balls as he sucked with hopes of him cumming faster. It wasn't something he had done before. He was unsure if he was even allowed but figured pleasure would work in his favor.

Suddenly Mr. Watson let out a loud string of curse words as he filled Louis' mouth with cum. "Swallow it! Fucking swallow it slut!"

Louis choked for a moment but he quickly got over it and swallowed every drop. He then cleaned up Mr. Watson's cock and opened his mouth with his tongue out showing that he swallowed everything.

"Damn, I think putting you in purgatory might have done you some good." Mr. Watson smiled. "Behave the rest of the day and I'll take the tramp stamp off tomorrow morning."
Louis smiled. "Thank you, sir. Is there anything else you need before you leave?" He asked using a sexy tone of voice.

"Make sure this bitch here understands exactly what you did." He then kicked Liam before leaving the room.

Louis sighed of relief when Mr. Watson left. He then turned to Liam who was on the floor crying from being kicked. He glanced at Niall. "Zayn gets to take care of the puppy and I get to teach the baby. Fucking perfect." He groaned as he stood. "Stop crying. It won't fix anything."

"Leave me alone," Liam whimpered. "Everyone here is so mean."

Louis walked over to the sink and rinsed out his mouth. "No, I will not leave you alone. I have you teach you how to give a proper blow job and since I'm not willing to blow you myself and get thrown into the pit or beaten...Or fucking raped again...You'll just have to listen closely. So sit the fuck up. It was just a kick. You will have way worse happen to you. Grow the fuck up."

Liam didn't want to sit up and listen. He wanted to curl up in a ball and cry.

"Seriously Louis? Leave him be for at least a second." Niall argued. "You're such an arse."

"I'm just trying to do what I've been told. I ain't taking any fucking risks. He fucking put me in the pit. Fucking purgatory...I don't want to go back there. But fine. Let the baby cry."

"I'm just trying to do what I've been told. I ain't taking any fucking risks. He fucking put me in the pit. Fucking purgatory...I don't want to go back there. But fine. Let the baby cry. I can easily say that he was uncooperative." Louis shrugged as he went to lay in a bottom bunk. He had been fucked a few times while in the pit. He was sore.

"Anyways, I wouldn't let any Keepers catch you crying. Bad move." He added. He looked at the kid on the floor. "What's your name?"

"L-Liam," He whimpered.

"Why don't you at least move to a bed. The lower bunks are all open." Niall told him. "Maybe the one beside Louis so he can hear your crying better."

"Ah, fuck off." Louis rolled his eyes. "Maybe the puppy needs to be beaten with a newspaper or does he need to have a wee on one of the pads?" He then looked at Liam. "Come sit over here. I'll tell you all there is about giving a good blow job." He sat up carefully and moved over.

"I've never done any of this stuff. My caseworker said this would be a good place for me. This place isn't good. It's a nightmare I want to wake up from." He wiped the tears away from his eyes and moved slowly to be by Louis.

"Yeah, Caseworkers don't know shit." Niall said. "Forget about that for now." Louis cut in. "Listen closely." He said and began to tell Liam about the best ways to give a great blowjob.

"W-what if I choke?" Liam worried. "What if I throw up?"

"Swallowing takes practice. You'll get there. You might throw up, I did the first few times I swallowed." Louis said. "Trick is to try and not throw up in front of the Keepers. Just wait till they leave."

"I wish I didn't have to do this." A tear rolled down his face. "That other Keeper, Mr. Taylor, he's
going to have sex with me. Our room Keeper is going to make me suck him. This is horrible. I just want to leave."

"Mr. Taylor is the guy you wanna stay good with though. He hooks up with good things if we do what he wants in return." Niall explained as he stood just long enough to stretch before laying on a lower bunk.

"And stop crying before they decide to treat you like a real baby." Louis said. "Life sucks but-" He was cut off by the sound of the door opening and Zayn walking in. "I'll be back in ten minutes to take you for dinner." He told the room.

"Yes sir." Niall replied. Ten more minutes. If he could be good for just ten more minutes he'd be allowed to walk normally again.

When Mr. Watson left Liam looked at Zayn then to Louis, "So, if they treat you how you act... how did you end up dressed how you are?"

Niall of course broke out laughing when he heard the question. Zayn tried not to laugh but ended up chuckling a bit.

Zayn smiled and climbed to the top bunk where Niall was laying under.

"Because, the only way I could make any decent money was to sell myself." Louis answered. "They put me in this uniform to make it easier to be fucked."

"And what does it say on your arse?" Zayn smiled a bit more as he leaned against the wall. "You gotta explain that to the new kid."

"I'm Liam." Liam glanced at Zayn.

"And I'm Zayn."

Louis sighed. "You're the one that can never do any wrong." He looked at Liam. "My arse says "fuck me hard." Which they do anyways because I'm a whore but whatever. It is what it is."

"That's horrible." Liam frowned. "At least you're used to being fucked." He wasn't trying to be mean. He was just simply that innocent.

"Oh my god. Liam, I like you. You're funny as fuck." Niall laughed.

This time Zayn couldn't contain his laughter and almost fell off his bunk from laughing so hard. "Me too." He managed to say once he stopped laughing.

"I didn't mean to be funny." Liam frowned. "Did I say something wrong?" He asked Louis.

"You were being...Honest...And yes, I'm used to being fucked but this isn't being fucked. This is rape! And I've never been made to cum so many times in a day before...Nor have I've ever had this much done to me at once before." Louis laid back in his bunk. "So, tell us, oh innocent one...What landed you here? What could you have possibly have done?"

"I stole. A lot." Liam frowned. "I shouldn't have and I feel terrible but I was taught to do it when I was young so I didn't know it was as bad as it actually is." He sighed deeply. "I told the judge I was sorry but he sent me here anyway."

"Yeah, because saying 'sorry' makes it all better." Zayn rolled his eyes. "What did you do with the
stuff you stole? Sell it? Or trade it? Or what?"

"Whatever I needed to. Sometimes sells; sometimes trade. It was just to survive really. My foster parents didn't like me the way they did their real son." Liam explained as he laid down and curled into a ball beside Louis.

Louis frowned. The lad seemed so innocent for his age. It wasn't going to play well in this place and he looked like he needed a cuddle. He wasn't going to risk showing affection for someone else and possibly get in trouble. "You'll get used to it. They break you pretty fast in this place. Like Nialler, here. He was all mouth and being a bitch, that turned him into their pet. I'm a whore so I turned into their fucking machine. Zayn, well...He's just a goody two shoes right now. He's their bitch but without having to act like a dog."

"Shut up Louis." Zayn quickly told him. "It's not my fault you'd rather be a dipshit then behave yourself like me."

"I'm just scared. I'm trying so hard not to be though." Liam told them. "I really am trying."

"It's okay to be scared." Niall said softly. "It's normal. The trick is to not show it or things will go from bad to much, much, worse." He sighed.

Liam nodded, "I'll do my best." He then looked at Louis, "Thank you for telling me about blow jobs. I- I think it will help."

"Any other questions just ask." Louis said.

Liam smiled briefly. "Thanks."

The door then swung open and the lads rushed to their feet. "Ace, Gremlin...Has the puppy been a good boy?" He asked.

Louis shrugged. "He didn't bite...So yes, he's been good."

Zayn nodded in agreement.

"Whenever I've been with him and these past few minutes, he's been good." Mr. Watson nodded. "On your feet then, little leprechaun. Ace, help him. He's probably forgotten how to stand and walk." He laughed.

Niall's legs were weak so standing wasn't all the easy. He was so thankful though. "Thank you Mr. Watson."

Liam just quietly watched; hoping he didn't look too fearful

Mr. Watson raised an eyebrow. "It's 'sir' I'll let it slide this time because I'm in a good mood, next time though, you won't be so lucky. Let's go, Slags. Ace, stick with him and help him."

"Yes, sir. Of course." Zayn said as he felt Niall shift some of his weight onto him. One of the few times Niall willingly accepted Zayn's help.

Liam followed Louis' action. He figured that would be the safest way to go.

Louis of course just moved slowly. He was in so much pain. He tried to his best to keep up without making any noise but it was hard.

As they walked, Mr. Watson noticed how slow Louis was and how he was making them take
longer to get to the cafe. He sighed. "You, new slag... Help the slut walk. He's slowing us down. So help me, if you both end up slow us down even more, you won't like what happens to either of you."

"Yes sir." Liam carefully grabbed a hold of Louis' arm and helped take some of the weight as he walked.

Louis gave Liam a thankful look but didn't say anything. He didn't like needing help but right now this kid was keeping him out of trouble so he'd take it.

When they finally reached the cafe, Zayn helped Niall get his food and even carried it for him to where David was sitting with Joe. Once Zayn got Niall settled there, he went back to his own food. He took a look at Liam who had helped Louis inside but it seemed that they had gone their separate ways and the kid looked lost.

"You alright?" Zayn asked.

"No." Liam's voice broke as he began to cry again. "How do any of you live like this day and day out? I can't imagine what this 'worse' stuff you all seem to talk about. This is already so bad." He cried.

"Shit." Zayn cursed. "Please... Don't cry. It'll be okay. How long do you even have to stay here? Not all kids have to stay until they're eighteen. You just stole shit. I'm sure you won't be here that long."

"But I do." Liam cried more. "The Judge thinks me staying here till I'm eighteen will straighten me up or something." He tried to sniff but more tears fell.

"Hey, no crying remember? Let's get dinner and we'll eat together. Friends right?" Oliver suddenly showed up. "I'll get him." He smiled at Zayn.

"Thanks mate." He smiled and went to finish getting himself a meal.

Liam wiped his eyes. "Right. Sorry." He smiled at Oliver. "I'll do better... It's just... My roommate has to wear a slutty uniform because he's a whore, and the other one was a bitch so he was treated like a dog. And now I have to give my first blowjob to my Keeper at some point. I've never done anything sexual." He sniffed and rubbed his eyes. "I'm so scared, Ollie."

"Don't be scared. I know it's awkward but after the first time I promise it won't be so bad." Oliver told Liam as they walked through the line to get food. "If you want to survive in here you just have to swallow the fear and do it. They're going to make you either way so just loosen up and do it the easy way."

Liam nodded. "I'll try... Easier said than done, though." He frowned. Once they got their food, they found a spot to sit down. "So how long have you been here?" He asked.

"A few months. Not sure when or if I'm getting out." Ollie replied. "I was charged with vandalism. My foster parents didn't want a kid with a record so here I am."

Liam nodded. "I guess it was easier putting you in here than finding a new family for you. I stole stuff. I've been doing it a long time. Finally got caught and instead of a new family, I get put here because it's better than going to juive." He picked at his food.

"I don't know if it's better than juvenile. I mean, you see what they do here." Ollie replied as he ate. "I know the food sucks but try to force it down. You'll need your strength."
"I'm just not hungry. I feel sick." Liam frowned more. "The food is terrible but I've had worse. In one Foster home, I was made to eat dog food for awhile. I told but caseworker didn't believe me." He sighed. "Do we get in trouble for not eating?"

"I don't think they care too much really. If you waste food they care. Oh and if you lose weight and get below a healthy point the nurse will make you drink high calorie shakes. One of my roommates has to and he says they taste horrible." Oliver looked around to make sure no Keepers were getting close.

Liam nodded. He took small bites. "Maybe, they just won't notice. It's not like they stand there and check to see who has eaten how much." He shrugged.

"Just don't put much on your plate if you aren't going to eat. They do watch who throws away what." His friend warned.

Across the room they heard a noise and looked to see Louis was getting fucked again. The poor lad was biting his lip so hard due to pain that he was actually bleeding a bit.

"See, there, I don't understand why they'd keep going when it's obvious he's really really hurting. I mean, at what point do they stop and care about us being injured?" Liam asked obviously upset.

"I'm not sure. I know the nurse helps us if we are sick or truly hurt but I don't know at what point they let us go see her."

"Why is everyone watching Louis get fucked?" Liam asked confused. "Everyone's just stopped and now watching." He looked at Oliver.

"Eyes on the slut, slag." Mr. Watson growled as he moved Liam's head towards Louis and the Keeper. "You might learn something."

"Y-yes sir." Liam got his question answered without Ollie having to reply. They were watching because they had to watch although a few students were laughing. Liam figured they wanted to watch.

It was painful to watch. Louis cried the entire time and the bleeding looked like it had become worse. When the Keeper was done with Louis, the Keeper threw him on the ground and walked away. "Is it safe to look away now?" Liam whispered to Ollie.

"Yeah, if another Keeper starts using a student though pay attention." Oliver warned.

"Get up slag. You're bleeding everywhere." Mr. Davis told Louis.

"Yes, sir." Louis tried to stand but struggled and fell back to the floor. "I-I..I can't stand." He cried softly. He had never felt pain like this before.

"Damn it." He cursed under his breath. "You," He pointed to the lad Louis had been seated with. "Help me get him to the nurse's office."

"Yes, sir." Finn stood up and helped Louis stand up and followed the Keeper out of the cafe. "You're going to fine." Finn whispered to Louis, hoping to bring him some sense of comfort.

"I hope so. This hurts so bad." He whimpered. "I've not been fucked this much in my life."

"Less talking more walking slags." Mr. Davis warned. "You'd better have someone to clean your mess up, Elf. I don't imagine you're able to do it."
"Yes, sir." Louis nodded. He wasn't sure what he meant but this wasn't the time to ask. Finally after what felt like forever, they reached the nurse's office where he saw a couple of badly beaten lads in the waiting room area.

"We've got a bleeder Carol." Mr. Davis told her.

"Of course we do. I swear you all don't know when to give these lads a break to recover." She ranted a bit. "One of these days you'll hurt someone so bad that I won't be able to help them and they'll need take to a hospital. What then hmm?"

"Yes, yes, I hear you. I didn't do this though so vent to someone else." Mr. Davis crossed his arms over his chest.

"Fine. Exam room three is open. Finn, you can take him in there...I'll be right in." Carol instructed and walked away to get some supplies.

Finn glanced at Mr. Davis who nodded at him that it was alright to do so.

He then helped Louis into the room and helped get him onto his stomach on the table.

"Let's go, you muppet." Mr. Davis grabbed Finn's arm. "You're going to clean up the floor in the cafe." He then dragged the lad away as Carol came into the room.

"Alright lad, let's have a look." Carol calmly told him. She seemed ever so slightly sympathetic. She was mostly professional though. "Can you tell me exactly how this happened? With these Keepers there's no telling."

"I've just uh...Been used a lot in the last couple days. I sold my body before I came here so since I was a whore out there...I'm a whore in here. I'm tiny and have a great arse so I guess I'm just really fuckable?" Louis wiped away a few tears.

"I see." She nodded and spoke a bit quietly. It wasn't right nor was it fair but she didn't say that. She just carefully examined him.

"Your torn in a few places. It's not terrible but if they don't give you a break it's going to get much worse." She told him as she worked to clean the blood off him.

"It's not there's anything anyone can do to stop them." Louis sighed. "Can I have something for pain at least?" He had experienced tearing before but it was small and it healed on it's own after a couple of days.

"I can try to talk to them. The probability of this getting worse and you needing a real doctor's attention might make a difference. I am going to give you something for the pain though." She nodded. "I also want you taking something to help prevent infection. They'll bring you to me once a day to take that and if you need something for the pain while you're here just talk to me about my lapel pin. It's different every day so they won't catch on to what you're doing." She gave Louis a wink then turned to get medication out of a locked cabinet.

"And here I thought I'd have to blow Mr. Taylor to get Oxy like Niall does." Louis felt relieved.

"Niall hasn't been in to see me." She smiled. "I may not do anything to make the abuse stop Louis but I do have sympathy for what you lads go through. I help where I can without losing my job and my way of providing for my family." Carol explained to him. "That's our secret though."

Louis nodded a little. "It hurts to walk." He frowned. "I don't know how I'm going to be able to
walk from here to my room." He sighed. "I could use some of Zayn's weed right about now."

"I can't help you with the weed but it sounds like you know who can help you." She grabbed her tablet and pulled up Louis' chart to input notes. "I'll make sure someone helps you to your room and if you'd like I can put in that you are to stay in bed for the next twenty four hours to let your bum heal a bit."

Louis nodded. "Thanks...So for twenty four hours, I'll be off limits? Like they won't be allowed to fuck me?" He asked.

"Yes, after that I can't promise anything but I plan on making it clear that you really do need a break from anything being put inside your bum. You behaving will help that happen Louis." Finally someone called him by his actual name.

Louis nodded. "Thank you." He managed a small smile. "So what's next?" He asked.

She handed him a glass of water. "Now you take these and I call a Keeper to take you back to your room. You're to stay in bed for twenty four hours other than to wee and come see me for medication. I'll let your room Keeper know to have meals brought to you."

"What if I have to take a shit? Am I supposed to hold it?" Louis asked as he slowly moved to his side. He took the water from her. He then took the pills and swallowed them. He drank the rest of the water.

"I can give you a stool softener if you want. I'd advise not doing that unless you really need to though. At least until tomorrow." She replied.

"Well, I was in the middle of me dinner when it happened...And I ate all of me lunch as well. Only had something small for breakfast." Louis said as he moved back on his stomach.

"I meant tomorrow. I don't want you out of bed till after dinner tomorrow. That will ensure you get a little rest. I'm hoping they'll give you more than that though. You may have to offer your mouth in order to protect your rear end." She told him and relooked the medication.

She handed him a stack of gauze pads. "Keep these with you and change them out as you need for the bleeding. I'll make sure the Keepers know it's my order. Help protect you from infection too."

"Feels awkward to do it myself...and I can totally cope with blowjobs if it means I don't have to be fucked for at least a day. Thanks." Louis felt slightly happier for the moment. He took the gaze.

So, I guess it's just waiting on whomever decides to show up..."

Mr. Watson then entered the room. "So, the Gremlin needs to be taken by to his room because his tiny arse can't handle a bit of fucking? Ya know for a slut, you definitely have things to work on." He sighed.

Louis didn't even bother arguing. He knew right now he needed to mind himself. "Yes Sir. I'm sorry."

"I want him to keep these gauze pads with him until he stops bleeding. The last thing we need is for him to get an infection." Ms. Carol told the Keeper.

"Fine. Can he walk at all? Cause I'd rather not carry the tiny slut." Mr. Watson half complained.

"I don't want him walking honestly. You all pushed him too far. Now you'll have to follow my directions in order to protect this school and yourselves." Mrs. Carol told him in a quiet yet firm
"Perhaps you can make him write sentences while laying in bed as a way to make up for you carrying him."

"Just stick to what you know best which is fixing these slags." Mr. Watson growled as he snatched the gaze pads from the nurse. "Let's go slag." He said as he picked him up roughly.

Louis swallowed a lump in his throat. He was worried about what would happen now. "Sir, please, I'm so sorry. Honest, I am."

"Sure, you are. That's what all the slags say. No one means it." Mr. Watson said as he walked out of the office. "I ain't doing shit for you though...And that mouth and those hands will be put to work."

"I am sorry." Louis nearly pleaded. He was breaking so easily now after having been used relentlessly. "I'll do everything myself. I'll do whatever you want me to. Please sir." He had no idea what the odds were that Mr. Watson would really stop fucking him for a while. He hoped giving in to him completely would help.

Mr. Watson sighed. "In situations like this, we have to stop fucking your arse for a while, can't have ya end up in a hospital...That would not be good for anyone." He said as he walked down the long hall. "But you will use your mouth, you will swallow and you will use your hands...and I'll think of something else. You can't spend your time off doing nothing."

Louis nodded, "Yes sir. I promise." He didn't want physically hurt anymore and he surely didn't want taken back to pit. That meant being their little bitch even though it emotionally killed him.

"Good." Mr. Watson said as they reached the door. He shifted Louis to over his shoulder for a moment as he unlocked it and pushed the door open. He closed it with his foot and walked over and threw Louis onto the closet bunk he could find.

Louis whimpered a little but quickly stopped himself.

The other lads in the room quickly moved to stand at attention. Zayn watched Louis curiously. Niall was just grateful to be on his feet and Liam... poor Liam was trembling with worry and fear.

Mr. Watson looked at the others then walked to Liam. "What the fuck is wrong with you?" He asked noticing the shaking. "Ugh, you're standing and alive enough. You're fine." He rolled his eyes.

He then looked at Niall. "Chav, I want you to reward Ace here. He's done everything asked of him to take of you when you were being treated like a puppy." Mr. Watson said. "I think he deserves a big reward from you, don't you agree?"

Niall wanted to answer 'no'. He couldn't though. Not if he wanted to stay on his feet. "Of course Sir. What do you think I should do Sir?" He asked.

"Mr. Watson, thank you but I'm okay without a reward. I was just obeying. Nothing special." Zayn could tell Niall didn't want to do this. He was attempting to be nice to him.

Mr. Watson looked between the lads. "You don't want pleasure? Fine. Niall can pay Mr. Taylor for you tonight as a thank you."

Zayn's eyes went wide. "Uhm, on second thought I'll take a reward. He can just...Blow me...If you think that's a proper enough reward."
“Hmm. For now, I believe that's good enough. Get to it, Chav.” Mr. Watson shoved Niall in Zayn's direction.

Niall nearly fell as he was shoved and landed face first against Zayn's crotch. "Sorry, I'm sorry." He told Zayn quickly. He hoped he hadn't hurt him.

“It's okay. I'm fine.” Zayn whispered when he noticed the concerned look on Niall’s face. "I'm sorry for agreeing to this..." He frowned a little. But he figured it was better him than Mr. Taylor.

“It's okay. Just hurry and get off.” Niall whispered back. He too felt like this was better then Mr. Taylor.

"Come on! Get to sucking!” Mr. Watson yelled.

It made Liam even more nervous. He bit his lip to stop from crying.

Zayn nodded and decided to lean against the wall as he waited for Niall to start. He glanced over to Liam who looked like he was about to cry. He hoped the kid would be able to keep it together. He sighed and closed his eyes.

Niall grabbed the waistband of Zayn's sweats and slid them down. Zayn wasn't even a little bit hard meaning this would be much more difficult for him.

"Sir?" Louis suddenly interrupted from his bed. He was annoyed by Liam and knew exactly how to take a stab at him. "I think it might be good for Liam's training if he could watch Niall from close up."

Zayn bit his lip as he tried to think of his decent sexual experiences in effort to make himself hard. He didn't want to make this any more difficult for Niall than it already was.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Good thinking, Gremlin." He looked over at Liam who was standing in the corner looking terrified.

"Scaredy cat, much?” Mr. Watson laughed. "Slag, go stand beside the Chav and learn something." He ordered.

Liam felt a bit crushed. Despite his best efforts a tear rolled down his cheek as he moved over and watched Niall closely.

"See how he holds Zayn's dick while it's soft? It makes it easier to suck on that way, just till he gets hard." Louis told Liam. He made sure his voice was antagonizing.

Liam bit his lip as he watched Niall work on getting Zayn hard. When he heard what Louis said, he felt a couple more tears fall, he didn't even think to wipe them away.

"Are those fucking tears?” Mr. Watson growled.

"N-N-N-No..." Liam jumped looking at him and wiping his cheeks. "No tears." He bit on his lip again.

"Don't lie. Liars get punished.” Mr. Watson warned.

Niall never looked away from what he was doing. He just kept himself focused on pleasing Zayn so he too wouldn't be in trouble.

Louis of course just smirked and bit back laughter when Liam began to cry more and apologize.
"I'm sorry. I'm sorry sir. I shouldn't have. Please don't punish me! Please!" He tried to stop the tears.

"But you lied and all liars will be punished, baby." Mr. Watson said. "The way you act is the way you'll be treated. You act like a scared little baby... You'll be treated as such." He said. "But I'll work on that later. Pay attention to the blowjob and fucking learn."

"Yes sir." His voice squeaked as he turned back to look Niall and Zayn.

Louis let out a few quiet snickers but stopped when Mr. Watson gave him a warning glare.

"Fuck, could you go a little faster?" Zayn quietly requested. Between the images in his brain and the feeling of Niall's mouth he'd become fully erect.

Niall obeyed Zayn's request. The lad was finally hard and if going faster meant he'd cum sooner, he was all for that. "Play with his body a little, Chav. He deserves that." Mr. Watson told Niall.

Niall moved a hand from Zayn's waist to his balls. Gently he fondled them. His other hand softly ran over Zayn's stomach and chest. He also moaned a little hoping the vibrations would help speed things along.

Liam wasn't sure he understood everything. Did all of that actually feel good? To him it seemed like having your balls touched that way would feel awkward.

Zayn let out a small moan. Niall's mouth felt good, yes, but the things he was doing to him? Made him feel so good. "Fuck." He groaned. "I'm happy to see you enjoying your reward, Ace. You deserve it." Mr. Watson told them. "Make him swallow it when you cum." Zayn nodded. "Yes, sir."

Niall kept sucking. He honestly was giving it his all at this point. He supposed Zayn actually did deserve it. He'd done a lot to help him. All the pain happening in this pain encouraged him to try his best too. If he could temporarily make someone else feel good, and someone who had been so nice to him then he would.

It didn't take much longer before Zayn came with a small shout and shooting his load down Niall's throat. "Fucking hell." That was quite possibly the best blowjob he'd ever gotten, from anyone.

"Now, what do you say?" Mr. Watson said.

"Uh, thanks, Ni?" Zayn said. He wasn't sure which one to thank. "And uhh, thank you for Mr. Watson...For making Niall reward me." He added. It sounded right. But he wasn't sure which way or the other.

"Good response." Mr. Watson nodded. "Pull his trousers up Chav. Then you can both can get on your bed for now." He folded his arms over his chest now.

"W-what about me sir?" Liam nervously asked.

"You can shut the fuck up." Mr. Watson snapped. "I have plans for you. You'll have to wait until after your shower to see, baby boy." He glared. "Go sit on your bed and think about all you've learned for now. You will be tested later tonight."

Liam nodded and did as he was told. He then bit his tongue to stop any more tears until the Keeper left.
The second the door closed tears rolled down either side of Liam's face as Louis began to laugh loudly despite being in pain.

"You're such a fuck dick!" Niall complained to Louis. "You knew exactly what would happen you fucking slut! That was a horrible thing to do!"

"What was that?" Louis asked. "I'm sorry. I didn't understand a thing you just said. Must be the accent. You tend to be harder to understand when upset. Just speak slow." He smirked.

Zayn rolled his eyes. "You do know what they're going to do to him, right?" He asked Louis. "There was no reason for you to do that to him, you fucking whore." He glared.

"He'll live. Maybe it'll help him grow up." Louis casually replied. "Help them take their focus off me too."

"What did I ever do to you?" Liam asked upset. "Whatever it is I'm sorry."

"Try to calm down Liam. You didn't do anything." Zayn offered.

"Then why?" Liam asked as he collapsed on the floor, his tears becoming uncontrollable.

"Because he's a prick." Niall spat, glaring in Louis' direction.

"I can't believe you thought this would help him...It's going to make him worse!" Zayn spoke with anger. "We're all in this together. We're all going through the same shit! The least we can do is look out for each other and try to make it easier for each other."

"Look, I get it. I get the whole Niall blowing you instead of Mr. Taylor. That was nice, but nice will get you into trouble eventually, Zaynie boy." Louis said. "I'm just getting in front of it...So to speak."

Zayn looked at Liam who was sobbing. He sighed. "Crying won't fix it. But I can tell you what to expect probably." He had remembered what he'd seen his first day here. "If you'd like that is."

"I... I guess knowing what to expect is better then not knowing." Liam sniffled. "I really am trying. I'm trying so hard."

"I know. Just keep trying. You'll get better at handling all this." Niall encouraged.

"You three..." Louis shook his head. "I'm going to laugh when you see I'm right. Being nice to one another in here will get you punished."

"I don't believe it. I believe it works as a way to keep us out of trouble." Niall said.

"Whatever." Louis shook his head.

Zayn sat in front of Liam. "Look, my first day here, I saw another student dressed up as a baby. Adult, nappy and a shirt. That's all he was wearing. The nappy was used because they want you to use it so they ban you from using the toilet. You gotta go eventually..." He paused. "The student used the nappy and he was changed in front of everyone at lunch. We were made to watch."

Niall looked to Liam. "The less less you cry and keep your emotions in check...The better. It'll be easier eventually...And you'll out of the nappy."

"That's horrible." Liam hugged his knees. "I really will try though. I will. I'll figure out a way to be strong or something. Show them I'm not a baby."
"Good job. That's exactly what you need to do." Zayn encouraged. "Just be strong, do your best and don't give up hope."

"Really?" Louis nearly laughed again. "Don't give up hope? Look around Zayn! There's no hope to be had here. We're trapped like little rats and now it's just about survival. Doing whatever it takes to survive this hell."

"Fuck off, cockslut." Niall gave an icy look. "There's always hope at some type of hope...If you don't have hope, you have nothing. This is hell but we have to hope that what we do makes easier on ourselves and others. I would never wish this place on anyone."

"Just practice and keep trying." Zayn told Liam. "Just stop crying. Will yourself to stop. Think of happy things like puppies, unicorns...rainbows...Uh, what are things that make you happy? Just to think of those and that one day this will be over."

"I don't know. I'm not sure." Liam sighed as he wiped off his face. "Water. I like water. It makes me happy because it feels good against my skin."

"What kind of sappy shit is that?" Louis asked from his bed. Water? That's what makes you happy? Water?"

"Yes, it's soothing and relaxing. I like it." Liam replied trying to seem unfazed.

"Think about water then. Think about swimming or being in the shower." Zayn offered. "Most importantly don't listen to this idiot. I mean, he's been fucked so many time today that his arse is actually bleeding. Why would you take someone who is in that much trouble seriously?"

"He's been here longer than I have?" Liam said.

"No. He just got here a couple days ago and look at how much trouble he's already in. Don't listen to the fuckboy." Zayn said. "Niall and I are the ones looking out for you, and I can tell you from experience that the best thing to do is cooperate. I convinced Niall to cooperate and he was finally allowed to stop being a dog...Minus the collar." He paused. "I'm just say acting tough, even if you're faking it...Just look it...and you'll be treated a little better."

"Tough but obedient?" Liam asked looking between Zayn and Liam.

"Yes, exactly. You'll get the hang of it." Niall smiled.

"We'll be here for you to vent to. Like friends," Zayn added.

"Holy fuck I'm gonna barf." Louis groaned.

"Thanks." Liam sniffed. He then looked to Louis. "Then you should probably barf in the toilet. Wouldn't the Keepers be upset if you puked on the floor?" He asked. "I'm sure the nurse would understand the exception."

Niall and Zayn both snickered. It was refreshing in a way to have such complete innocent around them in this place of evilness.

"Let's see how sassy you are once you're in the nappy drinking from a bottle." Louis spit back. "Besides, I'm not allowed out of bed for the next twenty four hours."

"Just ignore him. He'll just twist everything you say." Niall told Liam. "He's just a hateful whore."
Liam looked to Zayn. "Did it really feel good when Niall was touching you like that? It seems awkward to be touched in that way." He was curious. "Or was it all for show with Mr. Watson watching?"

For Zayn it felt like everything froze for a moment. How was he supposed to reply to this? "I, yeah, I mean of course it actually felt good. I mean, like when a Keeper touches you it usually feels good physically but like mentally it's horrible. Does that make any sense?" Zayn wanted to look at Niall now but felt too embarrassed.

"A Keeper hasn't touched me yet." Liam frowned. "So physically it feels good but in your head you hate it? Don't get how that's possible..."

"You'll understand once you've been touched." Niall said and glanced at Zayn briefly. "Your body reacts to good feeling, but it's an unwanted touch so mentally, you're dying."

"Yeah." Zayn agreed.

"So your body liked what Niall did to you but you didn't like that he had to?" Liam asked.

"Uhm. Basically...Yes. I would rather it be me than Mr. Taylor or another Keeper." Zayn said feeling awkward.

"Because we look out for each other?" Liam asked.

"Exactly." Niall nodded as the door slammed open and the lads expect for Louis who lay on his bunk stood up with their hands behind their backs.

"Shower time, Slags." Mr. Watson walked in.

"Sir, I'm sorry I can't go and help you look after Liam." Louis said softly from his bed.

"Stop trying to suck up to me you little slut." Mr. Watson warned. "I've already got plans for you tomorrow."

At that point Louis shut up but Zayn and Niall smirked a bit. They knew he deserved whatever he was getting this time.

"You, my baby boy, I think you'd better hold my hand while we walk to showers. I wouldn't want you wandering off and getting lost." Mr. Watson told Liam.

Y-Yes, sir." Liam nodded and took the Keeper's hand.

"Let's go, Slags." Mr. Watson said. "You slut, might get a sponge bath if you're lucky." He said closing the door behind him once the lads walked out.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it. Made this Chapter just a little longer.

Hope you all can forgive me!!! xoxox
Chapter 10

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

HAPPY THURSDAY!!!

Busy life thing ended today, sooo...In celebration, HERE IS YOUR NEW CHAPTER!

Please review. We LOVE hearing from you! It makes us happy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When they reached the showers, Mr. Watson smirked. "Babies can't clean themselves..." He
looked at Niall and Zayn. "So you two will wash him."

"Yes, sir." The two lads said.

"And when you're done, Chav, you will wash Ace. He's washed you so many times now. He
deserves the same attention." Mr. Watson instructed.

"Yes, sir." Niall held back a sigh as Zayn frowned.

"First, I have to explain to the baby how things work, then he'll join you so you can wash him." Mr.
Watson explained.

They all just nodded and kept quiet as they were led to the showers. Zayn and Liam went right
away and stripped before getting their shower cradles and waiting for Liam under the hot water.

"Shut up and listen." Mr. Watson growled. "You have a locker." He locked it once he relocked
Zayn and Niall's lockers.

You shower with your room. Your clothes will be kept and when you're done, you give us back
your cradle. We inspect you before you leave to make sure you understand everything."

Liam nodded. Afraid to speak.

"Babies can't undress themselves so I'll do that for you...Then you will walk with your cradle and
get washed." Mr. Watson explained as he began to undress Liam.

Liam stood there. Silent. Afraid to speak and trying to hold back tears.

Mr. Watson roughly undressed him then gave him his shower cradle. "Alright baby boy, get
moving."

Liam quickly went to wear Niall and Zayn were waiting. He was thankful when he found the water
was warm. It brought him a small bit of comfort.

"Don't forget to wash the baby." Mr. Watson told Niall and Zayn as he walked passed them.
Liam looked between the two lads. No one had ever touched his body before. He felt nervous. "You'll be gentle when washing right?" He whispered.

"Of course. We're not heartless." Niall said softly.

"We'll go as quick as we can." Zayn told him.

Liam just kept his eyes closed as they washed him. It made him feel awkward to be touched like this. On one hand he wanted this over as soon as possible. On the hand he was afraid of what would happen after this so he hoped they didn't finish.

"Remember, no crying okay? Hold it all in until bed time. Your pillow won't tell anyone." Zayn offered as they got close to be done.

Liam nodded. "I'm trying really hard." His voice broke. "But isn't it already too late?" He frowned.

"It won't last as long if you can prove to them that you're not a crybaby and you can act your age." Niall told him. "Just think of water when you get upset." He offered.

"What do you two think of when the bad stuff happens to you?" Liam asked.

"I think about how no matter what they can't keep me here forever. When I turn eighteen I'm free. It keeps me going." Zayn replied.

"I imagine myself killing the Keepers." Niall was very casual with his reply. "Makes me very happy."

Liam's eyes went wide. "Have you ever killed anyone before?"

Zayn couldn't help but chuckle some. "Mmm, I wouldn't have put it past him."

"I haven't killed anyone...yet." Niall said. "I've hurt people but nah, no murder charges."

"There. You're all done, except for your hair." Zayn stood. He had been working on Liam's back and legs.

"Buttercup, you owe me. Tonight, you can pay before you get your treat." Mr. Taylor told Zayn as he walked by.

"Oh, and you, little one, I haven't forgotten our deal." He added and looked at Liam.

"What about me, sir?" Niall asked.

"What about you? You want your treat as well?" Mr. Taylor asked.

"Please? I'll make you feel really good." Niall attempted to persuade the Keeper.

"Mmm, double the pleasure for me." Mr. Taylor smiled as he walked away.

"What does he mean by treats?" Liam asked.

"Hookups. I get pain meds. Zayn gets his fags and weed." Niall said. "It's usually just a blowjob or eating him out...Make him feel good and you get a treat. It makes this place a little more bearable." He added.

"I think hair is a one person job." Liam said softly. "So who's doing it?"
"I can. I'm used to having to wash another person's hair now. When Niall was being treated like a
dog, I had to wash him in the shower." Zayn offered.

"He's good at not getting soap in the eyes, so you don't have to worry about that." Niall tried to help
Liam feel a tiny bit better and less awkward about the situation.

Liam noticed a couple tears fall, but with the water running over his body and his face already wet
from it, there was no telling the difference if he didn't make a sound. "Okay." He whispered. "Be
gentle."

"Of course. I'll won't hurt your head, promise." Zayn said.

Liam stood perfectly still as Zayn carefully washed his hair. When it was finished he left the
showers and began drying off.

Zayn and Niall stayed behind so Niall could wash Zayn like he'd been told to. It was their first
chance at being somewhat alone since Niall had given him the blow job.

"Thanks for not being a dick about this." Zayn said softly.

"Eh, you weren't a dick to me when you had to constantly take care of me. No reason to be a dick
when I have to return the favour." Niall said as he washed over Zayn's chest. "I feel bad for Liam. I
mean, the kid's gonna have it rough if he doesn't stop crying every five minutes."

"He's just sensitive and surprisingly innocent. We have to toughen him up or he's going to get us all
in shit." Zayn sighed and tried not to think about how Niall was now washing his package.

"He'll get here." Niall said. "If Louis can stop being such a fucking dick. The key to surviving is
having each other's back. He honestly gets whatever happens to him. I bet when he's allowed to
move again, he'll be made to do some really nasty shit."

"Probably." Zayn agreed.

"So can I ask you a question?" Niall looked up at Zayn. "Kinda personal so you don't have to
answer if you don't want."

questions...To the right person at least."

"How exactly did you feel about the blow job? You've had trouble making eye contact ever since." Niall
was nervous that Zayn was angry with him.

Zayn looked away. "I'm not cross or anything if that's what you're thinking. It was a pretty damn
good blowjob." He paused. "It's probably the best I ever had." And a part of him felt like he
enjoyed it more than he probably should have, but he wasn't sure if he was ready to admit that
quite yet.

"And..." Niall looked at him. "You kind of redirected Liam's question earlier. You made it generic
and said how when the Keepers do things it makes you physically feel good but emotionally feel
gross. How did I make you feel?"

Zayn bit his lip as he took a breath. "Good. Really good." He said quietly. "Both physically, and
emotionally..." He closed his eyes. He wasn't sure how Niall would feel about that.

"I'm glad." Niall smiled a little though Zayn couldn't see. "I uh, I felt the same that day when you
asked for my help. I know I didn't act like it."

Zayn opened his eyes, relaxing a little and smiling back at Niall. "Really? That's good. I'm glad you enjoyed it. Yeah, I know you just like to act tough." He smirked a little.

"Don't tell anyone it's an act okay?" Niall requested. Niall then winked at him. "Our secret."

Zayn smiled. "Course. Can't have anyone thinking you're anything less...I get it." He nodded. "Promise not to tell."

"Less talking, more washing." Mr. Scott told them as he walked past them.

"Yes sir." They both replied quickly.

Niall hurried and finished washing Zayn. Zayn then left the showers to brush his teeth leaving Niall to finally wash himself.

Liam stood naked as Mr. Watson approached him.

"You act like a baby, you'll be treated like one. Simple as that." Mr. Watson told him.

Liam nodded but his eyes went large when he saw what was in Mr. Watson's hand. A nappy.

"Only big boys get the pull ups. You're still so little you can't do anything for yourself." Mr. Watson told him with a smirk. "Lay down so I can put this on you, baby boy."

Liam tried to fight his tears but everyone was watching now. He lay down on the floor and didn't fight back as Mr. Watson put the nappy on him. "You will use the nappies from now on instead of the toilet. Toilet's are for big boys, which you are not."

Liam just nodded again, fearing if he spoke at all he'd break down sobbing. At least right now there were only a few tears.

"You'll get your dummy when it's time for bed. I'll make sure you get your bottle at meal times. You'll also be carried everywhere since babies can't walk when they're so little. Oh, and you only get wear your grey t-shirt. It's easier to change you if you aren't in your sweats." Mr. Watson told Liam with an amused smile on his face. "There'll be some other surprise. We'll see."

Liam was then picked up. "Another thing, babies can't talk." Mr. Watson smiled. "Now, I have to go check on your dreadful roommates, you can stay here." Liam was then placed in a playpen that was large enough for an adult. "Can't leave the baby alone, don't want you getting into any trouble." He chuckled and left.

Liam looked around and noticed a few students pointing at him and laughing. He bit his lip hard to try and force himself not to cry. He then tasted something metal like and noticed that he had made his lip bleed.

He lost it. He couldn't be strong anymore. He broke down and started to cry and it made him feel like a small child which only made him cry harder.

"Aw, what's a matter there tiny tyke?" Mr. Scott pretended to care as he came up to Liam.

Liam of course said nothing; mostly because he was crying but also because he'd been told not to.

"Did your Keeper leave you alone? Bet it made you scared hmm?" He kept taunting in a tone an adult would normally use with a baby. "Don't you worry tiny tyke. I'll stay with you until your
Keeper comes back."

Liam then felt the Keeper running his hand through Liam's hair.

Liam tried really hard to stop but now that he started, he couldn't find the strength to stop the tears.

He flinched a bit when the Keeper ran his fingers through his hair. He sniffed as he tried harder to stop the tears but everything felt so hopeless.

He wasn't sure what he wanted, he didn't know what would happen when Mr. Watson came back, but he didn't like this Keeper touching him either. He then spotted Mr. Taylor out of the corner of his eye, he seemed to be watching Niall and Zayn. Mr. Taylor had always shown some type of kindness towards him, but he couldn't exactly get his attention without being allowed to talk.

Liam sighed and leaned against the playpen, just wanting everything to be over with already.

After a moment Mr. Taylor began looking around. The students pointing and laughing at Liam helped him take notice.

"Hello little lad." He said strolling over. "I've got it Scott. Thanks." He smiled to the other Keeper who then walked away.

Liam looked up at him with a tear covered face and puffy eyes but didn't say anything.

"What's wrong little lad? Tell me." Mr. Taylor asked softly and curiously.

Liam looked around and seeing that no other Keepers were around. "Not allowed to talk but please, please, get me out of this thing." He spoke really quickly and prayed he wouldn't get in trouble.

Mr. Taylor chuckled a little. He couldn't help himself. "I take it you're willing to return the favor?"

Liam nodded as a few more tears fell. He'd do his best to do whatever this Keeper wanted if it meant getting out of this playpen and away from all the laughing.

"Alright, then. I'll take you back to your room where you can return the favour." Mr. Taylor. "I'll have to tell Watson first, I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere." He laughed.

It didn't take Mr. Taylor long to return. He picked Liam up and carried him out of the room. "We'll start with something small for tonight. You blow me. Think you can handle that, little one?"

Liam nodded. He wasn't sure if he was going to be allowed to talk or not.

"Good boy." Mr. Taylor said as he got to the room and unlocked the door.

Louis looked up when the door opened. "Oh my god." He laughed when he saw Liam.

"Shut up, slag." Mr. Taylor growled. "I expect you to lay there and watch, but watch in silence unless you want a beating. Just cause we can't fuck ya doesn't mean we still can't beat the living shit out of you." He warned.

Louis quickly nodded and went quiet.

Liam wanted to tell Mr. Taylor 'thank you' for shutting up Louis but he didn't. He didn't want to get into trouble.

"Alright then, let's get this nappy off you for now. I want to be able to see if you get turned on
while sucking on my cock." He grinned and laid Liam back on a lower bed.

Once Liam was nude he was instructed to remove Mr. Taylor's trousers and boxers. His hands shook nervously as he obeyed. Once they were off he looked back to Mr. Taylor silently as if to ask 'now what'.

"Now, little lad, you suck me. I assume you've seen how blowjobs work by now right?" Mr. Taylor asked as he lay back on the bed in bunk.

Liam nodded.

"Right, so get sucking. Now. I don't want to have to punish you, little one." Mr. Taylor said.

Liam took a breath as he moved so he was on top of Mr. Taylor a little. He remembered what Louis said about getting soft cocks hard. He might have been trying to scare him but he it was good advice or at least it seemed like it to Liam.

He started to pump Mr. Taylor's soft cock in his hands. He looked up at Mr. Taylor and hoped he was doing it right.

"Keep going little lad. You'll know if you're doing it wrong." Mr. Taylor encouraged.

Slowly Liam was able to feel Mr. Taylor getting stiff. It gave him a bit of encouragement. If he had to do this at least he was doing it right.

"Good boy. Very good boy. Keep going now. Lick it a bit." Mr. Taylor could tell Liam was honestly trying so he didn't mind giving him a few cues on what to do.

Liam followed every word of what Mr. Taylor was telling him to do. He sucked for a bit then licked a little bit and repeated his actions. He felt the cock get stiffer in his mouth and he looked up at Mr. Taylor for approval.

"Yes little lad. Don't stop." His voice was breathy now and heavier. "Good baby."

Liam felt disgusting, having a grown mans cock in his mouth. He kept going though. He had no choice and he knew it.

Soon his persistence began to pay off as Mr. Taylor was completely hard and starting to moan a little.

Liam almost wanted to puke but he pushed it down and kept going. He kept sucking and licking around the cock. He remembered seeing what Niall had done and decided to suck on the head and then lick the slit as he rubbed the exposed part with a free hand.

He then saw Mr. Taylor staring at his cock, Liam was supposed to get hard, he knew this. He was having trouble though. He didn't know how he was supposed to make himself turned on when he felt the opposite.

"Better see something happening with that dick soon little one." Mr. Taylor warned. He moaned after he said it and then let out a deep sigh. "Spin yourself around lad. Put your legs on either side of my face so I can help you."

Liam obeyed and spun around so his legs were on either side of Mr. Taylor's face. He gasped when he felt Mr. Taylor's fingers pumping his soft cock, followed by licking and finally his mouth sucking on it a little.
"I didn't tell you to stop sucking my cock." Mr. Taylor growled and slapped Liam's arse.

Liam let a whimper and quickly went back to working on Mr. Taylor's cock while Mr. Taylor worked on getting him hard.

Liam tried to focus more on the task of making Mr. Taylor cum but soon he began to understand how something like this could physically feel good while it felt mentally horrible.

Liam whimpered a little due to the sensations he was feeling. It really did feel good surprisingly.

For Mr. Taylor the whimpers vibrated his cock making everything feel even better. It was starting to get him close to his peak.

Liam kept sucking and licking Mr. Taylor's cock hoping he'd make him cum soon. He then remembered that Niall had played with Zayn's balls and that had seemed to make him cum quicker. Liam moved a shaking hand lower down Mr. Taylor's body and began to play with the balls a little by rubbing them a little with his hand.

"Fuck. That's good. Very good." Mr. Taylor moaned then kept sucking on Liam was growing fully hard rapidly.

Liam felt his hips involuntarily pulsing a bit. He would have made them stop but he too focus on getting Mr. Taylor to cum so he could be done with this.

"Ah, yes little lad. Suck harder. So damn close now!" Mr. Taylor growled a bit as his hips too pulsed up into Liam's mouth. "So sexy. Innocent lad getting so hard for me. Fuck, gonna cum soon."

Liam kept sucking and sucked harder. He also continued to rub over Mr. Taylor's balls, that seemed to have made him happy. He could taste the precum oozing out of the tip. It tasted gross. But he licked it up and licked over the slit. He hoped it would feel good for Mr. Taylor.

Mr. Taylor moaned louder as he finally came into Liam's mouth. "Mmm, swallow it, little lad. So innocent..." He rubbed his hands over Liam's arse. "I can't wait to get into that hole." He poked at it with his finger. "But another night." He said then went back to sucking Liam's little cock.

Soon Liam found himself to be a whimpering mess. He absolutely hated that this felt so good. He didn't want it to feel good. It did though.

"Tell me what you want little lad. Let me hear it. I know what you want." Mr. Taylor taunted as Liam began to moan softly and innocently.

Liam tried to resist. He didn't want to say it and have the Keeper and Louis hear him.

When he received a harsh slap on the arse he whimpered and reluctantly moaned out, "More please."

"Good little lad." Mr. Taylor smiled. "Now, spin around again and sit on my face so I can suck your little bitty cock proper now that I've cum."

Liam tried his best to resist a frown and did as he was told. He moved up to Mr. Taylor's face placing his knees on either side of the bloke's face giving Mr. Taylor access to suck his cock.

"So tiny, I mean there's not too much to suck, which is half the fun." Mr. Taylor chuckled and placed his mouth back on Liam's cock as he began to suck on it hard, moving his hands to Liam's
hips to steady to the baby.

Liam's whimpers began to turn into moans the more he was sucked on. Yes, he wanted this to be over with but he couldn't fight the pleasure.

"Such a good baby. Relax and let it flow. Don't be scared little one." Mr. Taylor encouraged.

Liam wondered if he relaxed, if all of this would be done and over with sooner, so he closed his eyes and forced himself to relax as more pleasure washed over him and his moans became louder.

Mr. Taylor kept sucking at Liam and encouraging him gently to cum.

Finally the moment came and Liam's orgasm hit him hard. His entire body convulsed as he cried out very loudly. It was a bit scary since he had never orgasmed before but mostly it was the most pleasurable feeling he'd ever felt in his entire life.

He let out a tired sigh as he heard the door open and Mr. Watson walked in with Zayn and Niall.

"Just in time. Little fairy, why don't you come clean the little lad up?" Mr. Taylor suggested.

Niall nodded and quickly went over to Liam where he licked him clean. "And what can I do for you, sir?" He asked.

He desperately wanted his pain meds.

"Seeing as Mr. Taylor is having his fun with you Slags. I will be back later but first." Mr. Watson paused and handed Mr. Taylor a dummy. "He has this for bedtime." He smiled.

Mr. Taylor returned the smile and took the dummy. "Understood." He said and watched Watson leave.

"Mm, good baby. You taste so good." Mr. Taylor praised a little, ignoring Niall.

"Little lad, Time for you to rest for the night." He rubbed over Liam's arse. "Tomorrow we will have our fun. Now get off me and I will put your nappy back on."

Louis snickered upon hearing that. The crybaby was finally a baby.

"What did I say?" Mr. Taylor growled.

"To watch in silence but you're done now." Louis shrugged a little.

"Slut." Mr. Taylor spit in his face and pulled Louis' joggers back a little to give his arse a hand smack.

"Don't be a smartarse." Mr. Taylor spoke with anger. "Mr. Watson will hear about this." He spit on him again.

He then went back and got Liam in his nappy and put the dummy in his mouth. "There. Time for the little lad to sleep." He said in a soothing tone as you would with an actual baby.

He looked at Niall and Zayn. "Hm. What should I do with the two of you? You obviously want a treat but how can you please me first?"

"I'll do anything you want sir." Zayn quickly told him. "Blow job, rim you, behave so you can fuck me, anything."
"Yes, sir, I will too. Please. I promise to do whatever it is you want without question." Niall agreed.

"There is a student who is in desperate need of some serious punishment. You both will punish him. I will tell you how. After that, you may get your treat." Mr. Taylor explained as he got dressed.

"Yes, Mr. Taylor." The lads replied.

Once the Keeper got dressed, he looked at the lads. "Follow me." He said heading for the door but stopped for a moment and spit in Louis' face once more. "Slag." He growled and left with Niall and Zayn following him.

The two were taken to a part of the school neither of them had seen before. "This is the punishment room... Where you go when you deserve more than a beating." He said as they entered a room.

"Wow." Zayn said as he looked around the room. There was just about every type of sex toy you could think of and every tool in the room. Most were hanging on the wall. There were floggers, whips, clamps, cages, ropes, even hoods.

"Shit and I thought the beating I got the day I arrived was bad..." Niall whispered to Zayn who just nodded.

A moment later the door opened and another Keeper entered with a nude student. He was quickly strapped to a large wooden X before the other Keeper left.

"So, you think it's okay to bite Keepers now do you?" Mr. Taylor asked.

The student said nothing he just looked scared.

"Yes well, first thing's first. Let's gets you hard so we can put a cock ring on you." Mr. Taylor smiled evilly.

Mr. Taylor then looked to Zayn and Niall. "Both of you, get him hard. Now!" He ordered.

They both nodded and walked over to the boy. Niall worked on pumping his cock and licking it, as well as rolling the lads balls in his hand while Zayn sucked and nibbled on his nipples.

Out of the corner of his eye Zayn saw Mr. Taylor light some candles.

He wondered why but quickly pushed it out of his mind as he stopped sucking and pinched the lads nipples.

It didn't take long at all for the student to get hard.

"Mr. Taylor, he's leaking precum sir." Niall told him.

"Good, very good lads. Move." Mr. Taylor instructed as he came over. The two lads moved out of his way and he slipped a metal cockring on the tied up student. "There now, hard and needing to cum but unable to. Perfect setup for your punishment."

What would you like us to do now, sir?" Zayn asked.

"Now..." Mr. Taylor got the flogger. "You will take turns hitting his cock and balls with this. You know all the sensitive areas." He handed it to Niall. "For now at least while I prepare the next phase." He instructed as he opened the mini fridge in the room.
The fridge contained all types of toys, including rings, dildos, beads, and plugs. It also had an ice cube on the top shelf which was the built-in freezer.

While he was doing this, Niall began hitting the lad where he was instructed to. Zayn flinched the first couple times, he could only imagine how that would feel.

"I get it but try to stop flinching or we might end up here." Niall whispered handing Zayn the flogger.

Zayn nodded. "I won't do it again." Taking the flogger then hitting the boy with it in the balls.

The boy yelled each time he was struck. Niall and Zayn both felt bad but they had no choice.

"You put yourself here boy!" Mr. Taylor shouted at the crying student. "Save your tears. We aren't even close to done."

"Mmm, fairy, come over." Mr. Taylor told Niall.

Niall handed the flogger back to Zayn who hit the boy in the nipples this time.

"Yes, sir?" Niall asked.

He handed Niall a tray of ice cubes. "Take this and rub the ice cube over his body, in all the sensitive areas. The louder he screams because you two, the better your treat will be."

"Yes, sir." Niall felt like he was going to be sick, but it'd have to be worth it if he wanted his treat.

Niall walked over to the lad as Mr. Taylor called for Zayn. "Oh and leave the flogger on the floor for now please." He instructed and smiled hearing the boy scream from the ice cube being placed on his hole.

"This candle has enough melted wax I believe. I want you to pour it everywhere on his body. There may not be enough but that's why we have many candles lit. So you can continue to pour the wax on him." Mr. Taylor explained.

"Yes, sir." Zayn said feeling numb.

"Make sure his cock gets completely coated in wax." Mr. Taylor added as he moved to sit back and watch the two.

"Yes, sir." Zayn repeated. He walked back over to the lad and started with his dick, slowly coating it in the hot wax. He felt so bad hearing the lad scream out in pain, but neither of them had a choice.

Niall used the ice cubes over the lad's body, mostly leaving them on the most sensitive parts.

Soon the tied up lad was in tears begging Mr. Taylor to let it be over. The cries fell on deaf ears however. He made Zayn and Niall keep going until the poor lad had wax covering his dick, thighs and chest.

"Alright then, good work lads." Mr. Taylor had them back off for a moment. "Slag, tell me why you're being punished."

"I bit Mr. Davis when he was making me give him a blow job." The lad cried out through sobs and coughs.
"Have you learned your lesson?" Mr. Taylor asked him.

"Yes! Yes, I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! I won't do it again! I swear!" Zayn and Niall watched him beg.

"We'll see." Mr. Taylor smirked. He then went to door and opened it; peeking into the hall. A moment later he came back in the room followed by a Keeper.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry I bit you! I am! Please! I swear I'm sorry!" The student suddenly cried out.

"He's all yours Mr. Davis." Mr. Taylor smiled. "You two, let's go!"

Zayn and Niall quickly followed Mr. Taylor out of the room then followed him outside to the courtyard.

"On your knees, slag." He ordered Niall who quickly obeyed.

"Good boy." He praised. "Open your mouth, stick out your tongue."

Niall again obeyed.

Mr. Taylor then placed a single small white pill on Niall's tongue and handed him a bottle of water. "Swallow with water." He ordered then switched his focus to Zayn who was patiently waiting for his treat.

He handed Zayn a joint and the lighter. "Let's see how well you can be trusted with fire."

Zayn quickly lit up his joint then handed the lighter back to Mr. Taylor.

"Good lad." He praised.

"Sir?" Niall asked cautiously.

"Yes?"

"You said we'd get extra treats tonight if we hit that lad the way you wanted." Niall nervously spoke.

"Your pill is a higher dosage...and Buttercup's joint has much more in it than usual. That is your extra treat. Now go sit with him, can't have him getting himself into trouble once it starts kicking in." Mr. Taylor ordered.

"Yes, sir." Niall nodded and went to sit with Zayn on the stone bench.

"That was really hard but worth it." Zayn whispered as he began to smoke. "I hope I never have to get punished like that. Mate really fucked up."

"Yeah, same." Niall agreed quietly. "I thought the dog thing was bad...Damn. I'd take that over everything else any day. Although, I kinda hope Louis gets it...It'd be more fun if we were the ones doing it to him." He smiled a little.

"Louis does need an adjustment. He's being horrible." Zayn shook his head and took another hit. It felt so good and it helped the pain of this place lessen. "Hearing how bad punishments can get might help Liam feel better though."

Niall nodded. "Yeah, I feel bad for him. I think he'll slowly toughen up though now that Mr. Taylor has started to do things to him. But I have a feeling though that when he does fuck up, it'll
be in the worst way possible. Poor kid." He sighed taking a sip of water.

"Yeah, he's rather innocent innit he?" Zayn asked as he let smoke roll out of his mouth. He smiled a bit due to the weed, "It's kicking in. Feel fucking good."

"Yeah, surprising...Who thought an innocent kid would end up here?" Niall shook his head. "Lucky fuck. My meds haven't kicked in yet." He sighed.

"They will." Zayn smiled and turned to look at Niall. "The moon makes your eyes shiny and pretty. Just thought you should know."

Niall laughed. "Damn...Well, thank you very much." He smiled as he began to relax. "Mmm, I think they're starting to kick in a little, I'm feeling more relaxed."

"Good, you deserve it." Zayn smiled and tried not to laugh from the drugs. "Mr. Taylor trusted me to hold the lighter. I guess they really do give more privileges when you behave."

"Yeah, I wonder if there's such thing as perfect behaviour... Everyone fucks up at one point." Niall shrugged. "Wait, I deserve it? What makes you say that?"

"You can be a wanker but you can also be sweet. You helped me when you didn't have to. Meant a lot to me babe." Zayn smiled, obviously buzzing.

Niall smiled. He didn't know why he liked the sound of Zayn calling him babe, it just had a nice ring to it. "Mm, true...But you helped me, you weren't a dick about it and were also sweet when you didn't have to be. So you're welcome." He paused and looked at Zayn for a moment. Almost seeing him differently, he couldn't figure out how differently or anything specific. Just different. "You're buzzed out of your mind. Would you really think that when sober?" He asked.

"Probably. You're cute so like... yeah. I'd still think it." He smiled and took his last drag. "Help me walk back so I don't get in trouble." He quickly added.

"You think I'm cute?" Niall asked feeling surprised. He'd been called cute before but nothing how Zayn seemed to mean it. "Yeah, of course." He with a small smile and he stood up. "Well, I think you kinda look like a Prince." He said softly. "Tall, dark, handsome..."

Zayn laughed, "I'm so far from that. So very far. Like how far the stars are." Zayn began to ramble then saw Mr. Taylor. "Mr. Taylor, you are my favorite Keeper. Like my really favorite. You can be like harsh but you can be so nice. I like you best."

Mr. Taylor raised an eyebrow. "Maybe I upped the dose too much. I didn't intend for him to become an rambling twat." He sighed. "Anyways, let's go...And keep him quiet tonight by any means necessary until this buzz wears off." He said and walked to the door.

"No, please sir," Zayn whimpered quietly. "It's not too much. Please. I'll be a good slag. Like really sir. You can fuck me or whatever. This was perfect. I missed being deeply high. I'm sorry."

"Shh, stop talking now." Niall whispered.

"No." Zayn pouted as he tried to stand almost falling over if not for Niall catching him.

"Please, Mr. Taylor...I'll do whatever you want, punish or please whomever you want. If you want, there can be one giant orgy when LiLi is no longer virgin...I won't protest."

Mr. Taylor sighed. He was getting annoyed so much for a relaxing night. "Shut him up, kiss or
make out with him if you have to just keep the prat silent. Let's go. Now." He held the door open.

Niall's eyes went a bit large but he helped Zayn follow along.

"Niall, why? He didn't give me too much. Why does he think..." Zayn was silenced when Niall's lips were suddenly on his.

Zayn felt surprised the kiss. He didn't fight it. He kissed back and he felt himself enjoying it. Was he supposed to? He didn't know but even with his buzzed out mind he knew he didn't want to to end, so he kept it going in hopes that Niall would let it go on. If this is what he got for rambling, maybe he should do it more often.

Mr. Taylor at some point stopped walking and watched them. He found it interesting because both lads seemed very into it. "Well now, I guess I know what you two will being doing once back in your room."

Zayn wanted to make a comment back but he didn't want to stop kissing Niall nor did he want to get in trouble. He was a good boy. But all too soon he felt his lungs burn from lack of oxygen so he finally pulled away. He looked at Mr. Taylor. He didn't say anything. He was too busy thinking of the kiss and how he could still feel Niall's lips pressed against his and how good it felt.

"You two just remember students aren't supposed to touch one another unless told to by a Keeper. So whatever you do after I drop you off in your room is on you; not me." Mr. Taylor warned. He then urged them to keep walking until they got to their door. "Keep him quiet so your roommates can sleep."

Niall nodded. He couldn't help but think what the fuck just happened? He wasn't against though. He definitely enjoyed kissing Zayn more than he thought would.

"Yes, sir." He nodded and helped Zayn walk inside the room after Mr. Taylor unlocked it and opened the door for them.

"Good night, slags." Mr. Taylor said. "And remember what I said. Enjoy yourselves." He chuckled a little as he left the room, locking the door behind him.

Once inside, Zayn turned to Niall. He opened and closed it a few times, not sure what to say suddenly. "Fuck it." He said and turned around to face his roommates who were asleep. "We had to punish this lad in the weirdest and most horrible way possible..." He said as he started to speak louder with each word. He wasn't sure what Niall was feeling but he knew he wanted to be kissed by him again. He wanted those lips pressed against his own again. He had never felt anything like it before.

"What are you doing?" Niall asked in a hushed tone pulling Zayn to look at him and away from the others. "Shit, you're being loud on purpose aren't you?"

"Maybee," Zayn smirked a little. "Gives you an excuse to kiss me again. I will admit...It was a very nice kiss and I enjoyed it and I want more. I don't want you in trouble though." He half pouted. "I really, really...Liked it." He bit his lip.

Niall felt his face heat up with a blush. He'd never actually felt feelings like this for another person. Everything had always been platonic. He wasn't going to question it right now though. He leaned forward and gently began to snog Zayn.

Zayn leaned into the kiss, enjoying it more this time. Being bounced around from home to home all his life, he never had the chance to build any real relationships with anyone. Much less have
anything romantic with anyone. But in this moment kissing Niall, and discovering these feelings suddenly made everything worth it. He slowly and very gently wrapped his arms around the younger lad, gently pulling him closer, suddenly not wanting any distance between them.

The kiss stayed slow and sweet for a while but soon a heat seemed to build and a soft whimper escaped from Niall. His hands went up the back of Zayn's shirt and he rubbed over his smooth flesh; wanting more now.

Zayn moaned into the kiss as he felt Niall's hands on his bare skin. It was different from all the other times. He felt something now. He broke the kiss for a moment as he removed his shirt and carefully moved his hands under Niall's shirt, his fingers rubbing gentle circles over Niall's stomach. He felt the need for more, but he didn't want to push Niall into anything he didn't want.

Niall's mouth hung open and for a moment his eyes closed. It felt wonderful to be touched by someone he wanted to be touched by. "Z-Zayn, don't stop okay?" He breathed out.

Zayn nodded. "Anything you want." He mumbled. He continued to run circles into Niall's stomach then gently rubbed over his hips and up his back a little. "How's that?" He asked. He wanted to check-in, make sure everything was still feeling good. He gently moved Niall's shirt over and pressed a kiss into his shoulder.

"Wonderful." Niall replied and finally took his shirt off. He pressed their chests and stomachs together and smiled. "If I haven't told you before, I think you're beautiful. Right now, I love that someone beautiful is touching me. I don't want it to ever stop."

"You called me a Prince so I think that counts a little." Zayn gave him a small smile.

He looked over Niall's bare upper half as if he was seeing it for the first time and in a way, he was. He was seeing him differently, through different eyes and he'd never seen anything with such beauty. "So are you... Gorgeous." He pressed gentle kisses into Niall's chest. "It won't stop, not unless you want it to. All you have to say is stop and I will. I promise." He gently kissed the lad again.

"Thank you but I don't want you to stop. I want more. Please?" Niall asked in a smaller voice. He didn't want to wake up the others. He wanted this to be their secret for now.

Zayn nodded. "Whatever you want, baby." He whispered as he ran his fingers through Niall's hair, loving how his hair felt between his fingers. "You want more...Wanna tell me what more is? I can keep kissing you everywhere or we can do something else. Whatever your Irish heart desires." He kissed Niall's forehead.

"Would you," Niall tried to figure out how to word his thoughts. "Don't be upset but, I'm... like... hard."

"I'm not upset... I am too." Zayn bit his lip. "How do you want to take care of our problem?" He asked running a hand up and down Niall's back.

"I don't know. I don't care so long as it's you getting me off this time." Niall stuck to whispering. "Anything you want to do to me; I'm willing."

Chapter End Notes
Sooo...Thoughts? Feelings?

Oh and Harry comes next chapter! :D
Chapter 11

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Harry has arrived and as always, visuals are on the blog!

EDIT: I realized there was some doubling of stuff in this chapter! Oops. I fixed it. :)

Zayn kissed him gently and slowly ran a hand over Niall's chest, down to his stomach. "Can I fuck you?" He whispered. "I'll be gentle, of course. I wouldn't do anything to hurt you." He stroked Niall's cheek with his fingers. He hoped it'd be okay. Yes, they had sex all the time in this place. It was never a choice though.

Niall nodded, "I'd like that. I'd ask if we could slowly build up to it but we have to hurry incase we get caught." Niall hugged Zayn and kissed his lips. "I want to feel like I'm yours."

Zayn held him tightly for a moment then took his hand. He lead him to the bunks that were furthest away from the others. He stopped him in front of it and pulled his joggers down. "Fuck, your so beautiful." He mumbled taking him in now that he was fully nude.

"Uhm, lay down and I'll do my best to be quick but make sure you know I'm yours." Zayn told him softly.

"You're mine?" Niall asked as he gave Zayn a soft blush. "If your mine, am I yours?" Niall didn't know why his heart was beating so fast; maybe it was the drug. He'd never felt this way before though. He liked it, the feeling of being wanted and wanting someone else."

"Yeah, baby." Zayn nodded as he rubbed Niall's arms. "You are mine and I am yours." He moved closer so he could kiss his lips again. He smiled at Niall as he ran his fingers through his hair. "Keep in mind that anytime you want me to stop, I will. Just say the word and I'll stop whatever it is I'm doing." He wanted to make sure Niall could remember that this was a choice. It wasn't being forced upon them.

"I want this. I want this so much Zayn." He almost whimpered and laid down on his back. "I am yours and you are mine. Let's make it official." Niall smiled and spread his legs open; giving Zayn a beautiful and sexual view.

"Fuck." Zayn whispered. He felt his cock twitching a little. It was such a beautiful sight. He didn't want to stop looking but they had to be quick in case a Mr. Watson or another Keeper came around. He climbed onto the bed and pressed his lips against Niall's then pressed kisses across his body until he got to his hole. He didn't want any of it to hurt, but since they didn't exactly have lube in this place, he'd have to use his spit.

He spit on Niall's hole, he then spread it around the hole and used his leaking precum to make his cock slicker. He looked up at Niall and smiled. He had never had these types of feelings for anyone before. All he wanted to do was show how much he cared but he also wanted Niall to be comfortable and remind him that this was okay.
"I'm going to push in now." He said softly as he lined up his cock and slowly started to push in. "Fuck. You feel amazing." He moaned softly into Niall's ear. He didn't exactly have much to compare it to. He had always been the one getting fucked. He had never been inside anyone before. But everything with Niall felt different in the best possible way.

"This is incredible." Niall gasped and held onto Zayn's waist. "Oh fuck, you feel... wow. Please move." Niall was struggling to find the right words. He was just so overwhelmed by everything.

Zayn nodded as he began to move. He wanted to go slow for a minute and really enjoy the feeling. "Shit. This is..." He had no words for it. He didn't last long going slow as he soon sped up and he gripped Niall's thighs. "Mm, mine." He whispered.

"Yours Zaynie, all yours." Niall whimpered. "Please fuck me. Fuck me harder. Fuck my arse Zaynie." He begged as more pre cum leaked from his cock.

Zayn grinned hearing Niall's whimpers, this time knowing that he caused them and for all all the right reasons. He moved faster as he slammed into Niall harder. "Fuck, I love how you feel." He moaned softly into Niall's ear. "All mine." He snapped his hips harder as he hit deeper into Niall, moaning softly into his ear.

"Oh, Zayn, oh shit, babe," Niall began trying to warn that his orgasm was already close. "I'm gonna, so good, oh fuck."

Zayn held back his moans trying his best not to be loud but it was difficult as he had never felt pleasure like this before. He didn't know it could feel this good. "Mm, cum baby. Cum for me." He adjusted himself a bit so he could lean down and kiss Niall's lips, moaning into his mouth.

The fucking, the kissing, the heat between them, it was enough to take Niall over the edge. He whimpered into Zayn's mouth, trying to keep quiet. Cum began to flow between them. It was the most wonderful orgasm Niall had ever experienced.

Between feeling all of these new emotions, the cum between them, the feeling of Niall's whimpers in his mouth, it was only moments later that Zayn came into Niall with a mix of a whimper and a moan, the sound muffled by his mouth still connected to Niall's. He had never experienced anything so powerful with so much paradise.

"Mmm." Zayn mumbled as he kissed Niall's neck. "So good." He whispered.

"Beyond good." Niall nodded. "Thank you. That's the best sex I've ever had. Knowing I'm yours made it better." He took a few slow deep breaths and then smiled weakly, "I can't believe, of all the places to find someone to want me, I found you here. Wouldn't have given you a nickel for finding a boyfriend in this shit hole."

Zayn smiled as he began to pull out slowly. "I wouldn't have thought it either. Friends? Possibly. Enemies? It's a given. But someone I want to be with? Didn't seem possible." He said and pecked Niall's lips.

He pulled out fully now and began to clean up the cum on Niall's body with his tongue. "I am yours and you are mine. We're going to have to deal with a lot of shit in this place and it'll be difficult. Honestly? I wouldn't want anyone else. You're perfect." He kissed Niall's lips again.

"With you I think I can get through it." Niall smiled. "You're the little bit of light in here. You mean the world to me already."

"I feel the same about you." Zayn smiled and finished cleaning Niall up. He moved to lay beside
him. "Light of my life." He touched his cheek. "We'll get through this hell together." He took Niall's hand and kissed it.

"Promise, if one of leaves before the other we figure out a way to get them out. We wait for them too. Okay?" Niall asked. He was afraid of losing Zayn. Anytime he'd ever been a little happy it was all ripped away from him.

Zayn nodded, understanding his fear. "Try not to worry. I'll wait. You're not going to get rid of me easily now that you have me." He rubbed a hand over Niall's chest. "I really like you... I'm not going anywhere. I know how hard it's going to be, especially when we have to watch..." He trailed off. "But you are mine." He kissed his lips softly. "We can do this."

"I might need reminded in secret." Niall admitted. "I believe in us though." Niall kissed Zayn back and breathed him in for a moment. "I hate to let you go but you'd better get in bed."

"I'll remind you as often as you need...I believe in us too. It's why we're going to work. We won't give up." He kissed Niall's cheek. He sighed and nodded. He gently kissed over Niall's face and the rest of his body then climbed out. He took a moment to clean himself up at the sink then got his clothes back on. He walked back over to Niall, handing him his clothes. "Just in case you get cold." He kissed his head then climbed to the top of the opposite bunk and stared down at Niall. He didn't feel like sleeping. He just wanted to stare at the one he could finally call "mine."

Niall fell asleep smiling for the first time that he could remember. Someone wanted him. He didn't really understand why. He couldn't figure out why someone would want him of all people. He was thankful though.

2AM -

Harry sat in the back of the police car with his hands handcuffed behind his back. He wasn't supposed to arrive here for another couple days but he got himself into more trouble over the past day that the social worker had to get Harry's public defender to wake up a Judge.

They had to get permission to take the lad to the reform school right away as the family he was staying with until the day he was originally supposed to go to the school said that they couldn't wait it out. They wanted him gone right away.

"We're here." He heard the officer say.

"Where the fuck is here?" Harry grumbled trying to see but it was too dark.

"Your new home." The officer replied cold. As he and his partner pulled Harry from the car the young teen tried to slip free of their grasp.

"Ouch! Let go you fucking wankers!" Harry complained and kept struggling.

"Not a chance kid. Just accept your fate." The second officer told him as they quickly got him up to
"Harrison Foster?" A large man asked as he opened the front doors.

"That's Harry to you arsehole!" He spat back.

"That would be him." The police officer said.

The man nodded. "We've got it from here. Thanks."

"Let me go, fuckers." Harry fought.

The officers handed Harry over. "Good luck." He said as he and his partner turned to leave.

"Let's go." The man tightened his grip on Harry's arm and opened the door. "And be quiet." He pushed him inside.

"You're hurting me! Why the fuck would I be quiet?" Harry asked loudly.

"Headmaster won't be here till morning. With him being such a little shit I say we lock him up in purgatory for the night." A second Keeper inside the entry suggested.

"Good plan." The Keeper nodded. He looked at Harry. "I said to be quiet because there are people sleeping, you twat." He growled and gripped the lad's arm tighter as he fought. "I could use an extra set of hands with this one, if you don't mind?" He asked the other Keeper.

"Of course. Mouthy fuck." The Keeper replied and took hold of Harry. Together they took him to purgatory with Harry fighting the entire way.

"For the last time you giant ape, let go of me!" Harry shouted as they entered purgatory.

"Look you little slag, shut your filthy mouth or I'll keep these handcuffs on you all night. Your choice. I can make things easier for you or I can make them so much harder." The Keeper growled in a deep and quiet tone.

"Slag? No. I ain't no whore nor the worst of them...So fuck you. I want to speak to your boss! I'm so reporting you for speaking to me like that." Harry said his voice full of anger.

One Keeper let go of Harry so he could unlock the cell door, this gave Harry a chance to break free of the others grasp and he ran down the long hall.

It didn't take long for the Keepers to catch up to him and drag him to his cell as he yelled and kicked the entire way.

"I'm sure there has to be someone who is in charge of you dirty bastards when the Headmaster isn't around." Harry yelled.

"You have a lot of learning to do kid." One Keeper told him as they shoved him into the room.

"I can't wait. Tomorrow after your proper introduction you'll be sorry. I personally will see to it." The second told him as they slammed the metal door closed and opened a little slot so they could safely remove Harry's handcuffs.

By the time morning came Harry had managed to calm down a bit. He was combative by nature but he was far less agitated now thanks to sleeping. He was sitting in the tiny concrete room listening to sounds of other students crying and screaming to be let out of 'the pit'.

the building.
"Harrison Foster?" A man in a dress shirt asked opening the door suddenly.

"It's Harry, you fucker." Harry corrected.

"I'm Headmaster Cowell. You will address me as Headmaster Cowell. Follow me to my office please." Mr. Cowell said.

"If I don't want to?" Harry crossed his arms over his chest.

"Then you stay in purgatory until one of my Keepers decides you've learned to behave and deserve to be let you out." He replied.

"Alright, fine. I'll follow you. Just don't grab me and jerk me around like those idiots last night did." Harry grumbled and followed after him.

"You were being disruptive and combative. My Keepers did what was necessary." The headmaster replied.

"Necessary? Try abusive!" Harry growled as they walked out of Purgatory.

"It was late. You weren't behaving, which isn't surprising given what I've seen in your records." Mr. Cowell said. Harry's caseworker had recently faxed Harry's file and all the necessary paperwork over to the school.

"Whatever." Harry rolled his eyes. "They were threatening though and called me a 'Slag'"

"They do like their nicknames." Mr. Cowell had a tight smile play on his lips as they walked into his office.

"So then you don't care?" Harry asked feeling shocked.

"That's not at all what I said. I was told you called them a few choice names yourself though. It was late and I'm sure they just felt the need to be defensive. A few harsh words never hurt anyone however so all of you will be fine." Mr. Cowell smiled professionally. "Now then, let's move on shall me?"

Harry sighed as he walked into the room and plopped himself down on the chair.

"Harrison Foster...Fourteen...In and out of thirteen homes since being placed as an infant." Mr. Cowell read from the file. "And because of your combativeness, it was decided that you'd do better here than at a regular group home for troubled Foster teens."

"I don't like people." Harry commented.

"That's fine, but you will learn respect, young lad." Mr. Cowell said.

"Sure." Harry said sarcastically.

"Stand up and take off your clothes please. Including pants and trainers. I need to check to make sure you're not smuggling anything inside." Mr. Cowell requested.

" Seriously? I'm just supposed to get naked for you so you can get a hard on for me? No. Not when it's just the two of us in here. I want a fucking witness incase you get an itch to touch me." Harry crossed his arms over his chest.

"I can assure you that's far from the case but if that's what you wish, I can arrange that." Mr.
Cowell nodded.

He stood up and opened his door. He saw a couple Keepers in the office area. "Mr. Branson, Mr. Blair. I need require your assistance with a student. He wants a witness present for when I do my examination."

The Keepers nodded and stepped inside the room.

"Harry, this is Mr. Blair and Mr. Branson. They will be our witnesses, however, I do warn you if you become difficult, they will help me." Mr. Cowell said.

"Yeah, sure, I just want someone to be here so you can't get perverted and feel me up once I'm naked." Harry replied and stood; slowly undressing.

"Put away my clothes?" Harry asked wide eyed "See, no, fuck this. I'm out. You sickos just want me to walk about nude."

Mr. Cowell sighed. "I assure you, that is not the case. I wasn't finished...You wear a uniform while attending. You wear no pants due to the simple fact it creates less laundry. Your clothes will be put away, and given back to you when you are released on your eighteenth birthday." He explained.

"Oh..." Harry trailed off trying to hide that he felt a little foolish. He finished taking the rest of his clothes off and stood there awkwardly, "Now what? Can we hurry or something? I'm cold."

"I have to document all scars, bruises and cuts that you have upon entry. So stand there for a moment while I have a look." Mr. Cowell explained as he began to look over Harry's body to document any findings.

Harry had a lot of old scars and a few fresh ones. They were all mostly from getting into fights. It's a wonder he didn't have any on his face.

"No tattoos or piercings. That's rare among our students." Mr. Cowell commented. "Most them have one if not the other."

"I'm not a fan of that stuff...Are we done yet? I'm really cold." Harry complained.

"One more thing, bend over and spread your cheeks apart for me. I have to check that you're not smuggling anything inside the school." Mr. Cowell explained.

"That's really perverted, mate." Harry replied as he did as asked. "Let me guess, you conveniently are required to finger me too?"

"No. I am not...But if you went to jail, you'd be getting the same treatment, so please. Listen or we'll do this the hard way." Mr. Cowell told him.

"Hey, I'm bent over already. I'm not refusing." Harry grumbled. "I could make you all do this the hard way but I'm actually being nice for a change. Didn't know it was bad to behave here."

"I was simply explaining..." Mr. Cowell told the lad as he lowered his head and looked. "Clean. Stand up..." He instructed as he picked up the uniform that sat on a nearby table. "Put this on. Mr. Blair and Mr. Branson will give you the school tour. I'd do it myself but I can't be late for my meeting. I'm also sure that they can answer all questions you have."

"Can you tell them not to grab a hold of my arms so hard? These bruises here are from the blokes last night." Harry told him pointing out the slight bruises on his arms. "I'll walk and behave if they
won't grab me like that."

"If you behave, they won't have a reason to treat you as they did last night so I'm sure you'll be fine." Mr. Cowell assured.

"Gee, thanks." Harry rolled his eyes and began putting on the uniform. "So uh, the officers last night said the family keeping me might press charges for punching their son. Can someone find out if they're going to and like, let me know?"

Mr. Cowell nodded. "I'm supposed to be hearing from your caseworker once she knows. I'll have a Keeper relay the information to you once I find out. Now, I really must be going." He said as he walked towards his door.

"Okay, uh thanks Headmaster uh, Whoever." Harry ruffled his dirty and tangled curls then turned to the Keepers. "Okay, I'm ready."

"Yeah, I'm sure you are." Mr. Blair snorted.

"Move." Mr. Branson pushed Harry out the door.

"Watch it! I'm behaving." Harry complained.

"We'll be the judge of that." Mr. Blair told him.

"There isn't much to see." Mr. Branson said as they walked out of the office and into the hall.

"We'll be the judge of that." Mr. Blair told him.

"There isn't much to see." Mr. Branson said as they walked out of the office and into the hall.

"You'll be checked out by the nurse first, we have to make sure you're in good health."

"It's almost lunch time. So you'll go there after and eat something, then your room Keeper will find you and take you to your room." Mr. Blair explained. "You'll be there for the remainder of the day. First day students are not allowed out of their rooms." He added.

"The nurse?" Harry asked. "Can't remember the last time I saw one of those."

"Carol! Got a newbie." Mr. Branson yelled.

Harry walked with the Keepers and sat on the table in room five. He picked at his nails while he waited then looked at her curiously when she came in with a little tray.

"Just some routine lab work." She told him and began to get her supplies ready to take a blood sample.

"Sure, whatever." Harry replied and coughed a little before pushing up his sleeve.

"Hmm, I'm going to take a look inside your mouth too. Just to be safe." She told him and used her light to look. "Ah, sorry there lad but you're going to be wearing a mask until these tonsils aren't covered in white spots."

"What? Why a mask? Can't you just give me meds?" Harry asked confused.

"Oh I'll be giving you meds Harrison but you could be contagious. Don't want an epidemic of sore throats and coughing on our hands." She explained.
"Oh and it's Harry by the way." He replied.

After Carol was finished, she left the room and Mr. Blair informed him it was lunch time and the pairs escorted him to the cafe.

"You get your food there. You put the tray and empty food into the bins over there." Mr. Blair explained and pointed to each place. "You're expected finish your food, don't take more than you can eat. You'll be in trouble if we see you wasting food."

"Any questions?" Mr. Branson asked.

"I don't think so." Harry spoke and itched at the mask on his face. He didn't like it. "Do I just chill when I'm done eating then? I mean, I take it I'll know this room Keeper person?"

"When you're done, you can be a good little lad and wait by the doors." Mr. Branson told him as Mr. Blair wandered off to find a student to fuck. He was a little stressed and needed to relax.

"Sure thing. Can I take my mask off to eat?" Harry asked. "Pretty starved."

"You can't eat through a mask." Mr. Branson rolled his eyes. "I have a punishment to give out... So if there's nothing else?"

"Oh uh, no. Go ahead." Harry nodded and went to get in line with other students. He noticed right away that they all looked off. When some came in wearing... well things you wouldn't normally see his eyes went large. "Where in fucking hell am I?"

"In hell." A student whispered to him. "A word of advice? Keep your mouth shut and do whatever they ask." He whispered. "It's better to just go along with whatever."

"Whatever? Wanna define whatever?" Harry asked getting more creeped out by the second. "Oh fuck no. Hell fucking no." Harry shook his head when he suddenly saw a student on his knees sucking off a Keeper.

"If you refuse, they beat you." The student whispered. "Or humiliate you in ways you can't even imagine. And trust me, if you really piss them off, you get taken to the pit or the playroom. By the time they're down with you, you'll be begging to make it up to them somehow."

Harry wasn't sure what to say. He just stood there with his mouth hung open; it hidden behind the mask. Now he was actually hoping that family would press charges. It would be a sure way out of here. "Uh, so yeah, I guess 'hell' is accurate."

"I'm Rory by the way." The student said. "How long are you in for? Most are here until they're eighteen."

"I have no idea. I was just taken out of the foster house I was in by police and brought here in handcuffs. I haven't really been told anything." Harry sighed looking around.

Now a second student was bent over a table being spanked with a belt while others laughed.

"Uh, sorry, I'm um, Harry." He tried hard to snap out of watching as they took their turned to go down the food line. "Fuck, are we sure this shit is edible? It stinks."

"It doesn't taste that good, so only take what you can stomach. They give us bread sometimes that's about the only decent thing... Oh and make sure you keep up your weight or nurse Carol makes you eat these nasty protein shakes." Rory said. "You have to eat too. It's not like they let you starve."
You don't want to be force fed..." He said softly as they continued down the line.

Harry wrinkled his nose, "Yeah, I don't like her. She's got me wearing this stupid mask because I fucking coughed."

Carefully Harry chose what he thought he could stomach and then followed Rory to a table.

"If students get sick, then that's more work for the Keepers and they can't fuck us or do anything to us really. Plus with so many students, they have to be careful I guess." Rory shrugged.

Harry moved the mask so he could eat. "I guess I get it but it still sucks." He took a bite of his food and twitched hard; trying not to spit it out.

"Don't do that. Train yourself not to wince at the sight or taste of this food. You'll be in trouble if the Keepers catch you." Rory said.

"That's fucked up. If they don't want us to wince then they should make the food better." Harry grumbled trying to stomach more of it. "So far the only nice thing about this place is the eye candy."

Rory shrugged. "They're all about saving money and shit. As for the "eye candy" that you're talking about, students can't do anything to each other unless a Keeper says so. So unless you want a punishment, I wouldn't suggest touching...And not even looking like you want to touch."

"That's gonna be impossible. Some of these lads are fit as fuck." His eyes glanced around as he spoke. "Not like any of them would want to screw someone in a stupid mask though."

"What's it for?" Rory asked. "And trust me, what happens when they catch you with another student without permission...It's not pretty." He said.

As he finished speaking, Mr. Scott came and gripped Rory by the neck. "What did I say about talking during meal times?!

"Less talking, more eating...I'm really sorry. I was explaining things to the new student." He whimpered.

"Leave it to his roommates and fucking eat." Mr. Scott growled. "If see you talking and there's still food on this plate... I will punish you." He slapped Rory's arse then let go of his neck and walked away.

"Sorry." Harry replied and just went to eating. He didn't want the kid to get in trouble.

"Eat faster you whores!" A Keeper shouted.

"Friendly bunch." Harry mumbled.

Rory didn't say anything, he just started to eat instead. He had done his best to behave lately after his last punishment.

Soon the bell rang and the students quickly threw out their rubbish, and each found their Keepers.

Harry took his time and then stood by the door.

He watched as the cafeteria emptied, then suddenly, his arm was grabbed.

"Time to go, slag." Mr. Watson appeared.
"Oi. Who the fuck are you?!” Harry yelled struggling to break free.

"Mr. Watson. Room Keeper. You only speak when spoken to. Now let's go." Mr. Watson explained as he began to walk, dragging Harry behind him.

"I would have willingly come along had you not scared me like that mate." Harry tried to explain.

"I'm not your fucking mate!" Mr. Watson yelled harshly as he pushed Harry against a wall. "You will address me as sir and only when you're given permission to speak. You've already gotten yourself on the wrong side of two night Keepers. I suggest you shut your dirty little mouth unless you want to be on the wrong side of me as well. Do you understand me Reek?"

"Hey! Name's Harry. Not slag or fucking Reek." Harry complained.

"I couldn’t care less. You're new. I'll give you one last chance to listen..."

"And if I don't?" Harry smirked.

"You're such a smelly little whore." Mr. Watson threw Harry and began kicking him in the stomach and his side. "Those curls and dimples are going to be a huge hit though, so you have that to look forward to." He laughed. "I won't do much damage. I have to leave you mostly intact for the Keepers you crossed last night."

"Ah! Stop it!" Harry yelled angry.

"Or you'll what hmm?" Mr. Watson teased and even laughed at Harry. He then kicked him again before standing on Harry's left hand with all his weight.

"Okay! Okay! I'm sorry!" Harry yelled. "Please stop now! I'm sorry!"

Mr. Watson moved off Harry's hand and laughed louder. He then squared down closer to Harry and growled, "No, you aren't sorry... but you will be."

"I am sorry." Harry said softly.

"You don't sound very convincing." Mr. Watson pulled him to his feet.

He then dragged Harry by his hair to his room. He threw Harry into the wall so he could unlock the door. "Mr. McGuinness will be here shortly with Mr. Pieters to punish you for your behaviour last night." He then opened the door and threw Harry into the room. "Daily schedules are on the bookshelf as well as an extra uniform. Your roommates are in class. You'll meet them when they are done." The Keeper told him. "Make sure you keep that mask on or I'll make sure it stays on myself." He warned and left, locking the door behind him.

Harry suddenly heard laughing from the corner of the room.

"What the fuck are you laughing at?" Harry asked hard as he turned to look at the other lad in the room.

"Laughing at the fact you're new and already getting a punishment. Looks like I get to see a little show today." Louis smiled boastfully as he put his arms behind his head.

"I came last night. Middle of the night. They had to wake up a Judge to allow me in at like two am." Harry explained as he chose a bunk to lay down in. "So fuck off. It's not like I knew what this place was. Why are you laying here, looking like a fucking Princess? They beat you too?" He
asked.

"No actually. Not this time anyway." Louis replied. "I'm injured. Have to stay in bed till at least tonight so my injury can heal." The rest was none of this kid's business.

"Fucked too hard?" Harry laughed. "Or maybe they cracked a rib. I think one of mine's broken. Fucking hurts to breathe." He complained.

"You won't be laughing for long mate; not if you're about to be punished. A cracked rib will be the least of your pain." Louis shot back quickly. "Can't wait to watch."

"Whatever. It doesn't matter. It's not like I haven't been beat up before." Harry sighed. "Nothing I'm not already used to."

"Oh you wish that's all a punishment entails." Louis laughed loudly.

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?!" Harry asked then remembered the stuff he had seen earlier. "...I'm not giving anyone a blowjob nor am I allowing myself to be put in a fuckin nappy."

Louis just laughed more, "You have to stop, all this laughing is starting to hurt."

"What the fuck is going on in here? Why do I hear so much laughing?" They both heard a voice yell rather loud and angrily as the door was thrown open.

Harry jumped as he saw the two Keepers from last night. He was determined to put up a strong front though. "He's being a prick. Anything I say he laughs at. Apparently I'm very entertaining."

"Slut?" Mr. McGuinness questioned.

"I'm sorry sir. He just kept saying things like how he is never giving anyone here a blowjob. It's funny because he's got a lot to learn." Louis tried to explain.

"Hmm, whore has a point I suppose." Mr. Pieters told the other Keeper.

Mr. McGuinness smiled. "Stinky lad here will learn though." He gripped Harry by his hair and pulled him from the bunk to the floor. "You're going to pay for how you treated is last night." He kicked him in the side.

Mr. Pieters smirked. "I say we remove his clothes, this way there's no padding of any kind...Then we take him to the playroom after he's had his beating." He suggested.

Louis watched closely. He knew better than to smile or laugh but it was amusing to see this.

"Stop! Don't touch me!" Harry yelled angrily.

This only made the two Keepers grab ahold of him more and start to rip his clothes off.

"Oh? Touch you?" Mr. Pieters smirked. "We can do that, can't we, McGuinness?" He said as finished getting the uniform off of Harry, who was struggling the entire time.

"Wow." Mr. McGuinness said looking at Harry's soft cock. "I think he's the smallest out of all the lads here? I mean, it's just a baby cock." He laughed.

"Well, he is only fourteen. It just means there's more to look forward to." Mr. Pieters grinned.

"Fuck off! I'm not small." Harry yelled.
This only made Mr. McGuinness punch Harry in the jaw. "You'll speak when spoken to, Slag. The sooner you learn that, the better." He growled.

Louis smirked but was carefully to make sure he wasn't being looked at by the Keepers. He was enjoying watching this mouthy brat be put in his place.

Now on the floor curled into a ball Harry used his hands to cover himself.

Mr. Pieters pulled Harry's hands away as Mr. McGuinness pulled a roll of grey duct tape from his back pocket. He used it to bound Harry's hands together and his ankles together. He even used taped the mask on the sides to make sure it would stay on during the beating.

Mr. McGuinness then spit on Harry's face and kicked him in the chest as Mr. Pieters took the lads balls in hand and squeezed hard causing the lad to scream out in pain.

The two Keepers then took turns kicking him.

Harry continued scream during his beating. He tried to resist and get away from them but it wasn't working. The more he struggled the more he was beaten. They kept going, kicking him over and over till he began to cry.

"Good. The stinker is crying." Mr. McGuinness smiled.

"He looks pretty bloody and I'm growing bored of the kicking and punching." Mr. Pieters said.

"I think it's time to take him to the playroom." Mr. McGuinness grinned as the school bell went off indicating it was time for the next class.

"Cut the tape off his ankles and let him walk there, completely nude." Mr. Pieters smirked.

Mr. McGuinness took a pocketknife from his back pocket and used it to cut the tape on Harry's ankles. "Let's go, smelly." He grabbed a fistful of Harry's hair and dragged him towards the door.

Mr. Pieters unlocked it, and held it open as Mr. McGuinness forced the lad on his feet and pushed him into the crowded hallway as Mr. Pieters locked the door behind them.

At this point Harry wasn't exactly trying to resist but it hurt to walk.

"Move slag!" Mr. McGuinness shouted.

"I'm trying." Harry spoke in a weak and pitiful voice. "It hurts."

"Walk through the pain, stink." Mr. Pieters complained as students stopped and stared at Harry. Some looked sympathetic, others laughed, some looked emotionless.

Soon they arrived and Harry was pushed into the room. He was shocked seeing all the toys on the wall. He was shocked by the mini fridge.

"On your knees, stinky." Mr. Pieters kicked the lads knees making him fall to the cold, rough cement floor.

Mr. McGuinness locked the door behind him as he walked in. He walked over to Harry and sliced open the tape on his wrists so they could be loose. He then pulled the tape off the side of the mask

"No! I'm not sucking on anything! I don't want to!" Harry tried to sound hard but he knew it hadn't come across as hard. "P-please just stop already.".
"Undo my trousers, pull my pants down so you can probably suck my cock." Mr. McGuinness ordered as he grabbed Harry's curls. "You're allowed to take your stupid mask off to suck me though."

Mr. Pieters pulled the mask down off of Harry's face so it rested under his chin. "Normally when students say this kind of shit, we make them regret it. But you're new, so you get a one time pass."

He explained. He grabbed Harry's head and forced it towards the cock. "Suck or else you've used up your one time free pass. In this place, you do what we say or you get hurt."

Out of fear alone Harry pushed down the Keepers trousers and pants. He swallowed hard before squeezing his eyes shut and taking the Keepers cock into his mouth.

"Bite him and I'll break your jaw so don't try anything cute." Mr. Pieters warned.

Harry nodded a little as he began to suck a little bit on the soft cock. He pulled his mouth off and pumped the Keeper a few times to make him hard. He licked the cock a few times and sucked on the head. He forced himself to take the now hardening cock further into his mouth and moan around it.

Thankfully Harry knew what to do. He hoped he would get the Keeper off soon so this could be over with.

"There you go Smelly. That's perfect." Mr. McGuinness told him. "Keep it up lad."

Harry licked across the silt and licked up the precum that was leaking. He used his hands to rub and twist the exposed skin. He then took it one step further and took the Keeper more into his mouth then began to deepthroat the bloke.

"Oh fuck." The Keeper groaned. "He's good. Really good." Mr. McGuinness told Mr. Pieter.

"Have to take a turn later." He replied with a laugh. "Come on boy; choke on his cock."

Harry didn't really want to choke on anything, but soon he felt the cock in his mouth be pushed further down his throat making him cough and choke as he felt tears sting his eyes.

"Love those sounds...Mm, you better be prepared to swallow everything." Mr. McGuinness moaned and came shortly after speaking those words.

"Up you get. We're not down with you yet. I mean, I do need my turn after all." Mr. Pieters smirked.

"Where do you want him?" Mr. Guinness asked as he tucked himself away.

Harry was just trying his best not to vomit. He hated the taste of cum.

"Tie him to the bench. Backside up." Mr. Pieter smiled evilly as he let go of Harry.

Mr. McGuinness grabbed Harry by his hair and pulled him up to his feet. He grabbed his arm and dragged him to the wooden bench. He made Harry sit with his back towards the other Keeper. Mr. McGuinness then took the lads hands and tied them up under the bench.

Mr. Pieters took a wooden paddle off the wall and walked over to Harry. The Keeper smacked it across the young lads arse with full strength.

Harry let out a high pitched yelp as he pulled against the restraints. It had hurt so badly.
Mr. McGuinness laughed at Harry's pain. He then encouraged the other Keeper to spank Harry again.

"Ow, please, I'm sorry! Please no more!" Harry begged while in tears.

Mr. Pieters grinned then slapped Harry's arse again. "Beg and plead all you want, but it won't make a difference." He hit him again using his full strength once again. "You deserve this, you dirty little rat." He growled.

Harry continued to scream out in pain with each strike. As his arse began to turn a bright shade of blood red his voice began to go horse. "I'm sorry. S-sorry." He could barely be heard now.

"Pieters, has he been calling us sir?" Mr. McGuinness asked.

"I believe he hasn't." Mr. Pieters shook his head.

"Damn. Naughty." Mr. McGuinness smiled. "Give a few more whips just for forgetting."

Mr. Pieters nodded in agreement and gave a few more full strength whips.

"Ah! Sir! Sir! I'm sorry sir!" Harry screamed with what was left of his voice. "Oh fuck! Please sir!"

Mr. Pieters laughed. "Sorry isn't going to cut it. Just man up and take your punishment." He whips him again. "Which is far from over."

Harry just whimpered, his voice gone.

"You know what would be fun?" Mr. McGuinness said. "Stick it up his arse."

"Ooh. Fun idea." Mr. Pieters agreed as he hit Harry's arse again then turned the flogger around. "If you think you feel pain now...Just wait." He growled then inserted the end of the flogger into Harry's arse.

Harry could no longer speak and his energy was gone from all the pulling. At this point he wanted to struggle and fight, yell even but all he could do was just lay there and cry softly.

"At least this one has a reason to cry." Mr. McGuinness laughed watching the other Keeper fuck Harry with the end of the flogger.

Mr. Pieters nodded in agreement as he continued to fuck Harry with the end of the flogger. He kept it up for a while then pulled it out. "Alright. I think he's understanding and I think he's sorry. Untie him and we'll take him back."

Mr. McGuinness untied Harry and grabbed him back his hair to stand him up but Harry's legs wouldn't work.

Mr. Pieters laughed. "Let's just drag him."

Mr. McGuinness grabbed Harry's hair. "Let's go, stinky. Damn. You smell worse than the Irish kid we got...And he literally ran away from Ireland. He lived on the streets. You had homes and you still smell." He commented.

Mr. Pieters grabbed unlocked the door as the next bell rang and students quietly walked or limped out of their classrooms. "Can't drag him by his hair all the way there. Well, we could but let's try to keep some of it on his head. I rather like the curls." He suggested as Mr. McGuinness dragged Harry out of the room.
"Suppose you're right." Mr. McGuinness agreed and grabbed Harry's arm instead.

They waited as Mr. Pieters locked the door again. The Keeper took Harry's other arm as the two Keepers dragged him down the middle of the middle of the hallway and through the crowd of students back to his room.

Mr. Pieter opened the door to his room and held it open for Mr. McGuinness who drug Harry into the room.

Harry seemed to be completely out of it. He didn't utter a single sound as he was kicked into a heap in the middle of the cold cement floor.

Louis just smirked again as he watched the two Keepers. They threw Harry's uniform at him that was still on the floor from earlier and then left the room. "Told you so."

Harry couldn't talk. He couldn't even move. He just lay there, feeling helpless.
Chapter 12

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not posting yesterday. I accidently deleted the doc all the chapters were in...

And I had to contact Google to get 'em to recover it for me.

I mean, the stuff was saved in WhatsApp too, but that's a bit of a time consuming job when you've written like 14 or 15 chapters...And that's a lot of copy/pasting.

Anyways. ENJOY. I almost had a heart attack at the thought of losing what we hadn't posted. I'm so invested in this story...I'm pretty sure I cried and then...Nvm. I'm rambling. Go read the chapter and let us know what you think!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Soon the door open again and he heard other voices.

"Hm. Looks like Reek got what he deserves." Mr. Watson laughed as he sat Liam on the bed.
"Ace, you and Irish move your roommate to a bed." He ordered.

The two quickly did as they were told and helped Harry onto a nearby bunk.

"Mm, does the baby need to be changed again? Let's check." Mr. Watson grinned looking down at Liam.

"I, I didn't yet. Please sir?" Liam whimpered. He was trying so hard to be strong but the embarrassment of wearing a nappy and having to use it was too much.

Mr. Watson sighed. "I'm not taking your word for this and babies don't talk, remember?"

A tear rolled down Liam's cheek as he laid down on the bed so he could be checked. He wanted to say that he was sorry for talking but he feared getting in trouble for speaking again so he stayed quiet while he bit his lower lip to stop the tears.

He slowly checked Liam as he smirked. "If you can be a good baby, then you might get pull ups tomorrow night." He said and did the nappy up again.

He stood up and looked at Louis. "You only have until showers to lay there acting like a fucking Princess, you little tiny slut. After your shower...The fun begins again." He grinned.

"Yes sir, the nurse told me I should still be careful but I trust you know what you're doing." Louis tried to suck up a little in hopes that it would help him.

Mr. Watson glared at him for a moment. He almost hit him then decided the whore wasn't worth it so he left.

"I think sucking up only works for Zayn." Niall told Louis then looked between Liam and this new
"Yeah, Mr. Perfect..." Louis rolled his eyes and then looked at Zayn. "It's sickening the way you suck up to them. You literally throw yourself at them, if anyone's the whore in this room, it's you."

"Fuck off. I made my deal the first day I got here. I behave and they take it easy on me." Zayn defended himself.

"I think you like it." Louis smirked. "Being used like you are. I mean, why else would you sound like you enjoy it so much? Is it cause you don't think anyone would want you?"

"Shut up Princess." Zayn growled feeling angry.

"If anyone likes the shit that happens here it's you. You're the one who fucked anything you could outside of here. This place is probably just a challenge for you. See how many lads can fuck your lose arse until you turn eighteen." Niall took great offense to Louis saying what he did. He had to keep his feelings for Zayn secret though.

"I had to work for a living you Irish cunt." Louis spat. "Also, you've become like Zayn. I suppose that's why they let you off your leash, but you'll probably never lose the collar. You'll always be their little pet." He smiled.

"Shut up. I won't fucking tell you again. Shut up or I'll shut you up." Niall shouted.

"I wish you all would stop fighting. It makes this place harder to deal with." Liam whimpered.

"Yeah, I'd like to see you try." Louis laughed. "What can a puny Irishman with a small cock do to me? You know size matters." He smirked.

Niall balled up his fist as Zayn moved to sit by Liam. Liam did annoy him but he was too nice a person. He didn't want to see the lad get in trouble and be punished more.

Harry hadn't moved. He didn't trust himself. All he did was close his eyes and hope that these lads would both shut up soon.

"Stand up loose arse! Stand up and fucking show us just how giant that used hole of yours is! Size matters after all!" Niall yelled and moved to be right beside Louis' bed.

"Oi. The Irish certainly like to use their voice, don't they?" Louis laughed. "But if you insist..." He moved out from under his bunk and stood chest to chest with Niall. "You're just all talk, aren't you little Irish one? You can't actually do anything to me." He laughed.

Without any warning Niall drew his fist back and punch Louis right in the jaw.

Louis yelled out painfully as he stumbled backward and fell to the floor.

"How's that for all talk loose arse?" Niall asked standing over him.

"Fuck. You can throw a punch." Louis complained. "I didn't think you had it in you though." He said as he held his jaw.

"I don't wanna be in trouble." Liam sniffed.

"You won't be, you didn't do anything. They barely care if we hit each other. They only care if we tattle." Zayn tried to comfort the lad beside him. "No tears alright? We don't know how soon he'll be back to take us to dinner." He placed a comforting hand on Liam's arm.
"Shit, you're bleeding." Niall nearly hissed. "I busted your lip." Niall felt a pit in his stomach now. Mr. Watson would notice that for sure.

Zayn felt his heart drop and suddenly felt his body go cold a bit. He didn't want Niall to end up getting punished for losing his cool and hitting Louis when the slut did deserve it. Not that it would matter what was said, only that Niall drew blood.

Liam whimpered a bit louder. "What about now?" He asked Zayn.

"Again, you didn't do anything. Don't worry. It'll only be the two of them who get in trouble. They're always looking for an excuse to punish Louis so I'm sure he'll share in the punishment somehow." Zayn explained and bit his lip. He patted Liam's arm in hopes of calming him down.

He looked at Niall. "Just go sit down...Maybe you'll get lucky, but it's probably best you're not near him when Watson comes back." He felt so worried for his boyfriend. He wasn't even sure what to call Niall, all he knew was that they both had deep feelings for the other.

Niall nodded and went to go sit on the bunk furthest away from Louis. He chewed on his lower lip and nervously tapped his foot against the floor.

The room was silent for a moment, the only sounds came from Louis who was whimpering slightly from his cut as he laid back on his bed.

"Stop whining. It's not as if you haven't been hit before." Zayn told him.

"He deserves more." Came a mumble finally from the lad Mr. Watson had called Reek.

Zayn and Liam looked at him. He never moved he just spoke with a voice that was angry and yet full of pain. "My name is Harry; not Reek."

"I'm Liam." Liam introduced himself in a soft voice. He wondered what happened but had a feeling it was better not to ask.

"And I'm Zayn...If you want pain meds or weed or whatever, just ask this Keeper called Mr. Taylor. You might have to blow him but whatever you do is worth the reward." Zayn shared. "Just a bit of advice. I know it helped me..." He let his gaze travel over to Niall who looked so scared. He just wanted to go and hold him, but he couldn't.

"He does deserve more." Niall agreed.

"No more. Fighting isn't helping any of us in anyway." Zayn said. "We all have to figure out a way to get along. All of us. Even you Louis."

"What have I done?" Louis asked looking shocked Zayn would say such a thing. "Please do tell me what I have done that's so terrible."

"It's not so much your actions as it is your words." Zayn said. "Look. We're all stuck here until we're eighteen, or maybe earlier I don't know about you, Harry. But the point is, we have to live with each other and the best way to survive is to support each other. Louis, you say shit that gets people's tempers flaring and purposely get them in trouble. How would you feel if the tables were turned? This isn't the streets. This is hell! If we're going to survive we need to stick together and look out for each other. We don't have to like each other but at least be civil."

Louis folded his arms over his chest, "It's like you think you all have had it so much worse than me. I shoot off at the mouth because I'm angry and I have a right to be."
"No one said you didn't." Zayn replied and ran his hands through his hair frustrated.

"I don't think I've had it worse than you." Niall said quietly. "I think out of all of us, you've had it the worst or maybe Harry here has...But I mean, you were bleeding from the arse. Can't imagine that kind of pain. We've all had it pretty bad. But I am sorry I hit you. You were just shooting off your mouth and I reacted. We all have a reason we're in this place and we're all angry about it. But Zayn is right."

"Fine, okay fine. Whatever. I'll play nice but you all need to respect when I fucking need space." Louis looked between them all. "This is hell and I can't be truly alone to cope with it so at least know when to leave me alone."

"I think we can do that...Ni?" Zayn looked at him. Niall nodded. "We know Liam will, right?" Liam just nodded. "What about you, Harry?" He turned to look at the newest addition in their room. He frowned when he noticed he was still naked. "Do you want help getting your uniform back on? Watson's going to be pissed that you'll make us late by not being ready."

Harry moved to sit up slowly. Bruises had already began to form. He'd been in many fights but the pain of this run in with the Keepers was close to being the worst. "Thanks." His voice was still weak.

Zayn nodded. "No problem." He said as he walked over to Harry. He picked the shirt off of the floor and carefully put it on him. "So how long are you in for?" He asked as he picked the joggers up from the floor.

"I don't know. It depends on if my former foster family presses charges against me." Harry told Zayn. He hadn't been completely broken but the pain he was in had him calm for the moment.

"What did you do?" Liam asked curiously.

"I punched their son. I have a fighting addiction basically." Harry tried to figure out the easiest way to explain things.

Zayn carefully got the joggers on Harry's legs. "Here. You can use my shoulders to steady yourself as I do it the rest of the way or you can if you feel strong enough... Whatever you feel is best." After hearing about the fighting addiction, he was going to be more mindful about trying to keep nice with Harry.

"Thank you." Harry told him and shifted his weight onto Zayn a bit. He held still while his joggers were put on him. "I'm not normally pitiful like this. I'm just in pain. Fucking all because I was loud when I showed up last night."

"I don't mind. It helps us all in the long run." Zayn explained as he pulled Harry's joggers up over his arse. "There." He gave Harry a small smile.

"Yeah, they're very strict..." Niall said. "I refused to get undressed for the Headmaster so two Keepers did it for me, then later one of them came back to beat the shit out of me then...Used me. After that, I continued to fight them and I got turned into a dog so now, I've learned to shut up and do what's asked." He explained. "So careful on who you pick your fights with some Keepers are worse than others."

"Thanks for the tip." Harry nodded. "Fuck, did one of you say something about someone helping with drugs or pills or something?" If he was going to get over this so called punishment he'd need a little help.
"Yeah," Zayn nodded. "I can point Mr. Taylor out to you at dinner." He said. "You have to be nice and you have to do whatever is asked...If you're good long enough, he ups the dosage."

"Wonderful. I really need something now." Harry groaned a bit.

"I tried to warn you." Louis said from his bed.

"Rudely." Harry spat back.

"No more fighting." Liam suddenly whimpered.

"Liam's right." Zayn said. "Just... Let's leave it at that. And no more 'I told you so's''" He said looking between them as he stood carefully as Harry was still leaning on him. "It wasn't really fighting..." Harry grumbled as the door suddenly opened and Mr. Watson walked in.

Liam suddenly bit his lower lip to remind himself not to talk. While Zayn and Niall stood how they knew to in front of him.

Harry stood confused until Liam shot him a worried face and nodded his head towards where he should stand. "Sorry." He told Mr. Watson and slowly came to stand by Zayn.

Mr. Watson smiled and walked over to Liam and picked him up. "Just like breakfast and lunch, you'll get a bottle and someone will help feed you." He said then saw Louis' busted lip. "What the fuck happened to you, slut? You piss off a Keeper?" He asked.

Louis wasn't entirely sure how to answer. With his having agreed to be nice he didn't exactly want to throw Niall under the bus. He knew however Mr. Watson would find out if he lied and said a Keeper had done this. "I, no sir, it wasn't a Keeper. I just need to learn to shut up sometimes though." He hoped that would be the end of it.

"Shut your mouth? So one of the slags did it?" Mr. Watson asked then looked around the room. "I don't care if you hit each other but I do care about skin breaking and tattle tales...So someone confess or you'll all be punished." Niall opened his mouth when Zayn stepped forward. "It was me, sir. Louis was running his mouth and saying shit...I just lost my cool. I'm very sorry. It won't happen again." He looked down at the floor.

"Ace?" Mr. Watson seemed shocked. "I expected this from Reek or Chav but certainly not from you. I'm extremely disappointed in you."

"I'm so sorry sir." Zayn swallowed hard.

"No," Niall opened his mouth and tried to step forward but Zayn stopped him.

"I'm not a liar. I won't let you take the fall from something I did wrong." He told Niall then looked back to their room Keeper. "I'm so sorry Mr. Watson."

Niall's heart fell. Zayn was taking the fall for him. He didn't know what to say. No one had ever protected him. It was a new feeling. He certainly didn't want to see his boy hurt but Zayn already confessed. There wasn't anything he could do now other than try not to cry at the thought of what might happen to him.

"I'll let Mr. Taylor know there's no treats for you tonight and that you'll be taken straight to your punishment after your dinner. I'm going to need time to decide on what the proper punishment is. I'm very disappointed. I never expected this from you. I had high hopes you'd be an example of what could be if one behaves..." Mr. Watson shook his head. "Let's go. Can't be late."
Zayn felt fearful and he was afraid of how he'd cope without his fix. This was far better then letting Niall suffer another punishment though. He hoped he would have the chance to earn back Mr. Watson' favor at least.

"Uh, Keeper sir?" Harry questioned. "I probably already know the answer but is there any chance I could get help walking to dinner?"

"You can call me, Mr. Watson." The Keeper said. "And yes, I don't need you slowing us down. Ace...Hm, you're not an Ace anymore. Slag...Chav, help him." He ordered Niall and Zayn.

Niall shot Zayn an upset look when Mr. Watson turned and walked out with Liam in his arms. Zayn wanted to talk to him but now was a horrible time so he silently just grabbed ahold of Harry. Niall grabbed ahold of Harry and made a mental note to try and talk to Zayn at lunch. When they got to the cafe, they found Harry a spot to sit. "We'll get you something." Zayn offered.

"Oh. Thanks." Harry gave a thankful smile.

Niall nodded and grabbed Zayn's arm dragging him to the lunch line. "You shouldn't have done that. I can take another punishment just fine." He whispered as more people lined up behind them.

"I couldn't bear to watch you go through another punishment...You're still recovering from your beatings as well. I don't want to see you hurt. I've only had a like one minor punishment and a few slaps to the face." Zayn paused as a Keeper made his way through the line, obviously looking for someone and went he found the student, he dragged him off someplace. "Please don't be upset...I just don't want anymore harm to come to you, not if I can help it."

"It's the sweetest thing anyone had ever done for me in my entire life. Thank you but I owe you. No arguing." Niall told him as they began to go through the line.

"When we're both up to it I can think of a few ways for you to pay me." Zayn smiled but quickly stopped when a Keeper neared them so he could collect bottles for the students who were being babied.

Niall smiled and grabbed an extra plate and some extra food for Harry. They then went and sat with Harry.

"Here." Niall handed him the plate as he and Zayn sat across from him.

"So is this whole being nice and being supportive and surviving together mantra mean taking the fall for each other? Cause I'm not down for that." Harry said as he pulled his mask down and attempted to eat. The food was horrible but he was starving.

"No, I just owed Niall a favor." Zayn lied a bit. "I mean, obviously you can if you just feel like being nice but I don't think any of us expect it."

"Of course we don't. I just did Zayn a favor and so he is returning it." Niall quickly agreed. Anyone knowing they were an item was a dangerous idea.

Dinner was over all too soon and Mr. Watson escorted them by to their room. "Slag, follow me." Mr. Watson said to Zayn. "We're going to the playroom for your punishment. I believe you're already familiar with it?"
"Yes, sir." Zayn nodded.

"Good. Follow me." Mr. Watson opened the door and Zayn walked out. The Keeper locked the door again and walked down the hall, with a strong hold on Zayn's arm.

"Sir, I know I still have to be taught a lesson but I really am sorry. It doesn't change what I did; I know. I just am so upset that I let you down. I hope you believe me." Zayn felt so completely scared but mentally he just kept reminding himself that this was for Niall.

"I'm very disappointed." Mr. Watson sighed. "But I do understand...The Gremlin can get on anyone's nerves." He nodded. "But you still need a punishment. You shouldn't have hit him so hard that you draw blood." He said as they walked. "You're going to have to work really hard for any redemption."

"I understand sir. I'll take whatever punishment you see fit and I promise to work hard to earn your faith in me back." Zayn told him and took a deep breath. He hung his head as they walked and used his anger towards the Keepers as his motivation not to cry from fear. This would all be over soon and late tonight he'd be able to sneak a few kisses with Niall to help himself feel better.

Mr. Watson just nodded and soon they arrived at the playroom. He pushed Zayn inside where he saw that Mr. Taylor was waiting. He swallowed.

"Buttercup, I am so disappointed. I mean, you just earned a higher dose on your weed last night and this is how you repay my kindness?" He shook his head.

"Strip." Mr. Watson told Zayn.

"Everything is set up, we just need to tie him down." Mr. Taylor told Mr. Watson.

"I truly am sorry. I feel terrible for what I did and I feel worse that I let you all down. I deserve whatever you have planned for me. Just please know that I am sorry sir." Zayn told Mr. Taylor as he began to undress. He hoped the fact he was willing to accept his punishment would help him in some way. Every other lad he'd ever seen punished always begged them for no punishment. He wanted to be different and hopefully show the Keepers that.

Mr. Watson grabbed Zayn's arm once he was undressed. He took him to an inclined bench. It was four by seven feet a and his feet were elevated as he was strapped in with his head and back towards the lower end of the bench. His lungs were elevated by the inclination of the board to keep them "above the waterline" to prevent the water from actually drowning.

Mr. Taylor then filled a canteen with cold water as a cloth was placed over Zayn's forehead and eyes.

Zayn swallowed. He didn't know what was happening. He felt so scared. He tried to not let it show or he'd know it'd be worse for him. He then felt water being poured over the cloth on his face from a high height then slowly as water was being poured, he felt the cloth being moved down slowly until it covered his nose and mouth.

There was a brief break to collect more water but soon water was once again being poured over the cloth that covered his mouth and eyes. It didn't take long for the cloth to become completely saturated and Zayn's airway to become restricted for about 20 to 40 seconds due to the cloth's presence and the water being poured from a high height. He felt as if he was drowning. He was aware that he wasn't but he still felt as if he was.

He made an increased attempt at trying to breathe during that time but failed. He felt like he was
suffocating and it made him panic as he began to fight against the restraints.

The cloth was then lifted and he realized that he didn't breathe any water into his lungs and he no longer felt as if he was drowning. He was only allowed three full breaths before the action was repeated.

Although, no water went into his lungs due to the position of the board, Zayn did breathe in water in through his mouth, nose, sinuses, larynx, pharynx, and trachea.

This was repeated for twenty minutes at which time the Keepers felt that Zayn had learned his lesson.

As the Keepers released Zayn of from the restraints he couldn't help the tears forming in his eyes. He did however manage to stop them from falling as he coughed a few times and looked at the Keepers, "I am so sorry. I am. I honestly am."

Poor Zayn sounded so out of breath as he spoke to them, "I absolutely swear I'll be good now. I won't screw up again. Please just believe me. I'll be perfect."

"I'm sure you will be." Mr. Watson smirked. "Get dressed and no treats for you tonight. If you're good all day tomorrow and until after showers tomorrow, I may allow Mr. Taylor to reward you."

"Yes sir. I understand. Thank you for giving me a chance to earn it tomorrow. I know I don't deserve it." Zayn spoke humbly as he got dressed. The Keepers always seemed to respond better to him when he acted as though he knew his place.

Mr. Watson nodded.

"Hey, want me to take him to the showers while you collect the others? It's just about time for you to collect them." Mr. Taylor offered.

"Sure. Thanks." Mr. Watson nodded again then left the room. Mr. Taylor smiled at Zayn as he watched him get dressed. "I must make time to fuck you. You have a great little body...Or maybe I'll fuck the fairy, make you watch then fuck you. Hm. So many options."

"Yes sir, whatever you want." Zayn loathed the idea of someone else having sex with Niall but there was nothing he could do about it. If he tried he might lose getting to see Niall at all. He wouldn't risk it. 'I'll be good for you whatever you decide Mr. Taylor.'

"Mhm." Mr. Taylor nodded. "Let's go, buttercup." He grabbed Zayn's arm and took him out of the room, locking the door behind him. They walked down to the showers and Mr. Taylor got Zayn's shower stuff out of his locker. "Get undressed and go have your shower." He said as other students and Keepers began to come in.

As Mr. Watson came in carrying Liam it was impossible for Zayn to not look for Niall. Niall walked in behind Louis. Zayn bit his lower lip then kept washing himself so he wouldn't smile. Seeing his boy, unpunished, it made everything he'd gone through worth it.

"Get your arse in the shower Reek! Wash yourself a few times!" Mr. Watson told Harry. "Chav, get the infant clean and then wash yourself."

"Yes, sir." Niall said and quickly helped Liam get undressed. "The baby can crawl to the shower." Mr. Watson said as he handed Niall his shower stuff along with Liam’s, once both lads were undressed.
"I'm sorry you have to do this." Liam whispered once in the shower.

"It's fine. There's much worse things he could make me do." Niall replied. "You seem to be adjusting a little better though. That's good Liam."

"Thanks." He smiled and closed his eyes as Niall washed his hair. The water plus Niall's hands helped him relax; something he needed to do.

"Scrub those curls harder stinky. Add some more soap." A Keeper told Harry. "Such a disgusting little lad you are."

Liam glanced around and looked up at Zayn. "What'd they do to you?" He asked as Louis joined them.

"They allowed you out of bed?" Niall laughed at Louis as Harry finally made his way over.

"I was checked out and I'm fine now." Louis said as he began washing himself.

"Waterboarding...That's what happened to me." Zayn said and coughed a bit.

"Damn." Harry shook his head.

"You seem okay, so I'm sure it wasn't that bad." Niall whispered. He had to be careful on how he spoke or else he'd give everything away.

"It was horrible...But I'm fine or I feel mostly fine." Zayn whispered.

Silence fell upon the lads when Mr. Taylor came over. He didn't say anything, he just stood there watching them.

Soon Niall finished washing Liam and Mr. Watson came to collect him.

Harry washed himself quickly a few times then began to collect his things. Mr. McGuinness stopped him however and smelled his hair and body, "No, you aren't done. Your body is better but your hair still stinks. Get it cleaned or we'll cut it off."

"Yes sir. It'd be easier if I had a brush to get the knots out." Harry grumbled a little.

Mr. McGuinness mumbled something then walked off. He came back a few minutes later with a brush. "Here, you try anything and you get fucked with it." He warned.

"Yes sir." Harry nodded and used the brush to work on detangling his curls.

"Fuck, my legs feel like jello since I wasn't on them all day." Louis complained as he worked on washing himself. "I just pray I get break from being fucked till tomorrow."

"Yes sir." Louis fought the urge to groan.

"Mr. Taylor? Sir?" Niall called to him.

"What do you want fairy? Let me guess, your treat?" He asked crossing his arms over his chest.

"If that's alright to ask sir." Niall told him.

"You've been good unlike buttercup here." Mr. Taylor's eyes ran over his body. "Lean against the pole." He said as he undid his trousers. "You don't fight or cry when I fuck you and you'll get your
treat." He said then glanced at Zayn. "You buttercup, will watch very closely."

"Y-yes sir." Zayn nodded. This caused his to worry a little. With so many other students around why had he been the only one told to watch? He'd have to start being careful with Niall; just in case.

Mr. Taylor smirked. "Don't take your eyes off us." He warned as he pulled his soft cock out. "Harrison," He looked at Harry, he was aware how Harry hated being called that. "Get over here and make yourself useful. Get me hard. Slut, make sure the fairy is open. And you buttercup, will just stand there and watch. Maybe you'll learn something." He laughed.

Harry curled his fingers and made his hands into fist when he heard his full name. He opened his mouth to snap at the man but a sting in his arse closed his mouth for a moment.

"Let's go slag! I won't tell you again!" Mr. Taylor shouted.

"Yes sir." He replied through a clenched jaw. He then came forward and dropped to his knees in front of the Keeper. "Will a blow job work sir?"

"Yes, get going. Slut, work on getting the fairy nice and open! Don't make me tell you again." Mr. Taylor growled.

Louis waited until Mr. Taylor wasn't looking and then rolled his eyes. "Bend over or something Niall." Louis complained as he tried to push Niall into position.

"Stop pushing me. I'm going to fall." Niall hissed then moved into a better position for Louis.

"All this so you can be rewarded. What do I get huh? Nothing. That's what." Louis complained and began to finger him not so gently.

Niall hissed at the roughness. "Well, maybe if you were good and not such a smartarse all the fucking time, you would be allowed to get your fucking treat."

"Both of you shut up." Zayn complained. He hoped Niall would understand it was mostly directed at Louis and also to help show that they weren't anything special.

"Yes, before I make you shut up." Mr. Taylor agreed as Harry kept working on his cock. "That's great little mop top. Keep going."

Niall sighed as he looked at the floor. He didn't like how it felt to be fingered by Louis in front of Zayn. He couldn't imagine how that would feel on Zayn's side. Harry continued to work on Mr. Taylor's cock, it didn't take long before he was fully hard. "Is that okay, sir?" Harry asked looking up at the Keeper through the fallen curls that were in his eyes.

"Yes, perfect, now move before I change my mind and fuck you instead." Mr. Taylor liked his curls.

Harry quickly moved to stand with Zayn and gave him a curious look.

Zayn felt Harry's gaze on him and wasn't sure why he was staring at him. He had only been here a day and wasn't even in the room last night so it's not like there was any chance of him overhearing them or seeing what happened between him and Niall. It still made him feel nervous, this whole situation made him feel nervous.

"Remember. Eyes on us." Mr. Taylor told Zayn who nodded in response.
Mr. Taylor grabbed Louis by his hair and pulled him away from Niall, "That's enough slut. Go watch with the others."

Louis obeyed and rubbed his head when Mr. Taylor turned to Niall.

"Sir, should I stay here?" Niall asked him.

Zayn felt himself relax slightly now that Louis was told to watch also.

Mr. Taylor rubbed his fingers over Niall's hole briefly. "Mmm, I think this will work." He nodded then lined up his cock with Niall's hole and pushed inside roughly, not stopping until he was completely inside. "Damn." The Keeper moaned. "Tight Irish arse..."

Niall closed his eyes tightly to stop the screams of discomfort. He didn't want to give Mr. Taylor a reason to not reward him. It also helped him not have to look at Zayn.

Zayn carefully bit his tongue. It pained him to see Niall being used by a Keeper. He didn't want anyone else fucking Niall. He knew they both didn't have a choice however so this was something he needed to get used to.

Mr. Taylor moaned a little louder and looked over at Zayn before gripped Niall's hair, pulling his head back. "Tell me how me you like it. How good it feels..." He smirked as he started to pick up speed and thrusted into the lad hard.

Niall suddenly wanted to cry but he had to hold it in. "Yes sir. Feels great. Ah, harder please." Niall forced the words out of his mouth even though they tasted like bile coming out.

"Good little fairy." Mr. Taylor moaned. "Don't hold back, I wanna hear you..." He said as he reached for Niall's cock and began stroking it.

Niall gasped when he felt the hand wrap around him. He did not want to moan for this man whether he was dating Zayn or not. He did though. He just simply let himself imagine it was Zayn touching him. "Ah, fuck, sir?" He whimpered a bit.

Mr. Taylor thrusted into him even harder as he squeezed the lads cock, briefly looking at Zayn before working on Niall's cock. "I swear, if this cock isn't hard soon, you won't like what happens next or to your roommates." He growled into Niall's ear.

Niall continued to put Zayn at the front of his mind. Thinking of their kiss and then being fucked by him helped turn him on. The idea of Zayn fucking him again while working on his cock quickly got him stiff. Without Zayn he knew he never would have been able to get hard properly for the Keeper.

Zayn continued to bite on his tongue. The site of this bothered him deeply and it was worsened by the fact he couldn't look away. The only thing saving him right now was his poker face.

"Good boy. About time." Mr. Taylor said and started to pound into Niall with his full strength while gripping the boy's hips so tightly they were already bruising. "Mm, yell my name, tell me how good I'm making you feel." The Keeper was close.

Niall bit back a whimper as tears stung his eyes. This hurt in more ways than one now, "S-sir, ah, M-Mr. Tay- Taylor." He tried to tell it the best he could but his voice cracked because of his fight to not scream in pain.

"Fuck yes!" The Keeper let out a shout and came into Niall. He pulled out and threw him against
the pole. "Get yourself off and cleaned up. The rest of you, finish up. Times almost up for showering."

Niall didn't want to finish. He wanted to curl into a ball and cry. At this point he couldn't even tell Mr. Taylor never mind on the treat because it would draw suspicion. This meant he had to make himself cum.

Zayn just quickly rolled his eyes towards Niall who wasn't watching him. He wanted to put on a fake show for Mr. Taylor. He then turned and went back to finishing he shower while Harry and Louis grabbed their things and left.

Zayn then glanced around them as students lined up to be inspected before leaving. He then glanced down at Niall. "What can I do?" He whispered. "I can say stuff?" He offered. He had a feeling that Niall probably didn't want to even cum now after all that.

"J-just promise tonight, when everyone is asleep, you'll be the one to get me- off." Niall whispered back carefully as he began to tug on his cock, hoping he would soon get himself off.

Zayn nodded. "Of course. Whatever you want." He nodded as he looked away for a moment and continued to take his time on washing himself. "Would it be easier if I left right now?" He whispered.

"No, not unless you have to go. I, I'm thinking, ah, of you. Have been, fuck oh, the mmm, whole time." Niall whispered as he began to stroke himself harder and faster. "Only y-you my Zay-Zayn."

Zayn suppressed a grin. He had to keep his focus or he'd give them away. "You sound so hot. Fuck." He said and looked at Niall again. "Keep thinking about us then...I promise tonight, whatever you want... You'll get." He told him. "Just think...You're cumming for me, no one else. Just me." He wanted to help.

"Z-Zaynie, go be- oh before you get ah, ah, ah, hard." Niall whined out in a whisper as he felt precum leaking from his tip. "Ah! Go away Zayn! Fuck!" Niall yelled at him when he spotted Mr. Watson eyeing them closing.

Zayn pretend to be annoyed as he rinsed himself off. He then grabbed his shower cradle and returned to Mr. Watson. "You certainly took your time." The Keeper commented. "Mr. Taylor had us watch him fuck Niall, sir and I had barely gotten started before that." He lied. "You were here before everyone else." Mr. Watson pointed out. "My body was sore... I wasn't washing, I was just enjoying the water. It's why I took so long. I'm sorry." He further lied. He hoped it would be enough to convince the Keeper.

"I thought you said you were going to be good now. Here you have me needing to keep an extra eye on you though." Mr. Watson told him in a tone that came across as disappointed and annoyed. "Get your act together slag or I'll have no choice but to punish you again."

"I'm really sorry." Zayn bit his lip. "May I go wait to be inspected, sir?"

"Yeah, get going slag." Mr. Watson told him. He then stood and watched Niall get himself off. It was a bit of a turn on; a pale little Irish snowflake pleasuring himself.

Niall took a moment to catch his breath. He was thankful no one could see inside his mind. If they could he and Zayn both would be in massive trouble.

"Mr. Watson?" Harry questioned coming up behind him.
Mr. Watson made a mental note to make time to fuck the Irish one sometime in the next couple of days. His thoughts were then interrupted by Harry's voice. "What is it, Reek?" He asked annoyed.

"Mr... I don't know what is name is but that dude over there said to have you smell me and see if you approve." Harry rolled his eyes and sighed. "My nose must be fucking broke cause I don't smell whatever the fuck is making you all call me Stinky and Reek."

Mr. Watson grabbed his arm and pulled him closer, smelling his hair and body. "You smell fine, but we can call you whatever the fuck we please. Now go wait in line with the others to be inspected."

Harry didn't reply. He just turned and walked away.

"I'm counting to five! Anyone still in the showers after that gets a punishment!" Mr. Scott yelled to the few remaining lads in the shower.

Niall had just finished washing himself so he grabbed his shower cradle and ran to leave the shower. The little Irish lad slipped on the wet floor however and smacked into Mr. Watson's backside.

Niall landed on the hard floor on his back. He groaned but suddenly realized what happened. "I-I'm so sorry, sir." He quickly stood up. "I-I slipped." He frowned. "I shouldn't have been running, but I was trying to make sure I got out before the deadline."

"Give me one good reason why I shouldn't take away you getting to walk on your feet you fucking mutt." Mr. Watson looked at him angry.

Part of him wanted to just punish Niall for his mistake. He wrestled with the idea however due to the accident happening because he was actually obeying for a change by getting out of the shower.

"It was an accident, sir!" Niall scrambled to his feet. "I didn't mean to bump into you. I slipped and fell. I would have been done faster but Mr. Taylor used me, sir. I had to get myself off too then clean myself up again." He didn't know why he was explaining that. Part of him hoped that the situation might make Mr. Watson change his mind about a possible punishment.

"Fine but I expect you to be a perfect angel tomorrow. Do you understand me? One mess up and your arse is back to completely being treated like the pup you know you really are." Mr. Watson growled.

"Yes, sir." Niall nodded. "I understand... I promise I'll be perfect." He paused. "May I wait to be inspected now?"

"Yes, get your shit put away and get in line." Mr. Watson eyed him as he walked away. The Keeper then went to where he'd left Liam in the playpen.

Liam sat in the fetal position, hugging his knees and trying not to cry. He hated being laughed at.

"Aww, is someone having a rough evening?" Mr. Watson taunted him with an infant tone.

Liam looked up at him. He still wasn't allowed to talk but maybe nodding was alright. He nodded slowly. He held up his arms wanting out of the playpen. He hoped that this was allowed. He hated himself partly for it but knew he had to play along.

Mr. Watson smirked. He loved seeing the little slag accepting his role. "Perhaps I'll give you something special to suck on before your bedtime. Will that make the little baby boy feel better?"
"You enjoy the baby thing far too much." A Keeper laughed as he passed by them. "Seems the slag does too though."

Liam nodded again. He wasn't sure if that meant a dummy or his cock or maybe something else entirely. He hoped by playing along, he'd be treated normally again soon.

"That's a good baby." Mr. Watson laughed and picked him up. He then went and made sure the other four had been inspected. Once done he ushered them all back to their room. He put Liam on one of the lower bunks and put his thumb in his mouth, "Suck on that until I get these lads taken care of."

Liam nodded and began to suck his thumb. He watched Mr. Watson as he wondered what he was going to do with the others.

"Muppet, get up on your bunk and go to sleep." Mr. Watson said eyeing Zayn. "When you stop acting as though you're stupid and incompetent I'll call you Ace again."

Zayn nodded, "Yes sir." He didn't like that he had fallen so far with such a little mistake but he'd take the fall again for Niall if he had to.

"Chav, sit on your bunk and wait on Mr. Taylor silently. Gremlin, get yourself somewhere so you can watch my baby boy suck on the special surprise I have for him." Mr. Watson instructed more of them then looked to Harry, "Get on the bunk above the infant Reek. Nothing important you need to watch but I want you to get to hear it all. Oh and make sure you keep that mask on!"

The lads quickly nodded with a "Yes, sir." And went off to their designated beds and obeyed. Zayn closed his eyes to try and sleep. Not that he would sleep. He just didn't want to get caught. Louis held back a grumbled as he looked at Liam. Why did he have to watch? Zayn got to attempt to sleep. Harry had to at least listen and Mr. Watson didn't even tell Niall he had to watch or listen. "So unfair." He muttered to himself.

"Do you have something you'd like to say a bit louder Gremlin?" Mr. Watson eyed him hard. "I'd love for you to repeat that."

Louis sat up. "No, sir. Nothing at all to share. I'm just...So eager to see what surprise you have for Liam."

"Lying hmm, you just love keeping yourself in trouble don't you?" Mr. Watson asked. "A punishment can be arranged though. Don't you worry."

Louis sighed. "I just thought it was unfair that I'm the only one to watch." He thought telling the truth now would might work. "Zayn gets to sleep. Harry only has to listen, Niall doesn't have to do anything...And I have to watch. It's not fair. All I said was it was unfair. But you know best..." He was trying to save himself.

"Gremlin, did I put you in charge of making sure my baby knows how to give a proper blow job?" He asked moving closer to Louis.

Niall and Harry both couldn't help but to watch as Louis agreed, "Yes sir."

"So tell me, how are you going to know if he's doing it properly if you aren't watching? How are you going to know what he needs to work on if you aren't watching? I suppose you're just a magic Gremlin?"

Louis held back a sigh. "Yes, sir. I understand now. Sorry."
"No, you aren't sorry but I'll fix that tomorrow." Mr. Watson then turned to Liam. "Alright now, are you ready?" He began to undo his belt and trousers.

Liam nodded as he watched Mr. Watson undo his trousers. He'd already given one blowjob since being here and it wasn't that bad. Maybe he could do this too.

"Good boy. Take your thumb out of your mouth now. Come sit on the side of your bunk." He used a gentle tone like what a caretaker would use with a child they were looking after.

When Liam obeyed he was rewarded with a little smile from his room Keeper.

"There now, open up baby boy. Let me give something special to suck on." Mr. Watson coo'ed and practically teased Liam as he pushed down his pants and tapped his semi hard dick against Liam's innocent lips.

Liam opened his mouth and took Mr. Watson's cock into his mouth. He rubbed the exposed part with his hands twisting in opposite directions, it was something he'd seen done in one of his classes with another Keeper and student. He began to bob his head in effort to get the Keeper fully hard, faster.

"Put your other hand on his balls. Rub them softly." Louis wasn't sure if he was supposed to talk to Liam and coach him but hoped if he did it would help show Mr. Watson that he actually was sorry.

"Such a good baby. Trying to be my new favorite hmm?" Mr. Watson said and gave a soft moan. Liam really was doing well.

Liam nodded a little as he took Mr. Watson's balls in his hand and rubbed them as he moaned around The Keepers cock.

"Fuck, such a fast little learner. Lovely." Mr. Watson was very happy with Liam. That was a good thing for him of course. "Good baby boy. Don't stop little one. Keep sucking on your treat."

The Keeper was very quickly reaching his peak. Louis and Niall both couldn't help but notice it. They weren't really sure what to make of it though.

Liam sucked harder as he bobbed his head faster and continued to play with Mr. Watson's balls in his hands.

Mr. Watson ran his fingers into Liam's hair and gently grabbed ahold of it as he pulsed his hips and thrusted into the lad's mouth. "Take it deeper baby. Choke on it for me. Show me how much you love it."

Liam moved his mouth so he could take more of the cock, and kept going until the cock hit the back of his throat and he was choking. Tears sprang to his eyes as he continued to choke on the large cock in his mouth. He rubbed over Mr. Watson's balls faster hoping it'd make him cum faster.

"Fuck! Christ, yes! Oh shit!" The Keepers balls began to tighten. He wasn't going to last long. How could he when this little lad was so good. "Want my cum don't you? Want a bigger treat yeah? Oh fuck baby boy. Just a bit more. Earn my cum. Beg with that little mouth of yours."

Liam felt a little confused. Was he supposed to suck and mumble? Was he to take his mouth off the cock and beg for the Keeper to cum? He'd have to do what was asked, which was to beg. He slowly removed his mouth from the cock. "Please cum." Liam tried to beg. He hadn't be taught any begging or anything he could remember. "Please. I want you too...I want you to cum in my mouth." He looked up at Mr. Watson. He felt he was doing a horrible job of begging but he wasn't sure
what the Keeper wanted to hear.

"Oh fuck! Yes! Yes!" Mr. Watson hadn't been this turned on in a long time so he was fully enjoying himself. "Put your mouth back on me baby boy. Mmm, gonna give you some special milk."

Liam quickly nodded again and put his mouth back on Mr. Watson. He began to suck on the cock, bobbing his mouth back and forth while playing with the Keepers balls. He had seemed to like it.

"Oh, oh fuck, mmm! Yes!" He yelled louder than normal as he held Liam's head in place and filled his mouth with warm cum. "So... fucking... good! Shit!"

Liam began choking on the cum as he tried to swallow the mess that filled his mouth. Cum even came out of the sides of his mouth but eventually he managed to get everything down. He even opened his mouth to prove to his Keeper that he swallowed everything.

"So proud of you baby boy." Mr. Watson replied, obviously tired. He leaned down and licked the cum from around Liam's lips and then kissed him quickly before stepping back to pull up his pants and trousers.

Liam just sat there. He'd never seen a Keeper kiss a student. He'd seen students kissing but they were told to. What was so special about him that he was kissed? He didn't say anything but forced a smile and itched the nappy a bit. It felt hot and uncomfortable. He wanted out of it but he doubted he was getting out of it anytime soon.

"Lay back baby, let me check yours nappy. See why it's bothering you." Mr. Watson was treating Liam so differently. It was strange for the other lads to see.

Liam did as he was told and bit his lip, waiting for Mr. Watson to open the nappy he had uon.

The Keeper took more care than he normally would as he opened the tabs on Liam's nappy. When he pulled it open he smiled almost wickedly when he saw the lads small cock was rock hard.

Liam's face flushed bright red as tears stung his eyes from embarrassment.

"Aw, don't cry baby boy. I'm very happy to see this." Mr. Watson coo'ed. "Tell me why you're embarrassed baby. Go lay down Gremlin. This doesn't concern your arse."

Louis kept a poker face but exchanged a look with Niall as he climbed to the top bunk.

Mr. Watson rubbed Liam's tummy. "You can speak, it's okay." He encouraged.

Liam didn't know what to say. He didn't want to be hard. He didn't understand why he was. He bit his lip. Maybe a half truth would work. "I...I didn't know I was hard. You didn't say to get hard. I'm sorry." He whispered as hot tears began to fall.

"Shh, don't cry sweetie. You aren't in trouble at all." Mr. Watson soothed. "I like that you got hard for me. Makes me so proud of you baby boy." Mr. Watson bent down a bit and rubbed Liam's thigh. "What does my good boy want done to him? Hmm? You've earned a reward. Anything you want to help get that pretty little dick to cum. Just tell me."

Liam bit his lip. He wasn't sure what to say. At least fucking him wasn't an option because Mr. Taylor hadn't fucked him yet. "I don't know." Liam said quietly as he began to cry more. "I just want it to go away. You can do whatever you want." He sighed.
Soo...Thoughts? Feelings? Suggestions?

Also for Ziall, top/bottom...We're just gonna do whatever feels right in that moment. We haven't actually discussed a specific bottom/top but we do usually like to do a 50/50 thing so we can do our best to please everyone!
"Reek! Get down here!" Mr. Watson shouted. "Don't worry baby boy. I'm going to make sure you get taken care of." He ran his fingers through Liam's hair and gave him a little smile before whispering, "My new favorite. Don't disappoint me."

Harry jumped down. "Yes, sir? What can I do?" He asked.

"I'm going to give you a chance to prove your worth to me. Take care of the baby. Do whatever it takes to make him cum and then clean him up and get his nappy back on him. No sex. Do you understand me? You fuck this up and you'll spend twenty four hours in the playroom getting punished." Mr. Watson gave Harry a warning look of almost death.

Harry swallowed nervously. If it was that big of deal, why didn't Watson get Liam off himself since he was such a special baby to him. He however, nodded. "Yes, sir. I promise to make him feel good." He bit his lip as he looked over Liam. He had to admit to himself the boy had a pretty great looking body.

He climbed onto the bed and lifted Liam's knees and spread apart his legs. A combo of a rim and handjob should work. "Have you ever been eaten out before?" He asked. Liam shook his head afraid to speak. "It'll feel good. I promise to make it feel good." He said then pulled his mask down and dipped his head down to lick around the rim.

"When I come back in the morning you tell me if he treated you like the special little boy you are. Okay?" Mr. Watson coo'ed and kissed Liam's forehead.

Liam nodded, still feeling confused.

"Here is his dummy. Give it to him when you tuck him in." The Keeper told Harry and set it on the bed before leaving the room and locking the door.

"So eating me is what? You licking my hole?" Liam asked feeling confused.

"That and putting my tongue in your hole. Now, that he's gone I can just give you a handjob or a blowjob if you'd like." Harry offered.

Liam blushed hard as more tears fell from his eyes.

"Hey, you okay?" Harry suddenly had a sense of concern come to him. He didn't really understand what this lad's story was but he knew there was something different about him. "You don't have to tell me but I won't tell anyone if you do." He whispered.
Liam closed his eyes, feeling more embarrassed than he ever had. "I- I want to feel good. I like how it feels when I c-cum. I just d-don't want the Keepers to t-touch my... you know." He felt so small and confused by this new world of sex he'd just been thrown into. He wasn't even sure if he was explaining himself correctly.

"Okay. It's okay." Harry rubbed Liam's arm. "I'll make you feel good so you can cum. Let's do something small. A handjob? Would that be okay?" He asked softly as he wiped away Liam's tears. "With how hard you are already, I bet it won't take long for you to cum."

Liam nodded but whispered, "Please don't tell anyone I want to feel good though. It's so embarrassing." He looked almost pitifully at Harry with an innocent face. "I don't know how you want me. I... I didn't really know anything about this sex stuff before I came here."

Harry nodded. "I won't but it's okay if it feels good. You don't have to be embarrassed...Even if a Keeper does something to you and it feels good, you may not want it to but that's just how the body is." He tried to explain. He had plenty of sexual experience for a fourteen year old. He wasn't sure how old Liam was but was more than happy to fill in the blanks. It'd make things around here less confusing.

He bit his lip as he thought for a moment. "I'll sit behind you, you can lay between my legs. It'd be easier that way." He said as he sat Liam up and crawled behind him, getting comfortable behind him. He lay Liam's back to his front. "How's that?" He asked rubbing Liam's arm.

Liam let himself relax back into Harry. It felt wonderful to be held by someone who wasn't evil. "I, I like this. It feels nice."

Harry smiled. "That's good." He said and rubbed both of Liam's arms now, then he moved down Liam's arms to his thighs and rubbed them gently. "We can go as slow as you want." It's not like they'd get in trouble considering he was told to do this. He continued to rub Liam's thighs for another minute or two then moved a hand to his dick while his other hand rubbed up and down Liam's other thigh. Harry's hand wrapped around Liam's dick and he began to pump it gently.

Liam let his mouth fall open as his eyes closed. He gasped a little and let his head roll so his forehead was resting against Harry's neck.

Harry smiled. "Just embrace the feeling. Enjoy the feeling. The Keepers won't be as gentle as me." He said softly. He squeezed the tip gently and grinned seeing the precum leak so he spread it around the dick so he could move his hand faster. He brought his free hand from Liam's thighs and gently pinched his nipples.

"Oh!" Liam let out a sudden gasp as his eyes opened. "That, that, please?" He whimpered. "I like that. Can you do it again?" No one had ever done that to his nipples before. It felt amazing.

Harry nodded. "Whatever makes you feel good..." He said and pinched Liam's nipples again. He rolled the nubs between his fingers. "If you like 'em pinched, I bet you'd like 'em sucked." He commented.

Liam blushed more as he moaned softly. The idea of someone sucking on them was nice. "Y-yeah. Harry you-you're good at this. It all feels incredible."

"Lots of experience, even though I'm only fourteen." Harry smiled

"Lots of experience, even though I'm only fourteen." Harry smiled. "And being touched for the first time...In the good way...It would feel good. But thank you." He ran a hand over Liam's chest.
"Do you want me to suck your nipples?" He nibbled at Liam's earlobe.

"Ah, yes, Harry please?" Liam cried and pressed against him a little hard. "I... I'm fourteen too b-but I only h-had sex once and I literally just l-laid there. She did it, it all." Liam's hips thrust up involuntarily. "Oh, I think it's going to happen soon."

Harry felt himself getting hard. This was going to be a problem but he was too focused on Harry to care. He removed his hand from Liam's dick for a moment as he moved to be in front of Liam.

"Lay down." He instructed as he gently pushed against Liam's shoulders. "When you feel it, don't worry, just let it happen and enjoy it." He encouraged and he watched as Liam lay back looking wrecked already. It was kind of hot. He leaned his head down and began to suck on Liam's nipples switching between them.

"Ah, ah, Harry, oh hell." Liam's voice went into a high pitched tone. "M-more. Oh." Liam could feel a pit in his stomach forming.

"Ah, ah, Harrrrrrrr." He whimpered and cried as he came hard, white strings spraying over his tummy. "Harry, oh Harry. Wow."

Harry smiled for a moment as he admired his work on Liam. He then licked him clean. "There. All clean." He smiled. He shifted his joggers a little as he realized he was fully erect. "Uhm, I suppose I need to put the nappy on you now?" He frowned. "I wish I didn't... But you don't know the playroom. It's fucking terrifying."

"It's okay. I know you aren't doing it to be mean." Liam told him. "Harry, are you..." He wasn't sure if it was rude to ask. "I guess I just, I don't understand why."

Harry raised an eyebrow curiously. "Am I what?" He asked as he lifted Liam's legs and grabbed the nappy that was at the bottom of the bed. "Understand why... Why any of this is happening?" He asked. "Because they're fucking sickos... Lift up so I can put this under you."

Liam did as Harry asked but shook his head, "No, I meant, like, you look hard. If you are I don't understand why you are." Liam gave him a shy smile, "I already knew they were sick here. That's a bit obvious innit?"

"Oh." Harry said realizing what he meant. "Because sometimes when you do sexual shit to others, you yourself get turned on." He tried to explain and pulled the front of the nappy up. He looked at Liam in the nappy. "It looks right, but how do I get it to stay on?" He asked. "Because the other Keeper has to come for Niall still. What if he sees you crying? That probably won't be good. Just think happy thoughts and if that doesn't work, try anger. Anger always works for me." He offered a smile. "Please no tears?"

"I'm just embarrassed." Liam confessed. "A nice looking lad just touched me and I really enjoyed it
but now he's had to dress me like an infant and he has to put a dummy in my mouth now too."

"You think I'm nice looking?" Harry asked surprised. "I mean, you're not so bad yourself." He
admitted as he played with his curls. "Okay, so I think you're equally nice looking but there's no
reason to be embarrassed. I mean, you're forced to wear and use nappies because of the sick freaks
that run this place." He said. "I don't care about having to put a nappy on you..." He tried to make
the lad feel better.

"Thank you. Most everyone here is very mean to me about it. Means a lot for someone to finally
be nice." Liam told him.

Harry smiled. "You deserve kindness. I might not have been here long but you're innocent, I mean
what could you have even have done to land yourself in a place like this?" Harry paused as he
moved off Liam to sit next to him. Hopefully the talking would help make it go away.

"I stole stuff. I stole a lot of stuff. I tried to tell the judge that I didn't know it was bad but she didn't
believe me." Liam explained.

Harry nodded. Being a Foster kid himself, he knew how easy it was to not be properly taught right
from wrong. "Yeah, they wouldn't believe that." He agreed. "But I believe you."

"Thank you. No one has before." Liam liked talking to Harry. It was so easy to just relax and talk to
him.

"I can tell that you're pretty innocent and growing up like we do...It's easy to misunderstand right
from wrong." Harry said as he yawned. "I should go to bed and put you to bed before we get
cought talking." He grabbed the dummy and put it in Liam's mouth. He put his mask back on and
and out of the bed. He then tucked Liam into bed then headed for his own when the door suddenly
slammed open.

Mr. Taylor walked in. "Slag! What the fuck are you doing out of bed?!" He yelled.

Harry jumped. "Uh, Liam got hard after he blew Mr. Watson. I was told to make him feel good so
he could cum then put him to bed, nappy, dummy and all." He said. "Ask him." He wasn't trying to
make it sound like a challenge but more of trying to prove his innocence.

Mr. Taylor looked at Liam. "Little lad, is this true? Tell me the truth. You're allowed to speak."
Liam nodded as he took the dummy out of his mouth. "Yes, sir. It's all true. I would never lie." Mr.
Taylor smiled. "That's my good little lad. Put your dummy back in."

He looked at Harry. "Get in bed before I decide to find something to fuck you with." Harry nodded
quickly as he climbed into the bed above Liam.

"Are you going to sit on your bunk all night Fairy or do you want your reward?" Mr. Taylor asked
Niall.

"Sorry sir. I'm ready." Niall stood up quickly.

"You better be." Mr Taylor grabbed his arm and dragged him from the room. "You'll get your
usual dose." He said as they made their way outside. "Maybe your special friend will be good
tomorrow and can join us."

"Special friend?" Niall asked completely lost. "Who would that be sir?" He stretched his head
tinking he must mean Zayn but he didn't understand why Mr. Taylor would call Zayn his special
friend. There was no way he could know anything.
"Yeah, your roommate." Mr. Taylor said taking out the pill bottle. "The one you were kissing last night." He smirked taking a pill out. "Open, tongue out."

"You told me to. He gave me shit for it all day." Niall complained then opened his mouth. "I know you all think he's some sort of saint but really he's just a douche. I'm glad you all finally caught on to a little bit of who he really is when you all aren't around though." Niall folded his arms over his chest and then opened his mouth again.

"Alright, calm down you whiny teenager. Fuck." Mr. Taylor rolled his eyes. "It just seemed to me that you were both into it, but maybe that was the effect of the drugs." He placed the pill on Niall's tongue then handed him a bottle of water.

"Is Aladdin attractive? Hell yes. Was I happy you told me to kiss him? Sure. Does that mean I like him, want anything to happen with him or anything else? Not a chance. Beauty is only skin deep Mr. Taylor." Maybe just giving the Keeper a reason the kiss seemed so full of heat would back him off.

Mr. Taylor nodded. He could see the lads point and Zayn had no reaction to him fucking Niall. "Mm, I suppose..." He nodded. "Anyways, you've taken your pill. Your roommate isn't here to smoke so there's no need to stay out here now." He grabbed a hold of Niall's arm and walked him to the door, pushing him through it once it was open.

"Mr. Taylor, may I ask you something sir? Just something I'm curious about." Niall asked softly. He wanted to see if he could get any information out of the kindest Keeper while they were alone.

"Ugh. Fine. Make it quick." Mr. Taylor groaned.

"Why do you Keepers use us students the way you do?" Niall was careful when choosing his words. If he said 'treat us' or 'abuse us' Mr. Taylor may think he was complaining. Really all he wanted was to understand.

Mr. Taylor raised an eyebrow. It's a question they were often asked but they never gave an answer to. "Because, you rats deserve it. You'll learn good behaviour no other way." He pushed Niall down the hall. "Keep walking."

Niall wished Mr. Taylor would have been willing to have a real conversation with him about this. He wasn't going to push his luck however so he just shut his mouth and walked to his room as the pill began to kick in.

"Trust me slag, the less you know the better for your sanity." Mr. Taylor told him softly. "It's best some questions are left unanswered." He unlocked the door and pushed him through then locked it again.

Niall had just thought it might be easier to accept if he understood why. After picking himself up off the floor he looked around the room.

Louis was asleep in only a tshirt with his bits exposed for the world to see. Harry was asleep almost half hung off his upper bunk. Liam was asleep and curled into a little ball with the dummy in his mouth. Zayn however laid on his bunk awake and staring at the ceiling.

"Hello Zaynie. Are you alright?" Niall asked.

"Are any of us alright?" Zayn asked moving over in his top bunk to make room for Niall. "I don't think I've ever gone this long without a fix." He admitted softly as his fingers drummed along his stomach. "Besides that, I'm too traumatized to sleep. You're back quickly. Is everything alright?"
"Yeah, without you there was no reason for it to take long." Niall explained as he climbed up and lay next to Zayn. "I'm so sorry for everything. I am. I feel terrible. I wish you would have just let me take the punishment. I deserved it."

Zayn pulled him into a cuddle. "Nah, I wouldn't want them to turn you into a dog again. You've only been free for a little bit and you still have your collar on. You worked so hard to be good. I had never been in trouble." He paused.

"I really like you...I couldn't stand by and watch the lad I like very much get hurt not if I could help it." He glanced around the room and seeing how asleep everyone was, he leaned down and kissed Niall's lips softly. "And you punching Louis? Louis deserved it. You didn't deserve to be in trouble for shutting him up when he kept provoking you."

"Well, it means a lot to me. No one has ever shown me that sort of kindness before. You have no idea how special I find it; find you." Niall whispered and kissed Zayn's lips. He looked into Zayn's eyes and just stared for a while before breaking the silence, "You really are breathtakingly beautiful. I could stare at forever and never get bored my Zaynie."

Zayn felt his cheeks heat up. "Thanks...And baby, I'll always want to protect you. I may not always be able to but when I can, I will." He kissed him. "My little Snowflake." He stroked Niall's cheek. "So gorgeous." He then kissed Niall's nose and smiled at him. "I don't know how I made it this long without you." His voice just above a whisper.

Niall blushed, "I feel the same. It's like, I only just met you but I already never want to be without you." Niall wrapped his arms around Zayn's waist. "I have to lie to the Keepers and say how annoying you are. I have to put on an act in front of them and say terrible things but always know that under all that is so much love for you."

Zayn held Niall tight, listening to him and understanding. He had to do the same. He ran his fingers up and down Niall's arm as he listened to him talk. He stopped his movements when he heard Niall say "love" "Wait, you love me? In love with me?" He asked to be sure he heard right.

"Yes, is that okay? I..." He paused and bit his lip. "It's too soon isn't it? I'm rushing aren't I? I'm sorry."

"Hey, hey, don't be sorry." Zayn rubbed Niall's arms and moved to hover over him. "I love you too. So much." He kissed over Niall's face. "I didn't want to rush to say it in fear of scaring you away or you not feeling it yet." He kissed Niall's lips again, then his neck, right above the collar. "You're perfect."

"Yes well, I'm also going to be hard if a certain prince doesn't stop kissing me." Niall tried not to laugh. They had to be quiet.

"You're so fun to kiss." Zayn pouted a little but he understood so he moved to lay beside Niall with one arm draped over him.

He stared at him. Admitting that he was in love with Niall made things a bit more difficult. He'd have to watch someone abuse the lad he so very much loved. It was difficult enough when Mr. Taylor made him watch him fuck Niall. But that's when he remembered Niall's words. "You asked that I be the one to get you off tonight. Do you still want that?" He whispered as drew shapes on Niall's tummy. "Whatever you want sexual or just cuddles or anything...I'll do for you."

"I want to cum for you. I have to cum for them all the time. I want to cum truest for you. I want to show you what you do to me." Niall grinned. "What are you up for doing? I'll take whatever so
long as you get me off.'

Zayn smirked a little as he snaked a hand down the front of Niall's joggers and began to pump his cock lazily in his hand. "Mm, I'm not sure." He found himself teasing his lover a little. "What do you think I should do?" He whispered into his ear.

"I think you should make me fill your mouth. I think... fuck baby... I think you should let me have my thick Irish cock in your mouth."

"Sounds perfect." Zayn grinned. "Only if I get to fill your sweet Irish mouth after." He had already gotten a semi from Niall's words alone. He couldn't wait to suck his boyfriend. He moved and quickly but quietly helped Niall take his joggers off. "So sexy." He whispered as he began to lick the semi hard cock in his hand.

"I wouldn't have it any other way. Love the taste of my prince." Niall said then moaned softly. When it came to Zayn it was easy to get hard quickly.

"Does that make you my Princess?" Zayn teased then took the cock into his mouth as he began to suck. The Keepers would often make fun of all the students for having small cocks but most were just due to how young most of them were.

But in Zayn's eyes, Niall wasn't that small and he was pretty thick which made sucking him off so much fun. It was different this time than due to last time's because this time they were together and had admitted their feelings for one another. It made things so much more pleasurable. He bobbed his head up and down while his thumb rubbed over Niall's hole.

Niall had to put his arm over his mouth for a moment as he whimpered a little. Zayn was very talented with his mouth. "Fuck, Zaynie, yes, I'll be your anything you want me to be." He gasped being sure he wasn't too loud.

Zayn inwardly smiled. He had meant it as an innocent joke but if Niall was okay with being called that, then why not? Zayn sucked harder as his hand moved from Niall's hole to his balls. Zayn brought his mouth up and began to suck on the tip very lightly, then used his tongue to lick across the silt. "Sexy Princess." He smirked as he tested out the new nickname.

"For you." Niall panted as his hips began to pulse a bit. "Fuck, this is amazing. Suck me more. Please Prince Zayn?"

"Your wish is my command, Princess." Zayn grinned then slowly worked his way down the cock until it hit the back of his throat, then he began to suck hard as he bobbed his head again. His hands moving to play with Niall's nipples.

"Your wish is my command, Princess." Zayn grinned then slowly worked his way down the cock until it hit the back of his throat, then he began to suck hard as he bobbed his head again. His hands moving to play with Niall's nipples.

Niall bit the sleeve of his jacket to stop any loud sounds from spilling out of his mouth. It all felt so amazing, so much more than when the Keepers touched him. "Fuck, fuck, love this, love you." He whispered and hissed as his free hand gripped the sheet on the bed.

Zayn couldn't help but smile around Niall's cock for a moment. This was how he should sound, all genuine, nothing fake or forced. Zayn kept deep throating him for a couple minutes longer before breaking off and moving to kiss Niall's lips. "I love you too." He whispered then kissed down Niall's chest until he reached his leaking cock again. He licked up the precum then went back to
sucking on the hard cock as his hands worked to twist on the exposed area. He moaned around the thick cock as he suddenly noticed how hard he had become himself.

"B-babe?" Niall questioned while panting. He noticed the tent in Zayn's joggers. "If you want sex, I'm okay with it."

Zayn popped off Niall's cock. "Aren't you sore? I mean...Mr. Taylor did fuck you pretty hard." He frowned a little at the recent memory. "And when Louis...I mean, I doubt he was gentle." He rubbed circles into Niall's hips.

"I don't care. I owe you so much Zaynie. Whatever will make you feel good will make me feel good. I know you'll be gentle." Niall smiled. "All I want is to cum for you."

"NiNi..." Zayn let his fingers play in his lover's hair. He smiled softly. "Who knows what tomorrow will bring and I don't want your hole becoming so used that you end up bleeding like Louis. So tonight, you rest." He kissed Niall's forehead.

"But I do have an idea on how to make it better." Zayn smirked and took Niall's joggers the rest of the way off. He lifted the lad's legs so his knees were bent. He moved to lay on his stomach with his feet dangling off the bunk as he lowered his head and began to use his tongue in circles around Niall's hole before he slowly entered his tongue inside.

"Oh, oh, fuck yes." Niall smiled and moaned. "Yes Zaynie, please. Make me cum. Want to cum for my prince."

Zayn smiled briefly against the hole and reached a hand to pump Niall's cock while his tongue worked gently worked inside the hole.

The sensations Niall was experiencing were incredible. It wasn't long before his balls began to tighten. "Fuck, almost there. Zaynie, please suck me. What my cum in your mouth."

Zayn pulled his tongue out and replaced his hand with his mouth as he began sucking Niall hard. He used a finger to circle around Niall's hole as he sucked hard.

"Oh fuck, oh yes, yes babe." Niall mumbled against his arm. "God yes. I'm gonna cum."

Zayn moaned around Niall's cock as he mentally prepared himself to swallow as much as he could. He then popped off for a moment to look at Niall. He was on the edge and looked stunning. "Cum my Irish Princess. I wanna taste you." He whispered then went back to sucking on Niall's cock.

After a moment Niall let loose and came as his bit his hand. Tears of pleasure hit his eyes.

Zayn swallowed as much as he could without choking the test spilled out of his mouth and onto Niall's stomach. He licked him clean. "Mm," He moaned as he licked his lips. He laid beside Niall on his back. "I love the way you taste and I love you." Zayn kissed Niall's shoulder.

"I love you too. We aren't don't though. Come up here, fuck my mouth with your hard on. Make a mess on my face beautiful prince. Teach me that I'm yours." Niall grinned. In these secret moments with Zayn Niall could forget where they actually were.

Zayn's cock twitched at the sound of Niall's words. He pushed his joggers down and climbed onto Niall then he positioned himself over his face. He took his hard on in his hand and slapped it against Niall's cheek a couple times. "Pretty Princess." He whispered. "Open up so I can fuck that amazing mouth of yours."
"Anything for the Prince." Niall smirked and held his mouth open, ready to accept the tan cock.

Zayn grinned and held back a moan. He loved Niall's name for him. He shimmed up a little more as he put his cock into Niall's mouth and bit on his bottom lip to suppress a moan when contact was made.

Niall made quick work of sucking on the cock. He licked over it like a lollipop and softly moaned to vibrate Zayn's length. He actually loved the natural flavor of Zayn's skin. It wasn't overly salty like most people.

Zayn's hands went into Niall's hair as he felt Niall work on his cock. "Fuck, baby." He let out a quiet moan. "You're so good. Always loved your mouth...So much better now though."

Niall felt excited. Zayn obviously was enjoying himself and after today he more than deserved it. He grabbed Zayn's hips with his hands and gently forced his lover to thrust into his mouth. The little Irish lad truly wanted Zayn to make him feel owned by him, his prince.

Zayn closed his eyes for a moment, his body and emotions overcome with love and pleasure. "Shit." He whispered as he began to ride Niall's face. Thank God Louis didn't choose his bunk to sleep under tonight. "Mm, my Princess. So good." He softly moaned as he ran his fingers through Niall's hair.

Niall nodded his head and relaxed his throat so Zayn could fuck his mouth deeper and harder. He kept moaning softly as he made Zayn's hips thrust faster.

Zayn sped up his movements as he fucked Niall's mouth and throat faster. He then started going a little harder as his fingers gripped Niall's hair. He bit hard on his bottom lip as he tried to keep his sounds quiet.

Niall moaned again and looked up at Zayn. He wanted Zayn's cum sprayed over his face. He wanted to feel like his boyfriend owned him, even if only for a moment. Zayn owning him was a far better feeling then the Keepers owning him. "Please may I have you cum Prince Zaynie?" Niall asked, his lips teasing Zayn's tip.

"Mmm," Zayn let out a low moan. "Can I cum in your mouth or do you want it on you somewhere? Any preference?" He asked. He didn't want to do something if Niall wasn't going to truly enjoy it.

"My face. Please my face. Make me yours. Need it." Niall nearly begged; his tongue licking Zayn as he spoke. "Cum on me."

Zayn nodded as he wrapped a hand around his cock and gave himself a few pumps. That was all it took for Zayn to let go and cum across Niall's face.

Niall let out a bit of moan as his face was painted with cum. "Fuck, that was incredible." He whispered, still a mess. "I need to get clean in case someone comes though."

"You look beautiful." Zayn whispered then climbed off of him and down the side ladder to the sink. He got a paper towel wet and climbed back up the ladder to where Niall was laying on the bed with a painted face of cum.

He gently washed the cum from his boyfriend's face then kissed him softly. "I love you...Mm, but next time, you fuck me because damn. I remember your first day and I convinced you to fuck me a little. Nothing I have ever experienced felt like that. It was incredible." He pressed a kiss to Niall's cheek.
"Your wish is my command handsome prince." Niall smiled and laughed softly. "I fucking love you Zayn; so much." Niall kissed him as he sat up. "We need to sleep now though."

Zayn nodded. "I love you too...Climb down and I'll throw your clothes to you." He offered. He wished he could sleep next to Niall but being together and doing sexual things together after the other lads had gone to bed and a Keeper could walk in at any time, it was a huge risk already. "Good night, Princess." He couldn't help but smile

"Good night prince." Niall smiled back and went down to his bed where he fell asleep rather quickly.

The following morning Watson threw the door open, with it landing against the walls with a loud sound. "Slags! Get up! Whore, while the view is nice, get some damn clothes on. Or if you prefer, you can not wear anything at all."

"I imagine you want me in the special uniform you got me? If it's my choice I prefer the normal uniform." Louis replied getting up as did everyone else except Liam.

Liam sat up on his bunk but didn't move other than that. He didn't even take the dummy out of his mouth. He wasn't about to do anything to get himself in trouble.

Mr. Watson laughed. "Uniform is not your choice. If fact, I should take away your old uniform." He said going over to the shelf to pick it up. He then looked over at Zayn. "If you can be good today, Muppet, I'll let you have your treat tonight. For now you and Chav can sit and wait for me to tend to baby boy."

Niall finished dressing and sat on his bunk. Zayn followed his actions and watched as Louis dressed in pink skirt and matching bra.

"Where should I be?" Harry asked as he zipped up the grey jacket of his uniform.

"You can stand for now." Mr. Watson told Harry then sat next to Liam. He played with his hair a little. "Did Reek make you feel good last night, baby boy?" He rubbed Liam's thigh.

Liam, still sucking on the dummy just nodded his head. He was a shy lad but it was starting to suck not being able to talk like the other lads.

"That's good. Finally, he does something right. Reek, you can sit down now." Mr. Watson told Harry who right away sat down on his bed. "My sweet baby boy, let's check your nappy. I brought a fresh one and wipes too, wipes can stay here now though." He smiled. "Lay back and let me change you. I can already smell you." He said with a smile.

Liam's face turned red as he frowned around the dummy in his mouth. It was so embarrassing and now it was happening with Harry right there watching. It made tears form in his eyes and he struggled not to let his shame make them fall.

Mr. Watson grinned as he undid the tabs of the nappy and pulled down the front of Liam's nappy. "A mess and a wee! And your bum is so messy too." The Keeper sounded excited. He removed the dirty nappy then cleaned Liam's bum and dick with the wipes he brought. "I forgot the changing pad but no worries, you won't be sleeping in this bed tonight. You have your very own special bed now." He explained as he finished cleaning Liam and put a fresh nappy on him. He stepped away for a moment to throw away the dirty nappy then walked back over to Liam.

Liam wiped the tears away from his eyes and looked at Mr. Watson confused. What did he mean by 'special bed'?
"How can anyone get off to this shit?" Louis quietly gagged as he sat between Niall and Harry.

"Sicko’s, obvi." Harry shrugged.

"Obvi? You sound like a white teenage girl." Niall rolled his eyes.

"All of you! Shut the fuck up before you get us in trouble fucking twats." Zayn said from his bunk above.

"There. All clean. And starting today, you'll get naps in the afternoon or playtime. You can easily catch up on missed work another time." Mr. Watson grinned then took the dummy from Liam's mouth and took something out of his pocket. It was a clip for the dummy. It was purple and had white lace on it. He attached the dummy to it then attached the clip to Liam's shirt.

"My baby is so pretty." The Keeper pecked his lips.

"Stay here, baby. I'm going to show you your bed." Mr. Watson walked away to open the door then pulled in an adult sized crib on wheels. "Here it is, baby. Let's test it out." Mr. Watson walked back over to Liam and picked him up then put him in his crib. "Adorable."

Liam looked around the large crib. He had questions for Mr. Watson but he knew better than to speak. His bottom lip pouted out but he quickly sucked it in and bit it. He wanted to be strong like Zayn and Niall suggested.

"You're a very special boy." Mr. Watson smiled. "You'll even get a high chair for meal times." He explained as he picked him up. "But I saw that pout. Tell me what's wrong. Did Reek do something to you last night?" He asked. "Use your words."

"N-no, he was very nice to me. He even tucked me in just like you said to." Liam did not want Harry to get in trouble but it was also true thankfully. "I, if I'm a good boy and act my age can I sleep in the bunk again?" He looked down for a moment. He had another question but it was unrelated to his pout so he wasn't sure if he should ask.

"That's good to hear and maybe..." Mr. Watson paused. "Maybe sometimes... We'll see. Play it by ear." He kissed his cheek. "Any other questions?"

Liam nodded and nervously looked at the Keeper. He felt so embarrassed and shy to ask. He didn't want the others to hear him ask it so he whispered, "May I use the dummy whenever I want?"

Mr. Watson smiled. "Yes, you may. Thank you for asking." He kissed Liam's lips. "Alright, Slags. Breakfast time." He said and ushered them out of the room.

He said and picked up Liam then ushered them out of the room.

Liam was happy he was allowed to use the dummy whenever he wanted. He had found it was very helpful in preventing him from crying. Something about it helped soothe the urge.

"What happens after breakfast?" Harry whispered to Zayn as they followed behind Mr. Watson. He should have read his schedule but doing things he should wasn't Harry's strong point.

"Morning shower then classes." Zayn whispered as they walked down the hallway.

"I didn't look at my list. Should have I guess." Harry replied.

"No talking in the halls! That better not be you muppet!" Mr. Watson called back to the four lads
behind him.

"No sir." Zayn replied.

"Good, you idiots better eat fast. You know how I feel about students being late to classes."

He warned as they reached the cafeteria.

"Sir, how do I know where to go for these different classes and shit?" Harry asked as the others went ahead to get in the food line.

"Because I'll take each of your Slags to your classes and pick you up." Mr. Watson explained. "Now if you don't have any other questions, get in line."

"Yeah okay." Harry replied and walked away to get his less than appetizing meal.

"Little one still hasn't figured out how to behave like a big boy?" Another Keeper asked as he brought his room to breakfast.

"Exactly. He's still crying at almost everything. There's a little progress but not much." Mr. Watson explained then walked over to where the adult sized high chair was and strapped Liam into it. "So he'll get the full baby treatment until he can learn otherwise."

When students began to look at Liam in the high chair and laugh his face turned off red and he began to cry. He hated getting laughed at. He hated crying too however so he grabbed the dummy quickly and put it in his mouth.

This action of course only further the laughter and some finger pointing. Some students were even calling him names. "Alright! You had your fun, now shut up and eat before we shove it down your throats!" Mr. Scott yelled standing in the middle of the room.

With the dummy in his mouth Liam found it easier to handle the teasing. If he wasn't crying then the embarrassment wasn't as strong. Maybe the dummy wasn't such a terrible thing if he had to be treated like an infant.

"Man, Mr. Watson is really into Liam and this baby thing." Niall whispered to Zayn as they went to sit with their friends like they normally did. "I've never seen him act so nice to a student, I mean he even kissed him on the mouth."

Zayn nodded. "I agree. It's fucking creepy. I've never seen Keepers kiss anyone on the mouth. They rarely even make students do that." He sighed. "Poor Liam."

"Yeah, your roommate is certainly getting extra special attention." David agreed. "Mr. Watson has always seemed to enjoy the babies most."

"I agree. I've been here a while and he always has favored them that I've seen. He must have a kink for it. Do you guys think he has a kink for it? That's a thing after all isn't it? A baby kink?" Joe rattled on.

"Don't call it a baby kink. It sounds fucking creepy. And I think it's a Daddy kink? Or is that where you just like being called Daddy in bed?" Niall asked.

"I think it's age play...Where adults or older kids like being treated like babies and you find Mummy's or Daddy's to take care of you." David said.
"Yeah, well Mr. Watson has an age play kink for sure then." Zayn nodded.

"Sucks for Liam but at least it means you're off the hook for having to take care of a puppy." David told Zayn in reference to Niall.

Zayn forced himself not to react to Niall being called a puppy. He didn't like it. It was a horrible period for Niall, he didn't deserve that kind of treatment. "Yeah, well...I might have a baby to take care of. Although, maybe not...He probably doesn't trust me enough to take care of anyone." He grumbled. "I punched Louis yesterday, got sent to the playroom." He tried to change the topic.

"Shit, really?" David asked and half smiled. "I didn't think you had it in you to punch someone. Proud of you." David nudge Zayn a bit.

Zayn bit back a laugh so they wouldn't get into trouble, "Thanks. I mean it got me tortured with waterboarding but I'm glad the big mean David is proud of me."

As Niall watched the pair interact, he couldn't help but feel a bit jealous. He wasn't sure why. Maybe because they could joke around and be somewhat normal together and he couldn't do that with Zayn. He rolled his eyes. "Yeah, the whore had it coming. You can only push a person so far before they snap." He then took a sip of his protein shake. "I can't wait to be done this shit."

"I take it the nurse is going to check you out at some point, see if your weight is doing better?" Zayn asked him. He wanted to keep as informed as he could on his boyfriend's issues.

Niall shrugged. "The hell if I know. I was told to drink 'em until my weight comes back up. I don't know when I'm being checked out. It's only been a couple of days though...I think. Time moves differently here or feels like it at least. Not even a fucking clock in our bedrooms."

"Yeah, that will get better when it warms up. We get outside time when it's warm. If we are really really good some teachers let us do class outside, of course that means Keepers coming to make sure we obey. It also means we get fucked more than we normally would during class because Keepers think outdoor fucking is much more dangerous and fun or something like that." Joe again rambled as he always did.

Niall couldn't help but roll his eyes the talking. It bothered him.

"Well, it's still March. It'll warm up soon, I hope." Zayn said. "Well, I don't think outside fucking is dangerous when this place in the middle of fucking nowhere." He sighed. "But whatever helps them sleep at night." He shrugged as he forced himself to eat. "Let me guess, the babies are made to sit on a blanket under a tree during outside time?" He laughed.

"Depends on which Keeper is in charge of them but yes, that normally what happens." David explained trying not to laugh.

"Are the dogs like, tied up or something?" Niall asked almost worried incase he should be put back to being treated more like one.

"Why? Are you worried?" Joe asked. "But to answer your question, yes, yes they do. They're tied to a tree." He smiled. "You're still wearing a collar, does that mean you're still a doggy?" He pulled at the collar.

Niall's fist instantly curled into a ball as his jaw tightened.

"Keep your fucking hands off him!" Zayn suddenly snapped at the talkative lad.
Niall raised an eyebrow at Zayn. Part of him liked how protective he was. Another part of him was worried about a Keeper hearing and them getting in trouble.

"Zayn!" David hissed. "What the fuck? Since when do you care about the fucking dog when you're not taking care of him?"

"Please don't hurt me." Joe said quietly.

"I can fight my own fucking battles." Niall told Zayn, trying to save themselves between their friends. He looked around and noticed a few Keepers eyeing them.

"I didn't say you couldn't but I know you. You snap easily. I'm not going down and getting punished because he touched you and you fucking popped off and hit him." Zayn complained; adding to what Niall had said. It covered things nicely.

"You lads having issues?" Mr. Davis asked walking up to their table.

"No sir." Zayn said quickly.

"Joe grabbed my collar, sir." Niall said. "The Disney Prince just wanted to make sure I didn't lose my cool and hit him."

"Slag?" Mr. Davis looked at David.

"It's the truth, sir. I saw it all." David told the Keeper.

"You." Mr. Davis looked at Joe. "Unless you want your hands cuffed behind your back, I suggest you keep them to yourself." He growled and slapped the lad on the back of the head before leaving.

"You didn't have to tell on me." Joe frowned.

"Then keep your bloody hands to yourself and don't make fun of me." Niall told him.

"It does serve you right. You want to sit here and act like his friend but then you tease him. Not cool." David had to agree. He wasn't a fan of Joe anyway.

Joe frowned. "I wasn't trying to make fun of you. I was trying to ask you something. I'm not normal." His voice broke and Zayn's heartbeat quickened. He didn't want to deal with someone else who would cry. "Listen Joe, think before you do something. If you had gone through what Niall did, would you like having someone tug on your collar?" He asked. Joe shook his head. "I'm sorry." He bit his lip. "Please forgive me." He begged.

"Yeah, just don't cry. We get enough of it without you doing it too okay?" Niall told him.

"Yeah, thanks. Sorry." Joe said then forced himself to finish eating. He then excused himself from the table.

"Time's almost up, Slags! Five minutes until you clear your plate and line up to take your morning shower." A Keeper called out. "Ew.." Niall complained as he chugged his milkshake down.

"Disgusting. Hey, question...Have you ever seen Keepers kiss a student on the mouth?" Niall asked David.

"It's extremely rare. The lads that like to stay up the Keepers arses do on a rare occasion but that's about it." He answered.

"Oh, so the fuck heads like Tyler?" Zayn questioned with an eye roll.
"You got it."

"Hm." Niall said as he glanced over at Mr. Watson who had just finished feeding Liam. "Watson keeps kissing Liam on the mouth. It's fucking creepy."

"Better him than you." David reminded. "Plus, Mr. Watson doesn't have a wedding ring like a lot of the other Keepers do so maybe he's single and it's not strange to him." He added with a shrug.

"True." Niall nodded then stood up to go empty his tray. Zayn found himself watching Niall walk away, it gave him a brief moment to check out what was his. He then turned back to David. "Do you ever get used to the food here?"

"No, I mean it gets easier to stomach but you never get used to it really." He hoped he explained that well. "My turn to ask a question before time's up?"

Zayn nodded. "Go for it." He said. He felt a little nervous about what it was but agreed anyways.

"Is something going on with you and Niall? You jumped to his defense and then you totally checked out his arse when he walked away." David made sure to whisper even softer now.

Zayn swallowed. He felt like he wanted to tell David but the risk of anyone knowing was too dangerous. It was too big of a risk that someone would catch on and eventually tell on them. "I didn't want to get in trouble or him in trouble. I don't want to care for a dog again." He complained. "And what's wrong with checking someone out? Irish has a great body. I was just admiring the view." He shrugged.

"I see." David replied. "So if you get to come to the film Friday you'll sit with me? I know a good spot where the Keepers won't see us." David looked at Zayn a bit differently then normal.

Just after David finished speaking however a Keeper yelled, "Times up! Get your shit cleaned up now!"

"Sure." Zayn nodded and picked up his tray. He emptied it in the bin as all the students lined up. They were inspected then allowed to leave with their Keeper to go shower.

Zayn kept his eyes forward. He wondered why David had given him a strange look and asked about the film. He would love to sit with Niall and pretend that it was a date but the risk was still too high he felt. He looked at Liam who's legs were wrapped around Mr. Watson's waist and his arms around the Keepers neck while sucking on his dummy. He noticed that Mr. Watson was rubbing over Liam's bum with his hand. It seemed to strange. He thought it was supposed to be a punishment.

"I swear he better not ask me to wash him. I plan on getting in and out of that damn shower as fast as I can." Louis grumbled to himself as they walked.

"From the looks of things you'd think Mr. Watson would want to do it himself." Harry casually spoke in a hushed tone.

"Yeah, I think so too." Niall agreed. "I had to wash him last time. I hope I don't have to do it again. Between washing him getting fucked, then getting myself off, I barely had any time to wash myself."

"The way shit works here is so fucked up. Like, I figured it had issues when the officers told me it a government funded place but I never would have guessed all this." Harry shook his head. "Does anything ever happen here that isn't sex or beating related?"
"I don't think so." Zayn sighed as they walked into the shower room. They all headed to their lockers where their Keepers handed them their candles and made them strip. "Reek, you get to wash the baby seeing as you did so well making him feel good last night." Mr. Watson said as he sat Liam on the floor. "Baby, you can crawl to the shower." He stroked Liam's hair. "Reek will have your cradle as well. Oh but first, I'll undress you so you can have your shower."

Liam just nodded as the dummy was plucked from his mouth. He'd become used to how this worked by now so he then simply lifted his arms over his head and waited for his shirt to be taken off.

"Starting to like the dummy aren't you? Don't you lie to me." Mr. Watson asked with a warning as he removed Liam's shirt. He then helped the lad lay down so he could take off his nappy.

Liam blushed a bright shade of red as he gave an honest nod.

"That's my boy." Mr. Watson smiled. "I thought you might like it. I have new clothes for you as well for after your shower when your nice and clean again." He said as he undid the tabs and took the nappy off. "Now go on." He sat Liam up. "Go have your shower then come back to me. I'll be close."

Liam quickly crawled away and sighed deeply once he was under the hot water. He felt so miserable and he didn't know how to fix it. It sucked. It sucked a lot.

Harry walked over to him and began to wash him gently but quickly. "I wish I could help." He said. "But keep being good and things will get better. Or so I hear."

"That's what I thought too. I mean, last night he kept saying how good I was but then today I was put in a high chair and tonight I have to sleep in a crib." Liam frowned. "At least he's letting me keep the dummy. I don't mind it."

"Maybe he's just into it." Harry shrugged. "Hopefully things will get better soon." He washed over Liam's arse next. "Dummy? You like that thing? Hm. Well, that's nice that he's letting you keep it." He sat Liam up so he could wash over his front.

"It helps me not cry. I really really don't like crying. Makes me even more embarrassed because I feel like I'm letting them get to me when I cry." Liam almost chuckled a little then, "Sorta funny though yeah? It really does do what the Americans call it."

"Sooth?" Harry asked. "Yeah, kinda...I suppose that's why it's called well whatever that is over there." He said as he washed between Liam's legs and his arms and ending with his legs and feet. "You're done. Sorry." He frowned.

"They call it a pacifier. One of the families I lived with, the dad was from America and they had a baby niece." He explained. "Don't be sorry though, I know you have to hurry so you have time for yourself. Thank you for helping me." Liam gave Harry a nice smile then left the shower, being careful not to slip and fall.

Harry smiled back at Liam, he felt so bad for the lad but he was happy it wasn't him. That also made him feel a bit guilty for thinking it. He shook it off and began to wash himself.

"You, stinky, wash your curls twice. We want them really clean for us." A Keeper laughed as he called to Harry. His curls were becoming a favorite.

"Yes, sir." Harry nodded and worked on his washing his hair.
Also as a side note...Some chapters may focus on Ziall more or Liam/Watson stuff more than the other boys but no worries. More Louis stuff will be coming up and more Harry stuff will be coming up. We just haven't gotten that far yet in the story yet, but it will happen (I'm talking about storylines, not couples, we don't give away info on couples. xx).

Anyways, I hope you enjoyed the chapter! Leave us all your thoughts and feelings on the chapter. We love hearing from you.

OH OH OH before I forget, we always update tags as we think of new stuff, so always check 'em out to make sure it's stuff you're comfortable with. :)

EDIT: Who, if anyone, do you think Louis will end up being with?
Chapter 14

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

So last week...We worked on getting visuals for all the Keepers mentioned. And visuals for their uniforms as well. So be sure to check out the blog for that! :)

I hope you enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Heard the slutty little princess is open for business again." The Keepers kept talking as they watched the students shower.

"Good, I've not had a turn with him yet. Had a difficult slag the other day." Another added to the conversation.

Louis could hear them. Who couldn't hear them. He tried to zone them out however.

"I hope they never make me fuck him. I don't want his aids." Louis heard a student tell another as they washed.

"Hey!" Louis yelled at the student. "I'm fucking clean, you fucking prick!" He was angry. Not everyone who was a whore had aids. Some sex workers took care of themselves.

Suddenly he was pushed into the shower pole and he felt a dick go into him. "Such a filthy mouth. I think I should wash it out with soap when I'm done." The Keeper behind him smirked.

Louis yelled out in pain as the students who had teased him before laughed. "Ouch! Please! It hurts!"

"Fuck no. I haven't fucked you yet." Mr. Davis growled into Louis' ear. "You don't deserve prep. You don't deserve gentle. You deserve it dirty and raw then your mouth washed out with soap." He smirked as he began to thrust in and out of Louis' arse.

Louis simply continued to scream from the pain. He began to fear he was going to tear again. There was no stopping the Keeper though. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Ow!"

"Shut up or I'll gag you." Mr. Davis warned. He said as he continued his thrusts in and out of Louis. He had been hard for a while already from an unfinished job from a young student. "I don't think I'll be much longer." He groaned. "Fuck you feel so good."

Louis couldn't help the cries of pain. He did force himself to stop begging though. Maybe if he just shut up this would be over soon. He could hope anyway.

It didn't take too long for the Keeper to cum into Louis. "Shit. I gotta use you again soon. That felt incredible. Clean yourself up." He slapped Louis' arse and walked away.

Louis wasn't sure if he could move without falling down. He was in so much pain from how brutal
that was. He had to try and wash himself though so he just moved slowly and carefully.

"With an arse like that? I'm not surprised that you're fucked like that." Harry commented.

Zayn moved closer to Louis. "Do you want any help?" He offered. He knew Watson hated being late but that was also brutal.

"Thanks." Louis nodded and looked to Harry, "What do you mean?"

"I mean, you're like a living breathing sex doll." Harry laughed. "I mean you have a perfect arse. Anyone would be blessed fucking it." He said as Zayn began to wash Louis.

"Oh, uh, right." Louis replied awkwardly. He wasn't really sure what to make of Harry's comment. Was he flirting or just talking casually to him? Maybe he was being sarcastic even.

"I meant it as a compliment." Harry said seeing the confusion on Louis' face. "You look fuckable mainly because of how perfect your arse looks and the fact that you're an actual slag helps too." He then looked at Zayn. "You're helping him because? I mean, is this Harry Potter and each room gets points for doing shit?"

"I'm helping him because that was brutal and I want all of us to get along and support each other." Zayn furrowed his eyebrows as he looked at Harry. "Right now you aren't helping."

"Whatever." Harry said as he began washing his hair for the second time.

Zayn and Niall were first to be done and were alone getting dressed. Niall made sure to keep his back to Zayn as he spoke, "I liked how protective you got when Joe tanked on this stupid collar."

Zayn forced himself not to smile. "I just snapped. I hated what he was saying and when he tugged on it...It was a bad time for you. I know how much you hate it. And I didn't want a Keeper to see and get any ideas." He paused. "But I was also telling the truth partially, I didn't want you to hit him and get yourself in trouble."

"Yeah, thanks for stopping me. I was really close." Niall replied as he pulled on his joggers. "Your mate wasn't exactly being nice to me either but I'll take him over Joey."

"Yeah, speaking of David..." Zayn said as pulled his shirt over his head. "Uhm, he was asking about you, like if we were a thing. Apparently between me snapping and uh, I also may have checked you out while you walked away. I covered by saying I didn't want to care for a dog again and there was nothing wrong with looking at someone with a great body." He leaned down and reached for his joggers.

"We've got to be more careful. First Mr. Taylor, then David. We're gonna get caught." Niall frowned as he ran his hands wildly through his hair so it would dry a bit faster. "Though I do wish we had people we could trust to tell. Maybe then they could help us cover and help spot when we are being too obvious. So much sucks about this damn place."

"Yeah, I'd say Liam but that wouldn't work..." Zayn sighed as he pulled up his joggers. "I didn't think he'd notice me checking you out. I only looked for a second but that's all it takes I guess. But with Taylor, he made us kiss...So he saw that initial reaction of how we were into it." He frowned and leaned against the lockers. "Louis would rat us out to save himself any day. I don't know about Harry yet. Neither of our friends would help. Fuck!" He felt frustrated.

"I've heard talk that Harry has a really bad temper." Niall replied as finally put his shirt on. "We'll have to keep an eye on him for a while before we decide if we want to try telling him. For now we
just, I guess pretend to have issues with one another. I'll say something mean in front of others but really you'll know I'm actually just saying I love you."

Zayn sighed and nodded. "Yeah, that's the best plan for now...And I'll try not to be quite as protective in front of other people." He looked to the floor. "There might have been a teensy bit of jealousy as well. He could do that without having it look suspicious whereas I can't." He sank to the floor. "Everything about this sucks...But I do know that I love you a lot." He said softly.

"You're love gets me through all this. Just know that okay? I love you babe." Niall smiled and slipped on his shoes. "Try to have a good day. I'll see you at lunch."

"Yeah." Zayn nodded. "You too, try to behave." He half teased as he put his trainers on and waited in line to be inspected with the others.

"Lad, why aren't you wearing your nappy? Speak up!" A Keeper who looked very cross looked down at Liam who was sitting in the playpen naked.

Liam trembled nervously, "Mr. Watson w-was about to dress me b-but another Keeper needed help with a st-student who was misbehaving. He put me in h-here and said to wait quietly."

"Yeah right, why should I believe your pathetic arse? Where did you hide your nappy boy?" He demanded as he grabbed Liam roughly and began to position him bent over the side of the large playpen so he could spank him.

"I-I-I didn't! I swear." Liam began to cry. "Just go ask him." He begged the Keeper.

"I'd rather not waste my time." The Keeper growled.

"He's telling the truth." Mr. Watson quickly approached. "Now leave him be."

"Your lucky lad. I'm watching you. You will screw up and when you do I'll be there." He warned and let Liam down from the side of the playpen.

Liam now stood nude in front of Mr. Watson while all the other students were being lined up by age to go to their classes. He quickly realized he wasn't supposed to stand like the teenager he was so he sat down on the floor and looked at Mr. Watson nervously.

"There, there. No tears." Mr. Watson wiped them away as he knelt in front of him. "You won't screw up, will you baby boy? You'll always be a very good little lad for me won't you?" He played with Liam's hair.

Liam nodded quickly.

"I got you some new clothes, but here's one you can wear right now." Mr. Watson held up an adult sized onesie with a picture of a train on it. "But first, let's get you into your nappy."

A onesie? Liam didn't understand. If he was being good why wasn't he being allowed to 'grow up'?

Liam knew better than to question it however so he laid down and lifted his hips for the Keeper. At least he wasn't being beaten. If being good kept him from being beaten it was worth it.

Mr. Watson slid the nappy under Liam and did the tabs up. "There we go, baby boy." He smiled. "Now, for your onesie."

The other students began to get taken from the showers to their classes. Liam was now confused on
if he was going too. He looked at the door then back to the Keeper as he sat up to be dressed in the onesie.

Mr. Watson finished dressing Liam. He smiled. "Pretty baby boy." He stood and grabbed the dummy from the playpen. He clipped it to Liam's shirt, and placed the dummy in his mouth. "There you go, I know how much you like it." He smiled and picked Liam up. "Time for you to go to class, and then after lunch will your afternoon nap from now on." He rubbed Liam's bum as they walked out of the shower room.

"Sir?" Liam nervously and cautiously from behind his dummy. He felt his body began to tremble, fearful he'd get punished for speaking.

"Yes, baby boy?" Mr. Watson stopped walking and looked at him. "What is it?" He asked.

"Am I still being naughty?" Liam found himself awkwardly fumbling over what words to use.

"You're still crying a lot, not as much but enough." Mr. Watson told him. "But I don't think I'll let you grow up my sweet baby boy. You're too much fun like this. This is how I like you." He said then started walking again.

Liam and Harry had a difficult morning in classes.

The students would tease Liam and so he'd cry and reach for his dummy.

Harry hadn't been in a classroom setting in months so he struggled with it. He butted heads with the instructors causing him to get smacked around as well as forced to give a few blow jobs.

Zayn's morning went very well, he had to receive a rim job from another student caught talking during lessons but he managed to stay out of trouble.

Louis of course had a extremely difficult morning. He got fucked three times and was forced to give a blow job that resulted in him vomiting.

Niall's morning could have gone better but it could have gone worse. He got mouthy with a teacher when he accused Niall of cheating on a quiz. He didn't cheat but the instructor didn't believe him. The Keeper watching that class beat him with a rolled up newspaper and made him suck off the student he was accused of cheating off of.

Soon it their morning was over, and all the students were picked up by their Keepers to go to the cafe for lunch. They had to leave their rucksacks in their classrooms as usual due safety issues.

Before Zayn and Niall were allowed in line to get their food, Mr. Watson stopped them. "I heard what happened at breakfast. I heard that it wasn't either of your faults too and that Muppet here was trying to keep you in check. Muppet, I think you're on your way to getting your treat again. Chav, you need to control yourself or you'll get punished but if Muppet is making sure you're a good boy then you should stick together." He encouraged. "Now go on. I have to feed this little baby boy." He patted Liam's bum and walked off.

He placed Liam in his highchair, this time completed with a bib. Liam felt tears in his eyes as students began to laugh at him again so he quickly grabbed his dummy and started to suck on it.

"Awe. Look at the little baby." Mr. Jones came up to Liam and pinched his cheek. "You're so upset. Is that because your nappy needs to be changed?"

"He's clean. I've already checked him." Mr. Watson smiled.
"You're having too much fun with this." Mr. Jones laughed.

Mr. Watson shrugged. "We're allowed fun and besides, he cries easily so maybe this will teach him to not cry so much." He said then walked away to deal with a student.

"He's kind of like your Papa." Mr. Jones smirked at Liam. "Baby, you need to call him that. Call Mr. Watson "Papa" from now on, okay? Say it now, give it a try." He encouraged.

"Papa?" Liam mumbled from behind his dummy.

"Very good." Mr. Jones praised. "That's his name from now on okay? You don't have to call him sir or Mr. Watson, just say "Papa" from now on. Understand?"

"Very good." Mr. Jones smiled as some of the other Keepers laughed.

"Do you know what happens if you disobey and call him sir or Mr. Watson?" The Keeper from the shower asked with a wicked smirk.

Liam nodded, the Keeper scared him.

"Tell Mr. Paterson what happens if you break the new rule little one." Mr. Taylor joined in. The Keepers were having fun with this.

"I get punished?" He whispered as Mr. Watson was preoccupied checking that a student still had his plug in.

"Punished how? Say it little brat." Mr. Paterson folded his arms over his chest.

"If I don't call him papa I'll get spanked?" Liam questioned.

"That's right and you won't be able to sit down for a week or more." Mr. Paterson warned. "So are you going to be a good little brat?"

"Yes, sir." Liam mumbled. He didn't take his dummy out. He was afraid he'd cry if he took it out.

"Good." Mr. Paterson smiled as Mr. Jones laughed.

After Mr. Watson checked a student's plug, he went into the kitchen to get Liam's baby food, once it was heated up, he brought it out and sat next to Liam. "There's my baby boy. Did you have fun talking to the other Keepers?" He asked as he pulled the dummy out of Liam's mouth.

Liam didn't want to answer. He hadn't had fun. They had been mean. Mr. Watson wouldn't agree with Liam however. He nervously bit his lower and gave a tiny nod, lying.

"That's good. Now, let's get some food into you." Mr. Watson grabbed a spoon. "We'll start the soup." He smiled and gathered up some tomato soup into the spoon and brought it up to Liam's lips.

Liam gave a little sigh then opened his mouth for the Keeper. Much to his surprise and delight the soup was actually hot. Normally all the food served was cold. This made his smile slightly.

Mr. Watson grinned. "Nothing but the best for my little baby boy and that means hot food. Is it good?" He asked as he gathered up more soup.

Liam quickly nodded.
"Good, then after this is some mashed potatoes and applesauce, then we finish off with your bottle before your nap." Mr. Watson explained and brought the spoon up to Liam's lips again.

Liam open his mouth again and smiled a bit more at the warm, tasty food. There were some perks to this. It made having to deal with it a little easier. Of course, he was just afraid to speak now. He didn't want Mr. Watson to get mad at him for the new name but he didn't want to be punished for not using it either.

"Let's make a new rule. When you're spoken to, you will speak. This way, if you have a question or a comment, you don't need to fear speaking, but only when spoken to. For now at least, let's see how that goes. How does that sound? Do you like that idea?" Mr. Watson asked.

Liam felt a pit form in his stomach. He swallowed a growing lump in his throat and nodded, staying silent due to his new fear.

"Like I said, speak when spoken to." Mr. Watson's voice went from calm to cross.

"Y-yes..." He paused for a moment to brace himself a bit then finished ...papa."

"Papa?" Mr. Watson's eyes went wide. "Mmm, I like it." He nodded. "Who told you to call me that?" He asked curiously.

"One of the Keepers. I think they said his name is Mr. Paterson. H-he said I'd get spanked if I didn't." Liam explained. "I was so scared you'd be angry and punish me for saying it."

"Mmm, Paterson. Annoying bloke." Mr. Watson muttered. "Don't worry, baby. I won't let you get spanked if you don't deserve it and if someone does spank you, you tell me, okay? But I like Papa, so we'll stick with that."

"Yes, papa." Liam nodded. He looked around and then looked back at Mr. Watson. "He scared me, a lot."

Mr. Watson frowned a little. "Well, don't worry about him. I'll tell him to back off you. You're my baby boy and I'm your Papa now, so everything goes through me first." He offered a small smile. "Now, let's eat some more soup before it goes cold." He brought the spoon full of soup up to Liam's lips.

"Thank you papa." Liam then opened his mouth for more food. He actually felt happy for a change. Mr. Watson had basically just agreed to protect him for the Keeper who kept trying to find a reason to spank him.

After Liam finished his soup, Mr. Watson fed him some mashed potatoes followed by some applesauce and finally his bottle. "I'll allow you to bring your bottle with you for your nap time since we're running a bit short on time today." He told Liam who was sucking on the adult sized baby bottle now.

Liam nodded and sat forward a bit waiting to be picked up. He noticed some of the students laughing at him but he did his best to ignore it. Knowing he was getting warm food and they weren't helped. It was a reason to smile; him getting special treatment.

Mr. Watson took Liam's bib off and sat it on the table then took the top piece off the highchair and picked him up. He walked to the door where the others waited. "Let's go, slags." He pushed them towards the door. "Back to your classrooms to pick up your bags then off to your next class." He said as they walked out of the cafe.
They all eyed Liam, wondering why he wasn't going with them. They obeyed however; whispering about Liam as they walked away.

After dropping the others off at their next classes, Mr. Watson took Liam back to his room. He sat Liam held onto Liam with one arm while he unlocked the door then walked in, closing the door with his food and placing the lad in his crib. "Are you enjoying your bottle?" He asked as his fingers played with Liam's hair.

Liam nodded. "Yes, papa." He wasn't actually a fan of the warm milk but he knew it wasn't a smart idea to go against the Keeper. "Papa, what happens if I can't actually sleep for the nap? I haven't napped since I was little."

"It'll get easier, baby. Once you start getting used, you'll want your naps but of course, naps might interrupted by others wanting to play with you." Mr. Watson smiled. "I can't wait to fuck you, baby. I'm so sad that Mr. Taylor has his claim on you." He continued to play with Liam's hair.

Liam frowned. He didn't want to upset Mr. Watson. Mr. Watson was protecting him; if he was angry perhaps he'd stop.

"I'm sorry." He whispered as he hung his head. "I really am papa. I swear I am. Please don't be mad at me." Liam felt a tear roll down his cheek so he quickly popped his dummy in his mouth.

"Well, it's not your fault that you were fed the wrong information." Mr. Watson told him. "But for now, I can still play with your little body and kiss you." He said then kissed his lips. "I'm not mad you though, baby. Finish your bottle though." He kissed Liam again and sat back to watch him.

"T-there's no way to undo my mistake?" Liam frowned then went back to drinking his bottle. Mr. Watson had been so kind to him despite him being difficult when he first arrived here. It made him feel so guilty for obviously hurting him.

"There might be a way." Mr. Watson said as he rubbed over Liam's thighs. "If that's what you rather have? Would you rather have me over Mr. Taylor?"

Liam was deeply scared of sex hurting. He worried that it would be more painful than anything he'd ever felt before. If it was Mr. Watson fucking him maybe, just maybe it wouldn't hurt as bad. You know, since Mr. Watson was so kind to Liam. "Yes Papa, I want it to be you. I know you won't hurt me."

Mr. Watson nodded. "I would never hurt you unless you deserve it, baby." He kissed Liam's lips again. "I'll talk to Mr. Taylor and we can see about making you exclusively mine forever. Are you done your bottle?" He asked.

"Yes, I am." Liam nodded. "I trust that you won't hurt me unless I'm naughty." That was huge for Liam to say but he honestly believed it. Mr. Watson hadn't once hurt him without a good cause.

Mr. Watson kissed Liam again. "Alright, so let's have a bit of playtime where you can thank me. But first, let's check your nappy." He said as he stood up. He grabbed the changing mat that sat on the shelf as well as the wipes and a fresh nappy. He then walked back over to Liam. He then pushed the side of the crib down so it was more open.

"I... Im..." Liam's lower lip quivered. "I'm sorry." He hated when he had a dirty nappy that needed changed. "I... Im messy."

"Don't be sorry." Mr. Watson kneeled down beside him. "Never be sorry for a messy or wet nappy, it's why you have it. Big boys use the toilet, you're not a big boy. You're my baby boy. Now lay
back so Papa can clean you up before playtime. You don't need a nappy during playtime so we'll put that on after."

Liam nodded and did as he was told. It was embarrassing but once he was all clean he felt better. "Is it playtime now?" Liam asked softly. He wasn't sure what to expect other than something sexual.

Mr. Watson stepped away for a moment to throw the dirty nappy in the bin. He then walked back to Liam and kneeled beside him again. He undid the onesie and took it off Liam's body then brought his fingers up to Liam's mouth as he climbed into the crib with him. "Yes, it is, baby. Don't worry, I'll be gentle."

Liam was a bit small for his age and the adult size crib was very large. "Suck my fingers baby. I'm going to stretch you. I'm going to try and make this as painless as possible because you're such a very good boy." The Keeper smiled as his fingers went through Liam's hair.

Liam, while he trusted Mr. Watson to be gentle, knew this would hurt. He opened his mouth obediently however and sucked at the fingers that were put inside. His eyes looked innocently at Mr. Watson; obviously full of anxiety.

"I'll go slow, and then maybe if you're a good baby, I'll get you something for the pain when we're all done." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's forehead. The Keeper let out a small moan feeling Liam suck his fingers. When he decided that they were good and wet, he had Liam stop and he pulled out his fingers. He circled around the hole a few times with his middle finger before pushing the tip slightly inside.

Tears instantly sprang to Liam's eyes. This wasn't comfortable. This did not feel good. "Papa," He whimpered a little.

"I know, baby." Mr. Watson rubbed his tummy. "I know it hurts, but try to relax, the more relax you are the less it'll hurt." He wiggled his finger inside a bit more. "The more you get stretched and the more I fuck you, the less it'll hurt, promise, baby."

Liam bit his lower lip as the tears rolled down his cheeks. This hurt. It was making Liam start to think that maybe things weren't meant to be put inside that hole. "Ouch." He cried and gripped at the sheets. His back arched off the bed and his feet lifted allowing his split knees to come up toward his chest.

"Mmm, how about some pleasure to take your mind off the pain?" Mr. Watson said as he used his free hand to reach up and start pumping Liam's soft cock.

This caused Liam's mouth to fall open. He didn't completely understand it but any time anyone, even the Keepers, touched his cock it felt wonderful. He liked having it touched and right now it was helping so much. He needed it.

"Yes papa," He very quickly nodded his head in a childlike manner. "That, it helps. Feels, I like it."

"That's great, baby." Mr. Watson grinned and moved the rest of his finger inside Liam's hole but gently squeezed the hardening cock in his hand so Liam could feel more pleasure.

With his mind on his cock now Liam began to relax. He didn't realize it but this helped the pain in his bum lessen.

"I like it being touched." Liam blushed. "I-is that okay? It feels like it's supposed to be bad bu-" Liam stopped when a moan unexpectedly escaped his lips. "Oh! It feels good papa."
"Of course it's okay to want to be touched, baby. I'll touch you all the time and any time you want it. You can always asked to be touched, don't fear that." Mr. Watson pumped the cock some more. "I promise you, it's not bad." He smiled watching Liam, he was happy the boy was beginning to accept his role more and that he genuinely seemed to be enjoying himself.

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"This might hurt a bit, baby. I'm sorry." He told Liam then added another finger but he was quick to use his thumb to press down on the head of the now rock solid cock.

Liam let out a tangled cry. It was pleasure mixed with pain. "Papa!" He didn't mean to scream as loud as he did but something about letting it out helped so he cried out a second time, tightening around the Keeper's fingers, "Papa! Ow! Ah!"

"That's it. Let it out, baby." Mr. Watson pumped the cock some more. "Have you ever had your pretty little cock sucked before baby?" He asked as he continued to pump the cock.

Liam shook his head no. "Please, just help. My bum, your fingers hurt. Don't want to hurt." Liam basically begged.

"Don't worry, baby. I'll make you feel really good." Mr. Watson then lowered his head and placed his mouth on Liam's cock and began to suck.

Liam let out a loud gasp as his hip involuntarily jerked up driving his small cock deeper into Mr. Watson's mouth. "S-sorry, I sorry, feels, wow."

Mr. Watson popped off for a moment. "No need to be sorry, that's what your body does when it feels good, baby. Just focus on the pleasure and try to relax." He placed his mouth back on Liam's cock as he began to bob his head up and down while his now free hand moved to play with Liam's nipples.

Liam tried to do as he was told but soon the pleasure was making it too hard to relax. Liam never even noticed the third finger being slipped in. Mr. Watson was simply that good at giving blow jobs.

"Papa, oh papa," Liam's voice began to get breathy and high pitched. "Yes, please papa. More. Need to, cum soon. Papa please?"

Mr. Watson nodded as he popped off the cock. "Yes, baby. I wanna taste your special milk." He smiled and started to suck on Liam's cock again.

Liam kept thrusting his hips gently against his Keeper's mouth until finally he screamed loudly, "Papa!"

Cum began to empty from his cock as he moaned and cried out loudly.

As Liam came, Mr. Watson removed his fingers and sucked Liam clean, swallowing all the little one had to offer him. "Mmm, baby. You taste so good. Your milk is so good." He smiled as he looked down at Liam. He rubbed the lad's tummy. "Between us, cum will be called special milk..." He said. "Can you do that for me, baby?" He asked his fingers stroking Liam's hair.

Liam nodded as he panted and worked to catch his breath. "Yes, yes papa." Liam tried to relax and
slow his breathing but that really had felt amazing. "I think I like that."

Mr. Watson chuckled. "Do you think you're up for sucking Papa's cock? I'm all hard from making you feel so good."

"Does it really like..." Liam trailed off unsure of how to word himself. He blushed trying to get it out, "...like, make you turned on to touch me and stuff? I guess I just don't really understand it all."

Mr. Watson was silent for a couple moments, debating on how to answer the question. "It does. I enjoy touching you. It makes me feel good, and who doesn't like to feel good, right?" He smiled at Liam.

"I just didn't really know that adults got hard from touching people. I thought it happens to just us young lads cause like, it's hard to control my penis." Liam's face flushed more as he finished talking. His embarrassment even caused him to let out a tiny giggle. "It's like it just has a separate brain; cause sometimes it gets hard when it's not even being touched."

Mr. Watson moved Liam to sit in his lap, much like a little one would sit on their parent's lap when discussing something. "If you see something or hear something that is sexual, and that sexual is something you like, you get turned on meaning your little cock gets all hard. And with teens, your little cocks get turned on by everything because everything feels good to you, and everything is exciting to you. You're right though, it has a mind of it's own, you can't control what turns you on or how your body reacts to being touched." He explained. "I'll have to remember to make sure you attend your health classes." He commented. "But if you have any questions, Papa will answer them. The better you understand, the better the touching will feel because then you're not confused anymore while it's happening."

"You don't mind helping me understand? I mean, you Keepers don't actually like us lads. Why would you help us; or I guess help me actually?" Liam looked innocently at Mr. Watson. He really did want to understand better why he was being treated so kindly and being helped by Mr. Watson.

"That's complicated." Mr. Watson sighed. He was hard and all this baby wanted to do is ask questions. "You're just different and we're not against teaching you proper health, but the others aren't as kind about it. But you're my baby boy so you're different and I don't mind answering some questions if it makes you understand."

"Thank you papa. I'll suck you now. I want to keep being a good boy. I think, even though I'm getting babied, that you don't punish me when I'm good."

"No, of course not, baby." Mr. Watson said. "If you're a good boy, you don't get a punishment." He said then moved Liam off his lap. He stood on his knees and pulled his trousers and pants down. "Here you go, baby."

Liam felt like he had figured out the secret, or more just how things worked really. It made perfect sense to him as well. Be good and don't get punished. Sounded simple enough. He could handle obeying their request and demands if it meant not being beaten within an inch of his life.

Liam opened his mouth and looked up at Mr. Watson through his eyelashes. He then leaned forward and began to lick at the Keepers swollen tip as though it were a lollipop. He pulled away for a moment and giggled softly, "You already have cum leaking out. You must have liked touching me a whole lot."

"Yes, I did baby boy. I did like touching you very much. I always like touching you. You're always such a good boy." Mr. Watson smiled.
Liam nodded then took Mr. Watson's cock into his mouth. He carefully bobbed his head on the long, thick dick. He felt like he was getting better and less awkward at doing this. It gave him something to be proud of.

Mr. Watson held onto the back of Liam's head. "Mmm, good baby. So good. You're getting so much better at this. Soon, you'll be an expert." He moaned. "Don't be afraid to go faster, suck harder, or to touch anywhere on my body or my cock itself." He instructed.

Liam wanted to excitement a little but he was nervous so he just rested his hands on Mr. Watson's hips. Maybe he'd try more next time. He moaned a little, trying to copy a few things he'd seen other students and Keepers do. He then bobbed his head faster and worked on trying to take the cock deeper down his throat.

Mr. Watson threw his head back. "Damn, you're a fast learner." He moaned louder. "Shit!" He gripped Liam's hair. "You really want my special milk."

Liam blushed as he kept sucking. He did nod his head too however. If he had to be honest cum tasted very good.

He moved one hand to rub Mr. Watson's ball and sucked harder, wanting to taste the sweet treat he knew would soon fill his mouth.

Mr. Watson moaned as he started to fuck Liam's mouth a little. "Love your mouth. You're doing such a good job. Working so hard for my milk. Mmm, so close. Almost time, baby."

Liam moaned again know now that Mr. Watson liked that. He squeezed gently on his balls and sucked more vigorously, wanting the reward.

Mr. Watson let out a loud moan as he came into Liam's mouth. "Swallow it all." He instructed. Liam of course didn't need told. He was happy and eager to suck down the sweet milk. He sucked and licked hungrily at the Keeper not wanting to miss a single drop. When he realized he was going overboard he pulled away and blushed hard with another innocent giggle, "Sorry, I like the flavor of your cum."

Mr. Watson let out a few soft moans as Liam sucked him dry. "Baby boy, you don't need to be sorry." He said as he tucked himself into his pants as he pulled them up. "And remember it's not cum. It's either special milk or just milk." He corrected. "I don't want to have to punish you to make you remember." He warned. "But I am glad you like how my milk tastes. You can always suck and lick for as long as you want unless I tell you to stop." He told Liam.

"Yes papa. Please don't punish me. It's special milk. I'll remember." Liam pleaded. Punishments around here were brutal. He didn't want to be punished. "I promise I'm sorry papa."

Mr. Watson stood up and pulled his trousers up. "I won't punish you this time. This time you get a warning. Next time, you won't be as lucky." He told the wee lad as he stepped out of the crib. "Now, I have to go get a toy so I can keep you open for tonight." He then pulled up the side railing. "I'll dress you when I come back."

Liam sat in the crib feeling worried. He hoped Mr. Watson would hurry though. This room was cold and he was still naked. He bit his lip, wishing he had the dummy to help relax his nerves. He didn't however and he knew getting it for himself would end up with him getting punished.

Mr. Watson came back a little later, it took him longer than he thought to get what he wanted. He opened the door after unlocking it. "Because you've been mostly good lately, you deserve a little
reward." He told Liam walking over to him. He pushed the side railing down and climbed back into the bunk. "A flat sheet." He wrapped it around Liam.

Liam smiled. When Mr. Watson had brought the crib in the only thing on it was a fitted sheet. Even Liam knew, it was because babies weren't supposed to have other things in their cribs. "Thank you papa! It gets so cold in here! Thank you!" Liam was so excited. Being good was paying off. All the more reason to keep being good.

"You're welcome." Mr. Watson grinned. "Now, if you continue being a good little baby boy and accepting your role...You might get a warm blanket, but only if you're really good. So good that I don't even need to give you warnings. Think you can do that?"

A warm blanket? Not even the other lads had warm blankets. The pathetic excuses on the bunks left much to be desired. "Yes, absolutely." Liam hated being cold. "Yes papa."

"Good boy." Mr. Watson leaned over and pecked his lips. He then brought something out of his pocket. It was a small black plug with a long handle that curved. "This will go inside you. It'll hurt for a little bit and then it'll just be uncomfortable. But it'll keep you open so I don't have to stretch you later tonight." He explained.

Tears formed in Liam's eyes. He didn't want to be in pain. He didn't like pain. "Please, I'm sorry." He assumed the pain was a punishment of sorts.

"No need to be sorry. You've not done anything wrong. This is just to help you. You don't want sex to hurt do you?" Mr. Watson asked.

"No, I don't want anything to hurt. I don't like pain." He admitted as his voice cracked a bit.

Mr. Watson frowned a little and he reached for Liam's onesie. He took the dummy clip off of it and held it in his hand. "Pain is necessary for pleasure to happen later. But I'll bring you something for your pain. Something now and then something before I fuck you." He said. "For right now though, suck on your dummy. It makes you feel better, doesn't it?" He asked as he rubbed Liam's inner thigh.

Liam nodded and took the dummy into his mouth. He felt apprehensive still. He didn't want this. He knew there was no changing the Keepers mind however. When a Keeper tells you what's going to happen, it's going to happen.

"Good baby." Mr. Watson grinned. "Now lay back so I can plug that pretty hole of yours." He watched as Liam lay back into the crib.

Mr. Watson spread apart Liam's legs. He briefly licked over the hole a few times then leaned back and took a small tube of stuff out of his pocket. "Lube." The Keeper told him. "It'll make it hurt less going in." He explained as he coated a finger then dipped that finger into Liam's hole. He only moved it around for a short time just enough to make sure it was lubed up well. He then coated the end of the plug. "Plug time now, baby. Just keep sucking your dummy." He instructed.

Liam felt scared but the dummy helped stop his tears. He closed his eyes not wanting to see anything as he grabbed the sheet and clutched his arms around it. He did what he could to stay relaxed, hoping this wouldn't hurt as bad as he feared.

Mr. Watson then slowly pushed the plug into Liam's hole. He went slow until it was finally inside all the way. "Now, if you need to go number two, just ask and I'll let you be a big boy and sit on the potty." He told Liam.
That would mean having to take the plug out and put back in though. Liam didn't want that. This thing hurt. "Is this only until tonight papa? It hurts," Liam whimpered from behind the dummy. "It hurts a lot."

Mr. Watson frowned a bit. "You'll get used to it. It won't hurt that much after a little bit." He sighed and rubbed Liam's inner thighs. "I'll give you something for the pain, the plug should only be for tonight for your first time." He said excitedly. "But we'll see." He explained as he grabbed the nappy from the floor.

Liam nodded and let the dummy fall from his lips for a moment, "Alright, thank you." Something to make this pain go away would be wonderful. "I do sort of need," He didn't know how to word himself. "I need to wee right now papa. Having my special milk come out seems to make me need to have a wee."

"You need to have a wee do you?" Mr. Watson asked. "How old are you sweet boy?"

Liam felt confused. He wasn't sure how to answer that. He knew he was supposed to be a baby, but he didn't exactly what age. He hesitated for a moment and with a small voice he answered. "14?"

"Oh, that's far too old." Mr. Watson laughed a bit. "My baby, so cute. You aren't even walking yet." The Keeper was having fun with Liam but also thought a hint was deserved. "Try again adorable boy, how old are you?"

Liam didn't know much about babies but he knew they usually walked around a year or so he heard. He bit his lip. "Uhm." It was hard to focus because he really needed to wee. "Six months?" He took a guess.

"I think I can be a bit nicer then that since you're such a good baby for me. Let's say a year alright?" Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips. "Most one year olds are still a bit away from potty training but I suppose papa can help you go in the big boy potty. Would that make you happy baby?"

Liam quickly nodded. "Yes, papa. Please." He begged as he began to squirm. He wasn't sure how much longer he could hold it. "Please help me, papa."

Mr. Watson picked up Liam and carried him over to the toilet. He stood him up in front of it and then moved to stand behind him, pretending to help hold him up while also helping to hold his dick. "There now, papa will aim for you. Don't want my little baby making a mess on the floor. Go ahead now. Have your wee."

Liam felt tears in his eyes. He made him wish he never dropped his dummy. He felt embarrassed but reminded himself that it was just a wee. He made himself relax and he started to wee into the toilet, relieving himself. "I'm all done, Papa." He said as he looked up at Mr. Watson.

"Good lad, pretending to be a grown boy." Mr. Watson smiled, laughed a little and kissed his cheek from behind. He helped Liam wash his hands and then carried him back to his crib. "There now, do you see how nice papa can be?" It was becoming to clear to Mr. Watson just exactly how easy it was to get inside Liam's head. He was a smart man and decided to prey on this weakness and use it for his own benefit. "Papa should have punished you because a teeny little year old boy wouldn't know when he's needing to wee. I was very kind though. I let you pretend to be a big boy. I let you use the the big grown up potty. I hope that helps you see that us Keepers really are good guys."

Liam thought for a moment about what Mr. Watson had said. It made sense. He also could've been
punished for not remembering to say "special milk" or "milk" instead of "cum" but he was let off with a warning. From what he'd seen other students were punished due to poor behaviour. He had been very good so he had been rewarded. Maybe they weren't the bad guys after all. "Yes, Papa." He nodded. "I'm cold." He whispered. He wasn't sure if it was okay to say that but they had been having somewhat normal conversations so far.

"Aw, I'm sorry sweetheart." Mr. Watson ran his fingers softly through Liam's hair. "Let's get your nappy on and then papa will dress you and tuck you in for a nap." He helped Liam lay back and then got the nappy secured on him. Next he got Liam's onesie back on him and snapped up.

"You really are such a cutie. Cutest lad here baby. Papa means that." He wiggles his finger tips over Liam's neck to tickle him. When the lad laughed he was rewarded with a soft kiss to the lips. "Papa's boy aren't you? Learning to like me yeah?" He asked as he covered Liam with the sheet.

Liam smiled at Mr. Watson and nodded slowly. Mr. Watson had been very kind to him. He earned some points for that. "Yes, Papa. I am." He said softly but then noticed that his dummy was outside of the crib. He couldn't stop the tears from building up in his eyes. His bum hurt from the plug and the dummy would be the one thing but to make him feel better until Mr. Watson came back with something for his pain.

"Use your words; tell papa why you're crying now beautiful boy." Mr. Watson felt confused. If he had to guess Liam was struggling with his emotions right now.

"My dummy." Liam's lip quivered as he sniffed. "It's not here but out there." He complained. "My bum hurts. Dummy will make me feel... Little better." Tears came down his face. He was in pain but sucking on his dummy helped with it a little.

"Aw, baby boy." Mr. Watson coo'ed. "I'll get your dummy. I know how much you like it. Don't ruin that pretty face with all those tears next time. Just ask papa to get it for you." The Keeper grabbed the little blue dummy from the floor and showed it to Liam. "Give your papa a kiss and you can have it for your nap. Alright cutie?" He was getting closer to having Liam right where he wanted him; trapped in a baby's headspace.

Liam's lip quivered a bit more as he wiped the tears from his eyes. He sniffed again. He didn't exactly want to kiss the Keeper but he wanted his dummy. He nodded and leaned up as he pressed his lips against Mr. Watson's. "H-How was that, Papa? I haven't really kissed anyone before..." He looked away feeling shy and small.

"It was very sweet. Papa liked it very much." Mr. Watson smiled and put the dummy into Liam's mouth. "There, all better?"

Liam nodded as he relaxed a little. He did smile a little. He was happy that Mr. Watson liked his kiss. "Yes, Papa. Almost. Do I still get somethings for pain?" He asked behind the dummy.

"Of course my favorite boy." He coo'ed still working to butter up Liam. "Fuck you look so cute. Getting papa all wrapped around your finger huh?" Mr. Watson tickled Liam again.

Liam giggled as he squirmed a bit and nodded. "Yes, Papa." He grinned behind the dummy.

Liam's giggles and childlike qualities turned the Keeper on despite him having just came. He'd give Liam a break and let another slag get him off this time however. "Alright beautiful, myself or another Keeper will bring you some medicine soon. You work on taking your nap and papa will be back when it's time for you to get up."
Liam nodded. "Thank you, Papa." He smiled as he cuddled into the sheet he was given. "Don't be long." He said softly as his body relaxed completely and he grew tired.

Chapter End Notes

As always, if there's a visual for something/someone that's not on the blog, and that you would like to see, just ask us! :)

Does anyone have any requests for what ships they'd like to be forced to something sexual together?
Chapter 15

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

HAPPY CHAPTER DAY!!!
You have no idea how happy I am to give you the chapter...
We haven't written in the last few days and I'm going through serious withdrawals so posting the new chapter for you and reading all your reviews...It'll help lol

I mean, this story is my everything. I've never been prouder of anything I've ever written or co written with my lovely co writer J-Lynn (CrypoticFondness).

Anyways, thanks so far for all the love...It makes us happy. Makes me very happy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mr. Watson had business to take care of before he could look for a slag to fuck. Right now he needed to find Mr. Taylor. As he passed Mr. McGuinness in the hall he asked, "Where's Taylor?"

"Last I saw he had one of the dogs on a leash in the courtyard." The other Keeper replied.

Mr. Watson nodded and headed in that direction. Much to his surprise he caught Mr. Taylor coming in as he approached the courtyard door. "Taylor, we need to chat. I also need help getting a pill from Nurse Nosey Pants."

"Pill? I can give you something out of my stash. What do you need?" Mr. Taylor asked.

"I need something for pain. His first time with a plug and it's hurting him pretty bad." Mr. Watson explained then kicked at the student still on the leash, "No one said you could look up at me dog!"

"Sorry, sir." The boy mumbled. Mr. Taylor laughed at him being kicked then looked back to Watson. "I got ya covered. Although, it's unusual for you to want to give them a pain pill for it even if they are being extremely good." He questioned.

"Yes well, that brings me to what we need to talk about. You have dibs on his first time and he happens to be my newest favorite. Pretty close to having the little shit brainwashed." Mr. Watson smiled proudly.

"Congrats on the brainwashing...But you should know that I don't give up dibs on virgins, especially the innocent ones." Mr. Taylor paused. "So what do I get out of it then? If I allow you to have him." He asked.

"What do you want? I mean, baby boy even said he wanted me. Makes me pretty willing to do just about anything." Mr. Watson explained.

"So that's the lad we're talking about. How did I know. You've always had an eye for the ones we turn into babies." Mr. Taylor laughed.

"Yes, yes, all of you think my age play kink is hilarious. Just tell me what you want." He pushed a
"It depends on how far you're willing to go?" Mr. Taylor smirked. "How bout cash? I mean, is he worth real money? Would you pay me to give him to you?" He asked

He tapped his foot for a moment, "Damn it..." He trailed off. "Fine, yes. He's worth it. As easily manipulated as he is, he's worth it. How much?"

Mr. Taylor was silent as he came up with a number. "A thousand quid." He grinned. "Or is that price too high for you to spend on your child baby?" He mocked a little with a laugh.

"Soon you'll be jealous of that child baby. He'll be eating out of my hand and it won't be so funny to you then." Mr. Watson told him. "That price is high; I'll do it though. A thousand and he's mine; exclusively."

"Exclusively? You've got to convince the others, mate." Mr. Taylor said. "But I won't touch him...For now. But if I don't get my money, deals off." He warned.

"You'll have it tomorrow. I need a chance to leave and get it." Mr. Watson assured. "I'll figure out the others. You just remember the lad is mine sexually. Deal?" He held out his hand.

Mr. Taylor nodded. "Deal." He shook his hand. "Also, meet me in the staff room before dinner and I'll give you your pill."

"I need one given to him now." Mr. Watson sighed. "One now and one for later. Any way you can get one to him now?"

The lad on the floor started getting a bit restless. He was half nude from having been outside and his knees were hurting. It made him start to move around a lot looking for relief.

"If you can take one to him now I'll take care of this mutt." He tried to offer.

"Sure." Mr. Taylor said handing him the leash. "Do whatever you want with him. He deserves what he gets." He added. "Where is the baby now?" He asked. "In his class or did you pull him completely out of classes?"

"He's taking a nap in his crib." Mr. Watson smiled as he took the leash. "He was obviously tired. Poor baby was crying for his dummy after I had some playtime with him."

"Already? Kid's been here like two days or something. You work fast." Mr. Taylor laughed. "I'll make sure he properly gets taken care. Would you prefer he drink from a bottle or sippy cup for when taking his pill?" He asked. He didn't want any confusion to happen.

"Ask him how old he is and then see what you think is best. Don't let him know you're telling me his answer." The Keeper smiled evilly. "Come along now mutt. You've earned yourself a punishment."

Mr. Taylor nodded and began to walk away, only to pause and laugh hearing the boy ask. "What the fuck did I do? I wasn't doing anything!"

When he regained composure, he headed for the staff locker room. He had his own private stash of "treats" for well behaved students. He grabbed a couple of painkillers and stashed them in his pocket. He then went to the kitchen and filled both a bottle with cold milk, because he couldn't be bothered to warm it up. He also filled a sippy cup with juice. He was curious to see which one would end up being used and even more curious to ask him his age.
It didn't take him long to reach the room after finishing in the kitchen. He unlocked the door, and locked it again behind him when he was inside. He chuckled seeing the boy lay in the crib with the purple dummy in his mouth and a full on onesie on. He smiled seeing the train on it. Watson really went all out. The boy even had a sheet to keep him warm. He smiled to himself and shook his head a little.

He approached the crib and sat down the bottle and sippy cup beside him. He pushed the side railing down, then gently shook Liam to wake him up. "Wakey, wakey, little one." He said in a soft tone. "Time to take your medicine."

Liam jumped hard when the voice filled the room. His dummy dropped from his mouth, bounced off the mattress in the crib and landed on the floor. Now here he was, alone with a Keeper he hadn't learnt to trust without the comfort of his purple dummy.

"Awe. Baby dropped his dummy?" Mr. Taylor chuckled. He picked it up. "You'll get it soon. You have to take your medicine but before you do, I need to know how old you are. Can you show me with your fingers?" He smirked.

Liam didn't want to show him with his fingers. He wanted his dummy back now. Something about being alone with Mr. Taylor was scary now that Mr. Watson was being so nice and protective.

His bottom lip quivered and he quickly bit it between his teeth as a shaky hand lifted up and showed the Keeper one single finger. A tear rolled down his cheek from his nerves getting the better of him.

"Awe. Don't be scared, but good answer." Mr. Taylor laughed. He reached to wipe away Liam's tears. "So you get the bottle of milk then and not the Sippy cup. I wasn't sure how old you were so I brought both." He explained. He then dug into his pocket and pulled out a painkiller. "I was told to give this to you." He handed him the pill then the bottle. "Swallow it then show me your mouth so I can be sure."

Liam wanted to defend himself and explain that 'papa' had told him he was only one. Mr. Taylor hadn't given him permission to talk like Mr. Watson had however. He just obeyed instead, doing what he was told before opening his mouth for the Keeper.

Mr. Taylor grabbed Liam's jaw and inspected his mouth. "Good. Finish your bottle or don't. I don't care. You're not owned by anymore. Watson made sure of that." He grumbled a little. "Can't complain though. I'm getting something good out of it. Not sure how's he going to convince everyone else to back off of you though." He shrugged and stood up. "Have a good nap." He said as he pulled the railing up then walked towards the door, he smirked to himself and turned off the lights then left the room, locking it behind him. He had to have some fun while he was there.

Instantly Liam began to cry. On top of his arse hurting from the plug now his jaw hurt and his dummy was out of reach on the floor. This bottle most certainly was both the same as his dummy.

Soon Liam began to feel a change in his body. His limbs began to feel heavy and his mind began to feel foggy. Soon he had forgotten about all the pain he was feeling and he was left lying in the crib completely mellow in a way he'd never felt before.

About an hour later, Mr. Watson came back to the room with Harry, Louis, and Zayn. Niall was having his individual therapy time which was required for all students. "Hm. I don't remember turning off the lights..." Mr. Watson mumbled as he pushed the lads into the room, this action caused Harry to trip into Zayn who slipped on something on the floor and smack his head on the floor. "Fuck!" He yelled out in pain as tears sprang to his eyes. He refused to cry even though he
wanted to so badly.

Mr. Watson turned on the lights and noticed the dummy on the floor. He closed the door behind him, quickly locking it. He looked over at Liam. "You alright, baby boy?" He asked ignoring Zayn's cries of pain for the moment.

He washed off the dummy and pulled down the side railing of the crib. He touched Liam's cheek. "Sweetheart? Wake up..." He gently rubbed the lad's cheek.

Liam's eyes opened slowly. He felt like he'd been hit by a ton of bricks. At the same time however he felt like he'd just gotten the best rest of his life.

When Liam's cloudy eyes adjusted and he realized Mr. Watson was standing over him he sprang up and threw his arms around the man as he began to cry tears of relief.

"Aww, don't worry, sweetie. Papa's here." Mr. Watson pulled him into his lap as he crawled into the crib to hold him. "Shh." He tried to soothe as he rubbed his back. "I wasn't gone that long. Did you get your medicine?" He asked rocking him a little. "Oh." He suddenly remembered the dummy. "Look at what I found. Not like you to lose it." He attached the clip to Liam's onesie. "There. It won't get lost again." He smiled. "No more, tears. Papa's here."

"What the actual fuck?" Louis stood there in shock at Liam's reaction and then how sweet and caring Watson was being towards him.

"Exactly my thoughts." Harry agreed.

"M-Mr. Taylor came and he... I dropped the dummy and he didn't get it for me. I took the medicine but he grabbed my jaw really hard when he made sure I swallowed it. When he left he turned out all the lights; even the one that stays on at night. I was just so upset and scared because you weren't here. I'm sorry papa." Liam rattled everything out in one breath almost.

"You don't need to be sorry, sweet baby." Mr. Watson hugged him. "Not your fault. Mr. Taylor's just a little upset that you changed your mind. Thank you for telling me though." He kissed Liam's lips softly. He popped the dummy into Liam's mouth. "Here you are. Just suck on that and you'll feel better in no time." He rubbed Liam's back.

"I'm going to be sick." Zayn tried to get up.

"Shut up, slag." Mr. Watson growled.

"No, seriously...Literally..." Zayn groaned as he tried to stand but the room was spinning so he just crawled to the toilet and threw up.

When Mr. Watson rolled his eyes and went to check on Zayn, Harry came over to Liam and whispered, "What the fuck is going on? Are you okay?"

Liam frowned as he played with his sheet. "I'm fine now." He whispered behind his dummy. "Papa's here. I'm fine." He sniffed. "This Keeper told me to call him Papa, so that's his name now for me. Are you okay?" He asked looking up at Harry.

"Um, not really but, I'm sorry I'm just really confused." Harry scratched his head and looked questioningly at Louis.

The other lad shrugged his shoulders, "Fuck if I know. He's acting... well, like a baby."
"Because I am...Papa says I'm one." Liam told them. "I probably shouldn't be talking this much anyways, babies don't really talk..." He trailed off.

Harry's eyes went wider. He'd only been around Liam a little bit but the little he had, Liam had not acted like this. "Liam you aren't..."

"Gremlin! Pull the side of the crib up and look after him. Reek, get over here and pick him up. I need to get him to the nurse." Mr. Watson instructed.

Louis nodded and pulled up the side rail of the crib. "Yes, sir." He said. "Uh, anything I should do? Make him sleep? Change him? Sing to him?" He was being sarcastic at this point but he really didn't know what the Keeper meant by "take care of him".

Harry quickly went over to Zayn as Louis talked. He picked him up. "Come on...I've got ya." He said as he swung Zayn's arm around his neck and held his waist. "I've got him, sir." Harry told Mr. Watson.

"I'd start by knocking off the sarcasm." Mr. Watson warned. "If he needs changed you should do that though. I mean, you did volunteer after all."

Louis groaned. "I wasn't... There's a difference between asking a question and volunteering." He sighed. "But sure. Why not. Learn something new." He shrugged. "Hey, Zanyie boy, don't die on us."

Suddenly Mr. Watson grabbed a fistful of Louis' hair, "This isn't a fucking frat house you little slut. Shape up before I decide you need a trip to the playroom. Do I make myself clear slag?"


"Damn straight you're sorry." Mr. Watson let go of Louis and then left the room with Zayn and Harry.

"I'm sorry." Liam whispered hugging his sheet close to him.

"It's not your fault." Louis looked down at him as he leaned on the railing. "I'm just a sarcastic little shit who doesn't think before he talks." He shrugged. "So are you okay? Can I do anything for you?" He asked.

"Well, papa said you needed to change me." Liam told him. "It's not messy. Just wet." Liam felt embarrassed. "I'm sorry. I know you probably don't want to. Papa might get mad though if you don't. I don't want papa to get mad. He said I could have a warm blanket if I kept being a good boy."

"Yeah, well...Not like I have a fucking choice." Louis frowned. "Look, Liam...If I don't change you I mean I will but if I didn't, you wouldn't get in trouble. I would and being threatened with the playroom...Well, I'm not going there." He said as his eyes searched for the fresh nappies. He found them, the changing pad and wipes on the bookshelf. "Well lucky fucking you...You're so fucking special." He rolled his eyes. "So nappy, wipes...Do I need to use that pad?" He asked

"I didn't make a mess this time so I'm sure it's okay." Liam told him. "Even if I'm not the one in trouble papa would still be mad. I don't want papa to be mad." Liam moved to be in a better position for Louis then blushed again, "Louis please don't laugh when you take this nappy off. Pretty please?"
Louis nodded then grabbed what he needed. He then dropped them into the crib and pushed the side railing down. "Yeah, I'm not gonna laugh...Why would I? Even if you have a small dick, I mean, size matters but you're 14 so I think it's to be expected." He said then stepped into the crib, kneeled in front of him and undid the tabs. "You need to lay back...So I can take it off."

"I'm not 14." Liam shook his head. "I'm one. I do have a small cock though. That's not why I'd think you'd laugh at me though."

"You are 14...Or at least that's what I thought you said once." Louis shrugged. "You're not one though. Seriously. When it's just us, you can call him Mr. Watson...He's not around to correct you." He said as he pulled the nappy back and that's when he noticed the plug. "You think I would laugh because of the plug? Really? Me? The slut?" He didn't mind calling himself a slut but he hated when others would. "If you need to take a shit, I'll take it out and let you go on the toilet." He offered as he wiped Liam clean and took off the nappy. "Probably did that backwards..." He mumbled to himself.

"I'm supposed to call him papa, Louis and papa said I am one. Papa did say he'd let me go on the big boy potty if I needed to poo though." Liam let his dummy fall from his mouth and he smiled. "Papa is nice when you obey and do what he says Louis. You should really try it. You wouldn't get punished so much." Louis rolled his eyes as he grabbed the fresh nappy and watched as Liam lifted up for him. He put the fresh nappy on him and did up the tabs. "Mate, you look a little old for a one year old and have the language skills of a fourteen year old." He said. "Really? Even if I'm good or if anyone's good, they're still treated like shit." He grabbed the dirty nappy and wipes then stepped out of the crib.

"That's not true." Liam frowned suddenly upset. "I've been a good boy for papa and he's not treated me like shit. He lets me talk like a big boy. He fed me yummy warm food. He got me medicine for the pain. He gives me special milk and if I keep being a good boy I get a warm blanket. Oh and papa yelled at another Keeper who was going to spank me because he didn't believe me when I told the truth." Liam defended Mr. Watson.

Louis sighed as he threw away the dirty nappy. "Whatever. I'm not gonna argue. We just see things differently." He then pulled the railing up and locked it in place. "There. Just go back to sleep or something...Or maybe act your fucking age." He walked away to wash his hands. "Or finish the bottle in your crib, shame to let that go to waste."

Liam's bottom lip puckered out and quivered. A tear rolled down his face and he quickly grabbed for his dummy as he laid down and curled up in a ball, hiding under his sheet.

Harry had to practically drag Zayn to the nurse's office. He even stopped and puked again in the hallway. Mr. Watson wasn't happy about that but he knew someone would be forced to clean it and that was good enough for him.

"Carol! This one hit his head pretty hard on the floor." Mr. Watson called as Harry dragged Zayn inside the nurse's office.

Besides the pain in his head, Zayn felt sick to his stomach and had already thrown up a couple of times. He knew that wasn't good and neither was the dizziness that wouldn't stop. He groaned. He wanted Niall. He wished it was Niall who was carrying him instead of Harry, but sadly it wasn't it. It took all his strength to remind himself not to whine for his boyfriend.

"Exam room two." Carol pointed to the room. "I'll be right there." She instructed.
Harry dragged Zayn into the room and helped him sit on the table and sat next to him to help hold the lad up. He looked really out of it.

"Hello Zayn," Carol spoke as she walked into the room. "Can you tell me what happen?" She asked as he gave him a plastic bucket to be sick in if needed. "What's the last thing you remember?"

"I remember walking into the room. Well, being pushed in...Then I don't know." Zayn then pulled into the bucket.

Harry didn't really know Zayn yet but he did feel bad for him. "I think I tripped over my own feet then I fell into Zayn who then fell on the floor." He helped filled in the blanks.

"Right." He remembered. "I stepped on something, and slipped. Smashed my head into the floor. It's fucking concrete. Just like everything in this fucking school." He complained as she began to examine his head for any external bleeding.

"He probably slipped on the dummy. It was on the floor." Mr. Watson said. "The room lights were off though so, that probably didn't help."

"Why were the lights off?" She asked then looked back to Zayn and finished examining him. "Well, he does have a bump as to be expected but no external bleeding." She got him a paper towel and a small cup of water. "Obviously queasy. Tell me what else you're feeling right now." She requested as she got out a little booklet and began reading through a page she turned to.

"Another Keeper was in the room before I was." Mr. Watson said. "He turned off the lights as a joke."

Zayn then groaned. "Head hurts. Like splitting headache. Ringing in my ears. Uhm. I feel sick, I've thrown up like twice...Uh, dizzy...Head feels weird...And I feel really tired." He answered.

"So basically a concession." Harry said. "Even I know that. You shouldn't need a book to tell ya that."

"My book has a check list. I want to see how many symptoms he has." She used a very stern voice with Harry. She didn't like being told how to do her job.

"You can be angry if you want but I'm sending him to the hospital. I want him properly seen and evaluated. He needs a CT scan as well." Carol told Mr. Watson. "Harrison, just see to it he stays awake."

"It's Harry." Harry growled behind his mask.

Mr. Watson groaned. "Now I have to tell the Headmaster..." He sighed. "At least he hasn't been beaten yet. You sure you need this? Normally heads are examined not scanned. What's the point of having it scanned?"

Harry looked at the nurse. "Keep him awake? Does that mean I go with him?"

"Your documents list your name as Harrison; don't sass me." The nurse quickly snapped at him. "You don't need to travel with him but you do need to stand here and keep him awake while Mr. Watson and I take care of preparing his transport."

Carol then looked back to Mr. Watson, "Look sir, it's my job to make the decisions about his health. Your job is make sure he does not run away and that he follows the rules. Go make your
call to the Headmaster and I'll call for a van to transport him. You also need to decide what two
Keepers will accompany him. It's policy."

"Don't fuckin tell me what policy is! I know fucking policy. Been here long enough. Fuck. But I
need to know why you’re requesting the scan for paperwork shit.” Mr. Watson’s voice was raised.

“To see if there’s any internal bleeding.” Carol crossed her arms. “It’s a cement floor. He smashed
his head into it, I’m surprised there’s no external cuts and bleeding. He only has a bump right now
but hitting it this hard, and all the symptoms, he has a grade two concussion.”

“Just go do your thing.” Mr. Watson his eyes. "Make sure you lock the door behind you as you
leave." He told her and then he crossed over to the main office from the nurse’s office so he could
make his call. Zayn didn't want Harry. He wanted Niall, his little Irish boyfriend. He wanted to
cuddle him more than anything. It was becoming harder to tell his brain to not say it aloud.

“While you're here, let me examine you.” Carol told Harry and him remove his mask.

“Much better than the first time I saw you. I don’t believe you’re contagious anymore though. So
no more mask for you.” Carol said as she looked down Harry’s throat with her light.

“Thank God. Uh, thanks…” Harry smiled at her.

Carol nodded then left the examination room to make the arrangements.

"Come on slag, walk faster. I have better things to do then walk your pathetic arse back to your
room.” Mr. Thomas pushed Niall as they walked the hall.

Niall rolled his eyes and walked faster. He couldn't wait to see Zayn. He knew they couldn't do
anything till tonight, but just seeing his face would be enough to make him last until they could be
together. "I'm walking as fast as I can without actually running," Niall told the Keeper.

"Running, there's an idea.” Mr. Thomas laughed as they reached the door to their room. He
unlocked the door and pushed Niall carefully into the room. The Keeper then saw Liam in his crib
under the blanket and laughed loudly.

Niall frowned. He felt bad for Liam. "I thought you had better things to do?” He asked the Keeper
as he heard Liam let out a small whine.

"I may have things to do in the playroom if you don't shut your mouth.” He warned Niall. He then
laughed again at Liam and left.

When Liam heard the door shut he nervously peeked his head out from under the sheet to see if the
Keeper was gone.

"He's gone, Liam. You don't have to hide.” Niall said then suddenly noticed that Zayn and Harry
were missing. He felt his heartbeat get faster. Where was Zayn? Was he being punished? Used?
Something horrible happen to him? He reminded himself to be calm.

"Louis, where are the other two?” He asked casually as he sat on the bed across from Louis' bunk.

“Harry tripped over his own two feet and fell into Zayn who slipped on Liam’s dummy. He hit his
head on the floor and threw up so Harry got to carry him to the nurse while I had to fucking change
Liam.” Louis grumbled from his bed.

"Oh." Niall said. He felt worried. Zayn had hit his head on the floor. It was concrete flooring. He bit his lip to keep his emotions in check. "Yeah, well...Seems like Watson likes his age play kink so I suppose we should get used to it.” He sighed and lay back into the bunk. He felt so worried. He hoped there would be no long term effects.

“Dip shit certainly has. Go on, ask him how old he is." Louis rolled his eyes dramatically. "Oh and apparently it's papa now; not Mr. Watson."

"Well that's creepy." Niall said. "Li? How old are you? Just to please the fucking slut.” He rolled his eyes.

"Papa said I'm one." Liam softly said without letting this dummy fall.

"Hm...And it gets creepier." Niall said. "Don't call him Papa in front of us though. It makes me wanna be sick." He sighed. He frowned. He couldn't care about much of anything until he knew Zayn was okay.

"I have to Niall. I have to call him that now. It's a rule. I don't want to break any rules. If I'm a good boy I get a warm blanket." Liam tried to explain. He really really wanted that warm blanket. He was always so cold at night.

"Was I right or was I right?" Louis asked Niall. "On a less nauseating topic however, how was your day?"

"He's just trying to behave so he doesn't get punished, it's sickening but I kinda get it." Niall said. "Mm, I had to give a few blowjobs because I ran my mouth off to an instructor. I got fucked once and had to give a couple rimjobs. How was yours? Besides changing a nappy." He asked.

"Didn't get my arse used as much as the day before yesterday. I only got fucked five times today. I did however 'earn' a blow job for being the only student to ace a maths test." Louis casually replied. "Guess that means it was a good day for me; so far anyhow."

"Nice." Niall said. "I don't know how we're supposed to ace anything without any proper study time and living in this place, it feels like marks don't matter."

"Numbers are easy for me. Everything else is difficult." Louis shrugged. "Doesn't matter though. Once I'm eighteen I can leave this place and nothing can make me come back."

"Mmm, lucky bastard. I'm only 15 so I have a few more years of torture. When's your birthday?" Niall asked curiously.

"Christmas." Louis replied. "I've got a few months to go."

"Lucky shit." Niall complained. "Mines in September. I wonder what happens to you on your birthday." He wondered aloud. "Yo. Liam. Since we're sharing, when's your birthday?" He asked.

“August 29.” He replied softly still curled into a ball with his dummy.

Niall opened his mouth but suddenly the door slammed open and Harry was pushed through the door with Watson behind him

Liam jumped at first but then smiled when he saw Mr. Watson. He felt safe with Mr. Watson around.
"How's Zayn, Sir?" Louis asked curiously when he didn't see him.

"Like you care." Mr. Watson rolled his eyes. "Nurse said it looked like a grade two concession. He's going to the hospital to be examined by a doctor and to get a CT scan. They want to be sure there isn't any bleeding in the brain due to how hard he hit his head." He explained.

Niall felt a bit scared but he had to hide it. "So, what? They make sure he's not any dumber than we already know he is and then send him back here?"

Mr. Watson smiled at the comment. "I suppose you could put it that way. If there's no bleeding he'll be back later tonight." He replied. "Anyone else have any questions?" He asked looking between the lads.

"Do we still get dinner?" Liam used a small voice as the dummy dropped from his mouth. He didn't move however. He was still a little upset.

"Of course, sweet baby." Mr. Watson walked over to the crib. He pushed down the side railing and picked Liam up. "But first, give Papa some kisses. He missed you."

Liam smiled and kissed Mr. Watson's lips. He then hid his face against the man's neck. It was nice to finally have someone he felt secure with. It wasn't something he was used to.

Mr. Watson rubbed Liam's back. "Did the Gremlin treat you okay?" He asked softly.

"He was mean." Liam pouted with a whisper. "He didn't hurt me but he said mean stuff. I'm okay but it hurt my feelings."

Harry watched the two with complete confusion. The other night Liam had certainly come off as innocent and gullible but he hadn't thought Liam would fall into this shit so easily.

"Hmm. I think the slut deserves a punishment then." Mr. Watson said. "No one is allowed to be mean to my sweet boy." He kissed Liam's lips again then headed to the door where he unlocked it. "Let's go, Slags. I don't have all the time in the world you know."

"What the fuck did I do?" Louis asked confused.

"What haven't you done?" Harry asked hard. He had no idea if Louis actually had been mean to Liam or not but it certainly served him right to get punished. Maybe this would help teach him to make friends with his roommates.

"You got your mask off." Louis commented. "Now you'll be more of a target." He grinned.

"Fuck you." Harry rolled his eyes.

Niall was too worried about his prince to concern himself in the current discussion. He just quietly went and lined up at the door.

"You okay?" Harry asked quietly as they were lead out to the hallway. "You're not normally this quiet. Especially when it comes to insulting Louis."

Niall bit his lower lip. How in the hell could he answer this? "Just a bit concerned I guess." He whispered. "You've seen how they treat us here. If something is seriously wrong with Zayn they probably won't care. I don't like him but he doesn't deserve that. Not after taking a punishment for me anyway." Perhaps a half lie this time would be best.
"I saw them transfer him to the van. Despite not walking well, they still put him in cuffs. But I'm sure they won't release him against medical advice. That'd be stupid on their part." Harry said. "I feel bad for the lad. He was throwing up, he was dizzy and out of it. He looked miserable. I'm sure he'll be fine though if there's no bleeding in his brain."

Niall nodded, it wasn't enough to settle his anxiety.

When they got to the cafeteria Mr. Watson sat Liam in the highchair and then looked to the other students, "Go eat. Make it fast. Don't waste anything."

"Yes, sir." The lads quickly nodded. Once they got their food, they went to sit with their friends. Niall didn't feel like dealing with Joe and David on his own but figured it'd look more suspicious if he sat away from them. So he sucked it up and walked over to them. "Hey." He said trying his best to come off as casual.

"Hey, where's your roommate?" David asked as Niall sat down. Joe had yet to join them. Perhaps if they were both lucky he wouldn't.

"Hospital." Niall said. "He slipped and fell. Smacked his head off the floor. From what I heard. I was at therapy so I wasn't there." He answered and took a sip of his protein shake.

"That sucks. We get treated good at hospitals but the Keepers threaten us within an inch of our lives. It sucks when you aren't feeling good." David replied and shook his head. He obviously was concerned too.

"Yeah, I can only imagine the pain if we fucked up while at the hospital. It's rare that anyone believes a Foster kid though so at least there's that." Niall nodded. "Apparently if there's no bleeding in the brain, he'll be back later tonight."

"That's good. I'm sure he's fine. Us fosters are really tough. We sorta have to be." David replied. "Doesn't stop me from being worried though."

"Yeah, me too." Niall whispered. "I mean, he took a punishment for me, so he doesn't deserve anything too serious." He quickly added.

"He did? Why would he do that? No offense but what makes you so special?" David asked.

"I was talking about the punishment he got for hitting, Louis. He owed me a favor." Niall whispered as he eat a bit more. He was feeling confused. He could have sworn that they've already had this conversation.

"He owed you hmm?" David asked curiously. "Why did he owe you?"

"Cause when I first got here, he made me fuck him so his first time wasn't with a Keeper." Niall said. It wasn't really a fuck, just enough so that Zayn wouldn't be an arse virgin anymore.

Just for the drama and fun. Makes it interesting. Niall going to kiss him and Zayn confused. Zayn would hear the truth from Niall and be a little embarrassed but keep dating him

"Cause when I first got here, he made me fuck him so his first time wasn't with a Keeper." Niall said. It wasn't really a fuck, just enough so that Zayn wouldn't be an arse virgin anymore.

"I see." He nodded. David was suspicious and hoped he'd get extra information out of Niall but no such luck.
"Knock on wood but I'm shocked big mouth isn't sitting with us." Niall commented not seeing Joe.

David pointed discreetly and smirked, "They found a better use for his mouth today."

Joe was now on his knees across the room getting his face fucked by Tyler.

Niall chuckled. "Perfect." He smiled. "He won't be talking anytime soon. Ugh. I can't believe it's only Wednesday. I want it to be the weekend already. At least there's a film in it for you if you behave. I'll just sit where the Keepers won't find me and enjoy the break." Maybe he and Zayn could make out or something in a hidden corner somewhere.

"Yeah, just stay away from any of the keeper's favorites when you sit down. They tend to go for the good lads and get favors." David told him. He thought about inviting him to sit with he and Zayn but decided not to.

"Good tip. Thanks mate." He smiled. He downed his smoothie. "God, that's disgusting." He complained. "So in other news, Liam has to call Watson Papa and I've never felt more creeped out. Oh but Louis had to change Liam and I can't believe I missed it."

"He has an age play thing. It's gross. Can't say Liam seems to mind though." David looked at Liam who was now smiling and laughing a little with their room Keeper. "Too bad about missing that though. I've heard from Zayn you've all been having issues with him."

"Yeah, Louis' a prick. He only looks out for himself. He doesn't do that well either. Liam said he was mean to him and now Mr. Watson's going to punish him." Niall said as he tried to eat his food.

"Maybe it'll teach the douche to try being nice and making friends with your roommates. This place is far easier to handle if you get along with your roommates." David replied.

Niall nodded. "It's partly why I sucked it up and started being somewhat nicer to Zayn...Plus, he wasn't a jerk during the puppy thing, so." He shrugged as he finished off his plate. "Zayn's trying to force us all to get along, but Louis just...doesn't quite get it."

"He will. It just takes time. If the rest of you are getting along he'll come around once he sees the benefit. He's a street kid; some of them have thicker walls to break down."

Niall nodded. "I'm a street kid too, but he's been on the streets longer than I have so...I see your point." He agreed.

"Time's up slags!" They heard a Keeper call. "Swallow, take your trays to the bins and line the fuck up."

"See ya." Niall said and quickly did was what asked then waited by the door with Harry and Louis.

"If you have homework line up over here!" A Keeper called and pointed. "Those doing the science study group with Mr. McDowell get over there." He added and pointed to a different section.

"The rest of you slags are going to be in your rooms." A second Keeper told them.

"Why? We normally get free time." Tyler asked.

"One of your fellow slags thought it nice to get injured so we are down two Keepers who are working transport." Mr. Thomas answered him. Any other student would have been scolded.

"Ugh. I bet he did it just to get out of this place." Tyler complained.
"That's not true! He slipped and fell. It's not his fault." Niall felt the need to defend his boyfriend.

"Whatever you say, Irish." Tyler rolled his eyes.

"Both of you shut up." Mr. Thomas complained. "Blondie, do you have homework or have science studying to do?" He asked.

"Science, sir." Niall answered.

"Then get in line." Mr. Thomas pushed him towards the study group line.

"Slut? Don’t just stand there. Get the fuck in line.” Mr. Watson scolded. “I know you have make up work to do in History.”

Louis quickly nodded. “Sorry, sir.” He said and stood in the homework line.

"We get playtime?" Liam asked half surprised and half curiously. "Will you stay with me in case everyone is mean?"

"You can do that another time, sweetheart. You and the other babies have playtime." Mr. Watson patted his bum. He then looked at Harry. "Stay here. Another Keeper will be by to take you back to your room."

"Of course. The Keepers stay with their babies to make sure everyone plays nice and no one gets themselves or others hurt." Mr. Watson said. It was also a bit of a break for the Keepers as when things went well, they could just sit back, watch and relax.

He then stepped out into the hallway. "Remember, if you need to go poo, just tell Papa okay? I don't want you holding anything in. That's not good." He placed a couple of kisses on Liam's neck.

"It makes me feel dirty." Liam whispered very shy. "Makes me embarrassed." He added and hid his reddening face against the Keeper's chest. "I'm sorry papa."

Mr. Watson rubbed over Liam's back and bum. "You only feel dirty till you get cleaned and changed then you're clean again. You're too little to use the big boy potty all the time, but since you're wearing a plug, you have to let me know so I can take it out for you to go poo. I'll help you use the big boy potty if you need to go poo. I would hate for you to get sick because you held it in." He tried to explain as they began to walk again.

Liam nodded. The idea of telling someone he needed to poo deeply embarrassed him. "Papa, when will you take it out?"

"Tonight, baby. It's there to keep that sweet hole of yours open so you can be prepared for our special time." Mr. Watson told him. "I'll give you a pill for the pain after your shower tonight. You won't be in any pain that way." He kissed Liam's head as they walked into the rec room.

Liam nodded, "I trust you papa." He smiled ever so slightly at Mr. Watson, "I'm happy it's you. I know you won't hurt me papa." He kissed his cheek and giggled a little.

Mr. Watson grinned. This was probably the easiest lad to ever turn into a baby. "Thank you for trusting me, beautiful." He then walked over to the changing table in the room. "I'm just going to check you and your plug." He explained laying Liam down and undoing the onesie snaps.

Liam quickly grabbed his dummy. He was so embarrassed. The dummy made him tolerate it better.
Mr. Watson undid the tabs of the nappy and pulled the front down. "Dirty boy." He teased noticing that Liam had wee'd. He pulled the dirty nappy away and cleaned Liam up.

He then checked on the plug. He noticed it was halfway out so he pushed it back in. "Hmm. Maybe an even smaller plug next time, if there is a next time." He kissed Liam's nose.

He then put a fresh a fresh nappy on him. "There. All better now." He kissed Liam's cheek and tickled him a little bit. "You're so cute." He chuckled and did the onesie back up.

"Yes papa, I'm tiny." Liam blushed. He then giggled when Mr. Watson tickled him. "Papa's cute boy?" He liked when Mr. Watson talked baby to him.

"Yes, Papa's very cute boy." Mr. Watson said and tickled him some more. "The cutest lad in the school in my opinion." He smiled and sat Liam up straight on the table. "You are tiny, I love it." He kissed Liam's cheeks. "Now, how about a kiss for Papa before you go play?"

Liam leaned forward and kissed Mr. Watson's lips twice. "Now I can play?" He smiled sweetly. He wanted a chance to just play and relax.

Mr. Watson smiled and nodded. "Of course, baby." He picked him off the table and sat him down on the floor. "You can crawl. Go find some toys to play with or another lad if you want." He told Liam.

Liam nervously looked around. The other kids didn't look happy to be where they were. Liam crawled over to a pile of blocks and began to work in building a tower. If he could build it tall enough then he could knock it over. That was the best part.

Mr. Watson smiled as he watched Liam for a moment then moving to sit with the other Keepers who were staring at him.

"You judge every time I enjoy my age play kink. You think you'd be used to it by now." Mr. Watson complained a little.

"Oh we are...I'm not judging. I'm just amazed you turned the boy so fast." Mr. Murphy told him.

"I see you stuck with the Papa thing." Mr. Patterson commented. "I didn't know you'd enjoy it so much." He laughed.

"Me either, but it's really quite...sexy...when he says it. It helped me turn him faster so thank you." Mr. Watson smirked.

"Yeah, sure. Anytime." Mr. Paterson laughed.

"It was so easy once he started calling me Papa, it's like that was the turning point. I think he thinks I am or close to thinking that. He says he trusts me and he meant it. You could hear it in his voice. It's just a few small things and that's all it took really." Mr. Watson said. "He's so innocent, that made it pretty simple."

"Nice having a slag who'll eat right out of your hand so easily innit?" Mr. Thomas asked coming into the room and sitting with them.

"Yeah, gotta admit I'm a bit jealous of you both. I mean Tyler practically begs you to fuck him." Mr. Patterson laughed.

Mr. Thomas grinned. "He's fun to fuck. I very rarely have to punish the lad. He knows his place.
Tyler is down for anything, which makes everything so easy. You need to find a lad who'd do anything you ask without question because they're that afraid. Since Watson here has his baby, maybe Zayn is up for grabs now?" He laughed.

"He's good. He just screwed up for the first time the other night." Mr. Watson commented. "I don't know that he's the kind to beg for attention like Tyler though."

"Hmm. Well, not many in here beg for attention. Other than your whore with that uniform he wears." Mr. Murphy smirked.

"Good choice." Mr. Murphy commented.

"I agree." Mr. Thomas said as Mr. Murphy also nodded in agreement.

"Harry? I don't know yet. He's a bit difficult to read. I haven't done much with him. He's got anger issues, often leads to trouble but I let him get Liam off last night after I had to leave, and apparently, it went well. He got punished his first day by McGuiness and Pieters." Mr. Watson said. "He obeys easily now though, all you have to do is threaten him with going back to the playroom and he shuts up." He laughed.

"Most of these idiots only need one trip to the playroom to shape up. The others just end up in the pit. Those lads are great fun to screw with." Mr. Thomas laughed.

"Stop!" A student yelled angrily at Liam when he had knocked over his blocks for the sixth time.

The loudness and sharpness of the other student's voice made Liam start to cry. "Papa!" He yelled, you could sense the tension in the poor lad's voice.

Mr. Watson sighed. "Shall we go see what's wrong?" He looking at Mr. Paterson. He recognized the lad as his baby.

Mr. Paterson nodded.

The two Keepers got up and walked over to Liam and the boy.

Mr. Paterson gripped the boy's hair. "The fuck is wrong with you? You made the poor baby cry!" He growled as Mr. Watson sat next to Liam and cuddled him in his lap.

"What's going on here?" Mr. Watson demanded.

"I was just playing with the blocks and he yelled at me!" Liam cried as he clung hard to Mr. Watson. "I was just having fun." Liam was so upset now.

Mr. Watson rubbed Liam's back and stared hard at the other student.

"The wee baby was just trying to enjoy himself and you had to go and be a dick about it. Very rude." Mr. Paterson shook his head. "Say you're sorry." He told the lad. "Or you can go to the pit. Either way is cool with me."

"Sorry." The student sighed. He didn't want to go to the pit. No one did.

"Please, I want to stay with you papa. Please." Liam begged. He felt much more safe with him.

Mr. Watson frowned a little but he couldn't resist those begs. "Sure. Let's bring your blocks and maybe some of the trains? It'd match your shirt." He suggested.
“Okay.” Liam nodded and let go of Mr. Watson. He turned to grab a few trains and carefully worked on crawling with them closer to where the Keepers were sat.

Mr. Watson sat down while Liam was close but he wasn’t within ear shot. "See? One little thing and now he's scared and all he wants is me. This was too easy...But I'm enjoying every moment of it." He smiled. "Tellin ya. The ones that eat out of your hand are the best. Zayn has the potential especially now that he's fucked up once. He's so scared of another punishment. He'd probably do anything you ask. Anything or anyone." He laughed.

"Good to know." Mr. Murphy smirked.

"I'll test the waters with your curly lad first. When they come around for monthly grooming don't you dare let them cut his hair." Mr. Patterson told Mr. Watson.

Mr. Watson nodded. "I won't let them touch his curls, maybe just tell them a bit of trimming? Make it look nicer." He suggested. "I'm not letting them touch my baby's hair either. I like it the way it is. The Irish? He desperately needs grooming. In all forms."

"He's the runaway from Ireland right?" Mr. Murphy asked.

Mr. Thomas nodded, "Yeah, he look a bit too much like a mutt with mange."

"Oh yeah, for sure." Mr. Watson agreed then sniffed as a foul smell came into the air. "Someone needs to be changed, Liam's plugged so he's not him." He added.

"Fucking hell. The downside to this baby thing." Mr. Murphy complained as he went to sort out who was the cause of the odor.

"Eh, it sucks but the joy I get out of watching teen lads forcibly treated as infants makes it worth it." Mr. Thomas smiled.

Mr. Watson laughed. "I agree." He smiled. "It's more fun when they return the favour though."

He smirked as he looked at Liam playing with his toys. "He's so tiny for his age. I put a pretty small plug in him and it's not staying in very well. I have to go for smaller and the gets off on being touched in any way. It's awesome. You can barely touch him and he'll get hard."

"Lucky fuck. Most slags needs threatened to get hard."

"Yes, they seem to think they get a choice." Mr. Thomas nodded.

The Keepers chatted still as Liam built his tower quietly and knocked it over with the train. It was such a stress relief to get to be so careless. He greatly enjoyed it.

Chapter End Notes

Also, sorry that it's a bit shorter than normal but we really really wanted it to end this way.

Keep the love coming!! We love to know your thoughts and feelings and any suggestions! We love the dark stuff as well. Nothing is too dark or twisted or weird for anything in this world that we've created!
Chapter 16

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

HAPPY ALMOST EASTER!!!! (If you celebrate it that is, if not ignore that, soz)

For those requesting more Harry...I hope there's enough to satisfy you in this chapter! Sometimes it's hard making sure all five boys are equal or somewhat equal in a chapter. But some chapters might focus more on a couple or whatever for reasons you'll find out later. :D

A while later, the time was up and it was time for the Keepers to take the students to their showers. Mr. Watson walked over to Liam and ran a hand over his back. "Hey pretty baby. Time to get the others for your shower. You can just leave the toys on the floor. Doesn't matter if they're cleaned up or not."

"Oh, okay papa." Liam frowned. For one, he'd always been taught to clean up after himself. His other reason for frowning was because he had been having fun. "Will I get to have more playtimes? I had more fun then I thought I would papa."

"If you continue to be a good boy, then yes, you will get more playtime's." Mr. Watson picked Liam up. "Time to pick up your ungrateful roommates for their showers. The Irish one will wash you tonight." He said as they left the room.

Liam just nodded. He'd rather Harry do it. Harry was kind and understanding. Everyone else seemed disgusted by him. He wouldn't question Mr. Watson though. Papa had been taking great care of him so papa knew best.

"Papa?" Liam blushed sheepishly. "C-could I... um... toilet... before showers?" He worried about how much this might hurt but he had held off going as long as he could.

"Sure, baby." Mr. Watson turned and walked back into the rec room. "We have a loo right in this room." He said walking to a door and opening it. There was no one else in the rec room so he left it open.

He laid Liam on the floor and unsnapped the onesie. He then undid the tabs on Liam's nappy. He then took the plug out very slowly and he helped him stand much like you would with a baby getting used to his legs. He admired the sight for a short moment before lifting Liam onto the toilet.

"Just let Papa know when you're done." He stood up. He didn't leave the room or look away. Keepers whether they babied the students or not, always watched as they went to the toilet outside their bedrooms. It was a safety issue.

Liam felt very shy and very embarrassed. His bum hurt too. Tears formed in his eyes and try as he might he began to cry as he finished up. "Sorry. Done." He muttered as he kept his eyes on the ground.
Mr. Watson took the dummy off Liam's shirt and placed it in his mouth. "I watch purely for safety reasons." He kissed Liam's head. He then grabbed some toilet paper and gently moved Liam forward as he wiped his bum clean. "There. All clean." He smiled. He picked Liam up and lay him back onto the floor. He stood up and flushed the toilet then washed his hands. He got down on his knees and gently pushed Liam's plug back inside his hole. "I'm sorry, baby. I know it hurts. I'll give you your pill when your shower is over." He kissed his nose. "If I don't keep you stretched, it will hurt more." He explained as he did the nappy back up. "Let's leave the onesie off. You're about to shower so it doesn't matter." He said.

"It's gross." Liam tried to explain. Maybe he was just moody from today. "Don't want you to think I'm gross or stop liking me papa."

Mr. Watson picked Liam up. "Awe. Sweetheart, it is gross and stinky...But I would never think you're gross or stop liking you." He picked Liam up as he stood. He then grabbed the onesie. "Everyone poops, babe. I don't mind cleaning you. You know...I choose to do it. I don't let others do it, and I do it because I want to." He gave Liam some kisses across his face. "I'll never stop liking you as long as you never stop liking me." He said as they walked out of the loo.

Liam giggled, "Never papa. You take care of me and keep me safe. You make me feel good. You make me feel liked and special. You're the best papa ever."

"You are special." Mr. Watson smiled. "My special baby boy...And I'll prove it tonight during our special fun time." He said walking out of the rec room and down the hallway.

"I'm scared but I'm excited too." Liam admitted. "I wish the others didn't have to watch though. It's not as special if they get to see. At least I don't think so. Plus I think they think I'm strange now."

"Well, if you don't want them to watch, they could just lay in their beds and not watch us? Or would you just prefer that they're not there?" Mr. Watson asked. "You're not strange. You're just very special. They just can't see that."

"I don't want them to get to see you touch me." He pouted. "Not the first time you go inside me anyway. Oh and they're all just stupid. I love when you make me feel good. They all act like it's sick but it's not. It's tingly and awesome and I really love it. It's my favorite papa, just like you."

"Hmm, no watching. If you don't want them to watch, then they can just lay there in their beds and not look." Mr. Watson said. "They would end up hearing us though. Are you okay with that? Yes, they are stupid and you are very smart." He kissed Liam's cheek. "You're my favourite too."

"If you say it's okay then it's okay papa." Liam kissed his cheek. Upon hearing he was Mr. Watson's favorite he giggled a bit and made a sound that was almost a tiny, shirt squeal. "I'm papa's favorite." He laughed a little and kissed his lips. "Cause I'm cute and I'm a good boy and I like that you make me your baby?"

"Yes, exactly that." Mr. Watson grinned. The boy had kissed him without any prompting. "I want you to be comfortable though. Would you like me to make them wear ear plugs? That way they can't hear us either." He asked. He wanted to be sure of what Liam wanted. He didn't want him to get scared or uncomfortable halfway through because of the others.

"You would do that?" Liam smiled brightly. "Papa that would be wonderful! Please? I don't want them to watch or hear. It's our special time not theirs. You're my papa." Liam wasn't sure why he felt so strongly about this. Maybe he was scared they would make fun of him. Maybe he wanted to just feel extra extra special; something most foster kids never got to feel. Maybe Liam even wanted to test how far Mr. Watson would let him go? Either way, Liam liked it.
"Consider it done, my little one." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips. They reached the bedroom door a short time later. He unlocked the door and stepped inside. He slammed the door behind him as he threw Liam's onesie into his crib. Niall had been brought back by another Keeper. "Slags! Shower time. Let's move it. Chav! You're in charge of washing my baby." He kissed Liam's cheek then his lips. "If I hear about anything he doesn't like, consider yourself sent to the playroom."

Liam laid his head on Mr. Watson's shoulder as he played with the buttons on his work shirt.

Louis made a very pissed off face but didn't dare speak a word. He'd had enough punishment today with all the sex he'd been forced to endure.

"How many times do I wash myself tonight sir?" Harry asked almost sarcastically.

Mr. Watson smiled at Liam then looked at Harry. "First off, watch your tone unless you wanna end up in purgatory," Mr. Watson warned. "You'll wash your body once and your hair twice." He answered. "But do what you have time for. You might get some action in the shower. Your curls are a big hit." He smirked. "Now let's go."

Harry sighed deeply while they all got in line.

Niall so desperately wanted to ask how Zayn was but he couldn't figure out a way to properly ask without being suspicious.

"Mr. Watson? Are we actually going to get an entire night without goodie goodie two shoes?" Louis asked as they walked.

"Goodie two shoes?" Mr. Watson laughed. "He hit you, so he's far from a goodie two shoes. But I heard that he had his scan and they're waiting on the results before they decide to release him or not. Also, if he has trouble remembering things let me know. It could be a sign that they missed something."

"Yes sir." They all seemed to say it in unison. All but Liam anyway.

Liam was still fidgeting with the buttons on Mr. Watson's shirt. "My papa." He whispered to him and kissed his neck. The lad was certainly feeling comfortable in the safety of the Keepers arms.

"Yes, yours." Mr. Watson smiled as he let out a small moan. He didn't expect the kiss. Students didn't usually kiss the Keepers bodies in the way Liam had. It felt nice. He kissed Liam's hand then let him go back to playing with his buttons as they continued to walk.

When they reached the showers, the students were made to strip and given their shower cradles. Niall was also given Liam’s as he was washing him.

The Keeper then undid his nappy. "There. Now you can go get clean by the little Irish one." He kissed Liam's lips. "Have fun and remember, just like last night, you can crawl to him."

Mr. Watson sat Liam down then watched as the lad lay back for him. The Keeper then undid his nappy. "There. Now you can go get clean by the little Irish one." He kissed Liam's lips. "Have fun and remember, just like last night, you can crawl to him."

Liam nodded and crawled to wear Niall was. He felt upset that everyone was now seeing the plug inside him so he stayed extra quiet as he sat by Niall's feet under the hot water.

Niall wasn't in the talking mood either. He was too worried about Zayn. He desperately wanted to hear his voice, hold him, see with his own eyes that he was alright. Niall quickly but gently washed
over Liam's body, avoiding the plug but noticing that the water was making it slip out almost, he slowly pushed it back in. "Sorry. I didn't want to get in trouble for it falling out." He whispered. "But you're done."

"It's okay. Thank you for being gentle. Papa would have been mad at me." Liam replied. "Bye." He add and started on his way.

Harry had just finished washing his body and was now being fought over by two Keepers.

"I got here first." Mr. Murphy complained.

"So? I deserve fun. I got fucking kicked in the nuts today." Mr. Patterson said.

Mr. Murphy grumbled. "Why don't we take turns? Me first, then you. Me first, because I got here first."

Harry stood unsure of what to do. Never in his life had he encountered anything like this before. "If I refuse I get beaten?"

"Don't get cute." Mr. Patterson glared at the boy.

"But you will get punished if you refuse." Mr. Murphy said. "But you'll be fucked but one or both of us first."

Harry sighed. He didn't want beaten again. His body couldn't handle it. "Can we please just get this over with then? Not being cute, just a bit anxious I guess."

"Let the boy pick if he's so anxious to be fucked." Mr. Patterson smirked.

Mr. Murphy nodded in agreement.

Harry inwardly face palmed. That's not what he had meant. Next time he needed to choose his words more carefully.

"I, uh, shit, sir?" He scratched his head and looked at Mr. Patterson. He was less revolting of the two.

"I will fuck you one of these days, boy. Trust me." Mr. Murphy slapped Harry's arse then walked away.

Mr. Patterson grinned and ran a hand through Harry's wet curls. "Even wet, they're irresistible." He smiled then ran a hand over Harry's arse then pressed his fingers against his hole. "We're going to have so much fun." He pressed a couple fingers inside Harry's hole and began to finger fuck him to be sure he was open enough.

Harry's eyes went large and his mouth fell open. "Right to it then?"

"I just wanna fuck you. Not play with you. Not right now anyways." Mr. Patterson said with a shrug then added a third finger. "But I expect you to be hard and you don't fucking cum without permission."

"Y-yes sir, sorry I'm still not used to all this." Harry told him trying his hardest to relax. "I was a top." He explained

"I have an issue with fighting. I don't take being pushed around easy." He explained as he obeyed. "Don't get a choice here sir."

"Damn straight." Mr. Patterson undid his trousers then pulled them down with his pants. He kneeled on the floor, using his pants and trousers as a cushion for his knees. He gripped Harry's hips as he lined himself up then slammed into him. "Shit. You feel good." He moaned as he gripped Harry's hair tightly in his hands.

Harry let out a sudden loud yelp. He hated how these Keepers gave no warning or even lube. He tried to grip onto the floor but there was nothing there to hold.

The Keeper began to thrust in and out of the lad's hole with great force. "So fucking tight, like a virgin pussy." He moaned as he pulled on Harry's hair.

"Ouch, shit, you're fucking massive!" Harry tried not to complain. It hurt so badly though. He'd never taken a cock so large.

"Thanks." Mr. Patterson grinned. "So fucking tight. Wow. Shit." He pulled back tightly on Harry's hair. He then grabbed a fistful of Harry's curls and slammed into his hole while pulling back in his hair. "Such a small hole." He switched speeds to start drilling into his hole. "Giddy up." He laughed as he pulled on Harry's hair.

Harry screamed a bit. He couldn't help it. Mr. Patterson was being ruthless. All the same however, Harry was hard.

Mr. Patterson slammed into Harry as he pulled on his hair some more. "Good horsey." He praised as pulled on the hair some more. He reached down and checked on Harry's cock. "that was fast. You must enjoy it rough." He slammed into him again.

Yes, Harry much preferred hard sex to gentle sex. He didn't care to admit it however and he didn't understand what it would matter anyway. "Ah, sir, sex is sex. It's supposed to feel good right?"

"It is supposed to feel good but some people think that rough is the best route to go." He squeezed Harry's cock in his hand. "So hard. So fast. You're enjoying this." He smirked. "Just admit it and I'll make it even better." He whispered into Harry's ear.

"It's not the worst feeling sir." He half admitted. At the end of the day this was still someone Harry didn't want to be having sex with. A physical feeling would never rid the fact that this was still rape.

"Good lad." Mr. Patterson removed his hand from Harry's cock and slammed into him harder and went faster. He then pulled out for a moment and turned Harry into his back. He brought Harry's legs over his shoulders and brought the boy closer to himself with Harry's hips up in the air. He slammed back into Harry as he continued to thrust deeper and harder into him. "You feel so good. Damn. So close already. Fuck."

Harry tried hard to fight the urge to moan but after a moment he couldn't fight back. The moan escaped his lips and he felt disgusting for it.

"There we go. Those are the sounds I wanted to hear." Mr. Patterson moaned himself. "Again, curly. Again and louder. Oh fuck!"

Harry didn't want to but he obeyed and moaned again. If nothing else maybe his moaning would get the Keeper finished faster.
"Yes! Yes. Beautiful sounds from a fit lad. Oh fuck." Mr. Patterson gave a few more deep and hard thrusts before finally cumming into the lad. Mr. Patterson reached a hand forward and began to pump Harry's hard and leaking cock. "Cum now, curly. Cum for me."

Harry let out a strangled scream as he let himself cum finally. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

Mr. Patterson licked the boy clean then pulled out of him in one quick moment. He stood up and gathered his clothes. "Thanks. I'm looking forward to next time. Such a great fuck." He grinned. "Wash yourself again though."

"Y-yes sir." Harry nodded as he struggled to get on his feet. At least this would help him sleep.

Mr. Watson had Liam naked in the playpen and back in his nappy. "You're so cute." He played with his damp hair. "Was your shower nice?" He asked.

"Yes papa. I'm glad it's over though." Liam looked up at him innocently. "Closer to our special time."

"Very close. Students will be done in a couple minutes." Mr. Watson smiled. "Speaking of our special time, you need your pill." He dug it out of his pocket and handed it to Liam with his bottle. "You don't have to worry about drinking your full bottle. You can just drink what you can and save the rest for later."

"Okay papa." Liam smiled. He took the pill and used the water to swallow it. He then giggled a little and looked at Mr. Watson.

A few students laughed at Liam but this time it didn't even phase him.

"Good boy." Mr. Watson kissed his head. "Soon, you'll be relaxed and our special time will begin." He smiled then stood up. "Slags! Wash time is over and if you haven't brushed your teeth by now, you'll wait till morning! Get moving!" He yelled and laughed seeing all the students dash out of the showers.

Liam just watched silently. The students all moved so much faster after the Keepers got mad. "They should move this fast before getting yelled at." Liam spoke quietly.

Mr. Watson heard Liam's comment and chuckled. "This time I yelled at them to be sure that they all heard me." He kissed his lips then picked him up as he watched the other Keepers inspect the students.

"Oh," he blushed a bit. "Papa, will you let me make special milk?" Everything was so much better when Liam got to cum. It felt good. "I promise I'll be a good boy."

Mr. Watson nodded. "Of course. Have I ever let you not make special milk?" He smiled. "Remember our playtime during nap time? You made your special milk then and it was delicious. I would never deny you that, okay baby?" He kissed Liam's lips.

Liam smiled happily, "Thank you papa. I like doing it. It feels good."

"Baby's got you slacking Watson." Mr. Davis said walking past. "Had to get onto your princess. Doesn't know when it's time to shut up."

Mr. Watson rolled his eyes, but he did have a point. Liam was a bit of a distraction at times. "I assume everyone has been inspected?"
Mr. Davis nodded. "They have. Get your clothes on and follow your Keeper out to your rooms." He called out to the boys.

The three lads quickly found Mr. Watson after getting dressed. Louis stayed quiet. He knew he was on extra thin ice now. Harry, poor lad couldn't stop yawning. Niall however was just focusing on not letting anyone see how worried he was.

"Let's go." Mr. Watson ushered them out to the hallway. "And slut, don't think you're getting away with not being punished. I think between being mean to my baby, being a sarcastic shit, not listening, and even telling your fellow roommate not to die on you all, I mean who says that shit out loud? But as I was saying I think you've earned purgatory until your actions can prove to be better."

"What?" Louis suddenly went pale. "Sir, please? Anything but that? Anything." Louis looked near tears. That was the worst of the worst. "Please no! Please, I'm sorry! I swear I am!"

"Hmm. You say that all the time. Why should this time be any different?" Mr. Watson asked as he reached their room.

"Because that's the worst place in the entire world. Please sir. I swear I mean it. I'll be better. Honest I will. Punish me, take me to the playroom. Just please don't put me in the pit. Please Mr. Watson." Tears hit the edges of his eyes. Louis had no idea they'd send him there for what he'd been doing. He hadn't thought he was being very bad.

"It's not just today though, it's shit over time. You've been punished and yet no real change." Mr. Watson said unlocking the door and pushing the lads inside. "But since it is nice to see you beg and cry like this, I suppose I'll punish in the playroom tomorrow." He sighed as he locked the door behind him.

"Thank you. Thank you sir. I swear I'll be better. I swear." Louis could feel his body shaking. It would be hard but he really would change his behavior.

"Don't get used to it." The Keeper glared. "Listen up Slags. The baby and I are going to have some fun." Mr. Watson put Liam the crib. "I have left ear plugs on all of your bunks. You will use them and you will lay down and go to sleep. Now." He ordered.

Louis didn't need told twice this time. As fast as he could he went and laid down with his earplugs in.

"Earplugs sir? Is this normal? Harry asked climbing onto his bunk.

Niall shook his head. "Not as far as I know." He whispered. He put in the ear plugs and crawled into his bunk.

"No questions." Mr. Watson warned.

"Sorry." Harry replied and laid down.

"It's perfect." Liam smiled. He could feel the pill starting to relax his muscles making his arms and legs heavy. "Papa, it's working. My fingers tingle."

Mr. Watson turned and grinned at Liam. "That's great, baby!" He was excited. He had been waiting for this moment for awhile. He crawled into the crib with Liam and lay him back. He undid the nappy tabs and placed the nappy on the floor. "My beautiful boy." He rubbed along Liam's chest, over his cock, and down his leg. He sat up and took his shirt off. He then took his
trousers and pants off, then finally, something he didn't do many times unless it was a hot day, he took his trainers and socks off. "I'm gonna take the plug out now, sweetie. Okay?"

Liam nodded. He was just watching Mr. Watson carefully. He was very excited.

Mr. Watson slowly pulled out the plug and threw it on the floor. "There. No more plug." He smiled. He was already hard at the thought of fucking Liam. He kissed Liam's lips then his neck, he then moved to his nipples and began to suck.

Liam felt so much better having that out. With Mr. Watson kissing over his body his cock began to harden. His fingertips touched his tip softly as a tiny moan escaped his lips

Mr. Watson switched to licking over the nipples. "Have you ever touched yourself, baby?" With Liam being so innocent, he wasn't sure how much he'd experimented with himself

Liam bit his lower lip a moment then replied, "Only just a little bit." He felt like it was only a little anyway.

Mr. Watson smiled some more and kissed his lips. "Was just curious baby, if you wanna play with your cock, go ahead." He kissed across Liam's chest then his inner thighs.

The younger lad just smiled. He loved how gentle Mr. Watson was with him. He really felt like Mr. Watson cared about him. It was nice to feel cared about.

Mr. Watson lifted the lad's legs to his chest. "I'm gonna push in now, but I'll still kiss you and your beautiful little body. You're just going to feel some pressure but it'll feel good." He kissed Liam's nose and lined up his cock then slowly pushed in.

Liam's mouth fell open as he grabbed onto Mr. Watson it felt strange. It hurt a little and felt incredible at the same time. "You're doing it papa. You're having sex with me." Liam excitedly told him. "You feel huge."

Mr. Watson chuckled. "Thank you... I am doing it. I'm doing you." He smiled and kissed the lad's lips. The Keeper moved slowly. He didn't want to cause him much pain, he was his baby after all. "If you want me to go faster or harder at any point, just let me know." He suggested as he continued to move slow.

Liam smiled and nodded, "Just make me feel good papa." Knowing no one else could hear them helped Liam enjoy this more. He wasn't afraid to talk this way. "Papa's so big. I like it. Filled with my papa." Liam almost giggled from his excitement and kissed the Keepers lips. "Do I feel good papa?"

"You feel amazing." Mr. Watson moaned. "Well worth the wait." He nibbled on Liam's neck. "You're so tight. It feels incredible." He moved his head to begin to suck on Liam's nipples again.

Liam moaned as his hands explored Mr. Watson's body. "Mmm, harder now papa. Please?" Liam asked ready for more. "Making my cock throb."

"Mm, love those pleas." Mr. Watson moaned and began thrusting into Liam harder. "Fuck." He groaned. "Never had anyone felt so good before."

"Thank you papa." Liam whined as he held onto him. "Fuck me more. I want more. Please papa." Precum began to leak from an almost untouched Liam.

Mr. Watson grinned and fucked the lad harder as he wanted. He continued to thrust harder and
faster as he licked over Liam's nipples. "Papa! Papa!" Liam began to cry out as his ball grew tight. "Please papa! I need to. Please can I?"

Mr. Watson nodded. "Go ahead, baby. Spill your milk." He encouraged.

Liam's muscles tightened as his body shook. "Papa!" His voice cracked as he grabbed the man's arms tighter and began to let his cum spill out creating a mess between them. "Fuck. So fucking beautiful." Mr. Watson moaned and allowed himself to cum into the lad. He had been holding off due to the great feeling. "Shit." He panted.

"We get to do that a lot right?" He played with Mr. Watson's hair as he gave a tired smile. "I like when we milk."

Mr. Watson smiled as he slowly and carefully pulled out of Liam. "Yes, baby. We can do it every night...And do it as often as you'd like." He kissed his lips then began to lick up the cum on Liam's body.

Liam laughed a bit. Mr. Watson's tongue tickled. "Thank you. Makes me feel extra special papa. Not used to feeling so special."

Mr. Watson finished cleaning him up and then kissed his lips. "Mm, sweet boy. You are very special." He sat up then started to get dressed. "And being my baby, you'll always be extra special." He winked.

"You have to leave now don't you?" Liam asked softly. He didn't like when Mr. Watson had to leave.

"I have to work, babe." Mr. Watson leaned over and kissed Liam's cheek. "And you should get your rest." He paused seeing the look on Liam's face. Such progress was made in only a day. He had gotten into the lad's head and had gotten his trust. "Did you not want me to leave?" He asked curiously.

Liam frowned, he didn't want him to leave. He felt safe when Mr. Watson was around. He wondered if maybe he should just tell him that? "I don't like how I feel without you."

Mr. Watson raised his eyebrows, surprised. This was new territory for him. He'd convinced lads before with age play but it was different with Liam because of his innocence. "And how do you feel?" He asked feeling curioser now.

"Scared." He nervously replied. "Everyone else is so mean to me. You protect me. You aren't mean unless I deserve it."

Mr. Watson smiled softly. He enjoyed how easy this had become. "If these Slags are mean to you, let me know and I'll make sure they get punished." He told Liam as he pulled his shirt on.

"The little whore is already getting a punishment though, but if he does something or says something to you that you don't like, let me know. And that goes for anyone. I'll make sure that they get what they deserve." He leaned down and kissed Liam's lips.

"Even other Keepers?" Liam asked half curious and half confused. "Mr. Patterson is really really really scary. He keeps trying to punish me when I'm not being bad papa. I'm trying so hard to be good for you."
"Other Keepers are allowed to punish you when you're being naughty." Mr. Watson said and put his trainers on. "Patterson enjoys punishing students, but he wouldn't punish you unless he feels you deserve it. Try not to worry. They won't punish you unless you're naughty and if you be a good little baby boy, then you have nothing to worry about."

Liam nodded, "Hey papa? I know you said I could have a warm blanket if I keep being good but maybe could you think about letting me have a stuffed animal if I'm really, really, really good? Just think about it?"

Mr. Watson nodded. "I'll consider it, but you'd have to be really good to earn it...If I say yes. We'll see." He kissed Liam's head. "Now, before I put your nappy on you, do you need to go potty at all? I'll let you use the big boy potty." He rubbed Liam's tummy.

Liam nodded and blushed a bit, "I always have to potty after you make me feel good and let me special milk." Liam sat up and kissed Mr. Watson's lips.

"Thought so." Mr. Watson smiled. He stood up and picked Liam up with him. He stood him in front of the toilet and used his knee to hold him up as he took the lads cock in his hand so he could aim for him. "You can go now. I'll aim." He kissed Liam's cheek.

Liam laughed a little and did his business. "You kinda spoil me. Helping me go potty. I can't stand alone right now even if I wanted to. My legs are all jello sorta papa."

"That's normal." Mr. Watson said as he carried Liam back to his crib. "And you couldn't even if you wanted to, too young to walk by yourself." He grabbed the nappy and lay Liam down on top of it, shifting him a little to get it to line up. "You're gonna feel it though when the meds wear off though so maybe depending on how you feel, you can have the day off tomorrow." He kissed his lips then did up the tabs.

"I'm one. Right papa? I tried to tell Louis and he said I wasn't but I am." Liam told him and yawned. He almost hoped if he kept talking that maybe Mr. Watson wouldn't leave.

"That's right." Mr. Watson nodded. "Don't let the slut bother you or confuse you or anyone else for that matter. You are one and you are my baby." He kissed Liam deeply then pulled away to grab his onesie.

Liam blushed and giggled. There was something about being kissed on the mouth that he really liked. "Thank you papa. You're the best."

"You just love having your pretty lips kissed, don't you?" Mr. Watson had noticed that the lad always seemed to enjoy the mouth kisses more.

Liam nodded rather happily and giggled again. "I love it. You'd don't kiss anyone else there. I've watched. It reminds me that you like me most."

Mr. Watson grinned. "I do like you the most. More than anyone, babes." He kissed Liam's nose then lips. "But let's get you into your onesie now." He played with the idea of footie pajamas for the lad. He'd look pretty cute in them and it'd be fun for nighttime. But also was the idea of getting the lad a stuffed animal. They could have fun with that too. So many possibilities ran through his mind.

"Yes papa." Liam agreed obediently. He raised his arms for the Keeper and smiled as he whispered, "Papa's boy."

"Yes, Papa's boy." Mr. Watson agreed as he got Liam into the onesie. "Papa's number one boy."
Better than all the others." He said as he did up the snaps.

Liam yawned again then smiled as he laid down and wrapped his arms around the sheet, clutching it to his chest. "Papa, can I have at least one more kiss? Maybe two? Oh or three?"

"Just a few then Papa needs to go back to work...And I don't need you getting hard when it's time for you to sleep." Mr. Watson told Liam. He then leaned down and kissed Liam's lips and continued the kiss, hoping the prolonged kiss would make Liam satisfied.

When he finally pulled away Liam smiled rather big. Attempted to move his sheet so that he could hold it and it be covered up then yawned once more. "Goodnight my papa."

"Good night, my special boy." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's head then stood up. He lifted the side railing and locked it in place. He stared down at Liam for a moment, feeling proud of himself for turning the lad so quickly. It was a record.

"Love you papa." Liam smiled then closed his eyes; trying to be a good boy and get right to sleep.

Mr. Watson felt surprised. No lad in this place had ever said that. "I love you, too." He said then turned around. He woke up the lads so he could get the earplugs returned then put Harry in charge of Liam for the night.

Liam giggled hearing it said back. It helped him leaving not feel so terrible. Deep down Liam understood that work came before him. It didn't make him leaving any easier though. Deep down Liam also knew that he wasn't actually a baby but all of this felt to wonderful for him to care. He just wanted it to be true so that he could keep feeling loved by someone.

A couple hours later, the door of their room slammed open and Zayn was pushed inside by Mr. Kelly, one of the Keepers that had escorted him to the hospital. "Get to bed." He growled. "You have tomorrow and Friday off since the doctor said you need your rest. Carol said we shouldn't fuck you but you can be used in other ways."

"Y-yes sir. Thank you for helping me." Zayn told the Keeper. The more people he could stay on the good side of the better.

"Good. In bed you get. Lay down until Taylor gets here for your treat. You've been good and you were well behaved at the hospital. We reward good behaviour." Mr. Kelly looked at Niall. "Leprechaun, you get something too. Both of you be ready when he gets here."

"Yes sir." Niall nodded as he fought a smile. He felt wonderful seeing that Zayn was okay. He couldn't wait to get a chance to kiss him and fuss over him.

The Keeper then left the room while Zayn went lay down. Louis sat up in his bed. "Happy to see you made it out alive, mate." He told Zayn.

"Yeah, that was shit. So glad it's over. They don't fuck around when they take you off campus." Zayn grumbled as he sat on an empty lower bunk.

"Yeah, I suppose it's really risky....You could've told someone." Harry said.

"I heard they threaten to within an inch of your life and you're probably never left alone anyways." Niall commented. He was trying not to stare at Zayn. He was just so happy to see him again.

"Oh yeah, I got seriously threatened. I was never left alone either. Only time they weren't in the room with me was while the scan was happening." Zayn said.
"Must suck having a small taste of Freedom only to come back to this hell hole." Louis said.

"It is." Zayn nodded in agreement.

"Why not just tell the doctor about the shit that happens here? Tell them you've been threatened so they can protect you." Louis asked.

Zayn shook his head. "It wasn't that easy. The Keepers were in the room with me..." He paused as he looked down. "I was too scared to ask for help. You didn't hear their threats."

"It's fine Zayn. We get it. Gotta keep yourself alive." Harry replied.

"Harry?" Liam whined. "I can't get the sheet over my back!"

"And you need Harry's help with that?" Zayn asked confused. "Why not just get it your damn self?" He rolled his eyes.

"I tried! I can't get it!" Liam felt frustrated. He was laying on his stomach and so he couldn't make his arms bend how he needed them to in order to get the sheet over his back. "Please Harry? Please help me." He cried just a little.

"Oh yeah, you hit your head before you realized...Mr. Watson made Liam think he's one and he now calls him Papa. All in one day. Creepy right?" Louis asked as Harry moved to help Liam. Zayn nodded. "Very creepy." He agreed as the door slammed open and Mr. Taylor walked in.

Liam jumped when the door slammed open. He'd never get used to that. See Mr. Taylor just made him feel more upset so he suddenly gripped Harry's hand rather hard.

"Owe." Harry complained as he got himself free of Liam's grasp. He wouldn't have cared so much if it didn't hurt.

"You two." Mr. Taylor pointed at Niall and Zayn. "Your treats are waiting. Let's go." The two quickly nodded and jumped off their beds to follow the Keeper out.

"I'm sorry Harry." Liam frowned. "I got scared. I didn't mean to hurt your hand." He sighed a little and played with his dummy. "The Keepers scare me a lot."

"They scare all of us." Harry said as he fixed Liam's blanket. "Seriously though, I'm sure you have nothing to worry about since Mr. Watson seems to like you so much."

"He's not always with me though." Liam replied a bit sad. "Mr. Patterson keeps trying to spank me any time I'm not with papa. Normally I haven't even been bad, he just makes something up or doesn't believe me."

"Some Keepers are like that." Harry said. "I heard he has a pain kink so that's probably part of it. Just be strong. I'm sure Mr. Watson wouldn't let anything happen to you." He tried to comfort.

"No, he said I'm his favorite. I trust him." Liam smiled a little thinking about it. "I try to always be a good boy so he's always nice to me."

"Well...Good for you?" Harry said. "Just don't forget who you are. He's not your real Papa nor are you really one. As long as you remember that, I think you'll be fine in the long run."

Liam frowned, "I don't care what's real and what's not. He loves me and so I'll be anything he wants me to be. It makes me happy; being wanted and loved and touched."
"He doesn't love you. He's just using you to get his kink fix." Harry tried to reason.

J-Lynn: Liam frowned more and mumbled, "That's not true. Papa does love me. I'm special. You just don't understand."

"What I understand is that he's a grown ass man and you're just a child whether you're fourteen or one." Harry said. "And that's just fuckin creepy, not to mention wrong, but obviously, you know different." He shook his head. It bothered him how into this Liam was. He didn't think he'd fall this easily.

"I like it though Harry so who cares. I want this." He quickly protested. "'I thought we were trying to be friends. Aren't friends like, happy when the other is happy or something?"

"Yeah, but they also try to stop each other from falling for stupid shit...And whatever, as long as you don't truly fall and start believing all the shit he feeds you, I won't worry as much." Harry sighed.

"I'm a Foster kid Harry. How often do Foster kids get told they are loved? How often do they get to feel happy? I've never had any of those things, ever. How stupid would I be to pass it all up?"

Liam was growing even more upset. He was only staying calm because this was Harry. Harry hadn't been truest mean to him.

"I am too, and I'm pretty sure the others in this room are too judging by how we all act." Harry paused. "But it's still wrong. He's still taking advantage of you. I don't see how anyone could want it. He has you in a fucking nappy and in a fucking crib, oh and let's not forget to mention the dummy and onesie. He fucking feeds you and makes you drink from a bottle. How can you be okay with any of this??"

"Because I just am. I like it Harry. It feels good. It feels exciting. I know you all think it's gross and stupid but I don't." Liam was trying to hard to make Harry understand. He couldn't seem to explain himself correctly though.

"Fine. Fine...But just don't lose yourself in it. Don't forget that you're not really one year old and don't seriously start to believe that he's your real Papa." Harry said as he yawned. "I'm beat though. So unless you need something else, like to be changed or I don't know, sung to sleep? I'll go to bed."

Liam shrugged his shoulders. He felt upset now. No one understood. It made him feel very alone.

"Good night then. Just yell if you need something." Or cry. Harry wanted to say but he felt that would have been a bit mean and he didn't want to be mean to Liam.

Zayn and Niall were at in the courtyard, Niall was sitting on the bench drinking his water after having just taken his pill. He was watching Zayn who had just lit up his joint. He felt anxious to get him back to the room where he could fuss over him and find out how he was really doing.

Niall watched as Zayn made his way over to him and sat next to him. "Hope your day was better than mine." He said to Niall softly.

"I worried about you all day so I can't say it was great but it wasn't terrible." Niall replied being quiet. "Pill helps make it all go away though."

Zayn nodded. "Worried? Hm. Thanks." He gave Niall a half smile. "Yeah, I'm sure it does." He agreed. "Hospital was fuckin nuts. I had handcuffs on pretty much the entire time, expect the actual
scan of course. My wrists are all bruised now." He showed his wrists. "They had the cuffs on so tight I thought my circulation was getting cut off."

"That's so fucked up. You were injured and they just decided to injury you more?" Niall asked. He could feel his body wanting to get tense from his anger but the pill was keeping him relaxed. "Wish I could change all that for you. You don't deserve it.

Zayn raised eyebrow at the comment but didn't say anything. Niall was just being nice since he took a punishment for him. Even if he did it because he owed him one.

He shrugged. "It was my head. I mean, I don't know what they thought I could barely walk, much less runaway." He shook his head. "I wasn't out of handcuffs until I walked through the front doors here. We're in the middle of nowhere. It's a bit of a drive to a hospital. Can't fucking wait for my shower in the morning, I feel so stiff." He complained a little.

"Water is warm in the morning so it'll feel good in sure. How's the weed tonight? Helping any?" Niall asked curiously.

Zayn smiled. "It is. Always does the trick." He took a another long drag. "I've never gone a day without it I think. I think my first night here, I even got some. So this past day? Much harder than usual." He said. "Your pill helping you any?"

"Helping me feel calm and relaxed. Worth it for sure. Makes me miss the days when I could take it any time I wanted though." Niall said and watched Zayn exhale smoke. "Not judging but I never could get myself around the idea of filling my lungs with gross shit. That's why I like pills."

Zayn shrugged. "It's not like I even have a choice at this point. It's an addiction. It's either this or fags, both of which before here I did more than once a day. I can't exactly have both so I chose the thing that makes me feel better. I tried pills a couple times, doesn't seem to work fast enough for me."

"I hear you. I'll take a slow high over tar lungs though. I wish you wouldn't put that crap in your lungs but I'm certainly not going to stop you. I know what it's like to need a fix." Niall smiled.

"Alright lads. Let's get finished up. I got shit to do. A girlfriend to get home to." Mr. Taylor complained looking at his watch.

Zayn nodded and quickly finished up his joint. He half wondered why Niall cared so much. But he also didn't really care.

Once he put his joint out, Mr. Taylor made the lads walk quickly to their room. He closed the door and locked it behind him. Zayn yawned as he walked over to his bunk. He quickly climbed the ladder and crawled under the thin stained blanket.

Niall smiled, finally they were alone sort of. He took his hoodie off and climbed up to Zayn's bed where he lay next to him.

Zayn had closed his eyes, feeling worn out from the day, even if he barely remembered it. He felt gaps in his memory but the doctor said that it should come back to him in a couple days and if it didn't to come in and see him again.

He opened his eyes and saw Niall in his bed. "What the fuck?" He whispered. "Why are you in my bed?" He felt more confused now than he had been all afternoon and night.

"Because I missed you, I was worried about." Niall looked at him half amused and half confused.
He couldn't figure out if Zayn was teasing or being serious. "Do you feel okay baby?"

"Baby?" Zayn raised his eyebrows in question. "Besides my head hurting and not remembering much from the last couple of days, I'm fine." He paused. "Are you okay?"

"Y-yeah," Niall suddenly felt his heart in his mouth. "You uh, you don't remember much?" He looked over Zayn's face questioningly. "So then..." Niall struggled to get the words out. "You don't remember us?"

"Us?" Zayn asked sitting up, feeling even more confused now. "What do you mean by us?" He asked as he stared at Niall.

"I, we," Niall felt like his world was about to crash. "We're dating Zayn. Please tell me you're just fucking with me right now... You remember don't you?"

Chapter End Notes

Anyways, I for whatever reason thought last week's chapter was the short chapter, but it's not. It's this weeks. Sorry. Lol. It's about a page or two shorter but that's because we thought it'd be fun to tease you all for a week.

EDIT:

P.S. Give us love! We LOVE hearing from you. Love hearing your thoughts and suggestions! Whatevers on your mind, we love hearing it.
Also any ideas for a good threesome? We did Zayn/Louis/Niall...Any suggestions for who you might wanna see next?
Suddenly how Niall kept saying he was worried about him and why he seemed to care so much about him smoking and just in general, seemed to make sense to Zayn in this moment.

Zayn stayed quiet as he tried to remember but the pain in his head prevented him from thinking too hard or too long. The weed had helped a lot, and he'd get a painkiller in the morning but right now, it still hurt.

He frowned a little. He could see the worry and hurt on Niall's face. He felt bad. He slowly shook his head. "I-I'm sorry." He whispered. "I don't, but at least I'm less confused as to why you care so much." He said, his voice just above a whisper.

"Shit," Niall whispered rather emotionless. He felt crushed. "I'm sorry. I kept saying all that stuff because I-you're my boyfriend and all the while you had no idea. I feel so stupid. I'm sorry Zayn."

"You didn't know." Zayn tried to comfort. "It's okay...The doctor said I might not remember small details that happened in the last couple days or so, although I hardly call getting together with you, something small or maybe it is compared to what happens here. I remember the punishment I took for you...I didn't do that because I owed you one did I?" He asked, he had a feeling now he did that because of being in a relationship with Niall.

"I mean, technically you did owe me one but no. You did it because you love me. I mean, that what we talked about anyway." Niall felt really upset but he was trying to hide it. He didn't want to make Zayn feel worse.

"I don't remember that...I'm sorry." Zayn sighed. "I wish I could remember...Doc said I'd probably remember stuff in a couple of days. I mean, I could remember..." The thought of having someone special in this place seemed nice and he did have feelings for Niall. He had grown to really like the
lad, not to mention his Irish accent was hot as hell. "We could just stay together and see what happens? Who knows...I might fall in love with you all over again or I could remember in a couple of days."

"Wait, so then..." Niall felt confused. "Do you not have feelings for me right now? I mean, why date me if you don't feel anything? Fuck, now I really wished you remembered because I want to know why you said yes the first time."

"No. I do...I mean, fuck. I do like you..." Zayn stumbled. "I...Just...Don't love you? Not yet? I really like you and I would like to explore having a relationship with you in this place. But you love me when I just like you...Are you okay with that?"

"Yeah," Niall nodded and swallowed the lump in his throat. "I, you made it sound like you didn't even like me so I got worried and confused." He explained and moved to hug his knees. It felt the more comforting right now. "I do love you Zaynie. I can't really explain how I know but I do. I hope you'll remember and love me again too because even though it means I had to come here, meeting you is the greatest thing to ever happen to me."

"I'm not in the best shape to explain shit right now." Zayn sighed. "Still have a bit of a headache...Bad headache so it's hard to focus on saying the right thing, although, I don't know if there is a right thing to say in a situation like this." He rubbed his head. "Niall, I really like you, I'm sorry I don't remember loving you but if it happened already, then it'll happen again."

Niall nodded, "I understand. I really do. Doesn't exactly make it hurt any less though."

For a moment they both sat silent. Niall broke the tension however with a soft chuckle, "Wanna know how it happened; what started it anyway?"

"I'm sorry, but for what it's worth, I am really glad I met you too. You put up this front of acting tough, but you're so sweet too." Zayn said. "Yeah, maybe it'll help me remember too." He smiled as he pulled Niall to him to cuddle him. He hated how the lad felt so hurt. He wished he could remember and make the hurt go away for him.

Niall smiled at Zayn's words. He had to put on a hard exterior. He'd learned very quickly that nice kids didn't last long on the street.

"Mr. Taylor gave you an extra large joint. It got you really crazy. You kept talking and wouldn't shut up so Mr. Taylor told me to shut you up." Niall laughed quietly.

Zayn laughed with him, trying to be quiet. He pulled the thin blanket over them and cuddled the lad. "So it was a kiss that started it all? So who made the first move after that?"

"You did, sort of." Niall smiled. He was finally back in his boyfriends arms. "You kept talking loudly. It took me a second but eventually I figured out you were doing it on purpose. See, Mr. Taylor told me to keep you quiet and you wanted kissed again."

Zayn grinned. "Brilliant move on my part, if I must say." He chuckled quietly as he played with Niall's hair a bit. "So you kissed me and then what? How'd it go from kissing to being boyfriends?" He asked.

Niall closed his eyes for a moment, loving the feeling of Zayn's fingers in his hair. "Mm, well, we made out, then I told you whatever you wanted to do I was fine with and I told you I wanted to be yours, and then you told me you wanted to be mine. Kinda of like how they say it in Game Of Thrones." He explained and rested a hand on Zayn's tummy.
Zayn shook his head, "So basically I was being completely cheesy and yet you still fell for me?"

"We both were...In a way." Niall chuckled. "But it is what I love about you and cheesiness is nice while you live in a place like this." He smiled. "I mean, we said "I love you" The very next night, which is fast, but when you know you know...And it felt right. This feels right."

"Did I tell you when I first realized I had a crush on you?" Zayn didn't know what he had and hadn't told Niall at this point. He was happy they were together though. Crushing on Niall with all his flirting was hard to take.

Niall shook his head. "No, you never shared that. We've just been a bit busy doing other things..." He said looking up at Zayn. "But I would love to hear it." He smiled.

"We have sex?" Zayn grinned. "Well, outside of the Keepers forcing us I mean." He kissed Niall's lips and started into his eyes. "Remember how I had you take my virginity? When I looked at you after that I felt different. You became fit and attractive and I kept hoping the Keepers would make you do stuff to me because of my crush."

Niall grinned. "Yes, we've had sex...Once so far. And you topped. I wanted sex last night but I'd been used pretty roughly so you wanted to give me a break, so we just did other stuff instead." He explained. "I remember that, I remember taking your arse virginity, I didn't know you were a virgin until Mr. Watson came to use you." He said. "I remember being hella pissed off at you lying to me cause I didn't want to get in trouble but honestly, I enjoyed fucking you. Even if it was just for a like five minutes or something." He explained. "You wanna hear about when I realized I felt something for you?" He asked.

"It was the second you saw me right? I mean, I'm a god." Zayn teased. "Sorry, go ahead Ni, when did you realize you had feelings for me?"

Niall muffled his laugh into Zayn's neck. "You are a God. You're right about that." He smiled as he looked up at Zayn. "It was during my puppy punishment. You were so kind. You had to care for me and even when I was being a jerk, you were always understanding and always so kind. At some point, I began to see you differently. I began to see this great person, and I began to fall for you. You didn't have to be so nice to me, but you were and the more time we were forced to spend together, the more I didn't want to it end. Sounds a bit cheesy saying it that way but it's true."

"That's so sweet Niall. The hard, rough, street kid; falling for a God because he was nice. What a story." Zayn chuckled and kissed him.

Niall giggled softly and pulled Zayn closer. "Mm, I was so worried. It was so hard acting as if I was only mildly interested in how you were doing." He rested his forehead against Zayn's then kissed him again.

"I'm sorry babe. I'm okay. Better now that you're my boyfriend." Zayn said and kept kissing him.

Niall smiled. "Been your boyfriend for three days." He teased then focused on kissing him. "Mm, I missed you." He slipped his hands under Zayn's shirt, letting his hands explore his boyfriend's body.

"We've been dating for three days and in that time span you haven't finished what you started on your first day here?" Zayn smirked.

"Well...It was our plan for tonight...You said that you wanted me fuck you tonight, that you wanted
to feel me again." Niall smiled as he ran his hands through Zayn's hair. "Although, if you're feeling up to it, I can finish it."

"I can't be sure about the last few days but I know I've wanted you to fuck me properly ever since the first time when you only did it for a few seconds." Zayn admitted. "I'm sure if I stay on my back I'll be fine."

Niall smiled. "Then I'll be more than happy to give you what you want." He kissed Zayn then pushed him onto his back. "Can't wait to feel you again." He mumbled against Zayn's lips then pulled back to take off his shirt then Zayn's.

"You took the words right out of my mouth." Zayn used a hushed hungry tone as he pushed at Niall's sweats. "Fuck me NiNi."

Niall stood up a little bit to allow Zayn to remove his sweats, leaving him completely nude in front of his boyfriend. Niall then leaned down and pulled at Zayn's sweats while kissing his chest.

"Fuck, I want you so badly." Zayn admitted as his already hard cock sprung free and nearly hit Niall in the face.

"Maybe we can go for a second round later. Right now, it's all about you." Niall grinned as he took Zayn's cock into his mouth and began to suck.

"I meant I want you to fuck me." Zayn corrected. "Will you fuck me Niall or do I have to beg?" Zayn grinned wickedly.

"I know what you meant." Niall giggled as he popped off Zayn's cock. "I was just having a bit of fun...But begging is always a turn on." He smirked and licked over Zayn's hard cock.

Zayn closed his eyes feeling Niall's mouth on him, "Please Niall? Help me remember. Show me I'm yours. Prove it."

Niall nodded then spread Zayn's legs apart as he ghosted his fingers over Zayn's hole. He moved his fingers to Zayn's mouth. "Suck, baby." He smiled. "Gotta make sure you're good and open." He pressed some kisses onto Zayn's jawline.

Zayn nodded and opened his mouth. He treated the fingers as though they were Niall's dick. He wanted to show Niall how much he appreciated the care to open him first unlike the Keepers.

Niall bit back a moan. It was so hot seeing Zayn suck on his fingers. He could tell as he looked in Zayn's eyes that he appreciated being opened first. He let Zayn suck for a minute or two, then slowly pulled them out of Zayn's mouth and slipped one finger inside slowly. He wanted to be careful when opening him.

Zayn let himself relax. With Niall he knew he was loved and cared about. He had no reason to be tense or fear what was coming next. No, he didn't remember their relationship but he could feel the connection with Niall. He knew it was genuine and the truth. "So perfect. Gentle and loving."

Niall smiled. "I love you so much." He slowly worked the second finger inside. "It's a nice change...The gentleness. I've never craved it so much before in my life." He leaned down and kissed Zayn's lips. "Wanna get my cock wet now, babe?" He moved to straddle Zayn's face.

"Yes, I'd love to." Zayn grinned a wicked grin and held his mouth open. He'd do anything if it meant Niall topping him properly.
Niall placed his cock into Zayn's mouth, letting his boyfriend suck on his cock. He bit back a moan, Zayn's mouth felt amazing. When Niall felt his cock was wet enough, he got Zayn to stop where he then moved down Zayn's body where he lined up his cock and slowly pushed in. "Fuck. I love you. You feel incredible."

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Zayn felt so awkward. He didn't know right now if he loved Niall yet so he had no idea how to reply. His cock being deep inside him was a dream come true however. "Yes, thank you, love your cock. So perfect."

Niall bit his lip to try and keep from showing his hurt. He knew Zayn didn't love him right now, that he didn't remember. It didn't make it hurt any less though. He just had to remember not to say it. He leaned down and kissed Zayn's lips as he began to speed up. "Love being buried deep inside you, making you mine." He whispered into Zayn's ear.

"I've wanted this for so long Ni." Zayn said with a breathless voice. "Please Ni, show me how much you love me. Make me feel it." Zayn was desperate for it all to come back to him. He wanted to remember. Maybe the best sex of his life would trigger it.

"Me too." Niall moaned as he thrust into Zayn harder. "Fuck, baby. You feel so good. It feels so good to be in..." He moaned into Zayn's ear. "I love you so much." He mumbled as he kissed Zayn's neck as he continued to thrust faster and harder.

"I know baby. I know you do." Zayn began to whimper. "Can you fuck harder? Try please? Just feels so good baby. I've never had sex better than you. I'm sure."

"You never had sex before you came here, period." Niall teased and kissed him. Niall was smaller than Zayn, so he didn't know if he could go as hard as he wanted but he'd try and give his love what he wanted. He thrusted as hard as he could, with all his strength, hoping that would be enough to satisfy Zayn. He bit playfully on Zayn's lower lip and sucked on it.

"Then it's not a lie to say your the best." Zayn moaned and grabbed a hold of Niall's arms as he worked to push his legs further apart. "Fucking hell NiNi. God you feel incredible. I'm getting close."

Niall moaned softly. "Mmm, Zaynie." Niall worked on going harder. "Me too, baby." He whispered and after a few more hard thrusts, he spilled himself into Zayn.

Feeling Niall cum inside him sent Zayn over his age. His body shook as he pressed his lips against Niall's to keep himself from screaming.

Niall moaned feeling Zayn's cum between them. It felt good, unlike other experiences he's had. When Zayn had finished, Niall slowly pulled out of him. "Fuck. That was amazing." He cuddled into Zayn a little. "Felt fucking incredible." He kissed along Zayn's neck. "I love you." He mumbled. "Sorry. I'm saying that too much." He didn't want to scare Zayn off.

"It's alright beautiful." Zayn tiredly whispered. "I like hearing it. It's wonderful. Not sure I've ever had anyone tell me that before." Zayn kissed him softly. "I know I don't remember Ni, but I'm sure I love you too."

Niall smiled a little. It wasn't the same but it was close enough. "I know you do. I don't think you're
the kind of person to say if you didn't mean it. I.. I've never said it to anyone before or had anyone say it back." He whispered. "I know I told you the next day but I just...Knew." He rested his head on Zayn's shoulder. "I'm glad you like hearing it because I'll never stop saying it." He kissed Zayn's arm.

"I wish you could just sleep here next to me. Too risky though." Zayn yawned. "You're an amazing boyfriend Niall. I'm lucky to have you. Just wish I could be a normal boyfriend for you. You deserve so much better than what I can give you here."

Niall yawned after Zayn did. "I know, I wish for the same thing." He frowned a little. "I've never been in a proper relationship, being in and out of homes, group homes, and then on the streets...now finally here. It's all been casual and light. I've never felt for anyone the way I feel about you. I never want to leave your arms. I've never felt so safe and protected in me life." He sniffed as he tried not to cry. He just wanted out of his hell hole. "Who knows? Maybe they'll send in a couple extra students in this room since we have two free beds, then some of us will be forced to share." He laughed as he took Zayn's hand and kissed it softly.

"We can dream." Zayn nodded. "Want me to tuck you into bed? I don't mind." Zayn looked into Niall's eyes, wishing he could rescue Niall from this school of torture.

"Sure...But first..." Niall smiled and licked the cum off of Zayn's stomach before it completely dried. "Would hate for you to fall asleep with cum on you and get punished for it." He kissed Zayn's lips. "I meant what I said before, you're the best thing that's ever happened to me. You promised me before but now..." He paused as he looked into Zayn's eyes. "You'll be out of here someday before me, you'll wait for me right? Come back for me?" He asked. He had to be sure. Things were a little different now.

"Of course Niall. I wouldn't leave and forget you! I promise, even if something were to happen and we weren't dating anymore, I'd do everything I could for you. I'd still come back for you. Nothing will change that. Not ever."

Niall wrapped his arms around Zayn's body, hugging him tight. "Thank you." It was just what he needed to hear. "We should get to bed before we get caught...I'm amazed we haven't been caught thus far." He commented as he started to get dressed.

"Yeah, come on love. Let's get you tucked in." Zayn smiled. The lad had obviously been through alot so he deserved something extra to make him feel better. "Sounded like Mr. Watson then didn't I? Fuck, don't you dare call me papa."

Niall giggled softly. "I won't call you, Papa. I promise." He smiled as he finished getting his clothes back on. "Mmm, what about Daddy?" He whispered into Zayn's ear.

Zayn giggled softly, "That's fine so long as it doesn't come with that sick shit he's doing to Liam. I'm not changing your nappy or spoon feeding you unless you're truly and completely ill."

Niall grinned. "Nah, I'll never go that far. That shit's just creepy." He shook his head as he climbed down. "You're still my prince though." He looked up at Zayn.

Zayn tilted his head and stayed quiet for a moment. "Prince?" It felt rather familiar. "I sorta remember you calling me that." He grinned.

Niall's eyes lit up. "Seriously?" He felt excited. "Do you remember what you called me?" He asked as he rested his chin on the bar of the bunk bed.
"Yeah, cause I called you my Princess after you called me your Prince. Right?" At this point he didn't know if he could trust his memories.

Niall nodded as he continued to grin. "Yes! Exactly why." He leaned up and kissed Zayn's lips. "You're remembering. This is a good sign." He felt excited. "Now get your joggers on or get down here so I can sleep." He pecked Zayn's lips then crawled into the bunk under Zayn's.

Zayn did as requested and got off his bunk to tuck Niall in. "My beautiful Irish princess."

"Only yours." Niall yawned as he lay in the bed. "Mm, my love." He smiled tiredly. "I'm so glad you're okay. How's your head feeling now?"

"Hurts but I just need to rest. I love you Niall. Sleep now okay? I'll tell you if anything is wrong." Zayn assured and tucked him in.

Niall's eyes widened. "You love me?" He whispered. He felt his heartbeat quicken. Was this real? Did he really just say that? Or was he so tired now that he was imagining things?

"I do baby. Now and always. I promise." He smiled. "Believe me?"

"So do you remember or did you just fall for me all over again?" It didn't matter which one it was but Niall was curious.

"I'm not telling you." Zayn smirked.

"Oi. That's unfair." Niall pouted. "But it doesn't matter either way, I'm just happy you love me back. Mmmm." He smiled as he rolled onto his side in Zayn's direction and let himself start drifting off to sleep.

Zayn kissed his boyfriend's forehead and waited until he was asleep to stand. He noticed Liam seemed to be shivering so he took the thin blanket from a spare bed and tossed it over him before going to bed himself.

The following morning, Mr. Watson came in with a mouth gag for Louis. Unlike some gags that had a ball in the middle, this one forced his mouth to be open but made it that he was unable to talk. He was allowed to have it off for meal times and sleeping, besides that, he was to keep it on until Mr. Watson felt he had learned his lesson.

Zayn didn't go to classes as he had to stay in the room and rest, it was doctors orders. Liam felt too sore to deal with school so he was allowed to rest with Zayn babysitting him.

The rest of the day was the normal everyday fucking for Louis while Harry had to give a couple Keepers blowjobs and Niall was used in his History class in front of everyone by a Keeper wanting a taste of "the Irish one".

Mr. Watson had his play time with Liam during the afternoon and again later on after the lads shower. The others had to wear earplugs and lay down like they were made to the night before.

Now it was finally Friday evening, by now, Zayn had remembered all the blanks in his memory and had remembered everything about his and Niall’s relationship.

Mr. Watson had also just came into the room to let the lads know which of them earned film time.

"Papa!" Liam squealed when he saw Mr. Watson.
Louis rolled his eyes. He'd been nicer to the lads recently but the whole papa thing still bothered him.

"Baby!" Mr. Watson grinned turning his attention towards Liam. "Have the slags been nice to you?" He asked.

"Yes papa, I missed you though. You've been too busy today." Liam frowned. "Please can I go to the film and sit with you? Please papa?" Liam begged desperately. He adored papa's attention.

The other lads just stayed quiet. They had learned Liam always came first and it was smarter to just silently accept that.

"I'm sorry I've been busy." Mr. Watson leaned over the crib and kissed the lads lips. "You've been distracting me so much these past couple of days that I was a bit behind on work. But to answer your question, yes, you can come to the film and sit with me. How about you sit on my lap while we watch? Would you like that?" He asked.

Liam's eyes lit up brightly and he giggled with delight, "Yes! Papa I'd love that! Hooray!" His body twitched from his joy and excitement. He then reached his hands for Mr. Watson and whimpered to be held.

Mr. Watson pushed the handrail down and picked Liam up into his arms. He rubbed over his back. He looked back at the others. "You're all allowed to go to the film." Mr. Watson said.

"You, however." His eyes moved to Harry. "You don't play nice with others so you will be seated by a Keeper. I heard Mr. Patterson has taken quite a shine to your curls." He smirked.

"Gremlin. You'll be allowed to go but you'll keep your mouth gag on. You can't be trusted without it yet." He told him. "But before we go, I need to check the baby's nappy." He kissed Liam's cheek and laid him down in the crib.

Liam giggled a little and whispered, "I had a wee in my nappy papa." He'd gotten to a place where he no longer tried to control his bladder. If he had to wee or poo he just freely let himself go. "Papa's boy is wet." He giggled more but still stayed quiet. The others didn't understand and that still made him embarrassed.

Mr. Watson grinned as he undid the snaps of the onesie then the tabs of the nappy. "Papa's boy is very wet." He kissed Liam's nose.

"Muppet. Hand me some wipes and a fresh nappy." He ordered as Zayn was closest to the shelf.

"Yes, sir." He nodded as he walked over to the shelf. He grabbed the pack of wipes and a fresh nappy. He then handed them to Mr. Watson. "Here you go, sir."

Mr. Watson snatched them then slowly and gently wiped Liam clean. He took away the used nappy throwing it to the floor in front Louis. "Roll it up and throw it away." He ordered as he put the fresh nappy on Liam.

"Papa, thank you for cleaning me up." Liam smiled as his fingers happily played with the edges of the nappy. "I love getting a fresh nappy put on papa."

"You're such a good boy." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips again and did the snaps back up on the onesie. "You're so cute. Such a good little lad for Papa." He kissed around Liam's face. "You're welcome for cleaning you, I couldn't leave my boy all wet and uncomfortable."
He then stood up, picking Liam up with him. "Let's go, slags. Don't have all night." He said as held Liam close to him and headed for the door.

Liam giggled happily and put his arms around Mr. Watson's neck. He playfully kissed at the man's neck as they began to walk. "Love my papa. Best papa ever." He babbled adorably.

"I'm not the only one who sees how much Liam likes the baby stuff right?" Harry whispered to Zayn as the followed.

Mr. Watson smiled. "My good baby." He patted Liam's bum.

Zayn nodded as they walked out the door. "He seems to like it now." He scratched his head. "It's kind of frightening."

"Agreed." Niall added in while Louis mumbled an agreement.

Niall giggled. "Awe, poor Louis. He still can't talk." He smirked at the lad which earned him the finger from Louis.

"Ew. Don't know where that fingers been." Zayn laughed quietly, Harry and Niall joining in.

Louis sighed. He hated this. His jaw was so sore from being forced open, not to mention the countless Keepers who have taken advantage of this punishment by making him give endless blowjobs as a lesson in what his mouth should be used for.

"Come on now. Let's be nice to him. He's been so much kinder now that he can't talk." Harry half defended and half teased.

"Papa, can I tell you something and you not get mad and punish me?" Liam whispered nervously.

Louis was tempted to push the curly lad into the lockers in the hallway and punch him but it wasn't worth the punishment.

Mr. Watson looked down at Liam. "I can't promise that, babes. I'm sorry. If you were naughty, you need to be punished." He frowned. "But tell me what happened and we'll see what happens." He added and pressed a kiss to Liam's lips. "Tell Papa what's wrong." He rubbed over Liam's bum.

"Since you couldn't be there and at lunch today Mister..." Liam trailed off trying to remember. "The one with the black hair and blue eyes, he got my food and bottle for me. He wouldn't feed me it though so I only just got a little in my mouth. Spoons are so hard papa." Liam lied about the last part but honestly it was part of the game. "I just, I'm sorta really badly hungry papa. I'm sorry I didn't eat enough. I really tried but it was too hard. Please don't spank me papa. Please?"

Mr. Watson frowned. "I'll look into it. And no, baby, you won't be punished. I'll get you some food and you can eat during the film. I'll leave you with Chav. He can watch you while I get your food. You're only one, sweetheart, of course spoons are going to be too difficult." He shook his head. "I wouldn't punish you over that."

"Thank you papa! Thank you so much!" Liam smiled. He could have cried from his joy. He deeply worried Mr. Watson was going to make him go hungry.

"I can't have my little wee one starve, can I?" Mr. Watson tickled Liam a little as they reached the large room the film going to be played in. "Chav, I have to get some food for my little one here, so you're the babysitter while I'm gone. I'm going to believe you can care for him, you fuck up, you get sent to the playroom and possibly the pit." He warned. He wouldn't send him to the pit for that
but he wanted to instill fear into the lad so he'd take care of his baby properly.

"Yes Mr. Watson." Niall replied. He didn't want put on Liam duty but he had no choice.

"Get over here curly. You get to sit with me." Mr. Patterson called out as they all walked in.

"Find David and I when he comes back for Liam." Zayn whispered passing by Niall and taking off.

Niall nodded even though Zayn was already gone. He frowned as he sat on the floor beside Liam. He looked over at Liam. "Just don't cry or anything...You've already been changed so at least I don't have to worry about that." He sighed.

"I don't cry unless I'm upset." Liam pouted. "You all are so mean to me I can't help it."

"You're playing a game we don't like nor want to watch...You're enjoying yourself and that's fucking creepy." Niall said. "Just don't forget it's a game. You're so into it that you might forget yourself." He said as he looked around the room as he wondered where Zayn and David were. He wanted to spot them now so that he knew where to go before the room got dark for the film.

"Glad you were able to make it. How are you feeling?" David asked where he now sat by Zayn. The lights in the room flickered out and he couldn't hold back when he heard a student who was known for being afraid of the dark scream.

"Me too." Zayn smiled but winced slightly at the scream. "I'm feeling good now. Wednesday night I was in pain. Yesterday, I was just tired and was stuck on babysitting duty." He sighed.

"That sucks." He shook his head. "Tonight you can relax though. This is great spot to be unseen." He smiled at Zayn. "You'll see. Two students will be over here fucking before the night is up."

Zayn nodded. "I don't doubt it. Gotta have fun while you can...And not worrying about getting caught." He said.

He looked in Niall's direction, keeping an eye on him. He knew how Liam acting like a baby and loving up to Watson bothered him to the point he let his mouth run and would possibly get himself in trouble. "I don't know if I can relax though. I don't know if I remember how." He joked.

"That's what friends are for." David winked. "The whole, you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours thing." He grinned.

Zayn nodded. "Of course. You've always had my back...I've got yours." He agreed looking back at David. "I wonder what boring film they are going to have us watch...With our luck, it'd probably be Tangled." He laughed.


Zayn chuckled. "Yeah, for sure. You're a good friend." He smiled as he nodded. "I don't mind baby safe either. Kind of refreshing." He said as he leaned back on his elbows. He wondered when Niall would show up.

"Honestly though, thanks for sitting with me. I know it sounds ridiculous but I was nervous as shit to ask you." David confessed with a slight blush.

"No problem." Zayn smiled. "I don't mind. I actually invited Niall to sit with us. Mr. Watson told us that we should stick together since I'm good at making sure his temper doesn't get the best of
him, keep him out of trouble, that type of thing. Besides right now, he's stuck babysitting until Mr. Watson comes back. If he hangs out there too long when Mr. Watson comes back, who knows what might happen."

"Oh, uh, yeah. I understand." David nodded and took a deep breath. "That's fine, of course but uh, before he joins us?" David seemed to question. "Zayn I..." He wasn't sure of the right words to use so instead he just leaned towards Zayn and pressed his lips against his.

Zayn didn't move for a second when David kissed him. He felt a bit in shock. He didn't see this coming. He thought of David as a friend, he always had. He was in love with Niall, and if possible, even more now that all his memories came back of him and Niall being together. He quickly snapped himself out of it and pulled away.

"David..." Zayn trailed off. "I'm sorry." He whispered. He felt bad. He wondered if he had something to lead the lad on. He honestly didn't mean to. "I...see you as a friend. A really great friend. You've helped me so much since I arrived last week." He bit his lip.

He was tempted to confess about Niall, but he couldn't risk anyone overhearing and it was too much of a risk to tell anyone. He trusted David, but who knows what the lad might say in the heat of a moment or during a punishment to make the pain stop. There was no way he'd risk never seeing his boyfriend again.

"O-oh..." The lad sounded crushed. "Right, I uh, yeah, sorry. Never should have done that." He bit his lower lip and nodded his head awkwardly.

"N-No, I get it. You had to try and...yeah, no worries," Zayn frowned a little. "I completely understand." He sighed. "I'm really sorry." He said softly.

"It's cool. Just forget it all happened okay? Please? It's really embarrassing." David turned to the screen and stayed locked on it as he spoke.

Zayn nodded as Niall finally came to sit with them. "Fuck. I never thought I was getting off babysitting duty. He complained the entire time about how mean we are to him. We're not mean...not really." Niall tried to defend himself a little as he lay back onto the floor.

"Well, I supposed from Liam's one year old perspective we are mean." Zayn said as he lay back, his elbows were getting sore and he wanted to be closer to Niall.

"How does he respond to that?" David wondered. He'd been here a while now and had a lot of
experience with crazy things that happened here.

"He gets upset." Niall answered. "Or he just stops talking. He kinda throws a tantrum but in...A quiet way? He's not one for making a lot of noise."

"Interesting, I'd try giving in a bit but not entirely. Talk more childlike to him and play Into sometimes but occasionally ask him something more mature. Keep his mind working without him thinking that you're being cruel." David suggested. If he likes it and thinks you guys accept his choices then maybe he'll act more maturely with you."

Zayn nodded a little. "Makes sense. Oh and Mr. Watson gave Liam a crib to sleep in and he fucks Liam in the crib."

"Wow..." David looked dumb founded.

Around them some students got excited as the feature film began. It was a movie they hadn't seen before. A superhero flick.

"And..." Niall said. "He has Liam call him Papa. Not Mr. Watson only Papa. Mr. Patterson started it but Mr. Watson kept it. We also have to wear ear plugs and lay down when they fuck because Liam doesn't like an audience." He shifted a little bit. He made it look casual but he moved closer to Zayn. He couldn't help it. He was feeling territorial over his boyfriend.

"He sounds so innocent. Poor lad." David shook his head and looked back at them.

Liam was sitting in a chair across from Mr. Watson and it looked like he was finishing off a jar of baby food.

Mr. Watson finished off the jar for pureed peas as he fed the last spoon to Liam. He had already had some cereal as well. It was or should be enough to get him through the night, he hoped. "There. All done. Feel better?"


"Of course." Mr. Watson grinned. "Don't be sorry. You can ask for your bottle." He moved Liam so he could sit on his knee. There was a table in the back of the room where he had sat the bottle and foods on. He then handed Liam his bottle. "There we go." He turned Liam around in his lap so he could face the screen and gently rubbed over the little lad's tummy.

Liam hummed very contently as he worked on the juice in his green bottle. "Love my papa." He whispered and giggled as he cuddled into him.

"And I love my boy." Mr. Watson whispered back as he continued to rub over Liam's tummy, after a couple minutes, he moved his hand to undo the snaps of Liam's onesie and took it off the lad.

With all the students and Keepers packed into one room and other Keepers fucking students, it got warm quickly.

He kissed Liam's neck and nibbled gently as he undid the tabs of Liam's nappy and let the front fall down. "Don't worry, baby. We're all the way in the back. No one can see us or hear us over the film. Papa hasn't played with you all day." He took Liam's small soft cock in his large hand and slowly began to pump it.

Liam smiled. He was very happy to finally have his papa's attention. "Just don't let anyone laugh."
Liam mumbled around the bottle. "Papa's touches and a bottle of juice. I'm in heaven."

"I'll punish any Slag who dares to laugh at you." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's cheek. He continued to pump Liam's hardening cock in his hand, he pumped slowly as Liam lay against him on his lap. "So what's better, Papa's touches or your bottle of juice?" He smirked.

"Always Liam's papa." He giggled in a very childlike manner. "Papas touches. Papas baby boy likes touches."

"I'm glad you like my touches...Do you like our special time when I'm inside you?" Mr. Watson asked gently squeezing the cock a little. The boy looked so hot, laying against him, onesie off, nappy down, bottle in his mouth, he had never seen such a beautiful sight.

"Oh yes papa! I love when you are inside me. Oh and I love most..." he paused to giggle in a slight embarrassed tone. "I love what papa puts his special milk inside me."

"And Papa loves to put his special milk into you." Mr. Watson grinned. "My special boy." He kissed along Liam's shoulder as he continued to pump. "Tell me what you're feeling right now, baby. I wanna know just how good I'm making you feel."

He rested his chin on top of Liam's head as his hand continued to move in a slow, lazy pump on the small cock.

"I feel excited." He whispered not daring to removing his bottle from his lips. "Tingly. Horny."

"Good things to feel." Mr. Watson grinned as he felt himself becoming hard underneath his trousers. "You look so good like this, baby boy. No onesie, nappy down, your bottle in your mouth, it's really sexy." He ran a hand over Liam's chest as he nipped on his earlobe but never removing his hand from Liam's rock solid cock.

Liam moaned softly with his childlike tone of voice. His hips innocently thrusted forward and he happily sucked on his juice while never looking away from the screen.

"Good lad." Mr. Watson praised. "Don't be afraid to make sounds. Be proud, be loud, don't be shy." He encouraged as he lightly brushed over Liam's nipples with his hand. "You're such a good baby. The best baby ever." He kissed Liam's cheek.

"Yes papa." He whimpered. He loved attention like this from papa. "Please don't stop. Need you to touch me more papa." His eyes closed and his breathing picked up but still his lips stayed on that bottle.

Mr. Watson continued his pumping, only speeding up a little. "Fuck. You're adorable. You've gotten me so hard. Mm, Papa wants to be inside you." He ran a hand down Liam's chest, down his stomach and back up to where he played with Liam's nipples by lightly pinching them. "Want Papa's special milk inside you?" He continued his slow strokes on Liam's cock.

"Can I finish my bottle after?" Liam asked suddenly hugging it to his chest. "Papa it's my favorite juice." He cautiously complained. He was falling deeper into a child's headspace.

"Mm, I have an idea." Mr. Watson smiled. "You can sit on Papa's cock. You can ride his cock... That way, your bottle will never have to leave your mouth if you don't want it to. Would you like to try that, baby?" He asked as he moved his thumb to lightly press on the head of Liam's cock.

He deeply didn't want anyone to get to see him get fucked by papa but he also really wanted that big dick inside him. "Can I face away from everyone too? Don't wanna know if they watch. Don't
like people watching me."

Mr. Watson nodded. He had thought of Liam facing away but he didn't mind Liam wanting to face him either. "Only if you make sure to give me some kisses too. Don't let your bubba have all the fun." He teased as he slipped Liam's nappy off of him and onto the table next to them.

"My beautiful boy." He smiled and sat Liam on the table as he quickly undid his trousers and pulled his pants down along with them. He kicked them off of his legs as his hard cock sprang free.

"I promise papa." He giggled and innocently touch the tip of his hard cock. It made him shiver a little. He'd never really played with himself.

Mr. Watson chuckled seeing Liam's reaction to touching himself. It was cute. "Good lad. Feel free to play with yourself. You'll have a free hand." He smiled as he picked Liam up off the table. He helped him stand on his feet. "Now, I'll help you but all you need to do is come sit on Papa's cock."

Liam nodded with wonder in his eyes. He held his bottle with his teeth and used both hands to hold tight to his papa as he carefully sat on his large cock and let it slip inside him. This feeling made Liam let out a giggle mixed with a moan before mumbling, "So big."

Mr. Watson grinned. This was the first time Liam was taking his cock without a painkiller and the little lad was already moaning in pleasure. "Yes, I am big, but it's all yours." He kissed Liam's head. "Next, what I want you to do is bounce up and down. Can you try that?"

"Bounce?" Liam questioned and tried to do what he thought Mr. Watson wanted. "Is this right? I'm trying papa. I'm sorry." Liam was often rather hard on himself.

"Yeah." Mr. Watson moaned. "Just moving up and down on my cock...Shit. You're so tight. Feels so good." He gripped Liam's hips.

Liam giggle at being told he was tight. He knew that was a good thing. He pulled the bottle from his lips and kissed Mr. Watson's then whispered, "You feel so good papa. I like this."

Mr. Watson smiled. "That's good. That's how you're supposed to feel." He moaned softly. "My little tight baby... I'll make you feel so good." He said and began to slowly thrust up into Liam, meeting the little one's bounces.

It only took a few good thrust for Liam to becoming a whimpering mess as he hugged his bottle. "Papa! Papa!" It did hurt a little but it mostly felt good. "Please, ah, papa, more."

"You're so cute hugging your bottle like that." Mr. Watson commented as he thrusted a little harder into the small lad. "How's that? I don't wanna hurt my baby." He asked as his hands rubbed over Liam's bum and squeezed it gently.

Liam moaned and began to kiss and suck at Mr. Watson's collarbone. One of his hands began to tickle his dick and he soon he knew he was close to making his special milk.

"That's it, baby." Mr. Watson moaned seeing Liam touch himself and from the kissing and sucking as well. "Rub your little cock and make your special milk come out." He encouraged as he started to go faster and harder.

Liam nodded as he felt his body twitching and convulsing a bit. "Papa, papa, papa..." His little cries got louder and higher pitched until finally he screamed and came harder than he had before.
"Oh fuck!" Mr. Watson moaned as he came into Liam after watching the wee lad make himself cum. Mr. Watson leaned forward and kissed Liam's lips. "So proud baby. You did so well." He mumbled and kissed Liam's lips again. "Now here comes the hard part. I'm sure you're tired but you gotta stand up, which Papa will help you with, and get off Papa's cock."

Liam shook his head 'no' and held onto Mr. Watson. He didn't want to be done getting papas attentions. If he got off him it would be they were done playing and that he'd be out to bed or something.

"No?" Mr. Watson raised an eyebrow. "So you don't want to be finished playing? Hmm. We can continue playing. You still need to get off either way though." He lifted Liam up and slowly pulled his softening cock out of him. He then lay Liam in his arms, much like you would a little baby. He ran a hand over Liam's chest. "Want Papa to make you hard again, so we can play some more?" He asked.

"I don't want you to put me to bed and be done with me." Liam tried to explain. "I only just got time with you papa. Please don't leave yet." He frowned.

"I'm not going to put you to bed, sweetheart." Mr. Watson rubbed Liam's cheek. "Film isn't over then you have your shower, then it's bedtime. We can cuddle or we can continue playing. It's up to you." He rubbed Liam's tummy.

Liam smiled, "Thank yo-" Liam stopped mid sentence and froze. Suddenly his eyes went wide. A second later he looked mortified as a warm, wet sensation flowed over his lap and spilled onto Mr. Watson below him.

"Or... I can give you your shower, now." Mr. Watson made a disgusted face as he felt the warm sensation in his lap. Normally he'd punish any lad who went to the toilet on him but Liam was different. Liam was special.

"We can shower together." He'd find someone to clean up the mess later.

He quickly grabbed the changing bag he had decided to carry Liam's stuff in. He stuffed Liam’s onesie inside along with his dummy and bottle. He grabbed his clothes and stuffed them in the bag then kicked the old nappy under the table as he moved Liam to sit up in his lap. "Accidents happen. It's okay. I won't punish you. Let's go get clean together." He kissed Liam's lips softly.

Liam kissed him back sadly but then began to cry. He felt so embarrassed. "Papa, I'm sorry. I am. I know you said it's okay but I feel bad. I'm sorry. I... I've been using them more willingly and I guess... I'm losing control."

"Shh." Mr. Watson rubbed Liam's back. "It's okay. All parents get wee'd or pooped on sometimes. It's okay." He peppered Liam's face in kisses. "I forgot that special milk makes you wee. It's a bit of my fault too. No tears." He wiped away Liam's tears and picked him up as he stood up.

He passed a Keeper on the way out and filled him in. The bloke looked excited to find a student to clean up the mess. Mr. Watson carried Liam down the hallway in his arms. "I'm going to clean you up, then we'll go back to the room where we can play some more."

"Thank you papa. You really are the best. I love you so much." Liam snuggled against him as they walked. He'd never felt so loved or cared about by someone.

"You're welcome." Mr. Watson rubbed over Liam's back and bum. Soon they reached the showers and Mr. Watson got Liam's shower stuff from the locker. He then walked over to the shower and
placed him on the floor under it. He turned on the water and began to gently clean Liam.

"Papa, wouldn't it be nice if I could just always be with you? We'd have so much fun. Don't you think?" Liam asked as he enjoyed being in the water. He really liked water.

"Yes, it would." Mr. Watson had to agree. He had allowed himself to get attached in a ways to Liam. The lad never truly fought the baby thing and accepted more than anyone else had in the past. He'd never admit to anyone but he was starting to care for the lad a bit more than he was supposed to. "I would love that." He said softly as he sat on the floor next to Liam and carefully continued to wash him. "You really like the water, don't you?" He smiled as he washed over the lads back. "My water baby." He kissed Liam's lips.

"I love it so much papa!" Liam giggled. "It's fun and it's warm and it makes me so happy. I like how it sticks to your skin!" He laughed out loud as he splashed in it.

Mr. Watson laughed. "Well, maybe I'll let you have longer shower times, when whomever is washing you is done, I'll just let them leave you under the water to play." He suggested as he cleaned over Liam's lower half. "There. All clean." He smiled. "You sit here like a good little lad while Papa gets himself clean." He kissed his cheek.

Liam happily splashed and played in the water. "Oh! Papa! When it's warm will you teach me how to swim so I can go in the pool?" His eyes sparkled as he asked.

"Sure, baby." Mr. Watson nodded. "But that's only for the most well behaved students. If you're a really good little boy, then yes, I'll be more than happy to take you in the pool." He wasn't sure how the lad heard that the school had a pool. He'd hadn't exactly been outside to see. He quickly cleaned himself up and turned off the water. "Sorry, babes, but it's time to go back to your room to play."

Liam frowned, "That means you have leave right?" He crawled over to Mr. Watson slowly. "The thing I hate most is when you leave. I know you just do it cause you have to papa but I still hate it. You can't make me not hate it either."

Mr. Watson picked Liam up. "Didn't I say to go back and play? I meant together, baby. We can cuddle or we can have some special play time. Your idiot roommates are still at the film. It won't be over for awhile." He explained as he walked away from the showers and grabbed the changing bag. There was also a changing table in the corner of the room so he walked over there and laid Liam down.

He took a moment to take his clothes out of the changing bag and put them back on.

"Oh," he blushed. "I thought you meant for me to play by myself." He reached his hands up and touched Mr. Watson's hair in an adorable fashion. "Hey papa, guess what?" He giggled.

Mr. Watson smiled and kissed Liam's hand. "What is it, baby? I couldn't possibly guess." He said as he reached for the changing bag and pulled out a fresh nappy.

"I think you're cute." He laughed and smiled. "I love you papa. I love you so much and I don't know why you love me but I'm glad you do cause it means so much to me papa."

Mr. Watson smiled. He'd been called cute by students sucking up to him but Liam really meant it. "I think you're cute too. Very cute...and it's hard to put into words why I love you. I just do." He leaned down and kissed Liam's lips. "Now, time for your nappy, then some playtime. Do you know what you wanna do?" He asked as he watched Liam lift up his hips so he slide the nappy
"Remember when you told me I needed something special to suck on and you put your dick in my mouth?" Liam asked. "I liked that. Can I do it again? Please papa? I'll be a good boy! I promise!"

"Of course." Mr. Watson smiled. "I'd love for you to suck me." He did the tabs on the nappy up. "Anything else? We can do anything you want. Your pick tonight."

"Really?" Liam asked looking very excited suddenly. "You don't really mean anything though right? Cause I can't have what I really want."

Mr. Watson raised an eyebrow feeling confused. "What do you mean? What do you really want? Talk to Papa, honey." He sat Liam up on the table then swung his legs over the edge so the lad could face him.

Liam smiled when he was face to face with his papa. His hands played with the buttons on his papa's shirt. He liked playing with buttons. "Papa, if I could have anything in the world I would choose to go home with you and have you be my real papa."

Chapter End Notes

I am sorry for the lack of Harry and Louis too in this chapter. It's just how it turned out. But future chapters have more of them, we're trying to work on spreading the focus more for each chapter but sometimes it's a bit difficult.

As always...Thank you for your love and do give us your love, and thoughts, feelings, suggestions...

I don't know what to ask on this chapter but honestly anything you wanna share with us would be great, we'd love to hear from you!
Chapter 18

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

I hope you enjoy!

We edited the chapter to try and balance some things out...Try anyways.

Oh and I forgot to tell you guys that Louis' gag, the visual for it is on the blog!!

EDIT: FORGOT AGAIN...TO TELL YOU ALL THAT WE ADDED AGES TO THE KEEPER VISUALS ON THE BLOG! (Also if you have a Tumblr...a follow would be nice!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Wait, Liam, baby," Mr. Watson stopped him. "Can you be a big boy for a little bit and talk to me?" His voice was kind and gentle. His voice also carried some seriousness though.

Liam felt confused as he looked up. Mr. Watson had never asked him to be a big boy and always encouraged him to try and stay in a baby headspace. He felt nervous. He wasn't sure what was going on so he just slowly nodded. "Am I in trouble?" He whispered.

"No, not at all. I promise. I just want to talk to you on a more mature level. I want to understand things. That's all okay?" He asked keeping a soothing tone.

Liam nodded. "Okay..." He wasn't sure what to say.

"Liam," he used his name as he held his hands. "Are you saying that you'd like it best if I adopted you and was your actual father?" Mr. Watson didn't think things were going in that direction. "I just, I guess I'm confused a little."

Liam shrugged. "Not exactly...But I like this baby stuff..." He wasn't sure how to explain it. "It's fun. It's fun to pretend." He said softly.

"So then, you understand you aren't actually a baby? You just enjoy being infantilized? That means you enjoy being treated as an infant and living as one." He explained as he rubbed the back of Liam's hands with his thumbs. "Don't be scared sweetheart. Just talk to me. Nothing bad will happen."

"Yeah, I...I know you like it and I didn't at first but I've grown to really like it. Our times together are the best part of my day." Liam admitted rather shyly.

Mr. Watson smiled and softly kissed him on the cheek, "Our secret but, being your papa is my favorite part of the day too. You're special Liam." Mr. Watson kissed his cheek again. "I love my time with you. I don't want to be your father though. I like playing as your papa and taking care of you but my feelings aren't really along the family side of things."

"I didn't really know how to word it." Liam frowned. "I just meant that I wish I could go home with
you and be your baby all the time." He didn't feel like he was explaining himself well. "I like you a lot and I just want to be with you always. I don't mean as a father though."

“Oh?” Mr. Watson seemed to question.

Liam nodded. "But I do love you."

Mr. Watson sighed. “I don’t think it means what you think it means...It’s a special word for special people.”

“You’re special people to me.” Liam’s eyes sparkled a little at Mr. Watson. “I mean, yes, you’re rude and mean...But that’s sorta your job.” He said. “You take good care of me and you’re nice to me now and I do love you. I may not understand love, I’ve never felt it, but I have my own version of what it means, and that’s what you mean to me.” He tried to explain.

Mr. Watson smiled. “Alright then. When I say it back, it means that I care about you. You’re different. Special.” He kissed Liam’s hands.

Liam giggled a little. “Good. Uhm, can I go back to being little now? If there’s nothing else I mean.”

“One thing first though. If you need to come out of your baby headspace, you may but ask first.” Mr. Watson told him.

Liam smiled and nodded. “I will. LiLi and I promises.” He giggled again.

“LiLi?” Mr. Watson asked confused. “Is that what you want to be called?” He asked.

"Yes papa." Liam nodded rather sure of himself. He had gone back into his safe place which was his baby headspace. "I had a big sister and before they took her away she called me LiLi."

"A sister? I don't remember reading about you having any known siblings in your file." Mr. Watson said surprised. "It's possible I overlooked it though." He was mostly talking to himself at the moment.

Liam didn't know if it was his real sister or a foster sister but she had always been very very nice to him so to him she was a sister.

“Alright. Now...What would you like to do? Go back to the film or special playtimes?” Mr. Watson asked.

“Special playtimes! Always.” Liam giggled.

“Let’s go have some fun then.” Mr. Watson picked Liam up and began their walk back to the room.

On the way they talked about things they should do or try. Liam was excited to try everything. Once Liam was changed, he looked at Mr. Watson.

"I want papa's cock now. Please?” He he asked happily as he clapped his hands. "Look papa! I have a tiny cock and you have a big one. “You have a really really big one papa! You're so lucky!”

Mr. Watson couldn't help but laugh. "Yes, you have a tiny cock, a baby cock...and I have a man's cock. Mmm, well, if you wanna play with it, you're gonna have to get me undressed. Think you can handle that?"
Liam’s eyes flickered as he reached for Mr. Watson’s uniform shirt and began fumbling with the buttons as he undid them slowly. "Buttons. Papa's buttons." He delightedly giggled. "LiLi likes buttons." He told him and pushed the shirt off his shoulders. He then clapped for himself, "Did the shirt!"

Mr. Watson laughed again. He couldn't help it. The lad was being adorable. He sat up and let the shirt fall off, then threw it out of the crib. "Mmm, trousers next. Only one button, this time." He smiled. "LiLi? Do you want to be called that?" He asked curiously.

"Yes papa." He nodded rather sure of himself. "I had a big sister and before they took her away she called me LiLi. It's better that Liam."

The young, childlike Liam began to work on Mr. Watson's belt. It was really tricky and took him some time but he got it eventually.

"A sister? I don't remember reading about you having any known siblings in your file." Mr. Watson said surprised. "It's possible I overlooked it though." He was mostly talking to himself at the moment. He smiled when Liam got the belt undone. "Good job, LiLi." He praised. "You're doing so well."

Liam didn't know if it was his real sister or a foster sister but she had always been very very nice to him so to him she was a sister.

"Button." He giggled and worked on it. "Papa, if ain't ever earn a stuffed animal can he have a shirt with buttons so I can play with them?" He asked as he pulled the zipper down and worked on pushing the trousers off Mr. Watson.

"Mmm, you earned it though, babes." Mr. Watson lifted his hips so Liam could pull down his trousers. "I just haven't given it to you yet." He had one ready but forgot to take it out of his locker earlier. "I'll give it to you later tonight, before you sleep. And I'll bring you a shirt for him in a couple days, if you continue to be a good little baby boy."

"Hooray!" Liam cheered. "Papa will give me a stuffie!" He was being a bit loud but he couldn't control his excitement. He laughed happily and removed Mr. Watson's trousers and pants.

"Good job, LiLi. You got my clothes off all by yourself." Mr. Watson praised. He was already sporting a semi because Liam's cuteness was just that much of a turn on. "Mm, do you know how to make Papa's cock hard?" He asked.

"Yes papa. LiLi can make papa hard by touching him." He giggled a little.

Liam reached out and let his fingertips trace over Mr. Watson's cock. "Papa is already sorta hard half way."

"It's what you do to Papa." Mr. Watson smiled down at Liam. "Sometimes you're so adorable that it's such a turn on." He moaned a little feeling Liam's touch. "Show Papa what you've learned and make me feel good." He ran a hand through Liam's hair.

"Will you help if I mess up papa?" He asked as he wrapped his fingers around the cock and giggled a bit. "I can't believed this fits in me."

Mr. Watson nodded. "Of course. I'll tell you what feels good and what doesn't. But I believe you can do it. You've made me feel good before." He encouraged. "Yes, my large cock goes through your tiny hole. That's why it hurts sometimes but Papa doesn't mean to hurt you. It's why I stretched you first."
"You didn't stretch me before I bounced on you papa. Oh, I didn't even cry! I did good!" Liam smiled proud and pumped his hand over the larger cock how Mr. Watson always did him.

"Right. I was a little... Overexcited. I hadn't touched you all day. So I ended up being a little impatient." Mr. Watson said. "You did so well riding me. I'm so proud." He moaned as he felt Liam's hand on him.

Liam laughed, "Papa was impatient. Naughty papa. Haha." He rubbed over his cock faster.

Mr. Watson shook his head. "I'm allowed to be impatient." He moaned a little louder. "Shit, LiLi... You're doing so good. Mm, you gonna suck it like you wanted to? Or are you going to play with it?" He asked. He was fine with either. He just wondered what the little lad was going to do.

Liam didn't reply. He just moved and put his mouth on Mr. Watson's swollen, red tip. Instantly he began to suck on it like he would the dummy and moaned rather happily.

Mr. Watson moaned loud as he gripped the sheets of the crib. The sight of Liam sucking him, the vibrations, it all felt amazing. "Shit. You're doing so good, baby."

Liam felt happy and proud of himself. He loved that he was doing so well for papa. He also love that he was getting to taste him.

"Mm, LiLi..." Mr. Watson moaned softly. "Suck harder... And go faster."

Liam did as he was told. He wasn't sure how well he was doing but papa sounded happy so he just kept going. His reward was the precum that dribbled into his mouth.

"Mmm, so good. You're doing so good, LiLi. You're making Papa feel so good. I'm so proud." Mr. Watson smiled as his hips lifted a little. "Mm, touch me? Anywhere..."

Liam wasn't sure where to touch him. He liked having his bum and hole touched so maybe that was the right answer. He copied what Papa did to him slowly.

Mr. Watson's jaw dropped in pleasure. He wasn't expecting that. "Oh... LiLi, I'm close, keep touching me but don't let your mouth come off." He tried to explain. "Touch anywhere you want. Explore." He encouraged.

Curiously his other hand grabbed Mr. Watson's balls carefully. He began to rub around on them rather innocently and playful as he kept sucking on the cock and rubbing his pucker.

"Shit! LiLi!" Mr. Watson's hips lifted up off the crib. "You're doing wonderfully." He smiled. "Almost there..." He bit his lip. "Just keep doing what you're doing and keep exploring, if you want." He encouraged.

Liam wasn't sure what that meant exactly. He just kept doing what he doing though. He wanted to taste his papa's special milk. He even whimpered trying to beg for the treat.

Hearing Liam's whimpers sent Mr. Watson over the edge and he came into Liam's mouth with a loud shout. "Swallow as much as you can, LiLi. But I don't want you to choke." He told the young lad.

Liam swallowed what he could happily and when it got to be too much he popped off and finished taking in the rest by licking his cock clean. "Papa, your special milk taste so good. It's my favorite thing to taste!"
Mr. Watson smiled lazily down at Liam. "I'm glad you like it, baby. You can have it whenever you want, just ask." He pulled Liam up to lay with him. "Best blowjob I've ever had in my life." He kissed Liam's lips. "Now, what can I do to you, to say thank you?" He asked as he began kissing Liam's neck.

"Can you let me special milk again papa?" His eyes lit up and he giggled. "Pretty please with sugar on top?"

Mr. Watson smiled. "Of course...What should we do? Me inside you? Suck you? Eat you? A simple handjob?" He then began to suck a love bite into Liam's neck. "Mine." He whispered.

"E-eat me?" Liam suddenly looked like he was scared to death. "N-no! No please! I don't wanted eaten! Papa please!"

Mr. Watson laughed and cuddled the lad. "Not literally." He rubbed over his back. "I'd never legit eat you. I meant giving you a rimjob. Do you know what that is?"

"Oh, is that the thing where like you lick their hole? Harry was going to do that but we didn't do that. Does it feel good papa? Saying it's eating sounds scary." Liam rambled a little.

Mr. Watson chuckled. "Okay, I'm sorry I scared you." He rubbed Liam's bum. "Yeah, licking is part of it but it's my tongue fucking your hole basically." He explained. "Do you wanna try that? It might feel a bit odd at first but then I promise it'll feel good."

"We get to stop if I don't like it right? Cause I'm your special baby?" He just wanted to be sure. "Just tongue? No teeth?"

Mr. Watson nodded. "Exactly and no. No teeth." He smiled down at Liam. He couldn't help it. The lad was just too adorable. "Just tell me to stop and I will. I promise. But I want you to give it a real chance first before you make up your mind." He leaned down and kissed Liam's lips. "There. It's sealed with a kiss. I can't break it now."

Liam smiled. He trusted his papa. Papa hadn't hurt him purposefully and he had saved him from other people hurting him. "Ok papa but no call it eating okay? It's too scary."

Mr. Watson held back laughter because of how serious it sounded. "Okay. I won't call it eating. What would you like me to call it?" He asked as he moved to hover over Liam and shower his body with kisses.

"Harry called it rimming. That's not scare. Saying 'lick you' isn't scary either. Can we say that stuff papa?" Liam asked and giggled at the thought of papa putting his tongue on his arse. "Rimming. Papa is going to rim me. LiLi is excited."

Mr. Watson nodded. "Sure, baby. Whatever you want is fine by me." He said and sucked on each of Liam's nipples briefly before kissing the lads inner thighs until he finally reached his hole. He pushed Liam's legs further apart. "Papa is very excited too." He poked at the hole with his tongue then licked over it a few times. "How does that feel, my LiLi?" He asked.

Liam's eyes went a bit large. It certainly was strange. He'd never felt anything quite like it. He wanted to feel more though.

He wanted to really get the full experience and see if he liked it or not. "Can you do more papa?"

"Of course." Mr. Watson nodded and licked over the hole a few more times before poking at Liam's hole with his tongue. "Try to relax." He encouraged and rubbed the lads legs as he slowly
pushed his tongue inside Liam.

"Oh!" Liam accidentally gasped out loud. He liked it for sure but something about it felt extra naughty and embarrassing.

Mr. Watson smiled inwardly as he rubbed Liam's tummy with a free hand. He continued to work his tongue deeper inside Liam then after a minute or two of tongue fucking his hole, he pulled away. "Do I need to stop or keep going?" He asked.

"Go please. Just feels naughty." He tried to explain himself. His tiny little cock was growing stiff rapidly from it so hopefully that would help him explain that he enjoyed it.

"Naughty? Mmm far from that. Besides, your little cock is starting to get hard. I think you like it." Mr. Watson said with a peck to Liam's lips. "Can't resist those lips." He gave one more peck then moved lower and placed his tongue back inside Liam, this time he actually began to fuck the hole with his tongue thrusting it in and out and swirling it a little inside.

Liam blushed hard. He was far to embarrassed to admit it out loud but he did like this. Thankful his papa was smart enough to know how he felt without him having to say it. "LiLi has a baby cock." He laughed sweetly then moaned.

Mr. Watson inwardly smiled again. He loved hearing Liam talk about his little cock. He pulled out his tongue as he stopped for a brief breather. "LiLi, baby...This is completely normal. No reason to feel naughty about enjoying it. In fact, why don't you touch your cock, play with it while I make you feel so good..."

Liam nodded and began to explore his little dick since he had papa's permission. It helped him relax even more and not feel so shy about liking his bum getting licked. "Papa, I feel good."

Mr. Watson smiled as he moved back down to lick Liam. "That's good, LiLi. Its supposed to feel good." He licked over the hole again. "Whenever you feel it, I want you to cum." He said then dove his tongue back inside Liam.

"Soon papa." He warned in a small voice that was getting higher and higher pitched. His poor little tip had precum dribbling all over it now and Liam didn't know how much more he could takes

Mr. Watson continued to work his tongue in and out of Liam's hole fiercely, he moved a hand and gently rubbed over Liam's balls. He removed his tongue for a moment. "Come for Papa." He whispered in a sexual tone.

Liam felt a warm sensation sweep over his body as his voice cracked and cum spilled out over his hand. "Papa! Oh papa!"

"Good lad." Mr. Watson whispered as he began to lick Liam clean. When his body was cum free, he took his little hand and licked it clean as well. He briefly sucked each fingers as he cleaned them. "There. All clean." He kissed Liam's lips softly.

"Thank you papa. It's icky on my hand." He replied. Liam did not like having messy hands. He never had. "LiLi likes clean hands."

"Of course. Can't have my boy be messy. I like him clean." Mr. Watson kissed Liam deeply for a moment then pulled away to grab a fresh nappy to put on him. "So what does my LiLi like?" He asked as he lifted Liam's hips up so he could slide the nappy on underneath.

"Papa." He replied rather matter of fact. "Oh and papa, I like Harry but not like I like you. I just like
Harry cause Harry is the only nice student." Liam nodded a bit and then quickly added with lots of exclamation, "I like apple juice too!"

Mr. Watson did the tabs up on the nappy as he listened to Liam. "Well all of those things are good things. Do you like your milk? I'm not talking about special milk. Just normal milk."

"I like it when it's in my bottle," Liam said. "I like it best warmed up though. I don't understand why people think warm milk is only for babies but it doesn't matter anymore cause I am a baby."

"Yes, you are. I always warm it up for you." He kissed Liam's nose. "My adorable boy." He smiled a little then stood up.

He grabbed a onesie from Liam's changing bag. It was a new one. This one was grey and had blocks on it. The blocks had Superhero symbols on them. One had Batman, one had Superman, one had the Flash and the last one had Green Lantern. "I got you a new onesie, babes." He said as he showed Liam the piece of clothing. "You'll get more as time goes on, build up a real nice collection." He said as sat next to Liam.

"Wow! Papa I love it!" Liam loudly cheered and made grabby hands for it. "Batman! Batman! Papa it has Batman!"

Mr. Watson laughed. "I'm glad you like it." He said as finished putting it on Liam then did up the snaps. "So you like Batman? Do you like any of the others? We've got Flash, Green Lantern, Superman..."

"They are cool but papa, no one is better than Batman cause he is the smartest one!" Liam explained. "See, Superman is super cause he's a god and was born with it. Flash is super cause he was hit with this laser beam type explosion thing. Green Lantern is super cause of that ring but Batman is actually not a metahuman or a god or anything. He doesn't have magic powers. He's just super because he's smart and built everything that he uses."

Mr. Watson lay beside Liam as he went on and on about the Superheroes. It was so cute to listen to, especially because he had been using his baby voice which made it that much more adorable. "That...Is well thought out." He pecked Liam's lips then checked his watch. "I have to go get your roommates from their film and take them to shower, then I'll be back to tuck you in for the night and I'll bring your stuffie then." He explained as he began to get dressed.

"I like superheroes." He giggled. Then he heard Mr. Watson's last sentence. "Oh really! Papa! Yay!" Liam cheered and clapped his hands. "I get my stuffie! I get my stuffie!"

Mr. Watson laughed. "Yes, you've more than earned it." He said as he got a shirt on then his pants and trousers. "I'll be gone for a little while, but you can lay here and rest." He said as he put his socks and trainers on. "Come, give Papa kisses before he goes."

Liam quickly gave Mr. Watson a big kiss on the lips as he hugged him. "I love you papa. Thank you so much." Liam was very happy and content.

"I love you too." Mr. Watson hugged the lad back. "You're so special." He said softly.

He then lay Liam back onto the mattress as he kissed him deeply. He really couldn't help it around Liam. He just loved to kiss him. "Mm, be good." He kissed Liam's forehead and got out of the crib. He stood up and put his belt on then lifted the side railing of the crib. "Is there anything you need or anything I can get you before I leave, my LiLi?"

"No papa. I'm ok. I'm going to look at my new top! Papa it's Batman." He smiled happily. "Oh I do
my blankie though. I get cold since I don't wear trousers anymore."

"Right. I have a warm blanket ready for you as well." He said as he leaned over the railing and pulled the sheet and thin blanket over Liam. "I'll get that for you too. But maybe at night, I can get you some pyjamas? Something with feet to keep my little one from getting cold?" He suggested. "How's that sound to you?"

Liam looked even happier if that was possible. "Wow! Really papa? You'd let me have that?" He couldn't believe he was so lucky to have a Papa that made him feel so incredibly spoiled. Liam had no idea this wasn't actually spoiling since he'd never had much to start with. "How do you keep getting better and nicer and more amazing? You must be super too!"


"I love you too papa!" Liam smiled and began to pull on his onesie so he could see the superhero logos. He felt so happy, happier than he ever had. That said a lot considering he was now basically a prisoner in this school.

Niall was cuddled up in Zayn's lap as they watched the film, it was nice not having to worry about being seen and Zayn had told David about them. He wasn't sure why Zayn told David, only that he'd explain everything later but that David knew about them.

"This is nice. Helps me feel a bit more normal." Niall whispered. "I do feel a bit scared though. Nervous to be caught."

"I'm watching out for you both. Just enjoy this." David spoke just as quietly from where he sat by them.

"Thanks." Zayn smiled. He leaned down and kissed Niall's cheek. "I promise when we're out of here, the first thing I'm going to do is take you out on a proper date. Anywhere you wanna go." He grinned as he sat up a little bit and wrapped his arms around Niall. "This is nice though. I agree."

"Just letting myself pretend we're at a real film. A theater somewhere." Niall smiled and sighed a bit. "I think it might help that real date one day feel even better."

Zayn grinned. "And we'll see an action film, something with lots of things exploding." He chuckled and played with Niall's fingers. "Since I get out first, I'm going to have at the very least a decent place for us to live." He said and kissed his cheek again. He couldn't help it. They were hiding in a spot where Keepers couldn't find them, yes, but it was nice to be able to kiss his boyfriend in front of others without fear. It was too dark for anyone to notice who anyone really was unless you were literally next to them.

"Can our room have painted walls? Something that isn't white?" Niall asked as he began to daydream.

"Sure. We can paint it together even. Painting isn't that hard...I don't think." Zayn said. "What colour do you like best? I like yellow but not for a bedroom. Mmm, maybe red? Or blue? Oooh, maybe we can do a green?" He smirked teasingly. "Since you are Irish..." He laughed quietly.

"Green is nice." He nodded. "Hey David, if you had your own room what color would you paint it?" He was trying to be accepting of Zayn's friend, especially since he knew about them now.
"I don't know." David said and turned to look at them. He then thought for a moment. "Maybe like a midnight blue?" He said. "Well...Maybe like a light blue. I think I'd just be happy with colour."

"Yeah, it's draining, all the white." Zayn agreed. "It's why getting time outside in the courtyard will be awesome."

"Not much color outside of brown dirt out there." Niall frowned.

"There's some grass. It's a pretty large area." David said.

"Not that large." Zayn frowned and leaned against the wall behind him as Niall slid down to lay between his legs and lay his head against Zayn's front.

"But it'd be nice to get fresh air at least. Up side you smoking...We get to go outside." Niall said.

"I know you don't like it. I'm sorry..." Zayn frowned.

"Don't be. An addiction is an addiction right? It's not going to be easy to defeat." Niall kissed Zayn's fingers. "Maybe you can eventually switch to pills." He slipped his fingers through Zayn's.

"Maybe eventually you'll both stop." David offered. "I'd wait to stop though if it's getting you extra time outside."

"Agreed, I don't mind if you wait." Niall told him.

Zayn kissed Niall's cheek. "I know you're concerned but I promise that Taylor only gives me enough to take the edge off." He kissed his lips. "But thank you." He smiled then kissed Niall's head.

"Except for that night you got loud." Niall smirked.

"I don't want to know." David shook his head.

"Nothing bad." Zayn laughed. "One night...Mr. Taylor gave me a bit of extra weed but I suppose he gave me too much because I was legit high and being idiotic." He laughed. "Anyways, he told Niall to shut me up any way possible even kiss me...So he did. He kissed me and that's when I realized that it was more than a silly crush. A kiss had never felt so..." He paused. "Good? For a lack of a better word." He explained.

"Oh, I see. Pretty interesting story." David nodded. He felt a bit awkward at the moment.

"I found you in such a terrible place. Go figure." Niall gushed.

"Sometimes love shows up in the most darkest of places. In the end, light defeats the darkness. In the end, we get out..." He leaned over and pressed a kiss against Niall's lips.

"No offense but that's so cheesy." David shook his head. "I'm not trying to be mean. It is cheesy though."

Niall giggled quietly. "He has a point."

Zayn smiled. "I don't care. I don't mind being cheesy if it makes you laugh or smile...We don't get to do it enough in this place." He said.

"I love you Zayn. I can't help if it makes me act cheesy." Niall half pouted.
David of course said nothing.


"My prince." Niall whispered back then turned to keep watching the film.

Mr. Watson arrived just as the film ended. "Looks like you had fun."

"Oh, I did. He's fallen more into a childlike mind, and it's fun to watch." Mr. Watson smiled as a Keeper told the students had two minutes to find their Keeper or they'd be punished.

All the students scrambled around and much to Mr. Watson's surprise, it was Louis who found him first.

One look at the lad and you could see the dried cum on his lips and corners of his mouth.

Mr. Watson smirked. "That's what you get for misbehaving." He said as the other three approached. "Good. We're all here. Let's go." He said then ushered them out of the door.

Louis was in pain now. The hardest part was that he couldn't even say he was.

"Showers now sir?" Harry asked. He wasn't sure since their evening today had been different.

"Yes." Mr. Watson answered as they walked. "Chav, the baby's already been cleaned so you can wash yourself."

"Yes sir." Niall nodded.

Louis gave Mr. Watson a pleading expression. He was desperate to at least be allowed to brush his teeth.

Harry and Zayn however walked off to get started on their showers now that they were in the shower room.

"Ugh. You're pathetic." Mr. Watson told Louis as he grabbed his arm and turned him around. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a key. He unlocked the gag, then undid it. He took it out of Louis' mouth. "There. Go clean yourself."

"Thank you. Thank you so much. I'll be good. I swear it." Louis struggled to get his words formed so it was hard to understand him. As soon as he was done however he rushed off to do as he was supposed to.

For a moment, it was only Niall and Zayn in the showers as a Keeper decided to use Harry before he even reached the water. "Hey, uh...I need to tell you something, but you can't freak out. And remember I love you, only you." He whispered to Niall as he looked down to wash his hair.

He wanted to be honest about what happened with David. He wanted to do it before they distracted themselves later with sex or whatever it is that they ended up doing.

"Oh?" Niall felt worried right away but tried to play it cool. He made sure to only glance at Zayn so they wouldn't attract attention. "Is your head okay Zayn? Don't lie. I can take it."

"No, head's fine. I promise." Zayn whispered. "It's David actually." He paused as a continued to work on his hair as a Keeper passed. "He kissed me tonight at the film. I didn't kiss back...I didn't do anything for a second as I felt shocked. I told him that I didn't feel the same. I didn't mention..."
us...But I wanted to tell you, to be honest...

Niall’s head snapped to look at Zayn. David had kissed him? That explained why Zayn had told David that they were together. It’s one thing to accept that Zayn would be used by Keepers. That would never count as cheating because it was forced on them. Students were different though.

"I didn't do anything. I never kissed him back and I pushed him away. I explained that I only saw him as a friend, nothing more." Zayn said as he rinsed the shampoo from his hair. "I chose to tell you now before we get distracted after coming back from being with Mr. Taylor as we usually are. I'm yours. Only yours."

"I... I'm sorry." Niall replied looking away finally. "I can't help but feel angry. At him I mean. I'm angry at him and I'm angry at the situation."

"Me too." Zayn agreed as Louis finally joined them. "No gag? That must be nice. Can you talk at all? Not being mean, just wondering." He asked Louis.

"Hurts like a bitch but yes." Louis whispered. He wasn't about to risk being loud and getting deeper into trouble. Almost going to the pit for real had been enough to scare him straight, mostly anyway. "Thanks for not being mean."

Zayn nodded and a few minutes later when he was finishing up, Harry walked over rather slowly. "Do you want help?" Niall asked. He figured being nice and offering to help might help him stay out of trouble when he felt this angry.

"Shit, that would be great. I'll just owe you next time you're hurting and I'm not." Harry replied. "Wouldn't be so damn painful if they'd at least use a bit of fucking lube."

"Sounds good. Thanks...And Pain is part of the reason they don't use lube...But if you're good, you get lube." Niall said as he began to gently wash over Harry's body. "Louis is kind of the most lucky out of us all. He's released in December on his 18th birthday. Must be nice to be 17 in a place like this." He felt a little bitter as Louis only had months and the rest of them had years.

Harry gave Louis a hard glare but said nothing.

"Even though that's true I wouldn't say I'm lucky. I'm here for being a street whore so I'm used a thousand times more then easy if you."

"You can choose not to go back to that lifestyle." Zayn shrugged. "I'm surprised that you're not in jail and here instead being 17 and all." He said as he began to wash his body.

"The judge took pity on me. My last foster home used me as a maid and a nanny. I ran off after my caseworker wouldn't believe me. The sex was just to survive; I'm not actually a sex addict like everyone thinks." He explained as he washed himself. "It was starve or get paid to be fucked by married lads who are secretly homosexual."

"I'd still take the maid and Nanny over being used like that." Harry said. "But whatever, other people are stronger and others are weaker." He shrugged. "I'm not surprised you became popular with an arse like that." He laughed a little.

"Fuck off mate. You don't know me or half the shit I've been through to make a call like that." Louis growled trying to keep quiet. "I could rip those ragged curl right out of your head if we were in this place."

"Yeah, I'd like to see you try." Harry snorted as he rolled his eyes.
"Both of you, shut up before you get us all in shit." Zayn warned.

Harry went quiet as Louis quickly finished off and went to brush his teeth.

"There. Besides your hair, you're done. Did you want help with that too?" Niall asked softly.

"I'll get it. Thanks though. For whatever reason these Keepers are picky as shit about my damn hair." He replied and began slowly washing it for what would be the first of at least twice.

"It's probably the curls." Niall shrugged. "But no problem." He said and worked on finishing washing himself.

"Reek," Mr. Watson appeared next to him. "I've noticed Chav here being kind and helping you out...You should thank him when you're done his hair. You can thank him by fucking him." He looked at Niall. "Don't go anywhere until after your fucking." He warned as he noticed something. "Ugh. I have to go punish someone. I'll be back to make sure you get your thank you though." He smirked and walked off.

Niall groaned in a very upset and annoyed tone. He didn't want to be fucked as a thank you. Here he'd been nice and now it was biting him in the arse. "This day just gets worse and worse. I can't fucking catch a damn break."

"Sorry...I thought if the Keepers noticed I'd have to suck you or something. I didn't think I'd have to fuck you." Harry frowned. "What else has gone wrong for you today? Too many rough fuckings?" He asked. "I mean, my day hasn't been a walk in the park but it's been better than most of my days here so far."

"Yeah, something like that." Harry replied. "I just fucking hate this damn place so much." He was turning off much quieter now than before. "I just want this day over with. I want it done. I'm over it."

"I can get myself off pretty quickly, so I'll try and make it fast. Do you need to be stretched at all?" Harry asked.

"Do whatever. I don't even care anymore. I just want it done with." Niall sighed. At this point he didn't even care if it physically hurt."

Harry nodded and quickly worked on finishing his hair. He had just finished when Mr. Watson returned. "Have you finished your hair yet?" He asked.

"Yes, sir." Harry nodded and lowered his head so Mr. Watson could check it.

The Keeper checked it over thoroughly and smelled it. "Good job, Reek." He half smiled. "Now go on. Give your Irish buddy the thanks he deserves for helping you out." He smirked now.

Niall didn't say anything and his face read as extremely emotionless. It honestly worried Zayn but he couldn't do anything right now. He'd try to talk to him later after lights out.

"You sure you don't want to be prepped?" Harry asked softly as his fingers ghosted over Niall's hole.

"Just fucking do it already!" Niall spat.

"Someone's impatient to be fucked." Mr. Watson grinned as Mr. Taylor came over to watch. "Good match." He told the other Keeper.
"Thanks." Mr. Watson smiled.

Harry got his cock hard then wet with the falling water then spit into Niall's hole. Niall might not want to be prepped but he sure as shit wasn't going to fuck him dry.

Harry then got Niall into position, then lined up his cock and slowly pushed his way in.

"You better get off, Chav. If you know what's good for you." Mr. Taylor warned.

Niall's jaw went tight as he considered asking the Keepers to just punish him instead. He'd take a punishment over this right now. He'd welcome the pain right now. "Yes sir."

"Let's see if it actually happens though. I heard he's been having a bit of trouble in that area lately." Mr. Watson told Mr. Taylor with a small laugh.

"Yeah, if he doesn't get it up, maybe Buttercup can help. Or I'll just fetch the slut." Mr. Taylor said as he watched.

Zayn forced himself to remain stoic. He hated seeing Niall like this, but something was off than other times. He hadn't seen Niall act like this before.

Harry pushed the rest of the way in and held onto Niall's hips as he started off slow, but it wasn't long before he went faster. He told Niall he'd get this over with and the lad had been nice to him, it was the least he could do at this point.

"Don't forget to tell everyone how much you're enjoying yourselves, slags." Mr. Taylor reminded.

"I'd rather be beaten." Niall whispered.

"Please don't get me into trouble. I'm just doing what I'm told." Harry whispered back. "Just imagine I'm your celebrity crush or something and get off."

Niall rolled his eyes. Harry had a point. Niall may rather have taken a beating or go to the playroom for punishment than be fucked again, Harry was trying to get on the good side of the Keepers.

Niall let out a loud fake moan. He wasn't even trying to hide that it was fake. He just hoped that as long as he made some sounds, it wouldn't matter.

Harry moved faster, slamming into Niall harder and trying to cause the lad some pleasure so he wouldn't get in trouble. He reached around and started to pump Niall's soft cock in his hand, hoping to speed up the process.

"Awe, look at that." Mr. Watson said in a mocking tone. "It's his turn to try and help now." He smirked. "Just focus on fucking him, Reek. Let him do the work on his own. If he can't, then Muppet here will help, I'm sure."

"Yes, sir. If that's what you want, then of course, sir." Zayn said. He hoped to be able to help. Maybe if he was touching Niall as well, he'd be able to make this situation turn out for the better.

"Bit of a suck up now isn't he?" Mr. Taylor laughed as he enjoyed the little show.

"He really is." Mr. Watson agreed.

Harry moaned, he was getting good at having his fake ones sound real.
"Tell us how much you're enjoying your thank you gift." Mr. Watson encouraged.

"He feels great, sir." Harry said and let out another moan. "This feels amazing." He lied as he worked faster. He noticed Niall wasn't even hard yet. He slowed his thrusts down a little to hopefully buy Niall time to get hard or for someone to make him hard.

"Oh yes, thank you sir." Niall used a monotone voice as he replied. He couldn't even muster up any sarcasm. He didn't care if he got in trouble either. He understood not getting Harry in trouble but he just honestly was struggling to make himself feel anything. "So wonderful to be rewarded in this way for just being nice to a roommate." He added.

"Not the least bit hard." Mr. Taylor frowned. "Let's make it more fun, since Buttercup is begging to get back into our good graces, let him do the work of getting the little fairy hard."

Mr. Watson nodded, agreeing. "Muppet, get to work." He ordered as he pushed Zayn in Niall's direction.

"Perhaps you won't be seen as a worthless piece of rubbish if you can manage to get him hard." Mr. Taylor added.

Zayn quickly moved forward and got into his knees before Niall. "Come on Ni, you don't want to be punished. Let yourself fantasize." Zayn whispered and looked up at him sexually. He was careful to only word himself in a way that seemed to like a friend helping another friend.

Niall nodded. He felt himself relax a little as he looked at Zayn on his knees before him. He didn't want Harry to be fucking him but with his boyfriend there sucking him off, it was bound to be a bit easier.

He moaned softly as he felt Zayn pumping his cock. It was always such a wonderful feeling.

"That's better. Keep going muppet. Chav must not feel the same way about Reek as us Keepers do." Mr. Watson said after hearing Niall finally give a moan.

"That or he's just too small a pup to be able to handle all the attention he's getting now. Must be a bitch instead of a stud." Mr. Taylor laughed making Mr. Watson laugh as well.

Niall rolled his eyes at the Keepers and did his best his best to block them out of his mind now that he felt Zayn's mouth on his cock, sucking him, pleasing him. And doing it the right away, he felt himself fully relax and Harry quicken his thrusts.

Zayn moaned around Niall to try and help him more. He did not want Niall getting punished so he was trying his absolute best. All he could do now was hope that Harry could hold back finishing until Niall was ready.

Harry felt close. Niall was tight and it honestly did feel good. “I’m getting closer.” He whispered then let out a moan.

Niall moaned a bit louder, not even hearing whatever Harry said. He loved when he felt Zayn's moans, whether it was around his cock or in his mouth, he loved feeling them and loved hearing them. "Mmm, faster." He moaned as he rested a hand on the back of Zayn's head, his fingers tangling in Zayn's wet hair. "Fuck." He moaned.

The Keepers just kept up their laughing and teasing but Niall didn't notice. He focused his mind on reaching his peak. It helped knowing Zayn would greatly enjoy getting to taste his cum.
Zayn sucked harder and bobbed his faster as he brought a hand up to gently squeeze Niall’s balls and rub over them.

They were still in the beginning stages of learning each other's likes and dislikes sexually, but he knew that Niall usually enjoyed that.

He pulled off Niall's cock a bit so he could focus on sucking on the head, he moaned as he tasted Niall's precum that was starting to leak. He licked across the slit and sucked on the tip. He licked stripes up and down Niall's cock, then took him back into his mouth as he started work on deep throating his boyfriend.

"Fuck." Niall suddenly cried out a tugged carefully at Zayn's hair. "Yes! Right there."

Zayn moaned feeling Niall tug at his hair. It had felt really good. He continued to deepthroat him working to make feel good, to make him happy. He knew the words that he was sure would send Niall over the edge but he couldn't say what he wanted, so he continued to deepthroat and rub over Niall's thighs.

The look in Zayn's eyes told Niall everything however. His eyes closed tightly and his body began to convulse as he finally began to spill his load into Zayn's mouth.

As Niall came into Zayn's mouth, Harry allowed himself to cum into Niall with a loud moan to make sure the Keepers knew that he enjoyed himself. He carefully removed himself from Niall and watched as Zayn swallowed up everything Niall had to offer and judging from the look on his face, it looked like he enjoyed himself.

When Niall had finished and Zayn had swallowed everything, he licked Niall clean, he wanted to impress the Keepers but also take care of his boyfriend.

"Reek, get your hair washed again and get out of the shower." Mr. Watson instructed.

"Treats tonight for both then?" Mr. Taylor asked. He knew Mr. Watson knew these lads better than he did. As their room Keeper he also had final say in rewards.

"Yes, sir." Harry nodded and went to work on washing his hair for the third time since entering the showers.

"I'd say they both earned it, especially after that." Mr. Watson agreed. "And give the slut something for pain. He knows better than to complain but I can see it in his eyes and it's annoying the hell out of me." He sighed.

"Consider it done. Need anything else for you prized pupil papa?" He smirked, teasing Mr. Watson.

"He's good. I have a couple things in my locker I need to get to him, actually. He's getting a warm blanket and a teddy. He asked for a stuffie, I promised him if he was really good, he'd be able to have one. He's been falling so fast, especially tonight. I told him I wanted to eat him and he took it literally."

“That's hilarious and adorable.” Mr. Taylor laughed.

Mr. Watson smiled. "Yeah... You know he said something really interesting tonight. He told me he'd never be able to get what he truly wanted, and when I asked him what that something was he told me he wanted to come home with me so I could be his real Papa." He said. "Just...Interesting."
Mr. Taylor stopped laughing and nodded, "Almost enough to make you feel like shit right? Just because he's a tad different from the others. He's the only one I actually don't think belongs here."

Mr. Watson nodded. "Yeah, he's so sweet and so innocent. The Judge wanted to teach him a lesson but poor kid got sent to this school." He tried not to frown. "Kinda makes me wanna actually bring him home sometimes." He sighed. "He hates it when I leave him too, unless he knows I'm coming back soon. He's gotten attached so quickly."

"Sneak him out then. Not like shit head doesn't do it with that Tyler brat he's so fond of." Mr. Taylor shrugged. "Just be careful. You know how to ensure he can't run off. Just be careful mate. His attachment will only get stronger and you know the rules. We aren't allowed to home or adopt the kids here. One of the few rules we can't get away with breaking."

Mr. Watson nodded. "Yeah, I get it… He doesn't want me to be his real father or anything, he just likes to pretend." He said. "I'll take him home later on tonight when my shift is over. Maybe."

Mr. Taylor nodded. "He might get nervous being taken out if he’s choosing to stay in his young mindset...I can give him a pill to relax him. Like an anti anxiety pill."

"That would be helpful, thanks." Mr. Watson smiled a little.

Mr. Taylor opened his mouth to reply when he got interrupted.

"Uh, sir?" Harry said walking over to the Keepers. "Is my hair alright?" He asked.

"Go ask Patterson, boy. He's the one with eyes for you. Smells clean but it's him who you need to be keeping happy. Make it fast." Mr. Watson snapped.

"Times almost up slags. Anyone not ready to go when times up earns double penetration!" Mr. Scott yelled.

The students then rushed to finish up their showers and race to brush their teeth.

Mr. Watson laughed. "They're like tiny insects trying not to squashed."

"It's so much fun to watch." Mr. Scott said coming over to them.

"I have to go grab a couple of things, can one of you keep an eye on my group? I won't be long." Mr. Watson said.

"I'll take care of them." Mr. Taylor said. "Just be quick." He added.

Mr. Watson nodded and then left.

"Buttercup, Harrison, little fairy, glory hole...you're with me. Get your arses over here." Mr. Taylor instructed.

"Harrison." Louis laughed in a whisper.

"Fuck off." Harry growled as he walked over to Mr. Taylor with the others. "At least I'm not fucking glory hole." He smirked as he walked faster to get away from Louis.

"Yes, sir?" Zayn asked feeling nervous once everyone was present.

"I'm taking you back to your rooms." Mr. Taylor explained.
"Mr. Taylor, I need the gag out back on I'm sure. I don't want punished for having it off please." Louis made sure to use a humble tone as he spoke, hoping he wouldn't be put back in it.

"Right, for now you've got my consent to keep it off. You'll be going out with Buttercup and Fairy tonight." He explained.

Niall inwardly groaned. He wanted to talk to Zayn alone. Mr. Taylor gave them space so it was easy to speak privately when you talked softly. He didn't want Louis with them.

"R-Really? I've been good long enough to earn something? A treat?" Louis asked.

"Yes...Mr. Watson requested you get something. Your pain is annoying him, even if you don't say shit." Mr. Taylor told him. "Now, all of you need to be inspected before we leave so turn around, bend over please." He added.

Louis wasn't about to give anyone a reason to take away this treat so he quickly obeyed.

One by one Mr. Taylor inspected them all. Harry however had to deal with Mr. Taylor fingering through his hair as well.

Mr. Taylor also looked in their mouths to be extra thorough. "You're all clean. Now get your damn clothes on and follow me." He ordered.

The lads quickly got their clothes back on and followed Mr. Taylor back to their room.

Chapter End Notes

There's a reason that Liam and Watson's "relationship" is focused on, if you don't like them, just don't read those parts lol but I think a lot of you enjoy them. ;)

I hope you all enjoyed the little Narry fucking in the shower...With Zayn blowing Niall. I mean, that's a REALLY NICE visual in your head innit? (For me at least, Hehehe.)

-Annabella
Chapter 19

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

So sorry for the delay. I was so sick last week. The room was spinning and I was puking my guts out for like two days. It takes a few days to recover from that. For me at least.

I am feeling better and we should be getting back on track now! Xox

When Mr. Taylor unlocked the door, he pushed them all inside and locked the door behind him.

"Get comfortable. I have other shit to do before you get your treat." He told them then turned to Liam. He noticed a bottle of juice on the floor and picked it up as he heard the door unlocking and opening.

"Hey. Thanks." Mr. Watson said walking inside.

"My pleasure." Mr. Taylor grinned. "I was about to give the baby here his special medicine."

Liam nervously looked to Mr. Watson and whimpered.

"It's okay baby. Take what he gives you and then I'll give you your presents alright?" Mr. Watson encouraged.

"He gets treats and gifts?" Niall whispered as he stood with the others.

"Spoilt, baby." Zayn shrugged.

"Daddy's favourite." Harry whispered. "Well, Papa's favourite, I guess."

"I was talking with my friend David about Liam earlier, he said we should treat him like a baby and talk to him like a baby most of the time, but switch it up now and then to being mature just to help him not to forget." Zayn whispered.

"Seems like a good idea." Harry whispered.

Niall felt himself get tense again at the mention of David.

Louis stayed silent, he wasn't going to risk getting in trouble and losing his treat.

Mr. Taylor pushed the side railing down and handed Liam his bottle of juice, then pulled a pill out of his pocket. "Here. Take this, it's special." He encouraged.

Liam seemed very upset by Mr. Taylor's presence. He didn't speak. Instead, he took his bottle and hugged it to his chest while holding his mouth open.

"Sweet boy, I promise he won't hurt you. Mr. Taylor is nice. This is just going to make you feel good. Papa promises." Mr. Watson encouraged as he watched the pill get dropped into Liam's
Liam used his juice to swallow the pill then opened his mouth to show it was gone. "I was good boy?" He asked in a whisper.

"Yes, LiLi. You were a very good boy." Mr. Watson smiled.

"I agree. The best boy in this school." Mr. Taylor said. "I'm sorry I was a bit mean last time I was here. I was just in a bad mood." He told the lad.

Liam nodded, "It's okay." His voice was still hushed. He wasn't sure about him. "Papa, can I have my present? Pretty please?" He was so excited to get to see his warm blanket and stuffie.

"Of course." Mr. Watson smiled as Mr. Taylor turned to the other lads in the room.

"I have shit to take care of, then I'll be back for you. Be ready," He said then left, locking the door behind him.

Mr. Watson sat beside Liam in the crib and wrapped the warm blanket around him and threw the sheet and the light blanket Zayn had given Liam the other night out of the crib. He then handed Liam a teddy bear. "If you continue to be a good boy, I'll give him a batman costume to wear. How about that?" He suggested with a small smile.

Liam's face lit up and he threw his arms around Mr. Watson. "Thank you papa! He's the best stuffie ever! Thank you!" He kissed his cheek twice then his lips. "I love him so much papa and I promise I'll be very good. I promise promise." He used the word twice for extra effect.

Mr. Watson laughed. "Good boy. I trust you'll be the very best." He kissed Liam's lips and cuddled him a little. "It's bed time though," He told Liam. "So let's check your nappy and get you to sleep."

Liam nodded and laid down as he held his new teddy bear tight to his chest. He didn't even feel embarrassed at all this time. "Look Bruce, papa got me a onesie with superhero logos on it. This one is who you'll be when papa sees I'm a good boy." He told the bear and pointed to the Batman logo.

Mr. Watson smiled softly as he undid the snaps of Liam's onesie. He pushed it up Liam's body a bit and undid the tabs. "Mmm, a wee and a mess." Mr. Watson commented. "Gremlin, get me the wipes and a fresh nappy please." He ordered.

Louis jumped off the bed he had been sitting on and picked up the box of wipes from the floor and grabbed a fresh nappy of the shelf as quick as he could. "Here you go, sir. Can I do anything else?"

"Yes, stop sucking up. I know what you want." He replied.

"Sir, am I alright to lay in bed now?" Harry wasn't sure what the plans for him might be.

"Yes, actually wait..." He changed his mind and looked back to Liam, "You said Harry is nice to you right baby boy?"

Liam nodded.

"Then do you feel safe if I put Harry in charge of looking after you tonight? I know you don't like the others." Mr. Watson asked.

"Yes papa. Bruce too?" Liam asked.
"Yes, Harry can be in charge of looking after Bruce too." Mr. Watson kissed his nose.

"Reek, you'll be in charge of caring for my baby tonight and actually, all nights from now on, so be alert." Mr. Watson said.

"Yes, sir." Harry nodded.

"Good lad, go lay down." The Keeper told him then cleaned Liam up and put a fresh nappy on him.

"There, all clean." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips and did the onesie back up. He pulled the blanket over Liam and kissed his head. "Sleep now, LiLi. I'll check on you later before I leave."

He had to figure out how he was going to sneak the lad out of the school. He'd have to have a conversation with Thomas about how he got Tyler out.

"Promise papa?" Liam worried.

Louis still felt this was disgusting. Nothing would change his mind. He just wouldn't open his mouth and say it out loud.

"Yes, I promise." Mr. Watson smiled as he kissed Liam's lips and popped the dummy into his mouth.

"Bruce too papa? Please?" Liam begged.

"You want Bruce to have kisses too?" Mr. Watson asked, unsure what he meant.

"Yes papa." He giggled sweetly. "Please papa? He's my new best friend." He looked so hopeful.

Mr. Watson smiled. "Of course. Can't let him get away with not having a kiss." He kissed the stuffed bear on the mouth, then stood up. "Rest up, LiLi." He said as he pulled up the side railing. "Take care of him or it's to the pit for you." He warned looking at Harry.

"Absolutely, sir." Harry promised. "I'll take good care of him." He meant that. Something about Liam was special so he had no problem being nice to him.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Good. Have a nice sleep, LiLi. I'll check on you before I leave okay?" He then blew the lad a kiss and left the room, locking it behind him.

Zayn sat on his bed, trying his best not to look at Niall.

"I know you all want to be nice to him but that shit is fucking creepy. It is. I'm sorry." Louis told Zayn and Niall. He refused to speak to Harry.

"It could work and besides, he's done nothing wrong. He's trying to survive like the rest of us." Niall defended. "We have no reason not to be nice to him and treat him like he wants to be treated." He shook his head. He just wanted to get his treat and get it over with. The sooner that happened, the sooner he could come back and cuddle with Zayn and kiss him. He longed to be in his boyfriends arms.

"No, I wasn't saying I was going to be mean. I was saying it's creepy. He's a grown man and Liam is a child." Louis defended.

"Baby." Liam pouted and hugged his bear.
"See?! This shit is fucking creepy!" Louis raised his voice.

"I know but nothing we can do about it besides accept it." Niall told him. "And besides doing what that so called friend of Zayn's said makes sense. Give in a little but throw in some mature words sometimes to make sure he doesn't forget. Or don't you know any?"

"Niall. C'mon...Don't start a fight. Mr. Taylor could come in at any time and decide not to give you your treat because of it." Zayn pleaded.

"Unless you actually want to be punished?" Harry asked.

"Fuck you Harrison. None of us want to punished and you know it." Louis spat back.

"Figures, he finally stops being a complete douche just for him to not get along with the new guy." Niall groaned and sat on a bed.

Zayn sat on the bed across from him.

"Did you know that I had fuck him during our shower since he was nice and washed my body for me because I was too sore to try it myself?" Harry asked.

Louis huffed but didn't say a word. He looked away from Harry.

"Well, during that time, he was asking to be punished, the only reason he shut up is because he didn't want to get me in trouble" Harry said. "Or because Zayn started to suck him...I mean that made all the difference, so thank you, Zayn. Your blowjob skills must be incredible for Niall to instantly relax like that and fake everything so well." He was getting off topic but he was just so angry with Louis.

Liam whimpered. He didn't like the fighting. He sucked harder on his dummy and held Bruce even tighter. He just wanted the other boys to stop being loud with angry voices. "Stop, Bruce is getting scared from your noise."

"It's just a stuffed bear." Louis complained.

"Shut up." Harry sighed. "We're sorry, Liam. We'll try to stop. Why don't you lay down and try to sleep?" He suggested.

"Is what Harry said true, Niall?" Louis asked.

"I just give great blowjobs." Zayn jumped in. "I've had to blow him a few times now so I knew what to do to get him off quickly."

"That wasn't the point." Harry said. "The point was before you even started to suck him, he relaxed instantly."

"He's the only person here who has been nice to me from the start. We're friends. We've discussed it. Closest thing to something significant I've ever had so yeah, him touching me was relaxing. Happy?" Niall rattled out rather quickly. He seemed very tense and agitated. "Zayn, I hate this. I absolutely bloody fucking hate this." Niall told him. Risky? Yes. He couldn't keep quiet about it anymore though.

Zayn tensed up. "I do too..." He sighed. "If you want to tell them then I'm more than fine with it." They'd just have to convince them somehow not to rat them out.
"Tell us what?" Harry asked suspiciously.

"I swear on my life if either of you say anything to anyone I absolutely will find a way to kill you with my own hands. I won't stop trying until I succeed." Niall warned. "That's how serious this is."

"And I'll gladly help him." Zayn smiled. "I'll just bury your bodies probably."

"Tell us what?! Spit it the fuck out." Louis groaned.

"We're dating and in love." Niall whispered.

Harry's eyes went very large. The room was completely silent for a moment that felt like ages.

The door opening broke that silence however. As if perfectly timed Mr. Taylor walked in meaning no one could respond properly to Niall's confession.

"Let's go, Slags." Mr. Taylor said. The three lads nodded slowly as they followed him out. He looked at Harry before he closed the door. "Go to bed, mop top. You should save up your energy." Mr. Taylor smirked. "Never know what might happen to you in the morning or middle of the night." He said then closed the door and locked it.

"Walk fast." He ordered the lads as they were rushed to the courtyard door.

Once outside, Mr. Taylor turned to Zayn and handed him the lighter and the joint. "Light up, Buttercup." He said then looked at Niall who was already on his knees with his mouth open. "Anxious are we?" He laughed. "Glory Hole on your knees, mouth open." He instructed.

Louis did what was asked and Mr. Taylor placed the pills on both their tongues.

"Here. You can share the water." He handed Niall a plastic bottle.

Niall took it and swallowed the pill. He handed it to Louis then stood up.

"Here you are, sir." Zayn said handing him the lighter back.

"He's trusting you with the lighter again, that's good." Niall smiled a little.

Zayn smiled back and nodded a little as he went to sit on the bench.

"So, this is real? What you said in the room?" Louis asked quietly.

"Yes, are you going to snitch?" Niall asked in a serious tone.

"No, I might have been an arse to you both but I wouldn't tell." Louis almost looked offended. "A lot of things make more sense now though."

"Like what?" Zayn asked curiously. "We're trying to keep this a secret...So anything you can tell us so we can approve on that." He said and took a long drag before letting the smoke out. He felt better, more relaxed. But Niall's worries about it affecting his health played in his mind a lot more. It made him feel bad about needing the drug. He'd never known anyone to care so much about what he put in his body. Maybe he could try to substitute it with something else.

"Like, the way you glance at each other when one of you is about to be used. The way you both defend one another and then play it off after the fact. The way Zayn said he hit me when really Niall did. Oh and I thought I heard you and Niall awake one night but I was too tired and didn't care enough to actually look." Louis explained what he'd seen.
Niall looked nervous. "I didn't think we were so obvious. Fuck!" He groaned as he ran a hand through his hair. This was not his day.

"Babe. At least some stuff will be easier with them knowing." Zayn whispered. "Like our night stuff, for one. I'm not sure what we can do about watching the other get used besides trying to look like we don't care. The glances... We'll be okay as long as the Keepers don't notice. And as for defending you, that'll shouldn't be a problem now that the others know." He felt so worried about Niall.

"I just want us to have a normal relationship...But we won't." Niall said softly. "What if we don't make it...What if we don't make it as a couple when we're out of this place someday?" He sighed and fought the urge to lean against Zayn.

"No, don't you dare talk like that. You aren't allowed to. You're only allowed to think positive. We will get out of here and when we do we will make it together forever." Zayn told him very certain.

"And this is my cue to just walk away and let you two have your moment." Louis said. "Don't leave." Niall told him. "Mr. Taylor has asked questions in the past. You being here, it helps our cover, so you'll stand right there and listen to every sappy shit that comes out of our mouths... Please."

Louis didn't say anything, he just nodded.

Niall looked at Zayn. "It's hard to be positive but I'll try. Things are easier with you..."

"I'm worried about you though. About what happened in the showers with Harry...Are you okay? Were you serious about wanting a punishment over being fucked?" Zayn asked softly then took another drag.

Niall paused for a moment, "Just angry that I can't put David in his place. Really angry Zaynie. You're mine now and I'm not gonna let someone, anyone steal you away from me. Sorry but I'm a selfish little Irishmen."

Zayn smiled a little and noticed Louis trying not to laugh at Niall’s comment.

Zayn looked at him then back to Niall, deciding not to say anything to Louis. "Baby, I'm yours. No one is going to steal me away from you. I promise. I love you...And only you."

"Now that everyone in the room knows you can prove to me that you're only mine after lights out." He smiled but quickly stopped knowing they were being watched.

Zayn nodded a little and worked on finishing up his joint.

Louis sighed. "Just be quiet so the rest of us can sleep." He pleaded.

"I thought we were quiet." Niall said confused.

"Ignore him." Zayn said.

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Back at the room, Harry was trying to sleep. He felt restless. He also couldn't help but think of Niall and Zayn's confession. He only felt a little a surprised by it.

Liam was laid in his crib across the room. He fallen asleep rather quickly when Mr. Taylor had
taken the other lads out but a bad dream had struck him now and he was crying in his sleep.

Harry heard Liam's cries and jumped out of bed. He quickly went over to the crib and noticed the lad crying in his sleep. He frowned as he pulled the side railing down. He gently shook Liam.
"Liam, wake up. It's just a bad dream." He shook him.

Liam distantly heard someone calling to him and helped bring him out of his sleep. His eyes fluttered open and he frowned looking up at Harry. His eyes and cheeks were wet from tears now. "Clown."

"Clowns are scary, yes. But there's none here." Harry wiped away his tears. "It was just a dream. Try not to think about it. Think about happy things, like water? You like water right?" He said.

Liam smiled softly and nodded. "LiLi like water. LiLi like Harry. No like clown."

Harry smiled. "Good. And I think your bear, Bruce right? He's special. He has powers. I can tell. He can use them to protect you from clowns." He tried to help. He had learned a little about helping young children with bad dreams as he had to share a room with a toddler in one of his Foster home's.

Liam smiled, "Like Batman and Joker?" His voice was much tinier now and had a stronger childlike tone. "Batman." He said pointing to the logo on his onesie.

Harry noticed the change but figured it was because of the dream. "Just like Batman and Joker." He couldn't remember the story that well, but Liam seemed to make that connection so he went with it. "Ah, I see that. Very cool." He smiled. "So Batman is your favourite then?" He asked.

Liam nodded. "Batman is smart Harry. He's no super. Just smart. I named teddy after him but no tell okay? Batman is Bruce but its secret. Promise?" Liam asked. Batman was obviously the trick to changing the focus of Liam's mind.

"I promise." Harry nodded. "To infinity and beyond." He smirked. He wondered if Liam would get the Toy Story reference or if he even liked the film. "Bruce is very smart then to become Batman. Lots of intense training."

Liam giggled and squealed delightedly. "Buzz lightyear! Harry know about Buzz?!" Liam seemed shocked and amazed.

"Oh yeah. Toy Story is the shit." Harry laughed. "I've seen it like once, but everyone knows that classic line." He smiled. He was slowly figuring out the things that helped Liam get his mind off of scary things. "But I shouldn't get you excited. Mr. Watson...Er your Papa said that you need your rest." Harry didn't want to get in trouble. Mr. Watson did say he'd be back later to check in him.

"Harry tuck LiLi and Bruce back in? Please Harry. Be your best friend!" His childlike self tried to bribe Harry best he could into helping him get tucked back in.

Harry laughed. "We're already friends, mate. But yes, I'll tuck you and Bruce back in." He said as he stood up. He pulled the blanket over Liam and tucked Liam and the bear in. He grabbed the dummy that had landed on the floor. He washed it off and put it back in Liam's mouth. "There we go. Feel better?" He asked.

"Yes, Harry is best friend ever ever. Thank you Harry. LiLi loves you." He said and yawned. "Bruce too."
"Thanks." Harry smiled. "Me too." He said. He had meant it in a completely way. It was hard not to enjoy Liam's friendship even if he was acting like a toddler. He pulled the railing up and went to lay down in bed. It wasn't long before the door opened and the other lads were pushed inside.

"Get to bed. You lads have chores tomorrow." Mr. Taylor warned and looked over at Liam. He seemed ok so as did Harry so he left.

"Honestly though, just don't get crazy now that you don't have to keep us from hearing." Louis reminded as he went to lay down.

Zayn nodded. "We'll try to be-" He was cut off by Niall's lips attacking his. "Quiet." He mumbled as he pulled Niall close to his body and held him tight as he kissed him back.

"Yeah, quiet, I just got LiLi back to sleep. Fuck, I mean Liam." Harry shook his head and rolled over.

"Mmm, just give us one night to be less than silent." Niall's voice pleaded before going back to Zayn's lips.

Maybe just after ziall finish and before Zayn gets back into bed so Zayn has to lie about why he's up

"Oh for fuck's sake. We do not want to listen to you two have sex." Louis complained.

"Oh shut up, Louis. Let them be happy." Harry argued. "It's fine by me if you don't want to be quiet tonight or sometimes. Just not every night." He said.

"Thanks, promise." Niall agreed before pushing Zayn towards his bunk. "Mine. You're mine Zayn Foster. Do you hear me? No one gets your love like me. I'm gonna make sure you know that."

Zayn grinned. He could get used to jealous and possessive Niall. "I hear ya. No one else gets my love besides you. Do what you please...Show me that no one gets my love like you." He bit his lip. This was hot. He was already growing hard. Niall's accent was getting hotter the more he talked.

"I'm gonna fuck you until it's burned into your brain my prince. As much as I love your mouth being on me cock it's your arse that's getting filled tonight." Niall grinned sexually and began ripping at Zayn's clothes.

"Sounds fun." Zayn said honestly. He allowed Niall to take his clothes off then looked up at him. "This is very unfair, Princess. Your clothes are on and mine are off. Ya see my issue?" He smirked.

Niall smirked and got Zayn laying on his back how he wanted. He then began planting kisses over his body using his teeth. He was careful to not leave marks as he did this; pretending to mark up his boyfriend. "Mine Zayn. All mine."

Finally Niall pulled back and removed his clothing. He moaned when he laid back down and felt his body against Zayn's. "He wouldn't feel the way I do Zaynie. How soft and smoothly our skin connects when it meets. You wouldn't be a prince to him either." As he spoke seductively and possessively his hands roamed over Zayn's body.

"Fuck." Zayn cursed under his breath. He was fully erect now. "Mm, he wouldn't." He agreed. "No one can make me feel the way my princess feels. I love you. Only you." He couldn't wait for the day that they could mark up each other's bodies without worrying about being caught and getting in serious trouble. He ran his hands over Niall's back and over his arse, squeezing a little.
"I know you like that but tonight you aren't getting it." Niall told Zayn when he felt the squeeze. "Tonight you're getting this." Niall moved to straddle Zayn's chest and tapped his cock against Zayn's lips. "Get it good and wet Prince Zayn."

Zayn smiled. "I just enjoy playing with your body but I'm happy with whatever you give me." He said then took Niall's cock into his mouth for the second time that night. He started to bob his head a little as he gripped Niall's hips. He swirled his tongue around the hard cock in his mouth as he ran his hands up and down Niall's sides.

Niall moaned, holding back less than nights before. "Yes, fuck I love your mouth." He was quickly growing hard now which was his plan the entire time. Get hard by treating himself to a second blow job and then fuck Zayn until he never forgets who he belongs to.

Zayn moaned around the cock hardening in his mouth as he continued to suck and bob on the cock. He sat up a little as he took more of Niall into his mouth as he began to suck harder and move his head faster. He moaned around the cock more, loving how full his mouth felt with it.

"Fuck, okay..." Niall trailed off and moved away. He couldn't handle being sucked anymore. He needed inside Zayn now. "Bring your legs to your chest for me. Gonna put them over my shoulders." He explained as he moved.

Zayn nodded and did as he was asked. He was excited. He brought his knees up to his chest and smiled at Niall. They hadn't really experimented with positions sexually yet so he couldn't wait for something new.

Niall hooked Zayn's tan legs over his shoulders then aimed his tip against Zayn's pucker. "Mmm, your so beautiful. Beautiful boy? Who do you belong to?"

"You, my beautiful Princess. No one else but you. I belong to you alone." Zayn told him. "But I may need a reminder..." He smirked. He was going to have a bit of fun with this.

"Oh really?" Niall asked and began to tease him by pressing against his pucker. "By the time I'm done you may not be able to walk straight.

Zayn moaned, allowing himself to be louder than he had been previous nights. He loved being teased by Niall. "Counting on it." He smirked. "Show me who I really belong to, Princess. I need you to show me..." He bit his lip as he anxiously waited to be fucked.

"I swear I think my ears are bleeding." Harry mumbled to himself.

"The only time you and I will agree on anything." Louis replied before putting his head under his pillow.

Niall carefully slid into Zayn with out smooth and quick thrust. "Shit, love that you're always so tight for me."

"Always for you my love." Zayn moaned. "Love how you feel when you're inside me, my Princess." He moaned a little louder.

Niall wasted no time find a quick speed. He drilled into him as hard as he could as he moaned, "No one fucks you like I do. No one know all your favorite places. No one ever Zayn."

Zayn let his legs fall over Niall's shoulders as he moaned out loud. "Fucking...Fuck." He mumbled. "No one...No one.." He tried to agree but the pleasure shooting through his body was making it hard for him to form sentences. "Not ever." He mumbled out in a low moan.
Niall forced himself to hold back a while more. He wanted fuck Zayn as long as he possibly could. It wasn't going to be much longer however.

"You feel amazing, NiNi." Zayn moaned gripping the sheets. "I'm so hard, Princess. I'm leaking everywhere because of you." He could feel how close he was but he was holding off best he could because of how great it was feeling for his arse to be owned by his boyfriend.

"This is how I'm going to die, innit?" Harry groaned.

"It was your bloody brilliant idea to let them be loud." Louis glared at Harry who was in the bunk across from him.

"I wasn't aware of the pet names, obviously." Harry rolled his eyes and turned away from him.

Louis lifted up his pillow to sit up and check on Liam. "How the fuck is he sleeping through this?"

"Maybe it's something to do with the pill Mr. Taylor gave him..." Harry suggested.

Louis opened his mouth but was cut off by the sounds of Zayn moaning.

"I'm close, princess. Can I cum for you yet?" Zayn asked as his eyes closed, enjoying the feeling of Niall owning him.

"Don't you dare. Not until after I own this arse of yours." Niall growled a bit as he managed to drive harder and deeper into Zayn. "Shit! Zaynie!" He painted. "Fuck oh fuck. Yes!" He cried against Zayn's skin as he came.

"I'm allowed to cum now right?"

"Yes Zaynie. Show me how good I made you feel. Make a mess for me." Niall encouraged and thrust in him a few more time.

Zayn didn't need to be told twice, especially with Niall's added thrusts, he came with a twisted shout and moan escaping his lips as he cried out Niall's name, making a mess between them. "Fuck." He groaned as he tried to catch his breath but he looked at Niall and smiled. "I love you so much." It had felt great to be able to be a little loud for a change.

"I love you too Zayn." Niall smiled. "You're a mess." He then laughed.

"You did want a mess." He smirked a little then moved his legs off of Niall's shoulders. "It's what you do to me though. I'll always make a mess for you..."

"Oh my GOD!" Louis groaned loudly.

"You both came. Sex is over. Be quiet for fucks sake now. Please." Harry begged.

"Sorry." Zayn laughed looking at them briefly before turning his attention back to the boy on top of him.

"You wake up Liam and I'll add a few more holes to your body for the Keepers to fuck." Harry warned.

"How about I lick you clean and then you can tuck me in like last night?" Niall whispered.
Zayn nodded. "Sounds like a plan, my beautiful Irish Princess." He whispered as he smiled up at Niall.

Niall took care to clean every drop of cum off Zayn before kissing him. "There, all better."

Zayn wrapped his arms around Niall and deepened the kiss a little. "Mmm, I love that mouth of yours." He whispered. "But if we're going to survive a day of chores, we should sleep. Get dressed and I'll tuck you in." He kissed Niall's cheek.

Niall put his uniform on and crawled into bed. He smiled when the pillow smelled like Zayn. "Goodnight my prince."

Zayn crawled out of the bed and leaned down to kiss Niall's cheek. "Good night, my Princess. Love you." He whispered as he pulled the blanket over Niall's body and tucked him in. He kissed his lips then got his uniform back on and headed for bed.

Just as Zayn was about to start his climb up the ladder the door opened rather quietly. Mr. Watson began to come in the room as softly as he could but then saw Zayn and whispered a bit harshly, "Why are you up?"

Zayn jumped and saw Mr. Watson. "I had to wee." He said quickly. "I'm sorry, sir." He frowned. "Am I in trouble? Are we supposed to hold it in all night? If so, then I wasn't aware sir." He felt panicked.

"Just shut up and get your arse in bed. Keep quiet too. Do you understand me, Muppet?" He glared at Zayn. "Perhaps if you're smart and forget all this ill let you have your old nickname back."

Zayn nodded and quickly climbed up the ladder and into the bed. He covered himself with the blanket and closed his eyes.

The Keeper grabbed Liam's changing bag and threw in a few nappies as well as the box of wipes. He pushed the side railing down and looked at the sleeping boy. He was cuddling his teddy bear tightly and his dummy was still in his mouth. It was enough to make Mr. Watson feel turned on by just watching him.

He shook his head to get out of that headspace, just for a moment, he had to focus. He put the changing bag over his shoulder then gently picked Liam up, making sure he still had his teddy and the dummy never fell from the lad's lips. He also wrapped his warm blanket around him, he didn't want his baby to get cold.

He then quickly but quietly left the room. It was easier this way than to wake Liam up and have him be excited to see his Papa.

He locked the door again behind him and walked down the long hallway and straight to the back door of the school where the staff and faculty parked. He unlocked the door and locked it again behind him. He walked to his car, where he paused to search for his keys in his pocket. When he found them, he pressed the button to unlock it and sat Liam in the backseat.

He then rubbed Liam's cheek. "LiLi? Sweet boy...Can you wake up for a moment for Papa?" He asked softly as he continued to rub the little one's cheek.

Liam's eyes blinked open. The little one was obviously tired and and confused. "Papa?" He questioned in a voice far more infantile than he'd ever had before.

Mr. Watson raised his eyebrows. Mr. Taylor had come through with that pill after all. He ran his
fingers through Liam's hair. "You're gonna come home with me for the night, I'll bring you back before breakfast. We can do this as often as you'd like. It was easier for me to sneak you out when you were sleeping." He explained then put the seatbelt on Liam. "You still wanna come home with me right? I don't live far." He stroked Liam's cheek.

Liam nodded and gave his papa the cutest little smile ever. "Bruce?" He asked hopeful and showed him the teddy. "LiLi love papa. LiLi love Bruce. Bruce love papa."

Mr. Watson grinned. "And Papa loves you both very much." He kissed Liam's cheek then he bear's head. "Alright, let's go home." He closed the car door and got into the driver's side.

The school was in the middle of nowhere but civilization wasn't far off from it.

They arrived about 15 minutes later to Mr. Watson's house. It was a small house, not much to it. He worked long hours and rarely had a day off, so he never needed much. He parked in his driveway then went to the backseat where he unbuckled Liam and picked him up. "We're home, baby." He whispered as he grabbed the changing bag. He made sure Liam had his dummy and Bruce then headed inside.

"LiLi so happy!" He giggled cuddling his teddy. "Papa house." He told Bruce then looked at Mr. Watson, "LiLi sleep papa bed?"

"Yes, Papa's house." Mr. Watson paused as he closed the door and locked it again behind him.

"Yes, LiLi can sleep in Papa's bed. I don't have a crib or anything like you have at school but maybe over time I can convert the spare room to your space." He said as he walked further into the house. He walked into the living room and sat Liam on the floor and sat the changing bag down next to him. "I'll get some toys for you so tomorrow night if you want to play you can. Right now, you can watch Telly or sleep, or play with Papa."

"Bruce sleepy." He said and kissed the teddy before handing him to Mr. Watson. "Bruce night night now. LiLi stay with papa." If he wasn't sleeping and had his papa he didn't need Bruce.

"Bruce can play with us anytime you want though, okay?" Mr. Watson said taking the bear and laying the bear on the sofa.

Liam smiled and slowly, almost as if he was trying to figure out how, crawled closer to his Papa. He smiled when he reached him. "Did it!"

"Good job, LiLi." Mr. Watson smiled. "Would you like to see Papa's room?" He asked.

Liam smiled and nodded then made grabby hands up at him. The pill for sure had Liam out of his normal actions. "LiLi Papa room. LiLi happy."

Mr. Watson grinned and picked Liam up in his arms, then grabbed the changing bag.

He walked out of the living room and down a short hallway, he walked to the third door on the right and opened the door. "Here we are. Papa has a really big bed." He walked over to it and laid Liam down on it.

"Wow." Liam gasped and let himself roll around on it a little like a child would. He giggled and looked up at Mr. Watson with sparkling eyes. "LiLi look small on papa big bed!"

"Yes." Mr. Watson nodded. "Very small. Very cute too." He kissed Liam's nose. He took his shoes off along with his socks. He then stripped down to his pants and crawled on the bed. "Can LiLi
"LiLi crawl." He smiled and rolled over in an adorable manner. He then sloppily moved up the bed. When he got there he laughed proudly.

Mr. Watson laughed with him and moved Liam so the lad was on his lap. He ran a hand down his back. "Good job on crawling to get to me." He said. He sighed a little. "Mm, I can't decide whether or not to let you sleep or to play with you." He played with the edges of Liam's onesie. "What does LiLi think Papa should do?" He asked. He wasn't sure what kind of reply he'd get but he was curious about anything Liam said now.

Liam giggled and put his hands on Mr. Watson's pants. "Papa let LiLi taste Papa?" He looked so sweet and cute with his face full of hope that papa would say yes. "No one hear or see papa and LiLi now!"

"Exactly!" Mr. Watson leaned forward and kissed Liam deeply. "Mmm, you can taste Papa." He lifted his hips but held onto Liam to make sure he didn't fall. "Gotta get my pants off though. Can you do that?" He asked.

Liam looked determined as he began tugging and pulling at random spots on Mr. Watson's pants. It was a bit hard for him but slowly he began to succeed.

Mr. Watson watched as Liam pulled his pants off. It was the most adorable thing to watch. Soon, he managed to get them off and he chuckled when the little lad cheered. "Mmm, thank you, baby. Now, let's get this onesie off of you so Papa can touch you later. If you touch me, I gotta touch you." He smirked.

Liam suddenly looked sad. "Batman." His lower lip pouted out. "LiLi get it back papa?" A tear rolled down his cheek. "LiLi's Batman."

Mr. Watson frowned a little as he wiped away Liam's tears. "Of course sweetheart, after we're done, I'll put it back on." He pecked Liam's lips. "I took it off so I could make you feel good and so that we wouldn't get it dirty." He kissed Liam's face. "You forgive Papa?" He asked stroking his cheek.

Liam nodded, "Yes, LiLi loves papa. LiLi loves papa this much." He opened his arms to show how much he loved him. "Touches now?"

"Wow! That's a lot of love! And it's all mine." Mr. Watson grinned. "I'm very lucky... And yes, touches now. Did you want to touch me first? Or should I touch you first?" Mr. Watson asked then tickled Liam a little. He was being too adorable not to have a little innocent fun first.

Liam laughed loudly, "Papa! Tickles papa!" He rolled away from him and smiled, "No tickle touches!"

"Okay, no more tickle touches. Should I just touch you, instead? Make you feel good?" Mr. Watson asked as he crawled over to where Liam was on the bed and started to kiss his neck.

Liam made happy little coo'ing noise when he felt the kisses. "Special touches papa." He requested and played with Mr. Watson's hair.

"Alright, but first let's check your nappy to see if you've done anything. I gotta make sure you're clean before I do any special touches." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips then pulled his nappy down.

"LiLi wet?" He asked. At this point he actually didn't know if he'd gone wee or not. He was finding
rather hard to know much of anything right now.

"Yes, LiLi is wet." Mr. Watson said as he climbed off the bed and got the changing bag from his floor.

He had thrown the changing pad in there so he pulled it out and sat Liam on top of it.

He removed the wet nappy and rolled it up then threw it in the bin that was in his bedroom.

He cleaned Liam up, making sure everything was covered. He kissed the lad again then moved him to lay at the top of the bed putting his head on a pillow. "Why don't you try playing with your cock, baby? And I'll be right back. I have to go to the loo to clean my hands." He said. He was having fun figuring out what Liam understood now and didn't.

Liam nodded sweetly and began to run his fingertips over the length of his cock. A giggle escaped him when his touching cause his dick to jump a bit. "LiLi do good Papa!" He called to him.

"Good job." Mr. Watson called back. He finished washing his hands then quickly went back out to his bedroom where he found Liam on the bed playing with his cock, like he had asked him to do. It was hotter now than earlier because of Liam's new mindset. He went to his closet where he pulled out a shoebox.

He had been shopping the night before for small toys to use on Liam. He pulled out a small purple vibrator, it had a separate controller. He then sat the box on the floor and went to the bed. He allowed Liam to continue to play with himself as he spread the little lad's legs apart and let his fingers rub over Liam's hole. He gently pushed one finger in and was pleased to find it still open from the earlier fucking. He pulled it out and looked up at Liam. "LiLi, sweet baby, can you listen to me for a moment?" He asked as he showed Liam the vibrator.

Liam nodded but didn't look at him. He was so fascinated by his ability to make his own cock hard. He felt like he was cool like papa now; even though it was taking him longer than it did papa.

"LiLi, I'm going to put this thing up your bum, it'll feel weird at first but then it'll start to feel so good. I promise." Mr. Watson said then slowly pushed the vibrator inside Liam. He sat back on his heels and turned it on low. He then looked up at Liam.

"Papa cock is bigger." Liam gave a cheeky smile. "Papa feel better too." Liam had gotten used to his hole being so stretched open by Mr. Watson that while this toy did feel strange it didn't hurt.

"Mmm, I'm happy to hear that, baby." Mr. Watson smiled back. He then turned it up to the medium setting. "I can put the vibrator on low, medium or high...I have it on medium now. Does it still feel good?" He asked as he moved up to be lay beside Liam. He took Liam's free hand and put it on his cock. "Baby, rub Papa's cock, get him hard."

Liam moaned as his eyes closed. His hand ran over Mr. Watson cock a bit shaky. "Papa, LiLi feel good. So good."

Mr. Watson wrapped his hand around Liam's one to help him a little. "Good, baby. I'm so glad you're feeling good." He smirked. "But Papa's cock is still better right?" He smirked as he leaned over to kiss Liam's cheek.

"Papa has best cock in the world." Liam smiled through his moaning. "Want papa special milk."

Mr. Watson nodded. "I'm all hard, baby. You did a great job, LiLi." He said as he climbed on top of Liam and sat his knees on either side of Liam's face. He tapped his hard cock against Liam's

Liam cheered a little and giggled. He opened his mouth and welcomed the large dick inside it. He loved getting to suck on papa's cock. He actually liked it better then when papa would go inside him.

Mr. Watson let out a loud moan. "Mmm," He smiled happily. Liam had become a fast learner on how to give his Papa great blowjobs. "Papa loves it when you suck his cock baby. Papa loves to make you feel good and especially loves being inside you. There's no better feeling than having my cock buried inside your little hole." He ran his fingers through Liam's hair. He loved playing with it.

Liam smiled around Mr. Watson's cock. He knew his papa was happy because he was being a good boy. Liam always did his best to be a good boy.

"Mmm, you're such a good baby. Fuck." Mr. Watson moaned louder and began to face fuck Liam. "Your mouth is so good." He reached behind him and began to stroke Liam's small cock between his fingers.

Liam moaned loudly around Mr. Watson and quickly started to whimper. He could feel his special milk coming but he had no real way to ask papa if he could.

Mr. Watson smiled down at Liam. "I'm gonna turn around and suck on your little baby cock and when you feel it, you can give it to me." He said. "But I want you to keep sucking on my cock too." He tried to explain the 69 position to the little lad.

Liam wasn't entirely sure if he understood but he would do his best to keep papa happy.

"LiLi suck papa. Papa suck LiLi." He nodded and smiled. "Papa hurry. LiLi special milk soon."

"Exactly." Mr. Watson grinned. "You're so smart." He moved to hover over Liam's smaller frame. "Put my cock back in your mouth, LiLi...and suck." He told the lad then worked on sucking his little cock.

Liam nodded and almost greedily began to suck on his cock. When he felt his dick suddenly being sucked on he became a whimpering and Moaning mess.

Mr. Watson moaned loudly around Liam's cock when he felt the vibrations Liam sent through his cock. "Shit. Fuck." Mr. Watson moaned against the cock in his mouth and couldn't get the words out fast enough to warn Liam before he came down his baby boy's throat.

Liam instantly began to suck on the special milk as though it were the only thing keeping him alive. As he did this the pleasure became far too much for Liam and came with a loud cry.

Mr. Watson sucked up everything Liam had to offer, he had never enjoyed anything more in his life. When he finished, he slowly moved off of Liam and grabbed the remote, he turned the vibrator off. He then slowly made his way towards the end of Liam's body where he spread his baby's legs apart and slowly, and as gently as he could, took the small vibrator out of him.

He looked up at Liam for a moment, who looked completely fucked out, and he had never seen such a beautiful sight before. He then remembered that cum usually made Liam need to wee, so he quickly grabbed a fresh nappy and put it on the lad. He then lay next to Liam and took his hand. "I love you, baby boy." He kissed it.

"Love papa. Love papa much." Liam said rather tired. "LiLi's papa."
Mr. Watson grinned and pecked Liam's lips. "Yes, I'm LiLi's Papa." He smiled. "Let's get you into bed." He pushed the sheets back and moved Liam so he was under them.

Mr. Watson then got under the sheets himself and pulled Liam into his arms. "Poor baby, you look so tired. Get some sleep." He kissed his head. "I won't leave you. We can sleep together in the bed. Doesn't that sound fun?" He asked as he fingered through the lad's soft hair.

"Yes." Liam nodded and cuddles into Mr. Watson as hard as he could. "Papa. LiLi papa. Love papa." He mumbled obviously in his safe place now.

Mr. Watson smiled as he continued to stroke Liam's hair for awhile. He then carefully got out of the bed and into the shower. He really needed one after the day he had. He wasn't really sexual with many students who weren't Liam now but he and Liam had played hard tonight and he needed a wash. He left the door open in case Liam needed him.

After his shower, he was hungry, but felt too tired to eat so he crawled into bed with Liam and cuddled him as he fell asleep.
"Up Slags! Let's get moving!" Mr. Jones yelled coming into the room. "I'm your Keeper this morning so get up and get your uniforms on. Except you, get over here." He pointed to Zayn. "You get to give me a strip show to start my day off right."

All of the lads had fallen asleep with their uniform on, so everyone just stood and looked at Mr. Jones as Zayn swayed his hips and slowly began to strip, starting with his shirt.

"I've never done a strip show for anyone before." Zayn's voice came out softer than expected. "Sorry if I'm not doing it to your liking, sir." He said then slowly removed his joggers as he turned around and lifted his arse in the high forcing himself to look at the ground and not Niall who was standing right beside him.

He then stepped out of his joggers and turned around to face Mr. Jones as he continued to sway his hips. He had no idea what he was doing or what the Keeper expected.

"Where's Liam?" Harry whispered to Niall. Mr. Jones was obviously distracted.

Niall looked a bit angry so he hoped asking his question would help distract him some as well.

"Uh, Mr. Watson came in last night." Niall whispered back. It was hard not to watch the scene unfolding in front of him. He wanted nothing more than to beat the shit out of the Keeper standing in front of him for making his boyfriend do a strip tease.

"He took Liam. I heard him tell off Zayn for being awake. Zayn lied and said he had a wee. I was in bed but not asleep yet so I heard everything. I checked on Zayn when he left, and Liam was gone. So I don't know where he took him."

"I just better not get into trouble for this." Harry folded his arms over his chest.

"Very good. You can expect a visit from me later today, Milk Chocolate." Mr. Jones smirked and slapped his arse.

Zayn nodded. "Yes, sir."

"May I get dressed now, sir?" He asked. He could take it and deal with it if it wasn't in front of Niall. "Unless you'd prefer me to go to breakfast this way?"
He wasn't being sarcastic, he was trying to suck up. He'd suck up to any Keeper and pray he wouldn't get it as rough.

Mr. Jones' smile grew. "That's a great offer but I won't be able to focus on my job if I have your arse to look at. I suppose you can stay shirtless though."

"Yes, sir." Zayn said and quickly got his joggers on, then his trainers. "If this is okay, then I'm ready for breakfast, sir."

"Perfect. Let's go, White Chocolate." The Keeper looked at Niall. "Bring your fucked up looking friends with you." He snarled and opened the door.

"Fucked up looking friends?" Harry looked pissed.

"Don't worry. At least Mr. Patterson thinks you're cute." Louis whispered to Harry.

"Shut up glory hole." Harry spat back. "This is so fucked up. I'm actually starting to hope that family does press charges. Easy way out of hell and away from you." He told Louis then whispered under his breath, "Hang out with you too long and I'll catch aids or something."

Louis balled up his fist. "I'd hit you but you're not worth it." He glared as they walked into the cafeteria then quickly got in line so he could get away from Harry.

Louis quickly went through the line. He was lucky to see the eggs were hot today so he chose those. They were pretty runny but they'd work.

After getting his drink he spotted an empty chair by Finn and took a seat by him.

"Hey, mate." Finn said as he took a bite of his toast. "How's your jaw feeling? Is it any better today?" He asked.

"Mr. Taylor hooked me up with some kind of pill last night that helped. Only just a tad sore today." He took a sip of his milk and tried not to curl his nose.

"Yeah...Never get the milk. Always juice and water. Anything else is disgusting." Finn said.

"Wow. What did you have to do to make that happen?"

"So I see." He pushed it aside and started in on his eggs. "That's just it. I didn't do anything. So far he hasn't made me do anything at least."

Finn raised his eyebrows. "Wow. What'd he say though? Mr. Taylor doesn't make the final decision on that shit. Room keepers do." He said. "Oh and you can't not drink that now...If you waste food, and that includes drinks, you get punished."

"This shit is starting to turn. It could make me sick." Louis complained. "Damn it. I think Mr. Taylor said something about it being Mr. Watson's idea.

"If you get sick, you don't do anything sexual until the nurse deems you better. Some can drink it and be fine, others get sick but then they get a break from shit until they're better...So it depends on how much you want a break.." Finn said and took a sip of water. "If you don't drink it, you end up in the playroom or maybe you go to the pit... Sometimes they send students there over little things just because they're looking to punish them." He explained

"I've already been threatened to go there." Louis shook his head and worked on slowly getting the milk down between bites of eggs.
Across the room Louis suddenly took note of Liam being brought in by Mr. Watson. He was clung to him and playfully kissing his neck while fumbling with the buttons on his shirt.

"Damn, was really hoping he was gone for good. The baby shit makes me nauseous."

"You can always just take the risk to drink it and maybe you'll get sick." Finn offered. "Yeah, Watson's always been into age play...Kinda creepy."

"No shit." Louis shook his head.

"No one's been like your roommate that I'm aware of like accepting it so fully like he has, not since I've been here." He added.

"How long have you been stuck here?" Louis asked.

"Couple years." Finn shrugged.

"Damn." Louis shook his head.

"Another thing, don't say shit in front of the baby like anything you want private, they usually end up spies for their room keeper. And be nice at all cost...Mr. Watson is very protective of his babies." Finn warned.

"Yeah, one of my roommates was advised to just play into it." Louis nodded as he pushed himself to keep eating and drinking slowly. "There's one lad in our room, I can't fucking stand him, he's been put in charge of Liam when Mr. Watson isn't around in our room."

"Oh, so he's important then." Finn said. "You usually get special treatment when you're put in charge of the baby. Lucky him. But what's wrong with him? Why can't you stand him?"

"He's a fucking..." Louis tried to find the best word. Struggling he just went with, "...shit bag. He's constantly running his mouth to me and basically looking for a fight." He looked around trying to spot him. "There, that one with the mop on his head. Mr. Watson calls him Reek."

Finn nodded. "Some are like they, they can't deal or they don't play well with others, he's lucky he's the baby's nanny or he'd probably wouldn't be doing very well here, but trust me...When Keepers are around, be nice. It's your safest bet to surviving in here."

Louis nodded; he didn't like it but he'd do it. "The biggest bother is the kissing and the I love you shit. I mean, I swear it's real for Liam. Can't so much read Mr. Watson."

"If you've never been loved in your life or cared for then someone starts showing that, wouldn't you take what you can get? And besides, being a baby means you're safe for the most part or Watson's at least from what I've seen." Finn said.

"I guess I see your point. The age gap just brings the creepiness. You can't deny and adult loving up on a teen who thinks he's one is creepy. I hear what you're saying but... I mean look at them." Louis nodded towards them.

Mr. Watson had just made it back over to Liam with jars of food and was kissing Liam sweetly.

Liam was obviously tired but adoring the attention.

Mr. Watson gave Liam one more kiss then sat down in a chair in front of him. "Sorry I kept you up late last night. I'll try and have us get home earlier tonight so we can play and sleep earlier." He
said as he opened a jar of pureed carrots. "Time for your carrots, yummy." He said as he scooped some up and brought it up to Liam's lips.

Liam pouted and scowled his face before using a grumpy tone to say, "No. Yuck."

"No? Well, what about peas? You like peas." Mr. Watson smiled.

Liam crossed his arms over his chest and whined, "No papa. No want it." He looked rather frustrated and yet unwilling to say much.

"Well then. Someone's grumpy...How about some applesauce? You love it and then you can have your bottle." He lowered the spoon and cleaned it off.

"No papa!" Liam whined louder. "No food! LiLi want bottle!" He was rapidly growing grumpier and grumpier. He didn't mean to be acting up. He knew papa probably would be cross about it. He couldn't seem to help it though.

Mr. Watson was tempted to punish the lad for being naughty, but Mr. Taylor did say he wasn't sure how long the drug would last and this could be a side effect of it wearing off. It also probably didn't help that the lad was still tired from all the fun yesterday. He took the tray off the high chair and unbuckled the straps.

"My poor tired baby." He frowned. "We had too much fun yesterday." He picked Liam up and placed him in his lap. He moved him back so he could cradle him. He then grabbed the bottle and put it in Liam's mouth. "Finish your bottle, then you can go have a morning nap." He rocked him a little.

Liam finally smiled. This is what he wanted. Cuddles from papa and his bottle.

This was even better too because papa was holding the bottle for him. This meant Liam was free to play with papa's buttons as he drank the warm milk. All of this meant Liam was now much happier and of course quickly growing tired.

Mr. Watson smiled. "You're a happy baby now. That's good. All Papa wants is to make sure his little one stays happy." He said and looked down at Liam playing with his buttons. "Maybe I should do this from now on, hold the bottle for you so you can play with my buttons." He thought aloud.

Liam nodded quickly with tired yet excited eyes. He loved the idea of that. He yawned and made a cute little noise then went back to his bottle as his eyes started getting heavy.

"How'd last night go B?" Mr. Taylor asked with a smirk as he walked over.

Mr. Watson grinned. "Wonderful. So much easier than I thought it would be." He looked up at Mr. Taylor.

“I know we're not supposed to form any attachments but he's so different and so accepting. He's so innocent. He never belonged here. He just wanted someone to love him and take care of him...And it's what I enjoy the most. Win-win. When he's eighteen...He can come home with me." He smiled a little more.

Mr. Taylor smiled friendly, "That's nice but I'll kick your damn arse if you tell anyone I said so. Don't need people knowing I have a small little soft side." He then laughed, "You're rubbing off on me you fucker. Stop that."
Mr. Watson laughed. "I won't say shit to anyone, mate." He said. "No one would believe me." He smirked he then removed the bottle from Liam’s lips and sat it on the table.

"Ok, so where were we?" Zayn asked once he was far enough away that he felt safe.

"I had just commented about your boyfriend giving me a death look in line for food." David reminded.

"Niall…” Zayn said. "Yeah...He's just...Upset.” He frowned. “I told him about our kiss. I wanted to be honest with him.” He explained. “It didn’t feel right keeping it from him.”

“Oh.” David said understanding now. “How’d he react?”

“Upset, of course. Once I told him you didn’t know and I told you right away to back off and that you did...He calmed down some, but he’s still angry. He can handle Keepers, but other students? Not so much.”

David nodded. “I can understand that...I am sorry. I wish I had known.”

“I know. It’s okay.” Zayn said, then decided to change the topic. "Yeah...He was nice to one of our other roommates, Harry, the curly one, and then Mr. Watson had Harry fuck Niall, and Niall wasn't exactly thrilled to be thanked that way for his kindness. He even said he'd take a punishment over a fucking, but he didn't want Harry in trouble." He explained further.

"Damn, he's a crazy one." David shook his head. "Around here you don't ask for a punishment. That's like asking for death."

"Yeah, he's just tired of being used I think." Zayn said softly. "It's worrisome though..."

"Yeah, I bet. What happened though?" David asked and kept forcing down the toast and cold bacon he'd chosen.

"Harry noticed how Niall relaxed when I had to make him hard when he was getting fucked by him...But I suppose there was other things too, and he demanded an explanation. So we gave in and told. They're surprisingly cool with it and won't say anything. But I'm worried about him. If he can't get hard for Keepers then he'll be punished or sent to the pit.” He explained further.

"Yeah, he's going to have to work on his imagination. If he's worried about hurting you then you're going to have to protect him and tell him it's alright and that you know he's picturing it as you.” David offered his advice.

Zayn nodded. "Sounds good. Thanks." He smiled. "The fact that he's even wanting a punishment in general after what he's already gone through feels completely mad to me.” He shook his head.

"Got some mental issues brewing. This place will do that to you." He nodded and glanced at a student who was now being fucked by a Keeper.

Zayn followed his gaze. He recognized the student being fucked as Harry. He shook his head again. "Wonder what he did now..." He said softly.

"Shoved another student." Someone whispered at the table behind them.
"Sounds about right." Zayn shook his head.

David nodded, "Temper control issue?"

"Yeah, because of that, he doesn't get along with others, well... Besides Liam. He gets on with Liam. He's in charge of him now whenever Mr. Watson isn't around." Zayn said. "Harry and Louis seriously fight. It's so annoying. I wish I could just beat the shit out of them both."

"How could anyone fight with someone like Liam? I mean if you tried I imagine it would be yelling on your side and crying on his. Can't speak to the Louis thing. Some lads just hate each other for no reason"

"Exactly. If you fight with Liam, he'd cry and Mr. Watson would punish us. It's why Louis' had a mouth gag on. He was mean to Liam...And Liam told his Papa and then Louis is punished. We all have to be extra careful around him." Zayn said.

"Some personalities just clash." David agreed.

"I just wonder how group therapy will go today with all these personalities clashing." Zayn shook his head. "I enjoy one on one therapy but group therapy, not so much.

"Yeah, group therapy isn't fun... Therapy in general isn't fun. I mean, they know the shit that goes on...But they don't do shit about it. Fuckin prats." David complained.

"I agree, but I enjoy how they let us rant. We don't ever get in trouble for saying how we hate it. That confidentiality thing is great. So far I've not caught her sharing anything I've said... and I've said really crazy things just to test her." Zayn said.

"Yeah, they can't break confidentiality no matter what." David nodded. "It's a legal thing. But group therapy with all five...Or four of you around, should be interesting."

He suddenly lowered his voice as he leaned in. "I'd suggest keeping you and Niall a secret from her though. Just to be safe."

"Thanks. I hope I get a chance to remind the others." Zayn said.

"Hurry it up! Times almost up!" A Keeper yelled.

Zayn quickly finished his food and threw out his rubbish. He placed his tray on top of the bin then lined up at the doors. He rubbed his arms as he waited. He was beginning to feel cold.

"What wrong Aladdin?" Mr. Branson asked in a teasing manner as he waited for the other students to get their rubbish tossed out.

"Just a bit cold, sir." Zayn answered. "But I'm not complaining...I'm fine." He quickly added as he dropped his arms.

"Better not be complaining." He warned. He then yelled to cafeteria, "You have three seconds and if you aren't lined up by then you're getting punished!"

"No, sir." Zayn agreed. "Would never complain." He said as the others joined him.

"Surprised you're still walking normal." Mr. Branson laughed at Harry.

"Couldn't hold off for long. He's just so tight and adorable." Mr. Kelly laughed and ran a hand roughly through Harry's curls.
Harry held back a disgusted groan feeling the Keeper's fingers in his hair.

"So I've heard. I may take a turn during free time this afternoon." Mr. Branson smirked.

"You'll enjoy yourself. It's hard not to with that tight hole and curly hair. His hair better not be cut short during grooming tomorrow." Mr. Kelly said tugging on a curl.

"Oh it won't be. I've already heard Watson complaining about everyone bitching at him to keep it long." Mr. Branson replied.

Mr. Kelly grinned. "Glad to hear it." He said then smacked Harry's arse hard. Mr. Watson then appeared. "Let's go, Slags." He opened the door. "Group therapy time in your room!"

"Group therapy?" Harry questioned quietly.

"You really need to read your schedule." Rory whispered back. "Eventually they'll figure out you aren't aware and you'll get punished."

"It's not like I've had any bloody time. I got punished right after I arrive and I'm constantly yelled at or being fucked." Harry sighed. "Thanks for the tip though. I'll check it at some point today."

Mr. Watson then joined them, "Let's go, Reek! Do not make me repeat myself again! Liam is sleeping so you will keep your voices down. Am I understood?" He told the lads.

Harry nodded. "Yes, sir. I promise we'll be quiet." He said and followed him to his room.

When they walked in, Mr. Watson checked on Liam then left locking the door behind him.

Niall turned his attention to Zayn. "You look really sexy without a shirt." He smirked.

"Thanks, I'm cold as hell though." Zayn replied giving Niall a smile. "I know keeping it cold cuts back on germs but I think this is a bit much."

Niall frowned briefly. "Wish I could warm you up... Suppose you can just enjoy warm thoughts." He said as he went to lay on Zayn's bed. It's not like Keepers took notice as to who slept where.

Harry looked at Liam who was sleeping peacefully. "We have to be quiet. He's napping. I wonder what happened last night." He said softly.

"Mr. Watson came and took him. I wasn't supposed to have seen. He didn't say where they were going; he was gone all night though." Zayn replied.

"Just more special treatment for him." Louis rolled his eyes and laid on a bottom bunk.

"Weird. I wonder where they could've gone." Harry said and climbed up to his bunk as Zayn laid in Niall's bunk and covered himself with the blanket. "At least I didn't have to go naked." He sighed as he looked across at Niall who smirked at him making Zayn smile. He had an idea of what was going through his boyfriend’s mind.

Harry turned his attention to Louis. "Maybe if you were less of a slut, you'd get special treatment."

"Here we go again," Zayn groaned.

"You little shit, you're telling me you never did whatever was necessary to survive out in the world? It's the same thing! I did what I had to. That doesn't make me a slut. It does however make you a moron for assuming I'm some sort of sex addict." Louis spat back a bit loudly.
Harry glared at him but before he could say anything Zayn spoke up. "I need to ask you guys something." He said. Harry and Louis turned to look at Zayn. Niall was already staring at him. He hadn’t actually stopped. "I need you to not tell the therapist about Niall and I. Just to be on the safe side." He told them.

"Good thinking." Niall nodded.

"Yeah, it's none of my business anyway." Harry quickly agreed.

"It was David's idea..." Zayn said.

"He's still on me shit list for now, whether he knew or not…” Niall's accent got stronger when he was cross. “It just bothers me!”

Zayn nodded. "Sit with us at lunch and let him apologize to you, face to face.. I can tell he feels bad." He said.

"Do we have to listen to this?" Louis complained.

"Shut up, you whiny hoe...No wonder they gagged you." Harry said.

Mr. Watson then came in with the therapist. Last weekend, it had only been Zayn and Niall who had met with her.

"Damn straight." Mr. Watson said as the lads got to their feet.

"I'd like for Zayn to wear a shirt for the session." The therapist said.

Mr. Watson looked at him. "Ace, shirt on. You can take it off when she's done." He ordered.

Zayn nodded and quickly went to his bunk to grab his shirt to put it on.

Liam still laid peacefully asleep. He really was very worn out from his unexpected and late night despite having slept amazingly next to his papa.

"Want him awake?" Mr. Watson asked the therapist and pointed toward Liam. He'd rather him sleep but therapy was court ordered here and took top priority.

The therapist nodded. "Please. Thanks." She smiled.

Mr. Watson pulled the side rail on the crib down. "LiLi, sweetheart, can you wake up for papa?" He kissed his cheek and rubbed his head.

Liam whined and softly cried a little as he woke up. He wanted to sleep. He needed to catch up.

"I'm so sorry to wake you up, but you have group therapy today." Mr. Watson ran his fingers through the lads hair. "Try to stay awake for therapy then I'll come back when it's over to put you back to sleep." He kissed his head. "Papa is sorry but he can't get you out of this."

Liam cried and clung to him, "Papa leave?" He was being cuddly and clingy due to his tired state and possibly the drug. "LiLi need cuddled."

Mr. Watson sat frowned. "Papa's not allowed to stay." This was something he couldn't get out of. "How about Reek cuddle you? When I come back, we can cuddle and you can go back to sleep for awhile." He kissed his forehead.
"Not Reek. Is Harry. Want Harry if no papa." Liam whined. He pronounced the name in such a fashion that it sounded like 'howie'.

Mr. Watson rolled his eyes. "I call him Reek, that's his nickname. Reek! Get your arse over here and cuddle him. Keep him happy." He said looking over at Harry.

Liam cried more. He didn't like that name for someone who was nice to him. He didn't think Harry deserved it.

"Don't cry LiLi. It's just a name." Harry tried to cheer him up as he came over. "Can I cuddle you until your papa can come back?"

Liam wouldn't speak. He only nodded.

Mr. Watson sighed. "How about I call him curly? That's not mean." He said handing Liam over to Harry. He didn't like Liam upset with him. Normally he wouldn't care but Liam was different. Liam was special.

Liam gave him a little smile and nodded as he went to Harry. "Curly nice papa." Liam really liked him. It made him happy that papa would be nice.

Mr. Watson smiled and kissed Liam's cheek. He would've preferred to kiss his sweet lips but he didn't want to risk it with the therapist around. "Now, you be a good little one for Curly and I'll be back soon." He kissed his cheek once more. He then stood up and left the room, locking the door behind him, leaving the lads to their group therapy.

"Curly." Liam smiled. "LiLi likes Curly." He looked at Harry and then hugged him.

Louis rolled his eyes. "See the shit we have to put up with? Mr. Watson legit brainwashed him into believing he's a one year old." He sighed as he sat on a bunk.

"Liam?" The therapist questioned. "Do you understand that you're fourteen? They treat you like a baby but you aren't a baby." The therapist said.

"No!" Liam quickly argued.

"See!" Niall said. "They legit brainwashed him. We've tried to prevent him from falling too far into it but nothing we tried worked. Not that we know what we're doing." He sighed. "He's never going to survive outside of this place when he's eighteen if he keeps acting like this."

"Shut up!" Liam snapped in an older tone. "I don't care! I like it! Leave me alone!" He then began to cry into Harry's chest but not in an infantile way. His cry was more of him just being hurt and upset and annoyed.

"Interesting." Was the therapist response as he wrote down notes. "How do you all feel about that statement?" With newer students the group therapy was mostly for helping them learn to get along together and relate appropriately to social situations.

"Well, I'm happy to see he's still Liam underneath it all." Louis said. "Sorry, Liam...Really, I try me hardest to be accepting of you wanting to be treated like a baby and enjoying something that started as a punishment because you cried at everything..." He rambled a bit. He paused for a moment. "I'm just happy to see that you're still in there and you haven't forgotten who you are, really."

"I agree with Louis, that I'm happy he hasn't forgotten who he is." Harry said. "But I suppose we all just fear this becoming permanent."
"Some of this is something I'll have to discuss privately with Liam. I think you lads should remember however that not everyone has the same lifestyle choices. Some people are straight, others are gay. Some people like bondage other like..."

"Children and teenagers?" Zayn finished in a half sarcastic tone.

The therapist looked at Zayn. "Some people do, yes, but that's not the point I was trying to make." She sighed. "Everyone has something they like, their kink, something that really turns them on or something that makes them feel good and safe."

"He's right though." Niall said quietly. "I can't believe they get away with the shit they do here. They touch us, they rape us, they beat us, they torture us. They abuse us, mentally, emotionally, physically...Anything you can think of, they'll do worse." He said his force full of anger and fear. "I don't know how I can live with this, I...almost don't want to live if I have to live in a place like this." He whispered as tears began to fall. He was so sick of everything he had to put up with here.

"We can talk about this privately if you need to Niall. Anytime you need to talk a therapist is on campus. Legally you have to be allowed to talk to us if you need it." She reminded.

Niall nodded. He didn't say anything though. "I don't mind sharing it in groups. We've all said it at one point...or at least thought it. Louis' gotten the worst of us since the day he got here. He's annoying as hell, but doesn't deserve it." He said softly.

"Thanks." Louis felt shocked when he heard Niall.

"I understand lads. I do. It not fair but I can't help you much there. My job right now is to help you all get along better. I can say, having a support system certainly helps you deal with all this." The therapist spoke. Really, they probably could tell but it would mean losing their jobs here and the pay was far too good for them to follow through with it.

The lads slowly nodded. "We get on best we can..." Harry said causing Louis to huff and roll his eyes. "He does this all the time." Harry shook his head. "He twists and judges everything I say."

"Louis?" She asked.

"He's one to talk. Everyone here assumes I'm an actual slut and he's one of the worst." Louis complained. "I'm not a slut. I don't have aids; the school tested me and I'm completely clean. I did what I had to do to survive. If I had a hundred pounds I'd bet it that Niall's let at least two lads fuck him for survival sake."

"Running away from Ireland to England, yeah...I've let people fuck me so I could get what I want, whether it was food or money or a ride...Whatever. I was kicked out of my Foster home." Niall glared at Louis.

"I was supposed to stay an extra day while my caseworker tried to find a place for me...But the family wouldn't even allow that, so I was kicked out. I was tired of being in and out of homes, so I ran. I thought England was the better choice than anywhere else in Ireland." He sighed.

"It was survival but what you do? You make money...You could finish school since Education is pretty much free. You mean to tell me out of all the years you've been turning tricks, you didn't have any decent money to get yourself out of the situation? I used sex and sexual favours as a last resort whereas it was your go to." He shook his head and laid down in the bunk.

Zayn looked back at him. He felt like he was going to cry. He loved Niall and seeing him so depressed and hurting and knowing there wasn't anything he could do, it felt like he was being
stabbed.

Zayn looked at Louis. "I know you did it for survival but I swear you ask for trouble." He shook his head and went to check on Niall.

"You don't know me mate. I was extremely neglected as infant. Every foster family I was put with after that was horrible. I ran. They tried to find me. A few times they did and treatment got worse each time they took me home. Staying hidden and low key turning tricks was my survival because it was the only thing that worked. It wasn't a go to thing Niall. I love the way you judge and assume shit though." Louis was surprisingly calm as he replied. "Now mop top here, his anger issue are a true choice."

"Sorry.." Niall mumbled as Zayn sat on the floor in front of his bunk, extremely worried. Zayn tried to play it as a friend being worried about another friend but the therapist wouldn't be allowed to share anything, even if he did tell her. He felt nervous about telling her though. He didn't want to be separated from Niall. He felt Niall needed him now more than ever, even if he had no idea how to help.

"Oh yeah...Like I can control my feelings. My feelings are the one thing I can't control and it's not as if you make it any easier with all your whining." Harry rolled his eyes and looked down at Liam who had fallen back to sleep against Harry's chest. "You're always so fuckin mean to everywhere. You can't ever be nice or happy for anyone, can ya? Even for people who find a shred of happiness in this kind of place." He glanced at Zayn and Niall.

"Is he okay?" Harry asked.

"Are any of us okay?" Zayn shook his head. "His first day here, he was beaten and raped. He fought back, they turned him into a dog, they put a collar on him, they made him walk on his hands and knees, he had to wear a fucking leash and use the toilet outside. He's even been beaten with newspapers." He felt angry at the question. He knew Harry probably meant well, but Zayn wanted to protect his boy now more than ever.

"I've been trying to be nice recently. Maybe not to you but that's because you're a buffoon!" Louis replied.

"Lads, it would be helpful if you were all nice to one another, even Liam. Surely you five can agree that none of you deserve to be treated the way the Keepers treat you?" The therapist asked them.

The lads slowly nodded in agreement as Niall reached for Zayn's hand.

"It's just...The things Louis says sometimes, the way he acts...It's hard to be nice or want anything to do with him." Harry said. "And we are nice to Liam, well, not Louis and that's why he's had to wear a mouth gag for a couple days." He smirked a little.

"Bottom line, I want you all to start by being nice to Liam. He's said that he likes the babying so I want you all to work on accepting it. Work on coming together to support him."

"Fine by me, I was already nice to him though." Niall said not taking his eyes off Zayn or letting go of his hand. It was the only thing making him feel better. He felt so done with the every day rapes and assaults. He didn't know how he was going to survive three more years in this hell.

"It's creepy though. Him and Mr. Watson kiss and fuck and just...overly gross." Louis wrinkled his nose. "But fine. If he wants to be treated like a little wee baby, I can do that." He shook his head.
"I've always been nice to him." Harry defended.

"Yeah, I have no issues being nice to Liam." Zayn agreed.

"So we're all agreed, with a reluctant Louis, that you're first therapy assignment will be to focus on being nice to Liam and accepting him as he wants." She smiled. "Louis, maybe remember what happens when you're mean to him can help motivate you?"

Louis was silent for a moment then nodded. "That is good motivation." He agreed as he glanced over at Zayn and Niall. "Would you stop being so...like that? It's making me depressed." He sighed. "At least you two have each other." He frowned. He saw no reason not to comment now that they were eye fucking and holding hands.

The therapist seemed to take big interest in Louis' comment as Niall instantly shot Louis a look of death.

"What exactly is the context of your hand holding?" She asked Zayn and Niall.

"This, Glory Hole, is why you are by far the biggest douche in the world." Harry shook his head.

"What? They're eye fucking and holding hands! I thought the holding hands in front of her meant that they didn't care!" Louis tried to defend.

"Comfort..." Zayn said truthfully. "He's upset. He's scared. He doesn't want to go through this anymore...and I get it. I don't want to live like this, no one does." He still spoke the truth. He felt Niall's grip on his hand tighten and he knew this grip was out of a different kind of fear. "I don't know. I just wanted to distract him from his obvious pain. I'm trying to be a good friend."

"Interesting." She nodded. "Niall, does this sort of touching help?"

"No fuck face, Zayn said before she got here to keep your lips zipped." Harry spat. "No one can be fucking trusted around here."

"Oh no, not true. What happens in therapy stays in therapy. By law I can't share anything you say or do with your Keepers. I send your caseworkers general updates and progress sheets but that's it." The therapist butted in.

"Yes." Niall said quietly.

"So...If they were together, would that mean they have to be separated or that you have to tell their caseworkers?" Louis asked. "Hypothetically speaking of course."

Zayn rolled his eyes and rested his forehead on his and Niall's connected hands. "Remind me to murder him later." He mumbled.

"I'll help you get rid of the body and evidence." Niall whispered with a little smile.

"Hypothetically speaking, in starting to wonder if perhaps you'd be more safe and more comfortable in purgatory." She gave him a strange look then turned to Zayn and Niall.

"I cannot tell anyone about your relationship. Even if I could I see no benefit to your caseworkers knowing unless you want them to know. Also, if you two being together is helpful then I see more harm in separating you both. You're safe lads. Just remember to follow the rules in the student handbook. You can review it anytime. Just ask." She gave them a warm smile.
"You've got to be fucking kidding me! Even if we follow the rules we get beaten and raped!!" Niall growled as he sat up.


The therapist rubbed her temples. It was often so hard being nice to these boys. "What exactly would you prefer me do regarding your relationship Mr. Daley?"

Niall leaned against Zayn. He felt so tired of all this. "Just don't tell and don't separate us." He whispered.

"She can't. She already said that." Zayn told him softly. "It'll be okay. Just think about murdering Louis and you'll feel better." He kissed his head.

"I'm right here!" Louis said.

"That's the problem, fuck face." Harry shook his head. He looked at the therapist. "Just forget that big mouth ever said anything. You can't tell anyone and you already said you wouldn't separate them but I think if you just pretend you don't know or ignore any signs of them being together during these...lovely...group therapy times, then I think we'll all feel better."

"Yes." Niall agreed as Zayn nodded.

"Deal." She nodded.

"Honestly though Louis. We can only write 'does not play well with others' in your chart so many times before the headmaster takes charge and segregates you." She then warned him.

Louis nodded. "I understand." He said softly.

"Well, you all have your assignments...I'll text your Keeper to let him know that we're finished here so he can let me out." The therapist said as she pulled out her phone.

"Thanks for not telling anyone." Zayn softly told her.

"No need to thank me. I honestly can't." She gave him a pat on the shoulder. "You Niall, please ask to come to our office anytime you're feeling like you even maybe need to talk. Talking helps."

Niall nodded. "I will. Thanks." He said softly.

Her phone then dinged and she looked down. "He's on his way back...So I'm afraid if you two don't want him to know, then you should separate."

Zayn nodded and kissed his forehead then moved away.

Meanwhile Harry was still cuddling Liam. The lad seemed so content in his arms and something about it made Harry feel good about himself. It was obvious that Liam felt safe with him. It was nice to think that he made someone in this world feel safe.

Niall couldn't help but frown when Zayn moved away. He lay back into his bunk and threw his arms over his eyes as he tried to hold back his tears. Everything was becoming so difficult. He couldn't get hard for Keepers or other students. He was tired of being raped all the time, threatened with beatings and going back to being treated like a dog. He still had bruises on his hands and knees from being forced to walk them so much.
Soon the door opened and Mr. Watson walked in.

"They all behave?" Mr. Watson asked.

"They did." She nodded and left the room quickly.

"Get up, slags. It's time for your chores. Ace, Chav, you're on yardwork duty. Gremlin...You clean the hallway loo's, and Re-Curly, your job is cleaning helping clean the kitchen. So get the fuck up and let's go." Mr. Watson ordered.

"What about Liam, sir? He fell asleep a few minutes after we got started." Harry said.

"He'll be with me." Mr. Watson said as he took the sleeping Liam from Harry's lap and cuddled him. He went back to the door and opened it. "I'm waiting." He sighed.

The lads stood and moved to the door, ready and waiting.

Liam coo'ed and smiled in his sleep. He knew he was with papa now even though he was asleep still.

"Oh, sir, shirt or no shirt?" Zayn asked. He wanted to air on the side of caution and ask rather than assume.

"Thank you for the reminder. Shirt off. If Jones said to keep it off then I have no problem with that." Mr. Watson said.

Zayn quickly stripped out of his shirt and tried his best to make sure he was either beside or in front of Niall. Niall liked him shirtless the most, so why not let him have a better view.

Soon they lads were dropped off at their individual chores that they had two hours to complete while Mr. Watson had Liam stay with him and sleep in his arms as he did a few things.

Close to an hour passed and Liam began to wake up. He smiled up at Mr. Watson adorably. "Papa."

By this point, Mr. Watson had finished his work and was heading back to the room. He smiled hearing Liam's voice. "Hey there sleepyhead." He leaned down and kissed Liam's lips. "How's my sweet boy doing? Good sleep?" He asked.

Liam nodded, "LiLi feel better papa." He then bit his lower lip. "I'm sorry." The little guy slowly began to look so upset. "LiLi bad boy. I was naughty papa." His voice cracked and his eyes watered. "Please papa, don't be mad."

"Why are you sorry? Are you talking about what happened at breakfast?" Mr. Watson asked as he began to unlock the door.

Liam looked very upset with himself and a bit scared. "Yes papa." He wiped at his eyes. "I was bad; so bad papa."

"You were..." Mr. Watson nodded as they walked inside. "You were tired, baby but that still wasn't okay."

"I think I just kept you up too late, but for today, I think I'll let you off with a warning." He kissed Liam’s cheek and lay him back in his crib.
"Thank you papa." Liam really was sorry. He truly felt terrible. He liked papa being happy. "Are you mad papa? Please don't hate me."

"I'm not mad, sweetheart." Mr. Watson shook his head, and took the onesie off. He undid the tabs of the nappy. "I could never hate my baby boy. It wasn't totally your fault. I shouldn't have kept you up so late and you were very tired this morning. You just too tired to say anything properly." He removed Liam's dirty nappy. "Papa loves LiLi very much." He kissed his lips.

"Let's clean you up and you can make it up to me." He pecked Liam's lips. He stood up to get the box of wipes and cleaned Liam's bum and little cock with the wipes. "There. LiLi is all clean!"

"Thank you papa." Liam smiled, slowly letting himself feel better. "What can I do so you will know I'm really sorry?" He asked. "I just want you happy papa."

Chapter End Notes

Any thoughts on group therapy? Or anything really? Lol. Please give us love. We work so hard to make this a great fic for you all to read.
Chapter 21

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Sorry its so late in the day to be posting this.

There was some last minute editing to do on this chapter and I had to wait for J-Lynn to answer.

But here is the new chapter! Its a bit longer than the usual chapters and some interesting things happen in this chapter.

I really hope you love it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Alright you, get over and pick up that scrubbing pad." Mr. Patterson told Harry roughly. "This stove and oven are covered in muck and grease. You get to scrub it off."

"Yes, sir." Harry said and picked up the small scrubber. It'd be easier if he had water to rinse off the scrubber but he wasn't about to give a reason for Mr. Patterson to do anything to him.

"Take your shirt off while you clean. It gets hot in here and I want to be able to see the sweat beads on your body." Mr. Patterson instructed. "Someone's bringing cleaner soon but you can start scrubbing now. Get that sweat worked up.

"Of course, sir. Whatever you want." Harry took his shirt off and threw it on the floor. He then got to work on scrubbing the grease off, working fast so he could build up sweat. Maybe if he gave the Keeper what he wanted, this would go easier.

Mr. Patterson sat on a counter and folded his arms over his chest. He smirked and watched the students working.

"Here you go Patterson." Mr. Thomas said as he showed up with a caddy of various cleaners. "Enjoying the show?"

"Oh, I am. Especially this curly mopped one. I'm making him clean without a shirt. Maybe without trousers too eventually..." Mr. Patterson shrugged with a smirk. "I mean that's just..A fantastic view."

"Sir, this isn't wasn't to come off at all. Is there anything that might help break up the grease?" Harry asked.

"Here squid." Mr. Thomas threw a canister at him.

Harry caught it. "Thank you, sir." He said and quickly went to work. After using the chemicals, it became easier to scrub the grease off.
"Personally, I think he's Watson's best looking lad." Mr. Thomas nodded as he looked at Harry. "You know what squid, take your trousers off."

"I happen to agree." Mr. Patterson nodded then grinned hearing the request.

Harry sat the scrub down. "Yes, sir." He sighed and pulled his trousers down. He kicked them to the side, then went back to work on scrubbing the grease off.

"Look at that arse. Not as nice as my Tyler's but lovely nonetheless." Mr. Thomas grinned and laughed a little. "Too bad his file says he doesn't get along well with others. I'd love having both of them at once."

Mr. Patterson shrugged. "Watson had him fuck his roommate, the Irish one in the showers a night or two ago. It was a good show. I'd say to give it a try. I mean, they're here to learn to get along and become well respected members of society." He laughed

"Tyler tends to get a little jealous but I may have to encourage him to get over it. I already know Watson won't care. His concerns are elsewhere." Mr. Thomas laughed. "That lad really enjoys it too. You've seen him right?"

"Tell Tyler to get over himself." Mr. Patterson laughed. "This one is a great fuck. I think you should encourage the lad to play with others or at least this one." He said. "And yes, I've seen Watson embracing his favourite kink. I've never seen a lad embrace it back, as in actually enjoying it. Strange but I'm far one to judge."

"Oh, Tyler plays with others. I just always have to make sure I give him solo attention after." Mr. Thomas replied. "See Watson's little one probably won't play with others. That's what you get when you baby the lads. A little brat who won't cooperate. My Tyler will do anything I say so long as I reward him after. That's called training. Train them like little bitches."

Mr. Patterson grinned. "And the fact that Watson probably wants the baby to himself and not wanting to share him with others." He said. "But speaking of training...It's never too early to start."

"You really think he's worth it?" Mr. Thomas asked eyeing Harry. "Watson probably has a record breaking price on his arse. He's rather popular so quickly. Every lad needs training but if he can't be exclusive to you then why waste your time?"

"Honestly? He's not nearly as much as the slut. You wanna talk expensive? That is one bitch that costs too much money to be exclusive. Watson's just being a greedy bastard with him." Mr. Patterson said. "And if you want to have curls here to play with you and Tyler, then I think training is worth it."

"I guess you have a point when you compare him to the slut." Mr. Thomas nodded. "Turn around squid! Let me have a proper look at your cock!"

Harry stopped what he was doing to turn around. He placed his hands behind his back and stood up straight.

"Lovely, decent sized lad." He grinned. "Bigger than Tyler I think. That could be very fun."

Mr. Patterson grinned. "He's fun to fuck as well... Curls, bend over and show us that tight hole of yours." He ordered.

Harry turned around again and leaned over as he spread his cheeks, showing off his hole.
"Fuck," He moaned. "Not been on the receiving end much have you squid?"

"No, sir." Harry said.

Mr. Patterson nodded. "He mentioned to me that he was a top. It just means he's tighter as you would know...But he's worth the fuck, trust me. You'll have fun." He said. "Boy, stand up, get over here and let Thomas feel those amazing curls."

Harry just wanted to finish cleaning. They were making this take longer. He did however obey. He didn't want to get punished. It was too painful. "Sir?"

"The curls are a great bonus to fucking him, especially with his hair as fluffy as it is..." Mr. Patterson explained. "What is it, curls?" He asked annoyed.

"If one of you is going to fuck me could we please just get it over with?" Harry tried to sound polite. "I just, I've finally started getting a good amount of the grease off and I'd like to finish the job before chores are over."

"I personally will fuck you soon, I'm just trying to get Thomas here to see what he's missing." Mr. Patterson said. "But for future reference, I wouldn't ask questions like that unless you want a beating." He glared at the boy.

Harry took a deep breath, "I'm sorry. I just honestly do want to get the oven cleaned. There's something about finishing a tough job that makes me feel good."

"And what makes you think we care if you feel good or not?" Mr. Thomas narrowed his eyes towards Harry. "Because we don't and if you think we do, then you...are in more training than I thought, not sure if it's worth it still. Though, breaking a top is always fun." He grinned.

"I know you don't care about that sir. I just thought maybe it might make you pleased with me to know I actually do care about the cleaning task you gave me." It possibly sounded stupid but Harry wanted to feel he had accomplished something. He hoped it would let him feel good about himself for even a small moment.

"Well, I'm not fucking you until you're done. What about you Thomas? What have you decided? Now or later? Or...still mulling it over?" Mr. Patterson asked him.

"Oh I'll be using him but it won't be until later. I'm going to use he and Tyler together I think." He nodded. "Just need to figure out how I want to do it."

"Then get back to work, slag." Mr. Patterson pushed him away with his foot. "If you don't work, you get a spanking for slacking off...and I wouldn't mind spanking that arse of yours either." He smirked.

Harry bit his tongue hard as he went back to scrubbing. Had he not his mouth would have gotten him in trouble just then.

"Well, it's been fun. The view has been great. I have work to do though. Later Patterson." Mr. Thomas smirked and walked away.

"Later, mate." Mr. Patterson said then looked back at Harry as he worked, enjoying the view in front of him.
Louis was on his knees in one of the hallway loos. He was cleaning the inside of toilet with cleaner and a toothbrush. It was slow going not just because of the toothbrush, but because Mr. Kelly kept touching him every now and then.

While he worked on the toilet, the Keeper had a great view of his arse as the skirt barely covered anything so of course Mr. Kelly took advantage of this.

"Mr. Kelly, sir?" Louis asked. He hated having to draw attention to himself but he needed more cleaner and he had taken it. "Could I get more cleaner for this toilet?"

Mr. Kelly handed poured more cleaner into the bucket Louis had. "There, now get to work. If you don't make it shiny soon, I'll spank you." He ran a hand over Louis arse. "I might do it anyways, because damn, what a great arse you have. I bet you were the most popular slut on your corner." He poked at Louis' hole a bit.

"No sir." Louis replied. He was a bit desperate for a conversation and hoped maybe he'd get a little bit of one. "I actually got to a point where I didn't have to stand out and wait. I had regulars that knew where to find me."

"Sounds interesting." Mr. Kelly said genuinely interested. He was still poking at Louis' hole with his fingers. "How often were you used? What kind of things did they make you do to them? Or have you let them do something to do you?" He asked as he began to circle the hole with his index finger.

"Everything has a price sir. I'm sure anything you could think of I've probably done at least once; or had done to me." He replied. "I think I averaged about four fuckings a week. That's not including other things of course."

"Four fuckings a week? Damn. That's not a lot. Guess they wanted to keep you for themselves." Mr. Kelly said. "What was the most unusual thing that's been done to you?" He asked as he continued to play with Louis' hole.

"I only had sex to survive so I only did it when I needed it." Louis explained. "I don't know what constitutes as unusual to you sir. To me, the most unusual thing was a man who paid me a lot of money to let him eat various foods off my body."

"Hm. Now that's an idea...Double treat." Mr. Kelly smirked then pushed his finger inside the hole going slow. "Ever experience watersports?" He asked.

"I've been pissed on and in if that's what you mean sir." Louis replied as he kept cleaning and trying to ignore the touches. "That cost a good amount though." He added. "May I ask what your most unusual sexual experience is?"

"I don't know. Nothing feels unusual to me now." Mr. Kelly shrugged as he began to move his finger a little. "I'd say...I dated this person who was once a real sexual freak. We did Watersports mostly me pissing on her or spitting...But once it included blood and that just got a bit creepy. It felt like some weird cult or Satanic thing." He reached for Louis cock with his free hand and started to pump it slowly.

He really just wanted to touch the lad and play with his small body.

"I've never done anything with blood. Never would. Too high a risk of disease." Louis wasn't sure now if he was meant to ignore the touches and keep cleaning or if he was to focus more on them and not clean. "What would you like me to do right now Mr. Kelly?"
"That too." Mr. Kelly agreed on the blood play. "And I just wanna play with you for a bit. You have a lot of time left to clean." He said and pulled his finger out.

Louis didn't want this right now but he wouldn't object. Objecting never ended well. He sat the toothbrush in the bucket of cleaner and turned to face Mr. Kelly. He worked on getting his cock to stiffen for the Keeper and silently looked at him, waiting.

Mr. Kelly took his hand off of Louis' cock and turned him around so Louis’ back was leaned against his front. He made sure to keep the lad on his knees. He ran his hands up Louis' body starting with his cock then moved over his stomach and up to his chest where he pinched his nipples as he sucked a mark into his neck.

Louis gasped when his nipples were pinched. They'd always been a bit sensitive. Louis played it off as if it had felt good however. He was an expert at acting by now.

Mr. Kelly rubbed over the nipples next and kissed over Louis' neck. He ran his fingers along Louis' arms then moved him to the floor and took off the skirt. He moved Louis' legs apart and lifted them so they were bending at the knee. He rubbed his thumb over Louis' hole before dipping his head down and licking over it.

Louis did enjoy being licked. It helped him in getting hard. No, he didn't like this person but the sensation felt good.

"Thank you sir." He hoped those words would help him get used gently this time. Most of the Keepers were rough and it hurt terribly.

Mr. Kelly continued to lick over the hole for a couple more minutes before finally entering his tongue inside. He reached a hand up and started to lazily pump Louis' cock while he thrusted his tongue in and out.

Louis let himself relax. It was so much easier to just treat this like another trick he was turning. If he just let himself enjoy this instead of sulking and getting angry then it would be over faster.

Mr. Kelly continued to lick Louis out as he pumped his cock. He then pulled out his tongue and licked over Louis' body. He licked every piece of skin he could find. He rolled Louis over onto his stomach and licked over his back then over his hole again then down his legs and over his feet.

"Will I be allowed to cum for you sir?" Louis asked with a whimpering voice. He wanted the Keeper to think he was eating up the attention but really he was just trying to hurry this along.

"With permission, but not yet..." Mr. Kelly spit on Louis' hole. "After I fuck you, you may cum. You do have cleaning to do and I'm already close so don't worry, little whore...I won't take too much longer." He said then lined himself up and pushed in.

Louis bit down on his tongue to stop himself from screaming. His hole was so sore and raw from all the fucking he'd endured. He'd really been hoping it wouldn't have come down to him getting fucked again.

"Sweet tight arse..." Mr. Kelly moaned. "So, so, so good." He said and started to move. He didn't take his time. He quickly built up speed and soon went over the edge as he came inside the lad.

"Fuck." He groaned as he pulled out. "Use the sink to clean yourself up and get back to work." He slapped Louis' arse and stood up. He pulled his trousers up and buttoned them again. "I am curious about one thing, since you're so very experienced...What's your favourite thing to have done to you?" He asked.
Louis lay there, cum dripping out of him and his cock hard. He sighed. "I don't have a favorite anymore. I'm a bit numb to it all now. If I had to choose though, I enjoy being licked. Feels good still but it doesn't mean much anymore."

Mr. Kelly looked over him. "Get yourself off...If you make it entertaining, a real show, then I'll convince the others to go easier on you. We can't have you tearing again." He said and turned him over.

Louis nodded. "Yes sir." He then began pumping himself expertly. He was honestly shocked he was still able to make himself cum. It wasn't easy anymore but he managed somehow and eventually came as he pulled out every trick he knew to make it look like the more erotic experience ever.

Mr. Kelly moaned a little as he watched him. It was quite the show. "Good job on the show." He praised. He found sometimes positive feedback made things easier. It wasn't fun anymore when the student couldn't perform.

"Thank you sir." Louis panted and worked on catching his breath. He then slowly got to his feet and moved to clean himself off at the sink all while hiding how much pain he was in.

"I'll tell the others to go easy on you for a couple of days. Can't have you being overused and bleeding all over the fucking place." Mr. Kelly said as he watched Louis closely. He repeated what he said earlier but he wanted to be sure Louis was listening.

"Yes sir. I'm sorry." Louis replied and finished cleaning himself. "Thank you Mr. Kelly. Can I continue cleaning now?"

"The fuck you got to be sorry for?" The Keeper asked confused. "But put your uniform back on, first. Pink really is your colour." Mr. Kelly said.

"I'm just sorry my body isn't holding up properly. I know it had to be a large inconvenience for you all." Louis had a way with words. He was able to figure out what to say to come off as though he had accepted his fate here.

Mr. Kelly rolled his eyes, unimpressed with the sucking up. "Inconvenience? Sure. But it's not your adorable little twink body that's the problem. It's that you're human and not a sex doll. I realize that, others, not so much. I recognize that while you are a whore there's still a limit on how much one person can take." He tried to explain.

Louis appreciated that but he wasn't sure it was smart to say so. It felt like it might be too big a sign of weakness.

Louis instead just nodded and began to get himself redressed. "Do I look acceptable now sir?" He wanted to be completely sure to avoid a beating.

Mr. Kelly looked him up and down then walked around him. He lifted the skirt and poked at Louis' hole. "Acceptable indeed. Get to work." He said as he roughly squeezed Louis' arse and walked over to the doorway to watch the lad work.

Louis nodded and got on his knees again. He picked the toothbrush and began to scrub inside the toilet bowl again.

Outside, Zayn had been allowed a shirt and hoodie to work as it was chilly outside. He couldn't
wait for the summer weather. He and Niall had been assigned to pull weeds out of the bits of the grass that made up the courtyard.

Niall pulled at the dandelion. “I don’t understand why these are considered weeds, they’re pretty don’t ya think?” He softly asked Zayn.

Zayn smiled. “They are pretty. I used to make wishes on the dead ones when I was young.”

“Same here.” Niall said.

Zayn pulled another dandelion and tucked it behind Niall’s ear. “Pretty princess.” He smirked.

Niall giggled quietly. “Thank you, my prince.” He smiled at him then went back to work on pulling weeds out. “Fuck, my knees are hurting.” He complained. “They’re still sore from when I was a dog, this isn’t helping.”

Zayn took his hoodie off and handed it to Niall. “Here, use my hoodie for your knees...like a cushion.” He offered.

“Thank you…” Niall spoke quietly as he took it.

“I hope it helps some, better than the hard ground at least.” Zayn whispered.

“You really are a prince, aren’t you?” Niall grinned.

Zayn smiled. “Anything for my princess.”

“How is it that even in this awful place, you still find ways to take care of me, in a place where nothing is our own and we haven’t any power…” Niall said.

“Because I love you. I’ll always find a way to take care of you.” Zayn whispered.

Niall pulled at a dead dandelion. “Make a wish, my price.” He held it in front of Zayn’s face.

Zayn was silent for a moment then blew on it, making the seeds fly everywhere.

“Gonna tell your princess what you wished for?” Niall asked.

“It won’t come true.” Zayn teased.

“That’s birthday wishes…” Niall laughed quietly.

“Nah, same rule applies.” Zayn winked.

“If you say so.” Niall smiled and folded up the hoodie. He placed it under his knees. “Much, much better...Thank you.” He said and went back to work on pulling out the weeds.

Back in the room, Watson and Liam lay together in the crib talking.

"Anytime I’m with you...I’m happy." Mr. Watson kissed Liam again. "Hmm, well, you can make me feel good. Let’s start with getting my clothes off. You can start with that." He kissed his forehead.

"Yes! I get to do your buttons!" He smiled and began to work on his shirt. He loved buttons. He
didn't know why but he did. They were fun. "Oh papa, can I make you special milk? Please please please?"

"Yes, baby. I would love to give you special milk." Mr. Watson grinned. "You just love my buttons..." He chuckled. He lay on his back and watched Liam work on his buttons. "Would you like to have a shirt with buttons you can play with?" He asked.

Liam's eyes lit up, "Yes! Yes papa! Can I? Please?" He begged. "I'll do anything if you say yes! Anything!"

Mr. Watson laughed. "You're so cute. How could I ever say no to that face?" He ran his hands through Liam's hair. "So yes. Of course."

"Yes!" Liam cheered and kissed his lips rather hard. "Thank you papa. Best papa ever." He hugged him then finished taking off his shirt.

"Mmm," Mr. Watson moaned into the kiss. He liked how rough it felt. "Great, shirt's off. Trousers and pants are next." He smiled down at Liam. "My perfect boy. We're going to have fun tonight back home, I promise." He smiled.

"Hooray! Papa spoils me." He giggled as he began to work on Mr. Watson's trousers. "Love special time with papa."

"I'll get you earlier so you won't have to be up as late but yes, Papa loves to spoil his sweet baby." Mr. Watson lifted his hips so Liam could tug the trousers off once he had finished with the zipper and button. "So just how is LiLi going to make Papa feel good?"

"Papa?" Liam questioned awkwardly. "Would you feel good maybe if you went like, inside me, maybe?"

Mr. Watson's smile grew wider. "Mmm, yes, baby. It would. Would you like that? Want my special milk inside you?"

"Yes papa. Can you use your fingers first though?" Liam asked hopeful. It didn't hurt so bad when he used his fingers first.

"Of course." Mr. Watson said and pulled Liam to lay next to him. "I don't have any lube on me so you gotta get my fingers nice and wet." He said as he ran them over Liam's lips. "Just suck on my fingers, LiLi, like you would my cock."

Liam giggled. He thought it was funny that papa said to suck on them like a cock because papa's cock was way bigger then his fingers. He was happy to obey though. It would mean getting papa's special milk inside him.

When Mr. Watson felt they were wet enough, he pulled them out and slipped a finger inside Liam. "Such a tight hole. Papa loves it." He said and began to suck on Liam's neck.

"Mine." Mr. Watson said softly. "I marked you and now everyone knows you're mine." He smiled and added another finger. "Fingers feel good, LiLi?"

"Marked? Is that what it's called papa?" His voice was higher pitched with the fingers having been added. "Like your fingers. Love your cock."

"They're called love bites, actually." Mr. Watson told him. He then added a third finger to really stretch the lad open. "You wanna bounce on my cock again? You looked beautiful riding it the last
"Whatever papa wants." Liam smiled. He didn't feel very beautiful riding him but he could tell papa really loved it. He preferred to be under papa on his back. That position made him feel small. "I want papa happy."

"Good lad, always thinking of how to make Papa happy. You're such a good boy." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips. "You look so tiny up there and it's such a beautiful sight. But Papa wants his baby happy too. So we can do whatever you want tonight." He smiled. "You can tell Papa when you've decided." He used a free hand to rubbed a hand over Liam's bum as he continued to finger him.

"Papa's way now. LiLi's way tonight if I'm good boy?" Liam wanted to clarify. Mr. Watson then tapped Liam's sweet spot and made him cry out extra loud with an intense sound of pleasure. "Again! Again papa!"

Mr. Watson smirked and hit the spot again. "Yes. LiLi's way tonight if he's a good a little lad." He said. "You want papa's cock now? I promise to hit that spot again."

Liam quickly gave a very eager nod and moved as soon as Mr. Watson's fingers were free of his hole. "Best. Spot. Ever." Liam grinned and got himself lined up like a big boy.

"Lining yourself up? You're learning fast." Mr. Watson rubbed over Liam's thighs as he watched him sink onto his cock. He let out a loud pleasurable moan. "Fuck, baby. You feel amazing. How's it feel to have your Papa's cock buried deep inside you?"

"Tight." Liam blushed and giggled. "Papa big boy for special time." Liam attempted to explain as he enjoyed the feeling of being full. He felt slightly older when they acted sexual. To Liam an infant wouldn't understand like a three or four year old might.

He just couldn't tell papa incase papa would get mad at him. After all papa said he was one and papa knew better than he did.

"Now, do you remember how to move like Papa showed you before?" Mr. Watson asked.

Liam nodded. "Yes papa, I know I have to show you how sorry I am and prove that I will be your good boy now." He didn't mind being on top he just felt less comfortable there.

"I love when my papa is happy and feels good." He promised then started to bounce softly and carefully. "Is this right?" Last time they had been sitting so this was a little different.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Just like that." He moaned. He loved the sight of Liam bouncing on his cock. He briefly thought about taking a video or a photo but wasn't sure if it was worth the risk. Mr. Watson then started to thrust up into Liam, meeting the bounces with a thrust.

Liam whimpered, it felt wonderful so quickly. The pleasure helped Liam forget about the awkward feelings he had. "Papa! Papa!" Liam let his eyes close as he started to call out. "Yes papa! I love this!"

"I knew you would." Mr. Watson smirked as he continued to thrust and meet the bounces. "I love those sounds you make...Keep making them, okay? Never hold back on how you feel," He encouraged and ran his hands along Liam's sides as he moaned. "You look so tiny and beautiful." He reached for his trousers and took his phone out of them. "Do you wanna see how you look?" He asked as he watched Liam.
Liam understood the question. "I..." He had to pause due to how much pleasure he was feeling. "Only if papa won't show anyone else." Liam was having major self-confidence issues. He trusted that his papa honestly found him beautiful but too many others had been cruel to him for him to trust them.

"Never. For Papa's eyes only." Mr. Watson said honestly. He sat up part way and brought Liam closer for a kiss. "My beautiful baby. I love you." He kissed Liam's nose and lay back down. He adjusted Liam back into position and watched him bounce. He grabbed his phone and took a few pictures then switched it to video. He started to meet Liam's bounces again and this time, he aimed to hit the sweet spot his fingers reached earlier.

"Ah! There!" Liam cried desperately when his sweet spot was finally found. "Yes! Yes! Papa! Oh papa! Please!" He begged over and over; unaware of the video being taken.

"Anything for my little one." Mr. Watson moaned and kept hitting the spot. "You can let go of your special milk anytime you want. Whenever you feel ready." He said and began to pump the small cock between his fingers, then moved to lightly pinch Liam's nipples.

"Papa, touch my cock." His infant whine came back as his orgasm neared. "No nipples. Just cock. Favorite touch papa. Need it." He begged as he started bouncing even harder all on his own.

Mr. Watson smiled loving his infant tone. He did as Liam requested and pumped his cock with his hand now and left everything else alone, besides meeting Liam's harder bounces with harder thrusts right into his sweet spot.

The young lad began to scream almost uncontrollably. His body was covered in sweat and precum was leaking out of his cock. His words became incoherent as he managed to get himself bouncing so hard that his crib was shaking and squeaking. Something about that sweet spot was just nearly too much. Without any warning at all he came hard with the loudest scream he'd ever given off. Cum flew everywhere due to his fast and hard bouncing. It even splashed over Mr. Watson's face a little.

Mr. Watson held onto Liam's hips and made sure he was sitting up as he thrusted hard into the lad a few times before cumming into his tight little hole with a shout and moaning LiLi.

Once he caught his breath, he licked the cum off his face that he could reach then lay Liam onto his back as he slowly pulled out of the lad. "You wanna clean Papa's face?" He asked rubbing over Liam's chest.

Liam had needed a good moment to come down from his high.

When he did, he felt a little embarrassed in the most adorable and loving way. "Yes papa." He gave him a quick cuddle then sat up and began giving little baby licks over Mr. Watson's face.

"Best time with papa I've ever had. I love my papa more then anything." He kissed Mr. Watson's lip in a love struck fashion the voluntarily moved to start licking his check clean.

"Mmm, feels nice." Mr. Watson smiled. He looked down at the phone in his hand and realized he still had it on record. He turned it off and placed it beside him as he closed his eyes and focused on the lovely feeling of Liam licking his face. "Thank you, baby. Papa loves you." He said as his fingers went up and down Liam's back.

At some point when Liam began to clean Mr. Watson's nipples he began to almost experimentally suck on the little nub. After only a moment something about it felt so incredibly wonderful and
relaxing. He felt so connected to Mr. Watson in a non-sexual way. It was beautiful so Liam continued to suck gently as he curled into him and made soft, happy noises.

Mr. Watson hummed happily as Liam cleaned his nipples and then started to suck. He then opened his eyes when he felt Liam curling into him as he continued to suck. He looked down at the lad and his eyes widened as he noticed that Liam had started to mock breastfeed from his nipple. This was definitely a first for him.

He wrapped an arm around Liam's little body and he grabbed the blanket with his free hand wrapping it around the lad, not wanting him to get cold. He softly ran his fingers through Liam's hair as he watched with amazement

Liam felt like he was in totally bliss. He'd honestly never felt this depth of peace and happiness. The beautiful noises continued to escape Liam until the lad felt as though he were actually just floating on thin air. He wasn't getting any milk but Liam was didn't mind. It would have been more fun if he was capable of getting milk but the feeling on heaven Liam was currently experiencing was more than making up for it.

"Take as much time as you want, babe." Mr. Watson told Liam softly. If needed to, he'd get someone else to take his Slags to lunch. He watched as Liam sucked, he'd never seen anyone with suck bliss on their face. He didn't say anything, he just watched. He didn't want to ruin the moment for Liam, so he continued to finger his hair as he watched.

Liam lay for what felt like forever just sucking at his papa. This was the kind of bliss and happiness he'd been searching for his entire life.

He'd almost sucked himself to sleep when he finally stopped rather reluctantly. With an almost bliss drunken look on his face and sound in his voice Liam asked, "Papa, if I stop will you please please please let me do this again another time." He almost had tears in his eyes as he asked. He was scared of losing this feeling forever now that he'd finally found it.

Mr. Watson nodded as he rubbed Liam's back. "No worries, you can do this as often as you want." He kissed the lad's head. "Just ask and I'll give you what you want." He said softly.

Liam hugged Mr. Watson in the sweetest and most loving manner that he ever had. "I really do love you. I know you aren't allowed to actually love me but that doesn't stop how I feel. You make me feel everything I have ever wanted to feel. Even though I'm stuck in this awful place I'm still happy beyond what I knew was possible because of you papa. I feel like every dream I've ever cried myself to sleep hoping for has been reached now that you're in my life. Thank you. Even if this is just something fun for you, it still means everything to me."

Liam knew he'd broken his headspace and he knew he was probably due to be punished for it now but whatever happened, it was worth it. He needed Mr. Watson to know how he felt.

Mr. Watson was silent for a few moments, letting what Liam had told him sink in. "I do love you, more than I'm supposed to. The world may view it as wrong and it may just be another rule broken in this place, but you are different and you are special. I'll always protect you because I care so much about you. I'm falling in love with you."

"I love you so much papa. Those words don't even feel like they describe how much I feel for you." Liam kissed his lips passionately and smiled.

A moment later he frowned though, "I'm sorry I broke away from being one and I know you have to punish me now papa but I had to say that. I've struggled with it so much and now that I'm sure I
had to make sure you knew. Whatever you want to do to punish me I promise not to argue or fight."

"I'll let it slide this time, babe." Mr. Watson kissed his head.

"Mmm, as much as I would love to lay here with you...We have to pick up your idiot roommates from their chores, and then it's time to eat. I expect you to behave this time around and actually eat something." He told him as he stood to go get a nappy from the shelf.

"Yes papa. I promise." He agreed keeping a slightly somber tone as he pushed himself to settle back down into his headspace. "Please hurry? I think I'm going to wee." He'd somehow not gone yet like he normally did just after sex. Perhaps it was due to the mock nursing.

"Right. Surprised you haven't gone already." Mr. Watson placed the nappy on him quickly and did up the tabs. "Eating is good and now maybe after a nap and some special time, you feel better enough not to be difficult when it comes to eating. Papa only wants to take care of you and make sure you have all that you need." He pecked Liam's lips.

"Yes, I swear papa. I'll be a perfect boy for papa. Promise promise." Liam assured.

A moment later felt his nappy get warm with wee. It made his tummy feel better but he didn't bother mentioning it to Mr. Watson. He'd been enough trouble today and he really didn't mind being soiled.

Mr. Watson took the free moment to get himself dressed and put his phone away then looked at Liam when he started to ask something.

"C-could I pretty please have Batman back papa?" He asked pointing to his discarded onesie.

Mr. Watson nodded and grabbed the onesie. "Sure. Your other one is being cleaned. I need to get around to buying you more." He said.

He noticed the nappy had been wee'd in but Liam would have to wait until after lunch to be changed. There wasn't any time right now.

He quickly put the nappy on and popped the dummy that was clipped to it into Liam's mouth.

Liam wanted to smile and papa and thank him for letting him have Batman back on but he just wasn't in the mood. He was feeling a mix of emotions right now.

Mr. Watson was so perfect and wonderful and yet Liam had been naughty all day it seemed. It just made him feel rather depressed and angry with himself. "Bye bye Bruce." He told his teddy softly and then held his arms up to Mr. Watson.

"It's Bruce's turn to have a nap. I mean, you rocked your crib pretty hard earlier." Mr. Watson chuckled as he lifted Liam into his arms and held him close. "Let's see if any of your roommates behaved, I still haven't gotten around to putting that gag back on that slut. I wonder how he's been behaving without it." He said to Liam as they walked out of the room and Mr. Watson locked the door behind him. It was then that an idea struck him.

"Baby..." He pulled Liam to look at him. "If your roommates are being naughty when I'm not around or when another Keeper isn't around, could you let me know? Naughty boys have to be punished so they can learn their lesson." He smiled at Liam. "Think of it like a game, you're a spy and you work for me and have to report everything back to me. Doesn't that sound like fun?" He asked.
Liam didn't exactly love the idea. His roommates already didn't like him very well. This would make it worse. He couldn't tell papa no though. That would be naughty. "Anything you want papa." Maybe he just wouldn't tell Mr. Watson everything that happened.

"Good lad." Mr. Watson kissed over his face and then headed to each of the areas the lads had done their chores in.

The Keeper supervising Louis, which was Mr. Kelly told Mr. Watson that him that Louis had behaved well. Not a single complaint or word out of him besides "Yes, sir."

Louis had just finished cleaning the bathroom when Mr. Watson walked in.

It look Louis a moment to become aware of Mr. Watson's presence but once he had Louis made sure to give him his full attention. He successfully held back commenting on how gross it was to see Liam clung to Mr. Watson for dear life with that stupid dummy in his mouth.

"Sir?" He questioned if it was time to go or not.

"Time for lunch, anything you haven't finished will be taken out of your free time." Mr. Watson said. That didn't normally happen, but with how difficult the lad had been Mr. Watson thought it was a good lesson. "Time to pick up the other losers before you get to eat though." He said.

"Yes sir." He never complained. He just followed obediently and silently. He had one foot in the pit and he knew it. If behaving for a while kept him out of there then he'd suck it up for while.

"Harry?" Liam asked softly. He liked Harry very much. In his eyes that was the closest thing to a best friend he'd ever had. "Harry next please?"

It would be going out of his way. It made sense to pick up Niall and Zayn next as the door to go outside wasn't far, but something about the twinkle in Liam's eyes made him agree to it. "Sure, baby." Mr. Watson kissed his cheek.

"Yes!" He cheered and hugged him tightly. He wanted to see Harry next and papa had agreed. "Thank you. Harry is most nicest to me." He attempted to explain.

"That's good to hear." Mr. Watson smiled as they turned around to walk back down the hallway towards the cafeteria. "If any of the others are mean to you, let me know and I'll straighten them out." He held Liam close as they walked down the hall more. He noticed Louis trailing behind them so he grabbed the lad hard by the arm and pushed him in front of them.

A couple minutes later, they entered the cafeteria and he looked at Louis. "Might as well get your filthy mouth something to eat now." He told him and walked away towards the kitchen where Harry had been working for the last couple hours.

"Harry!" Liam squealed delightedly when he saw him. It was almost like a small lad finally get to see his beloved older brother. "Hi Harry!" He waved but stayed tight and secure to his papa.

Mr. Watson chuckled at Liam's excitement. He noticed Harry was pulling his shirt on as Liam called out. He had just been finished being used.

Harry gave Liam a smile but didn't say anything. He didn't want to get into any trouble.

"You're done here now. It's time for lunch, Sl-Curly." Mr. Watson corrected himself. "And if you
want to talk to the excited baby here, you may." He didn't want Liam to get upset and then refuse to eat. He didn't want that headache again.

"I missed you Harry." Liam smiled at him.

Harry couldn't help but shake his head slightly and smile back. "I missed you too, LiLi."

That simple phrase put Liam in a very very good mood. "He missed me papa!" Liam told him. "See, he's nicest!"

Mr. Watson laughed. "Yeah, maybe." He smiled at Liam as they walked out of the kitchen. "At least he's nice to you and that's what matters the most." He said as they walked into the cafe now.

He turned to Harry. "You're with me for a few more minutes. Keep him happy while I prepare his food." He said as he walked over to the table where Liam's highchair was. He strapped him in and put the tray on. "Papa's gonna get your food, be a good boy for the curly one." He pulled out the dummy and kissed Liam deeply before pulling away. "I'll leave this out so you can talk properly to your friend." He kissed his head and walked away.

"Hi Harry." Liam smiled again. "Thank you for missing me." He seemed very delighted. "Made me feel special and liked."

"Well, you are special." Harry told him with a small smile. "You've always been different than the other twats that go here." He said. "But I do like you, you're my friend so of course I like you." He said. "How was your nap?" He asked.

"Good. I needed it." Liam admitted. "I was tired and being naughty." He blushed a bit sadly. He had a question though that helped him smile a bit, "Harry, will you be my best friend? I've always wanted one. I... you don't have to tell anyone." Liam didn't want him getting shit for being best friends with 'the baby'.

"Yeah, of course." Harry smiled. "I've never had a best friend...Well, not a lasting one that is...running away all the time, being bounced around in homes...You tend to lose track of people." He frowned. "But hopefully, we can be best friends forever..." He'd never said that out loud to anyone before. He had made fun of people who had said that. "I don't give a fuck what people think, so we can totally be friends. Best friends."

"Really?" Liam seemed shocked. "You're the best Harry!" Liam clapped. The name always come out of his mouth sounding more like 'Howie' then it did 'Harry'. "My best friend Harry. I can't wait to tell my papa that you said we can be best friends." He giggled.

Harry smiled feeling nervous. "I hope your Papa is okay with that...I don't want to do anything that might get us or mainly me...into trouble." He said as he noticed Mr. Watson coming in from the side door that lead outside with Zayn and Niall.

Seeing them reminded Harry about them being together. He wondered if Liam heard any of the conversations surrounding the fact that they were together. If he did, he would have to convince Liam not to say anything to his Papa. "LiLi," Harry spoke quietly. "I'm not sure if you were awake last night or if you heard any of the arguments in therapy today, but do you remember hearing anything said about Niall and Zayn?" He asked leaning closer to Liam, trying to be sure that no one else and especially a Keeper would overhear them.

"Yes." Liam nodded proudly. He then whispered in a childlike manner. "They love each other like papa and me love each other but they don't want anyone to know."
"Shit," Harry cursed under his breath. "LiLi, you can't tell anyone, especially Papa. It's dangerous if Keepers or Papa know...Or even other students besides the ones we share a room with. Do you understand?" He asked quietly.

"I don't but I won't tell. Zayn and Niall don't like me. If I tell they will more then not like me." Liam explained. What Liam didn't understand is why Zayn and Niall would get in trouble for being in love. It seemed stupid to him.

"Good enough." Harry sighed but maybe it would be better if Liam understood then he could really make sure he didn't tell. "If Papa knows or any Keepers know, then they'll get in trouble because students aren't supposed to be in relationships with each other..." He paused as a Keeper passed them.

"They'll both be punished for simply being in love with each other and they'll be separated, and they won't be allowed to see each other." He said. "Imagine never being able to see Papa again, never being able to hold or kiss him and being punished for loving him. You wouldn't want that right? That's what would happen to Zayn and Niall if the wrong people find out that they're together." He hoped he was getting through to Liam.

"Papa said he isn't supposed to love me like he does either." Liam told Harry with big eyes. "If you won't tell the wrong people papa loves me I won't tell the wrong people Zayn and Niall love each other." He didn't want to be taken away from papa. He needed papa.

"Deal." Harry sighed of relief.

He wasn't exactly friends with Niall and Zayn yet, but they obviously felt something deep for each other and needed each other, especially now with how Niall had been acting. He didn't want to see them punished for simply loving each other.

Liam didn't seem to understand though that Mr. Watson loving him was wrong because it was an adult loving and being sexual with a child, but in this place, as long as his friend was happy and safe, he tried not to care much about the baby and Papa stuff.

"Wanna know what else no one is supposed to know?" Liam asked. If Harry was his best friend now certainly that meant he could trust Harry to keep all his secrets.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Sure...What else is no one supposed to know?" He asked. It made him curious. Maybe Mr. Watson had told Liam stuff.

Liam whispered extra quiet. "Papa took me to his house last night and let me stay all night. He said I get to go back tonight too."

Harry's eyes widen. "What the fuck?" He felt shocked. "Maybe when you're there you can find a way to sneak out or use the phone to get the rest of us out of this hell." He said.

Liam had never thought of that. Mr. Watson had made him promise not to run away. He didn't want to tell his best friend no though. He decided the safest way to reply was to say, "Yeah, maybe."

"Seriously Liam, you see the way they treat us...People need to know. Police need to know." Harry whispered, he had a feeling he wasn't convinced. "You'll be a hero...Like Batman." He smiled, hoping that would convince the lad.

"You want me to get papa in trouble?" He frowned as his bottom lip quivered. "You don't want Zayn and Niall taken apart but you want me and papa taken apart." It made his heart break. Why
weren't he and papa being together just as important as Zayn and Niall being together. Tears suddenly formed in his eyes. He just wanted his papa now. He wanted Harry to go away.

"Shit. No...I-I'm sorry." Harry whispered. "Please don't cry. That's not what I meant. I just want out of this school where we get beaten, tortured and raped every day. It's called abuse and none of these Keepers should be allowed to get away with it." He said. "That's all I meant...No one has to know about you and Papa, we could leave that part out?" He said as Mr. Watson approached with some jars of food for Liam and a bottle.

"You can leave now, slag...I mean, curly." Mr. Watson sighed. "Go eat something before time's up."

"Papa!" Liam whimpered seeing him.

"See, he came back. I told you it probably just took longer to make your food." Harry lied and then left as quickly as he could. Maybe that would at least delay the beating he was about to get.

"LiLi." Mr. Watson smiled as he sat down in chair Harry had been sitting in. "Don't be upset. I'm back now and now you can eat, then you'll feel a bit better I'm sure. All you've had today was just a bottle of milk." He said as he sat the jars on the highchair tray then the bottle beside him. It was hot, so it'd be cool down just enough for Liam to drink by the time they were done.

"Did you have a nice chat with your friend?" He asked opening the jar of pureed pears.

As upset with Harry as Liam was right now he was nice a person to get him in trouble. "Yes, it just took longer than normal. I got scared." It was a lie but with Harry's comment no one would know the difference.

Mr. Watson leaned forward and kissed Liam's lips. "Don't worry, I'm here now. No one's gonna hurt you." He said as he grabbed the spoon from his pocket and dipped it into the jar. He brought it up to Liam's lips.

Liam didn't argue at all about eating. He was actually starving so he welcomed the food with joy. "I trust no one will hurt me but I worry about you papa." That was true.

"Why are you worried about me?" Mr. Watson asked as he gathered up more food onto the spoon. "I mean, that's really sweet that you're worried about your Papa, but I'm fine."

"Someone else could hurt you in order to hurt me." He explained the held his mouth open wanting more food.

Mr. Watson fed Liam the food on the spoon then pulled it out of his mouth once Liam had ate it. "Like who? There's no one here that could hurt me. I'll fight anyone who dares to think they could even get a beat on me." He said with a small laugh. "What's gotten you so worried all of a sudden?" He felt concerned.

Chapter End Notes

So how do you feel about the mock breast feeding?

It was requested awhile ago but we already have so many written that requests won't show up until later chapters. :)
But we are still open to any punishments or sexual thing you might want to see happen.
"You aren't supposed to love me cause I'm not a grown up." That had Liam worried so while it wasn't the full truth it wasn't a lie either. "What if the people who know you aren't supposed to love me figure out you love me and try to punish you for being naughty?" It was a valid question.

"Besides you, there's only one person who knows, and he won't say anything. I promise." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's nose. "I promise you, you have nothing to worry about. No one's going to punish me for loving you. No one's going to find out. I won't tell anyone else and you won't tell anyone, because you're a good little one, so if no one knows why worry right?" He tried to calm Liam's fears and gathered up more of the food and brought it up to Liam's mouth.

Liam nodded. It settled his nerves a little. "Yes papa. I just love you too much. Aren't you scared to lose things you love too much? Even stuff you know is safe?"

Mr. Watson paused as he thought. "Maybe sometimes but then I take steps to make sure that I won't lose that thing, like how I make sure not to lose you, ever. Mine forever." He kissed Liam's cheek. "I love you lots. I'll make sure nothing bad happens. Just trust me, yeah? Trust that Papa knows how to keep us safe and make sure no bad people find out about us." He tried to help Liam's fears.

Liam nodded and ate another bite. He then wondered though, "Papa, do you really mean forever? It's a long time when you say forever. Humans can live longer than puppies and even turtles!"

Mr. Watson laughed. "I mean, I'll always be your 'Papa' and you'll always be my 'baby'. You don't have to worry about it going away or stopping at any time...Even when you're 18 and released from this place, you'll always be mine." He said and scooped the rest of the pear mush from the jar and
brought it up to Liam's lips. "Last bite for the pears." He smiled.

Liam smiled. He had someone who wanted to care about him forever; as a... whatever they were.

After 14 years, someone wanted him forever. Somehow things just kept better and better for Liam. No way in hell he was risking losing him. He leaned forward and kissed papa's hand then ate his last bite.

Mr. Watson smiled. "I love you too." He said softly as Liam kissed his hand. "Good, that's it for the pears, now onto the peas that we tried to eat this morning then bottle time. I have a feeling you'd like it if I did what we did this morning? With me feeding it to you, I mean."

"Oh yes papa!" Liam nodded rather sure of himself. "LiLi likes to be tiny for papa."

"And Papa loves it when LiLi is tiny." Mr. Watson pecked his lips and started to feed him the peas from the morning.

It didn't take long for Liam to finish the jar off then Mr. Watson took the tray off the highchair and unstrapped Liam, he picked him up and sat him in his lap. He grabbed the bottle that was beside him and popped it into Liam's mouth. "There we go." He said as he cradled the boy in his arms. "Drink up." He kissed his forehead.

Liam enjoyed being fed this way because now he was close enough to papa to play with his buttons and his hands were free to do so.

As no other seats were available Harry ended up at a table with Zayn, Niall and David. "You three no longer get a choice on being nice to Liam. Uh, not you mate. I mean these two and our other dick head roommate."

"We were all there at therapy this morning. It's our assignment to be nice to Liam, remember?" Niall said rather grumpily.

"Ignore him." Zayn said turning to Harry. "What do you mean it's no longer our choice? What's changed?" He asked confused.

"Mr. Watson took him home last night and he's doing it again tonight." Harry informed them. "And don't any of you let Liam know I told you."

"Lips are zipped. He's not the only one who gets snuck off campus." David replied.

"Wait, who else gets snuck off campus?" Niall asked looking at David. The urge to hit him was still there but as long as Zayn was with him, he had been managing to control himself.

"The one most often taken off is Tyler and his group of jealous friends." David replied.

"I'm not sure how Liam being easily manipulated is going to help us though. I mean, I mean I mentioned he should sneak off and get us help next time and he lost it. I'm pretty sure I'm getting another beating later cause he cried thinking I wanted him to get his papa in trouble." Harry was
intrigued but skeptical.

Niall sighed as he let his head fall to the table, banging it lightly. "We're never getting out of here. We're gonna die in this place."

Zayn frowned, worried. He reached a hand under the table and squeezed Niall's leg. "We'll make it out somehow, someday...We're not gonna die in here. How they gonna explain a dead body?"

"Hide the body, get rid the evidence and say we ran away." Niall mumbled. "Wish it was possible to run from this place."

"So Tyler and his friends get snuck off campus?" Zayn asked as he rubbed Niall's leg. Their seat was against the wall and Keepers wouldn't notice Zayn's hand on Niall's leg or at least he hoped so. "Where do they go? How does one Keeper manage so many?" He asked David.

"I mean, I've only heard of him taking three at a time and they get handcuffed. I imagine the way you were when you went to the hospital." David replied.

"In their case, they promise sexual favors. All night sex without complaint in a group, with the just the Keeper or with his friends. Of course they prove themselves in here to be well behaved all the time." David explained.

"I don't think that'll work for us, at least not Louis. The damn lad can never stop getting himself in trouble." Niall sighed.

"But if the rest of us prove ourselves to Mr. Watson..." Zayn said.

"And how's that going to work?" Niall asked lifting his head as a hand went under the table to take Zayn's hand. "He only has eyes for Liam or at least it seems that way."

"Maybe we get get into another Keepers good graces." Zayn suggested.

"Possibly, I mean, if you could somehow get Liam to enjoy being with all of you, possibly minus this Louis guy, then perhaps that would assist in getting you off campus in a group. I mean, Liam is his baby. At some point Liam should be able to convince Mr. Watson to let him have anything he wants. Make Liam want time off campus with all of you." That was David's input. "If it works though I swear to god you all better get me out of this shit hole."

"I promise." Zayn nodded. "We wouldn't leave you in here." He said. "Or at least, I wouldn't." He quickly added.

Niall rolled his eyes. "Just cause I'm a little pissed off that he kissed you, doesn't mean I wish for him to stay here. I wouldn't wish this place on anyone. In theory, it sounds like a good place for the people you hate but living it? Nah, babe. I wouldn't wish this on anyone."

Zayn smiled at him a little. "Right, so we just have to make Liam like us...Shouldn't be hard. Right? I mean, he's not totally gone yet, so maybe the non baby part of him is desperate for friends?"

"He asked me to be his best friend just before he told me about getting taken off campus. I think he's desperate for acceptance. I mean, Mr. Watson being an adult makes the relationship creepy but a lot of people in the world enjoy living as adult babies." Harry spoke and tried to keep eating. "I've never looked down on him for liking all the infant play. Maybe start there?"
"Don't forget to finish your smoothie." Zayn reminded Niall.

"Fucking hell..." Niall groaned as he sat up fully and took a large sip of it. "Fucking horrible. Terrible. I'd take any Keepers cum over this shit." And he meant it. "But that does sound like a good place to start, he seems really into it, like he enjoys pretending...Everyone has their kinks. Even you." Niall smirked at Zayn.

"And you." Zayn returned the smirk with one of his own. "Let's just, try focusing on the Liam side of it. When Mr. Watson isn't around we can just push ourselves to really accept the person Liam enjoys being."

"He really is a sweet lad. I think whatever shit life he had before didn't affect him the way it did us. It made us all stronger versus it seems to have broken him." Harry added.

Niall grinned while David rolled his eyes at the pair.

Zayn frowned at Harry's comment. "Poor lad, if he was already broken, no wonder he took to the age play kink so well." He said.

Niall chugged the rest of his smoothie. "Fucking horrible." He turned up his nose and pushed the glass away.

"Oh I know. I've kissed you while the taste has still been in your mouth. Believe me, I know. I'm sorry you have to drink it, baby." Zayn said softly.

"As for Liam..." Niall said looking between Zayn and Harry. "I think we should treat him as his age like the therapist said, maybe that'll help us bond more with him. Maybe if we just suck up to him, I mean, come on...Harry's been nice to him and Mr. Watson changed the nickname from Reek to Curly because Liam was upset that Harry was being called something mean. If Harry gets treated better because of Liam, then I say we all push aside our feelings and just suck it up and play nice to him. If it means a trip out of this place, then I'm all for it."

"I don't guess I really saw things like that but I suppose you're right." Harry shrugged.

"Who knows, maybe it'll encourage Louis to follow along." Zayn offered hopefully.

"I won't hold my breath there. Sorry lads but I wouldn't piss on Louis if he were on fire." Harry stated.

Niall laughed quietly at Harry's comment about Louis. He couldn't help it. He knew it was true as well. "Me too, mate."

"You never know with Louis, you saw his face when he was threatened with going to the pit." Zayn pointed out.

"No one wants to go there. It's worse than the fucking playroom." David spoke up. "Seriously, if you ever want to cover for your boyfriend again in the future, let him go to the playroom and cover for the pit."

Zayn nodded. "Thanks for the advice." He still wasn't sure if he'd allow Niall to go to the playroom but he knew he wouldn't allow him to go to the pit.

"Just don't forget to rescue me as well." David said softly.

"We won't." Niall assured him.
"Time's up, slags! Throw your rubbish in the bins and line up. Keepers! Babies are either napping or they get playtime." Mr. Derringer called.

Everyone scattered to throw away their rubbish and return their trays.

"You, uh... four leaf clover, you're coming with me. You have a check up with the nurse." Mr. Derringer told Niall. "Dogs line up with Mr. Kelly to being taken out. The rest of you go to your room Keepers!"

Harry and Zayn and Louis quickly went to were Mr. Watson was stood holding Liam.

"Where should I go sir? I had one more toilet left to clean." Louis spoke up.

Niall walked over to Mr. Derringer trying to hide his frown from having to leave Zayn. He felt confused. He stood with Mr. Derringer as everyone else went to their spots.

Mr. Watson looked down at Louis. "Go find Mr. Blair. Remind him that you have a toilet left to clean, and then you'll be allowed your free time when you're done." He told him as he adjusted Liam on his lap then stood up, holding the boy close to his body.

He walked off to find the other two waiting at the doors for him. "Let's go." He said. "I've got a baby to change, then free time for the both of you."

Niall walked over to Mr. Derringer trying to hide his frown from having to leave Zayn. He stood with Mr. Derringer as everyone else went to their spots.

Mr. Watson looked down at Louis. "Go find Mr. Blair. Remind him that you have a toilet left to clean, and then you'll be allowed your free time when you're done." He told him as he adjusted Liam on his lap then stood up, holding the boy close to his body.

He walked off to find the other two waiting at the doors for him. "Let's go." He said. "Free time for the two of you, Ace you've more than made up for your mistake. Mr. Jones would prefer you stay shirtless from now on though." He said.

"Yes, sir." Zayn nodded.

"Where's Louis?" Harry asked. He felt curious.

"He's finishing his chores then he'll join you for free time." Mr. Watson said.

Harry and Zayn nodded.

"Let's go." Mr. Watson told them and the lads began to walk to the rec room.

After Mr. Watson dropped them off with Mr. Scott at the rec room, he walked back to the room. He unlocked the door and locked it again behind him.

"Time to clean you up, I didn't get a chance to change you before we left for lunch." Mr. Watson said as he lay Liam in his crib. He then grabbed the wipes and a fresh nappy.

“I made a mess.” Liam giggled as Mr. Watson got his onesie undone to change him.

“Well then, let's get you cleaned up.” Mr. Watson pressed a kiss to Liam's lips and undid the tabs.
When the nappy was off Mr. Watson took a look at Liam's bum to clean him up. "Shit." He cursed under his breath. Liam's bum was all red and sore looking.

"Suppose this is partly my fault...But uh," He paused. "I'll have to take you to the nurse later or maybe I'll just talk to her myself. You have a rash on your bum." He explained as he worked on cleaning Liam up.

Liam frowned. “Nurse can fix my bum right?”

“Yes. Papa is sorry for not changing you right away.” Mr. Watson said as he put a fresh nappy on Liam.

“It's okay. LiLi forgive you.” Liam smiled. “Nurse can fix me.”

“You're a very special boy.” Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips again and did the nappy up then the onesie.

Mr. Watson stood and threw the dirty nappy in the bin. It was beginning to pile up. He'd have to pick one of the slags to help with the rubbish.

He then washed his hands and walked over to Liam. “You've earned some playtime, baby.” He said and did up the nappy.

“No...They will make fun of me. Can I just have Harry?” Liam asked. “I want to play here with Harry. Colour with him.”

“Alright. I'll get him. I have make a stop then I’ll get Harry and some colouring books.” Mr. Watson smiled and kissed his head. He then pulled the side railing up.

Liam grinned. “Thank you, papa.”

"You're welcome, LiLi." Mr. Watson smiled.

Mr. Watson walked to the nurse's office where Niall had just finished his check up and was walking out of the examination room.

"Do I get free time, sir?” Niall asked.

"Yes. Derringer, can you take him for me? I have a couple things to do then I'll be there." Mr. Watson said.

"Sure, maybe I'll have some fun with the little Irish lad on the way there.” Mr. Derringer smirked looking down at Niall who tried hard to throw up at the thought of another Keeper touching him.

"I need to speak with you for a moment. It's about Liam Foster.” Mr. Watson told Carol.

"Yes, what exactly can I do for you?” She asked as she finished filling out the paperwork for her exam on Niall. "I'm taking him off the shakes by the way. He's doing better now. Any weight loss and I told him they come back."

"That was my next question." Mr. Watson said. "Thanks...And uh, I'm sure you've heard by now about how I've made him my baby? I went to change him after lunch, he had soiled himself earlier, but only being a year, he didn't let me know.” He lied a little. He didn't need her lectures.

"Anyways, when I went to change him...I noticed this." He showed her the photo on his phone.
"Nappy rash right?" He asked.

"Yes, this one looks more along the lines of being cause by him sitting in a soiled nappy for too long. He's either going to have to speak up and ask for a changing or you'll need to see to it someone gets him changed more frequently. He probably has sensitive skin." Carol explained.

Mr. Watson nodded. "I'll get on that. Is there anything for it? Do I need to put something on it?" He asked.

"I can get you some cream. I won't have it until tomorrow though. For what should be an obvious reason I don't keep diaper rash cream on stock." She explained. "Is there anything else I can do for you or would you like to stick around for a lecture on the subject?"

Mr. Watson rolled his eyes. "If he complains of pain, I'll just give him a painkiller. Thanks, I'll be by tomorrow to pick the cream up." He said then left before she had a chance to reply. He didn't want her to lecture him anyways.

He made a stop to the rec room to get a colouring book with some crayons, then went back to the room. His eyes searched for Harry then found him talking to another boy. He walked over and grabbed Harry by the arm. "You're coming with me." He said and dragged him from the room.

When they got into the hallway, he pushed Harry into some lockers and pinned him against it. "You're his best friend. Only you. I'm not going to make another trip to take you back to the rec room, so you'll spend your free time with him and make him happy, so fucking help me if you make him feel worse, I'll send you to the fucking pit." He warned.

Harry's eyes went large. He felt a bit scared. "I'd never hurt him. Not on purpose I mean. When I said I'd be his best friend I swear I meant it Mr. Watson."

Mr. Watson nodded then walked Harry to the room.

He unlocked the door and walked in. "LiLi?" He said as he walked into the room. "I've got a book you can colour in and some crayons."

He walked over to the crib and pushed down the side rail. "There you go. You two have fun." He gave Harry a warning look before leaving the room and locking the door behind him.

Liam looked up at Harry with a big smile.

"You got a colouring book? What are you colouring?" He asked as he walked over to sit next to him in the crib.

"Disney." Liam told Harry as he sat perfectly content beside him and leaned onto him. He opened the book. "It's all Disney. Will you colour with me?" He asked.

"I'd love to colour with you!" Harry said truthfully. Colouring seemed like a good way to relax. "Maybe they have Aladdin and Jasmine? I always enjoyed that film."

"Really?" Liam asked feeling really happy. "Did you know that there was talking of making Jasmine the poor one before it was written but too many people thought it was over done?" Liam asked as he began flipping through the pages.

"I had no idea. I just love the magic carpet and of course Abu, the monkey. I like monkeys." Harry said as he watched Liam flip through the pages. "You know who looks like Aladdin that we know?" He asked with a small smirk.
"Zayn." Liam giggled. "Niall even calls him prince when they play at bedtime." Liam hadn't told anyone he heard them. "You look like a princess I think. Your eyes and your hair are just pretty. Probably why are the Keepers like you all so much."

Harry laughed. "Exactly. I'd say Niall could be his Jasmine but he doesn't even have the skin colour or the hair." He said. "Last night they were loud, but they won't be loud every night, that was the deal. I hope they can stick to it. I don't wanna hear them have sex." He smiled when he heard Harry's comment. "Really? Thank you." He felt his cheeks heat up a little. "Yeah, they love my hair...I figured that's what attracted them." He nodded. "So which Disney Princess would I be?" He asked. "I think you're Prince Charming."

"Your eyes are like the Scottish princess and your hair is sorta curly like hers but then it's black and your skin is more milky so I think maybe you're the son of princess Snow White and Princess... whatever her name is. You know? The movie Brave." Liam smiled when he saw a photo to color of her. "See? This one Hazzie!"

"Merida." Harry said. "Yeah, I love her. She's pretty bad ass." He smiled. "Should we colour her?" He asked.

"Oh! Can we color her to look like you?" He asked excited. "I bet they really are your moms Harry. Wouldn't it be fun to imagine and just say they are? Like they couldn't keep you because it would just destroy the Disney universe!"

"Yeah...Maybe." Harry didn't like to think about his biological family. It always hurt that it was because of then that he ended up in this situation. "Anyways, yes to colour to look like me. You do the face and I'll do the dress...Though I would never wear a dress by choice."

"Why not? You'd look lovely in a dress." He casually told Harry as he began comparing brown crayons to Harry's hair. "You know dresses aren't only girls clothes right? I mean in Ireland where Niall is from the boys wore these things that sorta look like skirts and Scotland sorta loved it so much they did it too."

Harry nodded. "I know all that but... Dresses aren't my thing. And what the Irish wear sometimes are called kilts. I don't think they like them being called skirts." He said. Harry began to colour the dress blue. "Would you like to wear a dress?"

"I don't see why not? I mean it's just a thing people wear. It's not that big a deal." He shrugged and kept working carefully to not get outside of the lines. "I like my onesies though. They're so soft and cozy."

Harry smiled. "Well. I'm sure Papa would love to see you in a dress." Mr. Watson seemed to have odd kinks. "I'm glad you're comfortable in your onesies. They look comfy." He commented.

"Papa said if I was good he'd get me a shirt with buttons to play with. Buttons are one of my favorite things." He told Harry. "Though I still would rather wear my onesies, oh or a nice sleeper. I always get so cold."

"You have a nice warm blanket... Something that's a lot warmer than the rest of us get." Harry said. "I've seen you in a couple of onesies. Do you have a favourite one?" He asked. "They look cute." He commented.

Liam took note of Harry's comment on them not having warm blankets. "This one is my favorite so far. It has Batman on it."
"It also has Flash. He's my favourite." Harry said. "I don't care for Green Lantern though. Superman is pretty awesome though. So who's your favourite Superhero? Someone that's not Batman."

"Well, honestly flash has the best chance of winning out of them all so if I can't say Batman probably him." Liam nodded and began looking for the perfect green crayon. "Oh! Villains! Who are your favorite villains?"

"Villain's? Hm. I'm not sure. I suppose Joker or Poison Ivy are my favourites. What about you?" Harry asked.

"I like Killer Frost and Harley Quinn. The girl villains are the best cause people always think girls can't fight good." Liam smiled. He was already feeling so much. Harry had done the trick. "Bruce doesn't like any villains."

"Bruce?" Harry said confused. "Oh your bear right? That's cool. It's cool. It's cool to not like any villains." He nodded. "What Superheros does he like? And he can't name himself." He chuckled.

Liam laughed adorable and rested his head on Harry's shoulder. "He has a lot in common with Superman but they aren't really good friends, well not yet in the movies." Liam explained. "They'll be friends sorta eventually cause they have to form the justice league."

"Right. I like Vixen...I think that's her name? She's awesome. She's the one with an amulet that channels animals and she's has their strength. Like...If she chooses a bear, she has the strength of a bear. She's cool." Harry smiled looking down at Liam.

"There's some sort of villain that can put curses of superheroes and temporary capture their powers." Liam commented and started on trying to match Harry's skin color best he could with crayons. "This looks so pretty Harry. You would have made a beautiful girl."

"But she wears a necklace. She was part of the JSA...Hmm. Her granddaughter was on Arrow as Vixen, I think that's the name...Who had the same power because she had the necklace. Anyways, she's badass and my favourite person of all time. She's not a villain though." Harry grinned at Liam. "Thanks...Mm, maybe I should grow my hair long like a real life Princess." He smiled.

"Oh! You really should!" Liam smiled and laughed. "One of the Keepers warned papa not to let them cut your hair anyway." He remembered. He then giggled, "He called papa by his real name too. I don't think I was supposed to hear but I did."

"Well then I guess I will become a real life Princess." Harry said. "Oh? What's Papa's real name then? Can you tell me? I won't tell anyone." That wasn't entirely true but the more information he could get out of Liam, the better.

Liam laughed a little. He loved having secrets with Harry. "His name is Benji. Probably short for Benjamin like how Harry is short for that pretty name you don't like."

"It's not pretty. It's hideous." Harry groaned. "Let's not talk about it." He said as he finished the dress. "There. It's done. It's very pretty." He added. "So Benji... That's a nice name. Do you know anything else about Papa? Oh! What did his house look like? I bet it's nice. You're very lucky to have gotten out of this place for a night."

"It's sorta small but it's nice. Like your real name." Liam pushed a little and tease. "I like saying your short name little though. Harry." He said it again making it sound like 'Howie'.

"Papa lives alone and he said a bed big enough that I got to sleep with him and I didn't fall out of
bed. It seems empty and cold and lonely though." Liam was definitely feeling better now cause he
was rambling.

"Hmm. That's nice that you got to sleep in a nice bed. I wish I could. But Papa loves you so you get
nice stuff. You even get to spend free time in here with me. He wouldn't have done that for anyone
else." Harry said.

"I like you so papa has to like you." Liam tried to explain. "Papa wouldn't want me sad. That how I
got my way. It's why I got him to be nice and call you curly too." Liam felt proud. He was able to
make nice things happen for his friend. "I told papa you are my best friend. I think he was happy
you agreed to like me."

Harry nodded. "He has to like me...I can live with that." He said. "So do you think you can make
Papa do anything you want?" He asked as he leaned back against the crib wall.

"Maybe. But I don't want to get in trouble." He frowned. "Please don't ask me to try something that
will get me in trouble.I don't want to tell you no but I don't want papa upset with me."

"No, of course not. I'm sorry. I was just curious...By the way you were talking, that's what it
sounded like." Harry said quickly. "I'd never ask you something that would get you in trouble. I'd
never do anything to intentionally hurt you." He said.

"I bet I can get you a warm blanket though. Would you be mad if I tried to get papa to get you
one?" Liam offered.

Harry raised his eyebrows. "Yeah, that would be nice." He couldn't remember if it was Niall or
Zayn who said it at lunch but they had been right. He did get special treatment with being Liam's
friend. "I wouldn't want to get you into trouble though." He said softly.

"I'm sure I wouldn't get in trouble for asking. I think if I demanded I'd get into trouble." He replied.
"I'm going to ask. Papa always seems to think that good boys get rewards and I think being so nice
when you don't have to be is you being good so I want to get you a reward as a thank you."

Harry smiled. "Thank you Liam. It means a lot that you're thinking of me. No one has before." He
paused and kissed Liam's cheek. "Just being friendly. No need to tell Papa." He gave Liam a quick
smile. "Hmm. What about Snow White and the dwarfs? We can colour them next?" He suggested.

"I won't tell." Liam giggled. "I finally have someone to have secrets with. It's fun."

Liam then carefully took the photo they had colored out of the book and set it aside before turning
to find one of Snow White with her dwarves. Liam instantly giggled looking at it.

"I think sleepy is you." Harry teased. "You like to sleep a lot. Doc feels like...Zayn maybe? He's
always looking out for people and he covered for Niall once. Hm. Grumpy is definitely Niall.
Happy isn't any of us. Dopey is Louis maybe? He's kind of an idiot. He doesn't know how to stay
out of trouble. So either I'm Happy, Bashful or Sneezy...What do you think?"

"You don't sneeze and you aren't bashful." Liam laughed. "You're pretty much Snow White. I was
gonna call Louis grumpy though." Liam replied looking at the photo. "I feel more like Bashful than
sleepy. I get so embarrassed sometimes. "Let Niall be Dopey. I mean they both have sorta big
ears."

Harry laughed. "Niall's been grumpy today so that's why I chose it for him. Okay. So. I'm Snow
White, you're Bashful, Louis is grumpy, Niall is Dopey, so what does that make Zayn to you?
Doc? Sneezy? Happy?" He asked as he started to colour in Sneezy's hat.
"Doc. He's sorta smartest of us all I think." Liam replied as he began to color Dopey. "Oh, that one kid who never shuts up who always ends up getting a cock shoved in his mouth should be happy. Cause you gotta be like a clinically insane sorta happy to act the way he does."

Harry laughed again. "I agree. I like Doc for Zayn too." He nodded and started to colour again. "So I suppose that makes David Sneezy." He said.

"Yeah, but only cause I don't know him." Liam replied.

"Know who baby boy?" They both heard Mr. Watson's voice.

Liam's voice was soft as he replied, "The lad Zayn sits with at meal time."

"We were just comparing students to the seven dwarfs sir." Harry explained standing up.

"Hm. I think his name is David, but it sounds fun." Mr. Watson said. "The others are at dinner. You've spent an entire afternoon in here. Ready to eat?" He asked walking over to Liam.

He wasn't entirely ready but he'd get into trouble if he said no, especially after not eating a proper breakfast.

"Yes papa." He replied and handed him the coloring book and crayons. "Papa, pretty please can Harry and I keep the picture we colored in here? Maybe on his shelf? I worked so hard on making it look just like him." His eyes which still seemed hurt when looking at Mr. Watson begged for him to say yes to such a simple request.

"Of course! I'll bring some tape in later and we can post it on the wall. Show off all your hard work. And I was thinking..." Mr. Watson leaned down to rest of the balls of his feet as he looked at Liam. "Why don't we keep the colouring book and crayons in here? Anytime you feel like colouring, all you have to do is ask someone, probably Curly here, to get it for you. Would you like that?" He asked.

"Yes papa." Liam nodded quickly. "Would you get it when I asked Harry? Please?" He requested using his small voice.

"Of course pal. Anything for you." Harry laughed at the cute way Liam pronounced his name. He really hoped showing Mr. Watson how nice he was to Liam would help this plan that had been cooked up.

"Hooray! See how awesome my best friend is papa?" Liam smiled working on buttering him up so he could ask for a warm blanket for him later.

Mr. Watson smiled and nodded. "I see that." He said. "But before we go, I do need to ask if you've gone in your nappy..." He said softly. "I just don't want your rash to get any worse and I won't have any cream to help it until tomorrow." He took a hold of Liam's hands.

Liam nodded with a blush. "I had a wee papa." It wasn't so embarrassing when he wasn't having to tell when he'd gone.

"Fresh nappy and wipes Mr. Watson?" Harry asked moving to the shelf to get them. Harry didn't care if he was sucking up. It was to help his chance at escaping.

"Yes...That'd be very helpful. Thank you." Mr. Watson said as Harry handed him the nappy and wipes. He felt a little suspicious of this sudden change in behaviour but perhaps being friends with Liam now made him want to help more.
He took the dirty nappy off of him and cleaned him up, slowly and gently. “I’m really glad you had a good time this afternoon. It makes me happy to see you happy.” He said as he put a fresh nappy on.

"I love you papa." Liam gave him a hug once he was dressed. He smiled over at Harry, wanting his best friend to see how truly happy he was with their room Keeper.

"Is there anything else I can do to help sir?" Harry asked now standing at the door and waiting.

"Uh, you can throw away the dirty nappy, please." Mr. Watson picked Liam up and held him close. He felt like cuddling his boy for a moment.

Liam nuzzled into him and coo'ed softly as Harry did what was asked of him.

"Papa, will the cream help my bum? It's uncomfortable and sort of itchy." Liam whispered.

"Yes it will. We can pick up when we come back in the morning. She won't have it until then." Mr. Watson pecked Liam's lips and opened the door after unlocking it. "If it hurts, I'll give you a painkiller, if you want." He offered. "But maybe..." He had an idea. "Maybe we can skip your shower later and I can give you a bath when we get home?" He suggested walking out and locking the door behind him.

"Oh?" He seemed intrigued. "Can I play in the water and if I don't splash everywhere?" He looked hopeful as he resisted a smile and licked his lips.

"Yes." Mr. Watson said. "I don't want to have to clean up the floor after. I'd rather cuddle with you and/or make you feel good." He said as they walked. "I have bath toys for you to play with too." He smiled. He had gone out in his lunch break and gotten a few things for Liam.

Liam's face lit up, "I'd love that then papa. I won't have to be naked in front of Mr. Paterson at shower time this way." Liam was scared of him. Even with papa's protection he was scared.

"Oh, papa, I have a question to ask later when we are alone. Will you remember for me?" He asked adorably then got sidetracked with the button on his collar.

"Don't worry about Patterson. He's just a big ole meanie, but he knows better than to touch you. He may watch but he'd never touch without my permission...And yes, babe. I'll remember to remind you about your question." He said as they walked in. "Harry has to go eat now. Wanna say bye?" Mr. Watson offered to Liam.

"Bye bye Harry." He smiled from ear to ear. Liam really should have just started calling the lad Howie.

"Bye for now LiLi. Be a good boy for your papa." Harry waved and shook his hand a little how an adult might do with an infant.

Mr. Watson watched as Harry got into line. He was becoming very pleased with how the curly one was treating his baby. He then walked over to the table where Liam's highchair was and strapped him in. "There. We're alone. No one else is at the table besides us and no one can hear us. What was your question?" Mr. Watson asked as he placed the tray on to the chair.

"Papa, do you know how if I am a good boy I get rewards?" Liam asked. Now that his anger had passed he was sounding much more infantile again.

"Yes, baby and even though you were naughty today...I still have a surprise for you at home. I
should wait to give it you when you've been good a couple days but...I can't wait." He smiled and sat down. "Sorry. Sidetracked...What about it, babe?"

"Well, papa, Harry has been a very good boy. I think so anyway. He even tried to tell me exactly what you said about having forgotten how strong you can be." Liam searched Mr. Watson's face to see if he was following. When it seemed as though he wasn't Liam kept speaking. "I was hoping Harry could have a reward for being a good boy. I really think it might help him see why being good is best. I really really hate when he acts up and I don't want him to anymore and... I'm sorry. I'm talking too much."

"Maybe a little too much...But I see your point. Maybe Harry does deserve a small reward." Mr. Watson said. "I'll think of something to give him." He kissed Liam's head.

"I had an idea." Liam said shy, hoping he wasn't crossing any lines. "I just really want to show him that it means a lot to me; how nice he is being when he doesn't have to be and normally isn't to the other students." Maybe explaining himself would help a bit better.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Okay, let's hear it, love." He took Liam's hands in his own. "I wanna hear your ideas and know what goes on in that beautiful mind of yours."

Liam blushed again but this time from the compliment. "Could he have a blanket like mine? Papa it really really does get so cold in our room. Maybe he could even just have mine instead of me having it."

"Sure." Mr. Watson said. "Sounds fair enough." He paused as he leaned in close to Liam. "I have a secret. If I share it with you, do you promise not to tell another living breathing soul?" He asked quietly.

Liam's eyes went big. Papa was going to share a big secret with him? This really really made him feel special. "I promise papa. I really really promise."

Mr. Watson kissed Liam's hands and looked at him. "We keep it cold to prevent the spreading of germs but each room has its own heating. So on the rare occasion that all students in one room are really good for awhile...Then they can have the heat turned up a little...Just to take the chill off. It almost never happens and when it does, the students are sworn to never tell anyone. We're not supposed to turn up the heat but sometimes when students are good...We can take a bit of pity." He kissed Liam's lips. "And sometimes, we pretend we don't see or hear things that happen so we can use it against them later."

Liam's mind spun just a little. The heating in the rooms was really cool but, "What things do your pretend not to see and how would you use seeing something later?"

"Hmm. Like if the student is being naughty and they don't think we see or hear..." Mr. Watson said. "Then when they're naughty and we catch them, they'll be sent to the pit or the playroom because we know of other things that they have done." He answered. "Now, we've been talking too much and we need to feed you." He poked Liam's tummy playfully. "Be good. I'll be back shortly." He told Liam.

Liam wanted to keep asking questions and talking to papa but he had walked away too fast to be stopped. So to entertain himself began to swing his feet and sing the only nursery rhyme he knew as the other Keepers and students began to come in. Most of them laughing and teasing him along with the other babied students who were being placed in high chairs next to him.

Mr. Watson soon returned with food for Liam and a bottle. He sat down and smiled at Liam. "No
more questions about what we just discussed... You can save them for later when we're alone." He said and pecked Liam's lips. "I got you some applesauce, some peaches and some carrots. Then of course your bottle." He smiled. "What do you want first? Bottle should be last." He reminded.

Liam gave him an adorable pout when he said the bottle had to be last. With papa feeding it to him now he always fell asleep though so he knew why that had to happen. "Carrots first? They are the yuckiest." He stuck his to give out. "Peaches after so my favorite can be just before the best part. Please my papa?" He giggled.

A student being babied near the groaned under his breath as he heard Liam and huffed to himself about how only a moron like Liam would enjoy this treatment.

Mr. Watson shot the student a look. "For that remark, you've earned yourself a trip to the playroom. I will have fun carrying out your punishment." He said to the boy.

Liam kept his face solemn until as the boy tried to beg for forgiveness but was given none. It wasn't until his eyes finally met papa's again that he smiled a very amused and thankful smile. He then whispered while trying not to laugh, "Don't mess with papa's favorite boy."

Mr. Watson smiled big. "Exactly." He kissed Liam's cheek. "I told ya, no one gets away with being mean to my baby." He chuckled a little and opened the jar of pureed carrots. He scooped some up on a spoon and brought it up to Liam's lips.

Liam loved how protective Mr. Watson was. It was everything he'd wanted a forever father to be. Now he had it.

Reluctantly his mouth opened for the carrots and only because they were warm was he able to get it swallowed down without any fuss. Papa always knew just what to do to make things in Liam's ice better or easier.

Mr. Watson worked quickly on feeding all the jars to Liam. He then took away the tray and undid the straps. He picked Liam up in his arms. He grabbed the bottle and walked into the kitchen where the male breastfeeding supplemental nursing system and walked back out and quickly made his way to the bedroom. He locked the door behind him and lay Liam in the crib. Mr. Watson then took his shirt off.

"I know you liked sucking my nipples earlier and I know why... This thing, has never been used in this way before. It's normally a punishment." He said as he put the string through the bottom of the bottle where there was a place for it then tied it around his neck. There were tubes coming out of it. He then taped the tubes to his nipples and lay next to Liam. "If you want milk this way... You can have it. Just suck like you did earlier but this time you will get milk."

Liam had a perfectly angelic look on his face. He'd never been happier or more excited. The feeling he got from pretending to nurse earlier that the best feeling he'd ever experienced and now it was about to get so much better.

Quickly he crawled closer to to his papa. He took his hand and sat him on the crib the got into his lap, cuddling and melting into him as deeply as he could. His mouth hungrily latched onto Mr. Watson and the noise he made when he began to suck the warm milk into his mouth was nothing more than bliss in the most rare and special form.

Mr. Watson smiled down at him. "I think I am falling in love with you. This is much more than something fun for me. It is fun but it's more than that. I just want you happy and feeling safe. I want to be with you all the time." He told the lad softly. "If you like this, this can be our thing from
now on. Breakfast then feeding you your milk in here." He ran a hand over Liam's back.

Liam nodded, he had things to say but he was unwilling to release his latch right now. This was his favorite thing in the entire world and he was going to be selfish about it without question.

The entire time he nursed and fed everything in the entire world was perfect. Nothing could harm him. Nothing could upset him.

At some point Liam did release his suction but it was only long enough to get latched on the other side where he polished off the warm milk rather quickly. He was still moaning from the bliss as he pulled away and looked up at his papa, completely milk drunk.

Mr. Watson took the device off and sat it aside. "You are completely drunk on milk and I love it." He chuckled a little. "You're so cute." He lay on his side now as he looked at Liam who was on his back now. He rubbed Liam's tummy. "I love you, sweet boy. Let me know when you're sober." He teased and kissed Liam's lips. He sat you and grabbed his shirt. He didn't do the buttons though. He thought to leave it for Liam.

"Please papa?" Liam very softly, still in a daze requested. After getting punished earlier he'd learned to ask before speaking in a grown up tone. "I can't say it small papa. Please?" He needed him to know what was on his mind.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Thank you for asking. You can speak as Liam if you can't say it small. I'll allow it." He said.

Liam nodded and with a voice that was completely peaceful spoke. "Papa, I don't know what we are. I don't know Papa is just a title like how I use Little as my title but even though I'm not sure what we are, I know without question that my feelings are real. I know that I do love you...In love with you. I want to be with you forever."

Mr. Watson lay beside Liam and listened to him. The boy had said something as similar earlier. It still touched his heart though. "Thank you, LiLi." He smiled. "I...I shouldn't be falling for you. It's part of my job that I shouldn't, and of course the whole legal wrongness of it in general. It did start as a punishment for you as I enjoyed myself then...I just...I don't know. Something shifted and changed. I have feelings of love for you. I don't know what to call it yet either. We can we worry about later though. Right now I'm just captivated by who you are. You are perfect to me and I will do whatever it is to keep you happy, but within the rules." He paused. "I know the house feels like Papa's place but I hope soon as I get more stuff for you it will feel like Papa and LiLi's place. We'll be together always, Liam. I promise."

"I just really wish there was more people like you because I wish Harry was wanted by someone. I think he's so naughty all the time because he's angry at no one wanting him. Now that I know how wonderful it feels to be wanted I just wish my best friend could feel it too." Liam slowly began playing with the buttons that had been left for him.

"Hmm. Well... I suppose we'll just have to wait and see what happens." Mr. Watson watched as Liam began to work on his buttons. "I am sorry that he's an angry kid who can't find love...But I don't think he's open to it either. We can worry about later though. Right now I'm just captivated by who you are. You are perfect to me and I will do whatever it is to keep you happy, but within the rules." He paused. "I know the house feels like Papa's place but I hope soon as I get more stuff for you it will feel like Papa and LiLi's place. We'll be together always, Liam. I promise."

Liam sighed. He wasn't entirely sure. Harry was more a big brother to him even though they were legally the same age. "Is it stupid if I ask him to be my sorta unofficial brother? He'd kinda have a forever family that way. I mean, he'll be allowed to leave here the same year I am. Maybe I'd be able to help him find a place to live and he could just be my adopted brother kind of." Liam
frowned. "It's dumb isn't it?"

Mr. Watson smiled at Liam. "You are the sweetest boy ever. I've never been prouder to call you mine." He leaned down and kissed Liam's lips. "You're perfect...And you know, that might work. It could help him not feel so angry all the time. He'll feel wanted and cared for...And it'd all be because of you. How much more perfect can you get?" He smiled. "Would you feel better if I was nicer to Harry when he deserved it; gave him rewards, almost like a papa just no title?" He asked.

Chapter End Notes

I meant to post earlier today but I got watching Sense8

Fucking love that show.

Can't believe Netflix is cancelling it. WTF IS WRONG WITH THEM.

First, The Get Down.
Then
Sense8

WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH THEM??

Okay. I'm calm. I hope you enjoyed this chapter.

I'm sorry for fucking up.

Tell us your thoughts on the chapter!
"Yes please papa. I'll be a good brother and try my hardest to help him want to be good." Liam said. "I really wish you could be there for Harry as a dad though." Liam kissed Mr. Watson's cheek. "Not in the same way you do with me though. Our love includes sex. I just sorta want to be selfish with sex with you."

"I can't have these love feelings for another...Only you, Liam.

"I don't know what if anything I can ever be to Harry but I can be nice to the lad when he's deserving of it and I can give him rewards for being good." He nodded. "I only want sex with you though, but sometimes...I want you to experience different things. Like letting your roommates make you feel good sometimes. But that's a different topic for another day." He kissed Liam's nose. "But, having two lads have sex in front of you is kind of hot." He wanted to tease Liam a little. He was also curious of the lads reaction.

"Isn't that what being a father is though? Taking care of a kid and rewarding them when they are truly good and punishing them when they truly deserve it?" Liam then realized if he didn't stop this might be considered arguing so he followed along with the topic change. "Is it normal to watch other people have sex though? Isn't it like, private or something? I mean, that's why I get shy papa."

"To an extent...It only counts if you actually care about the person and what happens to them. But sometimes it's being a good person to another person." Mr. Watson answered his previous question.

"Is it normal to watch other people have sex though? Isn't it like, private or something? I mean, that's why I get shy papa." Liam asked.

"Sometimes sex can be private, but it doesn't have to be that way. People have sex in front of an audience all the time. I don't mind people watching, I wouldn't mind if others watch us, I'd love to show you off." Mr. Watson smirked. "I don't mind watching students have sex with each other...It's fun to watch."

Liam smiled. "I'd always be your your number one favorite and the only one you actually love though? Promise?" He was still insecure because of his life till now and he needed the reassurance. "If you promise that then I'll trust you and let you help me learn to be a brave boy." He was finally
starting to feel himself slip back into his headspace

"Always my number one boy and no one would make you feel the way I do. But sometimes, it's good to have different experiences and I wouldn't mind watching you with someone we both trusted but that can be arranged a little later. I would love to please you in front of the others and have them watch. Show off that you're mine and not theirs." He rubbed Liam's chest.

Liam smiled. "Papa just wants to show off." He kissed his lips and began to slip back into his small headspace. "Papa can make me cry from too much pleasure. It's a talent and papa want everyone to know he has it. LiLi is right aren't I?"

Mr. Watson laughed. "Yes. I do want everyone to know but maybe another night when your bum isn't as sore and uncomfortable." He ran his fingers through Liam's hair.

"Yes please." Liam nodded and smiled up at him. "Can we not tell anyone I got a rash?" He curiously questioned.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Of course. No one has to know." He smiled. "I have to go pick them up from lunch. You can stay here." He kissed Liam's lips. "Papa loves you so much." He said and crawled out do bed, taking the nursing system with him.

"Papa wait!" Liam stopped him. "Promise you'll spank the mean boy really hard? Like super hard." He asked.

Mr. Watson turned to look at Liam as he stood. "Of course but he'll get something worse than that." He paused. "Would you like to watch me punish him? You can if you want to."

Liam's eyes went wide and he shook his head no. "Too scary. Never ever wanna see that playroom for any reason."

"Hmm. Well, I could bring him in here and spank him in front of you. Would that be alright?" Mr. Watson asked.

"Then punish him more in the playroom?" Liam wasn't sure if he understood. Maybe it was bad that he wanted to see the lad be punished. He wanted to know. He wanted to see someone finally get punished for being so mean.

"I could do part of his punishment in here, I could spank him...And maybe beat him up a little then take him to the playroom to finish off the punishment." Mr. Watson smiled.

"Please don't beat him up where I can see?" Liam didn't want to risk getting nightmares. Witnessing physical violence tended to do that to him.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Whatever you want. I'll just bring him in here so you can watch me spank him, then I'll take him to the playroom to finish him off. And you can stay here. How does that sound?"


Mr. Watson laughed. "Thank you. I try to be." He said. "Did you wanna colour some more while you wait?" He asked.

"Yep! Papa needs a picture for the fridge at your house." He giggled.

Mr. Watson smiled. "I'd love that...And I want it to feel like yours too, so hopefully the more time
we spend there and the sooner I get your room set up, it'll feel like your home too." He leaned down and kissed Liam's lips. He then grabbed the crayons and the colouring book and gave them to Liam. "Here you go. Is there anything else I can get you?"

"Nope." He said happily. "I have Bruce. I have my coloring stuff and soon I'll have my Harry. Oh, and then I'll have the chance to see someone learn why being mean is bad. I happy papa."

Mr. Watson smiled. "Alright, I'll get your roommates from dinner, I will take them to their free time after and then bring the mean boy in here." He paused. "I don't know if you want to, but if you want to give him a few spankings yourself, I'm good with that." He kissed Liam's head and pulled up the side railing.

Liam needed to think about it. He felt rather shy about it but enjoyed the idea. "I'll know if I want to when he's here. Okay papa? I might get shy."

"No need to be shy. It's just Papa in the room with you and the lad." Mr. Watson said. "Just think on it and I will be back soon."

"Okay." He smiled and turned to his colouring book. He just had to find the right picture for papa now.

Meanwhile Harry, Louis, Niall and Liam were standing by the doors waiting for Mr. Watson to come and collect them.

"So, why did you do to get pulled out of free time?" Niall asked making casual chat.

"Nothing. Liam just wanted me around. He wanted his best friend, which is me now." Harry said with a small smile. "It seems as though Mr. Watson likes to tell him things and he tells me." He said. "Or he overhears stuff he's not supposed to, like Watson's first name for example. As the best friend I get to know his secrets."

"Shit, really?" Zayn smirked. "Spill it. I know he told you. I can see it on your face!"

Louis was trying to act uninterested in the conversation because it was Harry but he even wanted to know now.

"He said he heard another Keeper call him Benji. They thought Liam was asleep, but he wasn't." Harry grinned. "I suppose it's short for Benjamin, Liam didn't know that for certain though. It really pays to be nice to him though and to be his friend. We got on the subject of being cold and we talked about how the room was cold and now he's asking papa for a warm blanket for me. He doesn't want his friend to be cold."

"Did you just call Mr. Watson papa?" Niall playfully teased.

"Aw, Harry wants Mr. Watson to be his papa too." Zayn laughed in a friendly way.

"Probably does though." Louis's comment was the only one intended to be rude.

Harry rolled his eyes, playfully. "I meant to say his papa. I spent the entire afternoon with Liam. I'm bound to say something like that without meaning it." He shook his head. "Don't have to be a dick." He told Louis. "Fuck. At least with the other two it was banter, and with you, you just don't know how to be nice, do you?"

"Nice isn't my middle name lad. Neither is the word sorry." Louis grinned.
"Enough arguing. I'm not getting into trouble because you two." Niall shook his head.

"Yeah, just ignore him Harry. Tell us more about how it went with Liam. You said he's going to try and get you a better blanket?" Zayn redirected them.

Harry nodded. "Yeah, he mentioned how he got cold at night. I told him at least he has a warm blanket, unlike the rest of us. Later he told me because I'm his best friend and because I've been so nice to him and made him feel better...He was going to see if he could do it. He didn't come right out and say it but I'm pretty sure he has Mr. Watson wrapped around his finger."

"So then the plan is perfect?" Niall smirked with a hopeful grin.

"Plan?" Louis asked. "At this point you idiots do know the high risk you're taking if your plan is to fuck with Liam."

"It is." Harry nodded, ignoring Louis. "I even added that I didn't want him to ask and maybe get in trouble but Liam said it was fine. He knew how to ask now without getting into trouble." He smiled. "I feel like as long as we're careful and play our cards right...The plan could work."

"You have no business being apart of this plan." Niall told him straight. "You don't understand how to be nice and get on with us so it really wouldn't work out well for you."

"What he means is that our plans require kindness and the ability to work as a team." Zayn was trying hard to help everyone get along better. Things would be easier to cope with that way.

"I just said that." Niall told Zayn.

"I know...And I made it sound nicer." Zayn smiled. "And I said in a way that Louis would understand. I'm not sure he understands much." He teased a little.

"Shut it, Prince Zayn." Louis teased back. "Too bad they don't have any milk chocolate around here. I know of a grumpy princess who could use some."

Niall glared at him. "Go fuck yourself." He wanted to punch him so badly now.

"No." Zayn said reading Niall's mind. "We can't risk you drawing blood. They care when we hit so hard that we draw blood. I don't want you in trouble. And I'll just cover for you again."

Niall took a step back and focused on ignoring Louis. He didn't want Zayn getting punished for him again.

"Seriously though lads, he's going to be getting a picture I helped him color hung up on the wall at some point. He colored Merida to look like me so try complimenting him on how well he did. Should be a good ice breaker with you." Harry offered. "Oh, I did her dress so maybe saying he did better than me would help too."

"Got it." Zayn nodded.

Niall smiled. "Good to know, thanks for the tip. But honestly, you do look like a male Merida but without the accent." He teased.

"Yes, well Liam did say my bio parents are probably her and Snow White." Harry shook his head. "Don't get jealous though, he also said you were Dopey and Zayn was Doc. You're Grumpy Louis and Niall's big mouthed friend Joe is a clinically insane Happy." Harry laughed.
"How am I Dopey when Zayn is the one that smokes? I'm just addicted to pain pills." Niall laughed a little. "No offense, babe."

"None taken." Zayn laughed. "But Joe...Clinically insane Happy...For someone who always has a cock in their mouth."

"I'm not grumpy." Louis complained.

"According to Liam you are and I side with my bff, so." Harry shrugged.

"You do complain a lot." Niall pointed out.

"Yeah, exactly. You complain and you're miserable all the damn time. That makes you grumpy."

Zayn grinned.

Louis rolled his eyes but didn't say anything. They had a point but he wasn't about to admit that.

"How am I Doc?" Zayn asked.

"You're the smart one in the room, apparently." Harry laughed again.

"So that's what you two were discussing." Mr. Watson commented in reference to what he heard when he'd come to take them to dinner earlier. "I must say, I do agree with my little one on you being the smart one, Ace."

Zayn knew it was a push at him to continue to keep his mouth shut about having seen him sneaking Liam out last night. He didn't mind though. At least it got him his better nickname back. Louis was just dumbfounded that Mr. Watson was actually speaking to them all in a pleasant tone.

"Thank you, sir." Zayn smiled.

"You're welcome, Ace." He said. "You've all earned your evening free time, so let's go. I have someone to punish and I'm anxious to get to it." Mr. Watson encouraged them all to move.

"Should I look after LiLi if you're going to be busy Mr. Watson?" Harry asked, continuing to be a bit of a suck up. He honestly did care about Liam however and wanted to make sure he was looked after properly.

"Not right now." Mr. Watson said as they walked. "Maybe soon." He didn't want to tell them that Liam was witnessing the punishment. He figured Liam could tell Harry if he wanted to.

"Yes, sir." Harry nodded and followed with the others.

When they reached the rec room everyone except Louis quickly cleared off. He just wanted to ask a quick question. "Mr. Watson, just out of curiosity, am I doing any better? Like, am I getting further away from a trip to the pit?"

"Maybe. I haven't given you your gag back, have I? What do you think?" Mr. Watson felt a little annoyed by the question. He never put the gag back on because he had heard from the other Keepers that he had started behaving more, so he never felt the need to put it back on.

"Right, just checking. Sorry, really just don't want to go back there. I'll piss off now." Louis cursed at himself so Mr. Watson wouldn't have to and then walked away.

Mr. Watson spotted the lad who had made the comment towards Liam earlier. He was standing in
a corner with his Keeper.

"I kept him in the corner for ya. Have fun." Mr. Davis said and walked away.

"Oh, I will." Mr. Watson grabbed the lad by the arm and dragged him from the room. "Pre punishment before your actual punishment in the playroom." He didn't even care if it made sense. It made sense in his mind.

"Sir please? I'm sorry! Please don't." The lad trembled. "I wasn't... I just think it's strange... I didn't mean for it to sound as ugly as it did." The lad had meant for it to actually but who on earth would admit that.

"Mind's already made up. You can continue to beg, it's cute, but it won't change anything." Mr. Watson told him as he continued to drag the lad down the hallway. It didn't take long for him to reach the rooms. He unlocked it and pushed the lad into the room. He locked the door behind him and grabbed the lad's hair, dragging him over to Liam's crib. "Apologize to him first." He kicked at the lad's legs, making him fall to his knees.

Liam quickly covered the picture he'd been working on for papa. It was a surprise. He then turned his attention to the new face in the room. He was dressed like an infant but obviously not in the same headspace as Liam.

"S-sorry." He stuttered. "Didn't mean to be harsh and rude."

Mr. Watson smiled. "LiLi? Do you have anything you want to say to him before I get started?" He asked.

"I'm not a moron just cause I like being my papa's baby. You're a moron for being mean. Being mean is stupid. So you're stupid too." Liam's voice was very childlike yet angry with the lad. Harry probably would have been proud of him for speaking his mind.

"Sorry..." The lad said again then Mr. Watson pulled him to his feet by his hair. "Remember the punishment I'm about to give you before you ever speak to my boy again. Understood?"

The lad just nodded too afraid to speak.

Mr. Watson then quickly unsnapped the lad's onesie and threw it aside. He smirked seeing the bruises on the lad's body, he then undid the tabs on the nappy and threw it on the floor.

He gripped the lad's wrist as he dragged him to a bunk. He threw him over his lap and started to spank him, alternating between each cheek. He made sure to use his full strength and then some, really pushing himself to hit as hard as humanly possible. He continued to do this for awhile until his hands started to get sore. "Just wait until I use the flogger on you, lad." He whispered with a smirk.

He then pushed the lad onto the floor.

"LiLi? Did you want to do anything?" Mr. Watson offered.

Liam felt happy when he saw the lad crying. It's exactly what he deserved. He was tired of everyone being mean to him, it was time someone got in trouble for it.

Liam bit his lower lip for a moment. It felt naughty but it couldn't be since papa was giving him permission. Liam nodded. "Yes please." He knew it wouldn't be anything like what his papa could do but at least it would be him taking a stand for himself.
Mr. Watson grinned as he walked over and pulled the side railing down. He picked Liam up and sat him in the floor. "Feel free to do whatever you want to him. Nothing is off limits, baby. And I'm right here too." He rubbed Liam's back a little. He felt excited and curious for whatever Liam decided to do the lad.

Liam didn't feel stable on his feet. It had been a long time now since he had stood properly. He decided it best to stay leaned against his papa for support.

Mr. Watson watched as Liam attempted to stand on his legs. The little one leaned against his Papa for support and Mr. Watson held onto Liam's hips for extra support as the lad moved to his knees to take pressure off his burning arse.

Liam raised his hand and smacked it across the lad's face. Of course he then instantly looked for approval.

"Good job, baby. I'm proud of you." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's cheek after the strike. "Keep going, if you want. I won't stop you. Do whatever you want to him. I'm not going to object." He smiled.

Liam knew he could keep going but he didn't want to. He felt at peace now with having gotten his point across. He wasn't really one for pushing and the idea of him hitting the lad more seemed a little excessive. "Done papa. You do the rest. I just wanted to do it the once."

Mr. Watson scooped Liam up into his arms and kissed his face. "I am very proud of you." He kissed his lips. "I love you." He whispered and lay Liam back down in his crib. "Have fun colouring. I'm going to take him to the playroom." He took the nappy from the floor and threw it in the bin, then walked back over to Liam. "Have you had a wee or anything?" He asked Liam quietly. He needed to check him more because of the rash.

"No papa but my tummy sorta hurts so maybe soon." Liam replied. He understood why he had to say but he didn't like having to.

"I'm sorry I'm always asking...The nurse said your skin is sensitive so either you have to tell someone or I need to check you more often." Mr. Watson sensed that Liam didn't like him always asking. "Once your...skin..." He was choosing his words carefully because of the other lad in the room, even though he was on the floor sobbing. "Is cleared up, then I'll just check you more often." He kissed Liam's forehead. "I'm going to go punish him now. Anything else I can do for you?" He asked softly.

"Will you be back after you're done or do I not see you again until time to go to yo- our house?" Liam asked.

"I'm sure by the time I finish punishing the slag on the floor, free time will be over, so I'll have to collect your roommates, and take them to get a shower, then I'll be back to check on you." Mr. Watson smiled. "I'll make sure someone sends the curly one back here at some point so he can check on you and keep you company..." He added as he picked the lad up off the floor by his hair.

"His name is Harry." Liam smiled sweetly. "Love you papa. See you later." Harry was the only other person who knew about his rash so having Harry here to change him was the only option he was comfortable with.

"Love you too." Mr. Watson said as he dragged the boy out the door. He was completely nude and was forced to walk to the playroom that way. Not that anyone was in the halls to notice, but it was just more convenient. He sent a text to Mr. Davis and asked him to take Harry back to the rooms for him while he punished the slag for his rude comment.
A little while later, Mr. Davis grabbed Harry and took him back to the rooms and pushed him inside. "Mr. Watson or I will come back later to get you for your shower until then, you're here to take care of the baby." He explained then left, locking the door again behind him.

"Harry!" Liam squealed happily. "Papa said he'd have someone bring you to me but I wasn't sure the other Keepers would."

"I think the Keepers have a kind of system where it's 'you help me now, I help you later' kinda like an 'I owe you one'" Harry said as he pushed down the side railing. "So what are you colouring? Oh and if you actually use your nappy, let me know and I'll change you...but I'll be gentle. Don't worry."

"I'm doing a picture for papa's fridge at home." He smiled and showed Harry the picture of Beast he'd been coloring. "I hope likes it!"

"So papa's a beast?" Harry asked curiously.

"Yep, cause like, papa looks scary but he's not. He can hurt you but he like..." Liam wasn't sure how to describe it. "He does hurt people but he fell in love with me and now he's different. I mean, he's going to get you the blanket."

"That's awesome ...And wait what? I'm getting a blanket?" He asked more surprised. "Wow. Thanks, LiLi." He meant it. And it also meant that the plan had a higher chance of working now. "You're a good friend." He said honestly.

"He said other stuff too about giving you rewards when your good but I don't really know how to explain what he said." Liam continued. "Oh, and that reminds me! We gots to talk serious."

Harry felt confused. "Okay...That's cool?" He said. "We do? About what? What's up?" He asked.

Liam carefully moved his crayons so Harry could sit with him. "Papa and I was talking and I was saying how I wanted him to be there for like a dad and to take care of you...and so like, we don't know what we really are yet but I get to be with him forever. We are sort of a forever family now." He began. "I want you to be my forever family too. I know I can't adopt you for real but I want you to be my forever brother, like how papa is my forever... whatever we are; in our hearts and not on paper."

Harry sat down beside Liam and looked at him as he talked. He felt himself a melt a little at the words. "That's...That's really sweet of you, LiLi." He said softly. He didn't want to cry but he felt tears coming on anyways. "I'd love to be your forever brother. I've always wanted a sibling...Always wondered if I had one out there somewhere. I always thought it'd be cool to have a little brother." He hugged Liam. "Thank you so much." He whispered.

Liam smiled and hugged Harry back. "We are the same age so we get to leave here close to the same time so it will be easy to be brothers still." He felt so happy that Harry had agreed. "It's perfect right?"

"Depends on what month you were born." Harry teased as he pulled away from the hug. "But yes, it's perfect for the most part. At least you have a place to go...I don't have anywhere to go when I'm released." He said. "Anyways, this picture for Papa, I think he's gonna love it."

"I will make sure you have a place to go Harry. I told papa too I just think I used different words to say it. Papa was letting me talk big. I asked if I could." Liam smiled at his picture. He was so proud.
of it and Harry's encouragement made him feel even better.

Harry grinned as he sniffed. "Thanks...means a lot." He said. He was starting to feel a little bad about using Liam in the plan, but it was going to be worth it. Liam could stay with Watson while the rest of them escaped. It'd be a win for the most part. "So, what do you think you and Papa will do tonight?" He asked curiously.

"He's going to let me have a real bath at his house... or he keeps saying it's ours now." Liam smiled. "Then I think I get to have special touches. My favorite kind." He giggled.

"Nice. You have a home. That's something most people here don't have." Harry nodded. "Wow...Baths are nice, so I'm sure you'll enjoy it. I don't remember the last time I ever had one, but baths are a good way to relax." He said. "Special touches? Oh, oh...Right...That's good. I'm glad you're looking forward to that, I figured all that stuff might be on hold until the rash on your bum clears up."

"I hope it's not." Liam pouted. "After today I deserve my special touches."

Liam finally finished his picture and carefully tore it out. "What kinds of special touches are your favorite Harry?" He felt curious as he placed the colored picture to the side.

Harry's eyes widen. "Uh...I don't know. I like a little of everything I guess? I've never had sex with anyone that mattered so." He shrugged. "Any sexual act I've ever had was always survival, never anything more than that. So I'm not sure what I actually like." He played with his shirt a bit. "I'm still figuring that out but if I had to choose...Probably blowjobs. What about you? You got any favourites?" He asked.

Liam nodded, "I don't know what it is but there's a spot inside me. Anytime papa touches it with something. That's my favorite. I really like getting to taste papa's milk though. Can I have two favorites Harry?" Liam crawled closer to Harry and touched his curls.

"Pretty sure that's the prostate gland?" Harry said trying to remember the little he remembered from school and what he learned on the street. "Whenever it's hit, it feels really good." He smiled. "And you can have as many favourites as you want."

"Papa wants others to watch us have special touches." Liam then giggled. "He says he wants to show off that I'm his. He wants me to give others special touches too. Like I think he wants to watch. Is watching special touches sometimes a favorite thing; cause I think it's one of papa's."

"Sometimes watching others be sexual can be a turn on." Harry explained. "Some people like to watch. Like...If I were made to touch Zayn or Niall... or fuck them...And Papa or someone watches... They'd watch because it's enjoyable to them." He tried to explain. "Like when Papa made me fuck Niall, he and Mr. Taylor watched and seemed to enjoy watching."

"Oh, I see." Liam seemed to understand what Harry was saying. "It sort of makes me embarrassed to be watched cause everyone except you and papa think I'm gross."

"No, they don't. Well, besides Louis but who cares what he thinks." Harry said quickly. "Zayn and Niall...They just didn't understand. But I hung out with them a bit today and we talked about you, just good stuff...I wanted them to understand you. And they do now. They don't think you're gross anymore."

"Are you sure?" Liam seemed reluctant. "Do you really think they understand now that I just like being this way?"
"Yeah, between therapy and my talk with them, they get it's just something you like. Their issue was that they didn't understand how a person could like being this way but I reminded them that everyone has their kinks. Some are really odd too. Like how Zayn calls Niall his Princess...And Niall really likes it."

Liam giggled. "I think it's silly cause Niall isn't a girl." He rested his head on Harry's shoulder. "I wouldn't ever be mean about it though. I just only like being mean when the person really really deserves it. Like the boy who called me a moron. Papa let me watch him get spanked and let me slap him and yell at him."

Harry smiled. "Boys can be princesses if they want to, sometimes it's nice to pretend you are a princess." He looked down at Liam. "Woah, you're pretty special...I get made fun of sometimes and no one would do that for me." He said. "But good for you for slapping him. Any prick who teases you gets exactly what he deserves from your Papa." He said. "So do you think you can give Niall and Zayn a chance to say sorry and make it up to you somehow?" He asked.

Liam nodded. "If my bubba thinks they mean it then I will let them try to show me they mean it." He kept playing with Harry's curls for a while then softly ask, "Bubby, if people here are mean to you will you tell me?"

Bubba? Harry thought then when Liam referred to him as that, he clued in. "I know they'll mean it. I could tell they felt bad at lunch but I can do that for you, make sure that they mean it." He said. "Uh, sure. I can tell you if someone is mean to me...Does Louis count?"

"If you want Louis to count then yes. Harry, papa likes me being happy. If you aren't happy I'm not happy and if I'm not papa will probably fix it. I'm his special boy so he wants me happy all the time." He smiled. "If someone hurt my brother I'd be broken cause I love you."

"Hm. He's just Louis. Who cares. I can take him. Although, maybe another trip to the pit is what he deserves." Harry shrugged. "But thank you." He smiled. "I love you too. I promise to let you know if anything serious happens...And as for Louis, unless it's really cruel, then I don't care. Like I told Niall and Zayn at lunch. He could be on fire and I wouldn't even piss on him." He laughed.

Liam laughed. "Your silly bubba. Best big brother ever." He laughed. Liam didn't know who who actually older but mentally Harry was so that's what he went on.

"And I think you're the best little brother ever. I don't mind helping you with stuff or changing you...I know you don't usually like people besides papa changing you but I try to be good at it for you." Harry grinned.

Liam blushed, speaking of that he needed to be changed now. "You are sure you don't mind bubby?" It was so much easier for Liam to say bubby then it was was Harry.

"I'm sure." Harry nodded. "You're my brother. I want to help take care of you." He said. "Anything I can do to help you, I'd do it."

"Then, could you..." he frowned. He felt dirty asking for it. He couldn't wait for the nappy rash to be gone. "It sorta hurts. I have a rash, please don't tell anyone!" He bit his lip.

"Do you need to be changed?" Harry asked. "I don't know how to make the rash go away without cream or something like that." He frowned. "No worries. I won't tell."

"Yes." Liam said hiding his face. "The rash make it hurt to have a soiled nappy. Papa said the nurse will get cream tomorrow. Thank you for not telling."
Harry frowned. "I'll get the wipes and a nappy." He said. He jumped off the crib and grabbed the wipes and a nappy. He then crawled back into the crib. "I'll be quick but gentle." He told Liam. "So lay back and I will do my best to make it painless as possible."

Liam nodded. He trusted Harry at this point. He knew any pain wouldn't be on purpose. He also knew that once it was over he'd feel much better. "Thank you Harry. I'm sorry."

Harry undid the snaps of the onesie and carefully took it off Liam. He undid the tabs and tried not to choke on the smell. He hadn't had to change Liam while he was messy or at least from what he could remember. He quickly cleaned Liam up and threw away the messy nappy and wipes. He wiped off his fingers with a clean wipe then put a fresh nappy on Liam. He did up the tabs and put the onesie back on him. "There we go. All clean. I'm just.. Gonna wash my hands."

"I'm sorry," Liam whispered. He knew papa didn't mind but Harry wasn't papa. It made him feel bad. "I promise I'll try not to do that with you again." He whispered.

"Don't be sorry...And you can't control it...I know. Besides, if you hold it in you could get sick. Don't want that. He said and air dried his hands then went back to Liam. He lay beside him. "No need to be sorry. It's part of my job as your big brother." He smiled.

Liam nodded and stayed quiet for a moment.

After a while he spoke, "I can't wait to tell papa you're actually my brother now. He likes it when I'm happy so he should be really really happy; cause I'm really really happy."

"That's good. I hope Papa will be happy with me. I try my best to take care of you and keep you happy, so I'm really happy that you're really happy." Harry smiled.

Liam giggled, "Now we sound cheesy." He hugged Harry and kissed his cheek. "I really am going to try to take care of you too though Harry. I promise. You deserve it."

"Thanks, LiLi." Harry grinned. "Do you have any more questions about sex stuff or anything in general? We're brothers now so don't feel shy about asking."

"Have you had sex with girls before?" If Harry was okay talking about it then Liam was too. There was a lot he didn't know and understand about sex.

"Oh yeah...Girl, boy, other...You name it, I've fucking it." Harry answered.

"Other?" Liam asked very caught of guard and shocked. "How can there be other? What else is there to fuck?"

"Someone who doesn't identify as a girl or boy..." Harry said. "It's a bit hard to explain but some people view themselves as neither. I don't completely understand it though. But I know it exists."

"Interesting." Liam had a very 'mind blown' look on his face. "I'm a boy Harry."

Harry laughed. "I know. So am I." He smiled. "So any other questions?"

"Do you like having sex with girls? I did once and like, she made me have my special milk but it was yucky. Nothing like with papa. I think I like big cocks better then... whatever their stuff is called." Liam loved getting to have chats like these with Harry. It made them really feel connected.

"It's called a vagina or pussy..." Harry said. "For girls. And they're alright. Blokes are better. I'm open though. I don't really have a set preference."
"I think I do then cause I'd let probably any guy in the world inside me if it meant I never had to go back inside another girl." Liam shook his head. "They feel funny; too slimy."

"So you only like guys then." Harry said. "Or you think you do...You haven't exactly touched anyone besides papa."

"I mean, I know I love having him inside my bum. I know I hate my little dick being inside girl parts. What else is there to know? Besides, I'm pretty sure papa is going to have me do stuff with other lads once my rash it gone." Liam crawled into Harry's lap.

Harry looked down at Liam. "You sure you're going to be allowed to sit like this? I don't want to get into trouble."

"I'll ask papa later." Liam shrugged. "I'm sure it's fine though. If he wants me to special touch other boys why wouldn't he let me sit in your lap? I hope he wants me to have special touches with you anyway. I want to make you feel good. Well, I want to see if I can anyway."

"I'm sure you can." Harry smiled. "Papa seems like a good teacher. So is there anyone you don't want to touch?"

"Keepers." Liam stated very quickly and sure of himself. "I don't mind letting you four touch me and I don't mind touching you four but I don't think I'd like anyone else. I could never be Louis I guess." Again he shrugged; so innocent and naive.

"In Louis' defense, he's kinda like Niall and I... We're street people. We do it to survive." Harry told him. "Would you be okay with the others touching you then?"

"Only if papa was here or if you were here. I feel safe with you two." Liam explained. "You wouldn't let any touches hurts."

"True." Harry nodded. "Would you want to play with us one on one or in a group? Or just a couple of us?"

"I don't know. I mean, I don't guess I'd like one more than the other. Probably just have to play and figure it out huh?" Liam asked as he ran a finger over the zipper on Harry's jacket. "Buttons are better then zippers."

"Zippers are easier." Harry said as he undid the zipper. "See how easy?"

"They aren't fun though. There's no challenge." He told Harry in a childlike tone. "Papa always lets me undo all his buttons! It's so much fun!"

"That's great." Harry smiled and heard the door open. "LiLi? I brought some tape so you can hang up your pictures." Mr. Watson said coming into the room.

"Hooray!" Liam cheered from Harry's lap. "I made one for your fridge though papa! Look!" He quickly got the colored picture and held it up for him. "I even stayed inside all the lines!"

"Wow. That's so, so, great. I love it. You gotta help me put it on the fridge though." Mr. Watson picked Liam up and cuddled him. "I don't think that lad will bother you again." He pecked Liam's lips. "Let's get that other picture on the wall. Pick out a spot, and I'll tape it up."

"Where should it go bubby?" Liam asked Harry. "By your bunk or by my crib? I can't decide." Liam asked Harry while he cuddled close into Mr. Watson and kissed at his cheek.
"I think by your crib would be nice, that way everyone in the room can admire it." Harry smiled. "What do you think about that?"

"Very good point." Liam smiled. "Can it go there papa? Please?" Liam asked and pointed to the wall above his crib. "Oh! Should we hang up the one of the seven dwarves next to it?"

"Yes! So perfect." Harry nodded.

"Sure." Mr. Watson carefully placed Liam on one hip as he took off some tape then taped the colouring pictures up on the wall the way Liam wanted. "There. How's that?" He asked.

"Perfect. Thank you papa. I love you so much!" Liam coo'ed. He kissed his lips and then smiled as he looked between Mr. Watson and Harry. He giggled and squeaked slightly then proceeded to exclaim, "I have my forever family all together for the first time!"

Mr. Watson smiled and kissed over Liam's face. He then lay Liam down again in his crib. "I have to take your brother for his shower now, so you rest up for later tonight." He smiled and kissed him deeply. "I love you, very much."

"Wait! Papa! He gets a good blanket tonight right? You said." Liam couldn't rest until he was reassured that Harry would get to be warm tonight.

"Yep. I'll make sure he gets a warm blankie tonight. He's been very good taking care of you...But any slip ups and I take it away." Mr. Watson warned looking between the lads.

"Well of course." Liam nodded as though he were silly. "It's a reward. I told him."

"I'll behave sir. I promise. Anything I can do to help you with Liam, I'll do as well." Harry kept sucking up but he also really meant it. Liam would forever be special to him now.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Good to hear, let's go." He said, he was tempted to push the lad but knew Liam wouldn't like it so he didn't. "Time for you to get squeaky clean. I know of a few Keepers looking forward to you showering tonight."

"Yes sir." Harry quickly followed.

"See you soon papa!" Liam called after them.

Mr. Watson blew him a kiss and then left with Harry.

Soon Harry was under the water and beside his other roommates. "So apparently, I am getting a blanket and Mr. Watson wants Liam to have "special touches" with us when he's feeling better...So basically, he wants to watch us touch Liam, maybe fuck him and vice versa..." He explained. "Oh and I put in a good word for you two, Niall and Zayn." He said. "Just say you didn't understand before but now you do, and you'll respect that he likes it and shit."

"So it's actually working then." It wasn't a question. Niall had made a statement. "I wouldn't say this is easy but it's easier than I thought it would be."

"Sex will be strange since he's meant to be an infant but we'll make it work. Maybe we can talk him into practicing when Mr. Watson isn't around." Zayn thought.

"Yeah, he seems open to it but right now I think it's best to leave him be..." Harry paused as a couple Keepers passed and spoke very low to Niall and Zayn. "He has a rash...On his bum from...Being left in a soiled nappy too long. So he's uncomfortable and sore. I would recommend to
wait until it's cleared up to talk him into anything." Harry told them.

"Got it." Niall nodded then looked at Zayn, "You know anything I say or do will just be me working on saving us?"

"Of course I do." Zayn smiled.

"You do realize what giant hypocrites you lads are, right?" Louis asked.

Harry sighed as he shook his head. "Who says you get an opinion?" He asked. Niall looked at Louis. "Exactly...But I suppose I am curious about what you mean by that." He said.

"You bitch at me to be nice to him and then you lads stand here and talk about how to use him to get what you want. You're taking advantage of the fact he's pretty much clueless." He wasn't afraid to say exactly what he thought.

"It's not like we want to have sex with him or do anything with him, but if it makes us his friends so we can go to Mr. Watson's and possibly escape this hell...Then it's worth it." Harry said. "I don't feel good about this, especially after he's made me his brother... but it has to be done. At least you have months, the rest of us have years. If there's a way out, then we're going to take it."

"Whatever, I understand you want to escape. Trust me. I just think it's shit that you're going to hurt him after all this bitching at me to stop hurting him. Have you three even stopped to consider what will happen to him after you all run away? It'll be his fault and Mr. Watson will know it." Louis kept pushing.

"Yeah, well... It wouldn't totally be his fault since he has the mindset of an infant and wouldn't know what he's doing." Niall tried to defend. "It's not like we feel good about this... But it's not like we can take him with us the way his mind is..." Zayn whispered, suddenly feeling bad. Harry sighed. "What would you suggest? Just stay here for years and be raped and beaten every day?" He shook his head as he began to wash his hair for the second time.

"I don't know. He's made a great point though. We need to think through this before we actually run. We need to make sure he's not going to get hurt for what we're doing." Zayn told them.

Niall nodded. "Figures... We had a plan until Louis grew a conscious then made us feel shit." He complained. "Ni..." Zayn said softly. "I know, I know... We have to be careful and think this through and come up with a proper plan. I am just so ready to get the fuck out of here."

"It'll happen. We'll be free. We'll just be free in a way that lets Liam stay safe. It may not be legal but I'm his brother now and I owe it to him to ensure he's protected." Harry sighed.

"Good... And I don't care if I have months here, the sooner I'm out of here, the better." Louis said. "So if you're escaping, I'm coming with..." He could easily tell Mr. Watson about what the others had planned but he didn't want to make that threat yet. He then rinsed off and went to brush his teeth.

"Of course he wants to go." Niall shook his head. "If he'll start being nice we'll make it work though."

"No other choice. Too many ways he could screw this up if he isn't nice. He'll learn the more he sees us doing it." Zayn added.

"He better." Harry groaned. "Not to mention that if we don't include him in our plans, he could easily be the prick he really is and rat us out." He said and went to see Mr. Patterson to make sure
his hair was clean enough.

"It'll be over soon. Keep hanging on okay? Stay strong for me baby." Zayn worried about Niall now. He had ever since the way he acted in the shower the other night.

"Easier said than done." Niall mumbled. "I really am just... Wanting all of this to be over with, but having you makes me want to not die a little less."

"If you die on me I'm bringing you back and killing you myself." Zayn told him.

“Noted.” Niall nodded.

Chapter End Notes

Lirry is adorable. I love them.

But poor Niam struggling. :( 
Chapter 24

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

I'm really sorry for not posting this chapter earlier this week like I promised. Life unexpectedly got in the way and I spent today working on the opening sex scene.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Sir?” Harry asked Mr. Patterson.

“What is it, slag?” Mr. Patterson sighed.

“My hair? Does it smell okay?” Harry asked.

Mr. Patterson grabbed Harry by the arm and pulled him closer. He then sniffed Harry's hair. “Very well done. Smells good.”

“Thanks, sir, uh...I'll just go and brush my teeth and stuff.” Harry said nervously.

“Not yet. You have to undo my trousers and pull them and my pants down so I can fuck you.” Mr. Patterson smirked.

Harry held back a sigh. “Yes, sir.” He nodded then undid the Keepers trousers and pulled them down. He then pulled the pants down and looked up at Mr. Patterson. “What position would you like me in?” He asked.

“I need you to make me hard.” Mr. Patterson ordered.

“Yes, sir.” Harry said and got on his knees where he was facing Mr. Patterson's cock.

He gripped it with his hand and began to lick over the cock and pumping it with one hand.

“Mmm, that's a good boy.” Mr. Patterson moaned as he pushed his fingers into Harry's hair and began to pull on it.

Harry took the hardening cock into his mouth and began sucking on it.

Mr. Patterson moaned, the sound echoing in the room. He grabbed Harry’s head and started to force the lad to deepthroat him.

Harry choked for a moment then managed to moan around the cock which made Mr. Patterson moan even louder.

“Shit…” Mr. Patterson moaned and fucked Harry’s mouth a little. He did this for a few minutes then pushed Harry off. “Up. Against the shower pole.” He ordered pushing him towards an unused one.

Harry did as he was ordered. He rested his forehead against the cold pole and waited for what he knew what coming to be over. He was growing used to the pain.
He gasped as he felt one finger after the other slide into his tight hole. He groaned a bit at the friction. Mr. Patterson had only used spit and it wasn’t the best form of lube but it was better than nothing. “Good. You’re not too tight to take me.” He smirked and lined himself up.

“None of you prep me, so why should tonight be any different?” Harry rolled his eyes.

Mr. Patterson gave Harry’s arse a hard smack, leaving a red handprint. “You’ve been fairly good today. Good little boys get rewarded.” He said as he lined himself up then forced himself into Harry.

“Wouldn’t exactly call you shoving your fingers into me and feeling around for less than 30 seconds prepping.” Harry groaned. He actually wanted to scream because it had really fucking hurt but he didn’t want to give the Keeper the satisfaction.

Mr. Patterson slapped Harry's arse again. “Shut up you curly shit.” He slammed into him, causing Harry's body to hit the shower pole hard.

“Fuck.” Harry groaned again.

Mr. Patterson gripped Harry's hair and slammed into him. “Good little lad.” He said and reached forward with one hand and began to stroke Harry's soft cock. “If you don't get hard and cum when I tell you too...I'll take you to the playroom where I'll make you cum until nothing comes out.” He threatened.

“Yes, sir.” Harry said quickly. He didn't want that.

Harry closed his eyes and imagined the decent sexual experiences he had then imagined them even better. It didn't take him long to start fake moaning and start getting hard.

“Good...Louder.” The Keeper ordered.

Harry moaned even louder. “Feels fucking amazing.” He lied.

Mr. Patterson moaned and pulled on Harry's hair and squeezed the cock in his hand as he began fucking Harry even harder.

Harry bit his lip. The squeeze hadn't exactly felt good and neither did the Harry pulling.

“Tell me how good it is, and how it makes you feel.” Mr. Patterson moaned into Harry's ear.

“Feels good. So good. Best I've ever had.” Harry fake moaned loudly.

“Damn right I'm the best you've ever had.” Mr. Patterson stroked Harry's cock faster and slammed into him harder.

“You feel so good in me.” Harry said trying not to throw up in his mouth as he spoke the disgusting words.

“Fucking hell. I love how tight you feel. You're not a bottom which just makes you tighter and more fun to play with.” Mr. Patterson smirked.

Harry rolled his eyes but kept his mouth shut and prayed this would be over soon.

It felt like forever to Harry when it was really only a couple minutes later for Mr. Patterson to scream out in pleasure and cum into him.
“Feels good to have your cum in me.” Harry tried to sound convincing.

Mr. Patterson pulled out of Harry. “Mmm.” He hummed happily. “Great. Now you can cum.”

Harry nodded and continued with his pleasurable thoughts which helped him to finally cum into Mr. Patterson's hand.

“Good lad.” Mr. Patterson smiled and rubbed over Harry’s arse with his clean hand.

“Clean off my hand then get your teeth brushed. Don't forget your mouthwash.” The Keeper ordered.

Harry nodded and quickly cleaned off the hand. He hated the taste of his own cum.

When he finished, he quickly go to brush his teeth then wait with Louis to be inspected.

While waiting to be inspected Louis got his foot stepped on accidentally. He reacted by hissing in pain and was punished by having to give Mr. Pieters a blowjob.

Niall was touched and groped quite a bit but wasn't made to do anything.

Zayn was the only one of the four who got away with not being touched. Mr. Jones had eyed him the entire time though.

"Fucking figures that the pretty boy prince didn't get touched or fucked." Louis complained as they waited for Mr. Watson to come inspect them.

"I'm not sure but I think I've been spoken for... Mr. Jones kept giving dirty looks to the other Keepers who tried to eye me." Zayn replied. He could have been rude back to Louis but he didn't figure that would get him anywhere.

"Hmmm. Seems like Mr. Murphy strikes out again." Harry said. "I overheard him talking to some Keeper earlier saying that Mr. Watson said that you were pretty easy to get now that you've been punished and how he wanted a turn. He wanted me too at one point...But Patterson beat him to it." He added looking at Zayn.

He then noticed the look on Niall's face. "Sorry... Shouldn't have said all that." He frowned.

"It's fine. I know you didn't mean to." Niall shook his head. "I do get the feeling that Mr. Murphy is newer though or something. He doesn't seem to be as secure with things as other Keepers. He doesn't seem to have as much respect either.”

"Yeah, now that you mention it, he does give off that vibe." Zayn agreed.

"Whatever. While you three are gossiping, I'm left wondering if I'll get any treats tonight." Louis sighed.

"Why should you? You didn't wear the gag all day, although, I could change that with one word to Liam." Harry smirked.

"He wants me to be happy, so if anyone's mean to him, I'm to tell him and he'll tell Mr. Watson who then I'm pretty sure will punish the lad." His smirk grew.
"Damn. I wish I had that kind of power." Niall shook his head again.

"Me too." Zayn agreed.

"If you do what I suggested I bet you'll get there. Louis however never will. He doesn't know how to be nice." Harry smirked.

"Fuck off. I know how to be nice to the people who deserve it." Louis glared.

"That's what you say but I'm pretty sure no one can live up to your expectations." Zayn said. "I mean, we'll be nice to you when you start being nice back to us. You be may be annoying as fuck, but I'm not mean to anyone unless they give me shit first."

Louis didn't say anything. He just folded his arms over his chest as Mr. Watson neared them.

One by one they were inspected. Harry was given a 'well done' for behaving himself while being used. Louis however was promised his next slip up would land him back in the gag.

The lads were then allowed to get dressed again and Mr. Watson took them back to their room where Liam was anxiously waiting.

"Hey, LiLi...I got some special meds for you." Mr. Watson said as he shoved the others inside and locked the door behind him. "It'll make you feel better." He said as he handed Liam his bottle full of juice and the pill.

Mr. Watson knew Liam was sore so he had gotten something to relax the lad.

At this point Liam wanted his bum to feel better so he wasted no time asking questions. He swallowed the pill and then made grabby hands at Mr. Watson. He wanted his papa to hold him.

Mr. Watson smiled as Liam took the pill. He then quickly lifted Liam into his arms and held him.

"Nice pictures, LiLi." Zayn commented looking at them.

"Yeah, and the hair on Merida is great. Looks just like Harry." Niall smiled.

"And you coloured in the lines too. That's hard to do. I'm impressed." Zayn added.

Liam quickly giggled and hugged his papa. He was happy being complimented. "That's cause it is Harry. It's not Merida. She's his mummy." He rested his head on Mr. Watson's shoulder and hummed happily.

"Oh cool...That explains everything." Niall smiled.

"I wonder if my bio parents are royalty. If Merida's Harry's Mummy then that means he's a Prince I believe." Zayn said as he looked at the photo. "This is really nice though. It's nice to have some real artwork in this room."

"Probably." Liam nodded. "I mean his other mummy is Snow White. So he'd be a prince."

"Prince Harry." Niall gently teased.

"Zayn, you're parents are probably Aladdin and Jasmine. So you're like, son of the princess." Liam told him with a giggle.

"Such an imaginative lad." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's cheek.
"He really is." Harry agreed with a smile.

"So I am royalty after all." Zayn smirked, thinking of when Niall's called him a Prince.

"Mmm, I can see that." Niall smiled.

"What about Nialler?" Zayn asked. "I mean, who would his parents be?" He was simply curious at this point.

Liam had to think about this. It was a tough call. "Elsa for sure. I don't know about the other one." He frowned. "What do you think bubby?" He asked Harry then kissed Mr. Watson's cheek again and whispered, "Papa is Beast."

Louis chuckled from his bunk. "I think Niall would up as Sven, I think that's the reindeer's name or maybe he's the snowman that doesn't know he's a snowman...What was his name...Olaf?"

"I think you're the evil stepmum from Cinderella." Zayn glared at Louis.

"I think his Dad would be Kristoff...Or maybe Hans but then again, Hans turned out to be evil and I don't think Nial is evil." Harry said, ignoring Louis.

"Oh, I know! His daddy is Ed Sheeran! That singer!" He squeaked. "Elsa and Ed!"

Niall felt confused by how Ed Sheeran could be his Dad, he didn't even have hair. "Cool. My Daddy's a superstar." He grinned. "So, LiLi...Who would Louis' parents be?" He smirked as he looked over at Louis.

Liam laughed almost evil. Without hesitation he then whispered so only his papa could hear, "Peter Pan and Captain Hook. He looks like Peter but he acts like Hook."

Mr. Watson laughed. "I agree. You should tell him that." He encouraged Liam and kissed his cheek again.

"Louis looks like his daddy Peter Pan but he acts like his daddy Captain Hook." Liam laughed.

Harry instantly burst into a fit of laughter, "Oh my God! Yes!"

Niall and Zayn joined Harry in the fit of laughter.

"I've never heard anything more accurate in my life." Niall laughed.

"Fuck all of you." Louis glared.

"Hey!" Mr. Watson snapped at him. "Apologize to my boy now, unless you want a trip to the playroom."

Louis sat up straighter. "Sorry, sir...Sorry, Liam. I didn't mean you. I should've been more clear." He said quickly. "I was saying it to Harry, Niall and Zayn since they were laughing. It's not nice to laugh at people." He crossed his arms.

"It's not nice to say I'm gross either." Liam told him in a brave tone. "Don't talk about what's nice unless you plan to be nice!" He then looked at Mr. Watson, "Right papa?"

"That's right, baby." Mr. Watson pecked his lips. "He's gotta learn to be nice or he'll end up in the pit and that's where he'll learn a real lesson on how to be nice to others."
"Sure thing...You're not gross." Louis said feeling nervous.

Liam smiled at him a little then turned to Mr. Watson again, "Does bubbly get his blanket now? You said he could and it's almost bedtime."

"I know...and he will. I need to get it though. I would have by now but you wanted to be cuddled and I would never deny my boy cuddles. Better yet, you could come with me to get it, how's that sound?" Mr. Watson asked.

"Oh yes!" He clapped his hands. "LiLi likes cuddles. No stop cuddles." He babbled as the pill slowly started setting in. "Bubby, we'll be back okay?"

"Okay, LiLi. Have fun." Harry waved as he watched him leave with Mr. Watson as Mr. Taylor came in. He looked at Zayn and Niall. "If you want your treats then you're going to have to work for it tonight. It's been awhile since I got a thank you from either of you for giving you bedtime treats."

Zayn was desperate. "What can I do sir?" Being on only one smoke a day was miserable. He'd do whatever he could to keep it.

"Me too, sir. Anything you want, we won't fight." Niall added.

"What about me, sir?" Louis asked from his bunk.

"Mr. Watson never said anything about you so I'm going to assume that you don't get anything." Mr. Taylor told him then looked back at Niall and Zayn.

"Hm. Blowjob from both of you. You can share my cock." Mr. Taylor said as he undid his trousers button and pulled them down along with his pants.

"You know what, Glory Hole? If you so desperately want something, I could put in a good word for you...All you have to do is suck the little curly one and make him scream." Mr. Taylor smirked.

Louis nodded. He wanted a treat, he wanted a painkiller. His body hurt, his jaw hurt, everything hurt, not to mention getting a decent sleep was rare in this place it seemed like.

"Yes, sir." Louis nodded.

“Harrison,” Mr. Taylor said. “You need to get Glory Hole here hard first before he can fuck you.”

“Would you like me to blow him sir?” Harry asked. He could deal with any other student, even Tyler probably but not Louis, he didn’t want to be fucked by him or made to blow him but nothing was his choice in this place.

“Harrison, ah fuck.” Mr. Taylor moaned as Zayn and Niall worked on his cock taking turns sucking and licking whatever was exposed with Niall playing with Mr. Taylor's balls in hopes to get him to cum soon.

“I want both of you to have your clothes off... And you can get him hard by sucking him.” Mr. Taylor said as he gripped Zayn’s hair and fucked his mouth.

“Yes, sir.” Harry tried not to groan.

“Listen, mate... I'm not thrilled about this either, but just do a little sucking, I can do most of the work myself.” Louis told the lad.
“Cause you would know…” Harry shook his head. “Just don't fucking choke me. You choke me, I bite...And I'm not fucking kidding...Mate.”


Harry growled lowly as he began to undress and Louis followed suit.

Harry then sat on his knees and started to stroke Louis’ cock.


Harry squeezed the cock in his hand. “I barely started you fucking prick.” He whispered as Louis let out a pained groan.

Mr. Taylor watched the two carefully then looked down at the sight in front of him. The two young lads taking turns hungrily sucking on his cock, working him closer to his edge.

“Mmm, if you two look this hot playing with my cock, you'd look equally hot playing with each other, I bet.” Mr. Taylor commented then looked back over to Harry and Louis.

Harry was sucking on Louis’ cock, working on getting him fully hard. He sucked him hard, bobbing back and forth. He then sucked on the head briefly before licking across his slit and pumping along the exposed skin.

It didn't take long due to Louis knowing how to make himself hard quickly when the touches didn't feel completely good.

“I'm hard, sir.” Louis said pushing Harry off his cock.

“Good, Harrison.” Mr. Taylor smiled noticing Louis was hard. “Now, both of you get on the bed. Glory Hole, you may pick the position, just make sure he screams.”

“Yes, sir.” Louis nodded quickly. “Hands and knees.”

Harry gave Louis an ugly glare before getting on his hands and knees.

It was at that time Mr. Watson came back into the room with Liam and a warm blanket for Harry.

Liam had big smile on his face. He was so happy to be getting Harry the warmer blanket. When he saw everything happening in the room however his smile instantly disappeared.

Liam didn't care too much about Zayn and Niall. He was very worried about Harry though. He looked angry and Louis was moving to get behind him.

Liam whimpered and hid his face against Mr. Watson.

“What's wrong my love?” Mr. Watson asked softly.

Liam was scared to reply though and so he just shook his head 'no' to indicate he didn't want to say.

Suddenly they heard a loud cry from Mr. Taylor as he came across Zayn and Niall's faces.

"Clean each other off and let's go." He ordered the lads.

Zayn and Niall quickly licked each other's faces off, making sure to get everything.
"Good, now sit there and let's see if Glory Hole can do his job by making your moptop roommate scream...In pleasure of course." Mr. Taylor pulled his pants up then his trousers.

"Yes, sir." Both Zayn and Niall said.

They quickly went to a bunk and sat down as they watched Louis.

Louis sucked on his finger then smeared his saliva over Harry's pucker. He then lined up and grabbed Harry's hips.

"Stop stalling. Just do it already. I want to be done so I can sleep." Harry complained where the Keepers couldn't hear.

"I'm doing my job, my way, so shut the fuck up and let me do it. Fuck." Louis rolled his eyes then pushed into Harry, slowly at first then pushed all the way in and moaned.

Harry groaned and tried not to whimper. He knew Mr. Taylor wanted him to be in pain but Harry didn't want to satisfy the Keeper so easily.

Louis gripped Harry's hips. "Fuck." He groaned as he picked up the pace and tried to find Harry's sweet spot. He was told to make him scream, he figured the fastest way to do that was to make feel pleasure.

"Shit!" Harry hissed. The friction and Louis moving so quickly hurt.

Liam gripped tighter to Mr. Watson. He couldn't even bring himself to look.

"This is a good learning opportunity." Mr. Watson tried to encourage but Liam wasn't having it. He wrapped his arms around his boy and cuddled him.

Louis groaned. "So help me...If you don't start faking it soon, I'll make sure you really hurt."

"You must be a bottom because you suck at doing this." Harry complained. He then gave a fake moan as he rolled his eyes.

"This is the most awkward thing I've ever watched." Niall whispered.

Zayn nodded. "Yeah, same here." He whispered back.

"Unless you want each other's cocks in your mouth, I suggest you shut up and watch." Mr. Taylor glared at Niall and Zayn.

"Sorry, sir." The lads said and went back to watching.

"I am a bottom...I'm used to getting fucked, not doing the fucking." Louis whispered as he slammed into Harry. "I'm trying me best, and I want my fucking pill. I'll work on being nicer if you can do this for me." He tried to bargain.

"Work on being nicer or just simply be nicer?" Harry asked before yelping from the harder thrust. "Give me one reason why I should trust you? Fuck, stop holding my hips so tight."

"Work harder on being nicer. It's a work a progress. I'm not used to having to be nice." Louis loosened his grip on Harry's hips. "Maybe because if we don't deliver there's a chance both of us will be punished?"

Harry rolled his eyes again and began to force himself to get louder. "Fuck! Louis!" Hopefully he
wasn't sounding to fake.

Mr. Watson didn't know it yet but poor little Liam had tears in his eyes now.

"Don't forget to scream at some point." Louis whispered as he began to slam into Harry harder. "Shit." He groaned. He really wasn't used to this. He'd never been much of a top. Sometimes clients wanted to be fucked but they didn't know the difference between good and bad so it was never an issue for Louis.

Harry inwardly sighed then yelled like Louis wanted. Had he known for sure he wouldn't get punished he wouldn't have helped. This way at least Louis owed him.

When Harry yelled Liam's hands covered his ears and he began to cry harder. Harry was getting hurt and he didn't like it. Harry was his brother.

Mr. Taylor looked over at Liam, annoyed and gave Mr. Watson the same look. "I'll just take him for a bit of a walk, but seeing as Curly screamed, and the show has been mostly enjoyable so far, I'd say yes to the treat." He said as he moved Liam around in his lap and picked him up as he stood. He grabbed the nappy bag, and the bear. "Here's Bruce." He offered the bear to Liam. "Let's go for a walk, lovie." He rubbed Liam's back and took him out of the room.

Harry felt worried about Liam for a moment until Louis hit his sweet spot finally and he screamed out in pleasure. "Right there! Again. Now." He moaned out.

Louis hit the spot again and kept hitting it until Harry came onto the sheets underneath him then Louis made himself cum into Harry.

“Shit.” Louis groaned as he pulled out of Harry.

“Congrats, Glory hole, you earned yourself a treat. Get cleaned up quickly and let’s go.” Mr. Taylor told Louis.

“Yes, sir.” Louis nodded. He quickly walked over to the sink and cleaned himself up. He then put his uniform on. “Uh, sir? May I wear a jumper?” He asked. “It’s night and it’s chilly...I’ve been behaving.” He pleaded.

“No.” Mr. Taylor said. “I wouldn’t dream of you covering up your pretty pink uniform.” He looked over Louis’ body. “Maybe we should add a pretty pink bow to your hair as well.” He smirked.

Louis didn’t say anything. He knew better and wanted his painkiller far too badly to open his mouth and risk it all.

"He hurt Harry." Liam cried as he clutched Bruce and hid himself against Mr. Watson as they walked down the hallway. "Harry is hurt. It's not fair. He's been so nice. He wasn't bad."

"No, no, baby...Harry screamed because he felt good. It's like during our special times where I'm inside you making you feel good. You feel so good right? And sometimes you scream from all the pleasure, all that good feelings." He tried to explain. "He didn't hurt Harry. I promise." He kissed his cheek. "I wouldn't let that happen."
"Harry looked mad." Liam's voice was so small and infant like. "Papa, LiLi loves Harry. No want Harry mad or hurt. Papa promise?"

"Papa promise...But I can't always control what other Keepers make him do." Mr. Watson pecked Liam's lips. "How about we go home? I'll give you a bath, and then we can play." And for once, Mr. Watson didn't mean sexually. He'd be more than happy to do whatever Liam wanted.

Liam frowned hearing that his papa couldn't always protect Harry. It made him sad. He didn't want Harry to get hurt.

"Papa always protect LiLi." He attempted to pout. He then sighed and tried to redirect his mind. "Bath with bubbles papa?"

"I'll try." Mr. Watson offered. "And yes, bubbles and toys. I skipped my lunch and went shopping for you instead." He smiled as they approached the back door.

"Spoilt LiLi." He laughed and giggled. "Best papa." He kissed Mr. Watson's lips and held tightly to him as they stepped outside.

For Liam, in this headscape, the outside world was scary. Mr. Watson was who kept him safe so of course he clutched onto him as they crossed the staff car park.

It was also dark outside as it was about 10.30pm, so that didn’t help much.

Mr. Watson held onto Liam tightly and kissed his cheek again. "Papa loves you." He said as he opened the car door after unlocking it. He sat Liam in the backseat and placed the seat belt on him. "Home isn't far." He smiled. "But if you get scared on the way there, I know Bruce will protect you. Isn't that what Batman's does?" He played with Liam's hair a little bit.

"Shhh!" Liam quickly told Mr. Watson. "No one can know Bruce is Batman!" He kissed the teddy bear and then happily kicked his feet. He loved Papa's house. He couldn't wait to get there.

Mr. Watson chuckled. "Sorry, I'll be quiet. I don't think anyone heard us though so that's a good thing." He smiled then kissed Liam's forehead and got into the driver's side of the car.

It wasn't a long drive to his small place. He was thankful of it being dark though. He got out of the car and unlocked his front door then went back for Liam to take him inside.


Mr. Watson grinned. "But it's your house now too." He kissed Liam's cheek again as he walked down the hall to where the main loo was. He sat Liam on the floor and began to fill up the tub. He added some body wash to make bubbles then got to work on undressing Liam.

Liam giggled and played with Bruce while he waited on papa. He frowned when papa took off his superhero onesie. He liked it a lot. When it came time to get his nappy taken off Liam sighed, very relieved. His bum needed a break from being in a nappy. This darn rash really hurt.

"I'm sorry about your rash, hopefully the bath will help." Mr. Watson leaned down and kissed his lips. "Tomorrow, I'll get the stuff to make it start feeling better." He kissed Liam's nose then picked him up and placed him in the tub.

He handed then placed a couple of toys in the tub, the first was what looked liked jellyfish but they could also which stuck to the wall and each other. Each jelly was a different colour as well. The other one was a ball ball that had spouts, about ten of them and when it was squeezed while it had
water. The last thing Mr. Watson bought was a set of mini dino toys that when squeezed while water filled, the water squirted out.

"Yes, I really do spoil you. You're worth it." He kissed Liam's shoulder.

"Wow!" Liam giggled as he made some of jellyfish stick to one another. He giggled and smiled up at papa. "Thank you! Love toys! Love bubbles!"

Mr. Watson grinned. "Good. All for my LiLi." He said and began to wash Liam's body with a soft cloth. "LiLi's toys...in LiLi's house."

"Papa and LiLi house." Liam corrected as he began squirting his new dino toys at one another. "Look papa! They spit!"

"Yes! They do. I thought you'd like that." Mr. Watson smiled. "Would you like to have a bath every night here at home instead of at school?" He asked.

Liam's eyes went large, "Yes! Yes papa! Please?" He really really wanted that. Liam liked baths and he liked the idea of the other Keepers not getting to see him naked. "Bath at papa and LiLi house!"

"Yes, from now on that's what we'll do." Mr. Watson leaned over and kissed Liam's softly. "Now let's get you all clean so we can have some fun." He smiled as he began to work on Liam's hair.

"Do you have Batman on your telly?" Liam asked as he giggled and played with the bubbles more.

"Yes, I do. You wanna watch some Batman after your bath?" Mr. Watson asked as he shielded Liam's eyes and rinsed out his hair.

"Yes papa. Batman please." He giggled again. Liam's headspace was such a happy place for him. He never wanted to leave it. "Papa watch too?" He asked hopeful.

"Yes, of course. Papa will do anything you want." Mr. Watson said. "There." He finished doing Liam's hair. "I think you're all clean, but I'll let you play for a couple more minutes and then it's time to get out."

Liam nodded and kept playing happily. When it was finally time to get out Liam ended up taking the towel from Mr. Watson and covering his head with it.

Mr. Watson laughed. "Silly LiLi." He shook his head playfully as he smiled. "I can't find you now. Where did LiLi go?"

Liam laughed and pulled the towel off his head. "Boo!" He shouted and laughed more. This was paradise. If he could be trapped in this moment in time for the rest of his life he'd be okay with that.

"Oh! There you are!" Mr. Watson laughed. He wrapped the large towel around Liam's body and picked him up. He kissed his lips. "Sweet baby LiLi." He smiled. "I have a surprise for you." He took Liam into the bedroom and laid him on the bed. "Wait here while I go get it." He kissed the boys nose and left the room for a moment.

Liam kicked his feet and laughed as they bounced off the bed.

Mr. Watson came back a couple minutes later with a pair of feetie Batman pyjamas and a new nappy. It was Batman and it had a cape.
Liam’s mouth hung open as his eyes danced almost over the pajamas. He couldn’t even find words to say. He was just so overwhelmed. He rolled and crawled to the end of the bed and wrapped his arms around his papa.

Mr. Watson hugged Liam back. "I love you, baby. I don't want you to be cold. I gotta keep you warm and healthy." He kissed his lips and held him close. "Let’s get you dressed. Wanna wear this to school and show your brother?” He smiled.

"Yes. Yes. Yes.” He nodded. He laid down and smiled up at Mr. Watson. He wanted to be dressed in it now. "LiLi so happy!"

"That's good. Papa's happy that you're happy." Mr. Watson said.

He dried Liam off a bit more and put a fresh nappy on him then dressed him in the pjs. He then did the zipper up and looked at Liam. "My little Batman." He smiled as he pulled out his phone and snapped a photo. "And I have one more surprise..." He dug into his pocket and pulled out a Batman dummy with a Batman clip. "New dummy. You've been a good boy...And I love to spoil you." He said as he clipped it to Liam's pjs.

"Hooray!" Liam cheered. He sucked the pacifier into his mouth and hummed around it. After a moment he made grabby hands at his papa.

Mr. Watson quickly picked Liam up and held him closely. He walked over to the bed, and sat down while keeping Liam in his arms. "I love you, LiLi." He rubbed his back.

"LiLi love papa." He smiled. "Papa?” He asked as he started playing with the buttons on his shirt. "When can I have more milk?"

"You can have it anytime you want. All you have to do is ask.” Mr. Watson kissed Liam's head. "I'll go warm it up for you and then you can have it.” He moved Liam to sit on the bed and moved the covers over him to make sure he stayed extra warm.

"No bottle!” Liam told him. "Want papa. Love it that way.” He smiled and snuggled into the blanket. Nothing could make him feel any more loved or wanted right now.

"I know. And you will get it from Papa but I have to go set it up. Just lay here. I'll be right back.” Mr. Watson said. He didn't bother explaining knowing Liam wouldn't understand in his current mindset.

Liam was happy to obey. Why move when you were warm and happy in bed? He wiggled around some and played with the sheets a bit. He wasn't very sleepy for it being so late.

Mr. Watson quickly got Liam's bottle and put it in the microwave to warm it up. He then took his shirt off and his trousers. He was tired of being in his work trousers. He got the supplement system and put it on.

He then took the bottle out when it was done and after deciding it was the right temperature, he put it in the supplement system then he went back to the bedroom.

"Papa's back.” He smiled at the child in his bed. He crawled into the bed beside Liam. He pulled the boy into his lap and rubbed his tummy a little. "You can go ahead.” He encouraged. "And if you want even more... Just ask and I'll refill it.”

Liam wasted no time latching onto his papa. The warm milk mixed with the taste of papa's skin soothed him in ways he couldn't even describe. His free hands slowly slid over Mr. Watson's body
and his eyes rolled a bit before settling on the man's face.

Mr. Watson smiled down at Liam as he rubbed over his arms. "My sweet baby." His fingers played in Liam's hair.

Liam nodded a bit but never broke his latch. He just kept sucking and gazing over the face of the man who had grown to love him. He didn't know why. He wasn't much to love. He was grateful though.

Mr. Watson continued to watch Liam. He had never expected it to get this far, but was different, special even. He was grateful for it though.

Soon Liam was done and he smiled up at Mr. Watson. "Love you papa. Love you so much." He leaned up and kissed his lips. The kiss was a bit sloppy but Liam did his best considering he was so young.

"Love you too, LiLi. Very much." Mr. Watson had enjoyed the sloppy kiss. "So what should we do now?"

"Batman?" He asked and yawned. "Cuddles with papa and Batman till sleepy time?" Considering Liam was only a year old it was actually way past bedtime but he hoped his papa would let him have a little Batman anyway. School didn't have Telly and they only got one film a week.

"So you don't want any special playtime's before bed?" Mr. Watson asked to be sure.

Honestly Liam just wanted cuddles. "No please." He didn't want papa to be disappointed but he also wanted to be honest. "Special playtime tomorrow? Oh, before nap time?"

Mr. Watson nodded with a little smile. He had wanted to eat the little one out but he wasn't going to push it if Liam didn't want it. "Sure. Batman and cuddles, then sleep." He kissed Liam's head and switched it to Netflix then out Batman on. "Oh, did you want Bruce to watch with you? I think we left him in the loo."

"Yes! Please papa." Liam didn't need Bruce when papa was around but he wanted Bruce to get to watch Batman too.

Mr. Watson crawled out of the bed and walked out of the room to the loo. He took off the supplement system then grabbed the bear and went back to the room. He crawled into the bed. "Here's your Bruce." He handed Liam the bear then pulled him into his lap. "I love you so much. I'm so happy you love your surprises." He cuddled him.

"LiLi big time happy." He smiled and kept rubbing his hands over Mr. Watson's body. "So happy. Happy baby."

Mr. Watson grinned. Liam didn't want to play but with the little hands that kept touching him, was beginning to make him a little hard. He took Liam's hands and held them in his own. "My happy baby... But if my baby doesn't want special times tonight, he needs to stop rubbing his hands over my body." He kissed Liam's cheek.

"Papa like LiLi touches?" Liam asked and looked down. "Oh, Papa love LiLi touches." He giggled a bit and kept moving his hands. "LiLi can make Papa hard. LiLi good boy."

Mr. Watson laughed. Liam had gotten out for his grip pretty easily. "LiLi can make Papa hard quite easily... I have no control when it comes to you. LiLi is a good boy. A very good cute sexy boy... That's mine."
"Papa's boy." Liam smiled proudly. He reached his hand out to touch his Papa's dick from above his boxers but quickly stopped to get permission, "LiLi touch Papa dick please?"

"Papa would love that." Mr. Watson grinned. "Go ahead."

Liam smiled and began to rub the bulge. He was always so fascinated by how large Mr. Watson was. Liam was very small, even for his age. "So big." He giggled and worked at trying to get the boxers out of his way. In the headspace it was hard to get his hands to work the way he wanted them to.

Mr. Watson put his hands on top of Liam's and pulled the boxers off, his large hard cock springing up. "There you go...All yours. Play with Papa's body."

Liam smiled and began touching Mr. Watson. Soon he noticed a drop of precum leaking from the tip. He glanced up at papa nervously then leaned in and flicked his tongue over it, tasting him.

Mr. Watson hummed feeling Liam's touches. "Shit." He moaned feeling Liam lick him. "So good, baby boy."

Papa seemed to enjoy to the little lick so Liam licked him more until he finally wrapped his lips completely around the hard shaft. He moaned and whimpered a bit as he began to suck on him. Nothing was better than the flavor of papa.

Mr. Watson moaned. "Shit. LiLi..." He gripped the bedsheets. "Love when your mouth is on me." He smiled. The lad looked so cute in his feetie pyjamas and the dummy hanging from it made him look even more adorable.

Liam tried to take all of the cock into his mouth but it was just too big and he choked a bit. His hand played with papa's balls and his little hips began to thrust involuntarily.

Mr. Watson watched Liam for a moment enjoying everything he was doing. "Don't choke yourself baby. Try to remember how much you can take." He said and noticed Liam's hips thrusting. "I think someone's a little turned on himself. Shall we check?" He smirked and gently pulled Liam off his cock. "We're just going to check on your pretty little cock and see if it's hard." He kissed Liam's lips and pulled the zipper of the pjs down.

"It is." Liam admitted. "Nappy makes it hurt. Papa fix it?" The nappies fit so well until he got hard.

"Of course." Mr. Watson said. He got Liam out of his pj's then took the nappy off. "Just don't use the bed as a toilet. Try anyways." He teased a little. He took a moment to look over the smaller body in front of him. "You're so hard. I'll be happy to fix that for you, but finish helping me first, maybe?"

"Yes papa." Liam smiled and eagerly put his mouth back on the cock. He was hoping if he did well enough that he wouldn't have to wait too long to get special milk sprayed into his mouth.

It didn't take Mr. Watson much longer to finally cum down Liam's throat. "Fuck, LiLi...Only swallow what you can."

Liam made sure he was able to swallow it all. He was a very greedy little boy when it came to papa's special milk. "Mmm, papa special milk yummy."

Mr. Watson smiled. "I love to give you your special milk...Now, what would you like Papa to do to you?" He asked.
"Papa's mouth, want it on me." Liam smiled sweetly. "LiLi want to make special milk for papa."

Mr. Watson moved Liam to lay on the pillows and he moved down between the little lad's legs. He stroked the cock a couple times then began to suck.

"Mmm, papa!" Liam gave off an innocent moan. "More. Need more." He begged like the needy lad he currently was.

"Such a needy little baby." Mr. Watson smiled and licked the cock then sucked gently on the tip as he hummed, sending vibrations through his small body.

Liam's voice began to carry through the room as his tiny moans turned into him crying out with pleasure. Mr. Watson had barely done anything and yet he was already so close. Poor Liam was far too young mentally to hold off long.

Mr. Watson continued to suck on the small cock as he swirled his tongue around. He ran a hand over Liam's tummy then over his nipples, knowing how much he liked his nipples played with.

Liam's hips pulsed hard and his screams became higher pitched. "Papa! Please!" He cried and begged. "Special milk! Please!" He couldn't get any clear sentences formed and his words were a bit hard to understand.

Mr. Watson popped off the cock. "Let Papa taste you." He said then went back to sucking on the cock as one hand explored Liam's body.

It only took a few more seconds for Liam to cum hard and he screamed and his body twitched. Tears of pleasure even filled his eyes.

Mr. Watson swallowed the small load then leaned up to kiss Liam's lips. "Love you my special boy." He smiled. He then put Liam's nappy back on him, knowing how cum made him need to wee.

"Love papa. Love." Liam was too weak and exhausted from him orgasm to say much. "Batman jammies. Cuddles." Liam told him then added, "Sleepy time."

"Soon." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's head. "Let's see if you do a wee or anything first." He really didn't want to put the jammies on only to take them off again a couple minutes later due to the little one needing a change.

Mr. Watson liked how Liam had only wanted cuddles but changed his mind without even really thinking about it. It showed how into the special touches he was.

Liam nodded and grabbed Bruce, holding him close until he finally had a wee. He then looked up at Mr. Watson, "Smart papa."

"Yes, Papa likes to think so anyways." Mr. Watson smiled and kissed Liam's lips. He got Liam into his pjs and into the bed and cuddled him. "There we go, snuggle time while watching Batman, but you can sleep whenever you want." He kissed his head.

Liam yawned and tried to watch Batman as long as he could but sleep soon took over. With one arm around Bruce and the other arm around papa Liam slept like the baby he was.
The following morning, Mr. Watson gave Liam a bit of breakfast at home, it was only a bowl of cereal but the lad was hungry and he wouldn't deny him that. He then took Liam back to school and back to his room.

"Get up, slags!" Mr. Watson yelled as he walked into the room, locking the door behind him.

Liam comfortably laid in his arms holding Bruce. He still had his new Batman pajamas on.

The lads quickly jumped out of bed and held their hands behind their back as they kept silent.

Mr. Watson walked over to the crib and lay Liam down, making sure Bruce was with him. "Curly one, get over here. He wants to show off his new pjs to you." He ordered Harry.

"Harry!" Liam giggled when he saw him. "Look Harry! I'm Batman!" Liam looked so proud.

"That's awesome, LiLi. They look really warm and cozy." Harry smiled. "You got a new dummy too?!" He pretended to be excited when he eyed the Batman dummy and clip.

"LiLi was good boy." He explained how he got the dummy. "Are you okay Harry? Louis was mean last night but papa gave you the blanket I picked."

"I'm fine." Harry said confused. Louis hadn't gone as hard as much as the older lad might've liked to think he had, so Harry felt fine but he was still confused on how Liam thought that the sex was mean.

"He wasn't mean though, not really...He was kinda making me feel good..." He half lied but he wasn't going to risk getting in trouble for faking it last night. "Yeah, I saw it. It kept me really warm last night, thanks." He smiled at Liam then he looked up at Mr. Watson. "Thank you, sir."

"It was only because of your brother." He replied to Harry and smiled at Liam. He loved seeing how happy he got when Harry was around.

"I don't like it when Harry screams. It scares me that you're hurt." Liam told him. "If Harry is happy though so is LiLi." He clapped his hands and hugged Bruce.

"Sorry...I screamed because I felt really good. I'm sure you scream sometimes when Papa makes you feel really, really good?" Harry tried to make a comparison. He wouldn't say he was happy, he was in hell, but he couldn't say that in front of Mr. Watson so Harry nodded. "I'm happy." He lied as he forced a smile.

"Yes, papa is good at make me scream cause his special touches feel so good." Liam agreed.

Mr. Watson of course just smiled proudly.

"Always want my bubby to be happy. Love my bubby." He giggled and held Harry's hand.

Louis couldn't help but roll his eyes at the interaction. It made him feel sick.

"Love you too, LiLi." Harry smiled at Liam. "I heard that we're getting haircuts today, are you going to get one too?" He asked.

Liam shrugged as Mr. Watson quickly interrupted and looked at Harry. "You aren't getting a haircut. Your hair is too well liked. You'll be getting a trim and that's it. You'd better not let anyone truly cut your hair unless you have a death wish."

“Yes, sir.” Harry quickly nodded.
"As for LiLi, he’ll get be getting a haircut. It’s a bit messy.” Mr. Watson said looking down at Liam then looked at Niall and Zayn. “Ace, Gremlin, you’ll be getting trims. Chav, your hair is long and it looks horrible on you, so you’ll be getting a cut.”

"LiLi has to?" He asked worried. He hadn't gotten too many haircuts because he'd always been afraid of the scissors accidentally cutting him. "Don't let them cut me."

"It won't hurt Liam. Maybe papa will let you watch someone else go first so you can see." Harry offered.

"Wait, I have to get my hair cut? Like I don't get a choice?" Louis asked trying to remain polite despite being upset.

"We decide who needs a haircut. Your hair is messy and not kept very well. So when I say you get a trim, you get a trim." Mr. Watson sighed. "We need to get going for breakfast though.” He said. "After your breakfast is your room's turn for a haircut. So we have to keep schedule today."

"Yes sir.” Niall agreed. He wanted to keep behaving best he could.

"Papa!" Liam laughed and reached for him. "Papa, can Harry walk beside us? Wouldn't that be cool?"

Mr. Watson picked Liam up. "Sure. He's behaved well enough so I don't see why not." He smiled as he walked to the door. "Ace, don't even think about getting your shirt on. Mr. Jones has expressed that he wants you to keep it off."

"Of course, sir.” Zayn nodded and followed them out watching as Mr. Watson locked the door behind them.

"Hi Harry." Liam smiled big and waved at him. "I'm glad they won't cut your hair." Liam then hugged Mr. Watson and kissed his cheek.

"Hi, LiLi. Me too. Maybe if Papa says it's okay you can see me and the other lads get our hair done first, and see how it's not so scary." Harry said.

"Can I papa?" Liam asked with his sweet smile that he knew melted his papa's heart. "I want to watch my Harry go first and then Niall and Zaynie cause they're nice too."

Mr. Watson nodded, smiling back at the little lad in his arms. "Sure, love. After Ace, the Gremlin can go. Then you. I'll hold your hand and watch very carefully." He pecked his lips.

"Hey Liam...If you're Batman's friend, does that make you Robin?" Niall asked. He wasn't being curious though.

"I'm not Robin silly. I'm LiLi." Liam laughed. "Robin is Batman's sidekick. Oh and did you know that doesn't mean he actually kicks his side?"


"No, but it would be cool if I was." Liam smiled. "Cause then I would be super and I could make it always warm here."

"I take it you don't like being cold?" Louis asked. He still thought this baby act was weird but he had promised to be nicer.
"I like to be warm. My papa is the bestest cause he got my new pajamas so I could be warm." Liam smiled and again kissed his cheek.

"That's awesome." Louis forced himself to smile as they walked into the cafe and other students made cat whistles at him because of his uniform. He sighed. He was tired of living this way. He spotted Finn and quickly went over to him as the others broke apart to find their friends.

Harry saw Rory in line so he told Liam goodbye and went off to stand with him in line, "Hey Mate, any suggestions on what to try stomaching?"

"Best bet is the eggs." Rory said. "And toast. I personally always think that's the safest thing to eat." He added. "How are you doing? We're all getting haircuts well most of us. I can't wait."

"I'm good. I was told I'm only allowed a trim. I guess my hair is well liked or something." Harry shrugged as he grabbed a tray for himself and handed a second one to Rory. "I mean Christ, they make me wash it sometimes three times."

Rory took it. "Damn. Well, I mean you do have nice hair...But none of the lads here have curly hair. Wavy or straight but not curly. It's really fluffy, so that's probably why. He said as he took a bottle of juice. "I get a cut. I had a buzz cut when I arrived and because they hated it, they let me hair grow long. I hate it this long. I finally get to have a cut."

"Yeah, one of the lads in my room has to have a cut and he isn't happy. We actually have a lad in our room that's scared too but he's Mr. Watson's baby." Harry explained taking a bottle of water then pointing to the eggs.

Rory grabbed asked for the eggs and took a piece of toast. "Wow. So Watson's baby is from your room?" He asked looking over at Harry. "What's that like? No one's seen Mr. Watson like this. It's a bit weird. That lad is one hell of an actor!" He said then pointed to a free table.

"Oh he's not acting." Harry smiled a bit. "Liam enjoys the babying. I haven't pinpointed yet if it's because of an age play kink or a mental issue or if it's just a lifestyle preference. It's great for me though. I couldn't be happier about it I suppose." Harry collected his plate and walked with Rory the table.

"Maybe it's a combo of all three? Wow. I've never heard of anyone actually enjoying it though." Rory said reaching the free table. "Wait, how is it good for you? I would find that so annoying."

"He asked me to be his brother. It's real in his mind now that I agreed. He gets special things because he's Mr. Watson's favorite and in turn I get special things because Liam wants to protect me. Brothers protect each other." Harry explained as he worked to eat once he sat.

"Wow." Rory repeated himself. "How'd you swing that? That's awesome. So what have you gotten so far?" He asked curiously as he sat.

"I was nice and understanding. The others in the room being arses helped Liam take to me I guess." Harry was pleasantly surprised when he took a bite of the toast. It actually tasted good. "I got a warm blanket last night. We get to have his colored pictures taped on the wall. Oh and Mr. Watson stopped calling me Reek because Liam doesn't like it."

"Shit. You're living the high life. Lucky bastard." Rory commented. "I wish I could live the high life Keepers don't notice me for anything other than a good fuck." He sighed. "Anyways, what does Mr. Watson call you now?"

"He calls me Curly." Harry replied. "The other Keepers still abuse me. I'm used to be treated like
"Yeah, sounds about right." Rory nodded. "At least you get to be warm at night." He sighed. "Lucky." He said and forced himself to eat.

"Yeah, that was nice. I don't understand the point in keeping it so cold. You'd think they would keep it hot so we'd want to take our clothes off." Harry shook his head.

"Keeps germs down." Rory said. "With all the sexual activity, it spreads germs I guess or because there's so many students, there's high risk of someone getting sick and you can't be used when you're sick." He shrugged. "And if it's too hot, you'll just going to be more hot by the time you finish, and at least sex is a good way to be warm before bed."

"Okay, so I guess you make valid points. Don't tell anyone I admitted that though." Harry said as he kept eating.

Rory chuckled but forced food down his throat to muffle the sound. He didn't want to get in trouble. He swallowed. "Being sick is like the dream in this place, you get like a week off from being used. You're made to stay in your room. Your bunk is legit moved away from the others. If there's room, the bunk above or below yours is off limits while sick. Oh and the Keepers force someone to take care of you so you don't die or get worse. They try to avoid doctor and hospital trips. In extreme cases, you're put in isolation with a Keeper or the nurse checking in you."

"Yeah well our room has five lads but two beds available thanks to Liam's crib." Harry explained. "I could handle being sick if it meant all that but I already get a bunk to myself."

"That's nice." Rory smiled. "There's six in our room. Everyone's always fighting over a top bunk. It's annoying but whatever. I don't mind the bottom bunks. I'm scared of falling off the top bunk." He frowned a little.

"I prefer top bunk. Something about it makes me feel less vulnerable." Harry shrugged.

Chapter End Notes

New chapter tomorrow since I was supposed to post two chapters this week but posted this one later than I meant to.

Anyways. Hope you enjoyed this chapter!!!

Hope you liked the Larry sex.

Some of you asked for Harry and Patterson to fuck more so that's what I was working on today. Lol.
Chapter 25

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

I hope you enjoy this chapter!!! I am posting on time as promised. I had an enjoyable afternoon rereading the chapter and doing some minor editing.

Across the room a student was now getting a punishment so Harry fought rolling his eyes as he turned and pretended to watch like they were supposed to.

"Why don't you ask for crib? You wouldn't fall out of it." Harry was only half teasing his friend. He was trying to be funny as well.

"I wouldn't go that far..." Rory shook his head. He didn't find it funny but he knew Harry well enough to know that he had a strange sense of humour sometimes. "I've had the baby treatment once, I'm not going back. Not that I've gotten put in a crib, but still."

"So, they baby the ones who cry a lot or act like babies. Some students get treated like dogs though I haven't figured out why and the lad in my room is a whore so they treat him like one. What else do they do? What else should I know about so I don't screw myself." Harry asked.

"If you act like a bitch, you get treated like one, that's the reason for the dog treatment. Their collars never come off though." Rory said. "You are basically whatever you act, so just behave and you should be fine. If you're mouthy, they muzzle you or gag you. If you fight a lot, then your hands are tied for awhile. If you get caught having a relationship with another student then you're separated but you'll always be made to watch the other being used or punished."

"Interesting." Harry nodded. He wasn't about to tell Rory about Niall and Zayn but he could offer them that information later. "The shit head whore in my room got a gag for a while. I miss that day."

"He's a whore which is why he got the one that allowed them to fuck his face." He asked.

"He's a whore so obviously he got the one that allowed them to fuck his face." Harry tried not to laugh. "He deserved every bit of it."

Rory chuckled. "Yeah, it's nice. Which one did he get? The one that forced his mouth open so his mouth was ready for fucking or the ball gag?" He asked.

"Shit, that's a bit extreme." Harry shook his head. "I think the thing I've hated the most is the beating I got my first real day here followed by my first fucking." Harry sighed. "I can't stand getting beaten and not being able to fight back. I'm a fighter."

Rory nodded. "The last foster home I ran from, the bloke was a drunk and beat me all the time. I could never do anything right." He sighed. "But no one believes me."
"I do. I've been in so many foster homes they won't place me anymore. I know what they're all like." Harry reassured. "Anyone here that's a foster kid probably would believe you."

"Thanks." Rory smiled a little. "I'm looking forward to getting out of here one day, but it's a couple of years away still. I have nowhere to go but it doesn't matter. Anywhere is better than this place."

"Aren't there assistance programs for foster kids? That's what I heard anyway. I'll take a shitty apartment one day when I'm 18. Wouldn't bother me at all." Harry smiled thinking about being out of this place. He thought about mentioning how Liam got to leave at night but he figured it might be risky.

"I have no idea." Rory shrugged. "I'll probably end up in a homeless shelter." He said.

Harry opened his mouth to speak when a Keeper yelled that it was time to throw out their shirt and line up to be taken to their rooms until it was their rooms time for a haircut.

"If you're in my room get your arses over here now!" Mr. Watson yelled harshly. He had to keep to schedule today so there was no chance he'd go easy on them.

Harry quickly got his stuff thrown out and placed his tray in its spot then joined Mr. Watson who was holding Liam. "Hi, LiLi." He smiled as the others joined them.

Liam smiled at him. "Papa said you can watch when it's my turn."

"If you behave yourself." Mr. Watson added.

"That's awesome." Harry smiled. "So are we not to watch each other get a haircut then, sir?" Louis asked confused.

"Normally you'd be sent to sit or stand along the back wall." Mr. Watson clarified. "My little Liam has been a very good lad however despite being up late so I don't mind letting his brother stand with him, provided Curly can behave himself. I know how you enjoy getting arguments started, especially when Chav is nearby." He finished by speaking to Harry then looked back at the others as Liam happily played with the buttons on his collar.

Harry nodded. He didn't argue much with Niall, but he wasn't one to correct Keepers. He learned that the hard way. "Do we wait here? Or do we go someplace else?" Louis asked confused.

"You'll be coming with me. One of the classrooms is being used for grooming. Now stop asking questions or I'll gag you again." He warned and turned to start walking. "Let's go. Keep up!"

The lads quickly nodded and followed Mr. Watson to an empty classroom. It looked eerie being empty how it was. "Give the curly one here a trim." He said to the hairdresser. "Nothing. More." He warned.

Liam's eyes went very large as he watched Harry sit down in her chair.

The others sat down in the back of the room quietly.

As the stylist began to pump the chair up Liam watched closer. Then she put the cape on Harry and he giggled a little, "It looks like his cape is on backward."

Mr. Watson grabbed a chair from in behind the table. He sat down in it with Liam on his lap. They were facing Harry and in the front row. "It does, doesn't it?" He smiled.
When she began to spray his hair to wet it Liam frowned. "My face is gonna get wet." He didn't like that idea.

Mr. Watson rubbed Liam's arms. "It'll be okay. Just think of something else. Think happy thoughts." He said kissing his cheek.

He then smelled something foul in the air that had the lads in the back coughing and choking. Liam needed to be changed, he had messed his nappy. "I gotta change you." He lifted Liam up into arms as he stood.

He grabbed the nappy bag and went to the back of the room. "You three look at curly, not LiLi." He ordered them and they nodded, keeping their eyes on Harry. He knew Liam didn't like to be watched.

He got Liam out of his pjs and took the changing pad out of the nappy bag. He placed it on the desk and lay Liam on it. "Let's get you out of that smelly nappy. You can still watch your brother, just gotta turn your head to look at him for now. Oh and I managed to grab your special cream from the nurse during breakfast so your sore bum should stop being sore soon." He explained.

"Okay papa." Liam nodded. "I was going to tell you but I didn't know if I was done." He frowned, worried papa might be mad for him not saying he'd gone.

"It's okay, love. I understand. I just like you to tell me that way you don't have to sit in a messy or wet nappy. Do you think you're done now though?" Mr. Watson asked as he pulled the cream and wipes from the nappy bag.

"Yes papa." Liam noded. His fear of a haircut kept him driving to be small where he felt the most safe. "Thank you for my special cream."

Mr. Watson smiled and undid the tabs. The smell intensified and Louis tried hard not to gag at the smell. He was doing his best to behave.

Mr. Watson rolled it up. "Gremlin, throw this out please." He held the dirty nappy in Louis' direction.

"Yes, sir." Louis tried to keep a straight face as he took the nappy and threw it in the bin. "May I wash my hands sir?" He was thankful that the room was a science classroom so there was a sink he could use to wash off his hands.

"Make it quick." Mr. Watson said as he finished cleaning Liam up.

Once Liam was clean Mr. Watson carefully smeared the cream over Liam's rash. He then put the fresh nappy on and got Liam back into his pajamas.

"Watch bubby closer now?" Liam asked. He wanted to see better so he could ensure Harry wasn't in any pain. Even though he was in his headspace he would let anyone hurt his brother.

"Sure." Mr. Watson nodded and picked Liam up as Louis sat back down. "I promise he's fine." He held him as they walked back to the front. He sat in the chair with Liam on his lap. "There. Now you can see." He held Liam's hands.

"Doesn't hurt?" Liam asked Harry.

"No buddy. I promise. I can't feel a thing." He smiled.
"I really hope this doesn't sound rude but is he autistic or something like that?" The stylist asked curiously.

"No." Mr. Watson said. "He enjoys being treated this way." He smiled. "Isn't that right, baby?"

Liam felt extra shy suddenly so he only nodded and cuddled into Mr. Watson.

"I see. Whatever makes you happy, I say go for it." She replied then checked over her work on Harry. "How's that look for you?" She asked Mr. Watson.

"That's good. It looks cleaner now, less messy. Next up is Ace." Mr. Watson said. "Get down here." He called. Zayn stood and quickly walked down the room. "His hair isn't that bad. Just a trim for him." He said.

Liam carefully looked over Harry as he switched places with Zayn. He wasn't bleeding and he hadn't cried so maybe it wasn't too bad.

"Of course." The stylist smiled at Zayn as he took a seat.

"Papa?" Liam whispered in his ear. "If I am brave like Harry and don't cry can I maybe have a lollipop later?"

Mr. Watson nodded. "Sure." He smiled. "We don't have many sweets in the school but I'm sure I can find a lollipop for you." He kissed Liam's cheek.

Liam smiled happily. He was determined to be brave now. With papa and Harry both close by he was sure he could do it.

"Mr. Watson, sir, do you want me to wait here beside you or sit with the others and wait?" Harry asked. He really wasn't sure what was expected of him since Liam often wanted him treated differently.

"I think LiLi would like it if you sat next to him." Mr. Watson said. "Right, LiLi? I don't think you want him so far from you."

"No, bubby stay with papa and me." He smiled.

"Of course." Harry nodded and moved to sit beside them.

Liam slowly reached out a hand and touched Harry's hair. His fingers slid over the ends where she had trimmed his hair. He then smiled a little, more satisfied now that it would be okay. His only fear now was that she might slip with her scissors.

"Watch Ace. You kinda like him now right? I don't think he'd lie to you about how it feels. He doesn't lie, even if it means a punishment." Mr. Watson tried to help the lad's fears.

"Okay papa." He wanted to talk to Harry but papa had told him to do something. He didn't want punished again for disobeying papa.

"I don't understand how someone can be afraid of a haircut. I'm not being mean, I just don't understand." Louis whispered to Niall.

"People have fears over anything these days." Niall whispered. "And maybe it's more fear of getting hurt by the scissors or something." He shrugged.

Louis nodded. "I guess. I just don't understand Liam at all. I've been with a lot of guys who have
requested a lot of strange things but this is even way out there for me." He was just trying to be honest. "I guess the worst part for me is that Mr. Watson is old. Well, old enough to know this is not okay."

"But all Keepers are adults that know this is wrong, everything that they do is wrong." Niall whispered back. "I think as someone who's never experienced real affection... He just likes being taken care of and likes to feel special." He said. "But honestly, it seems like he's taking good care of Liam. Keeping him happy, warm, healthy well that one is to an extent but still."

"I guess I can understand that. I mean, who wouldn't want a sense of comfort at least in here. It's just hard for me because I wouldn't live that way." He hoped he was making sense.

"I get that but everyone's different. Some people crave it more than others and when you get that... You wouldn't want to let it go. I know I feel a similar way about Zayn and I'll never let him go." Niall explained.

Louis nodded, "Well I sort of get that. I'll keep trying to be nicer but I'm not promising to understand any of it. I can accept it without understanding."

Niall nodded. "I can respect that, but do your best to keep your comments to yourself and I think you'll be fine." He said.

Louis just nodded and tried to get more comfortable.

"You're all finished, mate. Looking great." The stylist told Zayn with a smile. He really did look better. His hair looked much healthier.

"Thanks." Zayn said softly and headed back.

"Chav! Get up here." Mr. Watson called. "This little Irish boy needs his hair cut short." He explained to the stylist. "He ran away from Ireland to England. Who knows when the last time he had a haircut, judging by the length of his hair... I'd say a long time."

Niall liked his hair longer. He wasn't going to tell the Keeper no. He just bit his lower lip to keep himself quiet.

"Okay how short do we want to go?" She showed him a few different length options and when he had settled on a decision she began cutting.

This really caught Liam's eye. Niall was getting a lot of hair cut off. Harry and Zayn had only gotten a little. Maybe it would be harder for her to cut off so much hair. He wanted to know.

"Hmm." Mr. Watson thought for a moment. "I think whatever would look best on him. He's the only Irish kid in the school, so he's pretty popular. We want him to look his best." He smiled.

"I think Irish will look a lot better with his new hair." Mr. Watson smiled watching. "You're next LiLi, but I won't let her hurt you, I promise." He kissed Liam's cheek.

Liam nodded, "Papa and bubby stay close so I can feel brave."

"I'll be right there LiLi. Don't worry." Harry smiled. He could tell Liam was still scared and he hated it for him.

"Of course." Mr. Watson said. "No need to be afraid, I won't let anything bad happen." He rocked Liam a little.
Liam nodded. He felt bad for being scared but he couldn't help it. At least with this hair cut Liam would finally have people around him who cared about him. "Thank you. Love you." He smiled and kissed him. He wanted to tell him that he couldn't do this without him but it would have to wait until he felt safe enough to come out of his headspace and also ask if he could.

"Love you too, sweetheart." Mr. Watson smiled.

Meanwhile in the back, Louis leaned over to Zayn. "I hope you weren't that attached to his long hair."

Zayn glanced at Louis before looking back to Niall. "Maybe not as attached as Niall. We've only been together for a like a week or a little more. It's hard to keep track of time in this place. I admit...I have grown quite fond of his long hair and I will miss it but he looks good no matter what to me, so." He shrugged.

"I think it's shit we aren't even allowed to make choices about our hair. So we've done some stupid things. That doesn't mean we're terrible kids who deserve this." Louis softly grumbled. "I'm sorry but none of the stories I've heard as to what landed kids in here is bad enough to deserve this."

"No one deserves this kind of treatment and I don't know how they get away with it. Hasn't anyone gone to the Headmaster or their caseworker? I mean, you think of enough people complained..." Zayn trailed off as he shook his head. "I agree about the hair though. I mean, I kinda get the Keepers running the place but even our hair? What kind of shit is this?" He sighed.

"I'm just surprised Mr. Watson is making Liam cut his hair. He's obviously scared and normally he doesn't hold Liam to anything Liam doesn't want." Louis replied.

"If I ever get to chance to tell someone I will though. I mean, I'll get out before you guys so I'll try to help. Can't imagine anyone will believe me though."

Zayn nodded. "Thanks and I suppose he just wants Liam's hair to look cleaner? I don't know. Sometimes it's good to face your fears. From what I hear, even normal parents make you do things you don't wanna do."

"I wouldn't know." Louis shrugged. "My very first family wanted to adopt me, or so I'm told but it didn't work out. I never had another offer to adopt me. Everyone just wants babies."

"Yeah, no white couple wants a little brown boy who's half Pakistani or at least that's what it says in my file. But really, no one wants a kid who's coloured. No white couple...And I've always been placed with whites. Always treated as a second class citizen with pretty much anyone." Zayn sighed.

"You've turned out better than I have though. You have manners and shit. I don't give a fuck about anyone but self." Louis then realized that might have come out really harsh, "Sorry, it's nothing personal."

"I was taught manners and shit at school...And by a friend's family. I was with this couple for about a year, made a few friends, a couple of them helped teach me some shit. I never forgot it. And besides I'm pretty chill, if you're good to me, I'm good to you. No reason to be nasty without cause." Zayn shrugged.

"If you aren't callus out on the streets you're eaten alive. That's why Niall can be callus. It's just easier for him to turn it off than it is me." Louis replied. "On the streets you learn pretty quickly that being nice gets you nowhere."
Zayn nodded. "I get that. I may have never lived on the streets but I've spent my fair share of dealing with street people. It's kinda what landed me in here." He said. "So I may seem like a goody two shoes but I'm just trying to survive in here."

"I get it. I'm trying to do the same. I just think you're better at it then me." Louis then smiled a little. It was something he didn't often do.

Zayn chuckled quietly. "Thanks, mate. I honestly think the more you think before you speak, the better off you'll be."

"I'll see what I can do. It's not in my nature to think first." Louis replied. He then ran his hands through his hair; feeling it one last time.

"Just remember to breathe and that hair grows." Zayn offered.

Louis nodded. "Yeah, my hair is just..." he paused because he knew he sounded dumb. "It's the only thing I really love about me. I have great hair. Too bad the Keepers disagree."

"Don't tell Niall I said this, because I think he can get jealous easily at times." Zayn paused and smiled at Niall who looked upset with having his hair cut short. "But seriously you're a fit lad with or without your hair being a little long. And it'll grow back by the time you get out of here I bet."

"Thanks. I won't tell." Louis promised.

"I'm not sure why I hear so much talking in the back of the room." Mr. Watson growled a bit.

"Sorry, sir." Zayn said quietly as he sunk down in his chair a bit.

Soon Niall was done and he traded places with Louis.

"I like the short hair. It looks good on you. Very fit." Zayn said quietly and smiled at Niall.

Niall smiled. "I'm glad you like it. You're the only opinion that matters." He made sure he was whispering.

Zayn smiled a little more. "And just remember that hair grows. You can always grow it long again one day when we're out of here." He whispered. He quickly ran his fingers through the damp hair. "I'll miss the long but you do look very fit with short hair." He said then removed his hand and looked at Louis. "He's gonna bitch about his hair being shorter." He sighed.

"I sort of understand. I mean, I think the long hair looks good on him." Niall shrugged. "You look way better though. Don't worry."

Zayn nodded. "But no one compares to how you looked with longer hair." He smiled. "And thanks...Your opinion is the only one that matters for me as well." He briefly looked at Niall then back to Louis.

"Sir, I...you sure I have to do this? There isn't anything I can do or offer you to change your mind? Anything at all?" Louis basically begged as he wet his hair.

Mr. Watson sighed. He looked down at the boy in his arms. "What do you think? A cut or a trim? Or nothing? What do you think Papa should do?"

Liam looked at Louis. Louis had been mean to him. He obviously wanted to keep his hair and so maybe Liam should say to cut it off. He didn't though. He decided to be nice because not only was
it in his nature but he hoped it would help Louis decide to be nice to him. "I think papa should let him keep his hair." Liam said softly. "He'd have to owe you if you did cause it would be you being so sweet and nice."

"Hmm." Mr. Watson thought for a moment. "Let's go with a trim then, just to clean it up." He said. "If he's prepared to owe me big time for this nice gesture."

Louis' eyes went wide. There was no way this was real. He thought there was no chance Mr. Watson would change his mind or that Liam would be nice to him. "Yeah, uh yes, yes sir. Anything you want." Louis promised.

"And no more mouthing off. You're to be nicer to everyone, even the other Keepers." Mr. Watson added.

Louis would have to suck it up and force himself to be nice then, "Yes, sir. I promise."

"So just a trim then." The stylist grinned

"Good. Glad to hear it. And yes, just a trim." Mr. Watson nodded.

"This is such bullshit!" Niall complained in a whisper in the back. "I'm good and I do not complain...And my hair gets cut. He begs and almost cries and gets away with it!" He felt angry now.

"Calm down. I know it sucks but don't let Mr. Watson hear you. I don't want you in trouble." Zayn begged in a whisper. "Please."

"My papa is so sweet." Liam praised and showered his face with little kisses. "I love my papa."

Even though Harry still wasn't sure about the adult teen relationship he smiled at Liam's behavior. It was rather interesting to see him praising any Keeper but especially Mr. Watson.

Mr. Watson smiled. "My LiLi is sweet too." He said. "And Papa loves his LiLi very much." He cuddled him. "You still warm enough with your pjs?" He asked.

"Oh yes papa. I love them so much. I'm warm and they are soft." He smiled and hugged him. He was obviously slipping away from his headspace due to the pill wearing off but he liked being a baby so he kept himself there the best he could.

Mr. Watson hugged him back. "I hope you're less scared of getting a haircut now. All the lads have been fine." He cuddled Liam closer to his body as he watched Louis get his trim.

"Yes papa. I just worry she might slip and get me." Liam explained. "You and hubby will watch right? Make sure she is being careful not to slip?"

Harry rubbed Liam's arm, "I've got your back LiLi. Bubby won't let anything happen. Papa too." He was being sincere with his word and actions but he also wanted to make sure Mr. Watson saw exactly how nice he was to Liam. It could only help with his plan to get out of here.

"I promise you'll be fine and she won't slip. She never has since she's been working here." Mr. Watson rubbed over the boy's arms and kissed his hands. "I love you. I'd never let anything happen to you."

"I love you too papa." He hugged him and kissed him. "And bubby, I love bubby too he smiled at Harry then whispered to Mr. Watson, "I love you most of all papa."
"That's good." Mr. Watson grinned and then tickled Liam a little. "You better." He teased and laughed.

It wasn't much longer before Louis was done. "Thank you, sir." He said standing. "And LiLi...Thank you. It also didn't hurt at all. She didn't even cut me. You can check me head if you want?" He offered. He was trying to be nice. It was part of the deal, but it could also lead to them escaping.

Liam looked at him carefully before nodding. It helped but he wouldn't feel better until she was done.

"Are you ready little man?" The stylist asked Liam. "Your daddy and brother and can hold your hands if you want."

When Liam had finished checking over Louis' head, he went back to sit with Niall and Zayn.

"That was nice of you." Niall whispered, trying not to smile.

"Shut up." Louis grumbled and watched as Mr. Watson sat Liam on the chair and held one of his hands and Harry held the other.

"Hey, what happened to being nice?" Zayn asked.

"I'm just upset. Gimme some time okay?" That was the best Louis could offer.

"You won't slip right?" Liam softly asked the stylist.

"I've never cut anyone except myself." She assured. "I'll be careful, sweetie." She then looked at Mr. Watson and began discussing what kind of cut he wanted on him.

Once it was decided, Mr. Watson squeezed Liam's hand gently then kissed it. "My brave little baby." He smiled. "Just like Batman. He doesn't have powers just epic fighting skills."

Liam smiled, "I like Batman."

"Who do you most like seeing Batman fight?" Harry asked. Maybe if they kept his mind focused on something he liked he'd this would go easier.

"Joker and Harley Quinn." Liam smiled. "They're boyfriend and girlfriend."

"Didn't she break up with him though?" Mr. Watson asked.

"It depends on which comic book you're reading." Liam smiled.

"Great point." Harry almost laughed.

Mr. Watson stayed quiet and let the two boys discuss superheroes and before long, Liam's hair was done.

"It's all over, LiLi." Mr. Watson smiled. "You did so great." He lifted the lad into his arms and cuddled him.

"So I can get a lollipop later?" Liam asked hopeful. He giggled and clapped his hands. "Bubby! Bubby, I was brave like you!"

"Yes." Mr. Watson smiled with a little nod. "You for sure get a lollipop later. I'll even bring you
with me so you can pick out what you want for yourself." He kissed his cheek.

"Let's go, slags. Time for your morning shower. Time to wash all that hair off of you." He said and walked towards the classroom door as he impatiently waited for the other lads.

"Papa?" Liam whispered. He wanted to say something but needed his big boy voice. "Can I say one thing?"

Mr. Watson nodded. "Of course, love. What is it?" He whispered back.

"I need my big boy voice." Liam whispered.

Mr. Watson nodded. He preferred the baby life right now but if the lad wanted to say something, he wouldn't deny it. "Do you want to tell me alone?" He asked quietly noticing that the others were standing with them now.

"I just, it's okay if they hear." He bit his lower lip. He could tell papa wasn't happy about him wanting to talk in his big boy voice. "Just, never mind papa."

"No, it's okay." Mr. Watson encouraged. "You can use your big boy voice. It's good that you asked." He added. "What is it?" He asked.

"I wanted to tell you that I couldn't have handled that without you. I've always been scared of people cutting my hair. You helped me be brave. Thank you, Benji." Liam smiled and then quickly kissed him before putting his dummy back in his mouth.

Mr. Watson grinned. "Thank you, love." He kissed Liam's cheek. "I'm glad I helped you to be brave. I don't like my little one being scared." He said and opened the door. "Let's go, shower time." He said as he walked out and waited for the others to catch up and once they had, they all walked to the shower room.

"You really do look great." Zayn whispered to Niall. "I love it. Okay?"

Niall smiled as he blushed a little. "Thank you. I think your hair looks great with your trim. Maybe tonight you can show me how much you love my new hair?" He grinned.

"I'd love to. After Louis and Harry fall asleep. We've been rude the last few nights." Zayn replied.

"That would be great. A night where I get to fall asleep before you two fill the air with sex." Harry told them.

"Well, actually, you and Louis filled the air with sex first, so." Niall smirked.

"Don't remind me." Louis groaned.

"It was so awkward to watch." Zayn commented.

"Try being the one getting fucked." Harry groaned.

"Hey! I did me best for not having a lot of experience topping." Louis complained.

"Oh, before I forget. I found out something. If you two get caught not only will you be separated but they'll make you watch one another get used." Harry told them.

Zayn's heart broke at the thought. He hated seeing Niall used already but at least he knew there were times he didn't have to watch or listen. He looked over at Niall who looked heartbroken at the
thought of being caught now.

"We'll be alright, love." Zayn whispered. "We'll just be careful and we have Liam on our side now, I think. He knows but I don't think he's said anything, that's a good sign. Louis and Harry won't say anything either. And I know David won't rat us out. Try not to worry." He whispered as they reached the showers.

The place was empty. It looked like the other students had already had their showers as the floor was still wet and slippery.

"Just make sure you keep playing into Liam. Tell him he was brave like Batman or that he looks good with his haircut." Harry seemed to know how to talk to Liam so he offered his advice.

Niall nodded as he bit his lip. He followed Mr. Watson with the others to the lockers. They were all handed their shower cradles after they stripped.

"You did great today, LiLi." Zayn smiled up at Liam.

"Yeah, like Batman brave." Niall added.

"Definitely." Zayn nodded. "You were also brave like Superman too." He smiled.

Liam smiled from behind his dummy, "Thank you!"

Louis nodded, "You look really good too. We can see more of your face now."

Liam then looked at his papa, completely thrilled the other boys had complimented him. He even clapped his hands a bit.

"I only wanted to give you a haircut so I could see more of that pretty face." Mr. Watson smiled and kissed Liam's cheek. "I agree with them though, you were brave and now you look so adorable. Now, go shower. Some of you have homework and studying after this." He looked at Liam. "But you get more playtimes." He kissed Liam's nose.

Liam smiled happily, "Blocks? Please blocks? Blocks with no other stupid kids getting mad when I knock them down." He then flashed his papa an adorable grin as Louis, Zayn and Niall walked away.

"Stupid kids getting mad?" Harry asked Mr. Watson. "If someone was mean to him sir you might as well punish me now cause I'll beat the shit out of him." No one was allowed to hurt Liam.

"Nice offer but he'll be fine. Don't worry. Go take your shower please." Mr. Watson told the lad.

He then looked back at Liam. "It's a nice day out, would you like to take some toys outside to play?" He asked.

"I can do that?" Liam asked. He didn't know students were allowed to go outside unless they were being treated like a dog or doing chores. "Will you be with me? I don't want to be alone outside. Too scary papa."

"Of course I'll be there, only very well behaved students are allowed outside time. But we don't let anyone out when it's too cold. It's April now so sometimes students will be allowed outside." Mr. Watson smiled. "I'd never leave you alone. But you do have some hair on the back of your neck that needs to be washed off. Would you be okay to have a shower just to rinse off all the loose hair?" He asked. "I'll give you a bath tonight and I'll clean you all up, I just don't want you to be
itchy."

"Do I get my Batman pajamas back?" He frowned. "I like wearing Batman papa."

"They need to be washed...But you get your batman onesie! And special warm joggers too." Mr. Watson sat Liam on the floor and pulled out a pair of joggers that were grey but said batman on them inside of a bat symbol. "And you can have a hoodie too, I don't like you being cold." He pulled out the batman hoodie. It was also grey but the middle was white and had the bat symbol and the hood had pointy ears.

"Hooray! Yes!" He cheered. The outfit was absolutely perfect. "Yes yes yes! Hurry papa! I wanna wear that! It's got bat ears and everything!" He'd not been this excited in a long time.

"I knew you'd like it but you gotta get all the hair off of you first, okay?" Mr. Watson smiled. He moved Liam to lay down and took off his pjs and his nappy. "Now, go crawl over to your brother and get him to rinse you off then you can crawl back to me when he's done and I'll get you into your nice warm clothes." He removed the dummy from Liam's mouth. "You get the dummy back after the shower." He kissed the little lad deeply. "I love you." He smiled.

"I love you papa." Liam smiled and did as he was told. He hated that everyone was going to see the rash on his bum. He had to get the hair off though. It was already itchy.

"Wonder which one of us is supposed to help him." Zayn commented as he pointed out Liam crawling their way.

"It's been me for the last couple of times." Niall said. "And Harry I think maybe the other night."

"He has a rash on his bum, please don't mention it or stare." Harry whispered.

Before anyone could reply, Liam came over to Harry.

"Hi LiLi, do you need help getting all that hair off?" Harry asked sweetly.

"Yes." He nodded. "Can you try to hurry cause papa got me an awesome Batman outfit to wear."

"You sure are a lucky lad LiLi. Your papa makes sure you always have Batman to wear." Zayn smiled.

"Yeah, I wonder if there's such thing as Batman nappies. I bet you'd look good in those. You'd be Batman head to toe." Niall smiled.

Liam giggled, "My new dummy is Batman too." He laughed loudly when Harry's hands washing him tickled.

"Okay so, his little laugh is actually cute. I can't even deny it." Louis admitted.

Niall smiled. "So you do have a heart!" He teased in a whisper.

"Yes...I think we've been over this already. I'm not completely cold hearted." Louis said.

Niall smirked but didn't say anything else.

Harry rinsed off the hair that was Liam's body.

"I think that's all of it." He rinsed Liam's body again to be sure. "There." He smiled. "All done."
"Thank you bubby. I love you." Liam smiled and left the showers on his hands and knees.

"Is Mr. Watson doing anything about his rash? That looks painful. Liam can't exactly ask for the nurse." Zayn questioned Harry. If anyone would know it was him.

"Uh, I noticed when Mr. Watson was changing him earlier that he put cream on him. He has said it's uncomfortable." Harry frowned. "Poor baby. I hope the cream makes it go away soon."

"You're attached aren't you mop top?" Louis still did not like Harry but he was trying his best to be kinder. He had agreed to be after all.

"I am..." Harry said. "He made me his brother. He said something about how blood doesn't matter and how we're brothers in our hearts. And he's so sweet and innocent...Hard not to be attached."

"That's really sweet Harry. It's amazing; this place is horrible but it brings foster kids together. I found someone to love romantically and you found someone to love as family. I think we've all made a friend or two as well." Zayn smiled. It helps to have a little bit of light when you're trapped in here.

"I never thought I'd find love, here of all places." Niall said. "I would've probably shut down and became robot like or found a way to kill myself if it wasn't for Zayn. I can't imagine not getting to experience anything without him."

"Liam even said he'd have his papa help me find a place for when I'm out of here." Harry smiled. "Maybe the same will happen for the rest of you if you continue to be nice."

"I get out before Niall and I plan on at least having a place for us to live." Zayn said. "I don't want him getting out here with no roof over his head."

No surprise to Louis he was the only one left out. He'd figure it out though. He always did.

"Do you think you'll keep in touch with Liam then Harry?" Zayn wondered. "I can't imagine he's ever going to leave Mr. Watson."

"I don't reckon I'll have a choice." Harry chuckled. "And that would break his little heart...I can't do that to him." He shook his head. "I care about him too much to do that to him. You get out before the rest of us though, Louis, do you have any idea what you're going to do? Gonna go back to your old life?" He asked.

"Whatever it takes to survive. I'd like to eventually find a proper job that pays well. That career course thing they make us take is helping me with it actually." He replied as he washed. "If I can get myself living well enough I'd like to eventually be a foster parent and be a proper one like I wish I would have had."

"Wow. I haven't planned anything besides getting a proper place to live and a good enough job." Zayn said feeling surprised. "But I all I know is that I want to spend all my life with Niall...There's no one else for me."

"What about you, Ni?" Harry asked curiously. The lad had remained quiet during the conversation thus far.

"I want to be with Zayn obviously. Get married. Adopt a kid." He ran his hands through hair trying to adjust to the new feeling. "I think Louis' kind of struck a chord though. It might be nice to find a kid who was like me and desperately needed love. Adopt him or her." He shrugged. "As for a job though, it would be cool to be a lawyer or caseworker, something that could shut this place down
and create a proper home for needy youth."

Zayn grinned. He didn't want to go as far as actually say the word married. They'd only been together just over a week, but being in a place like this, it made you think differently.

"I think we'd make a great team if we were Foster parents but also caseworkers or maybe one of us could be lawyer and the other a caseworker, and together bring this place down. That's my ultimate goal. I mean, there's the nurse and now the hairdresser who know about this place, and haven't said shit...Who would let kids suffer like we do?" He shook his head.

"People getting paid to stay quiet. These Keepers make a killing Zayn. They have to considering they work seven days a week. They probably pay people like them off." Louis gave his opinion. "Mr. Fleetwood and other Keepers who are here overnight probably don't make as much but they never see the nurse and stylist."

"Yeah, I bet they don't take time off unless they're sick just to torture us." Niall said.

"I'll assume you lot are done over there? I hear more chatter than I see washing!" Mr. Watson said from his spot on the floor with a now dressed Liam in his lap.

"Papa is silly." Liam laughed. "How can you watch them when you're kissing me?" He then moved Mr. Watson's face to look at his so he could kiss him again. Even in a little bit of a headspace Liam had enough sense to help distract Mr. Watson so the other lads wouldn't get in trouble for talking. They had been nice to him so he didn't mind helping them.

Mr. Watson turned Liam in his lap and deepened the kiss to let his tongue explore the young lad's mouth as his hands moved under Liam's sweater, just to feel the skin.

Zayn looked at Harry. "Being nice really does pay off. Wow. That was one smooth move."

"Let's just hurry up." Louis reminded them and quickly finished up and went to brush his teeth.

He had prefered this shower time to others. It was only the other lads and Mr. Watson. No other students around, no other nasty Keepers fucking him. It was kind of peaceful.

"Will you have special playtime with me before I get to go outside?" Liam asked with a little blushed. "I didn't mean to get hard but you is kissing me and I'm wearing awesome Batman clothes and he just got excited." Liam always felt shy about saying he was hard or turned on so he preferred to beat around the bush to explain it.

"I'll be happy. I have to drop your roommates off at their assigned coursework and study spots first though." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips again. "Should we tell..." He paused and saw that they now done. Harry was finishing brushing his teeth but they had finished their shower. "Well, look at that, they're done. Mm. Okay, I have to inspect them and then I'll drop them off then it's our playtime." He kissed Liam's nose. "Shouldn't take a long time."

"Papa no. Please?" Liam whimpered. "He hurts now. It'll get worse if you wait much longer." He actually was in a bit of pain now. These nappies were too tight when he was hard. "They're good boys papa. They wouldn't take anything. Please?" He kissed over his lips and neck then sucked at it, trying innocently to leave a mark on him.

Mr. Watson moaned a little feeling Liam suck on his neck. "Slags get dressed." He growled at them as he picked Liam up and stood. He grabbed the nappy bag and once the boys were dressed, he rushed them out the door.
With his luck, Mr. Davis was walking down the hall. "Davis, take the slags to their homework spots for me. I'll owe you one." He told him as he took a sheet out of his pocket. "These are where they're going." He handed the paper to him. "I'll do whatever you want...I'll owe you huge."

"Damn straight. Your new boyfriend is making you slack on your job and we're left catching up." Mr. Davis huffed as he began pushing the lads off.

"Harry!" Liam gasped and screamed in a tone that would lead a person to believe he was being deeply hurt. He didn't want Harry shoved around if he didn't deserve it. Harry hadn't been naughty so he didn't deserve being handled like that.

Mr. Watson smiled. "Thank you...I'll be better after this, I swear." He said.

"He's fine, love. Don't worry." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's cheek. "Let's go. I have an idea." He smiled as he unlocked a courtyard door that was in the hallway. He took Liam outside and locked the door behind him. "We're gonna have playtimes outside. There's a blanket in the bag and I promise no one is going to see us."

It took Liam a moment to relax and calm down. Once he had he softly asked, "Special playtime outside? Can we really do that?" It sounded exciting in a naughty way. The naughty part is what made Liam nervous. Liam was a good boy.

"I'm in charge...So I say yes. It's not like other Keepers haven't done it before." Mr. Watson sat Liam on the grass.

He then dug into the bag for the blanket and laid it out on the grass. It was a nice large blanket, big enough to fit both of them. "Papa can't wait to be inside you." He smiled at Liam as he moved him to the blanket.

Liam smiled and nodded, "Yes, I love when papa puts his special milk inside me. Feels good. It's warm." Liam's hand then wandered over and began attempting to rub at his cock. The nappy and joggers blocked him however.

"You wanna play with your little cock? Here, let Papa get your clothes off." Mr. Watson pulled off Liam's joggers, then his sweater, leaving him in just his nappy alone. Mr. Watson pulled out his phone and snapped a quick pic then placed it on the ground beside him. He then undid the tabs of the nappy and took it off.

Liam innocently began to touch himself. It wasn't something he really ever did. The nappy kind of prevented it. He giggled adorably as his semi hard cock began to respond to his own touches. He didn't know he could do that to himself and so it was exciting. "Look papa! I can make him hard without you touching him!" He felt rather proud of himself.

Mr. Watson nodded. He had picked his phone back up and started to film Liam experimenting with his little cock. It was such a turn on. Mr. Watson then took his clothes off and sat in front of Liam. "You wanna touch yourself some more, baby? Experiment a little? The nappy kinda prevents that doesn't it?" He rubbed Liam's thigh encouraging. He didn't sit his phone down either. He wanted the memories.

Liam giggled from his excitement. It was all so much to try and handle. Not only was papa letting him play with himself but it was happening outside. "Would you still go inside me if I made myself special milk?" The little lad wanted to see if he could do it but he really wanted papa inside him too. He needed to know if he could have both or not.
Mr. Watson nodded. "Yes. I still need to special milk." He said. "But I would love to sit back and watch you play with yourself, experiment and try new things. Go ahead, love. It's more than okay." He smiled.

Liam was happy and content to keep playing now. All he had needed was papa's reassurance. He let his second hand come down and play with his balls as his other hand kept gently stroking over his tip. He was trying to copy what he'd seen others do to themselves. It felt good but he wasn't sure if he was doing it correctly. "Like this papa?"

"Yes, baby. Like that. Whatever makes you feel good. Try touching different spots. You can play with your nipples or play with that tiny hole of yours with your tiny fingers." Mr. Watson bit his lip as he felt his cock start getting hard. It was all so amazingly adorable.

Liam's innocents helped even his smallest touches feel ten times more amazing. He moved the hand he'd had on his balls to his little pucker. Rubbing against it roughly with the combination of his tip being stroked made him moan out loudly. It was different to not have his voice bouncing off the walls around him. Liam liked it. It felt more open and free this way.

Mr. Watson smiled. "So fucking hot..." He said watching Liam. "You're doing a great job. Sounds like you're enjoying yourself." He smiled. "If you're feeling brave, suck on your fingers, get them nice and wet then put one inside yourself. Only if you want to. You don't have to."

Liam wanted to try. If papa said he was allowed then he wanted to try. After all papa was here and watching to make sure he didn't hurt himself.

After wetting his finger he carefully pushed it inside himself and let out a loud cry of pleasure as his hips bucked forward.

"Shit. You're so hot, love." Mr. Watson said as he noticed his cock was now fully hard and starting to leak a little. He could hold off for awhile. He wanted to see how much it took Liam to cum.

"Yeah, that feels good, doesn't it?" Mr. Watson said. "Once you're comfortable, try moving it a bit. Up and down." He instructed.

Liam didn't need to wait. He instantly did what papa said and felt himself getting closer to the edge. "Papa! Papa it... love it!" His little body convulsed from the pleasure as his hips kept thrusting, make his finger glide in and out of his hole.

Mr. Watson moved the phone a little closer to Liam, he pushed the lad's legs up so they were bent at the knee. "You're doing so well, LiLi." He smiled. "So well...Try adding another finger, but get it wet first, love."

"N-no papa, so close." He whimpered. He didn't want to take his first finger out and risk losing the heat of his oncoming orgasm. "Papa, papa, papa." He began whimpering the name over and over as he felt his balls begin to tighten. "Papa!" Any second now he was going to spill over the edge.

"You're so close, my love. You're almost there. Keep doing whatever feels good the most." Mr. Watson moved closer and focused on Liam's face briefly before moving the phone down to focus on the little lad fingering himself. "You're so beautiful." He whispered. "Sometimes if you think of sexual things, that helps too. Just think of all the times I've made you feel good."

His papa's words helped him cross over the edge. Just his voice. The sex that dropped from it was erotic. With a cry louder than he'd ever had before he finally came, his special milk spraying onto the blanket and grass. "Papa! Papa!" He screamed still on a sexual high as though it were a drug.
Mr. Watson smiled. "Pretty baby." He said as he moved his phone over the small body. He then kissed Liam's lips and stopped recording. "You were amazing, my beautiful boy." He rubbed his tummy. "It's time to calm down now, okay?" He rubbed over his tummy and arms.

"No, no calm. No calm papa. Want more. Need more." Liam whimpered. His eyes had never been so hungry for sex before. He almost looked like an addict that needed his fix.

Chapter End Notes

I'd really love to hear your thoughts on what you think of the story so far. Maybe what's lacking, what you want more of, what you love the most/hate the most? Things like that?
Chapter 26

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

J-Lynn and I (Annabella) would like to express our deepest sympathies to the Styles-Twist family.

We are so heartbroken to learn of Robin's passing. We know how close he and Harry were and how Robin was one of Harry's biggest fans and supporters. He'll always be in our hearts and never forgotten.

We are posting this chapter as a hopeful distraction from the loss our fandom is feeling today. It's been a tough few months between Jay and now Robin (Poor Larry). But together, we're united and strong.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Papa inside me. Inside now. Need papa's cock. Please." Liam's hands roamed over Mr. Watson's body and almost scratched at his skin until he they found the large, hard cock and began to pump it while Liam wiggled and moved to get his mouth on it.

Mr. Watson had barely gotten two words out before Liam's mouth was sucking on his cock. "Shit, baby." He ran his fingers through Liam's hair. "Okay, okay...I'll fuck you. Wow." He had never seen Liam so sex crazed. He liked it.

"Lay back for Papa." He instructed and pushed Liam gently onto his back. He inserted two fingers into Liam's wet hole, just to stretch him a bit more for his cock. "Papa has a large cock. Gotta make sure you're prepared." He smiled.

Liam nodded and moaned just from feeling papa's large fingers. "Mmm, papa! Want your cock! Need your cock!"

They heard the door being opened behind them and Mr. Jones popped his head out.

Liam whimpered rather frustrated. He didn't want to be watched but he knew he wasn't allowed to snap at the Keeper to go away.

"That's fucking hot, Benji." He smirked.

"Thanks, mate." Mr. Watson smiled as he added another finger. He wanted to be sure he wouldn't cause his little one any harm.

"I'm pretty sure you don't have the luxury of watching though." He said.

He knew Liam didn't like an audience but he had been getting shit from other Keepers because of how whipped to Liam's needs he had been so he didn't want to directly tell him to fuck off.

"Nah, I just wanna know how my milk chocolate has been. I need a fix and don't know if I should be gentle and rough." He could have moaned just thinking about it but he didn't. "That's all I'm
after from you."

"He's been behaving. Gold star." Mr. Watson removed his fingers. "He hasn't complained about anything. He's earned his treat every night still. He hasn't worn his shirt at all since you told him to keep it off. Even going outside for his treat last night." He explained then began to pump Liam's soft cock.

"Thanks, mate. Have fun." He gave Mr. Watson a wink then left.

Liam sighed. "Finally." He only wanted papa right now.

"Sorry, love." Mr. Watson kissed his lips. He then bent Liam's legs and lined up his cock at Liam's hole. He gently pushed inside and moved Liam's legs to hang over his shoulders. "Damn. You're still so tight. Fuck." He moaned as he began to move.

Liam looked like he was in paradise. This is exactly what he wanted and needed. "Hard papa. I can take it." Liam bravely encouraged. He was just so horny and he needed it fixed.

"Your wish is my command." Mr. Watson said and started to go hard. He didn't use his full strength on Liam of course but he still went fairly hard. "Shit, you feel good." He slammed into Liam a little harder.

Liam quickly became a mess under his papa as his little cock grew hard again. "Papa! Love you papa! Love you so much! He moaned and cried. "Yes papa! Yes!" This was the best feeling in the world. Nothing compared. "My papa! Mine! Ah!"

"Yes! Oh...LiLi." Mr. Watson moaned. "My baby boy. Fuck. Best I've ever had. And you're all mine." He kissed him and moaned into his mouth.

Liam's hands scratched at Mr. Watson's back. He couldn't contain himself. "More! More papa! Please!" He cried and arched his back. He already needed to make his special milk again.

Mr. Watson slammed even harder into Liam. "Fuck. Baby...LiLi..." He groaned. "You can create your special milk whenever you feel it, okay?" He said.

He nodded and kept moaning as Mr. Watson drilled his arse. "Mmm, ah, ah, papa!" He whimpered and whined. The lack of his voice echoing made him feel better about being so loud.

"Yes! LiLi!" Mr. Watson moaned loudly. He drilled as hard as he could, giving Liam his full strength. He could give the lad a painkiller later. "My baby! So good. Fuck yes!" He screamed as he came into Liam.

Feeling the cum shoot into him sent Liam into his second orgasm. He screamed so loud that his voice cracked. No cum shot out this time but he still shook and convulsed just as hard as the time before. "Yes papa! Papa! Love papa!"

Mr. Watson moaned softly as he kissed over Liam's face. "My sweet boy. I love you." He mumbled kissing his face. He then kissed Liam's neck. "Never heard you so loud before. It's hot." He smiled and pecked his lips.

"Don't know what came over me." He smiled sheepishly. "Was just... excited." He giggled.

Mr. Watson grinned. "I love you being loud." He pecked his lips and slowly pulled out. "My sex crazed baby. It was very fun." He smiled then lay beside Liam.
Liam felt a bit bashful as he cuddled into his papa. "I love it papa. Best playtime so far." He kissed his cheek and lips. "Oh and I'm sorry I scratched your back. I couldn't help it papa. Did I hurt you?"

"I agree." Mr. Watson kissed his cheek and grabbed the nappy bag with his foot. "Nah, backs fine. It felt good. But only during playtime's." He told the lad.

He brought the nappy bag closer to himself using his foot then grabbed it with his hand to open it. He grabbed a fresh nappy and the cream. "I'm going to put your special cream on you then your nappy then we can cuddle then I'll dress you then you can play with the blocks. I have some in the bag." He explained.

"Oh I'd never hurt papa for real. Scratching if not special playing is naughty." Liam told papa. "Oh papa wait!" He stopped him. "I gots to wee. Real bad." Liam suddenly whined and grabbed himself.

"Okay, okay...Hmm. I have an idea." Mr. Watson picked Liam up and stood with him in his arms for a moment and took him over to a bush. "Sometimes it's okay to wee outside if you're not in a nappy or a dog... Sometimes people wee outside if they can't make it to a toilet in time." He kissed Liam's cheek and helped him stand then held his little cock in his hand and aimed for just under the bush.

Liam laughed. He thought it was silly. If papa said it was okay however he'd do it. The entire time he weed he giggled. When he finished he looked up at his papa and smiled, fully amused and said, "I went wee outside."

Mr. Watson laughed. "Yes, you did. Good job." He said then carried Liam back to the blanket. He put the cream and fresh nappy on him, then his joggers and hoodie. He pulled the hood up. "My cute baby." He smiled and kissed Liam's lips.

He grabbed the blocks from the bag and sat then on the blanket he also pulled out a colouring book and some trucks. "There. Some toys for you." He said. "Go wild. We have time to play before picking up the others then lunch."

"Do I get a nap after lunch?" Liam wondered as he happily began to stack his blocks. No was around to yell at him for crashing them so he was going to make his tower very tall. "I like naps cause they help me not be cranky and naughty."

"Yes, you'll get your nap after lunch. I like you having naps too. You look adorable sleeping, especially when the dummy is in your mouth." Mr. Watson smiled as he lay back and watched the little lad.

"You make me so happy." Liam smiled as he got up on his knees to make his tower bigger. He knew better than to stand but knees were probably okay. "Papa loves me. No one has loved me before. Makes me happy. Happy LiLi."

"Papa is happy too. Papa has never loved anyone, not like he does you. You're so special, my love. You're perfect." Mr. Watson smiled. "Happy LiLi, happy Papa..." When he noticed the lad on his knees. He sat up a little. "Just be careful, you haven't used your legs in a while, your knees may not be that stable either."

"I be careful." He smiled. Finally when he only had one block left he couldn't reach the top. He couldn't stand without papa's help but he really wanted that last one up there. "Can you help me papa. I need to finish my tower but LiLi is little. Papa is big."
Mr. Watson nodded. "Sure, babe." He said and stood. He picked Liam up and held him. "There you go, complete your tower."

Liam smiled and finished it he then clapped his hands, "Yes! Biggest tower! It's perfect to knock down! No one will get mad either!"

"They're just grumpy lads. They don't understand. You can just ignore them." Mr. Watson sat Liam back down. "If you're ever curious about anything, you can always talk to me okay?"

"Curious about what?" Liam asked as he tried to decide which car he'd use to destroy his big tower. It was a big decision. "Red or blue and white car?"

"Red for sure." Mr. Watson said. "I don't know. Anything that you may have questions about." He shrugged.

"Why do the Keepers act how they do?" Liam knew better than to use words like hurt or abuse. He made sure to word himself as respectfully as possible. "I understand like when we are naughty but sometimes we aren't naughty and stuff happens."

Mr. Watson sighed. "That's hard to answer...Most do it just cause they can and it's fun. For others, it's a place to test kinks. Everyone has a different reason. It's just something that's always been done."

"I don't like that my bubby gets..." he paused to find a good way to say what he was thinking. "...stuff done to him. It makes me sad. It makes me sad Zayn and Niall have stuff happen too cause they are nice to me. Louis though, he's only sometimes nice. Louis is strange."

"Some Keepers see it as a way to...teach the other students a lesson. I can't control what others do. We all just follow what's always been done." Mr. Watson tried to explain. "I can't control what others do, only what I do. I can promise not to fuck them, if that would make you happy." He offered.

He had been wanting to fuck Niall but Liam always took so much of his attention. "And I can't control the punishments, it's based on the Keeper who decides they need a punishing for whatever it is that they did." He wasn't sure if he was making sense. It was hard to explain.

"I just wish we weren't here. I mean sort of." Liam didn't know how to explain himself. "Papa, I'm happy I got sent here cause it meant I got you and I got to find out that I like baby me best. I just don't like being sad. Like I wish I could just be with you at your, I mean our house. I wish my brother was there too cause I love my brother and I'm the only one who loves him and so he needs me. He's friends with Zayn and Niall though so it would be nice if they were there for him to play with. I don't know about Louis. Louis is strange." He repeated himself on the last part.

It was probably obvious now that Liam had fallen out of his headspace. However Liam was also being careful to use his baby voice so that he wouldn't break any rules. After all, he couldn't help if his mind fell out of his headspace.

Mr. Watson sighed. "Maybe sometimes your brother and his mates can come over too. But I'll still end up locking them inside a room overnight, I don't trust them like I trust you. It's nice that you do, but I can't take any risks with anyone escaping." He said looking at Liam.

He pulled the lad into lap and cuddled him closely. "I know it's hard but when the lads are naughty, they have to be punished and the punishment must fit the crime. As for the random fuckings, I can only promise I won't touch them if that's what you want. I had a hard enough time
making sure no one touched you, I can't afford to save everyone. I'm not rich." He sighed and kissed Liam's shoulder.

"I'm sorry it makes you sad, but I don't know what to do. As for the Gremlin being strange, well...I think he's easily confused sometimes but mostly I think it's because he doesn't think before he speaks and that gets him into a lot of trouble." He rested his chin on Liam's shoulder.

"You really are the best papa ever. You really are. You're like a big muscled teddy bear." Liam gave him a soft and sweet kiss. "I don't know why you think I am special but I am happy you do. It means everything to me. It's why I don't care anymore if other kids here think I'm the strange one." He kissed him again. "Oh and thank you for being nice to my brother and my friends. It makes me happy too."

Liam liked the idea of Mr. Watson not giving anyone else special touches. He didn't know why but it made him feel jealous. "Special touches only for LiLi. I love you papa, to the moon and back."

"I love you too, baby. We can maybe have your brother and friends over in a week or so. You gotta give me time to prepare. Maybe if you want, we can experiment with them? You can play with them there? My bed is big enough for all of us." Mr. Watson smiled.

"Maybe. Can I think about it papa? Oh and maybe I please tell them so long as they promise not to tell?" Liam wondered as he yawned. Poor lad was so worn out that these cuddles were making him sleepy.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Sure, but make sure they know if they talk to anyone about it...They'll be punished." He kissed Liam's head. "Not sleepy times yet, baby. Go play for a bit then we'll pick up the others and have some lunch."

Liam nodded and got one last kiss before crawling off and using the red the car to knock over his giant tower. When the blocks fell with a loud crash Liam laughed hysterically. He then cheered because no one had gotten upset with him. It was perfect.

After awhile of watching Liam play, it was time to pack up and leave. "Sorry, baby but time's up." He said. "You can play in your room with your brother and his mates if you want after your nap this afternoon." He said as he began to pack things away.

Liam nodded and smiled. He helped clean up the best he could and then made grabby hands for his papa. "Harry first please?"

Mr. Watson gave Liam a hug then moved him to the grass so he could get the blanket. "They're all in one giant room together. Well, the ones doing coursework, the ones studying are in a different room." He rolled the blanket up. "Point is... We'll go to whomever is closest. I don't want to be late for lunch." He said.

"Okay, but can I at least hug Harry when I see him? If I do it fast?" Liam was trying not to push it but he just loved Harry so much. He had a very big heart for being such a little lad.

"Sure." Mr. Watson smiled and kissed Liam's lips. He made sure the dummy was clipped then placed the nappy bag on his shoulder then picked Liam up as he stood. "There we go." He held him close as they walked.

Mr. Watson unlocked the courtyard door then opened it and locked it again behind him. He took a moment to look at his phone to see who was closer. Louis and Niall were in the same room studying. "First up... Gremlin and Chav." He smiled. "Then it's your brother and Ace."
Liam nodded and rested his head on Mr. Watson's shoulder. He had to try and stay awake a little longer. "Why did you pick those nicknames? I know why Harry is Curly though."

"Gremlin is a short ugly creature...And Chav is a person, usually a young person, who speaks, dresses and acts in a way that shows their education. Which for a lower class person, wasn't much, at the time the word was popular at least." He tried to explain.

"So then they're mean nicknames? Like how you used to say Harry was stinky by calling him Reek?" Liam asked. He wasn't going to push his luck and ask his papa to stop but he could at least plant a little bug in his head.

"Yes... I mean, most students have mean ones. Only favourites and my special boy." Mr. Watson explained as they walked. "It's just a thing we do. Zayn is Ace though." He offered. "He earned his nickname back and has become a favourite again."

"Favorite why? What makes someone a favorite?" He was talking a lot but it was the only thing keeping him awake right now. The gentle movements of being carried while Mr. Watson walked was super soothing.

"He doesn't fight back in any way. He just takes it and is always good. I mean, he's been punished a couple times but nothing too major...Both times for fighting with the Gremlin. He had hit him, left a mark...I didn't care about that but then the Gremlin told so everyone was punished. Us Keepers aren't fond of tattletales." He explained. "Second time, he hit the Gremlin, drew blood...So we really punished him then." He further explained as they reached the study room.

"Yeah but, like what makes a Keeper favorite a student? Is it just looks or do they do certain stuff to be favorites?" Maybe if he knew then he could help Harry become someone's favorite so he didn't get hurt. Anything was worth a try.

"The main thing is to not fight back and to just accept..." Mr. Watson explained. "If you're good, and even if you suck up, that's always a good thing." He kissed Liam's cheek. "Gremlin! Chav! Let's go." He called into the room.

"I just wish Keepers saw that some students don't deserve to be favorites." Liam replied. "They're only good boys when the Keepers are around. I'm a good boy when you aren't around though. Promise."

"Hi LiLi, did you have fun getting to play?" Niall asked. "Hello sir." He then greeted Mr. Watson.

Mr. Watson looked at Liam. "Keepers know that. We judge by what we see though." He paused. "Does Ace not deserve to be a favourite then? Have you seen something?" He asked.

It took everything Niall had not to show signs of panic.

"Not Ace papa. Tyler. He's the biggest baddest meanie ever. He's a poo head." Liam wanted to said 'shit head' but he didn't think he'd be allowed to curse since he was just a tiny lad.

"Tyler isn't my problem." Mr. Watson shrugged. "Let's go." He shoved Louis but left Niall alone.

"We have to pick up the others then lunch."

"Harry." Liam giggled trying to ignore how carelessly Mr. Watson had shoved off his comment. "Oh, Niall. I did have fun. Papa helped me build a giant tower with my blocks and then I used my car to crash into it. The blocks went everywhere!"

"Also... for Tyler, I only care about whatever he does to you. So if he's mean to you, I'll have fun
punishing him. God knows the cocky little slut can be taken down a few pegs." Mr. Watson explained. He didn't mean to brush off the comment earlier, he was just trying not to get distracted again.

"That's awesome! Sounds like you had a lot of fun." Niall smiled. "Are you joining us for free time after lunch or are you napping?" He wasn't sure.

"Napping. I'm sleepy." Liam replied. "Being sleepy makes me cranky and when I'm cranky I'm naughty." He felt the need to explain. "I like being a good boy."

"That's good. You should always try to be a good boy." Niall said as they reached the homework room. "No one likes a cranky baby so sleep is always good. Will you be joining us after?" He asked. "It'd be so much fun to have you with us so we can play with you." He said.

"Maybe. It's whatever papa says. He knows best." Liam smiled at Niall then kissed Mr. Watson's cheek before scanning the room in search of his Harry as Zayn slowly walked towards them.

Mr. Watson sat Liam down. "Here, you can hug him but make it quick. We can't be late." He patted the boy's bum. He ran a hand through his hair. Liam was becoming more of a handful than he expected. It was difficult trying to balance being with him and work. One always seemed to suffer. He hated to see Liam upset though.

Finally Liam spotted Harry coming towards them. He'd been so interested in what he was studying that he hadn't noticed them.

"Harry! Harry! My Harry!" Liam cheered.

Some of the students carefully tried to snicker while others obviously tried not to roll their eyes. Harry ignored them however, as did Liam.

Harry smiled and walked up to Liam. "Hi, LiLi!! I missed you." He hugged the smaller lad as Zayn carefully walked around them and stood by Niall. Mr. Watson handed Niall the nappy bag. "Make yourself useful and carry this." He said. "LiLi, you can spend time with him after your nap later but we gotta get to lunch."

"Okay, papa." Liam agreed. He'd gotten what he wanted after all.

"You alright?" Niall whispered and asked Zayn as Mr. Watson turned his attention to picking up Liam.

Zayn shrugged. "I'll be better now that I'm with you...Mr. Jones paid me a visit so I didn't get that much work done." He whispered back.

"Shit, sorry. I'll help it feel better later. I've heard he's massive." Niall whispered.

"Come on, we're late. Hurry it up." Mr. Watson snapped suddenly and left the room.

Soon they were all in the cafeteria. Zayn walked quickly and through the pain. When they were in line, he turned and looked at Niall as Louis and Harry trailed behind them. "They weren't exaggerating when they say he's massive. It's like something you'd see in a porn video. Shit that you think is fake but then you see it in person...And find out it's real. I've never hurt so bad." He held back tears.

"Maybe you can convince Mr. Taylor to let you have a good treat tonight?" Louis offered. "I've had one or two cocks like that so I understand how you feel."
"Yeah, hopefully...Good advice, thanks." Zayn offered a small smile. "Wonder what I'll have to do to earn a painkiller...Or to maybe up my dosage. But I think I'll take a painkiller."

Niall smiled, he knew drugs were bad for you but at least this way Zayn wasn't filling his lungs with tar, smoke and who knew what else. Now he just had to hope Mr. Taylor would go for it.

"The only thing I'd be interested in right now is a sleeping pill. I slept better with that blanket but those mattresses suck." Harry shook his head.

"Just offer yourself to Taylor and you'll get something. I'll ask him during free time what I can do." Zayn said as he moved slowly. "Fuck. I don't even wanna sit." He complained a little.

"You'd better or I'm sure they find use for your arse. Besides, I promise the more you move the faster it will feel better." Louis offered as he stepped up and took his turn through the line.

Zayn finished getting his lunch then he and Niall went to sit with David and Joe. Every time he moved, he felt a shooting pain through his arse. He was surprised he wasn't bleeding with how rough the Keeper went on him. Louis found Finn while Harry sat with Rory.

"Hey mate, how's your day been?" Louis asked quietly as he took a seat with Finn. "Shockingly mines been well."

"Wow. I think that's a first for you, mate." Finn smirked. "I didn't know you had it in ya. Nice haircut by the way."

"I've really been pushing myself to be nice. If you'd rather I can be arse." Louis said wishing he could flip him off. "It was supposed to get completely chopped and the infant saved me."

"Really?" Finn asked shocked. "I've never heard of a baby having any power...So to speak. How'd he save you?" He asked.

"Oh Liam has a ridiculous amount of power." Louis began. "Mr. Watson simply asked if it should be cut or trimmed and he went with trimmed. Liam gets pretty much anything he wants though so the real shock is more that he was nice to me when I've been mean to him."

"Maybe he was nice to you because he wants you to be nice to him? Or maybe you showed him a tiny bit of kindness and he's returning the favour?" Finn suggested as he began to eat the cold noodles.

"Yeah, I mean either way. As much as it kills me I plan to try to be nicer. It goes against everything I taught myself." Louis confessed.

"A little kindness never hurts anyone, mate." Finn tried to encourage. "Or sometimes it does..."Kill 'em with kindness" He smiled. "But seeing as the little lad has powers, I think it's in your best interest to be nice to him good plan. Did you have to do any studying or coursework?"

"Yeah, I don't mind too much though. I thought I would but the better my grades are the more I get to work and focus on learning about careers and shit. I like it. Getting real help in here is rare thing and planning for my future after this shit hole really helps." Louis smiled.

"Yeah, some are too traumatized to do even that." Finn said. "So good for you." He smiled. "Not sure what I wanna do...Maybe move to Canada. Get far away from this shit hole."

"Eh, if I stay put I can be a good foster parent to kids like me." Louis shrugged. "There's need to be more good foster parents in the world."
"True." Finn nodded. "I don't think I can handle being even in the UK after I'm released. But grades are important for Uni. I want to study engineering. I like to build shit. I built a robot once for a school project." He smiled at the memory.

"That's cool. I don't know that I'm smart enough for that. I'd rather just pay for a gadget then make one." Louis finally forced himself to eat the cold vegetable he'd picked out. "I'm better at working with people. Customer service."

"Really? Sorry, but you don't seem like the customer service type. You know you have to be fake nice and helpful right? And it's legit the shittiest job... Or that's been my experience with it." Finn said.

"It was a joke you twat." Louis laughed. "Prostitution is all about serving your customer sex."

"Right. I should've gotten that." Finn chuckled. "Oh food for thought...If the baby has powers then he could help you out of your slut uniform." He suggested.

"Damn, that's an amazing idea. I guess I really do need to be nice now. He got Harry a blanket so I bet if I'm nice enough I can swing it." Louis grinned. "Now to sort out how to be nice."

"Have you been around little kids or babies? Just act the same around him as you would with a real toddler." Finn suggested as he shoved more food into his mouth.

"Eh, I don't have a ton of experience but I've been around little kids before. I'll do me best to just think of him that way." Louis replied. "The adult child thing is what mostly bothers me."

"Yeah, it's weird but if it's a thing that's gonna help you out in this place, I say take it while he's trying to be nice to you." Finn offered.

Louis nodded and kept trying to eat as Keepers walked past them. When they were far enough away Louis spoke again, "So, how do the Keepers get away with so much? Like how does the headmaster not know? How do caseworkers not know? Has anyone figured that out yet?"

"I've heard of students going to caseworkers and even the Headmaster, but they often think we're making shit up. I think I heard that it's become a common lie to try and get out of this place. Something like that. Students usually shut down after a meeting with the Headmaster and their caseworker. No one knows much." Finn shrugged.

"Aren't there kids here who aren't fosters? What about their parents or relatives? I just, I can't imagine not believe my child if they told me they were being hurt." Louis shook his head. There had to be a way to stop all this if there wasn't a way out.

Finn shrugged. "Parents aren't here much, only certain days are visitors day...But they're often told that their son got into fights and after landing yourself in a place like this, most parents tend to think that the lad is making it up just to get out. I'm not really sure though. But to answer your earlier question, Keepers get away with everything. They even sneak their favourites out of the school at night."

"Yeah, we've figure that out. The infant gets taken home every night with Mr. Watson." Louis replied. "Must be nice. Get a break from this shit hole."

"It really is. I've been taken off school grounds a couple of times. It's the same shit, but in a more comfortable environment? I was locked in a room when Mr. Kelly was done with me, but it was a guest room...But without windows. It was still nice. I had a real bed with warm blankets."
"Real bed. That would be incredible. I can't remember the last time I was in a real bed. These shitty foam pads here don't count." Louis replied as he finally got all of his food gone.

Mr. Branson then suddenly yelled that lunch was over and to line up. Since Zayn couldn't move very fast, Niall took his tray for him then helped him to the door. As much as he hated to see his boyfriend in pain, he enjoyed being able to have some kind of physical contact without the risk of getting in trouble.

Once everyone was lined up the Keepers began choosing who in their rooms was trustworthy enough to have outside rec time. The four lads in Mr. Watson's room looked at him hopeful.

Mr. Watson sighed as he looked between the sleeping Liam in his arms and the four lads. "Curly, I have work to do this afternoon, so you're to stay behind with LiLi and cater to his every need. The rest of you..." He paused. "You've earned your free time. Let's go." He said as he pushed the door open. "Rec room and then bedroom."

"Of course sir. You can trust him with me." Harry assured. He really wanted a chance to get fresh air but if Liam needed to be cared for he was happy to do it.

"Not to interrupt Mr. Watson but could I please be allowed to at least have a jacket if I'm going out?" Louis begged.

"You haven't earned outside time though, slut." Mr. Watson told him. "Ace and the Irish one have. And I'm under strict instructions to leave you shirtless, Ace. I heard that he's going to have some fun with you outside." The Keeper smirked.

Zayn resisted a whimper. Maybe he could convince the bloke to just let him give a blow job.

Harry however was fighting laughter. Louis had thought Mr. Watson was actually going to let him go outside. The funniest part was when he got shut down.

Louis sighed. "Yes, sir. How does one earn outside time though?" He asked.

"By being a good little lad who doesn't cause trouble. Despite Ace having hit you...Well, you deserve whatever you get." Mr. Watson chuckled. "Just go by your roommates examples." He smiled as he unlocked the courtyard door.

He gently pushed Niall and Zayn out the door. "Mr. Blair, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Derringer are your outdoor Keepers today. If you fuck up, you'll get punished." He reminded then closed the door, locking it again.

Mr. Watson shifted to hold Liam with one arm then grabbed Louis by the arm and quickly took him, almost dragging him to the rec room. "Mr. Taylor, Mr. Kelly and Mr. Pieters are your indoor Keepers. Have fun." He said as he unlocked the door and pushed Louis inside.

"Are we going to the room now sir? He's asleep so is there something I should do while he naps?" Harry asked and glanced at Liam who was sound asleep in Mr. Watson's arm with his dummy stuck in his mouth.

"Keep your eyes on him. Care for him however he needs it. He has toys, clothes, wipes and nappies in his bag. Don't forget to put his cream on him if he needs to be changed." Mr. Watson instructed.

"Yes, sir. Of course, sir. He's my brother, besides you, there's no one better to care for him." Harry smiled. "Right. So is his cream in the bag?" He wanted to be sure to know where it was.
"Yes, it’s with his wipes. Wipe him every time; even if he's only had a wee. I don't want his rash getting worse." He replied as they made it to the room.

"Curly, I'm going to say something and you'd better not repeat this to anyone unless you have a death wish." Mr. Watson warned as he unlocked the door and went inside with Harry. "I'm really glad I have someone else I can trust to care for him. He's different than the rest of you here. He honestly doesn't belong here. He just needs to be loved and cared for."

It took Harry a moment to process Mr. Watson's words. "I believe you...And thank you. I agree he doesn't belong here and that the judge was too harsh on him but look on the bright side." He said then turned around and got the crib ready for Liam to lay down for his nap.

"You two wouldn't have met if it wasn't for the Judge being hard on him. I promise though, to protect him and care for him. If I do any missteps I won't fight my punishment." He said then there was a couple toys and a colouring book in the crib so he moved them to the shelf and moved Bruce to lay beside the pillow for Liam. "There you are, sir. It's all ready for him." He smiled.

"Well done." He praised. "I'm going to be needing you to care for him more often now. I love being with him but I have to work. You're the only other person I trust him with." Mr. Watson admitted as he laid Liam down and kissed his cheek. "If any other students hurt him in any way you have my permission to put them in their place. I'll vouch for you with other Keepers so you aren't punished for defending him. That's the only time I'll allow it. The other Keepers know not to touch him but if they do, you let it happen and tell me later. You aren't to argue with them or fight them. Do you understand me, Curly?"

Harry smiled. "Of course, sir. I'll do exactly that. I promise not to let you down." He said. "I can't bear the thought of someone besides you touching LiLi, he's so innocent...He doesn't deserve those kind of touches by other Keepers." He half lied. He didn't want Liam to be touched by any Keeper or even Mr. Watson but better Mr. Watson than the other Keepers. "If I fuck up, I'll gladly take any punishment without a fight." He repeated his earlier statement. He wanted Mr. Watson to understand that he would take this seriously. "And if he wakes up crying for you, I promise to make him feel better until you return." He offered.

"Perfect." Mr. Watson smiled and raised the side rail of his crib. "The other Keepers won't touch him but eventually you four will. He's going to touch you lads as well. It's what I want and I always get what I want." He smirked and then left before anything else could be said.

Harry pulled down the side rail just enough so he could fix Liam's blanket then pulled it back up. He then took the stuff out of the nappy bag and organized it on the shelf. When he finished with that, he checked on Liam then went to lay down in a bottom bunk while he waited for Liam to wake up.

Almost an hour passed before Liam slowly began to wake up. The poor lad was waking up whimpering however. By the time he was truly awake he was crying.

Harry had fallen asleep waiting for Liam and woke up to the sounds of his cries. He quickly got out of bed and walked over to the crib. He pulled down the side railing. "Hey, LiLi." He hugged the lad. "It's okay. Papa's working but I'm here to take care of you. What's wrong?" He asked as he sat with Liam in the crib and cuddled him.

"The clowns were chasing me!" He sobbed in Harry's chest. "They wanted to make my nose honk like theirs!" Liam passionately hated clowns.
Harry rocked Liam in his arms. "I'm so sorry, but I promise it was just a bad dream. No clowns will ever get to you. I'll fight them off as Papa takes you someplace safe." He kissed Liam's cheek. "There are no clowns here." He promised and rubbed over Liam's arms.

Liam cuddled into Harry and forced himself to relax. He trusted Harry to protect him just like papa. "Thank you bubby. I don't want my nose to honk."

Harry forced his laughter down. "You're welcome, LiLi." He smiled. "I promise your nose will never honk." He said. "Also, from now on when papa has to work and can't spend time with you, I'll be taking care of you. How does that sound to you?" He asked.

"Really?" He asked. "You'd stay with me when papa can't? That would be perfect. I'd love that." He smiled.

"Really." Harry grinned. "You're my little brother. It's my job to take care of you when papa can't. But I also want to. No one besides papa and I is better suited for the job." He said. "Did you have a good lunch?" He asked.

"Yes, papa let me have bananas. I love bananas. I fell asleep drinking milk though. I couldn't help it." He explained. "I love when papa lets me drink milk."

"Yeah, I've seen you with your bottle. It always seems to be your favourite part of any meal." Liam smiled. "Bananas are great. I love them."

"No, we don't use bottles anymore unless it's juice." Liam said. "I get my milk from papa. I think he said it's called nursing." Liam began to softly play with his brother's hair as he began to relax.

Harry felt confused but he wasn't going to ask for an explanation. He wasn't sure he wanted to know. "Well, that's nice..." Harry said. "Uhm, let me know if you need to be changed at all. Papa said it's not good to leave you sitting in a dirty nappy. He doesn't want your rash to get worse." He said.

"I'm only wet." Liam told him. "You'll let me have my Batman joggers back right? I love them."

Harry smiled. "Of course! I would never keep them from you." He said as he stood. He walked over to the shelf, he grabbed a fresh nappy, the cream, and wipes. He went back over to Liam. "Okay, lay back so I can take them off."

Liam did as Harry asked and stayed quiet while he was changed.

When he was all done and fresh Liam remembered something. "Oh, bubby, guess what?"

"Mmm, I don't know. What?" Harry asked as he got Liam's batman joggers back on him.

"Papa said he would stop using you and Niall and Zaynie. I don't remember about Louis. He can't stop the other Keepers but he said he wouldn't."

Harry smiled. "That's great to hear. What made him change his mind?" He asked curiously.

"Me." Liam giggled as he sat up. "He even said if I give him time to prepare that you lads can come home with us sometime." He clapped his hands and smiled big.

"The four of us can come home with you?" Harry smiled. He couldn't help it. The plan had actually worked. They were going to at least out of the school for awhile. "Wow. Thank you, LiLi." Harry said.
"He said he would have to lock you up overnight still though. I'm sorry." Liam frowned. He wanted at least Harry to get to feel the same wonderful things he got to. He wished he could share it all with him. He just loved his brother so much.

"Don't be sorry. I get it. You wouldn't run from him and he knows that, but he can't risk the rest of us. He wouldn't want to get in trouble. I understand. I mean, locking us in a house with a real bed...That's better than what we get here." Harry smiled. "Thank you so much, LiLi. You're a really good brother."

"I love you, Harry." He smiled and gave his lips a little kiss.

Harry smiled. "I love you too. Best brother ever but I think your lips should only kiss papa's." He said. "Or only kiss on the lips if he says it's okay. I don't want to get in trouble."

"But, don't you kiss people you love or are gonna go inside of?" Liam felt confused. He wasn't really sure how it worked.

"Well, you do...Uh, you kiss people on the lips if they're your boyfriend or girlfriend or whatever...Or in love with." Harry tried to explain.

"Like Zaynie and Niall kiss on the lips when no Keepers are around because they love each other, they're in love. Strong feelings for each other." He felt he was explaining this rather poorly but he wasn't sure how else to explain it. "You're in love with papa and papa's in love with you, so you kiss on the lips but you and I love in each other in a non romantic way, in a brotherly way. Brothers don't kiss on the lips...Well, in our case, not unless papa says it's okay."

"Oh," Liam whispered as tears began to form in his eyes. "Are you going to tell papa?" If he wasn't supposed to and Harry told he'd be punished for sure. "I'm sorry Harry." He whimpered and hid his face as he began to cry.

"Why are you crying?" Harry felt confused. "You didn't know! I won't tell papa. Papa wouldn't be mad anyways. He'd just explain the difference and tell you that it's only okay if he says so." He rubbed Liam's back. He didn't want Mr. Watson walking in, it'd be just his luck too.

"Cause you said we aren't supposed to and I got scared of papa punishing me." Liam explained as he worked to stopped his tears.

"Papa wouldn't punish you for something you didn't know to do. He might punish you if you knew something was wrong and did it anyways." Harry continued to rub Liam's back. He felt bad. He didn't mean to make him cry. "No need for tears, no reason to be scared because I won't say anything."

"Thank you Harry. I just did it cause I like kisses and I love you." He explained. "You're the best brother ever."

"It's okay. Just stick to the cheek unless papa says otherwise." Harry smiled. "So all four of us are going to papa's as well or just Zaynie, Niall and me?" He asked. He wanted to be sure so he could tell the others that the plan had worked.

"I don't remember cause I kinda said Louis was strange. I had two special milks before I said it too." Liam explained. "I think all four but I don't remember. Papa has to be ready first though."

"Louis is strange, maybe he thinks you just want us three first." Harry said. Plan had still worked either way. "That's really fun. I'm looking forward to it. Are you going to be the one to tell Zayn and Niall?" He asked.
"Can I please? I know they are your friends but I wanna say cause papa said I could." He smiled and went back to playing with Harry's curly hair.

"They're your friends too, LiLi. Er they want to be." Harry smiled. "But yes, you can tell them. I don't mind." He said.

Being outside was relaxing, some of the lads haven't had any fresh air in weeks and Zayn could lay back and somewhat relax at his boyfriend's side. Zayn had amazingly convinced Mr. Jones that he'd rather have a blowjob from him rather than another fuck. He asked if he'd be allowed a shirt and a jumper for being outside on a cool day and since he had been good, he was granted a shirt and a hoodie.

"Babe." Niall said breaking the somewhat silence of the outdoors.

"Mmm? Yes, love?" Zayn asked quietly. They were in a spot that was out of earshot for the Keepers, but of course they needed to be careful.

"Mr. Taylor is out here. You should go ask for a painkiller." Niall suggested.

"Thanks love. Had my eyes closed." He smiled and winked at Niall as he sat up. "I'll be back. Wish me luck."

Zayn then stood and made his way to Mr. Taylor. A few other students had spotted him as well and wanted to talk to him but Zayn got there first. "Sir, I need a favor."

"Sounds interesting. What do you want?" Mr. Taylor asked.

"I'm in pain. Mr. Jones is huge. I'd like to do something for you in exchange for a pain pill with my smoke tonight or maybe instead of if you'd rather. He asked and scratched at his head. "I'm not sure what you'd like me to do but I'm willing to do anything."

Mr. Taylor chuckled. "Okay. Deal...Give me a little bit of time to figure out what to do with you and I'll give you a pill instead. I do need to know what kind of painkiller you'd like though. I have many types."

"I feel like I'm being ripped apart by me arse. Something to numb the pain. Other than that I don't care. Please sir." Zayn hopes he was explaining himself well. He didn't want to get picky and risk losing his reward.

Mr. Taylor nodded. The lad had been good, even though he had fought with his roommate, the slut had it coming and Mr. Taylor couldn't have been prouder when he heard that. He had thought Zayn was too good for that. He liked being proven wrong in some cases. "I know just what you need...Is there anything else you want while you have my attention?" He asked. He didn't want the lad coming at him another with another favour or question.

Zayn tried to think through everything, "I don't think so."

"If there isn't anything else...Go away, but I'll find you soon."

"Yes, sir. Thank you." Zayn nodded a little then walked away.

Mr. Taylor kept his eyes on Zayn as he walked away, his eyes traveling over the backside and to
find out where he was sitting so he could have his fun when he was finished with the other slags.

"I take it that it went well?" David asked as he sat between him and Niall.

"Yeah, it went well. I'm getting a painkiller. He wanted to know what type but I don't know my painkillers like I do my weed so I asked him to chose. I promised to do something sexual without a fight or anything really." Zayn explained.

"I know my painkillers." Niall said. "Just ask me next time."

"Smart boyfriend." Zayn said softly with a wink.

David rolled his eyes but didn't say anything. He knew that they didn't get much chance at flirting without having to worry about Keepers over hearing.

Chapter End Notes

I think it ended awkwardly but whatever. Lol.

I hope you enjoyed this distraction. I hope you enjoyed horny baby LiLi and the Lirry!

I hope you enjoyed this chapter in general.
Chapter 27

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

HI SO SORRY FOR THE WAIT TODAY.

I was being lazy earlier then I go to post the chapter and see it only has 12 pages? Like what? I don't remember cutting it that short or anything so..Ugh.

But I can't add more from my phone like more pages that would technially have been the next chapter.

Then it was all sex and I couldn't cut it until after sex...So it ends up extra long at 28 pages. Haha.

I hope you enjoy it. :)

Back inside, Mr. Watson was on his way back to the room to pick up Liam and Harry for dinner. He unlocked the door and locked it again behind him. He had washed Liam's pjs as well. He had to remember to go buy some more for him. "Sweetheart?" He called as he walked into the room.

"Papa!" Liam smiled big. He was happy to see him. He was now on the floor with Harry who was helping him build a pyramid with his blocks.

"I hope it's okay we're on the floor sir. His blocks kept falling over in his crib." Harry explained.

Mr. Watson nodded. "As long as you helped him out and he didn't hurt himself, it's fine." Liam hadn't used his legs in so long now that Mr. Watson worried he'd fall and get hurt.

He then scooped Liam up into his arms. "Mmm, I missed you, baby." He cuddled him close then kissed his cheek and sat him in his crib. He showed him the pjs. "Look at what Papa washed for you. All ready for you to change into after dinner." He smiled.

"My Batman pajamas!" Liam cheered. "Papa, Harry was very good. He helped me out of the crib and he gave me cuddles when I woke up from a nightmare. You should be proud of him." Liam said then hugged his papa and kissed his lips.

Mr. Watson briefly deepened the kiss then pulled away. "I am proud and very happy. Thank you, curly." He said as he picked Liam up. "We gotta pick up your roommates then we'll get some food."

"You're welcome sir. I enjoy having someone to care for." It was a nice change from everything Harry had ever experienced. "Oh and he told me in his nightmare clowns were chasing him. I told him you and I would never let them get him."

"They wanted my nose to honk like theirs papa. I don't want a honky nose." Liam added.
"Oh well...Don't worry, I won't let anyone hurt you or chase you." Mr. Watson said and kissed his nose. "Your brother is right, we'd never allow that." He then kissed his lips. "Ever. No need to worry. I'll always protect you." He kissed his lips again. "Ready to go? Want to bring anything?" He asked.

"Can I bring Bruce and my dummy?" He asked sweetly. "Bruce wants cuddles."

"Of course. Curly, can you hand me them, please?" Mr. Watson asked.

"Of course, sir." Harry picked up the clip that had come off in Liam's sleep and the bear. He handed the bear to Liam and the clip to Mr. Watson.

Mr. Watson took the clip and clipped it to Liam's shirt. "There." He smiled. "My own little Batman." He kissed Liam's cheek.

He picked up the bag that Harry had already prepared again for him. "Oh, curly... When was the last time he was changed?" He asked.

"Not that long ago. I've changed him twice now. I put his cream on both times." Harry replied.

"It's helping cause my bum doesn't hurt as bad anymore papa." Liam smiled. "Papa is the best. Helping me get better."

Mr. Watson smiled and kissed Liam's lips. "I'm so happy to hear that. We'll celebrate tonight." He said. "Now let's go find those roommates of yours. They're somewhere outside." He said and unlocked the door then opened it. He then handed the bag to Harry. "Here. Carry this for me." He said then got the keys in his hand again as Harry took the bag and walked out the door, waiting for Mr. Watson and Liam to come out.

Once the door was locked, they headed to the rec room where Mr. Murphy said that Louis had earned some free time outdoors in exchange for a blow job.

Mr. Watson headed outside where all the lads were lined up, some with their Keepers others waiting for their Keepers.

He spotted the lads and walked over to them. "I trust you all behaved yourselves? I won't hear about anything naughty you did that I'll have to punish you for?"

"No sir." Zayn shook his head.

"We did everything we were asked." Niall agreed.

"They were good. Even the whore behaved himself surprisingly." Mr. Davis said walking over.

"Sure." Mr. Watson nodded. "Happy to hear that they all behaved."

"Let's go." He was about to call them slags but didn't want to risk Liam getting upset.

"How's the baby doing?" Mr. Davis smirked looking at Liam.

Liam wrapped an arm around his papa and kissed his cheek then smiled at Mr. Davis. He knew now that Papa would protect him so he had no reason to be scared.

"My little one is doing great. His brother took care of him for me and did a good job." Mr. Watson praised.
"Brother?" Mr. Davis asked confused. "I don't recall seeing that in his file."

"Curly here...They've become close and they are now brothers." Mr. Watson explained.

"Oh...How cute." Mr. Davis said. He then looked over at Niall. "Come straight to me when dinner is over, is that understood?"

"Yes, sir." Niall nodded quickly.

"Good lad." The Keeper nodded and walked off.

"Everyone...Move." Mr. Watson ordered.

The lads quickly moved inside and started to follow him down the hallway.

Zayn, Niall and Louis looked at each other when they weren't called slags. Harry noticed and gave them a smile, "Liam's discovering his powers."

"Clearly." Niall whispered.

"What'd you do to get Mr. Davis upset?" Harry asked Niall.

"Nothing but it's okay. At least with him he won't rip me apart unless he’s angry." Niall explained. "He was the first Keeper to ever fuck me as well...And I can use that first experience to stroke his ego and have him go easy on me." He explained.

"Good luck. Oh, things are about to get easier though. I can't say anything else. I promised Liam he could tell you. Just know it's good stuff." Harry smiled.

"Bubby?" Liam called and looked back at him. "If papa says yes can Bruce stay with you in your bed tonight?" He wanted Harry to have comfort at night.

Harry smiled. "Of course, LiLi! I'd love the company." He said. "You sure you don't want to take him with you?" He asked. "Oh and you have something to share with Zayn and Niall right?" He reminded. Since Mr. Davis wanted Niall right after dinner, he wasn't sure when Niall would show up again and wanted the news out before Liam left for the night.

"I'll have my papa. He's the best teddy of all." Liam giggled and kissed his cheek. He then looked at Niall and Zayn, "Papa isn't going to use you anymore. Oh and he has to prepare first but when he's ready he said you can come with us one night."

It had actually worked. Niall and Zayn exchanged a look before looking at Harry who grinned in response.

"That's great to hear, LiLi. I'm sure we'll have lots of fun when we're over." Niall smiled.

"Yeah, I can hardly wait. It's going to be a fun time." Zayn said trying to keep the excitement out of his voice.

"So just us?" Niall asked. "Or Harry and Louis too? You gotta have your amazing brother right?"

"Harry is coming for sure. You guys too cause you're his friends." He then looked a bit shy and hid his face against papa and whispered, "I don't remember about Louis papa."

"You didn't ask for him, love. You just said you didn't know, because he was strange." Mr. Watson whispered back and kissed his cheek as they reached the doors to the cafeteria.
"Can you tell him we will wait and see? I don't want to be mean but I don't want him if he doesn't start being good and nice. Please papa." Liam whispered. He didn't want to be the bad guy here.

Mr. Watson nodded then looked back at Louis. "Gremlin, if you continue this good boy streak for awhile then we might invite you. But it's a sorta wait and see thing." He said then opened the doors. "Remember to eat everything." He reminded them before walking off with Liam.

"Papa, do I get milk from you after I eat? It's my favorite part." Liam asked as he kissed over his neck. "It's called nursing right papa? Do I get to nurse?"

"Yes, love. You get your milk." Mr. Watson smiled at the kisses. "And yes, it's called nursing. You call it whatever you want though." He sat Liam in his highchair and kissed his head.

"Can I have a bib so I won't get my awesome clothes messy?"

Mr. Watson grinned. "Of course, sweetie. I only want to keep you happy. It's important to me that you're happy." He rubbed his thumb along Liam's cheek. "And that's a good idea because you're getting soup for dinner. Well that and a couple jars plus your milk." He placed a kiss on Liam's neck.

He dug the bib out of the nappy bag and put it on. It was white but written on it in different colours it said. "These fools put my cape on BACKWARDS!" Mr. Watson even read it aloud for Liam.

"Now, I'm gonna go get your food. Be good for Papa while I'm gone." He kissed Liam's lips and left to the kitchen.

Liam giggled at his bib. He liked it. It was perfect for him.

"What's so funny tiny lad?" Mr. Paterson asked after hearing him.

Liam looked over Mr. Paterson, he didn't like him but he knew Papa would protect him, even if he wasn't here at this moment. "My bib." He said softly. "It's funny." He showed the Keeper.

Mr. Paterson read the bib and then noticed the outfit he was wearing. "Superheroes are your thing then? Is that why your little friend is dressed up like Batman?"

Liam nodded. "This is Bruce." He smiled. "Papa got him for me so I wouldn't be scared at night." He said in a very infantile tone. "He's the best superhero because he doesn't have any powers. Just super awesome fighting skills." He tried to grin.

Mr. Patterson nodded again, "You know we don't normally allow you slags to have extra items in the cafeteria. You'd best behave with him or I'll take him away. Do you understand me?"

Liam nodded and held Bruce tight as tears came to his eyes. "Bruce needed cuddles. Its why I brought him! Papa said I was allowed! I'm not a slag." He pouted as he tried not to cry. He quickly grabbed his new blitz out Batman dummy and popped it into his mouth.

"Excuse me? Who gave you permission to tell me what you are and are not?" Mr. Patterson looked cross now. "I'd expect you to know better then that."

Liam couldn't help it as the tears fell. He felt so scared. He wanted his Papa or his bubby, possibly both. Someone to save him from this mean man. He wasn't sure how to answer it. He didn't really get permission from Papa to tell any Keepers he wasn't a slag, but he knew Papa wouldn't like that and that Papa didn't think of him like that.
As Harry stood in line waiting to get food he couldn't help but look back at his brother. When he did of course he saw Liam crying with Mr. Patterson standing in front of him. Harry knew it wasn't good so he got out of line and ran straight into the kitchen despite knowing he wasn't supposed to.

Mr. Watson had finished up warming up Liam's soup and the jars of food when he suddenly heard Mr. Taylor yell.

"Who the fuck told you it was okay to be back here, slag?" Mr. Taylor went and gripped him by his arm and dragged him over to Mr. Watson. "Look at who I found snooping back here."

"Ouch! Let go! I'm not snooping!" Harry yelled. "It's Liam! Mr. Watson please!" Harry yelled desperately.

Mr. Watson felt his heart fall, but knew he had to keep a neutral face. "I've got this. Thanks." He said to Mr. Taylor.

Mr. Taylor threw Harry at Mr. Watson. "I don't care what's wrong with your baby or anything like that. Some rules aren't meant to be broken. If he gets away with shit, then others will follow and then it will be chaos."

"I'll see to it he gets a proper punishment for breaking the rules." Mr. Watson told him then looked at Harry. "You have one minute. Talk." He looked down at the lad.

"You told me to me tell you if a Keeper is hurting him. I'm following your orders." Harry half complained. "Mr. Patterson is with him and he's crying while sucking on his dummy and clinging to Bruce like he's the only thing keeping him safe."

"Thank you for telling me." Mr. Watson said as he watched Mr. Taylor walk away. "Look, I have to put up a front in front of other Keepers so I don't get shit. Get his soup and the jars. I have to go deal with fucking Patterson, he's always causing shit." He half mumbled as he walked away.

Harry did as he was told and followed after Mr. Watson.

Mr. Watson walked out and Mr. Patterson was in the middle of giving Liam a hard spanking as everyone watched.

Some students were laughing, others obviously felt bad for the lad. Zayn, Niall, and Louis most of all, they wished they could help but knew the risks of getting involved and they just weren't brave enough.

"That's enough, Patterson. I don't know what he did, but you know I paid good money to make him mine." Mr. Watson growled. "I thought there was an understanding that all punishments were mine to give out." He said as he pulled Liam from the man's grip.

"Curly, get Bruce." He whispered to Harry. The bear had fallen onto the floor.

Liam cried harder than he had in a very a long time. Tears soaked the bib and he clung to Mr. Watson so hard he was almost choking him. "Papa! Papa! Papa!" He yelled through tears.

Mr. Watson held him tight. "I know. I've got you. I'm not letting go. I'm sorry it happened. It won't happen again." He said as he rocked him. The lad's bum looked so sore.

"He was being a brat." Mr. Patterson shrugged. "He had to learn his lesson. He's 14 so he was going to get 14 smacks. Too bad I only made it to twelve though." He frowned.
"All punishments are to be given by me. Period." Mr. Watson snapped.

"Here bubby." Harry softly spoke holding Bruce out for him.

Liam took Bruce but never said anything to Harry. He just cried onto Mr. Watson's shoulder. "Papa, he called me a slag. I said I wasn't one. I didn't mean to be a brat. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Papa please. I'm sorry."

Harry carefully fixed Liam's nappy but couldn't get his trousers up all the way. They looked like they were sagging but that would do for now.

"Extra items aren't allowed in here Watson," Mr. Patterson defended.

"Exceptions are always made for the best behaved lads." Mr. Watson snapped back. "Either way, punishments are mine to give. Not yours. I paid for that right. You should have come to me."

"Whatever. He got what was coming to him. He deserved it and we all know you wouldn't lay a hand on your precious baby. I did what needed to be done. But fine, if you're going to be such a pussy about it, then I will come to you next time." Mr. Patterson rolled his eyes.

"Slags! Get back to eating. If those plates aren't clean by the time's dinner is over, you'll get a beating!" Mr. Taylor yelled.

Mr. Watson looked down at Harry. "Thank you. Go get your lunch and sit down. I paid for LiLi's protection...But I can't afford to pay for yours as well." He frowned a little.

"You're turning into a whipped bitch." Mr. Patterson told Mr. Watson.

"Watch it Patterson. Walk away now!" Mr. Watson snapped.

"Papa, it hurts. It hurts so bad." Liam cried, still clinging to him. The poor little lad was starting to choke on his own tears.

"Need anything Watson?" Mr. Taylor asked coming over to check on things.

"I need to calm him down, privately. Maybe get a painkiller ready and take care of the other four for me? Oh and Irish is to see Davis right after dinner. He knows it just makes sure he doesn't forget." Mr. Watson requested as he continued to rock Liam back and forth in his arms. He planted kisses on his head and held him tightly.

"I can do that." Mr. Taylor nodded.

"Thank you." Mr. Watson told Mr. Taylor.

"Curly, put the jars of food in the bag please." Mr. Watson requested. "I'll be right back, I have to go warm his bottle. Don't worry, lovie. I'm not putting you down."

Mr. Watson walked into the kitchen and warmed up Liam's bottle for him then walked back out and grabbed the bag off the table. The nursing system stayed in the bag as there were a couple of them around.

He placed more kisses to Liam's head as he walked back to the cafe, and picked up the bag. "Thank you...And tell Mr. Taylor for me to make sure there's some soup put aside for LiLi.. And that since you were helping, it's okay if you don't finish everything on your plate although, it is in your best interest to eat everything."
"Yes, sir. Of course." Harry paused. "Feel better, LiLi." He said and watched them leave.

It didn't take long for Mr. Watson to make it back to the room with Liam, making sure that he locked the door behind him. He sat down with him in the crib and pulled out the nursing system. "Sweet baby? I have to take off my shirt so I can put the nursing thing on for you. Can you let go for just a moment? It's just us, I promise you're safe."

"You locked the door?" Liam asked through tears that thankfully were softer now.

"Yes, baby. Papa promises." He assured.

Liam then sat up. He wasn't moving from papa's lap though. He needed to be close enough that he felt safe.

He rubbed tears out of his eyes even though more fell. "Just want to feel better."

Mr. Watson removed his shirt and put the nursing system on, once it was all set up, he pressed a kiss into Liam's lips. "I think you having your nursing time will help." He offered a smile as he wiped away the tears.

Liam quickly moved so he could latch on and began to suck at his warm milk. He hands still held onto papa and Bruce however. The nursing did start to relax Liam right away however. It's just what he needed.

Mr. Watson smiled as he ran a hand over Liam's back and watched him as he nursed. "Take your time, love. No one will be back for awhile." He ran his fingers through Liam's hair. He felt so bad. He had promised to protect him but he never thought it'd have to be from another Keeper, not in the sense of another Keeper punishing him at least.

He wouldn't punish Harry for coming to get him though, he'd just have to make the other Keepers think he did.

Liam slowly down but he didn't stop to say anything he just kept nursing until the bottle was empty. Slowly Liam unlatched and looked up at Mr. Watson, "I love you papa. Thank you for coming and rescuing me."

"Of course, my love." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips, tasting a bit of milk on them. "We can always go warm up more milk if you want more. But I also have your jars and we can go back when everyone's gone for your soup." He offered. "But eat when you feel ready. We can just sit here and cuddle for a bit." He took the nursing system off and pulled Liam closer. He noticed his trousers weren't pulled completely up so he fixed it and rested his chin on top of Liam's.

"I'm sorry that happened. It shouldn't have. But your brother came and got me. He told me what was going on. So I came right out." He explained. "I won't leave you alone with any Keepers that I don't trust around you, okay? So you never have to worry again." He ran a hand over Liam's side. "Mr. Taylor should have a painkiller for you soon if your bum still hurts."

"Thank you. I told you my brother was a good boy. Can you help me figure out something for him to say thank you for helping rescue me?" Liam didn't know what to do but he wanted Harry to have a reward.

"Sure. Let's see..." Mr. Watson said as he tried to think of something that didn't involve him paying others to not harm the lad. "What if you draw him a picture?" He suggested. "And maybe we can get Harry a Robin stuffie? One that would match Bruce."
"Yes, that would be perfect cause then we can have our bears play together." Liam smiled. "Oh, for breakfast tomorrow can his plate get to be heated up? That would be nice."

Mr. Watson nodded. "Sure." He smiled and kissed Liam's lips again. He couldn't get enough of them and he was happy to see Liam smile again. "There's that smile that I adore." He rubbed Liam's arms. "So would you like to eat or cuddles? We can eat in here." He told him.

"Can we eat? We'll cuddle before sleepy time right? Just like always." He wanted to be sure. "If we cuddle later then I want to eat now.

"We can cuddle before sleepy times, yes." Mr. Watson said and grabbed his nappy bag. He brought out the jars of peas and pumpkin. "Let's go with peas first." He smiled and undid the jar.

He reached inside the bag for the spoon and gathered some up then brought it to Liam's lips. He kept Liam on his lap, not even attempting to move him. He hated what happened but he loved feeding him like this.

Liam opened his mouth and welcomed the spoon into his mouth. Once he swallowed he smiled at his papa, "Papa's baby boy. Forever and and ever."

"Yes, Papa's baby boy forever...Times infinity and beyond!" Mr. Watson grinned as he gathered up more onto the spoon and brought it up to Liam's mouth. "My special boy...Who doesn't deserve anything bad to ever happen to him." He smiled at Liam.

"I just didn't like being called a slag. I don't like anyone being called that." Liam explained after swallowing. "I shouldn't have snapped at him like I did though. I know that was wrong papa."

"It's understandable." Mr. Watson said. "I can't control other Keepers and what they call the students but I won't call your friends that. Even the Gremlin if you want." He kissed Liam's nose. He gathered up more onto the spoon, the jar was nearly empty. Liam had a big appetite to fill up. "I know you're sorry but what Mr. Patterson did was wrong. He shouldn't have punished you like that. Keepers are supposed to come to me. I have that right, especially as your Papa." He kissed Liam's cheek and brought the spoon up to Liam's mouth.

"I'm sorry I said snapped at him papa. I won't do it again. I promise. I learned my lesson." Liam said. "I never want to be punished but if I am bad I only want you to punish me. You do it to teach me cause you love me. They do it to be meanies."

Mr. Watson nodded. "It's what's supposed to happen. If you're bad, they are supposed to get me so I can deal with you. But you've been through enough for today and honestly, Patterson's a jerk who probably provoked you. I have a feeling he's just jealous. In the future, just answer all questions by any Keeper and try to leave the defending to me." He kissed Liam's nose again. "Now, this is the last bite. Can you eat it please?" He smiled lovingly at the lad.

Liam nodded and opened his mouth eagerly. He took the food in and swallowed it. "I know I have to have big boy food too but I love that you feed me baby food. I love everything you do to me. You're so perfect."

Mr. Watson smiled. "I'm happy that you love the baby food as well. I wouldn't force you to eat anything you don't like. Now we have one more jar then we can go to the kitchen and eat in there. You'll stay with me the entire time. Would you be okay with that?" He asked as he grabbed the other jar. "I don't think I've given you pumpkin before. Let's give it a try." He opened it. He licked the spoon off and dipped it into the jar, he got the food on it and brought it up to Liam's mouth.
"You're perfect too." He smiled.

Liam took it in his mouth and smiled at the flavor. "Wow!" He quickly held his mouth open wanting more.

Liam smiled, "Yes pwease. I'm still a hungry boy papa." He kissed his lips and hugged him. "I still get medicine right? The pain pill?"

"Yes, we'll have to go see Mr. Taylor to get them though." Mr. Watson smiled and cuddled the boy. "I love you so much. I promise to do a better job at keeping you safe," He kissed the boy's cheek and stood up. He grabbed the nappy bag and headed to the door and unlocked it. "We can talk to him in the kitchen though if that would make you feel better." He offered.

"Wait, talk to who?" Liam worried. "Not Mr. Patterson. Not him please papa. I don't want to talk to him."

"No, baby." Mr. Watson shook his head. "I meant Mr. Taylor. He's who we're getting your meds from, love." He said locking the door behind him. "You're okay with Mr. Taylor right? He's nice to you." He smiled and began to walk down the hall with Liam in his arms.

"Yes papa. I'm okay with him." Liam nodded. "If you stay with me I can do almost anything." He said and clung to him. "Oh, I don't want to leave without telling Harry goodnight okay?"

Mr. Watson nodded. "Of course." He smiled. "I can't let us leave tonight without saying goodnight to your brother." He said and pressed a kiss into Liam's neck. "We'll have lots of fun tonight."

"I hope so. I want to color him a picture and then I want a bath and then I want our special fun time and then cuddles and sleepy time." He rattled on in almost one breath.

Mr. Watson laughed. "Sure, sounds like a good plan." He smiled. "You can colour him a picture while I shower." He said and opened the doors to the cafeteria. "What should we do tonight during special fun time?" He asked as he walked directly into the kitchen.

"Your mouth should go on my cock until I put my milk in it." He giggled.

"How would you feel about playing with your roommates tonight, babe? Would you be up for trying something new and playing with them like how I do with you?" Mr. Watson really wanted Liam to learn to play with the others so they could all have fun together eventually at one point. That would probably be the night he'd take everyone home with him.

"If you want me to papa. I'm nervous though." Liam replied.

"Don't be nervous my baby. I've seen how those sweet little hips jerk and pulse. I know how to use that to make you feel very good." He grinned and kissed Liam.

"If you are there I can do it." Liam agreed. "I want play time with you later though."

"We'll go home after." Mr. Watson said sitting Liam on the metal table. "And then you can colour as I shower, then your bath, we can have our fun." He kissed his lips. "I won't let them hurt you." He smiled and turned around and opened the fridge where he pulled out the set aside soup. He then poured it into a new bowl and warmed it up into the microwave. "It's gotta warm up, then you can eat it." He kissed Liam's lips and slipped his tongue into his mouth.

Liam giggled but kissed his papa back; pushing his tongue against his. Tongue kisses were the most fun.
Mr. Watson smiled and played with Liam's tongue a little bit. He loved playing with it and exploring the sweet mouth. He then heard the beep on the microwave go off and he pulled away. "More kisses later." He pulled it out. "Speaking of kisses though, when you play with your friends and brother, and even the Gremlin...No mouth kisses. That mouth of yours belongs to me." He smiled.

Liam frowned. Had Harry told? Why else would papa be bringing this up? "Yes papa."

"Why the frown baby? Nothing's wrong. They're not allowed to kiss or touch each other without permission. I'm just trying to say that I expect the same of you." Mr. Watson tried to explain and grabbed a spoon.

"I don't understand all this stupid kissing stuff. I just thought you kissed people you love and care about. It's too complicated." He crossed his arms over his chest and pouted a bit. "This is why I just like being little. Life is complicated and stupid. You think you have stuff figured out and you don't. I just want to be little."

Mr. Watson laughed a little and pecked Liam's lips. "Because kissing someone's lips is a very special thing." He smiled. "It's like you're giving a part of yourself to the other person. Kissing is the most intimate way of expressing how deep your feelings are for another person. Now, as a big boy...I think you can get that." Mr. Watson said. He normally tried to help Liam stay in his headspace but he wanted him to really understand the reasoning behind no kissing on the lips. But maybe he was being too picky about it.

Liam didn't verbally reply. He just nodded. He then help his mouth open wanting soup. He was quickly becoming cranky and just needed things to carry on.

"Right. Food. Sorry, love." Mr. Watson sighed and gathered up the soup in the spoon and brought it to Liam's mouth. "Yummy?" He asked.

"Yes." Liam replied. He then held his mouth open again. He was still hungry and wanted fed. He was mad about the whole kissing thing. He wanted it to be okay to kiss Harry. It wasn't though and so he'd just have to figure out a way to get over it.

Mr. Watson sighed. "Despite me allowing you to play...In the special way, you are still mine. I don't like the idea of anyone else kissing you." He tried to explain although he felt he might be beating a dead horse at this point. He gathered up more soup and put it in Liam's mouth.

He paused and looked at Liam who he hated to see so upset, it could've been the events of the evening but with that face, he couldn't help but cave and give the lad what he wanted, even if he hated the idea of it. "If it's that big of deal to you, then fine. Kiss the other lads." He said as he put more soup into Liam's mouth.

He then heard his name being called over his radio. "Watson, I put your Slags in their room for you. I'm getting the painkiller now. Where can I meet you?" Mr. Taylor asked.

Mr. Watson sat the spoon down and clicked the side button on the radio to reply. "Thanks, we're in the kitchen. Bring them by. Make sure the two can be taken at the same time."

"Just Harry. I love Harry I don't love the others." Liam tried to explain. He couldn't seem to distinguish the difference between a family type love for Harry and a romantic type love for Mr. Watson.

"But you don't love him the same way you love me though right? You love me as a lover...And
Harry as a brother. That's two different types of love, babes." Mr. Watson tried to explain. He had a feeling it'd be useless though. He sighed. "But whatever. If you want to kiss him, why not..." He said and fed Liam the last bit of soup. He turned and sat them in the sink as he sighed. This all started as a punishment, then game so he could enjoy his kink, then he actually fell for the lad and he thought he felt the same but now a part of him wondered if Liam might be mixing up his feelings and actually care for the curly one more than he realized. He shook his head of the thoughts as he heard the door open.

"I love you romantically. I love Harry like family." Liam tried to explain. "I've just seen on telly where family kisses sometimes too." He sighed and tried not to frown, "I only love you like a lover papa. I don't ever want to love anyone else that way. I want to be with you forever. I just want to be allowed to love Harry like family cause he's family to me now. I don't care about blood."

"You can love him like family but family isn't supposed to kiss and stuff." Mr. Watson said as he turned. "I know we do but it's different because we're in love, romantically." He tried to explain but he wasn't getting anywhere and the lad still didn't seem to be getting it.

"Hey." Mr. Taylor said as he approached them. "Patterson has decided to take a few days off." He half smiled as he handed Watson the pills.

"I think that's for the best." Mr. Watson replied. "Hey, maybe you can help me here. Do you kiss any of your family members and if you do is it ever on the mouth?" Maybe this would help Liam understand better.

Mr. Taylor raised an eyebrow. "No. I don't swing that way. I'd never kiss my siblings on the lips or my father...Or mother. The thought makes me feel nauseated. That's just gross." The thought really did make him feel sick. "No, I would never do that because I'm not in love romantically with them. And I'm pretty sure if I tried, they'd hit me."

"Oh," Liam replied softly. "So then when I see it on Telly it's just fake?" Liam asked.

"Yes love, that's what I'm trying to tell you. The cheek is acceptable for family but not the mouth." Mr. Watson hoped this meant Liam was understanding.

"Okay papa. Only cheek kisses for Harry and mouth kisses only for you." Liam agreed.

Finally. He probably wasn't explaining it right. Mr. Watson smiled and kissed Liam's lips before digging into his pocket and pulling out a lollipop. "Your dessert." He smiled as he handed Liam the candy.

Mr. Taylor smiled. "Glad I could help." He said. "Oh and I got Murphy covering for Patterson." He added. "Oh and before I forget, you gotta hear this... Murphy actually wants the slut to himself."

Mr. Watson laughed. "Yeah, he doesn't have that kind of money or power." He shook his head then got the pill and turned to Liam. "It's time for your meds. Something to help your bum." He smiled. "Apple juice okay to help you take them?"

Liam nodded but didn't say anything, too focused on his lollipop.

"Sorry. I was trying to help." Mr. Taylor said going over to him. "But if he sucks you, the way he sucks on that candy, you are one lucky fucker." Mr. Taylor said.

"Oh he does. He's got a very talented little mouth. He loves getting to use it." Mr Watson smiled. "Here in a little bit I'm going to have him show one of his roommates just how much he enjoys
using his mouth and how much he enjoys special playtime."

"Damn. That'd be a sight to see." Mr. Taylor said. "I actually feel a little jealous. You lucky bastard." He shook his head.

"I want to have him top someone. I'm planning on using the Gremlin. He's experienced on bottom. I can't decide who should help him though. I want to be able to stand back and watch." Mr. Watson said as he got a bit of apple juice in a bottle.

"Maybe you should let his brother help him? The fairy is busy with Davis, so can't choose him if he's not around...Or use Buttercup. I'm using him later tonight after you've gone by the way." Mr. Taylor suggested.

"He trust his brother most. I think that's the better idea. I believe he prefers topping anyway. That's what I've heard." Mr. Watson screwed the top on the bottle and sat it by Liam. "Pill?"

Liam took the candy out of his mouth. "Can you hold it pwelse?" He asked handing his candy to his Papa.

"Of course baby." Mr. Watson took the lollipop and held onto it. "Take your pill now. Swallow them one at time love."

Liam nodded and took his pill then showed his papa his mouth. "All gone." He smiled.

"Very good boy." He praised and gave him the lollipop back.

"I suppose he is pretty cute in this state. Much more adorable as an infant then a teen." Mr. Taylor complimented.

Liam of course just blushed and giggled.

Mr. Watson smiled. "Hes adorable either way but I do love the baby act." He said and picked Liam up. "Thanks for the pill." He said and he could feel Liam needed a change. "Good luck tonight." Mr. Taylor said and left.

"Papa, are we going to the room now? My nappy is messy. I was too shy to say it in front of Mr. Taylor." Liam said between licks on his lollipop.

"Yes. I can feel you need a change. Everyone is back in the room though. I know you don't like people around if it's messy. I have the changing pad and I can do it here?" He suggested.

"In the hall?" Liam asked. "Okay papa. Can I have more cream though?"

Mr. Watson pulled the changing pad out of the nappy bag and laid it on the table. He then lay Liam down on it. He quickly pulled off Liam's trousers and undid the tabs on the nappy.

He cleaned Liam up and then put a fresh nappy on him. He rolled up the messy one and threw it in the bin beside the table.

Mr. Watson smiled down as Liam as he pulled his trousers back on. "My sweet baby. We're going to have so much fun tonight." He said then picked him back up.

Mr. Watson picked up the nappy bag and cuddled Liam as they walked back to the room. He unlocked the door and walked in with Liam, then locked the door again behind him.

"Harry!" Liam squealed. "Hi Harry!" Liam got just as excited for Harry as he did papa. They were
his favorite people. "Guess what buddy?"

"What LiLi?" Harry smiled from his top bunk.

"You helped rescue me so papa said we can heat your breakfast up!" Liam cheered. He didn't want to tell Harry about the picture he was going to color. He wanted that to be a surprise.


"Yep! Mr. Patterson took a few days off too so I don't have to be scared for a few days." Liam smiled.

"That's right baby. You never have to be scared though. Not of clowns or Mr. Patterson." Mr. Watson assured.

"Papa and I will always be here for you LiLi." Harry smiled.

"Me too." Zayn added. "We're friends now...And I'm always here for my friends." He smiled. He meant it. Baby Liam had grown on him so he'd hate to see anything bad happen.

"All of us will do what we can to protect you Liam." Louis told him.

"LiLi, not Liam." The little lad corrected with a smile. Liam was his big boy name. He wasn't a big boy right now.

"Tonight is a big night for LiLi as well." Mr. Watson sat Liam down in his crib. He lay him back and took off the lad's trousers. "Baby, are you done eating your lollipop yet?" He asked.

Liam frowned, "No." he was trying to make it last a long time. "I can finish later if you want me to papa. You're the papa. It's always what you want."

Mr. Watson took the candy from him. "Bad timing I suppose on my part." He said and walked over to Zayn. "You're watching and learning, so you can hold this for him." He handed Zayn the lollipop. "Yes, sir." He said and took the candy. Mr. Watson went back to Liam and finished undressing him. "Tonight is special playtimes with the tiny pixie." He said changing Louis' nickname for now. "LiLi is going to learn how to top during special playtime's and his brother will help teach him." He added then took off the nappy. He smiled and kissed Liam's lips. "But his lips belong to me and no one else is to touch them."

"Yes sir." Harry quickly replied as he got off his bunk. He wasn't sure if that meant Liam had confessed to what happened but he wasn't scared because he knew he'd corrected the lad.

"Um, am I tiny pixie?" Louis asked confused. Zayn had been told he was watching and Niall wasn't here.

"Yes, changing your name for now." Mr. Watson said. "LiLi thinks calling you a Gremlin is mean and this new one isn't mean." He added. He looked down at Liam who was fully nude now and it was such a beautiful sight. He then looked back at Louis. "Get undressed and lay in the bottom bunk."

Liam's hands innocently moved over his cock. He didn't get to play with it much. He giggled when some of his touches tickled and made his cock jump a bit.

"What position sir? He's learning so anything from behind might be easier. Just a suggestion."
Louis spoke as he took his small pink uniform off.

"I was thinking doggy." Mr. Watson said then looked back at Liam who was playing with his cock now. "Keep playing with your cock. Get it hard." He instructed. "Your brother will tell you what to do after." He added.

Liam nodded and worked on trying to make it hard again. He hoped the more practice he got the better he'd get at it.

Harry felt strange about helping Liam fuck someone but he'd do what he was told to avoid a punishment.

"Curly, you are to walk him through every step and answer all questions. Make sure he's comfortable but encourage him to fuck the tiny pixie at the same time." Mr. Watson instructed. He looked down at Liam. "You're doing a great job, sweetheart. Try to remember what you did this morning." He encouraged.

Liam nodded and remember led how papa had him put a finger in his bum. With one hand Liam kept stroking his cock and with the other after wetting a finger he slipped it inside himself. That helped him feel much better.

"You'll be here watching though won't you Mr. Watson? I know he trust me but I'd fee better if you were here." Harry knew if anything went wrong Liam would calm down for papa much faster.

Mr. Watson nodded. "I'll be here watching." He said. "You don't need to worry. I'll always be around if he's playing with any of you."

Harry nodded and stood waiting obediently as Louis got onto all fours on a lower bunk.

"Look papa!" Liam smiled. His cock was hard now and he felt proud of himself. "I did it!"

"You did it!" Mr. Watson praised. "All by yourself. I think this calls for a picture moment." He grinned and took out his phone.

He snapped a picture of Liam with his little cock all hard. He then put his phone away in his pocket and carefully picked Liam up, but had him facing outwards so he wouldn't crush the tiny cock against his body. "You're going to have some special play times with the Pixie." He explained. "I'll be right here if you need me but your brother will tell you what to do. Listen to him, okay?" He kissed Liam's cheek and sat him on the bed behind Louis.

Harry came closer and looked over Louis' hole then Liam's cock. "You're going to have to prep him LiLi. Have you done that before?" Harry asked.

Liam quickly shook his head no. He felt shy now.

"Lean down and start licking his hole. Nice and gentle. Just how papa does you. We want him to be wet so it won't hurt him as bad." Harry told Liam.

Liam looked over at his Papa, feeling nervous now.

"It's okay, baby. I promise. This is okay, I know you can do it and I know you'll have fun." Mr. Watson encouraged where he now sat beside Zayn.

Zayn was holding the lollipop in his hand and felt nervous having Mr. Watson so close.
Liam bent down and began licking over Louis. He was scared to do it wrong because this wasn't papa.

Harry could sense his fear and rubbed a hand over his back, "Good boy bubba. Keep going. Press your tongue into him a bit. See if you can figure out how to make him moan for you."

Liam nodded and pressed his tongue into the hole, like how Papa always did to him. He tried to remember what Papa did then remembered he moved it a lot so Liam tried to do that but wasn't sure if he was doing it correctly or not. It was so scary to play with someone that wasn't Papa.

"You're doing great. Keep going." Harry kept encouraging and hit Louis' arm with his knee. If Louis would play into this Liam would probably feel more confident. He knew Louis was capable of acting. Liam wouldn't know the difference. "Be a little more rough sweetie. Don't be scared."

Louis was starting to feel bored. Liam wasn't doing much of anything that was remotely good. He understood this was the lad learning but he didn't understand why he had to be the one he practised on. He then felt Harry's knee his arm. Right. Play along and this should go faster.

Louis let out a loud moan as he gripped the sheets. "This feels so good, LiLi. Great job." He praised then glanced at Harry for approval. He didn't want get shit from Harry for not praising Liam in the right away. The lad was quite annoying sometimes when it came to Liam.

Harry nodded as he heard Liam giggle a bit.

Liam's head turned to look and see if papa seemed proud.

"No no sweetie. Keep licking him. He's almost ready for your fingers. Papa sees you. I promise." Harry encouraged. "I want you to make sure he's really wet now. Get him as wet as you can then back up and suck on two fingers.

"I see you. I'm watching." Mr. Watson said. "You're doing good. Listen to your brother." He said trying to get Liam's mind on the task at hand.

Liam nodded and kept licking Louis and was so proud of himself when Louis moaned again.

"Suck on fingers now?" Liam asked looking up at Harry with a little smile as he giggled more.

"Yes, nice and wet LiLi. We don't want it to hurt when you put your fingers inside. We want Louis to feel good." Harry used a very soothing voice despite feeling like this was so wrong.

"You're doing amazing LiLi. I want more." Louis moaned again knowing now that it was helping Liam.

"Almost jealous over here." Zayn encouraged also from where he sat. Anything he could do to help he would.

Liam giggled. "You next then!" He giggled more and sucked on two fingers, getting them wet like his bubby had asked. "Now put them inside?" He checked looking up at Harry. He didn't want to do anything wrong.

"Yes, smart lad. Be slow and gentle." Harry encouraged and kept rubbing his back. "You should feel him squeeze around for fingers at first. Wait until he stops then pump your fingers in and out smooth and steady."

Liam nodded and slipped his two fingers into Louis' hole. He giggled feeling Louis squeeze around
them as he let out another loud moan. When he felt Louis unclench around his fingers, he slowly started to move them in and out, like bubby had said to do. "Is this right?" Liam asked looking at Harry, his voice now much more infant like than before.

Harry heard the tone change and adjusted his own voice accordingly. "Yes Liam. Good job. You're doing perfect sweetheart." He smiled and patted him on the head. "Can you scissor your fingers? Open and close them like this while still inside him." He showed Liam what he meant and waited to see what would happen.

Liam nodded and scissored his fingers. He giggled hearing Louis moan. It meant he was doing good and he was happy. "How long?" He asked.

"Just a bit longer. Add a third finger now. Just ease it in and keep spreading those little fingers apart." Harry encouraged more. "You're doing so well."

Liam nodded and did as instructed. Louis let out a loud moan. "Fuck. LiLi. Your fingers feel so good." He told the lad.

Liam felt so proud of himself as he kept going. "Harry," He whimpered in a tiny voice. "This is boring. My willie is going soft."

"One of you get your mouth on him. He has to be wet anyway." Mr. Watson's voice snapped. He didn't want this ruined because of Liam's short attention span.

"Sir? I can do it." Zayn offered. "Harry has to teach and Louis has to receive by doggy. And Niall isn't here." He looked at Mr. Watson.

"You're holding his lollipop. Trust me, that's a very important job. Thank you though." Mr. Watson said to Zayn.

"I'll do it." Harry offered and got down on his knees and pumped Liam's cock a little then began to suck.

Liam cried out a bit when Harry's mouth came around his cock.

"You alright LiLi? He's just making you hard again." Louis tried to calm him.

"I... fine... wow." He whimpered and tried to thrust a little into Harry's mouth wanting more.

"Beautiful baby boy. Making papa so happy." Mr. Watson encouraged him. He was hard inside his trousers but he'd wait to fuck the hell out of Liam. He'd get his fix tonight.

"You're holding his lollipop. Trust me, that's a very important job. Thank you though." Mr. Watson said to Zayn.

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Harry popped off Liam's cock. "Don't get too distracted by the feeling. Just keep working those three fingers inside of Louis. You're almost done." He encouraged and began to suck on Liam's
cock again.

Liam did as Harry instructed. He worked to open Louis while trying to balance his focus between the two sensations.

"Harry," He whined a bit later. "You're going to make my milk leak out." He didn't really know how to describe it.

Harry popped off the cock. "Okay then you're hard enough." He smiled at Liam as he stood. "Okay, pull your fingers out slowly. He's finally ready for you to play with." He told Liam.

"You're doing great Liam. We're all so proud." Zayn told him.

"Alright bub, hold onto him with one hand. Hold your cock with the other." Harry instructed and put Liam's hand on Louis' hips. "This will help steady him while you guide your cock inside. Go ahead now. Nice and easy."

Liam made a face as he concentrated hard. "I put my willy inside that little tiny bitty itty hole?" He asked as he held his cock.

"Yes sweetheart. It'll feel good. Your hole is smaller than that and papa's big cock fits inside." Harry explained. "It will feel good LiLi. You gotta trust brother okay?"

Liam nodded. "I trusts you. Oh! Zaynie!" His mind finally registered what Zayn had said. "Thank you." He clapped his hands and giggled. He then looked back at Louis. "Right. Gotta play with him." He said then held onto Louis' hip then pushed inside. "Oh wow."

"See? Feels good doesn't it." Harry gave him a smile. "When he stops squeezing around you hold both his hips and slowly move in and out. Thrust your hips like you were doing into my mouth."

Liam nodded as he waited for Louis to relax he looked at the view in front of him. Louis on his knees, arse in the hair and his cock in Louis' arse. He ran a hand over the arse cheeks as he began to explore a little.

"Very good boy." Mr. Watson grinned at the view. "Touch him anywhere you want baby. Papa says it's alright." He wanted Liam to feel comfortable exploring and learning in his own way.

"Pulse those little hips LiLi. You have to make Louis feel good." Harry reminded.

"In other words, you can move any time you feel ready, but I have to tell ya, LiLi. I love how your cock feels in my hole. It's amazing." Louis encouraged. Liam giggled and then began to move a little with both hands on Louis' hips. "Mmm. This feels so good." He moaned now.

"See, I told you." Harry smiled and rubbed his back. "Keep going LiLi. Make him cum for you."

Liam nodded and continued to thrust in and out of him. He ran his hands over Louis' back as he started to explore again he then reached down and started to play with his balls then finally started to pump his semi hard cock in his little hand. "You're not fully hard." He complained. "Am I not good enoughs for you?" He asked quietly as he slowed his movements.

Inwardly Louis worried. "I've had a lot of sex with a lot of men Liam. My body doesn't react the way it's supposed to." Louis lied. "It's me not you."

Harry shot Louis a look as Louis mouthed a "sorry" at him. He didn't expect Liam to actually grab his cock. "I help!" Liam giggled and started to pump Louis' cock like how Papa did with him.
"Feeling better?" He asked as he began to thrust in and out of him a little faster, having fun again.

"Yes LiLi. Great job" Louis encouraged and began thinking of everything he could to get himself hard. He knew it wasn't his fault that Liam being small and inexperienced meant he wasn't very turned on. He still felt bad though.

"Baby, do you want papa to make your brother suck him off or are you having fun fucking and exploring?" Mr. Watson asked him

"No! I wanna play with him. Only me." Liam said and continued to pump Louis' cock. He then pressed a couple of kisses into Louis' back, hoping he'd like that too.

With his mind focused on better things Louis was able to get himself hard. "Better LiLi. Don't stop. Please." Louis fake begged.

"Move your hips harder. Really pound into him bubba. You won't hurt him." Harry hopes that would help Louis as well.

Liam nodded and moved his hips harder. "It don't hurt, right, Lou-Lou?" He asked and smiled when he felt Louis' cock harden. "Hehe. You're hard because of me." He giggled.

"Fuck, yes Li! So good! Faster please!" He kept on begging as his mind remained focused on his sexual fantasies. "Need your cock harder. Please!"

Liam giggled at Louis' words. He felt proud. He let go of the cock and gripped both of Louis' hips. "Mmm, so good." He smiled and started to go harder. He leaned forward and went as hard as he could.

The felt better for sure. Louis was thankful Liam understood thrusting harder. "Shit LiLi! Yes babe! Keep going!" Louis encouraged.

"Good boy bubba. Fuck him harder. Just like that." Harry instructed. "When you're ready to cum full him up."

Liam went as hard as he possibly could. "I can't go any harder." He said but then pressed a couple more kisses into Louis' back.

"Cum?" Liam didn't understand the word now that he had slipped into a deeper headspace.

"He means your special milk." Mr. Watson told him.

"Ooh. Cum is a funny word for it." Liam giggled.

"Stay focused baby. Keep fucking him. Make him show you his special milk." Harry said and rubbed Liam's back and bum to help him stay focused.

"You want to fill him up don't you? You want to put your special milk inside his hole? Make papa so proud of you? Just imagine, being able to tell everyone how you owned Louis' arse. All the other student would be so jealous." Harry wasn't sure what kind of dirty talk would work with Liam being so deep in his headspace but he was giving it his all.

Liam listened to Harry and smiled. He would like to tell everyone how he owned Louis now too. He wanted to make Papa proud as well. He heard Louis' moans and pleas and soon he felt his body react as he came into Louis. "Oh...Louis..." He moaned.
"Fuck," Louis groaned. Didn't matter how many times he felt it there was something extra amazing about cum filling him up. It mixed with his thoughts was enough to send him over the edge making him cum on the sheets below him.

"You did it LiLi! He came for you!" Zayn cheered.

"Yay!!" Liam cheered. "Uh, now what?" He asked.

"Now, slowly, pull out." Harry said. "Just move backwards slowly and pull your cock out of his hole then sit down or lay down if you feel like it. Uh, I think Papa will come get you."

Mr. Watson stood and walked over to Liam. He picked the obviously tired lad up into his arms. He kissed his head. "I'm so proud of you. You did so well." He praised. "And you all did a great job of praising him and teaching, so thank you." He said.

Mr. Watson then quickly got Liam into a nappy and let him lay in his crib.

"Uh, Mr. Watson, sir?" Zayn asked. "Can Liam has his lollipop back?" He asked.

"Yes, bring it to him. I need to get a nappy on him before he gets wee everywhere." Mr. Watson said as he quickly worked to dress Liam.

"I always need to potty after I make special milk." Liam blushed as papa put a fresh nappy around him.

"There you are love." He said fastening the tabs and kissing him.

"Lolli now Zaynie! I was a good boy! I want my lollipop!" Liam demanded in his baby voice.

Zayn quickly went over to Liam and handed him his lollipop. "There you are, LiLi." He smiled.

Chapter End Notes

So Liam fucks Louis with Harry's help, what did you think?  
And what do you think of Watson's no kissing on the lips rule?
Chapter 28

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Davis and Niall sex scene. I (Annabella) wrote it all meself instead of us going back and forth on WhatsApp like we usually do.

I've been reading a lot lately (not fanfic). I've started on The Mortal Instruments series. Almost done City of Ashes. In the span of two weeks I've read City of Bones and almost finished City of Ashes. Really excited for City of Glass.

It's inspired me to write better, to really work harder on becoming a better writer, and honestly, I feel like writing Davis and Niall (Which I wrote on Tuesday/last night.) is probably some of my best sex stuff, writing solo wise that is. Hehe.

Okay....I'm gonna stop rambling. I hope you enjoy the chapter.

After dinner, Niall had been taken by Mr. Davis so he could have some fun with the young Irish lad.

“Where are we going?” Niall asked noticing that they were passing the dorms.

“Rec room. It’s empty and Watson is going to be busy in your room with LiLi and one of your roommates and besides, I’m not interested in fucking you in a tiny bunk bed.” Mr. Davis answered and pushed Niall forward. “Walk faster, puppy.”

Niall fought the urge to roll his eyes but walked faster as he was told to do and said nothing.

“Good little bitch.” Mr. Davis smirked. “You still wear a collar. Always will. Rarely do Keepers ever take them off of anyone. It’s a good reminder of what will happen to you if you disappoint us.”

Again, Niall said nothing. He couldn’t think of anything besides ‘yes, sir’ and that would come out as sarcastic and he’d probably get whatever is about to happen to him hell of a lot worse, so he instead just nodded.

The pair walked the rest of the way in silence.

When they got to the door, Mr. Davis unlocked it and pushed Niall inside then locked it again behind him. He then turned to look at Niall.

“Strip.”

Niall quickly discarded his clothes, he hadn’t been wearing a hoodie so it was only a shirt and his joggers that needed to come off.

“Very nice.” Mr. Davis smirked as he looked Niall over.
“Nothing you ain't seen before.” Niall mumbled.

“True.” Mr. Davis nodded. “But still a great view now.” He paused as he took his shirt off. “Take my trousers off and make me hard.”

“Yes, sir.” Niall nodded and quickly walked over to Mr. Davis. He dropped to his knees as he undid the Keepers trousers then pushed down his pants.

He took the soft cock in his hands and began to pump and lick it.

“Mmm, good little Irish cunt.” Mr. Davis moaned as he roughly gripped Niall's hair.

Niall had the sudden urge to bite down on the cock in his mouth but he knew better than to attempt that.

Niall let out a fake moan and moaned around the cock, feeling it stiffen a little in his mouth.

Great. Now it's a semi. Niall internally groaned.

“Mmm, what a good cunt...Suck harder.” Mr. Davis demanded as he tightened his grip on Niall's hair.

Niall did as he was told and began to suck harder, causing the cock inside his mouth to stiffen to full hardness.

Niall then pulled off the cock but pumped it with one hand. “I believe you’re completely hard now, sir.” He said.

“Go lean on the sofa. Knees on the cushions and body hanging over it a bit.” Mr. Davis ordered.

Niall stood and walked over to the sofa, got into position. He stared at the blank white wall in front of him as he mentally prepared himself for what was about to happen.

He heard Mr. Davis walk over. He fought another sigh. He was ready for this just to be over with. He had grown used to the pain of being penetrated with very little to no prep, usually the latter. He wasn’t expecting what happened next.

He felt Mr. Davis’ tongue poke at his hole and force it’s way inside. He let out a surprised gasp. None of the Keepers had used their tongue on him before, not unless it was licking up cum.

Niall whimpered, it didn’t feel good. It felt gross. This felt worse than being fucked.

Mr. Davis of course didn’t care either way if it was enjoyable for the teen, he just wanted to have some rough fun.

Niall did his best to fake his moans and make it seem like he was enjoying it. Usually when you pretended you enjoyed it, there was a 50/50 chance that the Keepers would go easy on you.

He closed his eyes tightly and thought of Zayn and Zayn's his smooth tongue always moved so gently inside of him. Always so loving and careful. He was a feeling he still wasn't used to but always found himself craving more of it.

A few long moments later, he felt the tongue slip out of him and Niall held in a sigh of relief.

He was then moved over onto his back roughly and his head hit the arm of the sofa. “Ow. Fuck.” He complained a little.
Mr. Davis ignored the comment and grinned as he looked over Niall’s body.

“Get yourself hard, or I will do it for you. Either way works for me.”

Again, Niall felt surprised. This wasn’t normal behaviour for a Keeper, not that he was aware of at least.

He wrapped a hand around his soft cock and started pumping it. He closed his eyes and thought of Zayn. He thought of Zayn kissing him, sucking him, fucking him, loving him.

With those thoughts swirling around in his head, it didn’t take him long to become hard.

“Good little leprechaun. All nice and hard, just how I like my ‘em.” Mr. Davis smirked. “Now, get up and lean over the sofa.” He told Niall as he got off the sofa.

Niall sat up and stood on his knees on the cushions as he leaned over the sofa a bit. He felt Mr. Davis push two fingers inside of him and he groaned a little.

“Like that you little Irish cunt?” Mr. Davis grinned.

“Yes.” Niall let out a fake moan.

“Good liar. I like that.”

Niall rolled his eyes a little as he stared at the blank wall in front of him again.

Mr. Davis roughly fingered Niall with two fingers then added a third and was even rougher than before, using Niall as if he was nothing more than an inanimate object such as a sex doll.

“Mmm, love your fingers deep in my arse. Feels great.” Niall moaned loud as he played his part.

“Oh yeah? Prove how much you love them then. Fuck ‘em.” Mr. Davis told him.

Niall bit his lip and began to move his hips back and forth on the fingers inside him, slowly at first. He closed his eyes and imagined that they were Zayn’s fingers, and he was fucking on him, impatient for his boyfriend’s cock. He moaned softly and began to pick up the pace as he let himself get lost in his fantasy.

“See how everything becomes so much easier when you use your imagination?” Mr. Davis said, watching Niall fuck his fingers.

After another minute, he stopped Niall and replaced his fingers with his cock, pushing it all the way inside the tight arse.

“Mmm, I’ve forgotten how good it feels to fuck a leprechaun. I remember the first time I fucked you. Do you remember?” Mr. Davis asked and slammed into Niall.

Niall whimpered at the force but nodded. “You were the first Keeper to punish and then fuck me. It was my first day.”

“You weren’t being very cooperative for the Headmaster. You had to be taught respect.”

“And that’s how you teach respect?” Niall shook his head.

Mr. Davis raised a hand back and then slapped Niall’s arse. “I’d watch your mouth if I was you.” He then slammed into Niall again, using his full strength.
Niall bit down his lip again and let out a small moan. He gripped the sofa, his knuckles turning white as he felt the Keeper slam into him over and over again with the force gaining strength with each hit. It didn’t help things that he slapped his arse harder and harder each time as well.

Niall tried his best to fake enjoying it, but he couldn’t stop a few tears from falling, it really hurt.

After what felt like forever to Niall, Mr. Davis finally came inside Niall with a loud shout. He quickly pulled out of Niall then reached around front and started roughly pumping on Niall’s hard cock.

Niall closed his eyes tightly and thought of Zayn’s hand pumping his cock instead of Mr. Davis’ and a couple minutes later, he came with a loud moan and Zayn’s name falling silently on his lips.

“Before we leave, you’re cleaning the cum off of that sofa.” Mr. Davis said. “Just go to the loo and clean it with some soap and toilet paper.”

Niall nodded. He wasn’t sure if he could walk but he knew he had no choice. He slowly got off the sofa. “May I get dressed first?” He asked.

“No.” Mr. Davis replied simply.

Niall nodded again and went into the loo that was attached to the room. He put some soap on a wet piece of toilet paper then went over to the sofa. He cleaned up his cum then walked back to the loo where he threw the piece of toilet paper inside the toilet then flushed it. He washed his hands then slowly made his way back to Mr. Davis.

“I hope that’s good enough, sir.” Niall said quietly.

“It is. Get your clothes on, leprechaun. I’ll take you back now.”

Niall nodded and did his best to get dressed again quickly but his body felt sore.

Mr. Davis walked over to the door and unlocked it. “Hurry up.” He sighed.

Niall grabbed his hoodie from the floor and quickly slipped his trainers on.

“Ready. I’ll just carry my jumper if that’s alright sir?” Niall asked walking over to him.

“I don’t care. Let’s go.” Mr. Davis grabbed his arm and pushed him out of the room.

He locked the door again and pushed Niall down the hall towards the dorms.

The two of them walked silently back to the room.

Mr. Davis unlocked it and opened the door. He roughly pushed Niall inside.

"I had fun. Everything sounds better in an Irish accent." The Keeper said then slapped Niall's arse rather hard, making him wince a little. He left before anyone could say anything.

Niall slowly moved to his bed but didn't say anything.

"Curly, you did well. I'll see to it all your meals tomorrow are warm." Mr. Watson told him. "LiLi, do you think so should let the Pixie and Ace have a rewarded? They both were so nice, encouraging you."

Liam nodded. "Yes. They were the bestest.." He grinned then frowned seeing Niall's face. "NiNi!
What wrong?” He asked as he played with the edges of his nappy. He liked how it felt.

"Mr. Davis slapped my arse when I came in. It hurt a bit." Niall replied half lied. He didn’t want to complain in front of Mr. Watson "I'll be fine. I just need a moment."

"Ace, Pixie, you'll get warm blankets tonight. Your behavior will determine if they stay after tonight." Mr. Watson told them.

Liam giggled as he went wee in his nappy and everything felt warm.

"Papa, I wants NiNi to feel betters. He my friend too." Liam said.

Mr. Watson closed his eyes for a moment and resisted the urge to sigh. "LiLi, my baby love, he will be fine. It happens sometimes. It's no big deal. Please just finish your lollipop while I go get two blankets and finish my walk through so we can go home. Please?” He requested.

Liam pouted. "Fine." He said then started to suck on his lollipop again. He just wanted Niall to feel better, what was so wrong with that? He didn't understand.

Finally Mr. Watson did sigh. It seemed as though Liam was getting cranky again. "Niall, what would make you feel better? Make it good." Mr. Watson asked him and gave him a warning glare that told him not to ask for too much.

Niall wasn't sure what to say. All he wanted was to cuddle with Zayn but he couldn't say that. "I'm fine, LiLi, but if you're so worried...Maybe getting my cock sucked might do it..." He said and prayed he'd pick Zayn. He didn't want to ask for anything big like a blanket or warm meals. He figured something small and sexual was the way to go.

"Fine." Mr. Watson looked around the room. Louis had just been used. Harry hadn't but he needed to watch Liam. That only left Zayn. "Get to it Ace."

Mr. Watson then looked back at his little boy, "Is that better my boy? Are you a happy boy now?"

Liam grinned, his friends who were also boyfriends were now going to be able to play without getting into trouble or risk being caught! "Yes, Papa. Thank you." He leaned up and kissed his lips. "I love you."

"Good, now behave for your big brother while I finish up work. We'll go home soon okay?" Mr. Watson kissed his lips back and then looked at Harry, "He's probably wet already. Get him changed and dressed for bed."

"Of course, papa." Liam giggled as he sucked on his lollipop.

Harry nodded. "Yes, sir."

Mr. Watson stood and saw Zayn sucking on Niall's already hard cock. "That was fast." He commented.

"Zayn's had to suck me off so many times now that he just knows what I like..." Niall said holding back a moan.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Fast learner." He said then left, locking the door behind him.

"F-fuck...Zayn..." Niall moaned when the door was closed.

He ran a hand through Zayn's hair as he took in the sight of Zayn on his knees on the floor sucking
him off. "Off the floor, babe. I don't want your knees getting sore." He played with Zayn's hair a little.

"Be fast you two. Who knows when he's coming back." Harry warned as he got a fresh nappy and Liam's Batman pajamas.

"Need your nappy changed yet, LiLi?" Harry asked.

Liam giggled and nodded. "I wet."

Liam looked over at Niall and Zayn who was now on the bed happily sucking on Niall's cock like it was his own lollipop.

Liam clapped his eyes and squealed a little. "Everyone happy! I happy!" He grinned and looked back at Harry. "Me good boy. Me good friend."

"Yes, LiLi, you are a very good friend. I'm so proud of you." Harry praised.

"Why is he acting even younger than normal?" Louis asked. He wasn't trying to be rude. He was curious.

“I think he's just allowing himself to act even younger because it makes him happier.” Harry shrugged.

Louis opened his mouth to say something was cut off by a loud and sexual scream by Niall.

He had came into Zayn's mouth who was happily sucking him clean and then began cleaning him up.

"You done?" Louis asked.

"Yeah." Niall breathed. "Sorry. I didn't intend to be that loud."

"Sure..." Harry chuckled as he unfolded the new nappy.

“As I was about to say before I was so rudely cut off…” Louis said. “I suppose that makes sense since being little seems to make him this...happy bubbly person.”

“Exactly.” Harry nodded.

Zayn grabbed Niall's joggers from the floor and helped him back into them. He then gave Niall's lips a quick kiss. "I love you." He smiled then climbed to his bunk.

“Love you too, my prince...That felt wonderful. I'm so thanking you for that later.” Niall grinned.

“Can't wait.” Zayn smirked as he lay in his bed.

Harry worked quickly on changing Liam, making sure that he added the cream. "How's your bum feeling?" He asked as he put the fresh nappy on Liam, then grabbed his pjs.

"Better." He grinned. "You and papa take good care of me and it."

"I wonder if we asked Mr. Watson for a favour if he would do it…” Niall said. "He's being nicer to us all thanks to Liam being such a sweetie."

"That's me!!" Liam giggled.
"Do we really wanna push our luck, babe?" Zayn asked.

"Yeah, we're getting warm blankets...Expect you, Niall. Sorry you missed out." Louis lay happily on his bunk full nude.

"Yeah, well...I was getting fucked by Mr. Davis in the rec room. I guess he didn't want to be sexual in front of Liam. He heard what happened last night and didn't want to risk it." Niall said. "Plan is working slowly though. He seems really interested."

"That's good." Zayn smiled. "Fingers crossed."

"Oh! Bubby! You need Bruce!" Liam suddenly exclaimed and rolled over to grab him. "Here go! He needs three kisses before sleepy time okay? Not two or four."

Harry nodded. "I understand. Thank you. I promise to take good care of him."

Liam grinned. "I trusts yous." He said then looked at Zayn. "Zaynie, is NiNi your baby?" He asked curiously.

"I call him baby but no. He's my boyfriend." Zayn replied. "Why do you ask LiLi?"

"Just wondering..." Liam shrugged and looked at his pjs. "I've heard you call him baby so I wondered. Do you call him boyfriend?" He asked. He felt curious about them.

"No, boyfriend is just a title. Baby is a nickname. Like how your papa calls me Ace. Ace is a nickname. Student is my title at the school though." Maybe Liam would understand that. "Niall and I being boyfriends is a secret though. Right? No one else gets to know."

Liam smiled and nodded. "I won'ts tell. Not even papa. I help." He said as he traced the Batman symbol on his jammies.

"Good lad. Very good." Harry said and kissed his hair.

"Oh,ubby, papa said only he gets lip kisses and you get to have cheek kisses. We talked about it." Liam smiled.

"Oh. So he knows you kissed me then?" Harry asked to clarify.

"Not if you didn't tell him." Liam said. "I think he just randomly said something to me."

"I didn't tell him. I don't have a death wish." Harry said. "But that's good to know. No lip kisses." He smiled. "I really am proud of you for playing with Louis so well."

"Thank you. I proud of me too. I've made special milk three times today and I know if I ask papa will let me try for four when we get home!" He looked so adorable and happy. "I've had a great day other than that one stupid head but you saved me bubby. I love you."

"I love you too, LiLi." Harry said as Mr. Watson came into the room.

The lads in the room quickly stood with their hands behind their backs.

"Papa! Hooray you brought the blankets! Oh oh give Lou Lou the blue one please!" Liam begged. "Here Harry. I done my lollipop now." He grinned with a bit of blue goo around his lips.

Mr. Watson gave Louis the blue blanket and handed the red one to Zayn. "Don't worry, you'll get your chance at rewards tomorrow. You're used to the cold I'm sure." He said to Niall.
Harry took the stick and walked over to the bin, dropping it in then he went to his bunk and stood with Bruce. He was looking forward to sleeping with it, having something to cuddle with would be nice.

"The cold doesn't bother me, sir. I've slept in much worse." Niall said.

"Papa! Papa! Hold me!" Liam begged. "Want cuddles and kisses!"

Mr. Watson walled over to Liam and picked him up. He kissed his cheek. "I have to take your roommates for their shower, then we can go home."

"Can I come too? Please papa? Don't leave me here alone!" Liam begged. "I'll be a good boy papa."

Mr. Watson held back a sigh. He knew he wasn't supposed to but he couldn't help it. "Fine but if Papa has to be mean to another student, you can't get mad."

"I won't papa. I know you only will if they deserve it." Liam smiled happily. "I can sit in the playpen too papa. That way you can work but I can still watch you."

Mr. Watson nodded. "That was the plan." He smiled and kissed his lips. "Would you like to bring anything? Colouring book? Some trains? Or are you just going to sit there the entire time and watch me?" He asked. "Tiny Pixie... Unless you want to go to your shower naked, I suggest you get your uniform on." He told Louis.

"Coloring book please." This would give him a chance to color a thank you picture for Harry. "Can I have the one with the blank paper in the back? I want to make my own picture."

"Curly." Mr. Watson said.

"On it, sir." He said and got the book Liam wanted, along with the box of crayons. He added them to the bag and then walked over to Mr. Watson. "I can carry the bag if you would like?" He offered.

"Thank you." Mr. Watson nodded and watched Louis as he finished dressing. He couldn't help but think about how much easier this room had become since he Liam found his way into his heart.

"I'm ready, sir. Sorry for not being dressed. LiLi wore me out." Louis was lying through his teeth of course. He had just felt lazy after cumming. He flashed an apologetic smile.

"Yeah yeah, lets just go." Mr. Watson rolled his eyes at Louis and unlocked the door. He could tell the lad was lying but it wasn't worth fighting with him, especially since it would mean Liam would find out the truth.

"I did good. I owned your bum." Liam giggled and told Louis.

The others couldn't help but chuckle at the comment.

"Yes, you did, LiLi. I enjoyed myself. I hope to play with you again sometime soon." Louis grinned.

He didn't really but be new he had to be nice. "But I'm next right, LiLi?" Zayn interrupted. "I can't wait to play with you." He forced a smile. It felt awkward to say with his boyfriend as his side but he knew Niall understood.
"Papa is the boss. If papa say yes then LiLi will do you too Zaynie. Harry taught me good." He giggled. "I did good NiNi. You didn't see but I did. I even made Louis make special milk."

"I'm sure it was great." Niall smiled as they now walked down the hallway. "I'm sorry I missed it. The others are lucky because they got to have fun with you." And in return, they got warm blankets and a day of warm meals. Of course he had to have Davis want him on a day Mr. Watson had Liam "play" with everyone. "I hope to get my chance soon as well."

"If papa say yes then I will play with everyone." Liam smiled as they walked.

Mr. Watson gave Liam's padded bum a little pat, "I'd love to watch my beautiful baby boy play with his friends. Only when papa says it's okay though. No special playing if I'm not there."

"Yes, sir." The lads all said.

Soon they reached the showers and stripped as Mr. Watson gave them their shower candles and watched them go to their shower. "What would you like me to do with the bag, sir?" He asked. "I can take it." Mr. Watson said and took the bag. "Go shower." He ordered.

Liam gave papa a kiss on the lips as he was placed in the playpen.

"You scream if you need me. I can see you from everywhere in this room." Mr. Watson assured. "Here is your coloring book love. Need anything else before I start working?"

"One more kiss?" Liam giggled.

Mr. Watson smiled and leaned over the playpen and kissed Liam's lips. "Mm, I love you. I'll come and check on you soon." He said then walked away.

The others walked into the shower and began to start washing up.

"So Liam fucked you and actually made you cum?" Niall asked Louis. "I must have more information."

Louis shrugged. "Mr. Watson wants him to learn how to top. Harry was there teaching him and I was simply the whore that he practiced on." He said. "He's small, so I didn't really feel anything besides bored but I faked it enough to cum in the end. Sexual fantasies really save you in the end."

"Yeah, I thought we were all about to get beatings when he reached down and felt you were soft. From now on if he's playing with you just get hard no matter what." Harry instructed. "He's little in his mind so you need to play along."

"Yeah, I didn't expect him to reach for me cock! And I wasn't completely soft. I had a semi." Louis defended. "And yes, I'm aware of that." He sighed. "I felt bad. I didn't think he'd reach down and grab me or I would've made sure I was hard...But it all worked out, didn't it?"

"Yes, thanks to me figuring out how to talk dirty to him. So fucking awkward. I mean, he's a child mentally and then he's also my brother. Not creepy at all trying to teach him how to fuck someone." Harry sighed.

"I did what I could from where I sat watching." Zayn offered.

"Yeah, you held the lollipop." Louis laughed. "But no really...You were good at encouraging. Hell, it even helped me to encourage him better."
"Good. I can tell you're trying." Zayn nodded.

"We may not understand but we need to accept that this is how Liam want to be. We need to support him; I mean if you lads plan to be his friends anyway. I know I want the world to accept my gay lifestyle. Why not accept Liam's adult baby lifestyle?" Harry spoke as he washed his hair a second time.

Niall nodded. "He's right. I mean, it's weird and creepy...But if the world is becoming more accepting of same sex relationships then the least we could do is be more accepting of Liam." He said.

"Agreed." Zayn nodded.

"I can accept him wanting to be an infant since he's made it clear it's a choice he's making. What I struggle to accept is an adult being in a relationship with an actual child. He's not 18 yet, lads."

Louis tried to explain without arguing.

"I agree but..." Harry paused trying to figure out how to word it. "Mr. Watson makes Liam feel safe and cared for. Something he's never had. And at least he cares enough to protect him from other Keepers. You saw what Patterson did to Liam. I got Mr. Watson and he saved Liam. Liam has legit fallen in love with Watson. And Mr. Watson I think genuinely cares for Liam. In a place like this and the way Liam is currently and was before the babying...I just...I feel like this is a good thing." He tried to explain.

"Sometimes age is only a number. If Liam loves Mr. Watson when he's in his grown up mind and if those feelings are return while Liam is grown up then I see no issue with it." Zayn shrugged. "I mean, it is a tad bit creepy but it's not like he's hurting Liam."

"If they're boyfriends who sorta roleplay you mean?" Niall asked.

"Basically yes." Zayn nodded.

"But Liam is in the mindset of a child..." Louis gently argued.

"Not when it started." Harry said. "When it started, he was just a sensitive lad and innocent. He got punished but then it became more and they genuinely care for one another. Mr. Watson doesn't have to do the shit he does for us. He does it because it makes Liam happy, hell he even changed our nicknames to something nicer. He doesn't have to listen to Liam but he does because he hates seeing him upset."

"Exactly." Zayn agreed. "It's hard to tell if Liam understands whether or not they are boyfriends but it's obvious they love one another in that matter. Being in love now I know how rare it is to find."

Niall smiled a little as he dropped his head down to wash his hair. "He's obviously not hurting Liam and Liam has said he enjoys the babying, so I say, all the more power to them." He said. "Honestly, since being with Zayn... I've never felt safer. I know I'm not in this place but just being with him gives me that feeling. I can understand wanting to hold on to it."

"Good for you. I'd rather be single." Louis turned up his nose and went to focusing on washing himself.

"I'm not in love romantically but I love Liam as a brother now and it really is amazing to have that connection with someone after spending your whole life without having a connection of any kind to anyone." Harry said as he rinsed off one last time.
"People complicated shit. Connections complicated shit. I'd rather die alone." Louis said and walked off after he rinsed off.

"I wonder why he's so bitter. It's like he can't stand to let anyone else be happy." Niall shook his head.

"I've noticed." Harry nodded. "I've got to make sure my hair is clean enough though." Harry said and walked away.

Zayn looked at Niall. "Did your time with Mr. Davis go okay?" He asked as he began to wash his hair again, he was on the repeat cycle and he was taking his time so he could chat with his boyfriend.

"He was really rough and kept slapping me arse. He ate me out first, which is a first for me, Keeper wise. He even fingered me. He wasn't kind or gentle about anything but it could have been worse." Niall shrugged.

"I'll make you feel good tonight then." Zayn winked.

Niall smiled. "Can't wait. The thought of you...and us...Only thing that helped me get hard and cum."

Zayn then felt a hand grab him and pull him out from under the water. "Who do you belong to tonight? Remind me." Mr. Taylor smirked and ran his hands over Zayn's body.

"You, sir." Zayn moaned. He knew how to play the Keeper. "I can hardly wait." He smiled though it was fake. Anything to get what he needed. "Have you figured out what to do with me yet?"

"No, but I have figured out where. Got the idea from another Keeper. Can't wait to hear you moan for me when I make you cum." Mr. Taylor almost purred into his ear. "It'll be after I take the other two back after you all get your treats."

"I'm looking forward to it, sir. I always have the most fun with you." Zayn turned around to grin and wink at the man.

"Glad to hear. You just make sure everyone else knows too. Keep my reputation good and I'll make sure you have it good." Mr. Taylor told him. "Easy enough right?"

Zayn nodded. "Of course, sir. I'll tell everyone that I prefer your cock." He said with a playful smirk.

"Now, rinse off again and then go get your teeth brushed."

"Of course, sir." Zayn nodded. "I promise to prove myself." He said then turned to walk back under the water.

He noticed Niall was already gone and being inspected by Mr. Davis.

He quickly rinsed himself off then went to brush his teeth. He then walked over to Mr. Watson who had was checking on Liam. "Excuse me, sir? I'm ready to be inspected."

"Arms up. Turn around." Mr. Watson instructed and watched. "Squat and cough. I don't want Mr. Taylor getting mad at me for fingering you."

"I wouldn't think he'd be upset sir if it's just a routine inspection." Zayn said but did as he was told.
He lifted his arms up, turned around then squatting and coughed. Somehow this felt more humiliating than being roughly fingered.

"Better to keep him on my good side." Mr. Watson explained. "Look at me and open your mouth. Stick out your tongue."

Zayn stood and lowered his arms. He opened his mouth then stuck out his tongue.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Go get in line." He them noticed two students goofing around and poking one another with the ends of their toothbrushes. "Get now. I have work to do. Slags to punish."

"Uh...sir? Can I put my uniform back on first?" Zayn asked quickly.

"No, you'll survive without your clothes. Not like any of us can fuck you right now anyway." He grabbed Zayn's arm and shoved him off the walked away to deal with the students who were misbehaving.

Zayn nodded and quickly went to stand in line behind Louis.

"Why are you naked?" Louis asked trying not to laugh.

"I don't know, honestly." Zayn said. "I was inspected by Mr. Watson then he had other students to punish so he told me to wait in line. I asked to put on my uniform first but he said that I'd "survive without my clothes."" He rolled his eyes. He was wet and cold. He sighed as he leaned against the wall.

"What's wrong loser? Did you get your uniform taken away?" Tyler walked over to join the line and teased.

"I think Mr. Watson just wanted other Keepers to enjoy the view." Zayn said. "It's not like they can fuck me while Taylor has dibs anyways so I don't have anything to worry about."

"They can't fuck you but no one said anything about punishing you did they?" Tyler asked moving closer to him. "I bet Mr. Jones would love a chance to punish you."

"Fuck off, Tyler. Jealousy isn't going to win you any points." Niall said coming up behind him.

"I didn't do anything wrong, Tyler. Mr. Watson told me that I'd survive without my clothes and I'm behaving. No reason to punish me." Zayn said.

"But who would Mr. Thomas believe?" He smirked. "All I'd have to do is say you were calling me horrible things."

"Yes, we all know you're stuck on Mr. Thomas cock. We don't care either so you can go rub it in someone else's face." Louis interjected.

"Mr. Thomas might believe you, but when you have more than one person backing up your story, they tend to believe that person. Comes in handy when you're actually mates with your roommates. Besides, Mr. Taylor knows I wouldn't do anything to fuck up my treat tonight." Zayn glared.

He was trying so hard to keep his emotions under control but he wanted nothing more to just hit Tyler. Just once. He knew he couldn't though.

"Mr. Taylor." Liam frowned when the Keeper walked past him. He'd finished his picture and was now looking between his papa, brother and friends.
"Yes, LiLi?" Mr. Taylor stopped and leaned down in front of the playpen as he sat on the balls of his feet. "What can I do for you?" He smiled.

"Will you pretty please make sure Tyler is being nice to my friends? Please Mr. Taylor? He's a big meanie head." His voice was so tiny yet concerned. He knew Tyler often meant trouble but he couldn't ask papa right now. Papa was spanking another student.

Mr. Taylor smiled. "I'll go check on them. I know Tyler can be quite the brat." He said and stood.

He walked over and smiled seeing Zayn in his nude form. He looked between the lads. "What's going on here? Tyler being a brat?" He asked looking between the students.

"Isn't he always?" Louis mumbled.

"Yes, sir. I was told to stay nude and he's trying to cause trouble for me." Zayn explained.

"He said he'd lie to Mr. Thomas about him too." Niall added.

"None of that is true. I was only commenting on how he must be cold." Tyler lied.

"Tyler was being a dick and trying to get Zayn in trouble." Louis spoke up. "You know I'm a loner and I don't give a fuck about anyone but Tyler pisses me off so in this case, I'll backup my roommate."

Mr. Taylor nodded as he continued to look over Zayn's nude form. He couldn't wait to play with it later.

He then looked at Tyler. "I'll let Mr. Thomas know his good little boy isn't quite the Angel he thought he was. I'm sure you'll be punished for trying to stir up shit." He said.

He looked back at Zayn. "Get your clothes on, I'll let Watson know I gave you permission."

"Thank you, sir." Zayn smiled and quickly went to where he left his uniform.

"Good boy LiLi. Tyler is in need of a punishment. You did good asking me to check on things." Mr. Taylor gave the lad a pat on the head and walked away to find Mr. Thomas. He stopped to tell Mr. Watson that Liam had been a good boy and that Zayn was allowed in his clothes.

Mr. Watson glanced over at Liam who was watching him and gave him a smile. He was proud of his little baby boy.

He quickly finished up the spankings on the student he was punishing then pushed him to the floor. "Get yourself to your room Keeper to be inspected." He said and walked away. He inspected Harry who had been waiting patiently while Mr. Watson punished the other student. "Get yourself dressed and in line." He ordered Harry.

"Yes, sir." He said then quickly walked away to get his uniform on.

Mr. Watson walked over to Liam and picked him up. "You are such a good boy." He kissed over Liam's face. "My good boy." He smiled.

"Yes papa." Liam smiled. "LiLi never wanna be punished again so LiLi is a good boy best he can be." Liam kissed Mr. Watson's lips and hugged his neck. "Papa's good baby boy."

Mr. Watson cuddled the lad. "You did a very good thing. You let someone you trusted know that a slag was being naughty. Tyler gets away with so much. It's nice to hear he'll be punished." He said
the last bit quietly and kissed Liam's nose. "We'll take your roommates back then we'll go home. How does that sound?" He asked.

"Yes, don't forget my picture for bubbly though. I worked hard on it." Liam said proudly. "Oh, papa, since I was a good boy can I stay up late for special playtime with you? Please please please? Pretty please my papa?" His voice whined.

"I can never say no to the special playtimes." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's head then lips. He sat Liam on the floor as he grabbed the book and the crayons, shoving them into the nappy bag. He then picked Liam back up. "'C'mon sweet boy." He smiled. "We'll give your brother his picture when we're back at the room then we can go home." He placed a kiss to Liam's neck. "I can hardly wait to have my way with you tonight."

Liam giggled and clapped his hands. "Hooray. It's fun to play with others if you are watching papa but really I just like playing with you the best. I like papa inside my bum more than anything else in the universe." He giggled loudly; capturing the attention of the other Keepers and students. Liam noticed and smiled proudly, "Papa inside my bum is better than anything and I not scared to say it." He then stuck his tongue out at everyone watching him.

Most of the people around them laughed and Mr. Watson rolled his eyes a little. "Alright, alright...Pipe down." He told everyone. "It's time to go though." He said looking at the lads for his room.

The lads quickly got out of the line and followed Mr. Watson down the hallway back to their room.

Once unlocked, he let them walk inside then in walked inside and locked the door behind him.

He sat Liam in his crib. He then searched the nappy bag for the colouring book, when he did, he opened it then tore Liam's picture for Harry out of it, careful not to ruin the actual picture. He handed it to Liam. "There you go." He smiled. "I wanna get you home though, so don't take too long."

"Bubby, I colored you a thank you picture." Liam told Harry. He held up the drawing he'd worked so hard on. It wasn't the best drawing but it was obvious it was a drawing of Harry and little Liam. There was a heart around them and the words 'brothers forever' spelled incorrectly.

"That's adorable." Louis commented trying to be nice. "Wow." Harry said. "No one has ever drawn me something or given me anything. This means a lot, LiLi. Thank you so much." He grinned. "I love it. Where should it go?" He asked.

"It's cause you helped rescue me. It should go by your bed. Papa can we tape it up tomorrow?" Liam asked his papa sweetly.

Mr. Watson smiled and nodded. "Of course. It's the first thing we'll do in the morning when we come back." He said. "Now say goodnight to your brother and your friends then we can go."


Harry smiled and walked over to Liam to hug him. "Night Night, LiLi." He said hugging him. "Have fun tonight with Papa." He said then pulled back.

Mr. Watson picked the nursing system up from it's spot in the crib and put it inside the nappy bag then picked Liam up.
"Night, LiLi." Zayn waved.

"Night." Louis smiled and waved as well.

Niall smiled. "Good night, LiLi. I'm sure you and Papa will have lots of fun." He said then waved.

"We will." Liam grinned. "I love you Harry. Don't forget to kiss Bruce." He called then kissed Mr. Watson's cheek. "I ready go home papa. Go home and play."

"Love you too, LiLi." Harry said. "I won't forget to kiss him. Three times right?"

"Right." Liam grinned.

"Mr. Taylor will be by soon. If there's any fuck ups I will hear about it." Mr. Watson warned them then left, locking the door behind him.

"I love you my papa. I love you so much. You are the best man in the whole universe." Liam fuzzed over him. "Pretty and perfect papa. I is lucky baby."

"You are a very lucky baby." Mr. Watson kissed over Liam's face then his lips. "I love you too, so much. You're my perfect little one. And so cute too. So when we get home...Bath time then playtimes?" He asked as they walked.

"Yep yep yep. Cause I already know my willie will get hard when you wash it." He giggled. "Papa's touches always make my willie hard."

"Always?" They heard another's Keepers voice ask.

"Yes sir. His special touches always do." Liam softly replied.

"Got a horny tyke hmm Benji?" Mr Kelly asked.

Mr. Watson laughed. "I do. He can be quite the wild one." He smiled and kissed Liam's cheek. "He gets hard quite easily for me."

"That's cause papa is sexy." Liam gave an adorable smile. "He has a very big cock." He told Mr. Kelly.

"Oh does he now? So you like big cocks then?" Mr. Kelly grinned.

"And I'm not sharing him with anyone besides his roommates." Mr. Watson told the Keeper.

"Was just a question. You paid for him fair and square. I'm not Patterson who breaks the most rules out of all of us." Mr. Kelly defended. He then looked at Liam. "What's your favourite thing to do to Papa? Do you have a favourite yet?" He asked.

"I like it most when papa put his special milk inside my bum or inside my mouth." He giggled. "It's warm and it taste yummy and if someone puts their special milk inside your bum it means you owned them so I like when papa owns me cause I am all his." He rambled adorably. "Have you owned anyone Mr. Kelly?"

Mr. Kelly laughed. "Quite the adorable lad you have, Watson." He looked back to Liam. "Yes, I've owned most of the students in this place. Even a couple of your roommates." He smiled.

"If it was Louis I'm sure he liked it. I owned him like a big boy and he came for me." Liam said proudly. He then tried to adjust himself against his papa. "Mmm, papa, nappy is getting too tight."
Talking about sex made the little one horny since he was in such a young headspace.

"Okay, time to get you home," Mr. Watson said. "See ya tomorrow, mate." He told Mr. Kelly and quickly walked out with Liam.

He worked to get him into the car quickly. "Now, I know your little willie is hard and it's uncomfortable, but if you don't wanna feel like this on the way home, then think of something you don't like and it'll go soft again." He pecked Liam's lips then got the seat belt on him and got into the driver's side of the car.

Trying to make his willie go soft so he wouldn't hurt Liam decided to ask, "Papa, what is my title?"

"Your title? Uh, not sure...Why? What brought this on?" Mr. Watson as he pulled out of the car park.

"Well, Zaynie said that when you call him Ace it's his nickname but his title at the school is student. Your name is Benji but your nickname from me is papa. Is your title from me Keeper like it is as school?"

"Well...I don't know to be honest. I haven't really thought about it." Mr. Watson scratched his head. This is the talk Mr. Watson had put off a while back. "These are deep thoughts for a little one...But uh, you are mine and I am yours, so I suppose that makes this a relationship of sorts...Uh..." He was struggling. He didn't think he'd have to have this conversation while Liam was little. "Do you have an idea of what you want it to be?" He asked.

Liam's little mind was simply trying to make sense of things that really required a grown up mind. He still tried though. "If you are my daddy then we are family. If you are my boyfriend they we are lovers."

"Do you remember the conversation earlier about kissing on the lips and who you can kiss? We're lovers. You're my baby, yes. But we're not related, so we kiss on the lips and have sex. So I suppose my title would be lover or boyfriend and you just call me Papa." Mr. Watson tried to explain.

Liam smiled, "I has a boyfriend." He giggled excited. "I lucky I have a boyfriend who is papa for me."

Mr. Watson grinned. "Yes, boyfriends." He nodded as he pulled into the driveway. "My little baby who is my perfect little lover and boyfriend." He said. He honestly felt better now that they had officially titled themselves.

He parked then got out. He walked up the driveway to his front door. He unlocked it then went back for Liam. He opened the door and undid the seatbelt. "Bath first or playtime first?" He asked as he swung him around and picked him up.

"I want you to play with my cock papa. It's still just a little bit hard cause I was thinking about you doing stuff to me." Liam grinned. "Play time then bath time. LiLi wants to play."

"Play time it is then." Mr. Watson pecked his lips. He locked the front door behind him when they walked inside. He took Liam straight to the bedroom and stripped him. He had a wee in his nappy so he cleaned him up and threw away the used nappy. "Okay, crawl to the top and get your tiny cock all hard again." He instructed.

"Papa do it. Touch me please?" Liam playful thrusters his hips upward. "Papa make my little cock hard. Not LiLi." He giggled and bit his lower lip with a grin. "Oh! Papa can lick it and suck it!
Please papa! I want your mouth on me!"

Mr. Watson grinned and nodded. "I can't say no to my baby." He said after he stripped. He crawled onto the bed and crawled up to Liam. He then began to lick the little cock.

Liam moaned and whimpered almost instantly. "Perfect papa!" This is what Liam wanted. He wanted papa's attention all on him. If he was going to have him away from him at work all day then he was going to have him to himself now.

Mr. Watson then started to suck on the cock as he ran a hand over Liam's small balls. He loved making his boy feel good and doing what made him happy. It might be a little whipped by him but he loved it.

"Mmm, papa!" Liam moaned. "It's getting so hard!" Liam loved how papa could make him hard really quickly. "Love papa mouth!"

Mr. Watson then moaned around the cock as he moved a hand to play with Liam's nipples. He did that for a minute or two then popped off. "Ready for Papa's cock inside you?" He asked. "You were such a good boy, fucking the Pixie tonight. I loved watching. It got Papa really hard, but he waited so he could fuck your hole tonight." He explained as he ran a hand up and down Liam's chest.

"Papa likes LiLi's hole the very best." He smiled proud as he spread his legs and pulled them up to his chest. "It's tiny like my cock papa. Are you going to go inside and fill it up?" He was in such a good mood right now and it was obvious.

"Fuck yes." Mr. Watson grinned. "But I wanna lick you a little first...But I also don't want you cumming so soon..." He trailed off as he reached into his night table. He pulled out a light blue cock ring. "This is just temporary. I'll take it off soon. Papa promises." He said then slipped it over Liam's small cock. He was pleased when it fit. He had gotten the right size after all. "It just prevents you from cumming too soon." He kissed Liam's lips then lowered his head. "Rest your legs on my shoulders, love." He said then began licking over Liam's hole.

"Mmm, papa." He pouted playfully. Honestly he liked it. It was exciting to have something new to play with. Then Liam began to feel Papa's tongue. "Ah! Oh papa! More!"

Mr. Watson then drove his tongue inside Liam's hole, stretching him a little with it, making sure he was nice and wet. He then took it out, only to dive it back inside a moment later, he did this a few times, loving all the sounds Liam was making.

Liam easily became a whimpering mess. It was a good thing he didn't have the ability to cum. "Papa! Oh I need more! I need your cock! Please papa!" His voice carried loudly.

Mr. Watson pulled out his tongue then gently turned Liam onto his front. “Papa’s gonna fuck you from behind.” He whispered into Liam’s ear as he got the lad into position. “Just how you did the Pixie. Something new.” He kissed Liam’s cheek.

"Okay papa. I'm ready. Fuck me." Liam was so horny and excited. He wiggled his bum a little and giggled. "Come on papa! Own me!"

Chapter End Notes
Chapter is early because not a lazy day for me for once in a long time.

And the chapter is already edited. So that helps. xD

I hope those of you who wanted to read sex between Niall and Davis enjoyed it!

Oh what are some punishments you'd like to see happen to the lads?
Chapter 29

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

I/Annabella added a Ziall sex scene. It started out well enough then...I remembered some wanted to know/see what Larry would think during it, so I turned it into something funny? (I think it's funny at least. Please be kind.)

And then I just...didn't feel like writing sex anymore, so I hope I finished it out alright and everything makes sense.

If you see any mistakes, let me know and I'll go fix 'em. HAHA.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 29

Mr. Watson felt surprised for a moment. He'd never heard Liam talk that way, especially in his baby state of mind but he really loved it. He lined up his cock and slowly pushed in. "Oh, I'm gonna own you alright..." He grinned. He already did but the fact that Liam was talking this way, made him feel so turned on.

Liam moaned loudly when he felt papa's cock push into him. The only thing stopping him from cumming was the cockring. "Wow papa! You feel huge!"

"Thank you, baby." Mr. Watson. "I'm just glad you're on painkillers." He smirked. "I'm going to move now, alright?" He said then began to move, slowly at first then moved quicker.

"Yes papa. I ready." Liam told him and held onto the sheets. "Need papa. Need more. Harder. Something." Liam wasn't sure how to word himself. He just knew he wasn't satisfied yet.

Mr. Watson slammed into Liam harder. "Do you want it like I gave you this morning? Full strength? Anything for my little one." He kissed along Liam's back.

"Yes papa. Yes please. Want that. Need it." Liam's mood was currently being driven by his hormones.

Mr. Watson grinned. He held onto Liam's hips and began to slam into him with his full strength, making sure to hit his boy's sweet spot each time. "Fuck, LiLi. You feel amazing." He moaned.

Liam began to scream sounds of pleasure. He whimpered and whined and scratched at the sheets. "Papa! Papa! More! Ah!" He wanted to cum. He needed to cum. The stupid blue ring on his cock wouldn't let his special milk come out though.

Mr. Watson really pushed himself and hit as hard as he possible could a few more times before he finally came into the little lad. He then flipped Liam onto his back and took the ring off.

Liam was almost crying from all the pleasure now. "In papa mouth! Special milk in mouth!" He begged as he grabbed the base of his cock.
Mr. Watson quickly placed his mouth on Liam's little throbbing cock and sucked lightly as he let his tongue swirl around as he waited for Liam's special milk.

That was exactly what Liam was in need of. He screamed loudly as his voice cracked. Special milk began to flow into Mr. Watson's mouth. "Papa! Love papa!"

Mr. Watson sucked the boy clean then cleaned him up. "And I love my little baby boy too." He smiled and pecked Liam's lips.

He quickly got off the bed and grabbed a fresh nappy. He quickly got Liam into it and lay beside him, pulling him into a cuddle. "I love you so much." He kissed over Liam's face. "How about a bath? Then we can watch cuddle and watch Batman until you fall asleep." He stroked the lad's cheek.

"Okay papa. I gots to finish my wee first. LiLi no wee on papa bed. That's bad boy." Liam told him. "Papa special milk is leaking out too."

"Yeah, the bath will clean up Papa's special milk." Mr. Watson smiled. "You lay here, have your wee while I go down the hallway to start your bath?" He rubbed over Liam's tummy. "You okay laying in here for a few minutes?" He asked.

"Yes papa. LiLi will stay right here." He agreed. He then grabbed his papa's discarded shirt from off the edge of the bed and began playing with the buttons happily.

Mr. Watson grinned and kissed Liam's forehead. "Good lad. Have fun." He said then climbed off the bed.

He walked down the hall to the loo and started to fill the bath.

Liam was more than content to lay and play with his papa's buttons while he had a wee in his nappy. The warmth felt funny and made him giggle. Once finished he called out to his papa, "I done papa! Nappy is wet!"

Mr. Watson stood up from kneeling on the floor. He had Liam's bath toys ready as well. He walked back to the bedroom and picked Liam up, letting the lad take the shirt with him. "I'll take it off in the loo, love." He smiled and ran his fingers over Liam’s back, making him giggle. It tickled.

Once in the loo, he took it off. "Now time for a bath, I'm afraid you can't take my shirt into the tub though. You can play with it after."

"Promise?" Liam asked as he let papa help him into the tub. "Water is warm papa!" He laughed and splashed it a little.

"Promise, promise." Mr. Watson grinned as he began to wash Liam's body. "Such a messy boy from playtime with Papa. What did you think of the ring?" He asked curiously. "Would you like to play with it again sometime?" He asked.

"Yes papa. It's pretty cause it's blue. It made my special milk feel so much better when you let me." He smiled. "Papa can use it again."

"Glad to hear it." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's head. "I was thinking of letting you play with Ace tomorrow, what do you think about that?" He asked. "He did so well encouraging you...And he held your lollipop, I think that deserves a special reward."
"If papa is there then yes. Only if papa is there will LiLi play with others." He smiled. "Papa knows how to keep LiLi from getting hurt."

"Yes, of course. I'll never let you play with them alone. Papa will always watch and take care of you." Mr. Watson leaned over and kissed Liam's lips. "Did you want a bedtime snack tonight or are you too tired?" He asked.

"Oh, can have snack?" Liam asked happily. "LiLi want snack papa. Papa feed LiLi."

"Yes. I figured a growing boy like you needs snacks sometimes. I don't want you going to bed hungry. Papa likes feeding LiLi. Do you want milk before bed? Maybe some cereal? Or maybe a jar of something...I bought food for you today on one of my breaks. I'm trying my best to make this feel like your home too. Anything you want, I'll happily give you." Mr. Watson explained.

"Do you have fruit? LiLi like fruit." He told him. "Papa's house is my house. Just wish bubby was here too."

"Soon. Papa only has one extra room. I have to fix it up first before your brother or your mates come over to play." Mr. Watson explained as he started to wash Liam's hair. "I have fruit. Lots of it. Any favourites, my love?" He asked.

"Apple?" Liam asked hopefully. "Applesauce maybe?" He licked his lips and made an ugly face when the water tasted like soap. "Yucky!"

Mr. Watson chuckled. "I have both, babes. Snack time in the kitchen, then a bit of Batman before sleepy times." He smiled and kissed his cheek.

Liam giggled excitedly and splashed in the water a bit more before playing with toys while Mr. Watson finished washing him. Liam then saw the bits of water he'd gotten on the floor, "LiLi is messy baby."

"LiLi is a messy baby, that's why I lay towels down." Mr. Watson said then unplugged the tub and took Liam out. He wrapped him in a hooded towel as he dried him off. "LiLi all clean. Clean baby boy."

"Batman towel." Liam clapped. "Papa always keep LiLi happy." He said and kissed him. "Now LiLi needs nappy and Batman pajamas." He kissed his papa again and giggled, "LiLi is cute in Batman clothes."

"Yes. What would you think of Batman sheets?" Mr. Watson asked suddenly getting the idea. He lay Liam back and grabbed a fresh nappy from the cupboard. He also went out and bought cream so he could have one for school and one for home.

He rubbed the cream over Liam's cheeks then put the fresh nappy on him. "All clean and fresh." He kissed Liam's nose and stood. He washed his hands then picked Liam up. He took him to the living room and sat him on the sofa. "I'll put your jammies on after your snack. Apple slices or applesauce?" He asked as he turned on his TV and pulled up Netflix kids.

"Applesauce. Papa feed baby LiLi." He giggled and clapped his hands then got sidetracked by playing with the edges of his nappy.

He looked so adorable in the state of mind while carelessly playing with the simplest of things.

"I'll be right back." Mr. Watson said and turned on Batman. He went to the kitchen and got a bowl
of applesauce ready, then went to the living room. He sat beside Liam and pulled him into his lap. "Time for your snack." He gathered the sauce in the spoon and brought it up to Liam's mouth.

Liam opened his mouth and welcomed the spoon inside. He hummed at the sweet flavor before swallowing and opening his mouth again. "More papa. LiLi is hungry baby."

Mr. Watson gathered up more onto the spoon and fed more to Liam and continued to do so until it was empty. "All gone." He kissed Liam's cheek.

"Thank you papa." He smiled. "Papa, does LiLi have to do school tomorrow? I don't wanna." He pouted and crossed his arms. "Only big boy need school."

"No school for my baby. Not really...Your health class is important though. So one class, one day a week." Mr. Watson told him. Liam didn't know much before he came here so baby or not. He wanted Liam to learn about sexual health.

"Oh, okay." Liam frowned. He could handle one class. "LiLi gets to play and have nap time instead of school?" He asked and yawned. "Sleepy LiLi."

"Yes, morning playtime...And afternoon nap time." Mr. Watson smiled. "I do need to work though. So, maybe your brother can not do school either." He thought out loud.

He smiled down at Liam and turned off the show. He carried Liam to the bedroom. He got the lad into his jammies and tucked him into the bed. He had to set up the other bedroom for the other lad's arrival so he'd have to sleep a bit later.

"No, bubby is big boy. Bubby has to go to class." He yawned again. "LiLi go to class with bubby and play while bubby learns. LiLi will be good boy." That was Liam's idea anyway.

"Maybe. As long as you don't become a distraction." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips softly. "I have to go set up the spare room. Yell if you need me, but try to get some sleep, lovie."

"Okay papa. I love you." He smiled and curled up under the covers.

Back at school, Mr. Taylor had arrived.

"You three Slags. On your knees." He ordered pointing at Zayn, Niall and Louis. They all did as they were told.

"Tongues out." He ordered. The lads stuck out their tongues.

Mr. Taylor placed their pills on each of their tongues and handed Zayn a bottle of water.

Zayn washed down the pill then passed it to Niall who then passed it to Louis when he had washed down his pill.

When Louis finished, he handed the bottle back to Mr. Taylor.

"Buttercup, follow me. The rest of you, get some sleep." He ordered and grabbed Zayn, pulling him to his feet and left.
"So where do I get the pleasure of you fucking me tonight, sir?" Zayn asked. It was easier to just play along he was finding at this point.

"We're going outside. Private and yet open. Adds some excitement." He explained as they walked. "I expect you to make me hard when we get out here."

Zayn grinned. "Sounds great. I've always wanted to be fucked outside and who better than you?" He said following Mr. Taylor. "And I promise to make you hard quickly so you don't have to wait long for my arse."

"Perfect." He grinned and unlocked the door. He took Zayn outside and locked the door behind them again. "Alright Buttercup. Strip down and get busy."

Zayn quickly stripped as he stood in front of Mr. Taylor. He then dropped to his knees as he undid the Keepers trousers. He pulled them down then pulled his pants down. He immediately took the soft cock in his hand and began to pump it a little. He then licked it over and started to suck on the head as he allowed his free hand to fondle Mr. Taylor's balls.

"Good lad. Choke on it. Show me what a needy whore you are." Mr. Taylor smirked.

Zayn moved his head to take in as much of the cock as possible and began to bob it back and forth.

"Perfect. Don't you dare stop." Mr. Taylor growled. He wanted to get himself to the edge of cumming before making Zayn back off so when he finally did cum it would feel better.

Zayn could feel that the cock was completely stiff in his mouth, so he continued to suck and to choke while putting Niall in the front of his mind. It helped him become hard without even needing to be told to. Hopefully this would show Mr. Taylor that he really wanted him.

"Fuck, such a talented mouth." He hissed. "Back up, your turn." He instructed and quickly backed away so he wouldn't cum too soon.

"I can hardly wait, sir. I always enjoy whatever you do to me." Zayn smiled and winked as he backed up a little with his arms at the side.

He wasn't told to stand so he stayed on the pavement on his bare knees with his hard cock in the cool night air, waiting to be touched.

"Isn't that a lovely surprise." Mr. Taylor smirked. "Lovely in deed. Untouched as well. Very impressive buttercup." Mr. Taylor squared down and ran a finger over his length. "Such a nice cock. Not too big. Not too small. Too bad it's your arse that's getting played with."

Zayn raised his eyebrows, but forced a moan feeling Mr. Taylor touch his cock. "Thank you sir. But I thought that since I've had Mr. Jones...You weren't going to fuck me..." He felt nervous. "I...I don't want anything to tear and risk you not being able to use me for a couple of days." He knew the sore excuse wouldn't work because he could feel his pain pill kicking in.

"Fuck you? No. I'll let you get off untouched tonight. I never said anything about fingers though. Get my fingers wet so I can slip them inside that sweet arse of yours. Do it quickly before I change my mind and shove them in raw."

Zayn relaxed. "Sorry sir, for assuming." He said and quickly took Mr. Taylor's fingers into his mouth, sucking them and licking them, he coated them in as much spit as possible. He then pulled off. "Is that alright, sir? Or should I keep going?" He asked licking his lips sexually.
"That's plenty." He said and spun Zayn around quickly. "Bend over." He instructed pushing him onto all fours before slowly yet unexpectedly shoving his two fingers into Zayn.

Zayn didn't fight Mr. Taylor positioning him and cooperated as much as possible. He then felt the two fingers being shoved into him and he gasped. "Shit. Your fingers are so big...And long. Feels incredible." He moaned loudly. It was quite the opposite of that, but he had a part to play and he was damn well going to play it as well as he could.

Mr. Taylor grinned. He'd fucked enough students to know Zayn didn't mean what he said but he didn't care because Zayn was cooperating.

He began to thrust his fingers in and out of Zayn, picking up his speed as he went. "You're outside lad. Get loud. Let the world hear you. Don't you dare cum without permission though."

Zayn quickly obeyed by letting out a loud moan. "Shit, sir. This feels so good." He moaned out. "Mm, Mr. Taylor, sir..." He moaned out loud. "I wish I could have you all the time." He said. "I'd never dream of cumming without permission." He moaned out and continued to be loud with his sounds.

He smiled, pleased with how loud Zayn was being. "Mmm, fuck." He groaned and slipped a third finger into Zayn. The sight was erotic. It had Mr. Taylor's cock leaking beads of precum on the ground near Zayn's face.

Zayn turned his face a little to look at Mr. Taylor. "Fuck, sir." He moaned loudly. "Nothing quite compares to your long fingers...Other than your amazing cock." He smirked then turned his head back round to face the ground as he continued to be loud and talk as dirty as he possibly could. "Oh...Sir..." Zayn moaned. "Do you think tomorrow you could call dibs on me as well? I am missing your perfect giant cock inside me." Really he just didn't want Mr. Jones to fuck him again.

"Keep talking like that and I'm gonna fuck you right now." He growled and slipped a fourth finger into Zayn. The pain pill had to be kicking in since he still wasn't complaining despite being stretched wide and fucked hard now with four fingers.

"I would love for you to fuck me right now but...I'm afraid of tearing and you not being able to use me at all. Mr. Jones was so rough and didn't use any spit at all. He definitely isn't as good as you either though. I know that not only are you the sexist Keeper here but also the smartest." He smiled and began to moan louder, almost screaming from the pleasure. It had unfortunately started to feel good. "I'd love to be yours..." He whispered.

Mr. Taylor removed his fingers and turned Zayn's face to look at him. "If you want to be mine tomorrow then you're either taking my cock or my fist tonight. Take your pick and make it fast or you're getting both." He was too horny right now to care if he cause Zayn to tear. He wanted what he wanted.

Zayn's eyes widened. He wasn't sure what was the safest option but he also didn't want to feel the after effects of being fisted so with a sexual tone, he smirked up at the Keeper. "Please fuck me. You can fist me another night. Tonight I'd rather feel that fat juicy cock inside me. I'm leaking just thinking about it."

Mr. Taylor was smart enough to not take Zayn's word for it. He reached down and smeared Zayn's precum over the tip of his cock. "Good lad. Very good lad."

He then moved and slapped Zayn's cheek and face with his large, hard cock. "Open up. Get me wet again. I'm nice enough to give you some lubricant."
Zayn adjusted himself so he faced Mr. Taylor, so he could suck on the cock more easily. He opened his mouth and quickly began to suck on the cock, using as much spit as he could manage to get on it and using his tongue to make sure it was completely coated. He was able to taste his own cum, which wasn't the best taste to have in his mouth. But it was better than nothing.

"How's that, sir? I hope I did a good enough job for you." He smirked.

"Perfect. Get yourself turned back around. Beg for my cock while you do it." He instructed and spit onto his fingers so he could reward Zayn by letting him have some lubricant on his hole as well.

"Oh please, Mr. Taylor, sir...I need to feel your cock inside me... Fucking me... I want to be owned by you so badly. I need that perfect cock inside me." Zayn did his best to beg for it as he turned back around. He even lifted his arse in the air to save the Keeper from having to do it himself. "No other cock I'd rather have fucking me than yours."

Mr. Taylor wiped his spit over Zayn's hole then lined up and gently slid into him. He wanted to ram inside and go to town on him but he was attempting to be easy on the lad. It was the least he could do since Zayn was obeying and saying what he could to make this experience even better.

"Shit." Zayn moaned. "Your cock...Never felt anything so amazing in my life, sir. Even compared to other Keepers. It feels so good to have you filling me up." He smiled back at the Keeper.

At least Mr. Taylor was going easy on him. Half of him wanted to give the Keeper what he wanted and beg to be fucked hard, but after Mr. Jones earlier that day, he was so scared of tearing. He didn't want to go through that.

"Mmm, good boy." He praised as he gently fucked him. It took all the control he had not to ruin the poor lads arse. He'd earned gentle sex however. "You're so tight. Not fucked often enough hmm?"

"No, sir." Zayn said. "Usually all I am usually asked for is blowjobs or eating someone out. Once even a boring handjob...But nothing compares to the amazing feeling of you being inside me." He smiled and moaned loudly. "Oh, sir...Feels good. May I request you go just a little faster?" Maybe there was a happy medium, somewhere between not fucking his brains out and not going so slow. He appreciated it for sure but he wondered if he gave the Keeper a little bit of what he really wanted, maybe he'd be saved from Mr. Jones tomorrow. "I really appreciate you going easy on me. You feel great, sir."

Mr. Taylor moaned and sped up a little. "You're so well behaved. Have to fuck you more often. I enjoy fucking the lads who don't fight."

Zayn grinned. "Please do, Mr. Taylor. Please... If you have me, I'd never fight you and always do what I am told. I'd give you anything you wanted without complaint or a fight." He begged a little. "I'm so hard, I'm leaking everywhere... Because of you. Because of what you do to me." He moaned.

"Talented mouth buttercup."

"Oh fuck, sir." Zayn moaned. "Your cock feels incredible. Best I've ever experienced. I love how it fills me up and I can't wait until your cum fills me, making me yours. I can't wait to feel completely owned by you...Your cock sir, feels amazing inside me. You feel... Incredible. Beyond words really." Zayn tried his best. "I'm very lucky to be fucked by you. You give the best sex at of all the Keepers."
Mr. Taylor allowed himself to get lost in Zayn's dirty talk. He found himself fucking the lad a bit harder still until finally his nails dug into Zayn's hips as he came hard, screaming a slew of curse words.

Zayn let a mix of a scream and a moan feeling Mr. Taylor fill him up. "Shit, sir...That felt amazing." He smiled. "Nothing compares to that feeling of you filling me up." He said. He hated saying it but he couldn't take any more of Mr. Jones.

"If you want to be allowed to cum get over here and clean me up." Mr. Taylor snapped. Of course he couldn't let Zayn have too much fun so he had to be a bit rough. "Hurry it up."

"Yes, sir." Zayn quickly turned around and licked Mr. Taylor clean. "You're all clean sure. I went over you twice to make sure. There's not a drop of cum left on you. I made sure of it." He smiled up at the Keeper.

"Good boy. How do you want help getting off? You've earned it." Mr. Taylor smirked. He didn't mind Zayn being overly fake because it meant he got an easy fuck and a great orgasm.

"Will you suck me, sir? I'd love to feel your mouth on me." Zayn grinned.

"If I find out you've told anyone at all I'll fuck you until you do rip open. Am I understood?" Mr. Taylor warned. He didn't suck off just anyone.

Zayn nodded. "Of course, sir. I wouldn't tell another soul." He said. "I wouldn't want anyone getting the wrong idea of you."

"Good lad." He nodded and helped Zayn onto his back. He then dropped down and took the smaller cock into his mouth and began sucking.

Zayn let out a loud moan. "Shit, sir. Your mouth really does feel amazing. Honest." He said. It didn't feel bad but his heart belonged to Niall, therefore it wasn't the best feeling. "Thank you, sir." He moaned again.

Mr. Taylor moaned around Zayn's cock to help him feel even better. He played with his balls a bit too as he bobbed his head up and down.

Zayn moaned even louder. His voice was beginning to hurt a little from being so loud. "This feels amazing, sir. Your mouth is so talented... Your hands are so talented...I'm so close."

"When you're ready." Mr. Taylor allowed before sucking on him again. He bobbed his head as fast as he could and licked over Zayn's slit.

Zayn screamed as his hips lifted off the ground and he came into Mr. Taylor's mouth, as a string of curse words and praises for the Keeper left his mouth.

"Oh..Fuck..." Zayn breathed as he tried to calm down.

"Satisfied?" Mr. Taylor asked with a smirk. Zayn looked completely spent and it was a bit amusing.

"Completely, sir." Zayn said as he breath finally came back to him. "Thank you so much, sir. That was amazing. Best sexual experience of my life." He smiled.

"I'm sure that's not actually the case but I'll take your flattery anyway." He nodded and began to get dressed. "You'll be mine tomorrow. No other Keepers will use you. You'll still be expected to be
shirtless however. If you're told to play with another student you'll still obey those orders. Understood?"

Zayn nodded. "I understand. Thank you." He said as he sat up a little. "I promise to be good." He smiled. At least his plan was working. "Would you like me to get dressed now, sir? Or should I walk back to my room with you nude so you can enjoy the view for a bit longer?" He asked.

"Put your trousers on. I don't want any of the night Keepers getting any ideas when they see how fit you are." Mr. Taylor told him. "How's your pain level by the way?"

"I feel a bit sore to be honest." Zayn spoke truthfully. "But I'm not in any pain right now, sir." He explained as he slowly stood. He wiped the gravel off the back of his body as much as he could before slipping his trousers on.

"This will help you sleep." Mr. Taylor pulled out a pill from one of his pockets. He held it out to Zayn. "Use the sink in your room for water." He instructed.

Zayn smiled at the Keeper as he took the pill. "Thank you, sir. I appreciate it." He said. He felt lucky enough to get a painkiller, but a sleeping pill as well? This really was his night. "Anything else I can do for you before we head back to my room?" He offered.

"No, just keep your trap shut about the blow job." He instructed. He then went to the door and unlocked it. "Let's go Buttercup. It's way past your bedtime."

"I promise to keep it quiet about the blowjob." Zayn said. Besides, Niall, he wouldn't share it with anyone. He didn't trust anyone enough with the information. "Yes, sir. And I promise to take the pill as soon as we get to the room."

"Good. Now keep it down so you don't wake anyone." He whispered as they walked down the hall of rooms. "Some of these rooms have infants. You wake them and you'll be the one to change them all and get them all back to sleep."

Zayn quickly nodded to show he understood but he kept his mouth shut as they walked.

When they made it back to the room Mr. Taylor unlocked the door and let Zayn inside. "Take your pill and go to bed. You have classes tomorrow." Mr. Taylor whispered. He then locked Zayn in the room and went on his way.

Zayn sighed as he leaned against the wall. He felt exhausted. He had not imagine his time with Mr. Taylor going that way. He did what he had to do to convince the Keeper to look into claiming him tomorrow. He walked over to the sink and turned on the taps, he put the pill in his mouth then washed it down with the tap water.

He turned off the taps and walked over to Niall's bunk which was above his own. He let his fingers travel to the lad's hair, even though it was shorter, it didn't make the lad any less of an Irish beauty in his eyes. "Baby? You wake?" He asked softly. He didn't want to go to bed without at least a little cuddle from his boyfriend.

"Sorta, you okay?" Niall yawned. He'd been almost asleep but for Zayn he'd wake back up.

"Mostly. I'm a little sore." Zayn pecked Niall's lips as he climbed up to lay beside him. "I managed to convince him to claim me tomorrow so Mr. Jones won't hurt me again. Tonight, didn't go as expected but I'll spare you the details." He explained as he pulled the lad into a cuddle. He
continued to play with Niall's hair. It felt so soft, he had become his favourite thing to do.

"Wish I could afford to buy you exclusively." Niall sighed and cuddled into Zayn. "One day you will be mine exclusively though. One day."

"I wish too, love." Zayn held him close. "One day, we'll be free. One day, we won't have to be fucked and sexually assaulted...abused by evil grown ass men. One day we'll be free. I promise when I'm free, I'll do everything to get you out of here. I won't rest." He kissed over Niall's face. "You may not have my body exclusively but you have my heart." He offered.

"I know I do. You're the only person who holds my heart too." He smiled softly. "No matter what, my heart will always only be yours."

Zayn leaned down and kissed Niall's lips softly. "Mine forever. Don't ever forget that. I'll be happy to remind you any time you need it though." He said.

"Thank you. I love you Zayn. You're everything I live for right now." Niall whispered.

"Me too..." Zayn paused. "Are you too tired for some fun? I did say I was going to make you feel good." He smirked.

“No.” Niall grinned and moved to straddle his boyfriend. “But I think the others are asleep.”

“We can be quiet. We’ve been quiet before.” Zayn said as he rubbed over Niall’s thighs.

“Best way to make me feel good to is to let me ride you.” Niall smirked as his hands went under Zayn’s shirt.

“Yeah? I’d be happy to lay here and let you do all the work.” Zayn teased as he played with the string on Niall’s joggers.

“And here I thought you were going to make me feel good.” Niall smiled playfully and took his shirt off.

Zayn ran his hands over Niall’s chest, going slow and gentle, over the bruises that covered it.

“Most of them are from my first day, that beating I got...” Niall said in a whisper. “They don’t hurt anymore.”

“You have a beautiful body. I just hate seeing it marked up.” Zayn pulled Niall down for a kiss.

“Well, your body is marked too, but just in a different way.” Niall mumbled as he pulled away from the kiss and began to pull on Zayn’s joggers.

“Less talking, more shedding clothes and kissing.” Zayn pulled Niall's shirt off.

The two lads quickly worked on getting the others clothes off, each piece of clothing falling from the top bunk to the floor beneath them.

Niall kissed over Zayn's gun tattoo that was on his right hip, then kissed over the lip print tattoo on his chest. He traced the tattoos with his tongue then moved to kiss Zayn's lips.

“Mmm, I wanna eat you before I fuck you.” Zayn moaned out.

“I love your tongue buried deep in me arse.” Niall moved to lay beside Zayn and he spread his legs apart wide.
Zayn grinned and moved into position with his head between Niall's legs. He moved Niall's legs over his shoulders then began to gently lick over Niall’s hole before finally pushing his tongue inside.

Niall moaned happily. It was nice to have someone he actually wanted and loved to touch him. It felt better to have Zayn's tongue inside him than it did Mr. Davis or any other Keeper.

“Zaynie.” He whispered. “So fuckin good. I love you.” He moaned.

Zayn internally smiled and pressed his tongue inside Niall a bit deeper and harder.

Niall gasped. “Feels amazing.” He gripped Zayn's hair lightly. “Mm, I can't be patient. I need you inside me. I'll ride you another night.”

Zayn removed his tongue and brought his now erect cock up to Niall's mouth. “Suck on it, baby. Get it nice and wet.”

Niall took Zayn's cock into his mouth and began to suck on it. He could taste the precum and loved it.

He had never liked the taste of cum before coming to this place. With all the cum he usually had to swallow from Keepers, tasting Zayn instead was a great taste.

“Mmm, if you keep sucking like that, I'm going to cum in your mouth.” Zayn moaned.

Niall pulled back. “Mmm, please fuck me now? I'm so hard and I just want to feel you inside me.” He begged.

“Whatever you want. I’ll give you whatever you want.” Zayn kissed over Niall’s face, then lined himself up.

“I’ll hold you to that...for when we get out of here.” Niall smiled.

“You’re my princess. I’ll give you whatever your heart desires or attempt to at least.” Zayn said then pushed himself in.

Niall bit down on his lip to keep himself quiet as their roommates were asleep. “There is no better feeling than you inside me.” He whispered with a mix of a moan.

Zayn slowly began to move, the bunk creaking a little as he thrusted into Niall. “Mmm, my princess.” He moaned quietly into Niall’s ear.

“My prince.” Niall grinned and wrapped his arms around Zayn’s body, pressing it closer to his own.

After a minute or so, Zayn began to speed up his thrusts and the creaking got louder.

Louis woke up to the sound of something creaking. He sat up in his bunk and rubbed his eyes. He looked towards the sounds and rolled his eyes seeing Niall and Zayn, fucking in Niall’s bunk. “Oi. Keep it down, will ya? Trying to sleep.”

Niall gave Louis the finger but didn’t respond.

“Can’t control the sound the bunks make.” Zayn groaned.
“Sure you can.” Harry groaned, he had been awake since Zayn came back into the room. “Just cum and let us to go sleep...Your Highness.”

Louis chuckled. “Nice.” He smiled over at Harry.

“Thanks. I sometimes think of a good one.” Harry grinned.

“Oh my GOD, shut up.” Niall rolled his eyes.

“Then hurry the fuck up. I wanna get some sleep before I’m assaulted again tomorrow.” Harry narrowed his eyes.

“Honestly, same.” Louis said.

Zayn let out a sigh. “Just ignore them and focus on me.” He said softly to Niall and kissed over his face then his lips as he began thrusting harder into his boyfriend.

“Mm, my prince...You feel so good. So big.” Niall moaned.

“It’s not that big.” Harry mumbled and pressed the pillow to his ears.

Louis chuckled quietly and lay back down, trying to ignore the sounds of Zayn and Niall fucking.

“My princess. Fuck. You’re so tight. Always tight for me.”

“Or maybe he’s not fucked enough.” Louis said quietly to himself rolling his eyes.

It wasn’t much longer than Zayn finally came inside Niall with a mix of a moan and a shout. Niall following shortly after that.

“My princess.” Zayn kissed over Niall’s face as he gently pulled out.

“Fucking finally.” Harry sighed.

“Maybe now we can get some sleep.” Louis grumbled and turned on his side.

Zayn cleaned up the bits of Niall’s cum between them and moved to lay next to him.

Niall yawned. "My prince...I love you. Will you hold me until I fall asleep?"

"I love you too, my little Irish princess.” Zayn smiled a little. "Of course.” He said and kissed Niall's forehead. "Sleep. I won't go anywhere." Until his sleeping pill kicked in but he wanted to do this for Niall, hold him, comfort him, and help him get to sleep a little easier. He loved his boy. He'd do anything to keep him happy and safe.

With Zayn holding him it didn't take Niall long to drift to sleep. Zayn then looked around the room. Louis was fast asleep, naked and sprawled out for the world to see without a care. Harry was curled up with Liam's teddy bear. Zayn couldn't help but notice how young Harry really was as he laid there like that. He was so mature for his age that it was easy to forget he was only 14.
Zayn then looked down at Niall, who was now sleeping peacefully in his arms. He loved him so much. He couldn't live without Niall. Not that he even wanted to try. He couldn't ever be separated from him. He probably die from worry alone.

He lowered his head to kiss Niall's cheek, then he carefully untangled himself from his boyfriend as he climbed down the ladder.

He felt his painkiller kicking in, he saw his blanket though, his reward for helping with Liam.

He frowned a little as he looked up at Niall who now without body heat, seemed to look a little cold. He knew he might be punished for this but he was too tired to care. He grabbed the blanket and put it over Niall's body. He then crawled into his bunk and fell asleep on top of his blankets. He felt warm anyways.

A few hours later, Louis woke up, he really needed to wee. He climbed out of his bunk and walked over to the toilet to relieve himself after he relieved himself and he ran a hand a through his hair as he looked around. This was his life for the next few months.

At least two fuckings per day and giving multiple blowjobs a day. He knew his roommates didn’t like him very much and he couldn’t blame them, he honestly tried hard at being nice and not being sarcastic and a jerk all the time, but it was difficult. He became this way to protect himself from getting hurt, but his roommates weren’t the ones he needed to be protected from.

He needed to try harder at getting along with everyone and be kinder. He looked around the room again and noticed that Zayn had placed his blanket on Niall. “Fucking twat...Trying to get himself and possibly his boyfriend in trouble?” He mumbled to himself quietly.

He shook his head and walked over to the bunk beds. He leaned up on his tippy toes and grabbed the blanket then slowly took it off Niall, being careful not to wake the sleeping lad. He then moved the blanket and slowly placed it on Zayn, trying not to wake him up either.

When he finished, he pulled Niall’s thin blanket over top of him to try and keep the chill off somewhat at least then went back to bed.

Later on in the morning, the lads woke to the door being opened.

Zayn was the first one to wake up. He felt a bit panicked until he realized his warm blanket was back on top of him.

"Up lads. We have breakfast to get to." Mr. Watson shouted to the rest of them. "Come on baby, you need to get woken up too." Mr. Watson told Liam who sleepily had his head on his shoulder.

"No." Liam complained. He just wanted to snuggle with Papa and have a sleepy morning.

Zayn quickly stood along with Harry and Louis. He felt a bit out of it due to the sleeping pill but noticing that Niall never heard Mr. Watson, he quickly shook him. "Nialler, wake up." He said in a gentle tone.

Niall normally didn't sleep well due to being cold but last night's sleep was great. maybe because he fell asleep in Zayn's arms. He quickly got of the bed and assumed position with his arms behind his back. "So sorry, sir." He lowered his head. "I didn't hear you come in." He bit his lip. He hoped
he wouldn't be punished. He had been trying really hard.

Harry and Louis were out of bed right away as well, assuming the appropriate positions.

"Sir, may I get dressed for breakfast first or would you like me to eat in the nude?" Louis asked.

"Put your uniform on." Mr. Watson told him. He then looked at Liam, "Either you get yourself woken up or no more Batman before bed on weeknights."

Liam whimpered but lifted his head with a pout on his face. "Since I have to be awake can we at least let Harry hang up the picture I colored?"

"Sure." Mr. Watson then sat Liam in his crib as he searched the nappy bag for the tape. "Found it. It goes beside his bed, right, babe?"

"Yes papa." Liam yawned. He needed breakfast to help wake up.

"Here you are sir." Harry handed the drawing to him. "Oh, here LiLi." Harry smiled and handed Bruce to him. "I kissed him three times before I fell asleep. He kept me comfortable all night."

"Thank you, bubby." Liam held the bear close to his chest as he lay down on the mattress.

"Hey! No laying down. Stay awake for me." Mr. Watson told the young lad.

He then took the photo from Harry and taped it beside his bed.

"Come on bub. You gotta try to be a little bit of a big boy okay?" Harry smiled and ruffled his hair. "Hey, if you do what papa says maybe he'll let us play together after classes are over." He offered.

"Speaking of classes, my wee one is too young to attend any of his classes, besides his Health class, that's important. He will attend classes with you, curly. You will watch over him, and care for him during the mornings. He has his play times and naps in the afternoon." Mr. Watson explained as he walked over to Liam and picked him up. "You'll feel better after the rest of your breakfast." He had given Liam a little bit of cereal and nursed him earlier that day before they left. He kissed Liam's cheek. "You'll feel more awake soon."

He looked at the others and looked over Zayn who was shirtless.

"Mr. Taylor told me to not wear a shirt today, sir."

"Alright then." Mr. Watson nodded.

"Sir, does that mean I'll be in charge of nappy changes and making sure he's alright while in class? Will the instructors know I'm allowed to?" Harry wondered.

"I'll explain to your instructors about the situation. As long as he doesn't become a distracted, I'm sure they won't argue. They don't really have a say in the matter anyways. And yes, you'll be in charge of nappy changes and his happiness." Mr. Watson told Harry. "Let's go. Can't be late." He walked over to the door and unlocked it.

"All of you, out." The Keeper growled.

"Papa, I want more milk for breakfast." Liam pouted a little. Coming off of that special pill seemed to always leave him cranky.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Sure. We'll chill in the kitchen and Mr. Taylor can keep an eye on your
mates and brother for me." He rubbed over Liam's back and bum. It was easier to agree with the cranky lad than to fight with him.

"I had the best sleep last night. I have to fall asleep in your arms more often." Niall whispered to Zayn.

Zayn grinned. "Anytime, my love."

"Ugh. Enough with the sappy shit. Please...But in the future, you might wanna keep your rewards to yourself." Louis warned them.

"What do you mean?" Niall asked.

"I woke up to wee, I noticed Zayn's warm blanket was on your bed. I took it off and put it back on him." Louis explained. "I didn't want either of you to be in trouble."


"I do have a heart contrary to popular belief. Besides, I told you I'd try to be nicer. I meant it." Louis told Harry.

"You didn't have to give me your blanket. You could have gotten into so much trouble." Niall told Zayn.

Zayn shrugged. "Mr. Taylor gave me a sleeping pill after he was done with me. In my fuzzed out brain, it seemed like a good idea. And I don't mind getting in trouble over you. You're worth it." He whispered.

"Well thank you." Niall smiled and winked at him. It was almost like their secret kiss.

"Alright lads, make it fast. Curly get to the front of the line so I can warm your plate." He instructed. "I can't be waiting on you behind everyone else. I need time to feed your brother."

Zayn grinned and winked back.

Harry quickly picked out what he wanted then handed the plate to Mr. Watson. "I can wait here for you while you warm it up." He offered.

"Actually, you can come with me and watch your brother in the kitchen while I warm up your food." Mr. Watson said then walked into the kitchen to warm up Harry's food with Liam still sleepy in his arms.

"Here, sit here love." Mr. Watson said putting Liam in a chair at a table the Keepers usually ate at on their lunch break. He then walked away.

"You gotta wake up buddy. Papa might get mad if you keep acting sleepy." Harry warned.

"Too much fun last night." Liam said as he rubbed his eyes. "And Papa wasn't with me all night. He came laters. Harder to sleep without Papa." He pouted.

"By too much fun I take it you mean more special milk?" Harry asked.

Liam smiled and nodded.

"It's always your choice right? He's not making you is he? If he's hurting you I want you to tell me." Harry didn't know when he'd get another chance to ask that.
"LiLi's choice! Always." Liam seemed offended by the question. "Papa never hurt LiLi. Papa love LiLi. LiLi and Papa boyfriends too." He sat back in his chair as he kicked at the leg of the table a little as he pouted again. He didn't like Harry's question.

"Hey, its brother's job to make sure you're okay. I wasn't accusing your papa of anything. I was just making sure my favorite person in the whole world is happy and safe." Harry tried to be honest but also save himself.

"Me safe and happy with Papa forever and ever. Like infinity and beyond forever." Liam said. "Bubby don't need to worry. LiLi is just fine." He smiled a little.

Harry kissed Liam on the head. "Good, I'll always worry though bubba. You're my baby brother. My worrying means I love you."

Liam giggled at the kiss. "Me special." He giggled again.

"You are very special LiLi." Harry grinned as he saw Mr. Watson coming back. "You're so special that you have a brother who loves you and a papa who loves you."

"Yes, my special little baby." Mr. Watson leaned down and kissed Liam's lips. "Whom I adore and love very much." He said then handed Harry his plate. "Here you go."

"Thank you so much sir. Thank you too LiLi." Harry smiled happily and quickly walked away.

"Bubby was happy. Did you see papa?" Liam asked.

"Yes, I saw. He was a good boy so good boys get rewards." Mr. Watson smiled down at Liam.

He heard the microwave beep and that meant Liam's bottle was ready. He had switched it after Harry's plate finished. He walked over to the microwave then took it out. He took off his shirt and sat it on the table behind him. He set up the nursing system then he walked over to Liam. He picked him up and sat him on his lap. "There you are, lovie. You can have your milk now." He smiled.

Liam giggled happily and quickly latched onto his papa. He sucked at the milk and almost moaned at how relaxed it made him. He loved warm milk and he loved getting to suck on his papa. His eyes twinkled up at Mr. Watson happily as a few other Keepers came into the kitchen. "I love you too, baby." Mr. Watson whispered and kissed his head.

The other Keepers knew better to say anything, at the very least, they wanted to be respectful. They grabbed a few things and left, giving Mr. Watson and Liam their privacy.

Mr. Watson ran a hand over Liam's back as he watched him suck. It was adorable and also if he allowed himself, a slight turn on as well. It was difficult not to allow himself to be turned on when Liam sucked on his nipples, but he'd do anything to make sure Liam was happy and healthy.

"I've got dibs on one of your lads for the day." Mr. Taylor told Mr. Watson as he buttered a slice of toast. "What's his name, dark skin, well behaved?"

"Zaynie." Liam said as he popped off for a moment before latching back on and running his papa's stomach as he nursed.

Mr. Watson smiled down at Liam then looked back up at Mr. Taylor. "Zayn is a well behaved lad.
He's only been in trouble a couple of times and both times it was for hitting Louis and honestly, you can't say the lad didn't deserve it." He chose his words carefully as Liam was in the room.

"So dibs for the day or longer?" Mr. Watson asked.

"Just the day."

Liam was still just latched onto his papa sucking down the last of his milk.

"He likes nursing doesn't he?" Mr. Taylor grinned a little. "To think, we use those systems for punishment and this little one actually craves it."

Mr. Watson grinned as he nodded. "Oh yeah. He asked for this. He wanted it this way. Crazy how a punishment for most people is one of the things he enjoys most." He said and helped Liam sit up when the lad had finished. "Feel better, love?" He asked.

Liam nodded, "Yes papa. I love getting to nurse." He smiled and looked at Mr. Taylor, "Hi." He giggled.

Mr. Taylor smiled. "Hi, LiLi."

"I papa's baby. Papa like it and and I likes it. LiLi likes to be little Mr. Tay-Tay." He giggled and kissed Mr. Watson's chest. "LiLi is one."

"Cute." Mr. Taylor looked at Mr. Watson. "I've never been called Tay-Tay...But you're kind of adorable, so I'll let you call me that." He told Liam. "What are you going to do with him today? I'm assuming you're not sending him to his classes."

"I'm going to let the curly lad watching him while in classes. We'll see how it goes anyway. I have to work but he needs watched in this headspace. He doesn't like coming out of it and I don't like it either." He replied.

"Hmm, I suppose you can't just leave him playing in his crib all morning..." Mr. Taylor said. "Hopefully he's not too much of a distraction, not just to moptop but to the other students." He said. "Hope it works out."

"If anything we may have to create some sort of daycare. Make Murphy be in charge of it." Mr. Watson laughed.

Mr. Taylor laughed. "Wouldn't he just love that...And hey, a daycare doesn't sound like a bad idea. Maybe some students are too little to attend a class for a day or two...It's an interesting thought."

"Punishment for others, being forced to sit in soiled nappies for a day. Make sure their roommates are part of them being dropped off so they'll get laughed at. LiLi of course would be treated correctly though." Mr. Watson replied with a grin.

"Oh of course. LiLi is special. LiLi gets all the toys he wants and will have his nappy checked regularly so he doesn't have to sit in anything soiled for long. If he's cranky, pull his brother out of class." Mr. Taylor said. "Or a roommate. Either way, I love this idea. I think it should happen. I'll see what the others think." He smiled.

"Good, lets make it happen. Put Murphy in his place while abusing the students and having my little love cared for. Three birds. One stone." He smiled bigger feeling proud of himself.

"Mr. Tay Tay, Zaynie is my friend. Can you maybe not hurt him really bad please? He's a good
boy." Liam softly asked before Mr. Taylor could walk away.

Mr. Taylor looked down at Liam. "Don't you worry, Zaynie is safe with me. If he's a good lad, then I'll go easy on him. He was good last night and even though I wanted to hurt him, I held back because he was good and didn't deserve to be hurt." He tried to explain.

"Thank you. You're nice." Liam smiled. "Just like papa only I love my papa most of all."

Mr. Watson kissed Liam's cheek, "I love you too baby. You're such a sweet boy."

Mr. Taylor grinned. "He knows how to sweet talk, that's for sure." He said. "I should get back out there. Tell my Buttercup the good news. Have a good morning, LiLi." He waved at the little lad and walked back into the cafe.

"Papa, can I take a color book to class with bubby? The fridge at home needs my art work. Oh and bubby's room there needs art work too," Liam smiled.

"You can take whatever you want, my love." Mr. Watson said, wrapping his arms around the lads little waist. "Would you like any food or was the milk just enough for you?" He asked resting his chin on Liam's shoulder. "Anything for my sweet boy."

"Just milk papa. I promise I eat real food at lunch before nap time." Liam told him. "I want to go out there now. I wanna watch the big kids finish eating. Please?"

"Sure," Mr. Watson nodded and took off the nursing system. He placed it in the bag and then moved Liam to sit on the chair as he grabbed his shirt from the table and put it back on. He picked up the nappy bag then picked Liam back up.

"Did you wanna sit with the big kids for a few minutes? I need to do a walk around checking up on the students to make sure they're behaving..." He suggested as they walked out.

"Yes please papa. Anyone from my room." Liam replied. He didn't trust any of the other students. He kissed Mr. Watson's lips and whispered in his ear, "I love you forever my papa."

"Of course. I wouldn't trust you with anyone else." Mr. Watson said. He saw Mr. Derringer and Mr. Guinness making use of Harry's mouth and arse. Mr. Watson then spotted Zayn and Niall at a table with a few other students.

He walked over to them. "You two." He saw Zayn and Niall sitting next to each other. "I have a couple things to do and LiLi will spend the rest of breakfast with you."

"Yes, sir." Zayn said as Niall moved over with his chair and Zayn grabbed an unused chair from another table and placed it between them.

"You can sit with us, LiLi. We'd love to have you join us." Niall said as Mr. Watson gave Zayn the nappy bag and kissed Liam's cheek. "I love you. Be a good boy for your mates, listen to them." He looked at Niall. "If he's cranky, just come get me." He said.

"Of course." Niall said. "We'll take good care of him."

"You better." Mr. Watson warned and walked off.

Chapter End Notes
This is the best thing I have ever written, not talking about the Ziall sex part lol but the fic itself. It's been...so much fun to write this and it's my happy place.

I know at times it can feel like it's dragging on but we're at chapter 40 atm and have a almost solid plan for the ending. We're getting there. SLOWLY. But we're getting there. :)

Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

Reposting this because I forgot to fix it. I had a lot of stuff from the previous chapter in it and just ugh. I'm mad at myself for forgetting about it.

Anyways, chapter is fixed. Nothing repeated from the previous chapter now.

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Shit. I almost forgot it was new chapter day.

No one commented demanding a new chapter and I got into Suits (It's my research for our new fiction which involves Stripper!Louis and Lawyer!Harry ;) Hehe.)

Plus, it's been a really hard week. On the weekend, a really close friend of the family died and then my grandmother's brother aka my great uncle died suddenly a couple days ago in a freak work related accident.

Overall, my mind just isn't with it...So if there are mistakes, or inconsistencies that I might've missed when editing this chapter, let me know and I'll go back and correct them.

I really hope you enjoy this chapter. :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Zaynie!" Liam squeaked excitedly. "Mr. Tay Tay said if you were good boy he wouldn't hurt you."

"Mr. Tay Tay?" Niall asked.

"This must be Liam." David smiled.

"No! Not Liam!" He quickly corrected in a harsh tone. He was more awake now but still a bit cranky.

"He likes being called LiLi." Zayn told David. "And I'm assuming he means Mr. Taylor."

"Yep, he and papa were talking while I nursed." Liam explained.

Liam then turned away from Zayn and stuck his tongue out at David. He didn't like how David had called him Liam. 'Liam' was only for when he was in his bigger state of mind.

"LiLi, be nice to David. He didn't know that you liked being called that." Zayn scolded a little. He really tried not to make it sound harsh or mean, but more of a correction. "Now that he does know though, he will call you that from now on. Right?" He asked.

"Of course LiLi." David smiled at him. "I'm sorry if I upset you."
Liam nodded, "Is okay. Oh oh I gets to play with you tonight, Zaynie." He clapped as he giggled a little.

"Play with me?" Zayn asked confused. "What do you mean LiLi? Are we playing with your blocks?"

"No." Liam pouted. He didn't get why Zayn wasn't understanding. "I play with you like me and LouLou played last night." He grinned thinking about it. "I owned him." He giggled.

"Oh," Zayn forced a smile. "I guess that makes me very lucky. I saw what a great job you did. I was jealous."

"He topped someone?" David quietly asked Niall. He didn't want to hurt the lads feelings again.

"No jealous, no more." Liam said. "I own you too tonight." He giggled.

"Can't wait." Zayn forced a grin.

Niall nodded. "From what I hear...I didn't see it. Mr. Davis had me instead." He whispered back. "Mr. Watson wanted him to learn how to top so he learned on Louis while Harry was by his side teaching him." He explained.

"So do the rest of your roommates get a turn with you?" David asked Liam curiously.

"Probably. It's whatever papa wants." Liam smiled.

David nodded. "Lucky boy to get to own more than one person."

Liam smiled then looked over at Niall who seemed upset. It's then that his little mind remembered that Niall and Zayn were together.

He frowned and leaned over to Niall. "Papa says I play with Zaynie tonight but he still yours first." He tried to help Niall feel better.

"I know buddy. I'll be okay. I just don't like sharing. Probably the same way you don't like sharing papa. Promise you'll be extra nice?" Niall asked. He tried to choose his words carefully.

"Me no share papa, ever." Liam said very seriously. "And I promise to be extra nice. He held my lollipop last night. He deserves extra nice. Maybe papa will let me play with you tomorrow? Or maybe one night I can play with both you and Zaynie and you don't have to be upset at all!" He grinned then clapped his hands excitedly.

"Yeah, just don't tell papa okay? You promised you wouldn't tell him Zaynie and I are together. Can you still promise that? Pretty please LiLi?" Niall nervously asked.

"I would never tell that to anyone." Liam said softly. "I no wants you and Zaynie in trouble because you love each other. I promise promise which is like...The ultimate promise." He leaned up and kissed Niall's cheek. "Me no ever tell. Sealed with a kiss." He said then kissed Zayn's cheek. He giggled some more.

"Thank you LiLi. You're the sweetest." Niall smiled.

"Yeah, that's very nice of you." David agreed.

"We're very lucky to have you as our friend." Zayn smiled at Liam who grinned at them.
Liam then looked back and forth between Niall and Zayn. He had used his nappy but couldn't bring himself to say anything with David around. He wasn't comfortable with David like was with his mates and brother. Zayn had the bag so he tapped Zayn's shoulder. "I needs changed." He frowned.

"Oh, I can change you." Zayn told him. "Why do you look so upset LiLi?"

"Because people are going to stare." For the most part, Liam had stopped caring about what others thought, but he still felt tired so small things felt like big things. "You've never done it before...Don't forget cream. Helps bum not to be sore."

"Would you rather I get your papa or Mr. Taylor? Maybe they'd take you someplace private." Zayn didn't want Liam to be uncomfortable and then get upset with him.

"That or maybe David and I can stand and block people's view?" Niall offered.

Liam was quiet as he thought about it. Papa and Mr. Tay-Tay were working. He didn't want to bother them. He looked at Niall and slowly nodded. "Good friend." He smiled.

David stood and came around to the other side of the table as Zayn helped Liam lay down on it.

Niall stood to join him with their backs to them as Zayn began changing Liam's nappy.

Of course other students tried to stare but there wasn't much to see. Some Keepers across the room seemed curious as to what was going on too.

"Thank you." Liam whispered. "Cream goes on after I'm clean." He said as he touched Zayn's hair. He was silent as Zayn cleaned him up and put the cream on him. Liam then lifted his hips as Zayn got a fresh nappy on him. He then put Liam's trousers back on. "There you go. You're all clean now. I hope I did a good job." He said as he lifted Liam back into the chair. The lad was a lot lighter than he looked.

"All done." Liam told Niall and David. "Thank you for helping." It made him feel better about David.

"Did Zaynie do everything right?" Niall asked. It was a bit strange but something about Liam being so cute in his headspace helped lighten Niall's mood.

Liam nodded. "He was great!" He felt a little less moody now. "He knew every step. Gentle. And remembered cream. It is important to remember cream." He said.

"Yeah, stops your bum from getting a rash." Niall said.

"Alright you slags, get your shit cleaned up! We have a schedule to keep!" Mr. Kelly yelled.

Liam frowned as his eyes searched for his Papa after hearing the Keeper. "I can stay with you until Papa comes." Niall offered sitting next to Liam.

"I'll take your stuff then." Zayn offered and grabbed both his and Niall's trays.

"Thanks." Niall smiled at Zayn. He felt lucky to have someone as great as him, he almost wondered sometimes what he did to deserve him.

Liam nodded. "Thank you...Did you like your breakfast?" He asked curiously. He always liked his meals.

"It was okay." Niall replied. He hated the flavor of the food here but at least it was food.
"Hi sweetheart. Papa got a little busy with someone who wasn't being good." Mr. Watson said coming over to Liam. "Did they take proper care of my little love?"

"Papa! Missed you." Liam made grabby hands, wanting to be held. "They was very nice. Zaynie changed me because I made a wee." He giggled.

Niall picked the bag off the floor. "Here's the nappy bag, sir. I knew he couldn't be alone so I stayed with him until you came." He smiled.

"Good. Go get in line now." Mr. Watson told him and picked up Liam. "Are you going to be a good boy and sit in the playpen while everyone gets showered up or do you want to be washed as well?"

"I don't need to be washed." Liam giggled. "You gave me bath last night after special play time." He cuddled into papa. "Playpen." He smiled.

"Alright, just checking. I know you don't like showers much." He kissed Liam's head. "We need to brush your teeth though alright? You can watch the others shower up but then you have to let papa help you brush your teeth."

Liam nodded. "Yes, papa. I like you brushing my teeth." He kissed over Mr. Watson's face and grinned. "My papa forever and ever." He giggled. He was feeling even better now that he was in Papa's arms.

"Always and forever my love." He smiled. "I don't know if there is even words to describe how much I love you. Everything about you." He kissed his lips. "Gotta go in the playpen now though. Papa has to make sure the big boys do what they're supposed to."

"Gotta get going now though." He told him and went to where the other lads stood waiting for him.

Liam nodded and started to play with papa's buttons. "When can I has my own button shirt?" He asked.

"Hmm," Mr. Watson thought in his head as they all began walking the hall. "If you can be a good boy for your brother today papa will get you a button shirt. You have to be really good though LiLi." Mr. Watson didn't exactly want Liam to have his own button shirt because he feared it would mean Liam wouldn't play with his anymore. He couldn't tell his little boy no however.

"Papa's shirts will always be the best ones. Maybe I can has one of yours?" Liam asked as he wrapped his arms around Mr. Watson's neck. "LiLi love papas shirts. Papa shirts best shirts ever." He kissed Mr. Watson's lips. "I promise to be very good."

"My shirts might be a bit big for you love but if you are a good boy I'll let you have one." Mr. Watson promised. "Are you hearing this Curly?"

"Uh yes." Harry was half listening to the conversation. "If LiLI is an extra good boy with me then I'll tell you and he'll get a button up shirt...or you'll give him one of yours..." He said.

"Exactly, so I'll need to know how he is for you." He told him.

"LiLi is always good boy silly papa." Liam giggled.

"I'll keep an eye on him and I'll tell you how he was after each class when you come to pick us up.
Promise.” Harry smiled.

"Good." He nodded as they reached the showers. "Get washed up quickly so you can be inspected." He told them and walked over to the playpen where another student who was being treated as an infant sat already.

Mr. Watson sat Liam in the playpen beside the other student. "I'll be able to see you no matter where I walk, if you need anything, just yell for me or Tay-Tay, alright?" He smiled and kissed Liam's head then lips.

"Okay papa." Liam smiled and watched him walk away. He glanced around the room the shyly smiled at the other lad sitting with him.

The other lad crossed his arms as he sat. "I can't fucking believe this. This is so fucked up...And I have to wait until tonight to have one of my roommates shower me." He complained and glanced over at Liam. "How are you so into this? It's sick."

"I like it." Liam shrugged in his little voice. "I'm happier this way. It makes me feel good." He wasn't sure how to explain himself. "No stress. No worries."

"Weird." The student said. "So you like having to wear a nappy and all that baby shit?" He shook his head. "Strange concept, mate. I don't get how anyone can enjoy being treated this way. I'm just trying to play along long enough so that Mr. Pieters lets me out of this fucking thing."

"It's started cause I was bad and cried too much but I just found it makes me happy. It's my preference." Liam explained more. "Whatever makes you happy is what you should do I think."

The student sighed. "I can get that...The whole "papa" thing is a bit creepy though. He's a grown ass man and you're just a teenager. There are laws against that but not like that stops them from doing anything." He paused. "I cried during sex. I've had straight sex and lied about having anal sex so it wasn't the best experience the first time I was fucked, then they found out I lied, so between the two...they figured the baby treatment was the best way to go until I can start acting my age again, apparently."

"Age is just a number. I say who cares." Liam replied. "I know I love papa and I know he loves me so who cares how old we are. If I wanna be one then I'll be one. It's my choice."

The student nodded. "And what happens to you when you turn 18 and we're released from this prison...Ever think about that?"

"I stay with papa." Liam answered confidently. "We talked about it. He is mine forever and I am his forever and bubbey will be my brother forever." He smiled.

The student nodded. "Well, I hope it works out for ya..." He said and sighed as he leaned against the playpen. "Worst part of the baby thing is just...pure boredom."

"If you don't wanna be a baby I suppose. I like coloring and playing blocks though. It's fun to crash down towers." He smiled. "Just be a good boy and no more crying. Do what the Keeper says and eventually you'll get to be a big boy again."

"Doesn't always work like that, but it's what I've been trying to do. Pieters is almost as bad as Patterson. I'm glad he's gone for the week though." The student said.

"Yes, he's gone cause he was bad to me. He broke papa's rule." Liam frowned remembering. "I wasn't even breaking a rule but he wouldn't listen. He spanks harder than even papa."
The boy nodded. "You think that's bad...I was sent to the playroom for lying. I heard that the pit is even worse. I'm thankful for that." He said. "I'd be happy with a spanking..."

"Never been to either." Liam replied. "Oh a lad in my room has gone to the pit. I heard him say it was awful. Papa almost sent him there again." Liam told him with big eyes. "Papa is nicer now though. I asked him to be."

"Wow. I never knew a Keeper could be so whipped." The students said. "You have powers so it seems. Maybe you could put in a good word for me?"

"I just ask papa nice for things. He normally say yes." Liam replied. "Most people are mean to me. You been nice. I can ask papa if maybe he will help you. Papa like when people are nice to me." Liam then looked confused. "I dunno who you are though."

"That must be nice...Oh, I'm Will." The lad said. "Thank you for asking your papa. It's worth a try." He smiled.

"You're welcome. Thank you for being nice to me Will." Liam told him with a smile.

"We students gotta stick out for each other in a place like this. Help each other out when we can. Least I can do." Will said.

"Most kids don't think that way about me." Liam replied. He began to fidget with his dummy. "Most kids think I'm stupid and strange or gross. They don't understand me."

"Well, it's strange that you basically chose this and enjoy this. It's not really something you hear about people enjoying." Will said. "And most of the lads here are just jaded. I mean, who wouldn't be in a place like this. I wouldn't let them get to you."

"I don't so much no more." Liam replied. "I gets shy sometimes. I'm better at ignoring it though. Bubby helps too. He's allowed to yell at other students who tease me." Liam smiled. "I love my bubby."

"Wait, so is that his actual name or is it something you call him?" Will asked.

Liam giggled, "His name is Harry but I asked him to be my real brother and he said yes. We kinda adopted each other and so I call him bubby. He calls me bubba." He smiled thinking of how lucky he was to have his papa and his brother. "I have a family finally."


"I saw it in a film before. Maybe it was an American film." Liam shrugged as Mr. Watson finally came back over. "My papa!"

"My LiLi!" Mr. Watson grinned and scooped Liam up into his arms. "I hope you and the other baby here had a nice little chat. He didn't bother you did he?" He asked as he comfortably held Liam now.

"He was so nice papa!" Liam told him happily. "He was really super nice to me. Isn't that wonderful?"

Mr. Watson raised an eyebrow, someone besides his roommates was nice to his little lad. He looked down at the boy. "I appreciate it. No one other than his roommates are nice to him usually." He said. "Your Pieters boy right? I'll talk to him about giving you a reward for good
behaviour."

Liam gave Will a smile then looked at Mr. Watson, "Papa is so nice. Makes me happy." He then kissed his cheek and hugged his neck.

"Thank you sir. Thank you so much." Will told him. "He said it's his choice to be the way he is. I'd never make fun of someone for the way they choose to live."

"Smart lad...That's very big boy thinking right there. I'll let Pieters know, but I can't make him do anything, only pass along that you were well behaved and kind." Mr. Watson smiled at Liam's kisses. "C'mon love, we have to get your brother and mates to their classes."

"But my teeth?" Liam questioned. "You said you'd help me brush them. I like my teeth papa. If you don't brush them they will fall out."

"Right. Thank you for reminding, papa." Mr. Watson said. "Don't worry, I won't let those pretty teeth of yours fall out." He said and walked over to the lockers. He grabbed Liam's toothbrush and toothpaste from his shower cradle then walked over to the counter where he sat Liam on top of. "Open wide and try not to bite Papa. I like my fingers." He teased a little as he put some toothpaste on the brush.

Liam laughed. He'd never bite his papa. He held his mouth open like a good boy though and let his teeth be brushed.

"Watson, I've got your boys inspected." Mr. Taylor told him.

"Thank you. I appreciate it. Have you told your Buttercup the good news yet?" Mr. Watson asked as he brushed Liam's bottom teeth.

"I did briefly earlier and guess your little one finished filling in the details for me. Saved me from having to do it." Mr. Taylor replied. "Thank you for that cutie."

Liam couldn't talk because of papa brushing his teeth so he tried to smile then gave a thumbs up.

Mr. Watson chuckled. "He says you're welcome. He loves sharing good news." He said then went to work on Liam's upper teeth. "Oh, and Liam will be using Ace tonight, if you don't already have plans that is." He wanted to check in first.

"Of course not. If little man wants a piece of him I'm more than happy to share. Anytime Liam wants him don't even bother asking. I trust Liam. He's a very good boy." Mr. Taylor smiled. "You just make sure and tell me if any of the other Keepers are using him today."

"I'll share any information about that. Liam will keep an eye out as well. He's good for keeping an eye on his mates for me." Mr. Watson said then removed the toothbrush from Liam's mouth. "Lean over and spit in the sink please." He told the lad.

Liam did as he was told then looked up at his papa with a slightly mad face, "Not Liam. Liam is big boy."

Mr. Taylor couldn't help but laugh a little at the lad. "That's right LiLi. Tell your papa all about it."

"Sorry. Papa slipped. It was a mistake. Yes, you are LiLi, always my LiLi." Mr. Watson kissed his nose and picked him up. "We'll get the lads bags then take them to class." He told Liam. He looked over at Taylor. "Have you talked to anyone about the daycare idea yet?" He asked.
"Just Kelly and Pieters. They both love it. Pieters said if Murphy is running it he'll infantilize more students." Mr. Taylor laughed.

Mr. Watson laughed. "I have a feeling everyone is going to love this idea. Let me know what the census ends up being." He smiled and walked back over to the locker once he picked up the toothbrush. He put it away and took out the rucksacks. "You wanna help papa by carrying one?"
He smiled.

"Can I carry my brothers?" He asked excitedly. "I want bubby to see what a big helper I am."

"Sure." Mr. Watson handed Liam the bag and took the other three on his arm with Liam at his hip. "Alright, that's everyone's." He said and put the lock back on the locker. He walked over to where the lads were standing. "If I hear of any shit going on in your classes, your rewards from last night will be taken away and you.." He looked at Niall. "Will return to all fours. Understand?" He asked as he handed out their bags to them.

"Yes sir. I swear I'll behave." The last thing Niall wanted was to be on all fours again.

"Here bubby! Papa let me carry yours!" Liam sang as he interrupted the others saying they would be good.

"Thank you, LiLi!" Harry smiled. "You must be awfully strong to carry that bag. You're a really good helper to Papa." He then looked at the Keeper. "Oh and sir? I grabbed the nappy bag. You left it by the playpen. I checked to make sure it was his of course and it is." He told the Keeper. "I can carry it for you since you have LiLi." He offered. "And I'll need it for class anyways."

"Thank you Curly. You've become a valuable asset." Mr. Watson praised.

"Good boy Harry!" Liam clapped for him.

"Thanks, LiLi...And sir." Harry smiled.

"Let's go now." Mr. Watson said and walked out of the shower room with the lads following behind him.

"I changed him at breakfast, just to let you know." Zayn whispered to Harry. He didn't want Liam to get embarrassed by them talking about it.

"Good to know, thanks. He'll probably need it after lunch then, but we'll see. Thanks though. Why was he with you?" Harry asked.

Zayn shrugged. "Niall and I were told to watch him, I just assumed it was us since you were being used."

"Oh...Well, that's cool. I'm glad he had you two." Harry smiled.

"Do I hear chatter back there?" Mr. Watson asked.

"No, sir." Zayn and Harry quickly replied.

Liam wanted to tell papa to be nice but he didn't want to push his luck so he kissed at his face instead to distract him. "Pretty papa."

"Thank you, love...And you're very pretty too." Mr. Watson pressed a kiss into Liam's lips. "First up, Ace...Your Maths class." He said.
"Thank you, sir. See you soon, LiLi." Zayn grinned at Liam then walked off into his classroom.

"Irish, you're next. English is your first class." Mr. Watson crossed the hall to his classroom.

"Thanks, see ya, LiLi." Niall smiled and waved at the little lad before walking into his room.

They walked down the hall a bit more. "You go there for History class." Mr. Watson shoved Louis in the direction of his classroom.

"Thanks, sir. Have a good morning, LiLi." Louis smiled at Liam then walked into his classroom.

"Geography first for your brother."

"You'll still tell the instructor that I have to look after LiLi so I don't get in trouble?" Harry asked.

"And find a good place for me to sit?" Liam added.

"I emailed your instructor last night. He knows." Mr. Watson walked into the classroom. "Front row works best." He said. It was one long table that could fit two or three students. He sat Liam in the chair in the middle. He looked at his young lad as he took Liam's hands in his own.

"You be good for your brother. Don't distract the other students nor him. Only speak when spoken to and only bother your brother if you need something important." He told Liam. "Do you understand?" He asked. He hoped it wasn't too many rules to remember.

"Yes papa. I be good." Liam nodded. "No bother or distract anyone. Only Harry if it's important. Don't talk unless someone else says something to me first."

"That's my good boy." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips. "If anyone makes fun of you tell your brother and then I'll take care of them later." He kissed his lips again. He wasn't sure how he felt about this, but it was a good temporary solution until the daycare happened. "I love you, my baby." He smiled at him.

"Love you papa. Bye bye." He giggled and watched as he left. He then looked at Harry, "Can I have my color book?"

"Sure." Harry smiled and took it out of the nappy bag along with the crayons. "Have fun colouring." He said as he sat down.

Liam set to work almost right away coloring pictures for the fridge at home. This meant Harry was able to focus on his class. Towards the end of class however Liam poked his side, "Harry?"

Harry stopped reading the chapter in his textbook and looked over at Liam. "Yes, LiLi? What's wrong?" He asked softly.

"Does the word forever have a 'u' in it?" He asked sounding a little distressed. He wanted to write 'Papa and LiLi forever' but he wasn't sure how to spell forever.

Harry smiled. "No." He shook his head then tore off a small piece of paper of his notebook and wrote the word on it. "There you go, little bro." He handed Liam the piece of paper. "That says 'Forever' Just copy what's written." He ruffled Liam's hair a bit.

"Thank you Harry." Liam hugged him and wrote it down.

"Keep it down." The student on Liam's other side hissed.
"It was important." Liam scowled at him.

"LiLi. Don't engage people like that. Just ignore them and go back to your picture," Harry said quietly. "You're supposed to be a good boy remember? Don't you want one of papa's shirts or one of your own to play with?" He gently but firmly reminded.

Liam frowned and turned back to his coloring book. He really wanted one of those shirts. He was tired of people being so mean to him though.

"I know it sucks, but it's life...Even if you are only one." Harry whispered. "Just remember what you want and that makes it all worth it." He smiled.

Liam nodded as the instructor cleared his throat to get Harry's attention. "Sorry." Liam whispered and began coloring again.

Harry quickly went back to reading his chapter and just as he finished, the class ended and Mr. Watson came to pick him up with the others already with him.

"There's my precious baby boy." Mr. Watson grinned going over to him. He kissed his cheek. "Can you show me what you're working on or is it another one of your surprises?" He asked.

"It's for our fridge." Liam smiled and showed him the picture he'd colored and wrote on the bottom of. "The fridge isn't colorful enough."

"Awe, sweetheart...I love it." Mr. Watson grinned then kissed Liam's lips. "So talented."

"Thank you papa!" He giggled.

"He did very well sir." Harry fudged the truth a little. Mr. Watson didn't need to know about such a minor little issue.

"Perfect!" Mr. Watson grinned. "Two more classes to get through then it's lunch time." He said and picked Liam up. "Curly, please clean up his stuff. There's only a ten minute break between classes." He reminded.

Harry quickly cleaned Liam's things up and put them in his nappy bag. He then gathered his own things and looked at Mr. Watson, "I'm ready sir."

"Let's go then." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's cheek again and walked the other lads to their classes, then dropped Harry and Liam off at Harry's next class. "From what Mr. Tay-Tay says, everyone he's talked to so far loves the daycare idea." He told Liam as he sat him down in the chair in front row as he did previously at the last class. "Soon you'll be there instead. No one will be mean to you. I promise. If they are, they'll get a very mean punishment back."

Liam nodded, "Okay papa. Are you going to go work more now?" Liam swung his feet carelessly and smiled.

"Yes, love. I don't like leaving you though and at the daycare, I can do both sometimes." Mr. Watson smiled and kissed Liam's fingers. "If you make it through this class and the next one, I'll give you one of my shirts when we get home later, one that you can play with when you're not playing with the one I'm wearing. How does that sound? You have to be the best behaved little lad though."

"Yes papa. Promise promise." Liam smiled. "Now more color please? Bubby's room at papa's need color pictures too."
"I only have two rooms. Our room and everyone else's room." Mr. Watson said taking the book and crayons out of the nappy bag. He looked at the clock in the classroom and he had some time before class started so he picked Liam up and sat in his chair, then put Liam on his lap. "I just wanna cuddle you for a few minutes. You can colour."

Liam frowned though and pushed the book away. He didn't want it to be called everyone else's room. He wanted it to be called Harry's room. Harry's room that everyone else stayed in with him. He was grumpy now so he folded his arms quietly over his chest and rested against Mr. Watson's body.

"I'm sorry, love. It's really just a guest room...It can double as Curly's room for when he comes over." Mr. Watson tried to cheer the lad up. He didn't know it would make him this upset. "It can be your brothers room...That he shares with the others sometimes...How's that?" He tried to fix his mistake.

"He's my brother. You're my papa. I want to feel like a family. I know you don't love him or like him but it's what I've always wanted my whole life." His voice cracked and he turned to hide his face so no one could see the tears forming on his eyes.

Mr. Watson sighed. This was not what he intended. He could always move. Maybe to a spot with a three bedroom house and make one Harry's, and one for the others when they came over. Hell, he could use them to do his packing for him.

He picked Liam up and walked out to the hallway. He sat down on the floor as he placed Liam in his lap.

"Who says I don't like the lad? He's your brother. He's good to you. I like him enough. Or I'm beginning to like him. He's really good to you and he takes really good care of you. It's why when I'm busy on weekends, he's in charge of you." He played with Liam's fingers. "I'm sorry you're upset. I could always move though. I have money. I can find a nice three bedroom house and one can be your brothers, one for us and just one for the others. How does that sound to you?" He kissed Liam's head and cuddled him. He felt so bad that he had caused this reaction in him.

Liam nodded as his tears kept falling. He just wanted a family. He couldn't sort out why that was so much to ask. It always had been. It didn't matter how good a boy he was. No one ever wanted to be a real family with him. It broke his heart.

"I just want a real family. I know you're my boyfriend and kinda a father when I'm little. Harry is my brother in my heart though. It's real to me. I wish you were his father. Not his lover like you are me but like his father. I wish you'd care about him sorta how you do me. I don't know. I'm just upset and rambling." He was finding it hard to stay in his headspace at the moment and he didn't like it. His grown up mind was scary and he wasn't supposed to be there unless papa allowed it.

"Shh, baby. It's okay. I understand." Mr. Watson felt so bad for the lad. He wiped away his tears. "I've told him before that I appreciate all that he does for you and I've thanked him." He kissed Liam's head.

"You're my little lover, my boyfriend, yes, but you're also my family too. And as for your brother, I do like him. I don't trust you with anyone else alone besides him. I could still keep an eye on you during breakfast, so you weren't totally alone with your roommates. I do like your brother though and he knows that. He's worked hard to gain my trust, especially where you're concerned. He's your family, and you're my family and that makes him in a way, my family too." He rubbed over Liam's arms. He was understanding slowly now that Liam just wanted a family.
It also always felt odd to hear Liam break headspace now that they were boyfriends, but sometimes the lad just needed to get things off his chest and he understood that.

"But would you love me still if I wasn't little?" Liam asked a bit sad. "If I was only a big boy would you still love me or do you love me only because I prefer to be a baby?" Liam needed to know.

"It all started because of my kink...I always enjoyed the babies the most..." Mr. Watson paused as he looked up and down the hallway. It was empty besides for Mr. McGuinness fucking a student. He looked down at Liam.

"It was different with you." He said softly. "I... I didn't expect to feel the way I do. I didn't expect to develop feelings for you. As much fun as I have with you in your baby state, it's not the only thing I love about you. When you're in your teenaged mind you're such a smart, intelligent and beautiful person. I love teenage you as well." He smiled a little.

"Are you sure?" Liam asked. His voice more mature now.

"It's just an adjustment. I never expected to be dating a teenager who prefers to be a toddler or younger. Hell, I never saw myself in love with anyone. I love you no matter what headspace you're in though. I'm sure." He finally finished.

Liam finally smiled. He had been wishing so hard for Mr. Watson to tell him that. He never thought he would though. He feared he was only loved in his infant state. That wasn't the case though and he couldn't have been happier.

Nervously Liam whispered in his ear, "I love you Benji. I always will." His teenage mind understood all this perfect. His teenage mind now knew that the love was real and it wasn't just because he preferred to live as an infant because it felt safer. It was love for him as a person in any mind frame. It made him even more beautiful to Liam then he already was because it meant he was loved and accepted for who he was. "I'm sorry I got upset. I just get frustrated sometimes when the subject of family comes up. It's more than my child mind can understand I think. I hope you aren't mad at me."

"Nah, it's cool." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's head. He too seemed different now that Liam wasn't being little. "You don't need permission to come out of your little headspace, okay? No more needing to ask, unless you prefer it that way." He added. "I could never be mad at you for that. Not now at least."

Liam smiled and kissed his lips in a mature and romantic manner. It was something they both needed and his older mind knew that.

"I just got so upset over Harry not being seen as part your, our family and my little mind couldn't process it and work through it. I think I'm better now though. You like Harry and you know he's my family. You'll let the room be called his room. That's enough for me. I know a person can't be forced to love someone else or care about them in such a deep way. I won't ask that again." Liam honestly did feel better. Maybe sometimes, with papa there to help him feel safe, he needed to think in his older mind. It had certainly helped him through this issue. "I'm ready to be little again though."

Mr. Watson enjoyed the mature kiss. It was different and very enjoyable. "You're safe place, yeah?"

Liam nodded.
"One more thing before little time... relationships take work. It's going to be harder sometimes for us because your child mind or your teenage mind doesn't understand something that my adult mind does." He wrapped both arms around Liam, cuddling him close.

"That doesn't always mean I know better though. If you need to speak your mind outside of your child mind then say so and we'll pause the LiLi-papa thing and just be Benji and Liam." He told him. "I love you; Liam and LiLi. You're very special." He kissed Liam's shoulder. "You're mine forever." He said. "Now, you can go back to being little. I just... Wanted to say that first."

Liam nodded and smiled, "Thank you. You're really are the best person ever. I love you so much; Benji and Papa." Liam hugged him and kissed him again, "Maybe I won't feel the need to be little tonight so we can have sex at home as Liam and Benji?" He thought out loud and kissed him one last time then cuddled into his chest as he let his mind slip away to his comfort zone again.

"Sure, love. Whatever you want.." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's head. He really just wanted to sit there and cuddle the lad. He rubbed over Liam's back. "Do you need anything else before I go back to work?"

"One more kiss?" Liam asked in a small voice. "LiLi likes kisses."

"Papa loves to give LiLi kisses. All the time." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips, then picked him up. "I love you." He said then quietly took him back into the classroom where he sat him beside Harry. "Have fun and be good." He said quietly then left.

"I will papa." He smiled and kicked his feet happily again as he looked for a picture to color for Harry's room.

A couple hours later, Liam had made it through the morning classes and it was now lunch time. The students were to leave their bags in the classroom. Mr. Watson walked into Harry's class when it finished and kissed Liam's cheek. "You hungry, baby?" He asked.

Liam nodded his head as his eyes went large, "I is starving! I could eat a whole cow!"

Harry laughed and ruffled his hair, "That's pretty darn hungry."

"It is." Mr. Watson smiled. "Alright you clean your brothers stuff." He told Harry as he picked up Liam. "After lunch is special playtime and nap. Excited?" He smirked a little.

Liam nodded, "Yeah, of course papa!" He hugged his neck and kissed his cheek. "Always excited for it." He giggled and kissed his cheek a few more times.

"You know, they're kind of cute." Zayn said.

"Kind of. It's still weird for a grown man to be in any type of relationship with a 14 year old." Louis whispered.

"Let it go, Liam's happy and so far, only good things have happened." Niall said.

Mr. Watson then led everyone to the cafeteria. "What do you want for lunch today, LiLi? Papa can't decide."

"Is there anything cheesy?" Liam asked. Of course he'd get his baby food but he had to have regular food too and he wanted something cheesy. "Maybe something cheesy with a jar of carrots? Mashed carrots are so yummy papa!"
"I could whip up a mean grilled cheese." Mr. Watson suggested and kissed along Liam's jaw briefly. "Or do you have something better in mind?" He asked as they got to the cafeteria. He took the bag from Harry and walked off into the kitchen with Liam. "Oh and your milk...First or last?" He asked.

"Yes! Papa cook!" Liam giggled as he got extra excited. He wanted papa to really cook something for him. "Yes yes yes!" He clapped his hands. "Grilled cheese, carrots then milk! Perfect lunch!"

"I'm on it then. Anything for my perfect little lad." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips. "But first, we gotta check that nappy of yours and on that rash. I don't want it getting worse when it's getting better." He said and took the changing pad out of the nappy bag then placed it on the long metal table. He then laid Liam on it as he began to undress his lower half.

"I only just went wee a teeny little bit." Liam said. "Bum is feeling much better papa. I want it to stay better."

Mr. Watson smiled and quickly cleaned Liam up. "Your bum does look a lot better. Still a bit pink but no redness anymore." He leaned down and kissed Liam's lips. "Love those lips." He winked. He quickly got Liam's new nappy on and got his trousers back on. He then sat Liam in a chair and threw away the used put away the changing pad. Mr. Watson washed his hands. "Did you wanna colour as I cooked?" He asked Liam.

"Nope. I just wanna watch papa." He smiled. "My papa is pretty to look at." He giggled.

Mr. Watson smiled. "My LiLi is very pretty and nice to look at too." He said then got the stuff he needed then began to work. "How did you enjoy your morning with your brother and going to his classes?" He asked.

"I didn't like having to be so quiet but it was nice getting to be with my bubby. I love him. Him takes care of me." Liam smiled. "I like to be loud with my blocks though and Harry said I couldn't be."

Mr. Watson nodded. "Well, from what I hear, the daycare is a go and will start tomorrow. Murphy isn't exactly thrilled about running it but he doesn't get a choice really." He smirked. "I'll drop you off last though, gotta squeeze in as many cuddles and kisses I can get." He winked.

"Perfect." Liam smiled. "I'll be able to play blocks and be loud!" He seemed very excited. "Where will nap time be though? In the daycare or in my crib?"

"Your crib. It's easier that way so if we wanna play...We can without anyone watching. I don't mind an audience but I know you don't like it." Mr. Watson explained. "And yes, you can be loud. I know you like being loud." He smirked. The statement had double meaning and he wondered if Liam would pick up on it. Liam blushed and giggled a bit, "I can't helps it. You make me feel good." He hid his face in his hands for a moment then smiled up at Mr. Watson. "Papa likes it."

Mr. Watson chuckled as he began to cook. "Don't hide your face, love. I do enjoy you being loud...But LiLi likes it too." He winked. "Mm, what should we do for playtime this afternoon do you think? Papa just loves to play with your body that it's sometimes hard to decide."

"Can you put your mouth on me? I like that." Liam smiled. "LiLi likes getting sucked and licked. Feels good." He swung his feet in the chair carelessly as he spoke, "I like everything with papa but I love papa's mouth on me a lot a lot."
"Of course. Anything my LiLi wants. Papa loves to spoil his little one." Mr. Watson said. "So I suck you, lick you... Fuck you? Or should we just save the fucking for later?" He liked getting Liam's input on things.

"Fuck now and fuck later." Liam smiled. "More fucking is better than less fucking." He explained. "Papa can own me. Then LiLi will own Zayn. Then at home Benji can own Liam." He clapped his hands, pleased with his plan.

Mr. Watson laughed a little. It wasn't at the plan but at the clapping. It was so cute. "Wow. LiLi knows how to come up with the perfect plan. I love it. We'll do that then." He said as he finished the grilled cheese.

"Papa, can NiNi help me when I own Zaynie?" Liam asked. "I want Harry to get to watch me and not have to help but I don't want Louis to help me cause Louis is a bottom. Harry says that means he gets fucked instead of fucking others."

"Sure, love. I'll make sure it happens." Mr. Watson sat the plate in front of Liam. He then picked Liam up and sat down. He tore off a piece of the sandwich and fed it to him. "Hope it's alright. I tend to burn things at time." He kissed his cheek.

Liam smiled as he chewed. He was careful to wait until after he swallowed to reply, "It's perfect papa! I love it. Thank you." Liam actually liked it when the grilled cheese was a little burnt so it worked in his favor.

Mr. Watson grinned. "After this is a jar of carrots then your milk. Sounds like the perfect lunch. Lucky boy."

"I am lucky." Liam nodded and ate more of the grilled cheese. "Papa!" He suddenly remembered. "Did someone warm up Harry's plate?!!"

"Mr. Tay-Tay said that he'd take care of it for me." Mr. Watson said then fed Liam another piece. "I can send him a text to see if he remembered." He offered.

"Whichever. I just worried you had forgotten. The food here is always cold so it's gross. I don't want bubbly to eat cold and gross food when he earned warm food that will taste gooder." Liam said then held his mouth open for more grilled cheese.

Mr. Watson fed Liam more grilled cheese. "I knew I'd get distracted with you this afternoon so I asked him to do it for me. He's happy to help. He has a soft spot for you so if it's something you want, he'll do it." Mr. Watson took a bite of the sandwich himself then fed a piece to Liam. "Remember, you can suck my fingers but no biting." He teased.

Liam giggled, "I'd never bite my papa unless you wanted me to." He put his mouth on one of Mr. Watson's fingers and sucked at it for a moment before pulling back and smiling.

Mr. Watson let out a low moan. It had felt so good. "Such a little tease. I love it." He smiled. "I don't mind love bites but I'd like to keep my fingers when I'm feeding you." He said. He noticed Liam's smile and smiled back. "My cutie... You're making it hard for me to control myself."

Liam reached a hand without warning and touched Mr. Watson's crotch. He squealed and giggled very happily when he felt that his papa was already just a little hard.

Mr. Watson gasped then bit his lip to keep from being too loud. "Papa loves your touches baby. I really do." He said.
Liam looked so proud when he heard that. He really knew nothing when he got here. He'd learned a lot and had gotten so much better over a short time period. "More touches after lunch papa." He promised.

"Yes. Papa can hardly wait." Mr. Watson smiled then fed Liam more grilled cheese. "And as for the fucking part...I think you should ride me this afternoon." He placed a kiss on Liam's neck. "Almost done the sandwich then it's carrots time."

"Oh, that's where I sit on you while you're laying down right? That sounds fun but only after I get your mouth." Liam grinned. "Mmm, last bite of cheesy please!"

Mr. Watson fed Liam the last bite. The second half was for himself. Liam still had carrots and milk to go so he'd fill up soon. "Yes, it's where you sit on Papa's cock and you move up and down..." He explained opening the bottle of carrots.

"Carrots!" Liam giggled. "I like carrots. Carrots are good for your eyes. LiLi is a smart boy."

As Liam ate some of the orange carrots escaped his mouth and spread around his lips. "Did you know though that they don't help you see in the dark? Grown ups say they do but they don't."

Mr. Watson licked over Liam's lips to clean up the carrots. "I'm not sure what's more tasty you or the carrots." He smirked. "And no, I did not know that. Such a smart little lad. You don't need school when you're already so smart."

Liam giggled, "I have trouble spelling but otherwise I'm actually very smart." Liam kissed his lips. "Is it time I get to nurse now? It's my favorite favorite."

"You finished the jar but I gotta put the nursing thing on first." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips. "And I gotta warm up your bottle. Can you be patient a few minutes longer?"

"Yes papa. I wait for you." Liam told him. He was excited to get to nurse. It was his favorite thing ever. Nothing compared.

It didn't take Mr. Watson long to set up the nursing system and have the bottle warmed up. "Alright, all set." He said placing his shirt on the table. He then picked Liam up and sat him in his lap, he then helped Liam get into a comfortable position. "There you go, my love." He rubbed Liam's back.

Liam's eyes danced happily before they closed. He leaned forward and latched on. As the milk filled his mouth he hummed and rubbed his hands over his papa's body.

Mr. Watson smiled as he felt Liam's hands roam his body. It felt nice. He watched as Liam nursed. He kissed the lads head. He just loved watching him, no matter what he did.

Liam continued to suckle and drink happily. He never even heard Mr. Taylor and Mr. Murphy coming in.

"Why me? What did I do to deserve a punishment like that? I'm a keeper. I'm not supposed to be slag." Murphy complained.

"You're still the newbie." Mr. Watson smirked. "Everyone goes through a period of hazing when they start. Besides, you complain about how you don't get to punish enough...If the smell bothers you, maybe invest in an air freshener, one of those wall plug ins." He suggested.

"When we hire again you won't be the newbie anymore. You can help haze him and give his the
same shit we gave you. We've all been there." Mr. Taylor told him. "Besides, if any of the little
ones misbehave they'll need time out or spankings so you'll get to do that. You wanted to punish
more. This is your chance."

"Except him." Mr. Murphy continued to grumble as he pointed toward Liam.

Mr. Watson's eyes narrowed towards the Keeper. "You lay a finger on my boy the wrong way, you
won't like what happens to you." He growled. "He's different than the others. He's also mine. If he
misbehaves, tell me and I'll punish him myself." He said.

"That's what I meant." Mr. Murphy rolled his eyes. "I wouldn't dream of hurting daddy's little
baby."

"You'd better not or you'll answer to me as well." Mr. Taylor joined. "Oh, and the curly one in
Benji's room. He wouldn't do much damage but he'd try certainly."

Mr. Watson nodded. "And I wouldn't even punish him for it either. He'd be protecting his brother
which is a good thing." He said. "It was more of a reminder than anything else. Oh and he needs
his nappy checked regularly. He's sometimes a bit shy with new people, but if you're kind, he'll
come around." He smiled down at Liam. It was such a joy to see the happiness he got out of
nursing.

"Alright," He caved. "Hopefully you all will give me more respect for agreeing to this and treating
tiny lad there the way you want."

"If you treat LiLi perfectly to a T then yes, I'll have more respect for you. He's special." Mr. Taylor
agreed.

"You treat my little baby boy like he's fucking Prince George, then yes, you'll have earned my
respect. And I might even let you have certain days possibly where Louis can be yours exclusively.
Certain days only...He's too popular to be promised to a single person without asking for a serious
price." Mr. Watson offered.

Mr. Murphy nodded. "Deal."

Chapter End Notes

So any thoughts on Liam/LiLi? Like do you still like LiLi? Is there something we
could improve on the fiction overall? Something you'd like to see more of? Less of?
Liam had almost fallen asleep when his milk ran out. He let himself unlatched but didn't move. He just stayed cuddled against his papa.

"I don't have to use the nursing system with him do I?" Mr. Murphy asked.

Mr. Watson narrowed his eyes towards Mr. Murphy. He didn't like the question. "No. I'm the only one that nurses him. I'm the only one who feeds him. Speaking of which, the babies in the nursery should stay there during meal times." He smirked. "They're not old enough to hang out with the big kids... Murphy can feed them." He said. "Expect LiLi. LiLi is mine to feed." He added.

"Papa's boy." Liam said softly as he gave a weak smile. "Only papa's."

"That's fine. I'd never even think about trying to take him or take over or anything like that." Mr. Murphy was obviously intimidated.

"Good lad." Mr. Watson rubbed over Liam's back. He unattached the nursing system from his body then put his shirt back on. He then lifted Liam up so he rested against his chest. "Any other questions about your daycare role? I mean, anything goes for punishing them. Even the smallest things. Should make you happy." He said.

"Especially if they are doing something rude to him?" Mr. Murphy asked with a smirk. "That could be fun and enjoyable."

"Him is LiLi." Liam pouted.

"Use his name." Mr. Watson said then kissed Liam's pout. "And yes, if they do anything to LiLi verbal or otherwise, you can punish them and then let me know who so I can have my turn with them." He smiled.

Liam giggled. He loved when his papa was protective.

"Will do. I think that will be a perk to this job considering not many of the slags are nice to him."
"Exactly. You just have to look at the bright side of this role," Mr. Taylor nodded. "Now LiLi, does Mr. Tay Tay need to take your roommates to class for papa so you can have his attention for a while?"

Liam giggled and nodded. "Papa and I are gonna have special playtime!"

Mr. Watson grinned. "Thanks, mate." He said as he picked Liam up. He picked up the nappy bag and headed back to the room.

Mr. Taylor headed walked out of the kitchen with them, but headed for where Mr. Watson’s group was waiting. He had his own group to worry about taking to class as well, so he decided to have everyone be in one group instead of passing them off to another Keeper.

“If any of you slag slow us the fuck down...You are not going to enjoy what happens to you.” Mr. Taylor warned.

“Yes, sir.” Everyone replied.

“Good, now get going.”

“Are you sure the puppy doesn’t need to be on a leash, sir? He won’t wander off?” A blond boy asked as he tugged on Niall’s collar and smirked.

Before Niall could do anything, Zayn quickly moved to put himself between the two lads.

“Calm the fuck down.” Zayn whispered. “I get it but I don’t want you getting punished.”

“Thanks.” Niall nodded and gave him a small smile.

“I might put the puppy on a leash if he misbehaves for me. But he's a good doggy, aren't you?” Mr. Taylor patted Niall's head.

“Woof.” Niall said sarcastically.

“Good boy.” Mr. Taylor laughed.

Short time later, everyone expect Zayn was in his class and he was with Mr. Taylor walking back down the hallway.

“Uh, sir? Don't I need to be in class right now?” Zayn nervously asked.

“Nah. I'm going to have some fun with you. Unless you want that fun to happen in front of your classmates?” Mr. Taylor asked.

“No, sir.” Zayn shook his head.

“Good. Now...I want you to make me hard.” Mr. Taylor ordered.

Zayn made quick work on undoing Mr. Taylor's trousers and pulling them down along with the blokes pants as fast as he could.

He took the soft cock in his hands and began to lick it up and down. He then began to suck on the tip.
“Mmm, that's it, buttercup. Get it nice and wet so I can fuck you against those lockers.” Mr. Taylor moaned.

Zayn felt the cock beginning to harden so he began to bob his head up and down; doing his best to make it as wet as possible.

He moved a free hand to rub over the exposed area of the cock which caused the Keeper to become fully hard.

Mr. Taylor pushed Zayn off of his cock. “Good boy now stand up and strip.”

Zayn held back a sigh and stood. He stripped out of his clothes.

“You're soft.” Mr. Taylor growled.

“You didn't tell me to get hard.”

Mr. Taylor slapped Zayn across the face. “Don't be a smart arse. I am not sucking you. It was a one time deal because you had been so good and such a good little slut, flirting with me like that, begging for me to drill you..”

Zayn didn't say anything. He just reached down and wrapped a hand around his cock as he began to pump it. He closed his eyes for a moment and imagined that his hand was Niall's mouth and it didn't take long for him to become completely.

“Now that's the shit I like to see. Turn around, hands against the locker, legs spread.” Mr. Taylor ordered.

Zayn nodded obediently and did as he was told.

Mr. Taylor spit on his fingers before shoving them into Zayn's abused hole. He fingered him for a short time, making sure he was open enough.

He then pushed himself inside the smaller one and let out a pleasurable groan. “Fuck yes!” He moaned as he quickly began thrusting in and out of Zayn.

“Scream for me, buttercup. Tell me just how much you like it.” Mr. Taylor whispered into Zayn's ear.

He slammed into Zayn so hard that Zayn's body was pushed hard into the lockers.

Zayn let out a groan but quickly found his voice and screamed. “Please! Mr. Taylor! Please fuck me hard. I want you so bad. I need you to fuck me hard. I want it and need it so bad. I love your cock inside me.”

“Damn right.” Mr. Taylor said with a pleased smile. Zayn couldn't see it but he could hear it in the man's voice.

“Fuck. You're tight. It feels so good. Don't you get fucked enough?” Mr. Taylor moaned as he continued his thrusts in and out of Zayn.

“Apparently not.” Zayn mumbled. He had been trying hard to imagine it was Niall fucking him but he wasn't working this time.

Mr. Taylor would've heard it but he was too busy moaning.
"Shit. Shit." Mr. Taylor moaned. "Not going to last..." He moaned as he came into Zayn.

After catching his breath, he reached a hand around front and began to pump Zayn's cock. "You better cum or the word “sounding” is going to have a new meaning for you." He warned.

Zayn squeezed his eyes shut and allowed himself to get lost in his memories of him and Niall together in one of their bunks. Zayn was fucking him and loving every second of it. It felt different in the best way when he was with Niall because he truly loved him and Niall loved him back. It was something he never thought he'd have.

Zayn let out a long loud moan as he came into Mr. Taylor's hand.

"Good lad, buttercup. Now clean up my hand and let's get you to class. I have work to get to." Mr. Taylor told the lad.

Zayn licked Mr. Taylor's hand clean as quickly as he could, then got dressed.

Mr. Taylor then took Zayn by the arm and took him to his next class. Zayn looked at the classrooms as they passed them, trying to get a glimpse of Niall but he only noticed Louis.

Louis was currently in his English Literature class when Finn started talking to him about one of his roommates annoying him.

"So then he just wouldn't shut up. So I punched him. I almost got in trouble but the rest of the lads in my room backed me up and shit face got in trouble for lying." Finn grinned.

"Anymore I don't get on with anyone in my room. They brought some young kid in, Harrison. He's annoying as fuck. I can't stand him. Of course everyone else seems to like him though. Too bad we aren't in a room together." Louis replied quietly. English was boring and easy for him so he didn't care if he missed much.

"Ugh. That sucks." Finn rolled his eyes. "I hate it when everyone likes the person I hate. Like, can't they just hate him with me?" He sighed.

"I know. As if being in here isn't bad enough let's just have everyone here be against us too," Louis rolled his eyes.

"Finn! Louis!"

"Yes, Mr. Westwood?" Louis asked. "Can you repeat the question?" He assumed that there was a question.

"There was no question!" He snapped. "Had you two not been running your little mouths during my lesson you have known that!"

"I'm sorry sir. It won't happen again." Finn lied.

"Sorry won't cut it this time. Both of you get up here! If you can't keep your mouths closed we'll find something else for them to do." He smirked.

Both lads exchanged a knowing look then stood up and walked towards the instructor. "What do we have to do, Mr. Westwood?" Finn asked.

Mr. Westwood didn't reply at first. He just unfastened his trousers and dropped them along with
his pants. "Both of you, start licking and sucking."

The lads dropped to their knees. Finn began to pump the cock to start making it hard then started to lick it.

"Both of you!" The teacher snapped at Louis before smacking the back of his head.

Louis inwardly rolled his eyes and then began licking and sucking on Mr. Westwood's balls.

"The rest of you lads should take this as a lesson. This is what happens when you can't keep your mouth shut."

Now that he had both students pleasing him, it didn't take long for Mr. Westwood to get hard. When that happened, Finn began to suck on his cock for a few moments before deciding to give Louis a break and switching with him.

Thankfully this wasn't Louis' first time giving a blowjob along side another lad. It helped him know exactly what to do when Finn moved to take over where he'd been sucking.

The instructor began to moan for the boys as Louis started bobbing his head carefully on the hard cock. If they were lucky they'd get him off quickly so they could be done.

Mr. Westwood grabbed began to fuck Louis' mouth a little. "You better fucking choke on it, you fucking slut." He growled.

Finn hated sucking and licking balls. He'd much rather deal with a cock if given a choice but there were no choices in this school. He sucked a little harder then licked over everything he could reach.

If it wasn't for Mr. Westwood focusing on his mouth now Louis would have traded places with him again. He'd sucked on enough cocks here.

In hopes of being done sooner he forced himself to choke on the teacher, tears springing to his eyes as he did.

Mr. Westwood let out a loud moan as he gripped Louis' hair and forced the lad to take a little more before finally pushing him off. "Switch with your friend." He demanded. He was close already but he wanted to enjoy Finn sucking him a bit more.

Louis knew he wasn't going to get off that easy though. He knew his mouth still needed to be working. He put it on Mr. Westwood's balls and began sucking at them while he moaned to add vibrations.

"Mmm, alright...Both of you fucking off." Mr. Westwood pushed them both back. "Stay on your knees." He instructed.

He wanked himself over the edge and came on both boys faces. "Now lick each other's faces clean and get back to your desks." He ordered.

Louis didn't want to lick Finn clean. Of course he knew Finn felt the same. He swallowed back his disgust and did his best to make quick work of cleaning his friend. The teacher's cum tasted horrible.

Mr. Westwood smiled, pleased with himself as he lifted his pants and trousers off the ground and
put them back on.

Both lads made quick work of cleaning the other one off then went back to their desks and sat down quietly.

During the last class of the day everything was going well for Harry until the student behind him wouldn't stop kicking his chair. Harry was trying with everything he had to behave but at some point the student laughed and he snapped the pencil in his hand then slammed his fist on the desk.

"Is there a problem?" Mr. Sullivan didn't look happy as he glared at Harry.

"Fucking Andrew keeps kicking my chair. I'm trying to focus and I can't." He replied still worked up.

"Liar! You kept pushing your chair back into my desk!" Andrew defended with a lie.

Harry spun around and glared at him. "Are you serious? What a..."

Mr. Sullivan growled as he stood up from his desk. "Both of you, come up here." He said as he opened his desk drawer.

Harry sighed. He tried so hard to behave.

Andrew just smirked as he followed Harry to the front of the class.

"Harry drop your trousers and pants." Mr. Sullivan instructed as he handed Andy a belt. "Maybe a spanking will make you both behave."

"I didn't do anything." Harry argued but was ignored.

"Andrew, when you've given Harrison 14 spankings, it'll be your turn and because you're 15, you'll be getting an extra spanking from him. Is that clear?" He asked.

"Yes, sir." The lads spoke together as Harry quickly got out of his trousers and pants.

"Harry, just lean over Jack's desk here at the front." Mr. Sullivan told him.

"Yes, sir." Harry said stepping out of the clothes on the ground and leaning over the other student's desk. Their faces were close together which made this feel even more humiliating and awkward.

A few of the other students struggled not to laugh as Andrew hit Harry with the belt. He'd started out as hard as he could then realized Harry would probably do the same to him in a moment so he weakened his strikes.

Harry hard tears in his eyes half way through however. Even as tough as he was this hurt. He'd get his revenge in a moment though.

Andrew went easier on Harry as he kept hitting him. He silently prayed that Harry would take pity on him and return the favour of going easy.

It didn't matter how hard or easy Andrew went, it still fucking hurt and it was still his fault.

"I'm finished, sir." Andrew looked at Mr. Sullivan.

"Very well. Drop your trousers and pants and switch places with Harry." Mr. Sullivan told the lad.
Harry was angry now. He'd been punished for something that wasn't even his fault. Andrew was going to get it. He deserved it.

With every bit of strength he had Harry struck Andrew with the belt.

Andrew screamed due to the force of Harry's hit.

Harry wanted to say how he deserved it but he knew better so instead he just kept hitting him with as much strength as he could.

He made sure that the metal of the belt hit the bare arse in front of him as well. He used up all his built up emotions from every single shitty experience life had given him, including getting sent this school and used it as his strength to continue hitting Andrew.

When he finished, he felt a pleased with his work, the arse was a deep shade of red and already bruising. It felt great to release his built up emotions in some way. It was a really good feeling to inflict pain on someone who deserved it.

"That was 16 actually, sir." Harry handed the instructor back his belt. "I lost count but I knew I was at 14 or 15, so I need one more to be sure." He lied.

Mr. Sullivan took the belt. "Good. Now maybe both of you will behave before messing about in class. Get your pants and trousers back on and get back to your seats." He instructed.

"What the fuck was that? I went easy on you!" Andrew hissed as he moved slowly towards his chair. He was in extreme pain now and still crying.

Harry glared. "We wouldn't have been in this situation if it wasn't for you." He growled following him. "You fucking deserved what you got. You deserve more actually. But I was only allowed so many hits."

"Fuck you." He growled and whimpered as he tried to sit off his bum and on his hip instead.

"If I still hear talking I'm going to assume you need to be spanked more so if not then shut up!" Mr. Sullivan yelled.

The room fell silent.

"Watson? Where are you?" Mr. Taylor asked over the walkies.

One of the jobs Keepers had to do when they weren't dealing with students was to inspect the doors, windows and perimeter of the school. They had to check if anything was broken or falling apart. They had to check the locks and the level of security. All of this was to prevent escapes.

"On my way to sweep outside." Mr. Watson replied. "What's up?"

"I'll meet you at the employee entrance. I'm on inspection duty with you." He replied.

The employee entrance was in the back of the school hidden from any potential visitors and was used for transporting students to court hearings or hospitals.

"Understood." Mr. Watson told him over the walkie as he reached the door then waited for Mr. Taylor to show up.
Mr. Taylor finished making his way to the employee entrance and nodded at Mr. Watson. "Did you grab the checklist? That fucking twat headmaster looks the other as we do whatever we want to these slags but gets shitty if we don't sign on of his stupid checklist."

Mr. Watson grabbed the copy that was in the folder that was on the door. "I have it now...And I kinda get it. It's legal shit. He can pretend not to notice shit that goes on in this school but he has to cover his arse legally." He shrugged and unlocked the door.

Mr. Taylor followed him outside and locked the door.

Once it was locked he gave it a swift tug and a push, "That doors fine." He then began to walk with Mr. Watson to the next thing to check, "So uh, McGuinness was telling me he saw you and your baby in the hall earlier. Said he saw you two kissing."

Mr. Watson shrugged. "He was emotional. I was comforting him." He said. "You know I care about him." He said

"Comforting him with your lips Benji?" Mr. Taylor laughed. "Come on, do you really expect me to believe that?" He asked and began pushing and tugging on a window.

"And what's so wrong with that?" Mr. Watson asked. "I care about him." If his friend was acting like this then he should keep the boyfriend bit to himself, maybe.

"Benji," He turned to him. "There's nothing wrong with comforting him. I can imagine if he's little then you probably have to a lot. I'm just trying to figure this whole thing out."

"What's there to figure out, mate? I care about him a lot." Mr. Watson said. "I...Actually...Love him." He said softly. "The kid goes between being little and being a teen. I've come to love both sides."

"You're sure?" Mr. Taylor asked as they walked to the next window. "You're sure it's not just because you have a massive age play kink?" He wasn't judging or trying to imply he was confused. He simply wanted to be sure.

"Like I said, when he's not in his little mind, it's not happened a lot but I'm beginning to love his teenage self as well." Mr. Watson

"He even knows my name now. Must've overheard someone say it when we thought he was asleep."

"How does he feel? Has he said?" Mr. Taylor asked. "Can't believe he was brave enough to call you by your first name. If any of the students here called me by mine I'd break their damn jaw." He shook his head and pulled on another door. This one actually opened and he sighed.

"He knows I would never seriously hurt him." Mr. Watson said

"He says he loves me. I told him he doesn't know it...But at this point, I really think he does. He means it in the right way."

"Wow, that's pretty intense." Mr. Taylor took a deep breath. He paused and looked at Mr. Watson. "I'm still trying to picture him as anything other than a baby. I mean, he was pretty much a baby
when he arrived minus the nappies and the equipment."

"So then, sex when he's not in that baby mindset?" Mr. Taylor wanted to clarify as he followed Mr. Watson. "You're comfortable with that? That's deeper then you fucking one of these slags as a Keeper."

Mr. Watson nodded. "I am. I really do love him." He said

"And I know he's a teenager but age is only a number right? And sex with slags is meaningless. Sex with Liam though means something to me."

Mr. Taylor smirked a little but not in a mean way. "Don't repeat this but that's really sweet mate. Your eyes even kind of light up when you talk about." He stared at him for a moment then asked, "So, you two, your relationship isn't like... an incest father son thing?"

"No. The whole papa thing is just pretend. He doesn't want me to be his father." Mr. Watson

"We're actually boyfriends. He was asking questions the other night in the car and we just sorta got talking and figured out that we both want the same thing from each other, so yeah, we're boyfriends." He smiled. This was the first time he said it out loud. It felt good. "I really do love him. He's the best thing that's ever happened to me."

Mr. Taylor never got sappy but seeing that his friend was honestly happy got to him. This was only because they were outside but he hugged Mr. Watson. "I'm happy for you both, Benji. I'll do what I can to help in any way you two need it."

"Thanks." Mr. Watson grinned.

Maybe try not to go so hard on the curly one? Harry. Liam's pretty much claimed him as his brother, and they have this kind of sweet bond. I mean, if he kid steps out of line by all means, give him what he deserves, but...Maybe a bit kinder to him when not around other Keepers? Liam just gets so upset whenever something happens to his brother when his brother didn't really do anything wrong. I hate seeing my little lover so upset." He frowned a little then moved

"So is that why he needed comforting in the hall or did something else have him upset?" Mr. Taylor asked

. He'd seen the two lads together and he could tell they had a special bond.

Because it was Liam, Mr. Taylor had let it slide. Most of the time any kind of friendship, bond or relationship was broken up.

"He wants his brother to come home with us sometimes. The kid just desperately wants a family. I'm in love with him so he's also my family now and since the curly one is his brother now...It sorta makes him my family in a way too." Mr. Watson replied and looked at the

"I explained to him that I only have two bedrooms in my place. Master bedroom, and the spare room, which is the guest room or everyone's else's room for when I have all five of them at once." He grinned. "He didn't want it to be everyone else's room. He just wanted it to be called Harry's room and he thought I didn't care, so I had to just sit him down and talk with him about it in his teenage mind."

"He wants you to accept Harrison." Mr. Taylor thought about it. "So, hmm, that is a tough one. How do you make someone like Liam understand that you care about him but not in the way he wants you to? At least you're trying I guess. It's nice you're trying to keep him happy. He deserves
"He just wants me to care about him. And I suppose I do in a small way. He takes care of Liam really well. He's the only person I trust to take care of him. He was happy with that answer." Mr. Watson replied

"Yes but you said Liam is desperate for a family. You agree that he and Harrison are family. You say he's yours now too in a way because of Liam but..." He trailed off unsure of where he was even going with this. "I guess just remember that Liam is wanting the three of you to be a family together. Maybe he's confused about how a family works but just be prepared for him to eventually not like how things are between you and Harrison. I just don't want you blindsided when 'sort of caring' or 'caring a little' isn't enough anymore."

Mr. Watson nodded. "He understands that I appreciate him and he seems okay with that. I'll be nice to him and I'll reward him when he's done really well." He said

"Good, just remember his level of satisfaction could change. That's all I'm saying." He then messed up Mr. Watson's hair. "Hey though, you did a smart thing falling for a young lad. When you're 52 he'll still only be 34. You'll be a horny old man with a young lad who still had lots of energy." He then laughed

Mr. Watson laughed. "I never thought of that...Mmm, benefits of dating much younger." He smirked. "Too bad you'll have to walk off to porn."

"Shut it." Mr. Taylor

"I have a girlfriend I go home to and fuck after getting my male desires fixed here at work. My future will be pussy at night and arse during the day. Your future is what Benji?" He laughed. "Dirty nappy changes?"

"Maybe. Maybe not. Maybe he'll eventually learn to control his bladder in his teenage state. Maybe I can teach him balance. We'll see how things go. But mate, I can't believe you like pussy though." He shook his head,

"Hey, I like both." Mr. Taylor shrugged. "It's not for everyone and that's okay." He then stood, they needed to keep working. "Does he come out of that baby mind enough to even try controlling his bladder?"

"Not yet. His baby headspace is his safe place but he's been coming out more recently. So maybe when there's more back and forth, I'll try."

Mr. Taylor nodded. "That interesting. I'd love to know how that works inside his head. I mean, obviously it makes sense to him but I don't get it. If I didn't feel safe I don't think being a baby would make me feel better. That's just me though." He then started walking towards the next door. "I'll admit though, you're little boyfriend is fascinating."

"I think it's because he's never had that type of care before in his life so having me care for him in that way...It makes him feel loved." Mr. Watson tried to explain.

Mr. Taylor nodded. "You two seem made for one another. You like being a papa and he likes being a baby. Wouldn't have put any bets of that happening. I'm glad it did though. I like seeing my mate so happy. It's awesome."
Mr. Watson smiled. "Thanks. I'm just anxious to get this daycare up and running tomorrow. It'll be easier for both Liam and I and everyone gets some type of reward out of it." He smirked.

"Yeah, I think it's a way better option for Liam since you don't have him on school. It's also perfect to help put Murphy in his place. It's rather genius." He smiled. "I'll have to go and watch him wrangle the little ones if I need a laugh... and to check on LiLi. He can't ever have enough good eyes watching his back."

Mr. Watson nodded. "Thanks, Jake. I appreciate that a lot. Patterson will be back soon and I suppose I'm a little worried."

"Hate that douche." He shook his head. "When he comes back he's going to hear from me. I'll see if I can get anyone else to at least make sure he stays away from Liam. I swear I'll hurt him if he touches Liam again. I absolute promise." Mr. Taylor was growing fond of the lad too. He just hadn't actually admitted it in those words yet.

"Thanks, mate. That means a lot to me." Mr. Watson said. "He's the only one of us that doesn't respect anything we do."

Mr. Taylor agreed as he pulled on a door and checked the lock with his keys. "Wish we had control over firing him. We'll put pressure on him to follow our code though. If he won't we can make him job here hell."

"We could always complain to the Headmaster." Mr. Watson shrugged as he double checked the alarm on the side door, some doors had alarms, others didn't, it was a strange design concept that he didn’t understand.

"Something tells me the dickhead wouldn't care. He only cares about keeping his job and his money flow." Mr. Taylor replied. He checked a window and noted it budged a little. It seemed like one of the latches on it inside was a bit loose. "Mark that the latches on this one need replaced.

"If he wants to keep his job, he has to make sure this school isn't falling apart. I don't see a need for a stupid checklist though." Mr. Watson sighed as he checked the area around the door to be sure there weren’t any loose materials around that could be used to prop open a door.

"He's fucked in the head." Mr. Taylor replied and picked up a pen. "See, I didn't need a checklist to just look down and find this." The pen could be used to keep the door from shutting or possibly even to help pick a lock.

"Yeah, exactly. We're adults. We're the ones that run this place. It doesn't take a genius to figure out what needs to be checked and shit." Mr. Watson shook his head. "Thank fuck most doors and windows are on this side." He sighed and kicked some rocks out of his path.

"I mean, if any of these slags escape we risk losing our jobs, being caught and jailed for the shit we pull here. No way we'd let that happen. This may be a boring task but it's one we take seriously."

"I know we risk losing our jobs but sometimes I just want to keep LiLi safe at home." Mr. Watson frowned. "But that makes shit complicated." He sighed more as they reached the chain link fence surrounding the school. He began to look over it for anything that might be broken or bent. "This shit has happened since the early days of the school opening. I'm surprised we've kept it thus far."

"So, if you thought you could get away with it you'd just take him away from here forever right now?" Mr. Taylor asked. He took the checklist from Watson and wrote down about where the pen...
"Oh yeah for sure." Mr. Watson walked along the fence, looking for anything out of place. "He did a stupid thing, he didn't understand it was wrong because no one taught him the difference. He doesn't deserve to be here. If I had my way, I'd just...take off with him somewhere. But it makes it complicated because he would never leave his brother here which means...I'd end up taking him as well."

"Well, if any of our lads turn up missing I will know to ask you first." He laughed. "Harrison's caseworker called to say his former family wasn't pressing charges. Liam's case worker called after he'd been here two days but she hasn't called since. The other lads in your room haven't been called about once. Hell, only one lad in my room has been called about but that's only because he's not a foster. So if you did take them, I doubt it would be a big deal."

"I meant to ask about the charges...I completely forgot. Thanks." Mr. Watson said as he reached the end and checked the pole. "Fence pole is loose. Maintenance should check it out and get it fixed." He told Taylor so he could make a note of it. He was the one holding the board now. "I don't really care about the others in my group. Well.. They're nice to LiLi so I suppose I like them enough for that."

"Shit, loose fence is bad." He replied and wrote it down. "They're fun to play with. The one Liam calls Zaynie, he has a very talented mouth. I wouldn't ever take him or any others home though. I'm not looking to be a father." He knew Liam was the only exception. Watson wouldn't be his father since he and Benji were dating now.

"You could take them home and enjoy yourself more with them." Mr. Watson said. "At least that's my plan. Liam is going to be fucking his roommates, not his brother though. He's already fucked the slut. He's fucking Ace tonight. Sound be an interesting show."

"No, my girlfriend doesn't need to know. She thinks I'm an amazing guy who helps turn young boys lives around. She wouldn't understand how things really are." Mr. Taylor shook his head. "Nice idea having him play with the others though. Does he not want to do things with his brother or are you worried allowing that will confuse him?" He recalled the kissing conversation.

"I'm afraid it'll confuse him. If he wants a real brother then no mouth kisses and no sex. Just gotta keep it platonic." Mr. Watson began to look along the back fence.

"Seems like a good idea. I think so anyway. I'm just surprised you share him with the other three. Especially the street walker, he's gotta have something that std screening didn't pick up."

"Plenty of Keepers have fucked him...And they're fine. Carol screened for everything and he's clean. And from what his medical records say, he got tested often and he's clean. I'm not that worried." Mr. Watson ran his fingers across the chain link to see if there was anything wrong with it. "As for sharing, I want him to have more experience, and eventually, I want to play with all five of them. So he needs to learn to play with others. I had Harry told him through it last night but tonight, he wants the Irish to help him fuck Ace and his brother to watch." He explained.

"Interesting, if you ask me Irish and Zaynie have made friends. They always eat together, walk together. We don't like them having friends in here. I do suppose as long as it's only friends we could let it slide though. Putting a new kid in with Liam just because those two are friends could be bad."

"Yeah, maybe. I know the lads they sit with at lunch are friends so maybe it's just that?" Mr. Watson shrugged. "Hmm, this link is rusty. Can't have the slags do something stupid involving rust
or trying to break it." He mentioned.

"The maintenance guys are going to have a full list of shit to do tonight," Jake replied. "Seriously though, as much shit as these slags give Liam, I'd rather let those two be friends than risk him being bullied by a new roommate because we split them up. Not to mention then you'd have Harrison trying to kill whoever we put in there. Friends, fine. Dating, no."

"They don't give him any shit though. Not anymore. They have started to be really nice to him and LiLi likes them. He says that they are his friends now." He said as checked the pole at the end. "At least this is fine."

"You're boyfriend is making me soft." Mr. Taylor joking complained. "I'll allow the friendship because it's Liam. I like the kid. Don't go telling anyone though."

Mr. Watson laughed. "Yeah. Thanks. No worries, your secret is safe with me." He paused and looked around briefly. "We should do the other side now while I still have time. I gotta get the slags soon from class."

"Yeah, let's go," Mr. Taylor nodded and began to walk.

Thankfully, the other side had less windows and doors and nothing was in need of repairs. A couple of security cameras looked damaged by the weather but it was easily fixable.

Soon it was time to pick up the others from their classes and he could hardly wait to see his LiLi again. He went down the hall, picking up each boy from their classes and getting their bags. He then dropped Zayn off at his solo therapy session.

He noticed that Niall almost looked sad to see him leave, but maybe that was because they were friends. He couldn't see anything else happening between the pair of them.

He then took them back to their room where he dropped their bags outside the door. He unlocked it. He resisted the urge to push them in, he didn't want to risk Liam being away and getting upset with him for it.

"Baby? You up?" He asked walking into the room and locking it behind him.

Liam who was now awake in his crib lit up. He was so excited to see him. "Papa! Was just telling Bruce how much I missed you!"

Mr. Watson grinned. He walked over to Liam and pushed down the side railing as he others climbed into their bunks.

Niall crawled under the covers of where Zayn usually slept at night above him. It was getting harder every day not to completely lose it. Zayn was his own sanity in this place. The only reason he hadn't completely zoned out yet. It was getting harder every day though.

Mr. Watson reached down and picked Liam up. "I missed you so much, baby." He kissed him deeply then kissed over his face. "Mmm, did you have a nice nap?" He asked.

"Yes!" He giggled. "I don't feel cranky anymore. I needs changed really really super bad though papa. Feels gross."

"I know." Mr. Watson nodded and lay him back into the crib. "I can tell." He said as he gently
pulled Liam's trousers down and pushed his shirt up. He couldn't help but grin a little though. He looked so small and cute in his batman outfit.

"Here you are, sir." Harry said bringing over a nappy and the wipes.

"Thank you." He replied without giving it much though.

"Harry, did you miss me?" Liam wondered while his papa changed him. "I took a nap and didn't have any scary dreams."

Mr. Watson took off the dirty nappy and looked over at Harry. "You can throw that out." He said. The lad was still standing there. Might as well make him do something.

"Yeah, LiLi. I missed you. I liked having you in my classes this morning. It was nice." Harry smiled at him then rolled up the dirty nappy and threw it in the bin.

He walked back and collected the dirty wipes as Mr. Watson finished and put a fresh nappy on him.

"There. LiLi is all clean now." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's nose. "I'm glad you're feeling better and had no scary dreams." He smiled as he got Liam's trousers back on him. He then pulled down his shirt. "There. All dressed again. Feel better?" He asked.

Liam nodded and hugged him, "Yep." He kissed his lips then looked up at him, "I get daycare tomorrow right papa? I get to play loud with blocks?"

"Yes, daycare with Mr. Murphy is all set. If any of the other babies give you a hard time or make you upset or angry...Or anything happens that you don't like, tell Mr. Murphy and he'll take care of it for you." Mr. Watson hugged the lad back then sat down in the crib, pulling the lad into his lap. He didn't have much to do while waiting for Zayn to be done therapy so why not spend some extra time with his little lad?

"Sir, what about when Mr. Patterson comes back or... sorry, I'm just worried about him. I can't help it." Harry admitted honestly.

Louis wanted to talk to Liam and keep making nice with him but now didn't seem like a good time so he just sat on a lower bunk.

"I'll make sure LiLi is protected. Mr. Taylor will too. Patterson has no fuckin respect for his fellow Keepers." Mr. Watson began to play with Liam's fingers a little. "If he does anything to him again...He'll regret it. Too bad Keepers aren't in charge of hiring and firing." He kissed Liam's cheek. "Don't worry about the big ole meanie, okay? I promise that every Keeper will have your back. No one's gonna let him hurt you again." He held him close.

"I trust papa. I trust Mr. Tay Tay. I trust my Harry too. That's it." Liam spoke softly as he enjoyed being held.

"Yeah, I won't let anything happen to you." Harry smiled. "Niall and Zayn as well. They care too. They will help keep you safe." He added. "Right Niall?"

"Right." Niall said. He hadn't been listening but it seemed like the right thing to say.

He smiled and whispered to his papa, "LiLi is loved." He then kissed his cheek and cuddled into him more. He almost never got to just relax in his arms and enjoy being cuddled.
"LiLi is very loved, yes." Mr. Watson told him and held him close. He loved cuddling his boy.

"Ni?" Louis said from across the room. "You still alive over there?" He joked.

"Yeah, just don't feel well mate. Long day after not sleeping well." He only half lied.

Liam frowned a bit. "Papa, can NiNi be allowed to nap? Maybe it would help him feel better."

"Sure." Mr. Watson nodded. "Why don't we leave the other boys to rest and we go someplace quiet to cuddle?" He suggested.

Liam nodded and grinned, "Papa LiLi time!" He wanted to be alone with him. He liked being alone with him. Everything felt so beautiful when they were alone together.

"Yes!" Mr. Watson grinned and stood with Liam in his arms. He grabbed the nappy bag. He unlocked the door and locked it behind him when he left.

"Let's go to the rec room. No one is there right now." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's cheek.

Liam nodded and hung onto him, "Bye Bye Harry. Night Night NiNi." He smiled. He didn't say anything to Louis but he did wave at him.
Mr. Watson walked with Liam to the rec room. He dropped the nappy bag on the changing table and sat on the sofa with Liam on his lap. "I've missed you." He kissed his lips. "What did you dream about? Did you dream?" He asked as he wrapped his arms around the smaller lad.

"I dreamed about Batman first. I got to meet him and he told me he liked my teddy bear." Liam laughed. "After that I dreamed about us and we were moving to a bigger house and you let our bed in our room be Batman!"

Mr. Watson laughed. "Hmm. But if you want to change anything at home to make it feel more like home to you too...you can always talk to me."

"Really?" He asked and bit his lower lip for a moment. "Even though I'm almost never there?"

"Really, love. I want the place to feel like yours." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's lips.

"There's something we need to talk about though, so I need your teenage mind for a little bit if that's alright?" He asked.

Liam took a slow deep breath and nodded. He felt scared because of the seriousness in his lovers voice. It made him want to retreat deeper into his world. He couldn't though. Benji needed Liam.

"What's wrong Benji? What did I do?" His voice wasn't very steady but it was mature as his eyes fell to the floor.

Benji frowned. He hated that he scared Liam. He made a note to remember to say that he didn't do anything wrong first next time. "You didn't do anything wrong." He kissed over Liam's face. "I just have some news..I won't be working weekends anymore, actually. Our part time Keepers demanded more pay so they went on strike, but an agreement's been made, so I'm off weekends now. As are the other weekday Keepers." He pulled Liam closer.

Liam felt his heart completely shatter. Fear struck him even harder as he froze, tears wanting to fall. Finally he shook his head 'no' and tried to stand up to move away but he fell on his bum due to his legs being so weak now. It's all he needed for the tears to fall even though it hadn't hurt. "No! No! No! Please! You can't leave me here! I don't even know them!"

"Hey, hey...It's gonna be okay." Benji moved to pick Liam up, scooping him back into his lap. "I
don't know how I'm going to get you out of here for a full weekend when I'm not working. I'm only allowed to work so many hours per week legally and only so many overtime hours." He frowned. "But I'll figure something out. Don't you worry your pretty little head. Taylor and I will come up with something, I'm sure." He kissed Liam's forehead.

"I won't leave you. I promise. I promise to figure something out. It's Monday, it means I have a few days to figure this out." He held onto him tightly. He knew Liam wouldn't take the news well. He knew it but somehow wished that if he was in his teenage frame of mind, it might be slightly easier.

"You know what they'll do to me if you leave me here without you." Liam told him. He was obviously still upset but somehow still in his older mind. "Benji please. They'll practically kill me and you know it."

"Shh, love. I'm going to figure something out." Benji's voice broke a little. He hated that Liam was so upset. "Keepers can sneak students home if they bring them back the next day, but weekends aren't really an option as we aren't working the next day." He kissed his head. "I love you far too much to leave you in here without anyone to protect you. It's going to be okay. I only asked for you to be in your teen state because I thought you might process it better this way. I am going to find a way, try not to worry."

"I can't help but worry." Liam told him and cuddled into him. "I mean, I'm shaking. I'm panicking. Fuck, Harry. They're gonna hurt my brother and my friends." He ended in a whisper before hiding his face and softly crying.

"Look, I can't bring all five of you home for an weekend. It's going to be hard enough to figure out how to take you out for an weekend. But if the lads behave, they won't get hurt too badly." Benji held him tight. "It'll be more sexual than physical if they behave."

Liam had just started to feel safe and comfortable. Now this was destroying his world. "I hate this. I hate all of this. I've never hated anything so much before." He sighed. "I hate this place. I'm glad I came here cause it's how I met you and Harry but I hate everything else."

"Me too, babe. Me too." Benji kissed his head and rubbed his back. "If I could save your brother and mates for the weekend, then I would but it's just not possible right now." He sighed. "Would it make it any better for you to go back to your infant mind?" He frowned.

"L, I don't want to right now. If I do I'm just going to cry non-stop until I pass out or something. I'm scared Benji. I've never been this scared before."

"Alright. Spend as much time as you want as a teen. I love you either way." Benji said. "I know you're scared but you trust me right?"

"I trust you. I don't trust others. You won't hurt me. I know that. Others will though." Liam was sure of it. "It's not even like this is a one weekend thing. It's every weekend for four years. Four long years Benji. That's like one thousand four hundred and sixty one days."

"Wow. You're good at maths. My boyfriend is a little genius." Benji smirked playfully. "But maybe the nurse can make up a medical reason for you to be let out on weekends? I don't know. I'll talk to Jake...Uh, Mr. Taylor and figure it out. But I will keep you safe. I'll look up your weekend Keeper and maybe pay him to leave you alone...I can't afford to do it for the others. I wish I had enough money." He was thinking out loud at this point.

Liam laughed a little, "Mr. Taylor's name is Jake? Jake Taylor. He doesn't look like a Jake." Liam turned and kissed his boyfriend's cheek. "I trust you. Please just understand I'm still scared. Maybe
Jake can get me a pill that will calm my nerves. Oh and don't worry I won't call him Jake when he's around.

Benji smiled. "Jacob Taylor, but he goes by Jake. Sounds odd but his parents chose that name." He laughed a little. "I know you're scared. I am too. You're everything to me. I don't want anyone else touching you...hurting you..." He nodded. "He can do that. He's has a soft spot for you but don't tell him I told you that. Did you want the pill to make you sleepy at all or just calm your nerves?" He asked.

"If I'm sleepy all the time we can't play." Liam smirked and touched his shirt collar. "I just want my nerves settled. I want sex with my boyfriend tonight."

"I thought so but I just wanted to check." Benji kissed his lips. "I really want sex with my boyfriend too. I mean, sometimes you make it hard to just cuddle and not do things to you...It can be hard to have self control when you're so fuckin adorable all the time." He kissed over Liam's face.

Liam laughed a bit. "Thank you. You're handsome all the time. As papa or Benji I always want to play with you. Nappy gets tight quite often." He winked,

Benji smirked. "And I'm always happy to help with that problem. You know, you don't always need a pill to relax." He grinned. "But if that's what you prefer then I'll ask Jake for one."

"I need it until you figure out how to save me." Liam explained and kissed his neck. "I'm actually really excited Benji. I can't wait to have you as my boyfriend."

Benji smiled at the neck kiss. It had felt nice. "I can't wait for tonight either." He rubbed over Liam's padded bum. "I'll go nice and easy, nothing too hard or extreme."

"So we can have romantic sex?" Liam asked and kept kissing at his boyfriend's neck and jaw. "Nappy is too tight." He then whispered. He wasn't sure how he felt about being in a nappy while in his mature headspace.

"Yes, of course. Unless you want something different but I think you want it slow and romantic." Benji grinned. "Want me to take it off?" He asked. They hadn't really approached the nappy wearing while being in a mature headspace. Liam hadn't even been in a mature headspace for this long before since the babying started. "What would you like me to do?"

Liam didn't know how he wanted to approach this either. "I guess, you can take it off. If I'm being Liam I only want you or I touching it though. I don't know that I like wearing it while I'm like this."

Benji nodded. "We can talk about that whenever you feel ready to have that conversation." He kissed his cheek and helped Liam out of his trousers. "And if you want help walking again while you're in your mature state, we can definitely work on that." He offered as he undid the nappy and placed it on the coffee table in front of them. He took Liam's shirt off and smiled looking over his nude body. "So pretty. You're so pretty."

"Thank you." Liam smiled. He blushed in a sweet fashion and ran a finger over his cock. "You're wearing too many clothes now Benji." Liam liked his name.

Benji smirked. "I'm sorry, love. You're just a beauty and a I can't stop staring. One thing first." He said and then walked over to the doorway and closed the door, locking it.

He then walked back over to Liam and quickly stripped out of his clothes. "Mmm, so what would my little lover like done first?" He asked as he began to pump Liam's little cock.
Liam gasped and moaned, "Benji, please, do you have that ring? I want to feel your mouth on me but I want to cum with you inside me."

Benji stood and walked over to the nappy bag. He dug around in it until he found the light blue ring. He walked back over to Liam and placed it on him as gently as he could. "There. On." He leaned down and kissed him then began to suck on his cock.

Liam smiled watching Benji then moaned when he finally felt himself slipped inside of his lovers mouth. "Ah, that's so good." He gasped and left his back arch. This was surprisingly even better with him thinking more maturely.

Benji began to bob his head while he let a hand gently start to play with Liam's balls.

Liam continued to moan and even let a hand reach to play with Benji's hair. "Yes, b- babe, you're so incredible."

Benji inwardly smiled and moaned around the clock in his mouth. He then moved his hand from Liam's balls to his nipples. He pulled off the cock for a moment and licked across the slit then began to lick over the cock itself.

"I love you and I love your mouth." He gasped. "So talented! Don't stop." Liam whimpered and tried to keep his hips still; they wanted to thrust so badly.

Benji paused for a moment and leaned up to kiss Liam's lips. "I love you too." He smiled then went back to sucking his little lover's cock. He had to admit he was enjoying his sexual time with Liam in a more mature frame of mind. He could last longer and it didn't seem to completely overwhelm him.

"Babe, touch my hole." Liam begged. "Tease me, or prep me. I don't care. I just want more with you."

Benji smirked for moment as the perfect idea came to him. He moved Liam's legs apart and pulled him a bit further down.

He leaned his head down and licked over Liam's hole a few times then gently poked at it a few times with his tongue before finally pushing in.

Liam let out a bit of a scream as his eyes snapped wide open. "Ben-ji! Oh my god! Babe!" He cried loudly. "Don't you dare stop!"

Benji continued to work his tongue in and out of Liam's tight little hole pushing his tongue in as deep as he could get it. He ran a hand over Liam's tummy and over his nipples.

"Mmm, my babe, are you going to put that giant cock inside me? Own me?" Liam asked in a more mature, sultry voice. He really didn't know how to dirty talk but he was trying.

Benji smirked and took out his tongue. "Sure, love. I still wanna stretch you a little first." He brought his fingers up to his mouth. "Suck?" He smiled.

Liam smirked and sucked on his fingers as though they were his cock. He even moaned around them. As a teenager Liam was still very horny and so he was trying very hard to be sexual, desirable and attractive for his boyfriend.

Benji bit his lip as he watched Liam. "Fuck. You're so hot." He said. "Mmm, so sexy...but let's get that hole open so I can really own it." He smirked as he watched Liam open his mouth then he
removed his fingers and gently pushed it inside Liam.

"You're sexy too." He blushed sweetly. It meant so much to him that his boyfriend was still attracted to him when he was in this mindset. He needed this more than he had realized.

When Liam felt the fingers inside him he almost laughed as he moaned; that's how good it felt. "Fuck, I love you so much."

"I love you too, babe." Benji pressed kisses along Liam's stomach as he worked one finger inside him briefly before pushing a second one inside. He knew he could take it now or at least it'd be able to in his mature state of mind. "You look so good like this, sprawled out on the floor with my fingers inside you, fucking you...You look so good. So sexy. I can hardly believe you're mine sometimes." He smiled.

"I feel the same." Liam smiled. He'd never felt so wanted or beautiful before. It meant everything to him. "I want you dick inside me now. I need to feel you Benji. Please? Help me feel how much you love me."

Benji leaned up and kissed Liam deeply as he pulled out his fingers. "Do you want slow and sweet, or do you want it hard?" He rubbed his hands along Liam's thighs for a moment before bending the lad's knees and lining himself up at his hole then finally pushing in.

"Start slow babe. I'll let you know if I need more. Is that okay?" He smiled a bit. He was still learning how their relationship worked when he was in an older mind.

Benji grinned. He was really enjoying Liam in his mature mind. "Sure, love. If that's what you want, I'll be more than happy to give it to you. I only want you to be comfortable." He said and pressed some kisses into Liam's legs then slowly began to move.

"So caring no matter how I am." Liam smiled. He felt so incredibly loved. "Come here. Kiss me. Fuck me." Liam wasn't much for the curse words. They just felt naughty to him. Right now it felt okay to say it though.

Benji leaned down and kissed Liam's lips as he speeded up a little. "Mmm, because...I love you no matter how you are. I love you as a person, nothing else matters." He kissed him again. "Love those lips. So sweet." He smiled then began to kiss along Liam's neck.

"Perfect boyfriend." Liam moaned softly. "So lucky." He eyes closed as he held onto Benji. Each gentle thrust rocked his body. It felt so erotic and yet beautiful. It was better than Liam could have ever expected. "Ben, Benji, just a bit faster."

Benji nodded and moved a bit quicker then went back to working on Liam's neck. He marked it up. "Mmm mine." He smiled.

"Yours, all yours, completely." Liam whimpered. He was becoming overwhelmed by all the sensations and emotional feelings. "Forever yours babe. Always."

"Yes, forever mine." Benji kissed him again. "Love you so much.." He picked up his pace a little more. "Just let me know when you're ready and I will take the ring off of you."

"Wanna... with you." He didn't know what to call it when he was being mature but he knew Benji would understand. "Go more now. Fuck. You feel incredible."

"Just say cum when you're feeling like this." Benji told him and went even faster. "Shit. You feel so good." He started to go harder. He couldn't help it. Liam felt so great. "And yeah we can cum
The harder hits felt more incredible if that was possible. "Fuck!" He yelled loudly unsure of what else to yell. His fingernails dug into Benji's back, "Yes! Yes! Fuck yes! Benji! More!"

Benji grinned. "I love your sounds, babe." He went even harder with each thrust. He didn't want to hurt his lad but he wouldn't deny Liam what he wanted. "Fuck. You feel so amazing." He moaned. "I'm so close. Almost there..." He groaned as he continued his harder thrusts into the smaller body beneath him.

"Do it with me." Liam whimpered. "Take the ring off. Please. Please. Fuck. Oh Benji! Yes!" Liam wanted to cum now. His cock was throbbing and aching.

He needed to release.

Benji smiled and took the ring off. "I will." He said as he continued to go harder and harder until he finally came.

As Benji began to fill Liam the younger lad screamed. His voice cracked as his eyes locked with his boyfriends. Cum flew between them and he whimpered.

Benji sighed happily as he finished and kissed over Liam's face. "I love you so much." He smiled down at Liam. "You're perfect."

"I think you're perfect too." Liam smiled and laughed a bit as the kissing. "I'm glad we didn't wait till tonight for that."

Liam then looked around and nervously chewed on the inside of his lip, "I sorta, I need to, have a wee. There's no toilet in here and my legs are too weak to walk."

"There is actually." Benji gently pulled out and stood. He then picked Liam up in his arms. "You've only used it once before though so you probably don't remember." He said and walked to the door in the back of the room. He unlocked it and opened it. "Uhm, do you want me to help you stand? Or did you want to stand?"

"I want to stand but I don't know if I can." Liam frowned a little. "Is it too awkward for you since I'm not little?"

"No, I don't mind. Whatever makes you most comfortable." Benji said and stood Liam on his feet in front of the toilet. He let Liam lean against him. "Whenever you're ready we can work on you being able to walk again, that way it'd be easier for you to switch back and forth." He suggested and kissed Liam's cheek.

"Y-yeah. I'm not comfortable needing a nappy changed when I'm in my teenaged headspace." Liam explained and did his business. "Legs feel like jello." He told Benji. "So lucky you love me."

"We can work on that too." Benji said once Liam had finished. He then helped Liam over to the sink so he could wash his hands. "I can buy some crutches so that when you're a teenager, you can work on your walking skills and if you don't want to wear a nappy while in a teenage headspace...I'll help you out of it if you want." He rested his chin on Liam's shoulder. "I just know that I love you. I support you with whatever you want to do. If you need extra help readjusting to teen life, I'm here."

"I want to get to a place where I can be comfortable in or out of baby headspace." Liam told him. "Thank you for helping me. C-can you maybe help me tell the lads in my room though? I don't
"I want to try to walk. Is that okay... sir?" Liam rolled his eyes at the last part. "Oh and do you suppose he'd get mad if I still called him Mr. Tay Tay when I'm not being little?"

"Yes. And when we're alone, you can call me whatever you want." Benji reminded. "I don't know. Probably not. He likes you. He's got your back." He offered his hands to Liam. "I'll help you walk."

Liam took his boyfriend's hands and let him help him stand up. "You're the best. Best ever. No one could ever come close even." He smiled. "Don't laugh if I fall."
"I won't." Benji smiled. "If you get tired, I will carry you. But one more question, we have dinner soon. So what do you feel comfortable with doing for meal times while you're in your teen state?" He asked as they slowly made their way towards the door.

Liam was held tightly to Benji as he walked slow. "Something I won't throw up if I eat?" He questioned.

"Like so far it's been a mix of baby food and regular food. I've kept you with me at the back...I'm sure you'd like to feed yourself, but did you want to sit with other people?" He asked.

"If I'm allowed to stay with you'd I'd rather." He said honestly. Walking was slow but it was coming along. "What do the Keepers eat?"

"The good stuff." Benji laughed. "But basically, whatever we want. Whatever they decided to cook for us or sometimes its just something from home. You can stay with me. We can eat in the kitchen." He said as he held onto Liam with one arm and unlocked the door. He opened it and held Liam's hands again. "Your walking is getting better already." He grinned. "But maybe you should go to your gym classes...Just so you can keep your strength up." He suggested. "Up to you. I bet you'd look cute in the uniform gym shorts." He smirked.

"So then, if I eat with you can I eat what you eat?" Liam asked. "I'll think about gym. I'm not sure how long I'll stay like this or how often I'll be like this."

"Sure. I'll spoil you." Benji nodded. "Yeah, maybe just during times you're like this? Sometimes? I just want you to keep your strength up so it's easier to switch." He kissed Liam's hand as they walked down the hall.

"Well, dad's have to teach their babies to walk so even if I'm a baby we could walk and you hold my hands. That or just ask me to use my big boy mind so we can walk a little." Liam suggested as they kept walking. Another Keeper with a student passed by them and seemed surprised that Liam was on his feet but never said anything.

"Both are good." Benji nodded. "I'll remember those." He smiled.

A few minutes later, they made it to the school's psych office and he walked in to find Zayn sitting on a chair in the waiting room.

"I'm ready, sir." Zayn said standing. He noticed Liam but wasn't sure what to say so he just smiled at him.

Liam awkwardly smiled back. He was just focused on not falling down. "Legs hurt. Tired." He spoke softly.

Mr. Watson picked him up. "You did good. I'm so proud." He kissed his cheek. "Lets go get the others then eat."

Liam sighed and nodded. He wasn't thrilled about being carried while he was older but he couldn't help it right now.

"I know, babe. I know." Mr. Watson kissed his cheek. "There's some crutches in storage. I'll grab them and you can use them for when you're big and you can practice your walking that way." He suggested. He could tell Liam wished he could walk.

"I want you around for a while first." He whispered. He didn't trust himself on crutches because he'd never used them before.
"Sir, is LiLi okay?" Zayn asked curiously about Liam.

"Of course." Mr. Watson whispered back then looked at Zayn. "He's fine, he just feels like being Liam for awhile right now. Sometimes he just likes going back and forth between Liam and LiLi." He said.

"Liam is the teenager side?" Zayn wanted to clarify.

"Yeah." Liam replied in a quiet tone. "I'm fine. My legs just don't work very well right now. Didn't use them for too long."

"Oh." Zayn wasn't sure what else to say. "That's cool. So uh ...How can we tell which side you're using? Just so we know not to baby you if you're not into it at the moment." He awkwardly asked.

"I don't know yet. I guess just ask what my name is." Liam wasn't sure. He thought eventually there would be signs but right now his name would be the easiest way to know. "Sorry, hope that's okay."

"Yeah, that's fine." Zayn smiled. "Whatever works for you will be fine." He said. "So do the others know yet?" He asked curious.

Liam shook his head, "No, I asked Mr. Watson to help me." Liam loathed calling him that but he knew it was a rule he absolutely had to follow.

Zayn felt surprised to hear him say "Mr. Watson" but he was also surprises to see him in a teenage mindset.

"Cool." He said as they reached the room.

Mr. Watson unlocked the door and Zayn quickly stepped inside.

The others stood while Niall stayed in bed. He didn't feel like moving. He didn't mind a punishment.

"Hey, Irish. Wake up." Mr. Watson told him rather loudly as he sat Liam on a bed.

"Ni..." Zayn felt worried. "Come on, get up. You don't want a punishment."

"I don't care." Niall whispered.

"But I do." Zayn urged him quietly.

Niall groaned and got out of bed. "Sorry, sir. I was really tired."

"Just don’t let it become a thing." Mr. Watson said.

Liam smiled when he saw Harry. Even in his teenaged mind Harry was his brother. He just hoped it would be the same for Harry.

"Come on you," Mr. Watson nodded towards Louis. "Get over here. We're running behind."

"Yes, sir." Louis said and quickly made his way to the door.

Niall moved a bit slower.

"Seriously, Irish? I don't have all damn afternoon." Mr. Watson complained. "Ace, since you two
"Sorry." Niall mumbled and tried to move faster but his body felt like it was held down by weights.

Zayn gently took Niall's arm and places it over his neck then wrapped an arm around his waist as they all left the room. "Are you okay?"

"Not really...But I don't wanna talk about it." Niall whispered putting some of his weight on Zayn.

Mr. Watson locked the door and started to walk down the hallway. "So listen..." He started. "LiLi...would like to be a teenager sometimes and will go by Liam again when he's in that mindset." He told them as they walked. "All you have to do is ask his name and he'll tell you what it is. LiLi means he's little. Liam means he's big." He explained.

“That's awesome.” Louis replied. He was actually glad to hear Liam knew how to act older.

"So, what's your name right now?" Harry asked feeling a bit confused. He hadn't exactly seen Liam acting like a teenager before. He figured there would be some tells that would give away how he was thinking but he didn't know what they were just yet.

"I'm Liam." He replied a bit nervous. He worried Harry would think differently about him like this.

"Oh. Hi." Harry smiled at him as they walked through the doors.

"So does that mean Liam is sitting with someone else?" Louis asked.

"No." Mr. Watson said. "He's staying with me. Now all of you get on with eating. Ace, make sure Irish here at least eats something and continue helping him."

"Of course, sir." Zayn nodded.

As Mr. Watson walked away Zayn turned to Niall, "I don't know what wrong but you have to snap out of it. I can't save you if you're acting strange."

"You don't always have to save me." Niall told him. "I just...feel shitty. But not like I'm sick in a type of way. I'm just sick of this life and everything that comes with attending this school. Pieters came to my class just so he could fuck me in front of everyone. I don't want to live like this but I don't want to live without you so I'm just...sorta...caught in the middle of wanting to die but not really because I don't want to leave you." He frowned leaning against Zayn for support.

"Ni, please promise you'll talk to the therapist. Please. I'm worried about you now." Zayn's voice cracked a little. The love of his life just said he felt like killing himself. Of course he was worried.

"Much help she'd do. It's not like she can get me or any of us out do here." Niall frowned.

"Less standing and talking and more standing in line to get your dinner!" Mr. Derringer told them and gave them a bit of a push.

Niall was slowly reaching his breaking point. This didn't help.

"Talking through things could help though. You don't know until you try. Niall I can't lose you. Now I'm scared I'm going to." Zayn just desperately wanted to hold him now.

"Doubtful..." Niall shrugged. "But if you want me to, I will. I'm going to sit so you can get ua food without having to hold me up." He said. "You aren't going to lose me. You're my only reason to live." He said softly.
Zayn frowned and nodded, "Alright, you're eating everything I get you though. You owe it to me right now." Maybe he could try asking Mr. Taylor about getting an antidepressant for Niall. Maybe that was a bad idea though. He was just scared now.

Niall nodded. "Yeah, I'll try." He said and turned slowly to go sit at a table.

He really would try but he just felt so depressed. He didn't care about much, not if it wasn't about Zayn. He didn't even care about getting punished. He barely felt anything outside of his feelings for Zayn.

"He okay?" David ask showing up in line. "He looks ill."

"I think he's seriously depressed. Like...this place is getting to him and being treated the way we are. He says he wants to die but at the same time he doesn't want to leave me so he's like...caught between the two." He sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "I'm so fuckin worried."

"That's pretty serious. Not too much can be done unfortunately. I mean, if he's placed on suicide watch the Keepers can get to him but he's put in a padded room with no clothes and the thick blanket that can be ripped. No visitors except the therapist." David frowned. "I wish I could help."

"Shit." Zayn felt even more worried. "I told him to talk to his therapist but maybe that's not such a good idea..." He frowned as he moved in the line. He picked the least repulsive things for both him and Niall.

"I mean, talking to her can help emotionally. If he talks seriously about hurting himself however she'll hold him. If he's depressed about being in here though, only time will help that." David explained.

Zayn frowned. "Thanks for the tip. What would happen if he stops eating?" He asked. "Not that he has...I'll make him eat but if he doesn't, what would happen?" He bit his lip, worried.

"The school had the right to force a feeding tube in him." David replied. "He'd basically be getting those shakes by force while potentially being tied to a bed in order to prevent him ripping it out. I've only seen it happen once here."

"Holy sh..." Zayn trailed off as a Keeper walked past them.

He frowned deeper as he walked over to where Niall was sitting with Joe.

"Here you are. I tried me best to pick the least repulsive things for you." Zayn sat next to him and handed him the plate of food. "If you don't eat...They'll force feed you and it won't be pretty. Please. Eat something." He begged.

Niall sighed and slowly began to eat the food. He was only eating for Zayn. He didn't want to hurt Zayn. "I'm trying okay."

"You'll be tied to a bed with a feeding tube and force fed those nasty shakes. I don't want that to happen to you. Just...try your best and I'll eat whatever's left over." Zayn offered.

"Only for you." Niall replied. He had no other reason to do it. He kept picking at the food and trying to fake looking alright. "I just need to get out of here. Maybe overnight at Mr. Watson's will help a little."

"Thank you." Zayn smiled. "I don't know what I'd do without you. And maybe it will. It might. I mean maybe we can convince him to make it a regular thing?"
"Wait what?" Joe asked confused.

"So being nice to LiLi is working out in your favour finally." David smiled.

"Yeah, only right now he's Liam. I guess he likes going back and forth with being little and big." Zayn put it simply. "You," he pointed at Joe. "You will keep your mouth shut. You ruin this for us and I promise I'll kill you."

Joe's eyes went large and quickly nodded. "My lips are sealed." He said as he made a zipper motion with his fingers across his lips.

"Hm. Interesting. I wonder what made him snap back to being big. But I do suggest you keep the niceness up don't want it seem you just like him if he's little." David suggested.

"Yeah, of course." Zayn nodded.

"Did you guys hear about the strike?" Joe asked.

"What strike?" Niall's interest was somewhat peaked.

"Hmm, I guess none of your room would know. Uh, we actually are supposed to have different Keepers on the weekends. We have the main Keepers you're used to. The night Keepers no one sees hardly. Then we have Keepers who only work Saturday and Sunday. They went on strike to demand more money and now an agreement has been reached. So they're coming back this weekend." David explained. "The main Keepers might be nicer Monday since they'll finally have gotten a break."

"Wow..." Niall whispered. He felt scared now. He had gotten used to the main ones and knew how to play them. He still had a collar. What if the weekend Keepers forced him to be a dog again? And since they've been gone for awhile, they'd probably be not so nice to the students upon return to make up for lost time.

"It'll be okay. I've got your back. I'll do my best to keep you okay." Zayn could read Niall's mind.

"I have a question." Joe announced. "If Liam is so attached to Mr. Watson, what's going to happen to him over the weekend?"

"I don't have any idea. I can bet money Mr. Watson will figure something out though. I can't believe for a second Liam would be left here without his papa to protect him." Zayn replied.

"That could be what sparked his acting more mature." David suspected.

"Make sense." Niall agreed. "He'd probably just cry all the time if he was little and at least this way...He can be scared and worried without sobbing all the time."

"Hard to figure him out. I bet the therapist has lots of fun with him." Zayn commented.

"Just accept him, whatever headspace he's in. Don't let this new thing blow what you guys have been working on with him." David reminded. "It's important he understand that you like him, LiLi and Liam."

Zayn nodded. "Yeah, true. It's easy to play nice with an infant though. But you're right." He said and glanced at Niall. "Eat." He demanded. He didn't want the force feeding to happen to his boy.

"Fine." Niall grumbled and began to eat the meat on his plate.
"Are you lads talking or eating?" Mr. Murphy appeared and asked, trying to sound hard.

"Eating of course, sir." Zayn said. He didn't feel threatened by Mr. Murphy. But he knew not to show it.

"I'm a slow eater tonight. He was just telling me to hurry up." Niall told the Keeper.

"I'd do as he said then. If not you know where you'll end up... dog." He almost growled at Niall then kept walking around.

Niall rolled his eyes. "He tries too hard." He said and ate a bit more. It was hard to keep it down but it was for Zayn's sake so he kept reminding himself of that. "Just because I have a collar doesn't make me a dog, not anymore." He growled.

"Talk to Liam about it. Maybe you could convince him to help you?" Zayn offered.

"How? He's big. It's not like I can complain a little and he can ask Papa to make it all better." Niall sighed and pushed away his food. "If I eat any more...I'll throw up."

Zayn quickly took his plate before anyone could see and started eating.

"Just start by planting the seed in his head. If he really does enjoy being little he'll go back and when he does you'll already have it on the works." David offered. "Perk up buddy."

Niall nodded. "I suppose that could work. Thanks." He said then looked at Zayn. "Thank you." He wished he could wrap his arms around him and kiss his face. It was hard not to half the time.

"You can thank me tonight." Zayn softly replied.

“Oh you can bet on it.” Niall grinned.

“Ew. I’m sitting right here.” David teased.

“Me too.” Joe reminded.

“Sorry.” Niall giggled a little and worked on finishing his water.

In the kitchen Liam quietly ate, hardly saying a word while Benji spoke with Jake. He listened to Benji explain how he had told Liam about the weekend Keepers and how he'd taken it. Before Jake left Liam did thank him for the crutches he'd brought.

Once alone again Benji and Liam sat talking about what would and wouldn't be acceptable from Liam in his teenaged mind. A lot more would be expected of him. He'd have to follow nearly all the rules the other students did. He wouldn't be able to get away with little things anymore.

Liam felt a bit upset about this. He tried to be understanding. In a teenaged headspace Liam was capable of calling the Keepers by their proper titles. He was able to wear the uniform. He was also capable of knowing when to talk and when not to. He didn't like this but he'd obey. He wouldn't make things hard on Benji.

Harry groaned as he heard Tyler getting fucked by Mr. Thomas. “ Seriously?" He asked Rory who was sitting across from him. “I don't get how you can whore yourself out like that to a Keeper and
pretend you want it.”

“It happens, similar to your Keeper and Liam, only it's usually one sided, the student side and the Keeper just using them.” Rory shrugged.

“Not to mention Tyler is an annoying brat.” Harry shook his head and ate his food, as disgusting as it was.

“True but Mr. Thomas lets him away with everything.” Rory explained. “Tyler knows how to play him as well to get exactly what he wants.”

“I can't pretend to be into it. Not well anyways.”

“Learn. It will make your life easier.” Rory encouraged setting his tray aside. He had finished eating.

“Tyler is harmless though. Annoying but harmless.” He added. “The other Keepers find him annoying too but like Liam, they know better than to. But unlike Liam, they'll look for any way to bring him down.”

“Good to know.” Harry nodded.

“Whatever happens to him, in the bad type of way, he totally deserves. I called him a pussy once and I had the worst treatment in the playroom.” Rory said.

“Dick. And he is a pussy for hiding behind Mr. Thomas like he does.” Harry agreed.

Rory nodded and opened his mouth to speak when Mr. Davis yelled, “Time’s up, slags! Get your rubbish in the bins and line the fuck up. Last one to the door gets fucked by me.” He smirked.

“See ya later.” Rory whispered and picked up his tray to throw out his rubbish.

“See ya.” Harry said copying his friends actions.

Moments later, Harry was lined up at the door with the others.

“I barely stomached that.” He commented to no one in particular. “How am I going to survive years on that food?”

Niall shrugged. “Just ask or take amounts that you can stomach eating, that way it doesn’t look like you’re avoiding food altogether and we don’t get in shit for not eating.”

“Maybe you should take your own advice.” Zayn suggested.

“Easier said than done.” Niall sighed. “But I will try okay?”

Zayn nodded, feeling a bit better knowing that Niall would try to eat. He found himself worrying about Niall’s every single need. He figured that’s what a good boyfriend would be doing.

Chapter End Notes

Patterson will be back somewhere in the 40's chapter wise. :)
Chapter 33

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

I know if you lovely people weren't comfortable, you wouldn't be reading this but there is a line in this chapter that says "It isn't rape, if you're enjoying it." And I'd like to state right away that this is not the views of either of us authors. It's the view of the character in the fic. Sometimes people mix up the two or think it's the same. It's not.

I felt the need to point that out right away.

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Here's the chapter! I had an appt yesterday and today, and went shopping yesterday...

And I'm not feeling well, so finally here's the chapter! I didn't edit it myself this time, so if something doesn't add up, let me know in the comments, and I'll fix it!!

xoxo

Enjoy!

Oh and please comment!! Let us know your thoughts and feelings. What do you think of teenage Liam again? :)

Back in the kitchen Jake and Benji were talking still. They could make their slags wait a couple extra minutes.

"No one had ever taken a sl- student home all weekend." Jake said. "I mean, maybe there's a way but I'm not sure off the top of my head."

Liam seemed to sink into his seat more as he kept feeding himself. He wanted to switch back where things felt more safe but he couldn't. He knew his infant mind couldn't cope with this level of fear.

"Don't you worry little lad, we're gonna figure something out. You'll be safe." Jake told Liam as he rubbed his shoulder a little. "I promise Liam."

Liam nodded. "Thank you, sir." He smiled a little.

"Between the the two of us...we'll figure it out." Benji kissed Liam's head. "How's the food?"

"It's good." Liam nodded. He knew it was safe to act relaxed in front of Jake. "I trust you Benji. I trust both of you actually. I'm still scared though."

"Yeah, I know. Try not to worry." Benji ran a caring hand across Liam's back.

"I'll continue to think. I'm sure there's something we can do." Jake said. "So tomorrow if he's still like this...Is he going to classes then?" He asked.
"I'm leaving it to his choice." Benji replied. "I won't stop him if he wants to go. I just don't see a reason to force him. I can't imagine it would be easy to keep up with lessons if he's always back and forth."

Jake nodded. "True. So uh...If he's like this..do you still plan on having him fuck his roommates?" Benji hadn't gotten that far in his thoughts. He was still getting used to teenage Liam. "I suppose that's up to Liam. I'm fine with it. I'd like for it to happen. I would never force him though."

Jake nodded and looked at Liam.

"Liam, how do you feel about that sweetie?" Benji asked and kissed his cheek.

"I don't know." Liam said honestly as he thought for a moment. In his infant state he wouldn't have minded. But his teenage state knew that if he willingly fucked Zayn in his teen mind, Niall would hate him for it. He didn't want that. He wanted a chance to be friends with them even as a teen.

"Well...now that I think about it, I don't think I'm up to it tonight. Is that alright, babe?" Liam looked up at Benji. "Please don't be mad."

"Of course that's fine. We can do it another night when you haven't had to work your legs so hard." Benji kissed his lips. "Jake wanted to use Zayn tonight anyway I'm sure."

"I did." He smiled. "Now I won't have to worry about being gentle."

Liam nodded and forced a small smile back. He then went back to his food and worked on finishing it.

"I should get out there." Jake said a moment later. "I'll be thinking of a way to help you with Liam over the weekend thing. We'll get it figured out soon."

"Thanks." Benji smiled then looked down at Liam. "You're not too big for a cuddle right?" He fake pouted as his ran his fingers through Liam's hair.

Liam smiled and gently pulled Benji down to sit with him. He then cuddled into him. "I'm sorry I'm being quiet and stuff. I'm just scared still. If you want me to fuck Zayn still I'll do whatever you want. I'm just upset, really upset."

"I would like to see you fuck him tonight like we planned but if you're too scared and not feeling up to it...I understand." Benji kissed Liam's head and wrapped his arms around him. "Jake and I will figure something out. If I can't bring you home for the weekend then I'll make sure you're alright."

He kissed his cheek.

"The worst part is that I have to put up with this for four more years." He tried not whimper as he stayed cuddled into him. "Four years of maybe always having to be away from you all weekend. It's not fair. I have to deal with all of this awfulness because I didn't know stealing was wrong. I tried to tell the judge but he didn't believe me. I swear I never would have done it had I known. I promise." His voice finally cracked as he let some of him more mature thought out.

Benji held him close. "I know, love. You weren't properly taught right from wrong. You didn't know. But it's an excuse often used so judge's tend not believe anyone who says it anymore." He frowned. "I'll pick up some extra over time when I can and work weekends sometimes if it comes to worst." He ran his hands over Liam's arms.
"Thanks Benji. I love you. I'll try harder to not be so gloomy. Just forgive me if I don't do a very good job." Liam told him.

"It's alright love. I understand." He smiled and checked his watch. "It's time to get your roommates moving along to the next thing though. Are you done eating?"

Liam nodded, "I'm finished. It was really good. Thanks."

Benji stood and grabbed the crutches. "Try to think positive." He encouraged and leaned down to kiss his lips. "All your roommates have some type of homework to go work on. Normally, I'd just let you play, but since you're feeling like Liam today...What would you like to do?" He asked as he grabbed the crutches that leaned against the wall. "I could always give you my tablet to play a game on or to watch Netflix or something like that?" He suggested.

"Is it okay if I watch Batman?" Liam asked. He didn't know if Batman was only for little children or not. Anymore he really questioned everything. "Still help me okay?" He made sure as he slowly stood using the crutches.

"Yeah, watch whatever you want." Benji smiled and placed a hand on Liam's back. "It's okay to still like Batman as a teen. Hell, I'm in my thirties and I love anything to do with Superheros. You like what you like and there's no age limit on what you enjoy watching." He said watching Liam stand with his crutches. "Just...take it slow. Get used to them." He kissed his head. "I'm right here with you."

Liam nodded and slowly moved out towards the actual cafeteria where his roommates now waited with Mr. Taylor and the kids from his room. Of course half way to the door Liam suddenly, without any warning at all felt a warm liquid run down his legs and soak his joggers. His eyes went large, he had no idea he was even needing to wee. It just happened.

Benji of course noticed right away. At least the other kids were busy emptying the room.

Mr. Taylor noticed Liam a moment later. "Change of plans slags." He said. "You're all with me for now." He told both groups.

Benji mouthed a thank you to his friend who nodded in response as he left with the groups of students.

He frowned looking at Liam. "Back to the kitchen, babe. It'll be okay." He whispered. "You can hide in there while I grab some extra clothes." He kissed his head.

"I didn't even know I needed to go." Liam whimpered. "I didn't get that feeling. It just happened. No warning." He looked completely devastated.

Benji rubbed Liam's back as they walked back to the kitchen. Liam had suddenly had an accident, he had wee'd himself, while everyone was lining up. Thankfully, only Benji and Jake noticed.

The lad was greatly embarrassed by it. Benji wanted to do whatever he could to help.

"Well, maybe it just takes time for your body to adjust back. Maybe as you go back and forth...Like more you go back and forth, it'll become easier." He tried to comfort his boyfriend. "But as we're working on it..." He paused. "Maybe you should wear something, so you...don't have an accident where others would notice and pick on you for it?" He tried to suggest carefully. He was looking out for his boyfriends best interest.

"I didn't realize I could completely forget how to use my bladder." Liam sighed. He felt so
embarrassed. "I guess I have no choice but to use something. If I'm Liam though I only want you changing me. No one else; not while I'm older."

"It's something we can work on you remembering." Benji said as they reached the kitchen. "Here. Sit in the chair and I'll be right back with some fresh trousers and a nappy." He kissed his head. "And of course, whatever makes you feel most comfortable. If you want just me, that's what you will get. Sit tight. I'll be back shortly." He leaned down and kissed Liam's lips.

Liam sighed as he sat down carefully. He frowned as he sat waiting. He knew he needed the nappies so he wouldn't fight them. Everything else having him so upset just made this frustrating. The fact some people had seen made it worse. He didn't want people to know that he had bladder issues as a teenager. That why not even Harry would be allowed to help when he was in an older mindset.

Benji quickly left the kitchen and the cafe. He headed to the room to pick up an extra pair of trousers for Liam. He also stopped by the rec room and picked up the nappy bag. He had left it there earlier. He didn't think Liam would have bladder issues as a teen but was determined to help him through it.

Once he had it, he walked back to the kitchen. "Hey, love." He said as he started to pull things out of the bag. "We'll figure this out. I'll help you with whatever you need to eventually help you remember." He said.

He placed the changing pad on the long sliver table after pulling out a fresh nappy and some wipes. "Can you stand and get out of your joggers or do you need help balancing?"

Liam stood up and sighed as he used the crutches to help him balance. "I don't so much care if I need to be in a nappy. I know it's just part of me choosing to live the life that I do. I just worry what others will think. I don't want others knowing I can't control my bladder as a teen. If I remember that's great. If I don't I'm okay with that too. I just don't want people knowing Benji." Liam hoped he had explained himself well.

Benji helped Liam out of his joggers. "But what if you use the nappy while in the room with the others? I mean...We can hide it from others sure, but it'll be difficult to hide it from them." He said. "It's easier to clean you if you're laying down. Is it okay if I lay you on the changing pad?" He felt like he should ask first. This was new for both of them.

Liam just continued to sigh. Being so upset about the weekend Keepers made everything else feel so much worse than it was. When he was a teenager he didn't want to be babied at all. That was the point of not being in his headspace.

"I'm sorry. This is all just a lot for me. I don't like having to be babied when I'm not in that headspace. I understand, if I'm going to have accidents I need to be in a nappy. I just hate that it means being treated like an infant when I'm not wanting to be one. I want to be able to go back and forth without it being such an issue. I can't walk proper. I can't use the toilet proper. I still get shy and embarrassed. I mean, what's the point of being out of headspace. Hell, being a teenager doesn't even help me get out of here. It just means I won't cry until I pass out from fear."

Liam bit his lip for a moment then finally worked on laying down. "I'm not going to feel good about anything until I'm safe and I won't be safe for at least four years. I'm sorry."

Benji listened to Liam rant and he wished so badly that he could help him but he didn't know what to do.
He watched Liam lay down. "Listen, love...It's going to be okay. I'm not going to let you spend four years here. I don't know how to fix it but I will." He rubbed Liam's thighs.

"As for controlling your bladder as a teen..." He paused as he used the wipes on Liam to clean him up. "I'm sure in time it'll come back to you or we'll figure out a way for it to come back to you. Lots of people though get shy and embarrassed even as a teen or an adult. It happens to people no matter their age. Your walking is coming back. We just need to work on you walking while you're in either headspace." He leaned down and kissed Liam's lips. "I love you though. That will never change and I promise to find a way to save you." He said and finally slipped a fresh nappy on Liam. "I'll help you to a chair and you can put the joggers on yourself?" He suggested.

Liam nodded, "I'm be cranky. I'm sorry. Thank you for helping me." He sat up and let Benji help him to chair. He then worked on getting his joggers on. "Do they make, I don't know. Like training pants in my size? Like something that can be pushed down and pulled up like regular underwear. Maybe that way I can still try going wee properly but I'm protected if I screw up again?"

"That's a great idea and they do actually. We can make a pit stop on the way home and I'll pick some up. Very smart idea." Benji kissed Liam's head. "My smart boy." He smiled and ran his fingers through Liam's hair. "Okay, so locker room to grab the tablet and then back to the room then I go back to work for a bit." He explained watching Liam.

"Can I not use the crib right now?" Liam asked. "There's two extra beds so I wouldn't be bothering anyone else."

"I wasn't expecting you to use it." Benji nodded. "Pick a bed, get comfortable and I'll make sure your crutches are close by in case you want to stand or move for whatever reason." He smiled. "And when your legs get tired, let me know and I'll carry you." He reminded Liam.

"I love you. I still struggle to agree that I deserve you but I'm so thankful I have you." Liam stood and careful hugged him with one arm while balancing with the other. "You put up with me so well." He teased a bit which helped him to smile.

Benji grinned. "I love you too, Liam." He hugged him back. "And that helps me put up with you." He winked. "Alright let's go." He said as he picked up the nappy bag.

He sent Jake a text letting him know he was grateful and would be there soon to take over.

In the study room Taylor was watching all the students study and work on assignments. He noticed Louis struggling to get the zipper on his rucksack open. "What's wrong with you slag?"

"It's stuck Mr. Taylor. I'm sorry." Louis replied.

Harry noticed and laughed a bit. It earned him a sharp look from Louis.

"It's a zipper *louis nickname*. I'm sure you've opened lots of men's zippers. Haven't you?" Mr. Taylor teased making Harry laugh a bit more. For the moment Mr. Taylor was fine letting him.

"Yes sir." Louis replied reluctantly. "This one is just stuck. I'm sure I'll get it open in a second."

"He's got a lot of practice with buttons too." Harry teased.

"What was that *mop top?*? You volunteer to help him? That's very kind of you." Mr. Taylor snapped.
Harry sighed. That last thing he wanted to do was help Louis. “I’d love to help him sir.” His voice was sarcastic.

“Good, if you don't get it open you both can spend study time sucking one another off until you each cum twice. I'd hate for your roommate to be bored just because you can't get his bag open.” Mr. Taylor smirked.

“Yes sir.” Harry tried not to grit his teeth as he replied. He came over and knelt down. He began tugging on the zipper praying it would open.

“I swear to god, if you don't get that zipper open I'll bite you.” Louis hissed.

“I'm trying but you bite me and I'll rip your off.” Harry almost growled back as he kept working the zipper.

Mr. Taylor of course just laughed watching from across the room now. Cheap entertainment made this job interesting.

Finally Harry managed to get the zipper unstuck and the bag opened. “Thank fucking Christ.”

“You dodged a bullet loser. Now leave me alone.” Louis was tempted to kick him but refrained.

Harry stood up and started walking back to his stuff.

“Behave or I'll make you both suck each other off still. Hell, I might anyway. Sounds like something fun to watch.” Mr. Taylor then slapped Harry's arse as he passed by.

It wasn't long after that Mr. Watson showed up. They discussed Liam, Jake making sure the little lad was alright. They also bounced around some ideas on how to get Liam out of here.

Jake did finally have one idea, it was a stretch but maybe he could convince his girlfriend to apply to adopt Liam. Jake would just have to convince her of what a sweet boy Liam is and how he shouldn't be here.

Benji loved the idea and added to it thinking it would help if he could get his lawyer to pursue getting Liam’s theft conviction dropped. Considering how he was raised by that foster family he didn't think it would hard. Jake even agreed and the plans were set.

"Mr. Watson?” Harry called. He hated to interrupt them but he'd done everything else he could with his homework. There was only one question now stumping him and he wasn't sure what to do.

"Yes, curly?” Mr. Watson sighed a little and walked over to Harry. "What is it?” He didn't like being interrupted, especially when it concerned Liam. "Unless you need to go for a wee, then I don't know what I can help you with."

"I'm sorry.” He felt a tinge of nervousness. He had only called for him because he felt like Mr. Watson maybe cared a tiny bit more than everyone else here.

"This question for my careers class, it says, Sarah is looking for a job so she can save up to buy a car. She has found three places hiring but they are all further than she can walk. If Sarah wanted one of these jobs what how could she get herself there? List any and all options below.” Harry looked up from the paper, "I've always had to walk everywhere or the family I was with had a car. I don't know how she'd get there if she can't walk and doesn't have a car."

"Think about it. One reason is in the sentence you just said.” Mr. Watson told him.
"What?" Harry said confused.

"What did you tell me?" He asked.

"I've always had to walk or been driven anywhere...Oh. She could get a car?" Harry asked.

"Yes, and if you can't afford a car, what other way is there to get somewhere? How do some students arrive to school?"

"School bus? Oh bus?" Harry asked.

"Right but you can also take the tube as well but there's a broader term for that." Mr. Watson said.

"Public transportation?" Harry asked.

"Right. See, you're smarter than you think." Mr. Watson said. "Now write it down before you forget."

"Thank you. I suppose it's easy to forget about public transportation when you've never used it." Harry replied.

"True, there are taxi’s you can call for as well. It's more expensive though." Mr. Watson explained. "I think the idea though is just 'public transportation'." He then gave Harry a friendly wink without even thinking about it.

"Right, thank you again sir." Harry nodded and wrote down the answer.

"Aw, look at you being Mr. Teacher of the year." Jake teased as Benji walked back over to him.

Benji rolled his eyes. "Whatever. I don't get why he asked me instead of a teacher but eh. At least I got to feel smart for a moment."

Jake laughed. "Doesn't your boyfriend make you feel smart sometimes?" He teased quietly.

"Funny." Benji rolled his eyes. "And he does but he's the smart one between the two of us." He smiled.

"Really? Are we talking academically?" Jake asked. "That's a bit, shocking."

"Yeah, he's very smart when it comes to all this book learning. That's how I know it couldn't possibly be his fault that he's here. He absorbs pretty much everything he's taught it seems. Clearly no one taught him about common and basic laws." Benji replied.

"The family he got stuck with must have been a bunch of criminals or something then." Jake shook his head. "Poor kid, at least all of this allowed him to find people who really do care."

Benji nodded. "He said it was his Foster brother who taught him it was okay to steal. He's so trusting as well. He knows a little better now but at the time, he just believed whatever people told it. Quite sad but I'm happy to have found him. At least this should help with getting the ruling reversed."

"We could bribe the therapist more than we already do. Ask her to make it sound worse than it really is." Jake offered. "I mean, a decent lawyer like yours wouldn't need the help with Liam's case but it can't hurt."

Benji nodded. "That's a perfect idea. He actually has a private session with her tomorrow morning"
after breakfast. I'll talk to her then." He said. "Thanks for the idea." He smiled.

"You know, I told Liam that we can redecorate the place so it feels more like his as well, and the look on his face? He's never had a space to call his own much less an entire house." He said. "It was priceless. He seemed excited."

"No wonder he seems so spoiled even though you've barely done anything." Jake replied. "Uncle Tay Tay will help spoil him too though. I mean I'm the closest thing to family you have around here."

Benji grinned. "He loves just about anything superhero and Batman is his favourite." He said.

"Noted. I'll get some stuff for his new room. I imagine he wants his room to work for both sides of his mind?" Jake didn't know how to word all that still.

"We haven't exactly planned it out yet but I would agree with that." Benji nodded. "He's pretty easy to please."

"We'll get him all fixed up," Jake smiled. "Maybe I'll take off Friday so I can come in for a few hours Saturday and Sunday. Just if we can't get him out this week."

"Thanks." Benji said. "That means a lot. If you run into trouble just call me or let him call me...Grumpy teens can be a bit worse than a grumpy baby. Just if we don't get this settled by the weekend. I feel like we won't." He frowned. "Courts can take awhile. Especially where Fosters are concerned."

"Yeah, I won't be allowed to be here all day both days but I can work out doing about six hours each day. You honestly could probably come in and say goodnight after the weekend crew leaves. Just don't clock in and avoid the main rooms so you aren't seen on camera." Jake offered.

"Ouch! Stop that!" A student was heard yelling. "Poke me again and I'm gonna break that damn pencil!"

"Good idea." Benji nodded as they heard the student yell. "I've got this one." He sighed.

He walked over to the student. "I think you've forgotten that you're not the one allowed to make threats around here." He growled.

"But sir...He wouldn't stop." The boy whimpered. "I'm so sorry. I would've told a Keeper but you all always say you don't like tattletales."

"Unless it's physical you twat, then we care. We're the only ones allowed to touch you, to harm you, to reward you..." Mr. Watson said. "Prat."

"I swear I never touched him." Louis tried to defend himself as he put his hands up. "I don't even have a pencil. I'm just reading for my dumb book report."

Mr. Watson sighed and threw the student aside making him fall right into Mr. Taylor.

"Alright Pixie. Stand up. I'm not going to take your word for it." Mr. Watson said. "If you pass inspection, then you won't be punished." He told him.

"I swear, everything is in my bag." Louis said obviously upset as he stood. "Where would I hide a sharp pencil in this little outfit you've got me in? I know I've taken a lot of dick but I wouldn't shove a pencil up my arse sir." He added as he held his arms out so he could be felt up.
"I don't know. Kids in here are strange." Mr. Watson shrugged. "But I still can't take your word for it and just believe you without checking. It's actually policy that we check." He explained and ran his hands over Louis' chest area where he had his bra on.

He then lifted up Louis' short skirt at which point the other Keepers in the room began making comments and whistling.

He then turned Louis around and made him lean over the table.

"Hey, Watson...Let me check his arse for ya!" Mr. Scott said walking over to them. "Then I'll let the little twink go back to his reading."

Louis felt a mix of rage and despair surge through him. It wasn't policy to sexually assault him. Policy might have been to check him but this, this wasn't policy.

"This is still just policy sir?" Louis spoke quietly and stared emotionlessly at Mr. Watson. "All because someone else claims I did something I didn't do." He voice was ice cold now as well.

"This is us doing whatever the fuck we want to you little slags." Mr. Watson growled. "Policy says to check you. It doesn't say how. And if you don't like it, it's not my problem. But I'll remind you if you keep back talking, I'll put you back in that mouth gag." He warned in a low voice as he spoke into Louis' ear.

"So do I get my turn?" Mr. Scott asked reaching them.

"He's clean. He didn't do anything but if you want your turn, I won't stop you." Mr. Watson smiled. Louis bit his tongue. He didn't deserve this. He was tired of it. He didn't verbalized a reply though. Instead he stayed quiet and braced himself for whatever may happen as he kept his eyes, empty and lifeless, on Mr. Watson.

"Well, it never hurts to be sure right?" Mr. Scott smirked. He was hard from just thinking about it.

Mr. Watson smiled and walked off, leaving Mr. Scott to do what he pleased with Louis.

"We're going to have so much fun you little twinky whore." Mr. Scott spat on his fingers then on Louis' hole and pushed two inside.

Louis groaned, doing his best not to whimper. "I didn't do anything wrong." He didn't even have anything to hold onto for balance as he was stood, bent over away from all the walls and furniture.

"Since when does that ever matter?" The Keeper spat as he roughly stretched Louis. "It's so nice to be with a lad who doesn't require much opening. You've taken so much dick that your hole is just naturally gaped open." He laughed.

Louis didn't reply. He honestly had been trying to stay out of trouble and study. He'd really come to hope that he could do somewhat well with the schooling here so he didn't have to sell himself again when he got out of here.

"Now, do you deserve to wet my cock with your filthy mouth before I fuck you?" Mr. Scott asked harshly as he withdrew his fingers. "You weren't lying about having not poked that student. Perhaps you do?"

"Please, if you're going to rape me please let me wet your cock. I'm really good as sucking dick so it would probably feel great." He could have chosen better words for begging but he was too angry
to give it much effort; especially since what he wanted never mattered.

“Rape you? Come now, we both know you love getting fucked. It's not rape if you're enjoying it.” He laughed and teased. “I'll give you ten seconds to get me cock wet. Then you're going to bend over that desk and take what's coming to you.”

A little spit was better than nothing. He hated all this but not fighting at least kept him out of a major punishment. “Yes sir. Would you like me to help you undress?”

“You shouldn't even have to ask that bitch! Get moving.” He snapped.

Louis made quick work of undressing the Keeper all while getting his mouth as full of saliva as he could. Once the Keepers lower have was nude he dropped to his knees and slipped the semi hard cock into his mouth.

It was only ten seconds but Louis’ skills did make Mr. Scott moan. That was a good thing in this situation. The Keeper being in a good mood was normally helpful.

Louis quickly moved to bend over the table after being pushed away. He could feel everyone watching and even noticed Harry holding back a laugh.

“Here you are whore; a nice big cock is sure to help you feel better and learn to behave.” Mr. Scott said as he lined up and pushed into the lad.

Louis gripped the sides of the desk so hard his knuckles turned white. He bit his tongue to stop any noise from peeping out of his mouth. He didn't want to give Mr. Scott the satisfaction of hearing him in pain.

The Keeper didn't care to start slow and easy so he chose a fast, hard pace and began ruthlessly fucking the slag in front of him. He groaned loudly and smacked the side of Louis’ bum as hard as he could.

The slap made Louis break. He yelled out from the sting on his bum.

“Good lad. Get loud. Scream for me.” Mr. Scott encouraged as he purposefully tried to fuck Louis hard enough to leave bruises on his hips from the desk.

Louis had been fucked a lot, by a lot of cock and a lot of men. This hurt though. He couldn't deny it. Tears even pricked the corners of his eyes as he kept screaming until his voice became a bit raw.

“Just a bit more lad.” Mr. Scott moaned. “Let me know it hurts. Be a sensitive whore for me. Cry and beg.” He felt so close now.

Louis let himself cry a bit. He didn't want to risk not crying and getting fucked harder, if that was possible. “Please Mr. Scott! Please stop! It hurts!” His voice cracked. “Ow! Please!”

The pain in Louis’ voice is what finally tipped the Keeper over his edge. He came hard into Louis’ hole before pulling out and slapping his area again as hard as he could.

“You stay there and don't move until you're called to line up. I want you to feel the phantom pain of my cock still being inside you. You move at all until called and I'll find the largest plug we have. Am I understood you fucking disgusting piece of rubbish?” He literally spit in Louis’ ear.

“Ah, yes sir, I swear.” Louis squeaked. “Please, I promise I won't move.”
“Good lad.”

Mr. Taylor was now busy making the student who had lied suck his cock so Mr. Watson decided to check on Niall and Zayn who were sitting together. They were always together whenever they had the chance to be it seemed. He couldn't help but wonder if there was something more than friendship.

"So then I add this number first..." Niall trailed off as he worked the math problem he'd gotten Zayn's help with. Neither of them had seen Mr. Watson.

"Exactly. That's right!" Zayn smiled. "You did it all by yourself this time too!"

"I couldn't have done it without you. You're the smart one between us." Niall smiled at him.

"Don't put yourself down like that, Ni. You just need a little help figuring things out. Maths is hard. Numbers are tricky. You can do whatever you set that pretty little head of yours to." Zayn encouraged.

"Pretty hmm?" Mr. Watson asked them.

Niall swallowed hard as the color drained from his face. He was scared to turn and look.

Neither lad moved. They hadn't seen or heard Mr. Watson approaching them.

"Well...He is cute?" Zayn tried to play it off as an innocent thing. "It was just a harmless compliment sir." He tried to keep his voice from sounding shaky.

Mr. Watson looked between them. "Separate. Stop spending so much time together. I don't like having to keep an extra eye on slags and question things."

Niall felt crushed. He didn't want to be separated from Zayn. He was the only thing that kept him from completely losing it.

"I promise it's nothing sir." Niall said. "Half the time we're together because you're always saying "take care of him" or something like that. I'm also shit at Maths and Zayn is better at it than I am. I would really appreciate the help." He tried to make it so that Zayn could stay.

"Spend more apart." Mr. Watson warned in a harder voice. "I don't care where you cut time at just do it. There are other people here you can talk to and buddy up with."

The lads nodded.

"So can I stay and help Niall with his Maths homework then, sir?" He asked.

"You may, you'll need to cut time elsewhere though. You both eat together, you shower together, you do rec time together, study together and you sleep on the same bunk set. Figure out being apart more somewhere. If not studying then somewhere else. If I have to do it for you I will." He warned for the last time. "Figure your shit out."

"Yes, sir." The lads nodded.

"We'll figure it out." Niall said. He wanted to cry. He didn't realize spending so much time with Zayn would be a bad thing. No one had warned him against it. He assumed it was alright.
“We all shower together though, so can't really cut that out.” Zayn mumbled. He was angry. There was nothing wrong with having Niall as a friend. They had mutual friends. It was how they thought it was safe to spend time together.

"Other Keepers are questioning it. I shouldn't have to babysit you both to keep them satisfied that your just friends. If that's the truth then it won't be a big deal to separate. Now, backtalk me again and find out what happens!” The stress from everything with Liam had him a bit jumpy.

"Whatever." Zayn sighed. He was angry that this was happening. They had done nothing that would make anyone think they were together. It was stupid that they were being made to separate. He was angry because Niall was having a hard time lately and needed him more than ever. He didn't want to not be there for his boyfriend when he needed him the most.

Mr. Watson then slapped Zayn across the face. He wasn't in a mood to be sassed. Not until he was certain his Liam was safe. Of course he never would have done this if Liam were around.

"Do you have anything else you want to say Muppet? Perhaps you Chav?” He asked in a loud booming voice.

Zayn hissed lowly at the slap but didn't give much else of a reaction. "I don't have anything else to say at the moment....Sir...” He said with a bit of an eye roll. He wasn't in the mood to deal with shit. This place was getting to him too but he had to remain strong for Niall.

Niall shook his head. "N-No..Sir. We-I-I-I'm fine." He whispered and bit down hard on his lip. What the fuck had gotten into Zayn? He never acted like this. He was the golden boy of the group.

"Good!” Mr. Watson nearly spat and walked away.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?” Niall whispered angrily. He was pissed that Zayn had acted so foolishly. "But are you okay? You're not bleeding are you?” He was deeply concerned about him at the same time.

"I don't know. I'm just angry that you're broken and yet still being pushed. I'm worried. My defenses are up. I'm sorry.” Zayn replied. "I blame myself for this whole mess. I should have been watching for Keepers. Oh and no, I'm not bleeding. It just stings.”

Niall frowned. This was mostly his fault then, because he couldn't handle being in this place.

"Don't worry about me. I'm not going to hurt myself, I'm not sure how to the way this place is set up. I won't kill myself because I can't do that to you. I can't leave you. I don't want to. We both lost ourselves in the moment. For a second there, it felt like we were a normal couple doing school together. It was a nice moment. We'll be okay.” He said. "At least you're not bleeding.” He smiled.

"Now, c'mon brainiac. I need help with the rest of my maths homework.”

"Just, I know you're still cross with David but hang out with him okay? I trust him and he likes you. Maybe if they see you with him a lot too it'll throw them off and show them it's just us being friends.” Zayn offered and then turned back to the math work.

Niall nodded. "Seems like a good idea." He agreed. "Smart.” He tried not to smile.
A while later, homework time was over and everyone had to line up to be taken for their showers.

Louis winced as he walked and stood with his roommates. He kept his eyes locked on the ground with his hands behind his back.

"What's with you?" Harry asked even though he knew the answer.

"F**k you. I was reading, minding my own business. Another kid screams and I end up getting fucked." Louis whispered.

"What did the other kid get?" Harry asked.

"He had to give Mr. Taylor a blowjob; that's it. I did nothing and got raped again. He got his mouth fucked. How is that fair?" Louis shook his head.

"Well, you're a street whore so even if it wasn't fair you're at least used to cock in your arse." Harry laughed and noticed Zayn standing next to him. "Do you need something?"

"Watson says Niall and I spend too much time together. Other Keepers are asking about us so Watson wants us to separate and cut time wherever possible." He said annoyed.

"If either of you need someone to help let me know." Louis replied and kept his eyes down as Mr. Watson approached.

Zayn raised his eyebrows but didn't say anything. "Thanks, mate." He said softly.

"Alright, slags...Lets move. Now!" Mr. Watson snapped.

The lads quickly followed him out of the room and down the hall to where the showers were.

Once in there, the lads handed Mr. Watson their bags then stripped down and were handed their shower cradles and told to shower.

Mr. Watson looked at the lads showering then walked over to Mr. Taylor. "I need to check on Liam. Can you keep an eye on my slags?" He asked.

"Yeah, course. I might have my fun with your Muppet as well while you're gone." Mr. Taylor smirked.

"Have fun. I'll try not be long." Mr. Watson said then left.

It didn't take him long to reach the room. He unlocked it and opened the door. "Babe?" He called as he walked through and closed the door behind him.

Liam smiled, "Benji, hi!" He slowly stood up and took four steps towards him slowly. "Missed you."

Benji grinned. "You just walked without any help." He said rather excitedly.

He picked Liam up and spun him around then sat on the bed. "I missed you too." He kissed Liam's lips softly. "I'm not having a good evening work wise and I just missed you." He sighed. "Slags being stupid and immature. I mean, seriously what teenager just randomly starts poking someone with a pencil? They're not fucking seven." He shook his head a little and cuddled Liam a bit closer. "How are you feeling though?" He asked looking at him.

Liam frowned. He hated that Benji was having a bad night but he also hated some of the things
he'd just said. "I wish you wouldn't call them that. I'm sorry but it just upset me. We're all people."
He kissed his cheek, "I'm sorry some of the students tend to go crazy in here. I think they do stupid
things to try and not lose themselves. W-what uh, what did you do? I mean, to the students."

"I personally didn't do anything...Much." Benji said. "Well, I grabbed one by the hair and then
just tossed him aside after I finished yelling at him. He was bothering one of your roommates, the
Pixie and said that Louis was poking him with a pencil. So I inspected him. I didn't actually touch
him, just a quick pat down. Mr. Scott however, wanted his turn with him, so the lad got fucked. I
can't control what the other Keepers do." He said as he ran his hands over Liam's back.

Liam sighed again. Louis wasn't the nicest but he didn't want to see him hurt. He didn't want any of
the lads in his room hurt. "It just all makes me so sad. Especially since I might be faced with all of
it myself." He laid his head on Benji's shoulder and tried not to cry.

"Not if Jake's plan works." Benji held him tight. "He came up with an idea and it's kinda crazy but
it might just work." He kissed Liam's cheek. "Legally, by working here or even having worked
here...I can't take in any students that have been in attendance while I've worked here. None of the
Keepers can actually legally keep a student." He moved Liam to look at him.

"But...Jake's girlfriend, she's been a Foster parent off and on. Usually just a temporary spot for
kids. But Jake had the idea to tell her about you, about how you didn't get a fair trial, about how
you weren't taught right from wrong and you just believed what you were told by anyone. That
you're a super sweet kid who honestly didn't know any better...And if she would consider adopting
you, but since you and I have bonded, which is what we have to tell people because people won't
understand how we can love each other with our age gap." He said then continued.

"If she would legally be your guardian but I'd...like 'raise' you. Basically, legally, you'd be under
her care but in every other sense you'd have me and be living with me. You'd probably still attend
school here but you can come home with me and live with me." He hoped he was explaining
himself properly.

"Take a moment to process." Benji added as he ran his hands along Liam's sides.

Liam stayed quiet for the longest time. Finally he looked at Benji, obviously cautious, "Do you
think it might really work? Would this lady really maybe do that?"

"Jake seems to think he can convince her. Besides she wouldn't have to pay anything. Jake and I are
splitting the lawyer fee." Benji said. "She'd cash in the government cheques for while you're a
Foster under her care." He added.

Liam nodded but stayed silent as he listened to Benji continue.

"All she'd have to say is that you're adjusting well and things are going great. Maybe you'd have to
be there for a couple hours if there's a home inspection or a meeting with you at the home with her,
but you wouldn't have to deal with that once adopted." Benji explained.

"Once adopted, legally, she's your guardian, but you'd be living with me full time. You don't have
to worry about anything again because I would take care of you forever." Benji smiled. "It seems
like a good deal. She'd be doing me a favour since I can't legally do anything to help. He's going to
talk to her tonight then text me." He finished.

"I hope it works out." Liam told him and finally hugged him. "I'd come here with you during the
day if that's what it took to be yours sorta." He trusted Jake and if Jake was dating this girl then he
could probably trust her too. Besides, Benji would never steer him wrong.
Benji hugged him tightly. "He's sure he can convince her. She's even getting free money out of this. No one can say no to money." He smiled. "I'm sure it'll work but we'll know tonight." He placed kisses along Liam's neck.

"Now, how was watching Batman on the tablet? Do you need anything before I go back to collect the others from their showers? Using the toilet maybe or a change?" He felt awkward asking since Liam was in a teenage headspace but he knew Liam didn't want the others to know and would hate to be changed in front of them while feeling mature.

"Unfortunately I need changed." He said softly. "I tried really hard to pay attention. I couldn't catch it though." He carefully stood. "Can I try to have a wee before you put a clean nappy on me? Tomorrow when I'm in training pants I'll just make myself try frequently."

Benji nodded and kissed Liam's forehead. "Sure." He said and moved to lay Liam on his back. He pulled down his trousers, taking them off and undid the used nappy. He rolled it up and threw it in the bin. He then helped Liam stand up on his feet. "I'll help you walk and I'll hold you up." He smiled encouragingly at Liam.

Liam sighed a bit and let Benji help him to the toilet. "I don't know how long I'll stay in my teen mind. I don't really know how I'll feel and how coming and going will working. I'm still getting used to it." He tried to warn. "No matter what headspace I'm in though, can we just keep me walking and keep me trying to use the toilet just until I have control of it all again? I'll just have to make sure best I can that little me is closer to being two or something for now."

"Whatever age you want." Benji agreed and helped Liam to the toilet and stand in front of it. "We'll figure this all out together. One step at the time."

Liam tried as hard as he could to make himself wee. He was able to get a small trickle out but it wasn't much. Maybe his bladder was empty. At least tomorrow this would be easier to deal with.

"I think I'm done. Thank you." Liam replied. "I hope you don't mind, I was looking on your tablet and they make training pants that open on the side like how a nappy would for making clean ups easier. I was thinking maybe we could get those? Oh and did you know if you aren't careful with what words you type on this thing naked people's pictures come up? I swear I didn't mean to. I hope they aren't mad at me."

Benji laughed. "Sorry. Don't mean to laugh and yeah, look up whatever you want. Maybe I should buy you your own tablet. And yes, naked pictures can show up." He smiled as he helped Liam back to the bed. "It's called porn. You know what that is?" He asked helping Liam lay back then going back for a nappy and some wipes.

"Porn?" Liam repeated the word. "I've never heard of it. I mean, maybe I have and I don't remember. I don't know what it is though." Liam replied. "Is it bad? Am I bad because I saw it? I won't go to jail now will I?" He looked scared.

"Babe...You're fine. You won't go to jail. And uhm, I think I will leave it up to your roommates to explain porn to you." Benji put the nappy on Liam. "They will explain it better than I can." He didn't know how to. "Some things are better for friends and your brother to tell you." He said and helped Liam put his trousers back on.

"You can keep the tablet until we get home." He kissed Liam's forehead. "I am going to go collect them. You have fun. Oh and yes, we can get those training pants if I find them." He smiled.

"No, you take it." Liam frowned. He didn't want anyone in the room to get upset or to fight over it.
It just seemed like a bad idea to Liam for him to keep it. "Please? I'd feel better."

"Sure." Benji nodded. "Probably for the best. Don't need them getting online." He said. "I trust you of course but the others I don't." He took the tablet. "You can have it in the car." He offered.

"Thanks, I feel better this way." Liam smiled. "You can trust Harry though. I trust him. I mean, I don't know how he feels about me now but I still trust him."

The lad really was too trusting. Even after being here; he was better about it but still not where he probably should have been.

Benji made a mental note to talk to Liam about being too trusting. "Alright love. I'll save you soon." He smiled and kissed Liam's lips.

Liam watched as Benji walked out of the room. He then attempted to get comfortable under his warm blanket while he waited for Benji to bring his brother and friends back.

He was a bit worried about seeing Harry though. While he did have faith that everything would be okay he worried that maybe Harry felt different about him now, in this mindset.

During the showers Zayn began complaining to David and one of his roommates about not being allowed to hang out with his ‘friend’.

Mr. Taylor overheard and grabbed Zayn by his hair, pulling him backward, "Why are you running your fucking mouth? If you're given a rule you're expected to follow it without complaint!"

“It's a stupid rule though.” Zayn tried to argue.

Mr. Taylor simply smacked him across the face. “Care to keep arguing now?”

“We're supposed to be allowed to have friends.” Zayn said after having shouted out in pain. “Friends hang out! It's not fair to say we can't!”

Mr. Taylor wasn't going to allow this to continue. He quickly threw Zayn into a shower pole and stripped out of his shoes, work trousers and pants.

“Alright, alright, I'm sorry! I take it back. It's fair.” Zayn tried to say.

“Too late, shut up and bend over.” He spat as he walked himself a bit to get hard enough. “You're turning into a rotten little slag. You need to be put back in your fucking place.”

Zayn wanted to fight, it was his first reaction. He did however know better. Getting fucked was a far cry better than going to the playroom. He'd just have to deal with this now; it was his own fault anyway.

Without any prep or warning Mr. Taylor lined up and pressed into Zayn quick and hard. When Zayn screamed Mr. Taylor moaned. He loved getting to correct lads in the shower. Something about the water splashing everywhere made it more exciting.

“Ah! Mr. Taylor I'm sorry.” Zayn whimpered. “I was wrong.”

“Shut up before I take your treats away too.” He growled as he fucked into him hard and quickly. He didn't want to take too long and put himself behind schedule.
Chapter 34

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

It's still Thursday! It may be 10:11pm but it's Thursday and the chapter is FINALLY READY!

We're trying our best to keep it more group centric than Liam centric.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The door opened and Mr. Watson walked inside. He glared at Zayn. "I don't feel like doing anything more tonight, so your punishment will come tomorrow. Gives me time to be creative as well."

"Lovely, can't wait. Looking forward to it." Zayn rolled his eyes.

Mr. Watson made a fist but didn't do anything. He let go of it and turned his attention towards Liam. "Time to go, love." He said.

"Punishment for what?" Liam frowned. He felt upset now. Benji was acting different and he couldn't help but wonder if it was hit fault.

"He's being mouthy and a brat." Mr. Watson said. "Keeps talking back when he shouldn't..."

He sighed a little and looked at Liam with a small smile. "Like I've said, I wouldn't punish any of them unless they break a rule. One rule is no talking or sass back..."

Zayn rolled his eyes. "Sure...Nothing to do with the fact that I make a friend only to be told to not be around said friend because some Keepers don't know the difference between friendship and something more." He shook his head.

Liam hated hearing that even more. He knew he couldn't control other Keepers but he still blamed himself.

"Why can't they be friends?" His face looked so upset. It matched how broken he felt.

Mr. Watson frowned looking at Liam's upset face. "I never told them that they couldn't be friends, they just need to spend less time with each other." He said taking Liam's hands in his own.

"A lot of Keepers are questioning if it's just friendship though and I don't feel like having to hover and keep an extra eye on them to see if it's true or not." He hated that Liam was upset with him.

He should have known better than to go off on Zayn like that in front of Liam but it was difficult considering he wanted to punch the lad for giving him a hard time.

"Maybe they are just trying to help one another cope with how horrible this stupid place is." Liam felt brave speaking to Benji like this. "I guess I need to be careful how often I turn to Harry for comfort too then?"
Mr. Watson raised an eyebrow. Teenagers. He held in a sigh. "Everyone knows you're mine and you're just friends with Harry. I can vouch for that. I however cannot vote for the other two not being together romantically."

"Right because a person can't be friends with anyone without the straights and hets yelling that they're together." Zayn shook his head.

"I can vouch. I don't guess that matters though." Liam frowned again. "I'll be quiet now."

Slowly Liam hugged Harry to say goodnight then turned to get his crutches, "I'm ready."

Mr. Watson ran a hand over his face. "It does matter to me and I believe you but other Keepers won't accept it."

"Night." Harry said quietly.

The other three said a scattered good night.

"Hey Liam?" Niall said. "Don't worry about it. If Zayn and I have to separate for awhile to prove that we're only friends...And to make new friends...to prove that we're only friends which is kind of ridiculous, then we'll obey. Best to just do whatever we're told."

Mr. Watson felt like pulling his hair out at this point.

He didn't want to upset Liam but he needed to do his job at the same time.

Liam nodded sadly. He just wished he could help. He wanted to do something but he was powerless.

Slowly and silently he made his way to the door and waited.

Mr. Watson opened the door for Liam and watched him leave.

"I'm going to regret this." Mr. Watson mumbled himself as he stood in the doorway. "I trust Liam's word. Other Keepers will just have to learn to accept it. Just...be careful about what you say to each other. Don't want anyone getting the wrong ideas." He explained to them.

"Thank you!" Zayn instantly replied. He looked so relieved. "We'll be more thoughtful and careful with how we act."

Harry fought a smile. He was proud of Liam even though he wasn't sure Liam understood what he did was brave.

Mr. Watson sighed as he closed the door and locked it.

The second he heard the door lock Zayn quietly ran to Niall and hugged him. He kissed both sides of his face before kissing his lips.

“No more compliments when we aren't truly alone Zayn Foster. Everything almost got destroyed.” Niall told him.

“I know. I'm sorry. No more compliments unless we really are alone.” Zayn agreed.

“You both should still work on how often you're seen together. Just stand next to someone else in line and when showering. Make it a bit more spaced and platonic looking.” Harry suggested.
Zayn nodded as did Niall. “It's hard but we have to try.”

“I know. We will. Will get through this Niall. I love you.” Zayn said and kissed his lips again.

“I love you too.” Niall gave a soft smile. “You're the only thing that makes me happy.”

Zayn smiled bigger, “You're the only thing that makes me happy too Niall. I know it's cheesy but you really are the best thing that has ever happened to me.”

“Are you two going to fuck?” Louis asked from his bed.

“Do you have a problem with that?” Harry asked hard.

Zayn and Niall looked at him annoyed.

“No. As long as you two keep it down and don't get caught I don't mind. Just have a headache.” Louis replied.

“Yeah, we have time for a quick thing before Taylor shows up for the night.” Zayn nodded.

“We can keep it down. Thanks Louis.” Niall softly said and was promptly kissed by Zayn.

“You have a headache?” Harry asked in a mock caring tone.

“Don't be a bitch, mate. I've had a hard day.” Louis rolled his eyes.

“Oh, excuse me. I didn't realize. I mean, it's so rare that any of us have a hard day.” Harry mocked more.

Louis sat up and looked at him hard, “Okay, what the fuck? I’ve been trying harder to stay out of trouble and you're going to start shit?”

“I'm just sick of you talking like you're so special. You have a headache so we all have to be quiet for you. That's such bullshit.” Harry spat.

“When have I ever acted like I'm special? I know I'm not. I get fucked multiple times a day by multiple different Keepers while I'm wearing a stupid pink outfit simply because I used sex to survive when no one wanted me.” Louis ranted as he looked down from his upper bunk.

“Oh, hang on, I think I might have a tear for you.” Harry said wiping his eye. “Oh sorry, must have just been dust.”

Louis rolled his eyes, “If anyone in this room outside of Liam is special it's you. You pretend to be his brother and because of it you end up getting special things. I'm the scum of this school and I've accepted it.”

“Hey dick face, Liam might be acting really really well with Watson to get out of here but I actually do care about him. The brother thing isn't an act at all.” Harry quickly told the older lad. He didn't like Louis bringing up Liam and trying to call their relationship fake.

“Sure, keep telling yourself that mop top. I won't judge you. I mean we all want out of here and if you can use innocent Liam to get out of here I guess go for it.

“Okay, that seriously the last straw. Get down here so I can fucking beat the shit out of you.” Harry clenched his jaw.
“Both of you stop!” Zayn hissed from across the room where Niall was riding him. “No fighting. You’ll get us all in trouble.”

“Lay down and shut up so we can get off before Mr. Taylor shows up.” Niall complained and then moaned a bit.

As Louis and Harry quieted Zayn grabbed Niall's hips and helped him bounced harder. “So beautiful like this. Fuck I love you.”

Niall grinned and moved faster. He loved having Zayn inside him.


“Wank me. Please. Help.” Niall panted. He needed helping getting over the edge of his orgasm.

Quickly Zayn's hand wrapped around Niall’s cock and began to wank him. “Gonna cum for me love? Cum from riding my dick like a princess?”

“Ah, Zaynie. Please.” Niall whimpered.

“Cum for me Ni. Show me how good I feel inside you.” Zayn encouraged know he too was close.

Suddenly Niall’s hand clapped over his mouth as his orgasm hit. He moaned into his palm to quiet the noise as cum leaked over Zayn’s hand.

“Fuck yeah, gonna fill yo- oh!” Zayn whimpered as quickly as he could. His cum sprayed inside Niall filling his tight hole.

“Thank God. Even quiet it's still disgusting to listen to you two dirty talk.” Harry said from where he lay in bed now.

“The only thing we’ll ever agree on.” Louis replied as the two began working to clean up quickly.

On the way home from the school, Liam flirted with Benji until they stopped at the store. Liam decided to stay inside the car and wait. He of course made a few comments about Benji’s bum before the older lad closed the door.

During the ride back home, they talked about how whenever Liam was back to LiLi and was living with Benji, Benji would never leave LiLi alone at the house. He’d call Jake to come “babysit” him if Benji couldn’t take Liam wherever he was going.

Liam also wanted sex once they got home and ordered Benji to be “naked and waiting” for him after he made a quick trip to the loo.

Shortly after Liam finished, he came into the bedroom, on his crutches, completely naked.

Benji grinned. It was nice to see Liam like this. It was different but in a good way. He was really enjoying mature/teenage Liam a lot right now. He was getting to know him more in a mature frame of mind and it felt like rediscovering him all over again. He couldn't help but get excited.

"Now, come do all those naughty things to me that I know you've been thinking about. I'm so very curious to know what dirty things have been going through that mind of yours."
Liam blushed but made his way to the bed as his cock finished getting erect. He let the crutches fall to the floor and climbed onto the bed where he kissed Benji’s lips deeply then trailed a line of kisses down his chest, stomach and finally up his cock to the tip.

Benji couldn't help but find Liam's blush equally adorable as his LiLi giggle. If he’d said that to LiLi then there would be giggles or smiles but saying it to Liam caused a blush and he couldn't help but find that slightly sexy too.

He kissed Liam's lips back and moaned with pleasure as he felt him kiss over his body and his tip. "Mmm, feels good." He praised as he watched Liam. He felt it was important for Liam to get as much praise as possible when something made him feel good so the lad wouldn't start to feel shy and insecure.

Liam licked over the massive cock a few times; working up the courage to go further. Finally he took it into his mouth and began sucking while his hands began to wonder.

Benji moaned louder as he forced his hips to stay still. "Shit, Liam..." He ran a hand through Liam's hair. "Mmm, feels amazing."

Liam felt proud of himself but managed to contain his giggles. He bobbed his head a bit as he split Benji's legs and rubbed a finger over his pucker.

After a while Liam moved his head back and while his finger kept rubbing Benji's arse he softly asked, "How far am I allowed to go with your hole? I saw Mr. Murphy making a student do some things to his and I wanna try it. I want to see if you like it too."

Benji moaned as he tried his best to stay still. Liam playing with his hole wasn't something he had experienced before and it felt wonderful. "Mmm, anything except sex. I mean, eventually I want you to top me, if that's something you want but...not yet." He said. He was trying to word it as nicely as he could. He didn't want to hurt Liam's feelings. "But I'm open to anything else you want to try." He offered.

"Oh no! I don't want to top you. I like being your teeny little boy who stays on bottom." He explained. "I just want to kiss it and lick it and maybe put a finger or two in it." He then laughed a little and whispered, "Mr. Murphy had whoever the kid was use four fingers."

Benji nodded. "But if you ever want to one day, don't be afraid to talk to me about it okay, love?" He smiled and ran his fingers through Liam's hair. "You can do all of that and more. I don't mind. Fuck, if you want to put your tongue in it, I'd be good with that too." He smirked. "But if you want to put your fingers in me, it'd be best if you used the lube. Unless you want me to suck those little fingers of yours like how you suck on mine for when I stretch you?" He smirked a bit wider. This was going to be a really fun night.

Liam felt himself blush again. Dirty talk got to him so easily. He moved forward a bit more and kissed at Benji’s hole a few times while he offered up his finger to be sucked on.

Benji hummed happily at the feeling of Liam's kisses on his hole then took the small finger that was offered to him into his mouth and began to suck on it, making sure it was nice and wet.

As Liam's finger was being prepared he licked over Benji. He didn't know if it felt good or not but the fact Benji wasn't complaining had to be a good sign.

"You're skin is salty and sweet. It's like caramel." He giggled and licked him again. "I like it."

Benji dropped the finger from his mouth and smiled. Liam was licking him. It felt amazing like
everything else that Liam had done to him. "I'm glad you like it. It feels nice." He smiled and lay back. He hand a hand over Liam's shoulder and arm. "You taste like...the sweetest chocolate ever made."

Liam smiled and slowly pressed his finger inside Benji. He was extremely tight and it made Liam gasp. "Woah, does my finger hurt?"

"I haven't had anything inside my hole in a long time." Benji groaned. Maybe lube would've been the better option but he got carried away with his dirty talk with Liam. "Mmm, a little bit but it'll pass. It's fine if you wanna move it." He had a high pain tolerance.

Liam smirked and moved his finger slowly in and out of him. "How does it feel having your teeny little lover's fingers inside you?" He asked. "Maybe one day I will put my cock inside you. Promise no one else can go inside but me?"

"I promise." Benji moaned softly. "I'm yours. I belong to you as you belong to me. No one gets to go inside me or touch me...Just you." He answered. "And fuck, it feels great. Your small fingers inside me...Feels wonderful." He smiled. "How's it feel for you?"

"Not as good as when you're inside me." He giggled and carefully put a second finger into Benji. "I just love when you put your giant cock inside me. Love feeling vulnerable to you." He was trying so hard to dirty talk as well.

Benji groaned a bit feeling the second finger. "Mmm, I love putting it inside you. I love fucking you and making love to you. I love making you feel good. I love making you cum as you scream my name out. I love doing all sorts of things to you. Especially in the corner of a dark room full of people." He smirked as he fucked himself on Liam's fingers a little.

"You just like to show me off." He smiled. "I like being private and alone but if doing it in front of people makes you happy then when I'm Liam you can fuck me as much as you want anywhere you want. LiLi is too shy." He moved a little so his stiff, leaking cock could be more comfortable. "Your dirty words have my hole feeling very empty Benji. So mean to me. Tease me about it and not give it to me." He pouted.

"I fucked you once as LiLi in front of others, though I suppose it doesn't count if I made them wear earplugs and lay down so they couldn't really watch." Benji recalled. He then smirked. "I'll hold you to that, babe. Anywhere and in front of anyone I want while you're Liam. Mmm, that's going to be fun." He chuckled a bit. "I know LiLi is shy though which is why it was easy for me to talk him into riding me while there was a film going on." He remembered. "Mm, if you want me cock in that hole, you're gonna have be patient and finish playing with me first."

"See how mean you are? Not fucking me the second I need you." He playfully pouted more as he slid his fingers in and out of Benji. "Should have grabbed my small hips and ruined me from behind a long time ago." Liam felt like he was getting better at the dirty talk.

Benji groaned feeling Liam's fingers stretch his untouched hole open. He also now had the image of fucking Liam from behind now running through his mind. "Fucking hell...Well, it's not like I hadn't thought about it. But I gotta be careful with LiLi, I'm pretty sure he prefers to be under me or ride me." He moaned softly. "But fuck." He groaned as his hips lifted up. Liam's fingers were small and skinny which made it easy to slide in and out of the hole without a big stretch. "You're making me want to do so many naughty things to you now...But is it so wrong that I love the attention I'm getting from you? It's not fair to make me choose." He pouted.

Liam smiled bigger. He felt so proud to have put Benji in this place. "LiLi likes feeling tiny against
his papa cause he's just a little baby. Me, I'm enjoying this. I've figured out how to tease you. It's fun." He slid a third finger into Benji with a smirk. "Stretching you while craving your cock inside me, destroying me. Mmm, wouldn't that be fun? Ruin your boyfriends tight arse? Every time I move funny; knowing your giant dick did it?"

Benji was now thinking about it. He wanted nothing more than to destroy Liam's arse now but that was going to have to wait until Liam was done with him. He hadn't gotten attention from Liam because before today they hadn't ever been sexual with each other while Liam was Liam. "Fuck," he groaned feeling Liam's third finger. "You're a faster learner...Mmm, I will get my revenge for you teasing me like this. You think you can't walk now? Just you wait. I think we'll need to keep the crutches longer than expected." He smirked. "But to answer your question, I believe it would be the most wonderful sight ever."

"Is that a promise?" He smirked and began to move his fingers faster and just a little harder. He wanted to try and push Benji; see how far could he take him. "Mmm, must feel good. Your cock is leaking for me."

"It is a...fucking promise. Fuck." Benji groaned. "Mmm, I fucking love your fingers. They're the perfect size. It's so hard. All I want to do is fuck you but fuck, I love your fingers in me and you're not making this easy." He groaned again. He didn't know what he wanted more, to fuck Liam's brains out or to continue getting touched by him. Both were wonderful options and he didn't know how long Liam would be Liam and if there would be another night like this any time soon. It made it a difficult choice. He then began to fuck down on Liam's fingers again. "I'll fuck you when you're done playing with me, so it's all about whenever you want my cock to ruin that cute little tight arse of yours."

"I'm ready now. I want you to fuck me Benji. Please fuck me. Do it now. Fuck me till I cry for you." Being so young Liam was extremely horny. When he was older he was more brave so it allowed him to be more expressive about what he wanted. "Fuck me Babe. Have your revenge for all this teasing."

Benji grinned and moaned a little at the loss of Liam's fingers. He felt empty. It was a strange feeling for him.

He smirked and sat up a little. He pulled Liam into his lap and kissed him deeply then gently nibbled on his bottom lip. He then brought his fingers up to Liam's mouth. "Your turn to suck."

Liam smiled evil and sucked hard on the larger fingers. He even moaned as he sucked to tease Benji even more. He batter his eyes and whimpered for him as one hand stroked his own cock and the other stroked Benji's.

"You evil little shit." Benji moaned loudly. "Mm, but I love you." He smiled. It was so hot to see Liam like this though. He took this moment to kiss and suck along Liam's neck then looked back at Liam. "Okay, time to stretch that tiny hole." He grinned.

"I'm your evil little shit though." Liam smiled. "I thought you were just gonna stretch me with your cock Benji. Guess I'll have to be even naughtier next time." He winked.

Part of Liam felt a bit strange. He'd never been so sexually driven before. On the other hand however he felt so free and comfortable. It was a beautiful change.

"That would hurt even though we fuck often and did fuck a few hours ago. I don't want my love in any pain." Benji kissed Liam's lips. "Stretching won't take long. Its just to be sure you're open enough." He said then moved Liam to lay on his stomach. "Another thing...No touching yourself
unless I say it's okay. If you disobey, I might tie your hands behind your back." He said and entered two fingers at once into Liam.

"That could be fun." Liam giggled. "I'm only touching myself though because I'm insanely horny. I honestly can't help it. Stretch me fast and I won't need to touch babe." He pouted a little through a smile that wanted to form. "Christ, I thought LiLi could be horny. That's nothing compared to how I'm feeling now."

Benji laughed a bit. "Sorry. Didn't mean to laugh. You're just a sex hungry teenager. I actually love it." He smirked. "If there's any kinks or anything you want to try out...Just ask and I'll make it happen." He said and worked his fingers in and out of Liam quickly. He then added a third finger. "Should I tie you up? Can you be trusted to behave?" He smirked and nipped along the back of Liam's shoulder.

"Mmm, tie me up next time." He moaned. "Can't get fucked from behind if I'm tied up." He reminded.

The more Benji's fingers slid in and out of Liam the more he cock throbbed and ached. It jumped a little, begging to be touched. "Mmm, so hungry."

"Right. Good point." Benji said and removed his fingers. His brain was still in a bit of a daze from Liam's touching.

He then helped Liam into position. He lined himself up and teased the hole for a moment by rubbing his tip around it then he finally pushed in.

Liam let out a long and satisfying moan. Finally he was getting what he needed.

"Ben- Benji, you're so big. It feels so amazing." He whimpered and let his eyes close.

Benji grinned as he took a hold of Liam's small hips. "Gonna make you feel even more amazing." He said as he began to move. "Shit." He let out a long moan. "Love how tight you are. You feel...so, so...wonderful."

"Mmm, for you." Liam whined and tried to press back against him. "Move now Ben. Please. Fuck me. I'm ready." He begged.

Benji took that as his cue to move faster so he picked up his pace and began to pound into Liam. "How's that?" He smirked and nipped at his back as he went even harder.

Liam's volume increased quickly as he began to moan louder and cry out. "Yes! Yes! Benji! Babe! More!" Only Benji could satisfy this insane thirst.

Benji grinned hearing Liam call out his name. It felt like music to his ears. "Mmm, so tight. Still tight even when I fuck you like three times a day every day...and still so horny. I love it." He smirked again and kissed along Liam's back as he slammed harder and harder into him.

"Can't help, ah, it! Benji!" He began to whimper as he gripped the sheets. "Ah! Ah! Fuck!" Liam screamed loudly. "Ben-ji!" The was by far the best sex Liam had ever had.

Benji moaned as he continued to slam harder and harder into Liam. "You're such a mess. Its sexy." He smirked and slammed harder. "Trust me, the longer you hold off on cumming, the better your high will be." He ran a hand over Liam's arse and slapped it gently. He didn't want to go too hard and hurt him. He was also curious how he felt about it.
"Ah! Ah! More!" Liam begged. "I love you. Benji I love you!" He began to cry. "Fuck! Fuck baby! Please!" He wasn't even sure if he was making sense any more. All he knew was that everything felt more pleasurable then he knew was possible.

"Benji!" Liam screamed as loud as he could. "Fuck me! Fuck my arse! Please! Oh hell!"

Benji slammed into him as hard as he possibly could. "Fuck. I love you and the way you feel." He groaned and slapped Liam's arse again as he continued to slam into him and slap his arse.

"I'm not gonna last much longer." He cried, tears now in his eyes. He wanted to hold off and he had been some but this was just too much. "Fuck. Ben- Benji, baby!"

"If it's too much then just cum." Benji kissed along Liam's back. "I love you but understand your limits and cum when you feel you can't take it anymore."

Liam cried from a mix of pleasure and being overwhelmed. His body began to shake almost violently and finally, with a broken cracked, yet loud scream he came harder than he ever had in his entire life. Cum flew everywhere making a giant mess all over the bed under him.

After seeing Liam cum, Benji slammed as hard as he could into him once more and came into him with a loud shout.

"Fuck." He breathed and kissed along Liam's back. He gently pulled out and pulled Liam into a cuddle on the side of the bed that was dry.

Liam was still shaking a little, he felt so spent. "Benji, that, was best, sex, ever, in life." He said through deep heavy breaths. "Love, so much, you."

Benji kissed over Liam's face. "I love you too." He smiled and held him close. "So much. You're so beautiful and I feel so lucky to be able to call you mine." He said as he wiped the tears from Liam's face and kissed along his neck and shoulder. "I honestly don't mean to kill the afterglow here but you usually do need to wee after you cum and I'd rather it not be in the bed." He tried to joke a little.

Liam nodded, "Help please. Can't walk. Too tired. Too sore already." He was slowly catching his breath but his energy was spent now. "Do you have any pain pills from Uncle Jake?"

"Of course." Benji said and crawled off the bed. He stood and scooped Liam up into his arms and headed into the master bedroom's loo. He let Liam stand and lean against him as he held Liam up. "And yes, I got some from Jake before we left. They're in my trousers though, I'll get them for you when you've finished. I'll let you sleep then we can shower together in the morning. I think you'd fall asleep in the tub if I put you in it right now." He smiled and rubbed Liam's arms.

"I would. Yeah. I need water though. So thirsty from screaming." He half smiled and he did his business. "I can't really feel my legs baby. You fucked me good."

"I warned you." Benji smirked and placed a kiss on Liam's shoulder. He then helped Liam wash his hands and carried him out of the bedroom and to the living room. He sat him on the sofa and gave him a blanket. "I need to change the sheets but I'll fix you up with a glass of water and a painkiller then training pants and clothes." He explained and kissed his lips.

Liam smiled as he watched the man he loved walked away. He was happy. He could honestly say that. He was in love with someone who loved him. He trusted him too.

In the bedroom as Benji was starting to remove the soiled sheets his phone began to ring. It was
Benji heard his phone ring from his trousers. He smiled at the caller ID. "Hey, what's up?" He asked as he opened his closet door to get fresh sheets.

"I spoke to Olivia. I played up Liam's story; laid it on thick. She almost cried." He sounded so proud of himself. "Basically you can get ahold of the lawyer tomorrow and let him know Olivia's pissed Liam's at the school."

Benji sighed of relief. "That's great to hear. I'll call to to set up an appointment first thing." He said as he sorted out the sheets. "Liam will be so much happier." He smiled a little to himself.

He wondered if this would send Liam back to being LiLi. Part of him didn't want LiLi to come back just yet. He was enjoying Liam as Liam. He wanted to explore that more but he'd never force Liam to do something he was uncomfortable with.

"I actually feel so much. I've been worried about the little lad. He's a special creature." Jake replied. "Let me know if I need to do anything else to help. Oh, and I almost forgot. Olivia wants to meet him. I think it will be helpful for the side of her adopting him. I already warned her, or lied rather, that he has some mental health issues and may be shy or... very young in nature."

Benji nodded. "Yeah, he'll be shy and nervous. Just have her come by the school tomorrow morning. Like around ten ish. He has therapy at nine." He said as he switched to speaker to make the bed.

"Why don't you see when your lawyer can come and then we'll set up Olivia coming to meet him. I want your lawyer in as soon as possible. We don't have long before the weekend." Jake sounded concerned. At this rate Liam was going to be there at least one weekend.

"I'll call him first thing in the morning." Benji said as he began to make the bed. "I know we don't have a lot of time. I'm scared he'll be there this weekend." He shook his head. "He won't be able to make it over the weekend...Not with new ones."

"I told you I'll help. If Thursday night comes and it doesn't look good I'll stay home Friday so I can come in a few hours Saturday and Sunday. Enough to look over him and maybe pay off the weekend crew so they'll be nice." He sighed. He didn't want Liam there over the weekend either. "Hey, maybe if you let Murphy have the whore for a full day exclusively he'd do the same. Maybe have him work hours I don't to have it all covered."

Benji nodded to himself. It sounded like a good idea. "Yeah. Yeah...I'll do that. I'm sure he'd love to get a day with the whore to himself." He laughed a little. "Good plan though. I hope we don't have to use it." He had a feeling that they might need to though.

"Yeah because I'll only be able to help Liam. I know how attached he is to the curly one. He'll be devastated when he's hurt. We both know he will be too. The weekenders are brutal." Jake replied.

"Yeah, if these kids think we're bad...They don't know bad. I can't imagine what they'd be like after all this time off from work too. No one's going to be safe on the weekends for a long while. Not even Tyler." Benji sighed and threw the blankets on the bed now that he was done with the sheets. "I looked up who was the room Keeper for my group on the weekends. Winchester. I mean, out of everyone...They end up with the worst one out of all the weekenders." He frowned and picked up the phone, switching it off speaker.

"I'll do what I can Benji. Try not to worry. I'll pay off who I can while there and I'll keep Liam with
me the entire time. Being on weekends means my room with have someone else to take charge. Same with Murphy." He could hear in his mate's voice the worry.

"Thanks. I'm tempted to send him back with his phone if he stays the weekend, but I know that's too dangerous, but I can't help but worry. He's never spent any more than a few hours without me. He scares so easily. But thank you for helping, and for the Murphy idea. It helps me worry a bit less." Benji said and stood. He felt the need to check on Liam now. He could peek in and talk at the same time.

"I know. I'm sorry. I wonder what headspace he'd go into with them. LiLi seems to be when he's more unsure and scared to me but... then he went Liam today when he found out about the problem." Jake replied.

"He wants to go back into his baby headspace but with his level of worry...He knows all he'll end up doing is crying." Benji explained. "He'd probably stay Liam over the weekend I bet. He has to be comfortable with people before going back into that headspace." He said and smiled seeing Liam wrapped up in the blanket watching Batman and eating chocolate. It was an adorable sight to see.

"If he goes back to LiLi it would help me keep the lad with me. Explain that he has mental challenges and it would make sense to the weekenders." Jake offered. "Is it bad that I enjoy him in his little headspace? There's something about being called Mr. Tay-Tay by him that I find adorable."

Benji laughed. "He still wants to call you that even as Liam." He said. "But I might've let your first name slip earlier when I was explaining things to him. But he won't say anything but now that we're alone he's been referring to you as Uncle Jake."

"Uncle Jake?" He almost gushed. "I love that. Does that make me your brother then Benji? Aww, that would make us like he and curly boy."

Benji laughed again. "I suppose that would make you my brother." He nodded to himself. "If you want to be of course." He let out another laugh. "You gain Liam and LiLi out of it."

"You already pretty much are you dope." He laughed. "I'm the closest you've got anywhere near here."

"True." Benji grinned. "He also says thank you for the painkillers by the way." He added

"Good, there's more if he needs it. I've always got the hook up." He laughed. "I imagine by now you've probably got him sore again though."

"I have..." Benji smirked to himself. "But it's all on him seeing as he begged for it. He begged to be fucked hard from behind and it might've been the hottest thing he's ever done." He said. "But he does think highly of you, you're one of the few people he trusts right now."

"The joys of him being a horny teenager hmm?" Jake laughed. "I'll let you get back to him though. Make sure and tell me what your lawyer says and say goodnight to Liam for me."

"Exactly." Benji grinned. "Yeah, I'll let you know as soon as I hear back and I'll let him know. Night." He said and hung up. He then walked over to the sofa that Liam was sitting on and scooped the lad up into his arms, He sat down on the sofa and moved Liam to lay between his legs. "How are you feeling?" He asked wrapping his arms around Liam.

"Medicine helps. Still crazy tired though." He admitted softly. "Can I sleep now Benji? Please?"
He frowned a little and cuddled against him.

"I'm surprised you haven't fallen asleep yet." Benji kissed his head. "C'mon let's get you into bed." He picked Liam up and carried him into the bedroom. He then lay him down on the bed and got him under the blankets while crawling in next to him. "I have good news. Jake's girlfriend, Olivia, said yes." He smiled. "He laid the story on thick and she wants to do whatever she can to help, including adopting you. But remember, that's in the eyes of the law only, you'll be living with me. I'm calling my lawyer in the morning so we can get things moving."

Liam's face lit up despite being tired, "Are you serious? That's the best news ever! Someone is willing to adopt me and let me live with you instead! I'm so happy!"

"I knew you would be. I wanted you to fall asleep happy. We don't know how long the process is going to take but we'll have an idea once I call the lawyer." Benji kissed Liam's head. "Now sleep, love. Get some rest. You have therapy in the morning since you don't have classes right now." He rubbed over Liam's arm.

"I love you Benji." Liam smiled and closed his eyes. In Benji's arms it only took a second for him to drift off.

The following morning, Liam was still Liam but still felt sore from last night's fun and not walking a lot.

Benji helped him shower then they both ate a bit of breakfast because Liam felt hungry.

He called the lawyer and left a message with the assistant before they left for school.

"I definitely want to tell Harry. He's my brother so I like telling him stuff. I need to think about the others though." Liam replied. "Mmm, and if you keep kissing me like that you're going to make me hard."

Benji smirked and stood. He took the bottle from Liam and put it in his locker. He then went back and stood in front of Liam. "I'll make you hard later. Maybe we can have some fun after therapy." He grinned. "Time to go wake the others though. Do you want help standing up?" He offered.

"Yeah, later for sure." Liam nodded. He let let Benji help him get to his feet. "Can I have more to eat at breakfast or at least a warm glass of milk?"

"You can have whatever you want." Benji pulled Liam into a hug. "You can have food and a warm glass of milk if you want." He offered then pulled back and helped steady Liam as he went back on his crutches.

When Liam felt secure enough he proceeded forward and walked with Benji out of the locker room and down the hall towards the dorms.

When they reached the room, Mr. Watson unlocked it and opened the door. He waited for Liam to walk through then slammed the door behind them and locked it.

"Wake up, losers." Mr. Watson yelled and leaned against the door. "Don't have all morning to wait." He said.

Liam gave Mr. Watson a disapproving look everyone quickly stood with their hands behind their backs.
It was then that they all saw a red handprint across Zayn’s cheek.

"It's better than slags?" Mr. Watson said looking at Liam. He sighed. "Sorry. I'll be nicer." He sighed again.

He glanced over at Louis. "If you don't get your uniform on right now you're going to breakfast naked."

"Yes, sir." Louis said and quickly got his uniform on.

"Does your cheek hurt?" Mr. Watson asked Zayn. He felt a little bad for hitting him now but he had it coming with being mouthy. Any other Keeper would've done much worse.

"I'll live." Zayn replied without any emotion in his voice.

"When the night Keeper came in for his headcount Zayn and I were still awake. He didn't see me but he saw Zayn and asked about his face. When Zayn explained and said it hurt he told Zayn he wasn't allowed to complain about it and if he did they'd take him to the playroom." Harry explained.

"Playroom over one complaint? Hm. He must've been in a bad mood." Mr. Watson said. "But I'm in charge now and I won't send you to the playroom for complaining...Unless you complain excessively." He added.

"Yes, sir." Zayn complained, his voice still cold.

Mr. Watson glanced in Louis direction. "Good, you're dressed. Let's go." He said and unlocked the door.

"Hi Harry." Liam smiled. He wanted to give him a hug and talk to him but he didn't want to put Benji behind. He could tell Benji was still stressed out too. He couldn't blame him.

"Hey, Li." Harry smiled back as they all followed Mr. Watson out of the room.

Mr. Watson locked the door again and headed towards the cafe. He wanted to take his stress out on a student but couldn't knowing how Liam would disapprove. He was trying to change for him but there were times where he still needed to do his job. It was difficult trying to find a balance.

It didn't help that he had yet to hear from the lawyer about Liam's situation.

"I'm Liam right now." Liam quietly told Harry as they walked. Liam felt bad about making everyone have to walk slowly. He was trying his best though.

"Yeah, I know... I didn't say LiLi. I just said Li. I figured that was okay? Sorry if it wasn't." Harry frowned.

"I was just letting you know. That's all." Liam replied.

"It looks like it hurts." Louis commented to Zayn as they walked.

Zayn shrugged.

"If it hurts, maybe you can get Mr. Taylor to give you something early." Niall frowned. "I'm sure if you offer to blow him he'll say yes."

"Because his mouth is just that talented?" Harry teased with a whisper.
"I just meant because Mr. Taylor is just as perverted as the rest of the Keepers." Niall replied. He then added, "It is talented though."

"Don't talk mean about Uncle TayTay." Liam frowned. "He's been super nice to me."

Zayn grinned briefly at Niall's comment. "Your mouth is very talented as well."

The comment caused both Louis and Harry to roll their eyes. Neither of them would deny Zayn and Niall a stolen moment of feeling like a real couple though.

Niall bit his lip in effort not to smile like an idiot at Zayn's compliment. He then looked to Liam. "I wasn't being mean. I was stating a fact. Just because Watson has stopped using others and put all his focus on you doesn't cancel out the fact that Mr. Taylor still uses every student he can get. It's great that he's been really nice to you but he's not nice to the rest of it." He tried to explain.

Just because Liam got away with everything and Keepers knew to keep their hands off of him didn't mean that the same went for the rest of the group. Niall wanted to be sure that Liam understood that.

"We get it. Mr. Taylor is nice to you. That's great for you but you have have to remember that not all of us are as lucky as you." Louis tried to help explain things.

Liam frowned. He felt bad now. He actually wanted to cry but he didn't want to cry while in his older headspace and he didn't want his friends to get in trouble. He decided to just keep his head down and his mouth shut while biting his tongue to push away the lump in his throat.

"Hey. It's okay." Harry tried to comfort a little. "They're not trying to be mean but Keepers, including Mr. Taylor still use and abuse us. The main thing is he likes you and you're friends with him and he treats you well. That's important." He said as they finally reached the cafe and walked in.

The comment didn't make Liam feel better though. His friends were still getting hurt and the way they had worded themselves made Liam feel responsible, even if he actually wasn't.

"Sir, do want me to help Liam get food?" Louis tried offer hoping it would help him look better to Mr. Watson.

Mr. Watson opened his mouth to say no when his phone rang. He dug it out of his pocket and saw it was the lawyer. "Yeah, that'd be great. Thanks." He said and quickly left the cafe to take the phone call in the hallway where it was quieter.

Liam didn't want Benji to leave. Benji had said he could have warm milk. There was no way the cafeteria ladies would get him warm milk.

"I'm not hungry anymore." Liam replied. The food out here sucked. He'd rather have his baby food and nurse after. "I just want to sit down."

"You can sit with me and my friend if you want." Harry offered. "Just until Mr. Watson comes back for you." He could see that Liam seemed sadder now that Mr. Watson had taken his phone call.

"Do you want juice or anything like that?" Louis offered.
"I want to sit with Harry." He spoke extra soft. "I don't want anything. I had cereal with... Mr. Watson."

"If you need help or anything let us know." Niall told Harry as he and Zayn walked away. They all knew it was important to keep Liam happy.

"Thanks." Liam said softly.

"You can wait in line with me." Harry offered with a small smile. "I'm sure he wouldn't have left you if it wasn't important."

"I know. He said I could have warm milk though and now I'm not going to get it." Liam wasn't mad he was just disappointed. The sad feelings a little bit ago just made it worse.

Liam's head hung down. "He also left without saying goodbye to me or that he'd be right back. It hurt my feelings."

"I'm sure you'll get it when he comes back." Harry tried to make him feel better. "I know he always does but I'm sure he just didn't want to miss the call." He frowned. He hated seeing Liam so upset. "As soon as he comes back you know he'll do anything to make it up to you so why don't you think of ways he can make it up to you?" He suggested.

Liam nodded as Mr. Murphy approached them. "What's the issue? Why is he upset? What did you do?" He asked Harry a bit hard.

Harry held back a sigh. "Mr. Watson took a phone call without saying he'd be back or whatever. He's just feeling a little...hurt. He'll be fine once Mr. Watson is back." He answered.

Liam nodded, confirming the story. "Alright, if he starts being rude to you though let me know." He then whispered to Liam, "Mr. Taylor gave me a reason to be nice and helpful so just let me know if you need me." He then walked away.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "That was strange. I also wonder what Mr. Taylor promised him. Can you think of anything?" He asked as he was served runny eggs and stale toast.

Liam shook his head, "I don't know. I just know Uncle TayTay and Benji are trying to get me out of here." He swallowed hard. "Uncle TayTay's girlfriend is supposed to adopt me and let me live with Benji."

"Wow." Harry said as they walked to go sit at a table. "That's...amazing." He felt speechless. "He must really care to go to all that effort. Is that what the phone call is about?" He asked curiously.

"He's my boyfriend." Liam spoke softly as he followed Harry to a table now. "We really love one another; a lot. I'm happy with him Harry."

Harry's eyes went wide. "Wow." He said. He wasn't sure what to say to that. "Uh...Congrats?" He said. "As long as you're happy and he treats you right, I have nothing bad to say." He forced a smile. He just felt really shocked. He knew there was some type of relationship there but calling each other boyfriends? That was a shock to him. "I'm happy if you're happy." He said honestly and took a bite of the eggs. He almost wanted to throw up.

It was one thing for Liam to enjoy the babying and for Mr. Watson to be his dad type figure. It was another thing for them to be in love. That's how Harry felt. It was illegal. This was beyond a game now.
"You don't look happy." Liam pointed out. He thought his brother would be happy for him. Harry said he was but he could feel that it wasn't the truth.

Now all Liam wanted was Benji. He wanted to get up and run to him. He needed him. He needed someone to just love on him and help him feel better.

"I'm just surprised." Harry said. "It's not exactly normal for a man to be dating a teenager." He said. "And in a place like this of all places. I'm happy that you're happy though." He tried to make Liam happy. "He seems to treat you well and I'm happy for that at least."

"He treats me amazing not just well." Liam defended. "He really loves me Harry. He loves me more than anyone ever has. Why does his age matter? Who cares how old he is? I'm fourteen not three. I'm not far from being an adult. I know what love is and I know what I have with him is love and age shouldn't be a factor. Age is just a stupid number." He ranted a little.

Harry sighed and nodded. "Okay. You're right. I'm sorry." He said. Liam had a point. Mr. Watson bent over backwards for Liam to make sure he was protected and well card for whether he was a baby or he was a teenager. Now this living together thing and rescuing Liam from this place, it seemed like Mr. Watson really did love Liam.

There was a moment of silence then when Harry was about to say something else, Mr. Watson appeared.

Chapter End Notes

Please comment. It really means a lot to us.

Comment things you like or don't like, any kind of comment would really mean a lot to us!

We really do love hearing from you guys.
Chapter 35

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

This is a group fic. Sometimes it tends to focus on some more than others but that's only because we're building up to other storylines with the other characters so they might be on the d/l for a bit.

We do try hard to not let that happen!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Benji came back he quickly apologized for running off without a goodbye. He then took Liam back into the kitchen where he got him a proper breakfast and warm milk.

As Liam ate he and Benji discussed how the lads didn't take the news of them dating very well. Liam made it clear that he was very hurt, mostly by Harry. Benji was angry but hid that from Liam. For Liam he promised that everything would be okay and promised to always love him.

Liam smiled and kissed Benji's lips. He then turned to try eating despite not feeling much like food. "So, what was the phone call you didn't want to miss?"

"It was the lawyer." Benji said and stood. "He needs to speak to Olivia directly with Jake and I there. I left out the part of you living with me though so things wouldn't get messy." He said as he walked over to the microwave and took the cup of warm milk out of it.

"So appointment is made for tomorrow morning. He's meeting us here since he also wants to talk to you and the therapist." Benji handed Liam the cup and sat across from him. "It looks like that court probably won't happen till next week or the week after. He said he'd try and make things move as fast as possible for you though." He explained.

"So what about this weekend?" Liam whimpered. "I don't want to be here where they'll hurt me. They will without you around." Now Liam was upset again.

"If it comes to that...Jake will take Friday off. Call in sick or something. Murphy will do the same as well. They'll take care of you. You can trust Murphy. Jake and I offered him a deal he can't pass up." Benji said. "And I'll call you through Jake."

"Yeah, Mr. Murphy said something about a deal. I was sad standing with Harry and he came over to ask if I was okay." Liam replied. "Will they really be able to protect me though?"

Benji nodded. "Honestly and I know it doesn't seem like it but if you're LiLi on the weekend, it'll be easier for them to keep you with them. Murphy is covering the hours Jake isn't working." He replied.

"How would that be easier?" Liam wanted to understand? "How would they know what I mean or what I need? Uncle Jake, I trust but I don't know about Murphy."

Benji thought for a moment on how to word this. "They would have an excuse on why to keep you
with them all the time. Murphy also runs the daycare so that could help a bit. Jake and I trust Murphy. We're giving him...something...and in return he does us a favour." He said.

Liam nodded. "Okay. I don't want to be here away from you but if I have to be then I'll try to be okay with them." He took a sip of his milk and sighed. "You'll tell them I need to have help walking and help using the toilet sometimes?"

Benji nodded. "I'll tell them exactly how to take care of you whether you're Liam or LiLi." He said. "They know to call me if things get too tough though and we'll FaceTime or talk on the phone for a bit."

Liam nodded. "I'm still upset but I'll try to be strong for you."

"Hey, was that the lawyer?" They heard Jake walking into the kitchen.

Benji nodded. "Yeah. I have an appointment made for the day after tomorrow in the morning. He wants to talk to the three of us and then Liam, just details to sort out. He's meeting us here." He said. "Looks like court may not be until next week but he'll move as fast as he can."

"So I'll take off Friday and tell Murphy to do the same. We can hold up to our end of the deal Monday after he proves his side." Jake replied and sat on Liam's other side.

"Benji said you're going to take care of me." Liam told him.

"Yes, Murphy or I will be here with you all weekend. You just need to try to be LiLi for us." Jake gave him a reassuring smile. "If the weekend Keepers think you have real mental health issues they'll let us deal with you instead."

Benji smiled a little. "See. That's how going to be LiLi will help. But try and eat okay?"

Liam nodded, "Thank you Uncle Jake."

"Of course buddy. Gotta look out for you. You're a special boy after all." He rubbed his shoulder. He then looked at Benji, "I'll call Olivia later and tell her about it. Maybe we should have her come early and meet Liam?"

Benji nodded. "Sounds good to me." He smiled. "It'd be good to have them meeting first I think."

"So what time is the lawyer coming by?" Jake asked.

"About ten so maybe around nine, Olivia could drop in and they could meet?." Benji replied then looked at Liam. "What do you think, love?"

"I want you with me." Liam replied. "I don't wanna do it alone."

"You don't have to meet her alone. She already cares about you and wants you to be comfortable. That's why she's helping us get you out."

"Of course you don't have to meet her alone." Benji rubbed over Liam's hand. "I'll be with you every step of the way during this process and if there's anything I can't be there for, you have your Uncle Jake." Benji said. "Jake and I will be there with you when you meet her." He kissed Liam's hand.

"She knows I'm little sometimes?" Liam asked curiously.

"Yes, I told her you have some issues you're seeing our therapist for. I just half lied and said
sometimes you age regress to help cope with stress. It's easier than explaining you enjoy living that way." Jake replied and stood up. He tussled Liam's hair, "It's gonna be fine. You'll see."

Liam nodded. "Thanks, Uncle Jake." He smiled at him.

Benji looked up at the time. "Okay, so we gotta drop the others off at class soon then take you to therapy. After that? We can have some fun." He smirked a little. "Oh. Do you need to use the toilet or be changed?" He asked softly.

Liam frowned, "I'm wet. I'm trying really hard to figure out holding it again." Liam looked up at Jake. "If I'm here this weekend will you and Mr. Murphy remember to help me with toilet training? I have training pants now so I can be taken to the toilet when I'm little too."

Jake nodded. "No trouble. Whatever you need, we've got your back." He said.

"Alright, we'll go to the toilet now and get you cleaned up before I come back to take the others for their shower. That sound good?" Benji asked.

"Yes, thank you Benji. I don't want to be seen getting changed when I'm Liam. I'm quirky." Liam replied.

After getting someone to keep an eye on his group Benji took Liam to the room and quickly helped him get changed into a fresh trainer. Liam was able to walk around the room slowly without his crutches so of course he was thrilled.

Once Liam was changed Benji asked if he'd like to go to shower time with him. Liam of course agreed. He even asked if they could have sex while there. Benji was shocked until Liam explained that as Liam he didn't feel shy about sex with Benji. As Liam he wanted people to see they were in love. He also wanted to give Benji what he wanted and he knew Benji enjoyed public sex.

With that planned Liam left the room with Benji; this time without his crutches. Benji was sure to hold onto Liam’s hand however. He knew Liam wouldn't last too long on his feet.

The lads were already lined up by the time Mr. Watson and Liam made it back but with no one noticing that Mr. Watson was there, Harry and Louis were bickering while Zayn and Niall leaned against the wall standing close together watching the drama unfold.

"I didn't do anything! Shut the fuck up!" Harry yelled.

"He was sad as fuck by the time Watson got back! We're supposed to be nice to him and keep him happy. You totally fucked it all up!" Louis complained back.

"Oh my God, both of you shut the fuck up! Before I make good on my earlier threat to put you two in a double ended dildo for a few hours. My version of a 'get along shirt' that siblings wear." Mr. Watson said rubbing his temples.

"I am sick of both you fighting. Do not test me...You won't like how you're forced to get on." He said looking between them. "Is that understood?" He gritted through his teeth. He wanted to hit both of them but he wouldn't right now because Liam was there.

"Yes sir." Louis nodded.

"Yeah, sorry. I was just trying to defend myself. He was talking shit about how I upset Liam." Harry defended himself.
Mr. Watson sighed. He wanted to say he didn't care but Liam wouldn't like that so he held back
and just nodded instead. "I have enough stress in my life without you two eejits adding to it." He
said. "Now move. Time for your shower." He said.

"We can discuss it on the way there and maybe settle this so you two can stop acting like toddlers." Mr. Watson said and opened the door for them.

"I was upset and yes it was 'cause of Harry but I don't need you to take care of it." Liam softly said to Louis. "I can talk to Harry myself and handle it. All you did was make things worse."

Mr. Watson kept a hold of Liam and rubbed his back as he stayed quiet. He wanted to let Liam handle this on his own. He knew Liam would ask for help if needed.

"I'm sorry. I just...I hated to see you so sad. You're always so happy. You seemed okay until you got talking to Harry." Louis said.

"We had a misunderstanding. I apologized but he's still upset and that's okay." Harry tried to defend himself again.

Mr. Watson noticed Zayn and Niall sticking close together. He sighed. He really hoped those two were just friends like he'd been told.

"I don't understand how I made things worse but I'm sorry that I did." Louis frowned.

"Because he's my brother and I don't like people fighting with him. Plus, you two aren't supposed to fight. You started it but it could end in both of you getting punished." Liam replied.

"Why don't you just ask Liam if he's okay next time before starting something?" Niall asked.

Louis sighed. He didn't say anything. He was just trying to be helpful. But per usual with his life, he made things worse. Maybe he shouldn't say anything at all unless directly asked something. That would keep him out of trouble.

Soon they reached the showers and the lads stripped down. They were then handed their shower cradles and told to shower.

Mr. Watson stopped Zayn for a moment. "If you're in pain, let me know and I'll get you something for it."

"Thank you sir. It looks worse than it feels. Just something like Tylenol should be fine." He replied. He didn't want to make a big deal out of it.

Mr. Watson nodded. "I'll drop some off to you sometime this morning then. Probably when Liam's in therapy." He said. "You can go now." He said and watched Zayn leave to go shower with the others.

“What did he want?” Niall whispered as he found a shower head and got to work on washing up.

“He was just saying that if I needed something for pain I could have it. He was being nice.” Zayn shrugged.

“Wow, are you going to take anything?” Niall wondered.

“Yeah, just Tylenol though. I'm not big on drugs.” He replied.

Niall chuckled. “
“For the record,” Louis interrupting turning to Harry. “I still think you screwed everything up. Liam was really upset.”

“Not this again. Let it go. I'm not looking for a punishment.” Harry shook he head. “I understand he was upset but I wasn't trying to upset him so fucking drop it.”

Mr. Watson had made his rounds before traveling back to Liam. "And how are you feeling?"

Liam smiled and stood putting his arms around Benji's neck. "I'm feeling like I have too many clothes on. So do you baby." He kissed his lips, almost hoping people were watching.

As Liam he wanted everyone to know they were in love and happy together. He didn't care if they approved. Maybe that was just because Harry had upset him though.

Benji grinned. "Oh, I can fix that, love." He said and sat down on the bench pulling Liam into his lap.

He kissed him deeply as he undid the lads hoodie and took his shirt off.

He slipped his hands into the lads joggers and undid the training pant from the inside.

"Just take it off with my sweats so no one sees." Liam whispered and bit back a moan. Benji's hands were so close to his cock now. It was torture waiting for more.

"Lad really likes him doesn't he?" Mr. Davis questioned as he eyes them. "Not a game anymore is it?"

Mr. Taylor smiled looking at them, "They're in love. It's beautiful so leave them be."

Those comments cause some of the nearby students to notice, including Niall. He looked in time to hear Liam finally whimper out loud.

"Damn. It actually is real." Niall whispered. "I thought it was Liam pretending to love Mr. Watson in order to survive. I figured the whole enjoying being little was real but loving Mr. Watson.... didn't expect him to fall for the creep." He whispered.

Zayn nodded. "I agree. This just got a whole lot weirder."

"Liam told me that they're boyfriends and in love." Harry whispered.

"But at least it's love and he seems to do anything for Liam." Louis defended them.

"So you think it's more than okay for a grown ass man to be in a relationship with a child?" Niall asked.

"Of course not." Louis sighed. "I just meant...ugh. Forget it." He groaned. He shouldn't have opened his mouth.

“I am completely accepting of Liam's being an infant sometimes. I was fine when I thought Liam was pretending to love the man. Actually being in love though? No. I don't support the law being broken and Liam being brainwashed or hurt potentially.” Harry spoke softly.

“Who said anything about him being brainwashed or hurt? It's love not pedophilia. Liam is fourteen not four.” Louis rolled his eyes.
Zayn looked back at Liam and Mr. Watson. It was probably the most uncomfortable sex to watch. It felt like you were intruding on a private moment.

Benji stood Liam up and removed his joggers making sure that the training pants fell with them. He pushed the joggers under the bench so no one would see the training pants.

"So beautiful." Benji whispered as he looked Liam up and down.

Liam smiled and took off Benji's shirt. "You're so fit. All these muscles. So sexy." He moaned. "Look what you've done to me babe. I'm already hard."

Benji pulled Liam closer and kissed over his chest as he stroked the lads hard on. "Mm...Pretty sure you're the sexy one." He said as he undid the button on his trousers and pulled them off.

"Mmm, your hard inside those pants." Liam almost giggled. "Maybe I should take them off for you. I'd hate for you to be uncomfortable."

"I'm not even sure what to say. He's completely different from when he got here. It's a total change." Zayn whispered.

"I don't know that it's a bad thing. I'm a skeptic don't misunderstand but Liam seems honestly happy." Louis reluctantly spoke again. "Look at him. He's totally comfortable with Mr. Watson."

"Because Watson's got him fucking brainwashed." Zayn said.

"Liam was completely innocent when he came here. He didn't know anything. It's easy to make him think or feel things when you don't know any better." Niall said.

"I've heard you tell Zayn that you didn't know love until you found him. So does he have you brainwashed?" Louis asked. He knew it was stupid to ask because he knew Niall's reaction but he also wanted to just say it anyways.

Niall opened his mouth to snap back but stopped himself. He turned away and began washing himself. "The biggest issue at the moment is that Liam looked completely devastated when Harry wasn't supportive. If Liam stops liking Harry then rest of us are next and there goes our chances of getting out."

"I was shocked." Harry sighed. "I mean I don't approve for obvious reasons but I tried to say that I approved anyways. He saw through it. I'm sure once I can talk to him, it'll be fine." He frowned and started to wash his hair for the second time.

"Why can't he be happy if he actually is? Wasn't it you who got onto the rest of us for not accepting him as an infant?" Louis asked. "If he's being cared for properly and loved properly who cares if it's Watson or me or anyone else?"

Harry sighed. "It's not that simple. A real relationship between them? It's creepy. I guess if it makes him happy however then I'm happy for him. I can't control or change how I feel about the creep factor though. Liam isn't eighteen so it's illegal."

"I think Mr. Watson is just helping Liam to really figure himself out. It's normal if you ask me so don't let your stupid feelings fuck it up for the rest of us." Louis said.

"Fuck you." Harry glared at him.

Louis smirked. "Maybe eventually."
"Ew." Harry felt grossed out at thought of it.

"All of you shut the fuck up." Mr. Taylor yelled at them as he passed by.

“Sorry, sir.” The replies came from the boys.

Benji was now laying on the bench moaning as Liam sucked him through his pants, teasing him a little. "Fuck. Just take them off already." He groaned.

Liam smirked. "Happily." He said and hooked his fingers around the elastic band. Benji lifted his hips for Liam and his hard cock sprang free and quickly made its way into Liam's mouth.

"Shit. Fuck." Benji groaned.

Liam wanted to relieve some of the pressure for Benji.

"Mmm, that's enough, babe. I don't want you to swallow." Benji moaned and watched Liam pop off his cock.

"Mmm, I want you inside me. I want to bounce on you baby. I want you to make me scream for you." Liam begged.

Benji held out his fingers for Liam to suck on. He wanted to make sure Liam was open enough. It also showed everyone he cared to open Liam first instead of just shoving his cock into a tight unprepped hole.

Liam quickly let the fingers slip into his mouth. He sucked on them viciously. He even moaned around them a bit before pulling back, "Stretch me now. I want you inside me. Please baby."

Benji nodded and pulled Liam over his lap. He pushed two fingers inside. By this point, Liam was always open just enough for two fingers to start with. "Gotta make sure you're good and open to take my large cock that you love." He pressed a few kisses into Liam's back.

"You're so big. I can't get enough of it." Liam moaned in a hungry tone. "Love when you're inside me."

"It must be love cause Watson is actually stretching the lad." Mr. Davis who was still watching said.

"I told you, they're both in love with each other. It's not a game for either of them." Mr. Taylor pushed again.

"He told that one with the long hair that they were boyfriends." Mr. Kelly said butting in.

"Boyfriends?" Mr. Davis said shocked. "He's playing with fire now."

Mr. Pieters came up to them. "Seriously? He's actually dating the kid?"

Mr. Kelly nodded. "I heard the short curly haired boy telling the others."

"This is going to make things a challenge though. Especially when Patterson hears of this." Mr. Derringer said joining the crowd.

"How is it going to make it a challenge?" Mr. Taylor asked.
"Because he'll be above the rules and fucking get away with everything. Baby or not...He gets to do what he wants." Mr. Derringer complained.

"Patterson won't touch him. He'll deal with Watson and myself if he does. As for you lads, you are just jealous." Mr. Taylor replied.

"Why do you care?" Mr. Derringer asked.

"I'm not jealous. I honestly don't give a damn. I simply find it interesting." Mr. Kelly added with a shrug.

"Because the kid has grown on me and because Patterson needs to learn some damn respect." Mr. Taylor said.

"Yeah, I don't really give a fuck if they're together. I just hate how the kid knows he's above the law with us." Mr. Derringer said. "It's going to mean more complaining from the students too. As if they're not annoying enough already."

Benji pulled his fingers out and helped Liam sit up. "Come sit on me cock. Show me how much you need it. How much you want me." He smirked.

Liam smiled as he moved to comply. He had definitely reached that point in puberty where he horny a lot. Luckily his boyfriend loved to help.

"I wonder how long it will take for you to cum in me if I'm bouncing on you baby." He smirked and slowly lowered himself onto Benji. He moaned loudly as he did.

Benji held onto Liam's hips as he watched him sink down. "Mmm, I don't know how long I can last. You feel amazing." He moaned and wrapped a hand around Liam's leaking cock and started to pump.

"I think I'm going to be sick." A student spoke up.

Mr. McGuinness slapped the back of his head. "Show some damn respect or I'll teach it to you in the playroom." He warned. He didn't care much about if Benji and Liam were dating but he was a stickler on respect for certain things.

"Ow. Yes, sir." The student said rubbing his head.

"Finish up and go brush your teeth." Mr. McGuinness told the lad.

"Yes, sir." The student nodded.

"Mmm, so tight. Don't I fuck you enough?" Benji teased as he ran his free hand over Liam's bum.

"I guess not." Liam moaned and began to bounce a little. "Is this what my man has been wanting? Sex with me and all eyes watching?" He giggled a bit and bounced harder.

"Fuck yes." Benji moaned. "Shit. You feel amazing." He moaned out as he watched Liam bounce. He leaned forward and sucked lightly on Liam's nipples while one hand pumped his cock. "Fuck, babe. Just like that..." He leaned back a little and watched Liam at work. It was beautiful sight.

"You feel so incredible." He whimpered. "Ah, baby." He cried out bouncing more. "So big! So thick!" He got louder as his hormones took control. His cock began to leak and ache desperately.

"And completely yours." Benji groaned. He held onto Liam's hips tighter as he began to thrust up
and meet Liam's bounces. "You feel incredible. Such a talented lad. Such a beautiful lad. I'm not going to last much longer." He groaned.

"I want your cum in me. I wanna feel it." Liam begged. He could feel his balls tightening and he knew what was about to happen. "Almost there."

"Agree with the relationship or not, Liam likes the sex he's getting. That's not an act. I'd know." Louis pointed out.

"Ok, I can see Liam likes the sex but under the right circumstances sex does feel good. Shit, it's felt good a few times with some of the Keepers in here. It's just how sex is." Harry replied.

"Cum for me. I need to taste you." Benji nippled on Liam's neck and moved his hand faster then squeezed a little.

Benji thrusted into Liam harder a couple more times before he finally came into Liam as he shouted Liam's name. "Fuck, Liam...I love you." He kissed Liam's lips. "So much."

Benji cumming sent Liam over the edge. His came hard as he screamed loudly. "I... ah... love you!" He whimpered a bit as cum oozed over his lover's hand. "Mmm, babe."

Benji kissed over Liam's face then kissed his lips. "I love you." He smiled at him.

Niail turned to Louis. "I think Harry's right. So what if he likes it?" He rolled his eyes. "Sex feels good."

"It's different when it's with a person you truly love though." Zayn whispered. "We both know that. Sure their ages make it illegal but that law is put in place to stop creepy old men from going after children."

Louis shook his head, "This is different. Liam likes to be babied but he's not a little child. Liam might even be innocent but clearly he's fallen for Mr. Watson and if you watch, Mr. Watson acts different around Liam, better sometimes."

Zayn took a deep breath and nodded, "Mr. Watson is different with Liam. I think he loves him. It think it's sincere."

"Exactly, so stop being stuck on their ages or we're never getting out of here." Louis said and walked away.

Harry was just silently watching now. He was waiting to see what would happen next. He felt so torn. It was one thing to enjoy living like an infant. It was another to be in love with a grown man.

He did love Liam as brother even if it was so soon. It's why he felt so strongly against this relationship. Because Liam was naive and as his brother it was his job to look out for him.

"Off nice and slow love. Don't hurt yourself." Benji encouraged. "I'll help you once you're stood up."

Liam slowly stood as he felt Benji tighten his grip on his hips, once he was fully out, Benji picked Liam up and stood Liam in front of him on the floor.

"There's toilets on the other side of the lockers. Why don't you go try then rinse off?" Benji suggested and kissed Liam's hands. "My brave boy." He grinned.
"Alright, love you." He smiled and kissed his lips then went off to have his wee. When he was finished he walked into the shower and stood alone under a shower head. He closed his eyes and let the water flow over his body. He needed a moment to relax.

"Liam..." Zayn softly said appearing next to him. He was on his way to brush his teeth when he saw Liam and wanted a quick word. "Just...I want to say that while I may not understand you and Mr. Watson being together, I also don't know him as you do and you seem happy so I'm happy for you. I guess I'm saying that I support you." He wanted to show Liam he was supportive and trying to be a good friend.

"Thank you. I hate how everyone is so against me finally being happy and loved. It's stupid." He replied without looking at Zayn. He'd seen the lie on Harry's face and didn't want to know if Zayn was lying or not.

"They don't understand because it's illegal for anyone under age to be in a relationship with an adult. They're just worried he's taking advantage of you but I think you're smarter than what the others think. At least that's what I feel." Zayn said. "Louis is very for the relationship as well. He even told us you were enjoying it so I have no issues with it seeing as you consent and you're being treated right."

"He's not taking advantage of me. He actually really loves me Zayn. I know what real love is and that's what I feel for him. It's what I know he feels for me." Liam finally looked at him. "I don't care about age. It's just a number. If I was two years older and he was two years older you all wouldn't say a damn thing about it. Because I'm only fourteen though it's the worst thing ever. Harry thinks so at least. That's what hurts the most. If he wants to judge me and be an arse though let him. I'll be happy without him. Screw him." Liam quickly wiped away his tears and stormed away from Zayn to go dry off and get dressed.

Zayn sighed. He hadn't meant for Liam to get upset. He was trying to be supportive. He was also half afraid of teenage Liam saying something about him and Niall. He seemed to have protected them and got Mr. Watson to allow them to be friends but sometimes stuff can slip.

He then walked over to brush his teeth.

"Liam, baby...What's wrong?" Benji asked coming over to him, seeing that Liam was upset.

"I'm just angry." Liam explained and wiped off his face. "I just fucking want people to understand. I want Harry to understand. He doesn't though. He claims he does but he doesn't." Liam ranted a little. "Just screw him then. I told Zayn if he wants to be an arse then let him cause I'll be happy without him. I have you. That's all I need."

Liam wanted so desperately for Harry to be supportive. He might have been saying it was fine but it wasn't. He might have claimed that he would just move on without him. Truth was however, it killed Liam inside to think he might lose Harry. Harry gave him a sense of family. Harry had cared about him from day one.

Benji frowned and pulled Liam into a hug. "I'm sorry love. Really I am. I wish there was something I could do. Maybe talking about it in therapy might help?" He suggested and rubbed his back. "I'm always here to listen to you rant about whatever you want though." He kissed Liam's wet head. "Just give him time. I'm sure he'll come around and change his mind. I'm sure a little time is all he needs." He held him tight for a moment longer. "Finish getting dressed though please. I don't want you to catch a chill. Did you want a towel to dry off?" He asked.

"Can I have one? I don't want a rash from putting on my trainer while wet." He replied. "I don't
know if I want to talk about it in therapy though. I don't know how much more judgment I can take. It's a lot of stress to handle. I don't like feeling stress.

"Therapy is about helping, not judgement. She won't judge you. She's actually helping us. Jake mentioned to me that he's spoken with her and she's going to help us. No judgement whatsoever." Benji said and took Liam's hand. Most students didn't get a towel because it meant more laundry. He lead Liam to a closet in the back of the room near the toilets. He grabbed one off the shelf and wrapped it around Liam.

"I'll think about it." Liam agreed. "I just..." he shook his head. "I'm overwhelmed by everything. I don't know how much more I want to try and handle it." He dried himself off as best he could then gave the towel back.

Benji hung up the towel to dry. "No one's asking you to handle it. And besides, after therapy, you have the day free from your brother and your friends. You can relax more. Play on the tablet or whatever else you want to do." He kissed Liam's cheek. "I'll bring your clothes back here so you can get dressed without anyone seeing you in training pants. If you'd like?"

"Yes please. I think maybe I just want to color on blank paper." Liam added the last bit before Benji walked away.

"Everything alright with Liam? He looked upset." Jake said coming over to Benji.

"Stressed. Harry isn't very supportive of us being boyfriends. The slut is and so is Ace. I don't know about the Irish one yet." Benji said.

"I can knock some sense into them?" Mr. Murphy offered having overhead.

"He barely trusts you, Murphy. If you hurt his brother, you'll be on his shit list forever." Benji said as he picked up Liam's clothes. "I'll just have to have a chat with them, especially Harry." He said. "But I should get back."

Liam now sat on the floor holding his knees to his chest. "Sorry, legs got tired." He stood up slowly and sighed as he took his training pant to put on first. "If go back to being LiLi will you let me dress in my cute baby clothes?"

Benji smiled. "Of course." He said and sat down across from Liam with the clothes between them. "If you want to go back to being LiLi like right now or at any point...You know you can right? I won't get upset. I love you both. I love all of you." He wanted to reassure Liam.

Liam nodded and slipped into his joggers. "It was all easier when I was LiLi. Maybe I'll go back. I do miss being held by you and nursing from you. That's the best for helping me relax."

Benji nodded. "I'm still making you walk if you change back but I miss carrying you too. Feels a bit odd but I'm loving getting to know you as Liam." He took Liam's hands in his own and kissed them. "You have my support for whatever you want to do. But maybe don't stay away as Liam so long next time if you are going back to LiLi." He said and rubbed over Liam's fingers with his thumb.

"Great, so if I go back to LiLi you won't carry me anymore. That's... I don't like it." He chose kind words. That was his nature. "Just let me get therapy over with now so I can be alone."

"I will carry you but we have to keep you walking so you don't forget how to." Benji leaned forward and kissed him. "I miss the nursing too though. It's a different type of connection I feel when we do it." He said. "But you're not going to therapy naked so get dressed and I'll be right
back. I have to check on the others." He kissed Liam's drying hair and stood. "I love you." He smiled down at him.

Liam finished dressing himself then sat back on the floor to wait. He wasn't exactly thrilled right now so maybe a moment to himself would help.

Mr. Watson inspected the others then handed them their bags. He looked at them for a moment. "Whether you approve of my relationship with Liam or not...He's a sensitive lad. What you say and do affect him deeply. He cares what people think, mostly what his brother thinks." He looked to Harry very hard for a moment. "He's stressed and upset. If he reverts back to being LiLi, then that's why. Think before you speak. He's grown quite fond of Mr. Taylor as well. So anything you say about him will upset Liam. I don't want him upset or sad or stressed...I know it's apart of life but life has been hard enough for him already. I want it to be a bit easier for him now. So please, be kinder with your words and become better liars."

"The only issue I have is that you're an adult and he's a child." Harry told him using a cautious tone. "I'm supportive. Love is love and Liam is happy being in love with you. He's fourteen not four. He's old enough to decide." Louis tried to suck up.

"I personally find it a tad bit creepy, to be honest, sir." Niall said. "I shouldn't judge though. You seem to be treating him right and protecting him. He's innocent and impressionable so I'm not surprised he fell for you. I'm surprised you feel the same way though but whatever. If he's happy then good for him. I can be supportive. I'm a good liar. I wouldn't have made it from Ireland if I wasn't."

"I told Liam earlier that I'm supportive. I meant it. He deserves to be happy and taken care of...Sir."

Zayn said.

Mr. Watson looked at Harry. "It's funny that you have an issue now that we put a label on ourselves." He said. "You didn't seem to have an issue with it before." He glared at him. "I honestly don't give a fuck what you think but Liam does. So become accepting or become a better liar. I can certainly provide you with time alone to ponder over all of this." He threatened.

"I'll figure something out. I don't need time alone." Harry quickly replied. "I'll figure it out." He didn't want put in the pit. That place was the worst.

"Good. I'm glad we all have an understanding. Now go line up at the door and I'll go get Liam."

Mr. Watson said.

Benji walked over to where he left Liam. "Babe?" He asked kneeling in front of him. "Time for therapy once we drop the others off."

Liam nodded and stood up. He didn't say anything. He just hugged Benji tightly and then looked at him so Benji would know he was ready.

Benji hugged Liam tightly and rubbed over his arms. "Therapy then you can do whatever you want." He kissed Liam's lips then took his hand and lead him back towards the others.

Niall was leaning against the wall waiting when Tyler came up to him. "I didn't think dogs could stand on their hind legs." He smirked.

"Fuck off." Zayn glared at him.

Niall balled his hand into a fist but tried his best to ignore him.
Tyler continued to smirk. "Did you go outside for your wee and to take a shit?"

"No one thinks you're funny." Louis looked at Tyler.

"Who said anything about being funny, slut?" Tyler rolled his eyes.

"Just leave him alone. There's no point in this besides you being an arse." Harry said.

Tyler grabbed Niall's collar. "You'll always just be a dirty mutt who will never be loved. In fact because no one will want you... You'll have to be put down instead."

Niall hated his collar enough, but he hated it more when other students touched it. "Stop." He growled.

"Looks like the mutt is in a bad mood. Better not bite me." Tyler pulled on the collar. "Or you might get put down. But anyways, shouldn't you be on the floor?" He pulled on the collar some more to try and force Niall to the ground.

Niall looked at Zayn. "I'm sorry." He whispered then punched Tyler in the jaw causing the lad to fall back onto the floor.

Mr. Watson appeared just in time to see Niall punch Tyler. For a split second he groaned. He then made sure Liam was okay to keep walking then rushed over. With one hand he grabbed Tyler and picked him up off the floor. With the other he grabbed Niall. "What is going here?"

Mr. Thomas rushed over to check on Tyler whose lip was now bleeding.

Niall quickly spoke up before Zayn had a chance to cover for him. "I tried really hard not to...I could even ignore the nasty shit he was saying. But he kept pulling on my collar. I couldn't take it. I hate this thing enough without others pulling on it and shit." He explained.

"We all told him to stop." Louis tried to defend Niall.

"But shit face there wouldn't shut up or stop pulling on the collar." Harry added.

Zayn nodded. "He kind of asked for it. I mean, what did he think was going to happen by pulling on the collar? If it was me, I would've done the same thing." He tried to help. He doubt it'd do any good though.

Mr. Thomas gave Tyler a questioning look as Mr. Watson glanced around his lads. He was trying to figure out if he should believe them or not. He was also curious on how he should handle this so Liam wouldn't be cross with him.

When Mr. Watson turned and gave Liam a questioning look. He had simply turned around so his back was to them. He didn't care anymore; or at least not right now.

"Come on! This isn't the first time Tyler has tried to start shit. He's never even gotten in trouble for it before!" Another student close by interjected.

Mr. Thomas sighed. "Maybe I've spoilt you a bit too much. I think some time to reflect in the pit should help. The rest of you...time for class." He said and began to push his group towards the door.

"Tyler does like to cause trouble." Mr. Watson agreed.

"I'll have to think about what I'm going to do. Right now, time for class." He added then took
Liam's hand. He was so concerned for him. It wasn't like Liam not to care about any of the others even when he was upset with them.

"You alright love?" He asked as they left the showers.

"No but I'll survive. You're the only thing I need." Liam replied and gave Benji's hand a squeeze. Maybe he just needed time to heal the hurt Harry left him with.

Benji nodded and kissed Liam's hand. "It'll be okay." He gave him a smile then took the others to their classes.

"Sir?" Niall said when he got to his. His was the last stop.

"What?" Mr. Watson asked.

"He pulled on my collar more than once. I wanted to behave but he made it impossible. I feel like with this thing on I'm constantly choking and people, who are not Keepers...I just lose it. I'm sorry."

Mr. Watson rolled his eyes and spun Niall around. He loosened the collar a good amount before spinning him back around. "There, no more choking. That's all you're getting from me though. You drew blood. We don't allow that."

Niall nodded. He didn't mean literally but it felt better having it loosened. "I understand. Thank you...Uhm, I was wondering is there anything I can do to eventually earn the collar off? I have heard that dogs keep their collars always but is there anything I can do for you or maybe Liam even to help earn this thing off?" He asked.

"Why would you do something for Liam? He's not your Keeper. I am." Mr. Watson snapped. "It would help me however if Liam was in a better mood. You four, especially the curly one have him acting rather depressed. He even turned his back on you all earlier with the Tyler issue." He wasn't going to spoon feed Niall the answers on how to get the collar off. He didn't mind giving the lad hints though. "I'd say that's a really good start to showing me how good of lad you can be."

"Harry is the only one who hasn't been supportive. As for what we said about Mr. Taylor...We said sorry. We didn't know that they were friends. We'll be more careful but Louis, Zayn and I are the ones supportive of this relationship. But Liam, we've got your back if you need anything." Niall said. "But I'll show you I can be good from now on. Promise."

"Liam prefers to think of Mr. Taylor as an uncle. Not a friend." Mr. Watson corrected as Liam continued to refuse eye contact.

"Either way, you asked and I answered. Now get into class." Mr. Watson added.

Niall sighed. There was no winning. He turned and walked into class.

Benji placed an arm around Liam's shoulders. "You can deal with them whenever you feel ready to." He kissed his cheek then continued walking.

"I don't want to deal with anything right now but I have therapy so I have to." Liam muttered. He sighed and then placed a kiss on Benji's chest.

All he wanted was for Harry to understand. If that could happen then he at least wanted to not care about Harry. Liam could seem to have either of those things though.
"Therapy doesn't always mean talking if you don't feel like it. She gets paid whether you say stuff or not. You can legit spend your hour sitting there doing or saying nothing if your heart so desires." Benji held Liam close to him as they walked.

Liam nodded, "I'm really sorry for acting off. I'm just having a hard day. Forgive me?"

"Don't be sorry, love." Benji rubbed over Liam's shoulder. "Everyone has off and hard days. Nothing to forgive." He smiled. "I'm having a hard day too with everyone fighting and now... Can't quite seem to decide what to do with the Irish one."

"I don't know. I mean, he only did it because Tyler was rude again. Just do whatever will teach him how to handle those situations better. Like he should have told you instead of hitting Tyler." Liam replied. He wasn't in a mood to save them.

Benji nodded. "I suppose taking him to the pit would be a bit much just for punching Tyler. Playroom is it. Just gotta decide what exactly to do him. But that's not for you to worry about." He kissed Liam's head as they reached the therapist's office.

He walked into the waiting room area with Liam and told the woman at the desk that Liam was here for therapy.

"I just wish you wouldn't have sex with him. I don't like the idea of you inside someone else, at least not if I'm not there and part of it." Liam requested. "I better go though. I love you."

"Wait a minute." Benji said. "Not every punishment is sexual or fucking." He said. "I might punish him in a sexual way. Insert things, orgasm till it hurts, and other shit but I wouldn't actually go inside him, not even my fingers. I only want you. I'm not interested in fucking him or anything of the sort." He wanted to be sure Liam understood.

Liam smiled and wrapped his arms around Benji, "Thank you. That's one of the most beautiful things I've ever heard you say!" He kissed his lips. "I only want sex with you too. I mean, I enjoy making you happy by playing with the others while you watch but I only want you inside me cause I love you."

Benji grinned. "We'll discuss playing with the others later. And no one gets to go inside you expect me." He said. "Better get to your session though." He kissed him and patted his padded bum. "I'll be waiting for you when you finish. I love you." He smiled.

Liam gave him one last smile and then slowly walked away and into the therapist office. He didn't want to do therapy today but he had no choice.

Chapter End Notes

As always, we would love to hear your thoughts!!! Makes us happy and able to work on it better.
"Liam, hi there. You're walking without help today!" The therapist smiled as she watched him walk in and close the door.

"Yeah." Liam said softly as he sat on the sofa. "B-Mr. Watson has been really helpful with helping me walk without needing help. Probably would have taken more than a day if it wasn't for his help."

"Can I ask why he's Mr. Watson today instead of papa?" She questioned. It was another new thing for her to see.

"Oh uhm..." Liam felt awkward discussing this. "Because...Mr. Watson needed to talk to me yesterday as Liam and I've been a bit too upset to go back to LiLi." He said playing with his sleeves now.

"So then you're able to choose what headspace you're in?" She asked. "Is it easy for you to change between them or have you noticed it's hard?" She simply wanted to understand this more.

"It's hard to explain. Sometimes I'm really deep into being LiLi and it's hard to become Liam. Sometimes I'm just sorta LiLi, like it feels only half real. When I'm like that it's easy to become Liam. Getting into that LiLi headspace seems to just kind of accidentally happen though." Liam answered. "That's the best I can explain it. I'm not sure how it all works yet. This is the longest I've been Liam in a while though. Kind of miss being LiLi but I don't know if I can handle my feelings about this new stuff while being LiLi."

"Interesting." She nodded and made a few notes. "Other than physical manners what are some of the differences between Liam and LiLi? For example, is it easier to handle stress as one or the other? Is it easier to not be shy as one or the other?"

Liam sighed. He didn't like the questions. But if he was here, he might as well answer. It could help with court stuff too. He thought.

"It depends. I don't like being stressed. I don't like people being mean to be because I'm mature again. Everyone had to be nice to me when I was a baby." He frowned. "It's sort of strange too because sometimes when I'm LiLi I just kind of lose myself. I don't really know how I feel in those moments. I just, I'm easy going. Maybe more like a real baby? So I guess it just depends. Some
stress is easier as Liam but some is easier as LiLi. Sometimes it's easier for LiLi because he gets really carefree."

She nodded and made some more notes. "Have you noticed if maybe the stuff that's harder for LiLi is stuff that would be hard for someone whose physical age is that of a small child?"

She wondered if perhaps LiLi was Liam's way of coping unless it was something a small child normally wasn't able to handle. She was working hard to figure out how his brain worked with Liam and LiLi.

"Yeah. Makes sense. Like...I probably won't go home this weekend with Mr. Watson and I'm scared. I don't...Never been without him before." Liam bit his lip. "It's why I can't be LiLi right now. He wouldn't be able to handle it. But if I am here on the weekend, Mr. Watson and Mr. Taylor have told me I'd be safer as LiLi but I...I don't know if I can switch to him while feeling so scared and alone." He wanted to cry but he didn't want to cry in front of her.

She nodded as she listened. "Well, based on what I know, I think they might be planning to use you being LiLi as an excuse to be more protected." She tried to explain. "I think there is a small part of you that uses LiLi to help with stress but I think it's more than that. I think that deeper place you get into however is a subconscious thing. I don't know if I fully understand it yet. I do know for sure part of if is a stress help though."

"Yeah. I kinda got that it will protect me. They explained it that way." Liam nodded. "I don't know what to say about the sub-, sub- whatever thing."

"Don't worry about that for now. I'm not even sure about it yet. Might take some observation time. Let's just focus on your coping with the weekend."

"I want and I guess need to be LiLi but I don't know how to be LiLi when I'm this...upset. I feel like LiLi would just lose his mind being away from the safety papa brings. I suppose I'll have to figure out how to though." He said. "It'd be easier if Harry supported my relationship with Mr. Watson. I'd have someone to help me through him not being here." He frowned.

"What is the status of your relationship?" She asked allowing Liam to lead their conversation.

Liam bit his lip again. "I don't know if I'm allowed to say...But since you aren't going to tell anyone about Niall and Zayn, uhmm." He paused. "Benji and Liam are boyfriends. I guess we're kinda boyfriends as LiLi and papa too but when I'm deep LiLi the only thing I can see him as is papa. The boyfriend part though, I know people see it as wrong but if I was a couple years older, no one would care." He sighed again.

"It's the age I think people care about, not you and Mr. Watson specifically." She replied. "Harry is one of those people? Can you tell me why?"

"Age is just a number. It's stupid that people judge." Liam said. "Harry is my brother. Well, unofficial brother. LiLi kind of adopted him as a brother and he said he's still my brother if I'm Liam, no matter...But he doesn't approve. He doesn't like that Mr. Watson is my boyfriend. He says he supports it and he was shocked but I saw his face. He doesn't approve of it. It really hurts." He wiped away a few tears.

"You just want your brother to be happy for you don't you?" She asked. "Think maybe you're hurting because you feel like he should be happy if you are?"

Liam thought for a moment. "I'd like him to be happy. Mr. Watson tries to protect him but he can't
control the other Keepers." He frowned. "But I want him to be happy for me!" He felt frustrated. "I want him to understand that Mr. Watson and I perfect together."

"I think maybe you should talk to him Liam. Try to find out what he's thinking. Find out why he's really against it and then let him know how it all makes you feel. Listen to his feelings as well. I personally think that's a good place to start. If you want to talk to him with him there that can be arranged even." She offered.

Liam nodded. "Maybe. I don't know." He shrugged. "The others seem supportive. Well, Louis and Niall. I didn't look at Zayn's face when he said it so I don't know. Maybe he's just saying that because I made sure he and Niall could be friends and not separated." He said.

He was so sure he didn't want to talk but now that he was, it seemed he couldn't stop sharing.

"You know what though? I wish things were different. I wish the Keepers didn't hurt everyone. I think my friends and brother would accept Mr. Watson and I more if everyone was nice. Because everyone in here gets raped and beaten though I think they assume it's fake for Mr. Watson but Mr. Watson told me that he only wanted to have sex with me. I thought maybe he'd have sex with Niall when he punishes him later but he told me he only wanted me." Liam smiled. "I think maybe deep down I knew that but I don't think he ever said it out loud. That makes me happy."

"He also said that he loves both me and LiLi and supports me no matter what but he's also enjoying me as Liam cause he doesn't know Liam the way he knows LiLi. Not yet at least. That's good reasons to believe he isn't being fake."

"You do seem very happy when you talk about him. It's nice compared to how you were in our first session." She offered a smile. "I do feel this pull from you though. I feel like you're in part wanting to switch your mind to LiLi and in part you're still wanting to be Liam."

"There's things I miss about LiLi but being Liam...I can explain things better so maybe after I talk to Harry again." Liam said. "I don't know if LiLi can handle the fear though." He frowned.

"What do you miss about being LiLi?" She wondered.

She took a few more notes and looked back up at him. This session was certainly going better than the previous time in group therapy. He probably felt more comfortable with one on one.

"Being small. Everyone being careful not to upset me. Being held and carried. I really really miss, uh," He felt really embarrassed but he wanted to talk about it. "...using my nappy instead of the toilet. Oh..." Liam bit his lip. "And nursing." He said quietly.

"You're the youngest in your room so really you're still small even as Liam. For everyone being careful for you I think you should talk to them. The caring bit, I'm positive Mr. Watson would carry you." She then wrote a little down and looked at him, "Not wanting to use the toilet is interesting. I'm guessing the nursing though is something you'd only be comfortable with as LiLi though?"

"I don't know. It seems a bit odd to do if I'm not LiLi. We've never tried it otherwise. It's a thing babies do...so. I don't know." Liam shrugged.

"Isn't using a Nappy a thing babies do also? Would only want that while LiLi?" She asked.

"I, no. I like using the nappy all the time. I don't know why though so don't ask." Liam politely told her. "Harry and I are the same age so I don't know if I'm the youngest." He said softly.

"You're younger. Not by much." She smiled. "You should have a conversation with Harry, your
other roommates and your boyfriend though. Let everyone know how you're feeling and what you're thinking." She suggested.

Liam nodded. "Okay. If you think that might help...I'll give it a go." He agreed.

"Do try. Maybe try before you switch to LiLi. I can tell you're contemplating the change." She leaned forward and patted his knee. "We can talk about how it went in your next therapy session. Let me know when we do group if you'd like to try and talk about it."

Liam nodded. "Okay. Thanks." He said. "Are we done yet? Or if there is time left...Can I just stop talking?" He asked. He felt tired from the conversation.

She smiled, "You're time is up. You can go now. Thank you for talking to me. I know you don't like talking." She stood and moved to open the door for him. "Look, Mr. Watson is already here."

Liam smiled and stood. He quickly walked out and wrapped his arms around Benji. "I missed you so much." He mumbled against him. "Talking is hard." He sighed and leaned against him.

"He did really well today. I'm very proud of him." She told Benji. "I think I have a good amount of information but I'm going to do some visual observing before writing up my report for your lawyer."

Benji nodded as he rubbed over Liam's back. "Great. Thank you." He smiled. "Just say whatever it takes to get him out of here." He rubbed circles into Liam's back. He looked down at Liam who was still hanging onto him. "Is he okay?" He asked softly.

"I think he's currently stuck between staying Liam and switching to LiLi though there seems to be two sides to LiLi. Not sure about it yet." She replied. Normally she wasn't to say anything about therapy but she knew this was a bit different. "I encouraged him to talk to Harry, the others in his room and you before switching but I'm not sure if he will. Poor lad is showing a lot of stress."

Benji nodded. "My poor boy." He kissed the top of Liam's head. He looked back at the therapist. "Thank you. Is there anything I should do in the meantime?" He asked continuing to rub circles in Liam's back. He could feel all the stress.

"Just make sure to remind him of your love and support." She smiled. She then leaned in and whispered, "Maybe carry him some too. He misses it."

Benji nodded. "Will do." He said. "Let's go back to the room, love. Taylor can cover for me. I think right now you need some extra special attention." He said then picked Liam up and held him close. He kissed his cheek. "You don't have to be LiLi for me to carry you...But you still need to keep walking sometimes. I don't want a repeat of last time." He explained softly.

Liam nodded, "Thank you. I need held sometimes. I miss it." His voice sounded so upset again. "Just want alone time with you."

Benji thanked the therapist once more then left the room. "I miss it too. Even after a day." He rubbed Liam's back. "Alone time with me it is. Even as Liam you can still nap if you want. Adults nap all the time." He said as he walked.

Liam just hid his face however. His emotions were starting to hit him all at once and he didn't want anyone to see his cry. He'd rather cry into Benji's chest where only he would know it was happening.

Benji held Liam close and continued to rub his back. He walked quickly to the room and passed
Mr. Pieters in the hall to pass along a message to Mr. Taylor. He then quickly made it to the room and unlocked it. He closed the door behind him then sat on Liam's bunk. "We're back...and alone." He whispered, "What can I do to help you feel better. I know you want to nurse but what else beautiful boy?"

"Just let me be LiLi? I want to be little and carefree for a while. I need a break from grown up problems. Maybe punish Harry if you catch him being mean. He hurt me so badly. I'm mad at him for it." Liam replied. "He's supposed to be my brother. He's supposed to be happy I'm happy. He not supposed to lie and pretend he's happy for me when really he's angry and thinks I'm nasty."

"I want you to be happy and carefree for as long as you want. I'll be more careful with how I word myself though." Benji said. "My boy wants revenge on Harry though? I suppose I can always punish him for arguing earlier at breakfast and for how he made you feel. Is there a limit on what I can do him?" He asked and wiped away Liam's tears. "I'm so sorry." He felt like this was partly his fault now. He tried so hard to be supportive and let Liam do what he wanted.

"Don't punish him because I want you to. I don't want him to hate me and wish me dead." Liam quickly replied. "Just, punish him gently next time he breaks a rule or something. I want him to hurt how I do but I'm too nice ask you to hurt him without a just reason."

"Hmm. I'll ask some students in his afternoon class to report to me. See if he trips up. I'll let the other Keepers know as well." He kissed Liam's cheek. "You really should go to the toilet though." He whispered. "Mind if I sit you on it and you can do the rest yourself?" He offered.

"Only if you promise not to tell Harry I'm why you're keeping a closer eye." Liam reasoned. "After I have my wee I want put in my trainer and pajamas. I can cuddle with Bruce while you go get a bottle so I can nurse. I need that so incredibly bad."

Benji nodded. "I'll make sure you're left out of it." He said and stood.

Liam smiled and moved to kissed his cheek. "Will you please please please baby me now? I want to be tiny and small and little." He gave Benji a hopeful look. "Papa, can I nurse now?"

"Whatever you want for as long as you want." Benji smiled and kissed Liam's lips. "I'll make go prep a bottle for you so you can nurse." He smiled a bit more. He was looking forward to the rest of his day. He had a couple of punishments to give out so he was more than looking forward to burning off some stress.

"Let's get a fresh trainer on you and your pjs too so you don't catch a chill." He said taking Liam's hands to help him walk.

Liam smiled as he walked with his papa now. "I happy." Liam told him as he climbed into the crib. "Happier when I get milk." He hugged Bruce and sighed, very relieved.

Benji smiled. It was nice to see Liam happier now.

When they reached the crib, he helped Liam lay back. He quickly got the trainer on him then put his pjs on. He looked adorable in his footie Batman pjs. He kissed over Liam's face. "I'll be back soon, my love." He said. "Did you want your blocks to play with while I'm gone?" He asked.

"No papa, just want to cuddle with Bruce. It's been a while. He misses me." Liam explained. "Need kisses before you leave though."

Benji leaned down and kissed Liam's lips. "Love you." He smiled. He climbed out and pulled up the railing.
He grabbed the nursing supplement then left the room, locking the door behind him. He went a warmed up the milk the came back and cuddled Liam while he nursed until the lad had finished all the milk.

He quietly held Liam a while longer until he was sure the lad had fallen asleep. A little quiet time with him had helped ease some of his stress. He was still looking forward to punishing Niall and Harry now however. Punishing the slags always made him feel better.

Benji carefully lay Liam back in his crib and stood. He pulled the railing up and quietly left the room, locking it behind him.

When it was time to go back to get Liam he was already awake and giggling with Bruce. After a quick trip to the toilet Liam and Benji made their way to Zayn’s classroom where he stood waiting.

"Hi, LiLi." Zayn smiled and waved. He wondered what made Liam switch back. But he knew he had to be extra careful now. "Did you have a good morning? Did you go to daycare?" He asked as he followed Mr. Watson to the next classroom. He was excited to see Niall. He knew he couldn't say or do anything but just seeing his face helped.

"Cuddles with papa and nap time." Liam replied softly. He didn't feel much like talking but Zayn had been nicer than the others so far today.

"Sounds fun." Zayn grinned.

"Hurry up." Mr. Watson complained to Niall who was slow getting to the door.

"Sorry, sir." Niall mumbled. He smiled seeing Zayn, just looking at Zayn made some of his sad and depressed feelings go away.

Normally Liam would have gotten on to Benji for being rude but today he just cuddled deeper into him and kissed over his cheek a few times.

Part of his clinginess was because he was in an extremely needy mood. Part however was also because of how deeply in love with Benji he'd fallen.

Benji held Liam tighter while he pushed the other two to move.

Niall desperately wanted to cuddle into Zayn like they had done the night before but he knew he couldn't. It brought his sad depressed feelings on again.

"It's alright." Zayn whispered. "You're going to be fine."

"He isn't when I'm done with him." Mr. Watson said. "He has to get punished for punching Tyler."

"I don't care." Niall said as they stopped in front of Louis classroom.

"You should. You're not the most well behaved so you're punishment is going to reflect that." Mr. Watson explained.

Niall rolled his eyes. He was beyond the point of caring now.

Liam once again said nothing. He just moved his head so he could whispered in Benji's ear, "Love papa more than anything in the world. Best boyfriend. Best papa. Best everything." He didn't really know how to talk romantically to him but he was trying, simply because he was in a state of bliss. Being LiLi allowed him to be.
"I'm ready, sir." Louis smiled waiting by the door patiently. "Hi, LiLi. I hope your morning went well."

"I see that, good for you." Mr. Watson said. "Let's go." He said.

Louis quickly joined the others as they began walking. "What's wrong?" He whispered to Niall.

"I'm 15; that's what's fucking wrong." Niall complained. "Three fucking years in this place. It's been what? Two, three weeks since I arrived? I don't even know." He sighed. "I don't want to live like this. But at least a punishment is better than getting used by a Keeper."

"Shut up." Mr. Watson complained. "I am not in the mood to hear any whining or hear any of you speak." He sighed. He just wanted the school day over with so he could get on with his punishing. He had plans to just beat Harry up a little then leave him in the pit till the next day. He had a lot of plans where Niall was concerned and he was looking forward to hurting him the most.

"Someone's in a bad mood." Niall whispered between Louis and Zayn.

They both nodded in agreement.

Soon they came up to Harry’s classroom where he was leaning against the door with his arms crossed, waiting for Mr. Watson.

"Get in line and keep your fucking mouth shut." Mr. Watson warned. He certainly wasn't in the mood to deal with him. Some of his stress today had been cause by him.

"Someone's cranky." He whispered as softly as he could as he moved away from his spot. It was then he noticed. He silently gave Liam and Mr. Watson a curious look. He then looked at the others as he joined them.

Mr. Watson started to walk towards the cafe with Liam tightly wrapped in his arms.

"He's back to LiLi." Louis whispered. They were far enough away from Mr. Watson so he wouldn't hear or so he hoped.

Niall nodded. "You heard about the weekend Keepers right? Probably why he's stressed. Has to give up his boyfriend and baby for a weekend."

"Yeah. Liam seemed upset by it. I have news to share though. Something he told me that you three should know. It could affect our plan on trying to get out of this place." Harry whispered.

"Suppose I'll have to give up my lunch with my friend to hear this news?" Louis asked.

"You can go to your friend after if you're that desperate to get away from us." Harry whispered.

"I think sitting together the four of us is a good idea. Could help Niall and Zayn." Louis said. "If we all sit together more often, we'll look like friends. And help Niall and Zayn look like friends."

"Brilliant idea, Louis." Niall smiled.

"Thanks." Louis whispered.

"I think I hear whispering." Mr. Watson said.

The boys quieted down.
Soon they arrived at the cafe and went to stand in line.

"Okay, so Liam is now LiLi." Harry commented.

"Way to point out the obvious." Louis rolled his eyes. "I just wonder why."

"I think I know why. It's partly due to what Niall said in the hall about weekend Keepers. He's super attached to Watson so he's scared to be here without him." Harry explained as he got served cold slimy noodles for his lunch.

"Disgusting." Niall turned his nose up.

"Ditto." Louis agreed. "So what's the other part?" He asked.

"You said you had more?" Zayn said.

"When we sit down. Less chance of others overhearing." Harry whispered.

"My friend David knows everything about Liam. We can just sit with him. Maybe I'm being paranoid but wouldn't Watson think we're up to something if we all sat together." Zayn said as he made his way down the line.

"You're being paranoid, but you're still cute so it's okay." Niall smirked.

"You two sit across from each other. It'll help break things up." Harry told them. As he chose water for his drink. It was the only thing you couldn't go too wrong with.

"So Liam possibly went into his baby mind in part because of weekend Keepers and being scared of them. That makes sense I'd say." Louis added thinking out loud. "He's been acting different all day that I've seen though." He nervous requested corn as he moved in the line.


"That doesn't look trustworthy." Niall commented looking at Louis corn.

They each chose their meals and made their way to the table. "So what's this other part?" Louis asked sitting down.

Zayn went to sit by David but upon seeing the look on Niall's face, he chose to sit by Louis instead while Harry sat by David and Niall was next to Harry.

Zayn made quick intros and caught David up on what had been happening to Liam.

"Wow. Well, weekend Keepers make sense but what else?" David asked.

"Mostly the weekend stuff but Liam told me this morning that Mr. Taylor's girlfriend is going to adopt him so he can get out of the school and let him live with Mr. Watson instead of her."

"What the fuck?" David's jaw dropped open.

"I... that's..." Louis wasn't sure what to say. "Why would that make Liam switch to LiLi though? I just..." He scooped a spoonful of corn into his mouth knowing he had nothing else to say that would make sense.
"He's meeting her tomorrow. Court won't happen till next week. So it's stressful knowing that it's going to happen but not knowing when yet." Harry explained. "When he's overwhelmed and shit, he switch to LiLi. I think today is therapy for him too so that couldn't have been easy. Just all the little things. You don't want to deal with the worry. You just want to switch it off and relax ya know?"

"Makes sense." David nodded.

"He still seems different though." Niall shook his head as he sighed. Liam was getting out and he was still stuck here.

"True, he spoke super quiet without looking at me when Watson picked me up and then he never said anything else to the rest of us, not even Harry." Zayn pointed out and tapped Niall's foot with his to help cheer him up best he could.

"Oh yeah, and he didn't get onto him for being rude with Harry either." Louis nodded.

"He's mad at me. You know that." Harry reminded them. "I don't approve of them being boyfriends so therefore he's all butthurt." He said. "I'm sure he'll get over it soon enough. Maybe I can try talking to him as LiLi and smooth things over."

Niall gave Zayn a small smile. "That explains you. But we've all lied and said we approve. Probably doesn't believe us due to Harry not approving so he probably doesn't know if we mean it or not."

"Hey, don't say we all lied!" Louis snapped. "I actually do unlike you twats. Mr. Watson makes him happy and when they're both in a good mood you can tell Liam makes Mr. Watson happy. It creeped me out at first but now, knowing it's something they both want and chose, I'm cool with it."

"Too bad Liam doesn't understand that it's not important if you all agree." David injected. "You all need to be careful though. Don't forget Liam has powers to make shit happen or not happen."

"I'm already in trouble for punching Tyler. So I don't care what else happens at this point." Niall stated.

"I saw his face in class. Nice job." David smiled.

"Thanks." Niall grinned. "He fucking deserved it."

Zayn frowned disapprovingly.

“He did though.” Niall defended.

“I know, I just...I hate to see you in trouble.”

“I can take it though.” Niall tried to comfort.

Zayn nodded but didn’t say anything, he just tried to eat some of his pasta instead.

Harry turned to Louis. "How are you supportive? I mean...It's an adult child relationship. He's taking advantage of him."

"You didn't care before they labeled it." Zayn felt the need to point it out.

"Are you upset that he's getting out and you're not?" David curiously asked.
"I'm supportive because even though Liam was obviously raised different from us he knows what he wants. He wants Mr. Watson. It's not him being brainwashed like I thought at first. Liam really honestly likes the guy. Why being an arse and make him feel like shit for something he obviously wants? That's stupid." Louis argued but then sighed. "It's stupid just like I was stupid for not supporting him being LiLi at first. It became something he wanted and at that point I should have respected it."

Harry looked at David. "He's my brother. I knew he loved him as papa but I didn't think it was anything tangible. Real I mean." He said. "I thought it was a means of survival but nothing legit. It's wrong. He's like 30 something and Liam is 14...Just seems wrong for an adult to want to be with a child. It's wrong for that adult to trip the child up and fool him into falling in love."

"It's love. It's sweet. Be happy for him." Louis rolled his eyes.

Harry, Niall and Zayn exchanged curious looks with each other.

"What the fuck?" Niall said. "Seriously. What is wrong with you? You're not like this. You don't have a heart Louis."

"I have one but I have reasons for keeping it to myself." Louis said.

"So the tin man finally got his heart. Or wait...Was that the lion?" Zayn asked.

"What are you on?" Louis asked.

"The Wizard of Oz." Zayn said.

"Never seen it." Niall smiled a bit fondly at him.

"I'll show it to you when we get out of here." Zayn smiled.

"Which we won't until Harry gets his head out of his arse and makes things right with Liam." Louis said.

"So you want me to lie to my brother?" Harry asked half dumbfounded.

"Do you really think he's still going to want the whole brother thing if you can't accept he loves Mr. Watson? I mean, he was really upset." Zayn commented.

"Also, I never said lie you shit face. I said to get your head out of arse and make things right. That would indicate you should wake up and realize there is nothing wrong with the relationship because Liam wants it. I bet if you talk to him he can even fucking tell you why he loves the man and what love means... uh, when he's not being LiLi." Louis argued again.

"Liam is the most innocent person ever. He got freaked out by porn." Harry sighed. "He knows when I'm lying. But I suppose nothing's going to stop it and as long as he's happy...and not hurting physically...I can swallow my disgust and get him to forgive me."

"Now you're talking. If he likes you again, then he'll like the rest of us again." Niall nodded.

"Yeah. I'll try and talk to him when classes are done and we're back in the room." Harry said.

"And hopefully he can believe the rest of us. I mean, he's starting to annoy me but if he can get us out of here I'll fake it." Zayn added.

"He'd better believe me cause I'm the only one of you all that actually is completely okay with
them being together now." Louis replied.

"I'm just stuck on him getting freaked out by porn. Wasn't he bragging about owning Louis after he fucked him?" David asked.

"He was, but I suppose watching two people fuck on a website makes him freaked out." Niall laughed a little.

"It was odd, he even thought he was going to jail...And this is as Liam." Zayn shook his head laughing a bit.

"He also couldn't get over the whole concept of porn either." Louis added.

"Wow, that's rather interesting." David shook his head. "He's a cute kid though; as in adorable. I don't mean attractive." He quickly added.

"Sure." Zayn teased causing David to roll his eyes.

"At this rate, we're never getting out of here." Louis sighed.

"What's it to you?" Niall asked. "You'll be eighteen soon enough and can leave this horrid place a lot sooner than the rest of us."

"Because just like you, I want to get out of this place as soon as I can. I'm not eighteen till December. Think I'm gonna wait nine months? I get fucked and abused every day just like the rest of you. If I can get out of here sooner, then I'm all fucking for it." Louis said.

"It'd be easier if we all got along and kept Liam on our good side. I mean, do you all really think Liam would want to leave Harry behind here?" Zayn asked.

"He might if he thinks Harry doesn't care." Niall said. "And if he doesn't care about Harry then he won't care about the rest of us."

"Pretty sure he won't believe anything I say, but maybe LiLi will be more kind and understanding." Harry said.

"Or maybe he'll be a vengeful little brat." Niall said. "We all know he can make Watson do anything he wants. We gotta be careful."

"...and that's what I just said a second ago." David commented. "You all need to be careful but remember, when he figures out you're all using him he's gonna be crushed; especially because he's attached to you Harry."

Niall picked at his food. "I don't know how to eat this shit." He complained. "I barely hold down any food lately."

"Give it." Zayn said switching plates with Niall.

"You don't have to do this." Niall said softly.

"Shit's gross, gimme half of that so you can eat it faster." Louis offered.

"I want to. I don't want you to get in trouble." Zayn gave Louis half.

"I don't want you sick." Niall argued a little.
"If I'm sick, I don't get used for awhile, I can live with that." Zayn shrugged.

"You'll end up isolated from the others due to risk of spreading germs or you'll be confined to one corner of the room." David said.

"I don't like the isolation idea...But whatever it takes to keep my boy out of any more trouble." Zayn said and forced the food down his throat.

Harry sighed and turned to Louis. "Give me some of that. I might as well help too."

Louis gave Harry part of the pasta on his plate. "There. Don't throw up on me." He said.

Harry shook his head and forced more food down his throat.

"Thank you. All of you." Niall said quietly.

"We're in this together." Louis said softly. "But you should eat a little something every day so you, yourself don't get seriously sick from not eating."

Niall nodded then looked at David. "Part of it is using him, but I have grown to think LiLi's rather adorable when he isn't being bratty." He said. "And it's not like we don't feel bad about it, but it's our only option right now."

"Just take it as a warning." David replied. "It's rare to find someone who wants to care about you and love you as family despite your past. Harry has that with Liam. It would just be a shame to lose that over Liam's relationship or because you all used him to get out."

Harry sighed. "I feel bad for doing it this way, but what's the alternative? Stay here and get abused every fucking day for the next few years? I'm fucking fourteen. I'm here for the next four years. If there's a way out, I'm taking it. I hate to hurt Liam but I just..I don't want to live like this if I don't have to. I can't place my entire fate into..." He paused.

He was going to say mentally unstable child but realized how mean that sounded so instead he said, "Liam. He's so angry with me, he can make things very good or very bad. A kid once made fun of him for being LiLi and Watson punished the lad in front of Liam then told Liam he could hurt the lad if he wanted to, so he slapped him. I mean, that's as far as Liam went but he has a dark side in him that he's learning how to use." Harry shook his head. "I heed your warning but I'm afraid that it's already too late." He sighed again and finished up his meal.

"So then this brother thing has all been fake for you?" Louis asked. "You didn't mean any of it?"

"No. It's real...I just...explained myself poorly." Harry frowned. "But would you really choose to live like this if you had a possible out?" He asked.

"No, I just don't know how willing I would be to possibly destroy my family. Of course I'd have to have family for that to happen." David responded as Mr. Taylor neared them; eyeing them all intensely.

"What has you four twats at the same table?" He asked.

Niall shrugged. "Zayn and I usually sit together, the other two eejits just...followed us. Besides, we're all mates, we can't sit together?"

"Just gotta keep an extra eye when normal patterns change." Mr. Taylor explained. "Good job with that right hook by the way." He told Niall.
"Thank you, sir." Niall fought a smile.

"You'll still be getting punished of course but Tyler was due for that." He nodded and then looked at Harry rather hard with a deep sense of warning before walking away.

Louis looked at Harry. "If looks could kill... You hurt Liam's feelings and now I bet, they're going to hurt you."

"I haven't done anything wrong. Not really." Harry frowned. "I've already been threatened with the pit once today. I am not going there. Not again."

"Again?" David asked.

"When I first arrived... I arrived in the middle of the night and they threw me in there." Harry explained.

"That sucks." David frowned. "I've never been in there but I've heard a lot of stories." He said.

"They put me in there to hide me once. It was horrible. Dirty. Constant screaming. I actually hugged Mr. Watson when he came back." Louis said.

"You need to make things right with Liam or that's probably where you're headed." Zayn shook his head and let his foot tap Niall's again.

Niall smiled at the foot tapping. It felt nice to have some type of connection.

Harry nodded. "I hear all of you. I get it. I'll make things right but I can't force him to listen to me."

"We can encourage him to listen." Niall suggested.

"Liam actually spoke to me when I got picked up." Zayn said. "I might be able to encourage him."

"Just have to see if we're given a chance to talk to him." Louis said as he finished eating.

"You slags have sixty seconds to get your rubbish tossed and into line! Let's go!" Mr. Jones shouted.

Everyone quickly scrambled to get their rubbish thrown away and line up.

The lads quickly lined up and Louis looked to Harry. "Be nice." He reminded.

Harry gave him the finger as Mr. Watson came up to them.

"Let's go. Time for your afternoon classes." Mr. Watson said shoving them with his foot. "I have things to do so no talking and walk fast." He ordered.

"Where do I go now papa?" Liam asked as he held his hand and walked clumsily. "LiLi not sleepy no more.

"Daycare or you can hang out in your room and play on your own." Benji smiled at him. "I think you'd have fun in daycare."
"Yes papa. Mr. Murphy will let me play blocks right?" He loved to build with his blocks when he was in his little headspace.

He also thought this would be a great way for him to maybe get comfortable with him in case he was here all weekend.

"Yes. He'll do anything you want. Just ask him and he'll be happy to do it for you." Benji said and kissed Liam's hand. "If he does anything you don't like though tell me or Uncle Tay Tay and we'll set him straight."

Liam smiled and the giggled, "My protectors." He kissed Benji's hand and kept trying to walk. At some point thought Liam stopped and whimpered as a concerned look crossed his face.

"What's wrong?" Benji frowned and stopped. He leaned down to sit on his heels. "Are your legs tired?" He asked.

He whimpered again and whispered in an embarrassed and soft tone, "My... it feels funny." He pointed towards cock. "Kinda tingly but not in a fun way."

Benji felt confused. He wasn't sure what Liam meant.

Louis nudged Harry when seeing the confused look on his face.

Harry nervously spoke up. "Uhm, sir?" He said. "If you don't know...May I suggest something?"

Mr. Watson turned his attention towards Harry. "Speak." He said.

"I think he needs to wee, sir." Harry said softly.

Mr. Watson nodded, it clicking in now.

"Right, do you think maybe you need to have a wee?" Mr. Watson asked him.

Liam grabbed himself and nodded. He looked so distressed. "Please hurry papa." He really wanted to make it this time since he was finally feeling it beforehand.

"Okay, let's go baby. Papa's got you." Mr. Watson quickly kissed his forehead and picked him up. "Come on you four! Now!" He shouted and took off towards the nearest loo.

"Don't let them watch!" Liam complained as they ran.

"I won't. They promise not to look right?" Mr. Watson said glancing at the lads following them.

"Yeah. Promise." The lads scattered replies came.

Chapter End Notes

Please share all thoughts, feelings, concerns, ideas/etc.

Share whatever you want...or don't want.

We just really love reading the reviews.
Chapter 37

Chapter Notes

To everyone who doesn't like Watson and Liam...We hear you but change takes time. We edit what's left to be posted and we can only change what we're writing currently. We're up to like 46 chapters or something that are already written.

It takes time to shift things and change things.

Patience my loves.

EDIT: Having just looked over some of the future chapters, I see that the next chapter is where the change starts to happen. Louis stuff happens as well!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When they got to one of the loo's, Mr. Watson looked at the lads. "Turn around!" He ordered as he pulled Liam's joggers down. "And if any of you need to use a toilet I suggest you do it now while we're in here." He said and undid the trainer then sat on Liam on the toilet.

"I have to go." Niall mumbled and went to a urinal.

"Me too." Zayn added.

"God." Mr. Watson shook his head. "Do you two even wee together now?" He asked Zayn and Niall as Liam wee'd in the toilet.

"No. I haven't gone all day." Zayn said.

"I drank a lot at lunch." Niall lied. He did have to go but that wasn't the reason. He barely drank at lunch.

He wanted to be close to Zayn in some little way and to avoid eye contact with Mr. Watson and Liam at all costs. He wanted to behave. He knew he was still getting punished later, but maybe it wouldn’t be so bad if he just acted a little good until then.

Liam nervously waited. As he did he watched to make sure no one was looking at him except for Benji. When he finally was able to wee, a good amount too, his face lit up. He was so happy that he felt like he could almost cry.

"Papa! Papa! Be- papa!" Both sides of his mind were thrilled to a point he'd almost slipped his first name. "I did it! I did it! I did papa!"

When Liam said he went, Benji turned his attention back to him. "That's so great baby. I'm so proud." He kissed Liam's lips.

Zayn moved his foot so that it touched Niall's briefly then finished up and went to wash his hands.
After Liam finished, Benji helped him stand up and did the trainer back up. "Now, if you need to wee in daycare, I want you to ask Mr. Murphy. He won't watch but he can help with getting things down."

Liam hugged Benji and kissed his lips again. "I get a treat now right? You said when I could go properly I could have a treat. We agreed it could be a lollipop!" Liam looked hopeful. "Please papa? I was good! I told you and then I went like a big boy!"

Benji had no memory of that but nodded. "When we get there, there's treats for you." He said. "Now let's wash your hands." He said and helped Liam to the sink where Niall and Zayn were both washing their hands, their hands kept touching, it was brief, but it was something that helped them both. They then moved when Liam came over.

Liam laughed as he washed his hands. He was in a good mood now. "I'm big boy." He told Benji very proudly.

"Great job, Liam." Louis smiled. He wasn't sure if he was allowed to talk but he was going to do everything he could to show Liam he really was on his side and nice now.

"Shut up." Mr. Watson told Louis as he helped Liam wash his hands.

He helped Liam dry them. "Let's get you all to class then daycare for my little love." He said and took Liam's hands.

Liam quickly pulled one hand away and stuck his dummy in his mouth. He then gave his papa his other hand back and worked on walking with him; purposefully being a little clumsy.

"Watson is in a very protective mood with him. Not a good sign." Zayn whispered as they walked.

"No. But Liam's feelings are hurt and he's scared." Harry frowned. "Watson is probably upset too by this." He whispered.

"Yeah. No shit." Niall rolled his eyes. "Out of all days to get in trouble, I end up with angry-Watson."

"I'm sorry." Zayn felt like saying it.

"Totally worth it. I'm okay." Niall smiled at him.

"I'm just shocked you aren't blaming Harry. I mean, there's a good chance all of this is his fault for being an arse to Liam." Louis said. "Just hope curly realizes that and fixes it."

"I'm standing right here." Harry mumbled.

"I don't think it's completely his fault." Zayn said.

"Yes, well...ninety nine percent his fault." Louis shook his head.

"I am going to fix this. Somehow." Harry whispered.

"Go! Behave yourself!" Watson said suddenly grabbing Zayn and pushing him off towards his class.

Liam said nothing. He just sucked away at his dummy and kept walking with his papa.

"You're next Irish." Mr. Watson warned.
"Lovely." Niall said sarcastically.

"You just love to dig yourself deeper, don't you?" Mr. Watson grabbed Niall and pushed him into class.

"I'm ready for my class, sir. We're supposed to have a test and I actually studied for it." Louis said softly.

"Suck up." Harry whispered.

"Sucking up doesn't work on me. But you're welcome to keep trying." Mr. Watson pushed him into class.

Now it was only Liam, his papa and Harry. He was cross with Harry. He'd be happier when Harry was in class and away from him. He was a big stupid head. Thinking about it made Liam pout and lift his arms for Benji to carry him. "Want papa." He said behind his dummy.

Benji picked Liam up.

"Don't worry. I can push myself into class." Harry said and quickly walked into his classroom.

"Mad at stupid head." Liam mumbled with a little scowl on his face. "Really really big stupid head."

"I know. I'll make sure he knows too. Maybe you two can talk after and sort it out." Benji suggested as he headed towards the rec room for the daycare.

"Hey, Watson. Hi LiLi." Mr. Murphy smiled.

"He's potty training." Mr. Watson said softly. "He may not tell you so ask him now and then. Or make him go even if he thinks he doesn't have to if it's been awhile." He explained. "Oh and the blocks are exclusively his when he's here. Oh and make him walk after awhile. He needs the strength back in his legs." He finished explaining.

He felt like a real father in this moment. It felt odd but he quickly shook it off and kissed Liam's lips. "Be good for Murphy. I'll see you right before dinner." He kissed them again and sat Liam down.

"I love you, my papa." Liam was nervous to stay with Mr. Murphy but just in case he had to learn to trust him. "LiLi be good boy. Don't forget my treat!" He giggled and clapped his hands. He then looked at Mr. Murphy and with a shy tone said, "Hi."

"Hi, LiLi." Mr. Murphy smiled. "What do you wanna play with first? Blocks?" He asked.

"Right." Benji said and walked over to a locked cupboard. He unlocked it and pulled out a lollipop for Liam. He pulled the wrapper off and walked back over to Liam. "Here you are, love." He handed it to Liam.

"Thank you papa." He smiled and sucked on it. As Benji walked away he smiled at Mr. Murphy then shyly explained, "I told papa I had to go wee and then went like a big boy so I earned a treat."

"Lucky you." Mr. Murphy nodded. "Well, tell me when you have to go and I will help you then give you a treat after." He offered.
By now, the other students knew not to say anything bad about Liam. They knew if they did, they would get punished so they silently judged but kept their distance.

Mr. Murphy's offer made Liam grin. "I do my best. Thank you." He then looked around. "Can I have blocks now? LiLi likes blocks."

Mr. Murphy then went over to the shelves and pulled out the blocks. He poured them out of the basket in front of Liam. "There you go. Anything else I can get you?"

"Not right now. I just..." he got quiet for a moment. Finally he finished, "I like to crash the blocks and before a kid got mad at me. You won't let any of them hurt me right?"

"No." Mr. Murphy shook his head. "I won't allow anyone to hurt you and if they do somehow...I'll hurt them severely." He said. "Let me know if any of them give you trouble and I'll give them hell."

Liam gave him a brave smile. He then began stacking blocks and building a tower while working on his lollipop. He'd be happier if papa was playing with him but this was okay. This was better than being alone in the dorm.

"Have fun." Mr. Murphy said and walked away.

Harry now sat in another class. He'd told himself that he needed to try harder and focus more but today he just didn't care. Liam was obviously cross with him and it him in a strange mood.

"Harrison! Your eyes should be on the board not looking out the window!" The teacher snapped hard.

Harry fought to roll his eyes. He hated science class. He hated science in general. None of it made any sense to him and today, he didn't even feel like trying.

"Sorry, Mr. McDowell. Won't happen again." Harry lied.

He briefly looked at his partner beside him who wasn't doing anything either.

He then looked down at his textbook to figure out the first steps of the experiment that he had to do.

"This is stupid." Harry mumbled. "I don't understand this shit and if I ask for help I'll get in trouble for not knowing."

The student beside him nodded. "Can't fucking wait to be done with this school. Only a couple more months." He said. "I honestly don't care about anything."

"I got a few years." Harry shook head. "Fuck this school!" Harry said a little too loud.

"Harrison!" The instructor shouted, now angry. "Up! I'm done! If you won't pay attention I'll find something else for you to do!"

Harry sighed. "I don't understand this shit but it's not like that matters to you." He said as he stood up. "What do I have to do?" His voice emotionless.
"You didn't try to tell me." Mr. Mcdowell snapped. "Drop your trousers and bend over my desk. The rest of you, make sure you watch."

Harry rolled his eyes. He stood then walked over to the Instructor. He leaned pulled his joggers down and leaned over the desk. “There. Happy?” He wiggled his arse a bit making the other students laugh.

Mr. Mcdowell picked his pointer stick up from it’s place in the tray in front of the chalkboard. “Shut up. You've done enough talking for one class.” He said and struck Harry across his arse with the pointer stick.

Harry yelled out suddenly. He hadn't been expecting that at all. It hurt like a bitch too. He desperately didn't want that again. He knew there was no choice though.

"You're fourteen, so one would think it's fair to give you fourteen strikes, but I don't agree. You need to be taught a lesson, little lad. So I think 18 is a fair number." Mr. Mcdowell said and struck him again.

Harry screamed again, "Ouch! Shi- mmm, sir please? I swear I'm sorry now!" He knew his begging fell on deaf ears but he couldn't help himself.

"Beg all you want, but I can promise you it won't make a difference." The instructor shook his head and struck him again.

Some students make sounds of laughter and others simply winced by just watching Harry get struck by the pointer stick.

Harry could already feel welts forming where he was being struck. This instructor had no mercy. It left Harry in a complete mess of tears.

Mr. Mcdowell continued to strike Harry's arse until he reached 18 hits. He felt like Harry needed a few extra strikes. "Done. Your Keeper will be hearing about this as well. Get your trousers up and go sit down. Read your textbook and follow the instructions laid out. If you still don't understand those simple instructions, I'll come over and guide you." He explained sitting the stick down on the desk.

Harry was still in tears as he pulled up his trousers. It hurt extremely bad. He had no idea how he was going to sit down. "Sir please? Please. I'm begging you not to make me sit. I'll be perfectly behaved. I swear it. Just please find it okay for me to just stand."

Mr. Mcdowell sighed. "If it means you'll sob less then fine. Just get to work before I decide to give you a few more to make sure you really understand the lesson." He shook his head, obviously annoyed.

Harry moved as quickly as he could to his desk. He then got busy trying to get his work done while standing. It was hard to concentrate while in so much and what made it worse was the fact that Mr. Watson was going to be told.

Before long, the bell rang and class was over. Harry slowly packed away his stuff and tried to make it to the front of the classroom in a timely fashioned as to not anger Mr. Watson any more than he already was.

He froze when he saw his instructor speaking to Mr. Watson as the other students made their way out of the class with their Keepers. He noticed the other lads standing at the doorway waiting to be escorted to their next class.
He walked over to them, slowly, and did his best not to cry.

"What happened to you?" Louis asked.

"I spoke during class. I was being sarcastic...and I didn't tell the teacher that I didn't understand my work." Harry said softly.

"So what did he do to you?" Zayn asked softly.

"Beat my arse with a pointer stick like 18 times. He said he'd normally do 14 but apparently I needed to be taught a lesson so he went with 18." Harry sniffed and tried to keep the tears from falling. "Now he's telling Mr. Watson and I've never been more scared." He whispered.

"Why is it, of all my slags, you give me the most issues but only when Liam isn't around?" Mr. Watson sounded beyond pissed at the point. Yes, this gave him a chance to punish the little shit like he deserved for hurting Liam but he really wasn't in need of this extra stress today.

"I-I'm sorry." Harry let out in a shaky voice. "I tried really hard but I was just frustrated. I should've gone to Mr. Mcdowell when I wasn't getting it, instead of just complaining and talking. I'm really sorry." He bit his lip.

"I'm sure you are." Mr. Watson glared at him. "I think we can do better than that though." He grinned a bit evil. "You'll stay with me next period for a trip to the playroom."

Harry nodded slowly. At least it wasn't the pit. He could handle the playroom. He couldn't handle the pit. He was sure that's where he'd end up between pissing off Liam and misbehaving in class.

The other three lads gave him a sympathetic look as Mr. Watson ushered them to their next class.

"Give me your bag and strip." Mr. Watson said.

He was still in the hallway and he knew this was part of the humiliation game that the Keepers loved to play, but it didn't make it any easier, especially with students still being taken to class.

He handed Mr. Watson his bag and slowly stripped out of his clothes.

"Hand your uniform to me." Mr. Watson said.

Harry complied.

Mr. Watson took the uniform and shoved it into Harry's bag. "Hands on your head and walk. You know where it is." He pushed Harry to make him start walking.

Harry was sure now wasn't the time to say anything at all so he simply complied. He felt a giant knot forming in his stomach as he walked. There was nothing he could do though. Experience told him there was no getting out of this. Not even Liam could, or would help.

When Mr. Watson and Harry reached the playroom, Mr. Watson unlocked the door and pushed Harry through. He threw Harry's bag and uniform to the side of the room.

He grabbed Harry by his hair and pulled him over to where chains were hanging from the ceiling. "You can't behave today can you? First you hurt my boy then you fuck up in class?" He shook his head as he took Harry's arms and chained him up.

Harry wrists were in the chains as he stood there nude in front of Mr. Watson. He couldn't help the tears that were already falling. He was scared.
"Your punishment is for more than just what you did in class. This is for Liam too. He's supposed to be your brother. Some brother you are." He said then punched him hard in the stomach.

Harry yelled out painfully. "I'm sorry! Fuck! I haven't gotten to talk to Liam yet!" He hated this playroom. He hated that he had no way of fighting back and protecting himself.

"Doesn't matter." Mr. Watson said and punched him again, aiming for the ribs. "I would think you'd be a better liar if the situation called for lying. However, I would think you would be supportive seeing how happy he is." He kicked between Harry's legs.

Harry cried again and debated how to reply. He decided to just be honest. He was already getting beat so what could it hurt? "You're an adult. He's fourteen; a child. Hell, he really is a child in his mind. I do want him happy but this is breaking the law. He doesn't understand that but you do."

"Yeah? You seemed supportive before there was a title to it." Mr. Watson said and kicked at Harry's ankles.

Harry tried to lift his feet but made his arms tug on the chains and it hurt badly. "I can explain." He begged a bit, hoping for a break to be able to explain himself.

"I thought Liam was faking all of it at first. I thought he was just trying to survive. Then I realized it was more than that. I didn't like it then but I thought maybe it was just because Liam had some mental issues. I mean he was acting like a child so I didn't know if things were just twisted for him." Harry paused.

"When he explained it's really for real though; it rubbed me the wrong way. It's not legal. He's fourteen but obviously has a screwed up view of reality because of the arseholes who failed to raise him. He may not know better but you do. It's wrong sir. I'd think if you actually loved him you'd make him wait till he's an adult. I know you don't agree but that's my view on it. I swear I'm not trying to hurt him. If anything I was attempting to look out for him; his well being."

Mr. Watson stopped long enough to hear Harry out.

"Age is only a number. I haven't done anything to hurt him. He's happy with me and because of me he's probably getting out." He said. "So fuck you and your opinions. They've only hurt him...and pissed me off." He said and hit him in the jaw.

A bit of blood spit from Harry's mouth and onto the floor. He tried to scream from the pain but it hurt too badly so he just cried.

He didn't mean to hurt Liam. He never wanted to hurt Liam. He was sorry he had. It wasn't his intention but as usual he fucked up somehow.

"I'm sorry." He mumbled out best he could. He meant it too. He was sorry he hurt Liam. "I am. I just want the best for him. He's not okay in his mind right now. I am sorry though."

"Sorry doesn't cut it. You really hurt him. You were a big part of him going back to his little state." Mr. Watson spoke angrily. He punched Harry in the stomach again and kicked at his legs.

Harry painfully screamed again. He really wanted all this to be over with.

Mr. Watson glared for a moment. He then continued with punching him for a little while longer before he stopped. He reached up and unlocked the chains from Harry's wrists, letting the boy fall hard onto the cement flooring underneath him.
He unzipped his trousers, pulling both them and his pants down to his ankles. He grabbed his cock and pointed it at Harry who was now bleeding on the floor. He then started to wee on the lad.

Harry cried loudly. He'd been spanked, beaten and now he was being peed on. It was humiliating and nasty.

"Please sir! Please? I'm sorry. I am. I swear. I'll make it right with Liam! Please no more!" He cried pathetically. "I didn't mean to hurt him."

"But you did hurt him and now you will hurt." Mr. Watson said as he finished weeing on the lad. "And we're not done yet." He said as he pulled up his pants and trousers then walked over to the table in the room. He picked the box of the plastic wrap off of it, then walked back over to Harry. "If you fight me, you'll only make it worse." He warned.

"Please don't. Please. I know I was terrible. I hurt someone who actually cares about me. I feel awful. Please don't do this though." He sobbed and begged Mr. Watson. "Please." His voice cracked as he allowed his body to be moved into position.

"You can beg all you want, but it's not going to make any difference. I already have my mind made up. You are not crying your way out of this." Mr. Watson said as he began to wrap the plastic wrap around Harry's body.

Harry just continued to cry. He was in so much pain already. Had he really been bad enough to deserve this? He hadn't meant to hurt Liam. He was being honest and looking out for his best interest. "H-how long?"

"Not sure yet. Until I feel like it I suppose." Mr. Watson replied as he continued to wrap Harry. "Between class and you hurting Liam, I feel this is the best course of punishment." He said as he finished up. He had left Harry's cock and head free but tightly wrapped the rest of his body.

"I could die like this." Harry whimpered.

"You're going to the pit like this. You'll be checked on every ten minutes per policy. Any slag in the pit in restraints has to be checked on that often. You won't die." Mr. Watson rolled his eyes.

"The pit?! Christ! Please no! Please please please! Not that! Not the pit! Mr. Watson! Please! Don't make me stay there! You'll forget all about me there and I'll never be able to make it up to Liam! Please!"

Mr. Watson laughed. "You'll make it up to Liam when you come out. Probably later tonight for a shower but maybe tomorrow morning. We'll see." He said and picked Harry up, swinging him over his shoulder so he could carry him to the pit. "I won't forget about you. You have to make it up to Liam so it'd be hard to just leave you there and forget about you." He shook his head as he opened the door and walked out.

Harry was relieved to hear that Mr. Watson had plans of getting him out. He was still in a massive amount of pain though.

He knew without a doubt he'd deserved a punishment but not this. This was too far. He couldn't and would never understand how these Keepers could do this and then go home and sleep at night.

Mr. Watson walked down the long hall to another room. He gathered his keys in his hands and unlocked the door that lead into the room of cells inside the pit. He closed it behind him and walked down the hall to the first empty cell. He unlocked it then walked inside. He lay Harry on the cold cement floor. He looked down at him. 'I'm sure you'll think twice before hurting my boy
again." He said then stood up to leave.

"I'm going to choke on the blood in my mouth!" Harry coughed.

Mr. Watson just rolled his eyes and stuffed the blanket from the bed under Harry's side so he would be at an angle where he could spit the blood out.

"Please sir," Harry's now small, raw voice pathetically begged, "Don't forget me here. I really am sorry I hurt Liam. Let me make it up to him."

Mr. Watson sighed. "I won't forget about you. Did I forget about you last time? No. Now shut up. Fuck." He rubbed his temples for a moment. "You'll make it up to him when I let you out." He said then left, locking the door behind him.

He ignored Harry's cries and his begging. He went to the door and pulled out a clipboard. They had to put the name of the student if the student had binding, what time they were brought in and what cell they were in.

He filled in Harry's info and slide it back into the door. It was now time to put up the others from their class, drop everyone off at the room then punish Niall for punching Tyler.

Louis was the first to be picked up from class. Much to Mr. Watson's relief and surprise he was told that Louis had been a very good boy today. His instructor had actually said that this was his best behaved day yet.

"What's gotten into you?" Mr. Watson asked as they walked to get Zayn.

"Honestly sir, I'm finding out it's easier to just go with whatever I'm told. I have actually come to enjoy most of my classes though. Careers is my favorite." Louis replied.

Mr. Watson looked at him suspiciously. "Hmm. Whatever you say. Nice to have one less lad to punish." He said as they reached Zayn's classroom.

As usual, he was well behaved in class.

When they reached Niall's classroom, Mr. Watson learned that he had punched another student.

"He pulled on me collar! He wouldn't stop! I just...lost it." Niall frowned as he walked to stand in between Louis and Zayn.

Louis had created space between himself and Zayn so Niall could stand with Zayn without getting told off.

Niall had tried to behave but when students try to treat him like a dog or grab his collar, he couldn't help but get angry.

"It always comes back to that collar. Good excuse for you to use I see," Mr. Watson shook his head. "You should be telling a staff member if that actually is the case though. Hopefully your punishment will help you learn."

"I told Mr. Westwood when it first happened. He told Alfie to stop but he did it anyways and kept doing it." Niall had tried doing the right thing first.

Mr. Watson rubbed his temples. At this point he couldn't even take it off Niall to see if that would help the constant fighting. Taking it off was a reward.
"We'll discuss it in the playroom." Mr. Watson finally told him. That would give him a chance to sort out what he wanted to do.

He had something else to think about first though. "If I pick up Liam from the daycare can I trust you two with him?" He looked between Louis and Zayn.

"Yes. Of course." Louis smiled.

"Yeah, we'd be happy to." Zayn agreed. He felt deeply worried for Niall but he couldn't let that show.

Niall sighed. He didn't care about being punished. He just wanted the day to be over with so he could lay in Zayn's arms and feel safe for a little while.

"Good, it'll be just the two of you with him for a while. I'll make sure his trainer is fresh before I leave but I expect you both to make sure he's still being taken to the toilet. Other than that keep him happy or you'll both be next in the playroom." Mr. Watson warned.

"Why just us two?" Zayn seemed confused.

"Your curly friend is spending some time in the pit that's why." Mr. Watson said as he started to walk.

"Just for acting out in class?" Niall whispered.

"Probably has to do with hurting Liam too I bet." Louis whispered back.

"None of that is your concern." Mr. Watson warned as they neared the rec room where Liam was.

"Watson hey." Mr. Murphy smiled. "Today has been... enjoyable." He finally chose a good word as Mr. Watson sat playing with his blocks with a student he'd met a while back, Will.

Mr. Watson smiled when he saw Liam. Punishing Harry had allowed him to let out a lot of his frustrations and anger. He felt a lot better now.

"Enjoyable? So how was he this afternoon then after I dropped him off? Did anyone pick on him?" He asked.

"There was a student who was bad mouthing you to Liam. I'm proud to report your little one handled himself beautifully." Mr. Murphy laughed a little. "He bit him first then told me what happened. Now, I did tell him to tell me first next time but I didn't punish him for it. The other kid, well I had a blast. Broke one of his teeth even."

The other three lads had overheard and laughed quietly.

"Go, Liam." Louis whispered with a small smile.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Thank you." He said.

Benji then walked over to Liam and picked him up to give him a cuddle. "Hi baby." He smiled. "I missed you this afternoon." He kissed Liam's lips.

"I missed you too but I had a good time. I like the daycare." He giggled and kissed over his face. "I even had someone nice to play with! Remember Will papa?"

"I'm glad you had a good time." Benji smiled. "You deserve it." He kissed Liam's lips then looked
down at Will. "Yes, I remember. I'll tell your Keeper about this. Maybe you'll be let out of your punishment early for good behavior." He said then kissed over Liam's face.

"Thank you sir. I just want my Keeper to give me a chance to prove I really have learned my lesson this time." Will replied.

"Pieters let him off a time before but he cheated on a test and lied about it so he's back to being treated like an infant." Murphy explained coming over with Liam's bag.

"He was nice me though and helped me build towers. He also told me to never lie." Liam told his papa. He wanted to make sure his papa knew that Will had learned his lesson.

Benji grabbed the bag. "Thanks." He said. He then looked down at Will. "Thanks for being nice to him." He cuddled Liam closely. "We do have to go though. Can't waste much time. I'm on a tight schedule." He said.


"Bye LiLi." He waved.

"Oh, Watson! He was able to tell me another time he needed to wee. I gave him another lollipop for it. He's not had to go other than that." Mr. Murphy made sure to tell him as he followed them to the door. "See you tomorrow LiLi."

Benji nodded. "Got it. Thanks." He said and headed for the door.

"Your brother is currently being punished so Ace and the tiny one will take care of you while I'm punishing Niall." He explained as they reached the door.

"He needed punished papa?" Liam had the need to clarify that it was in fact deserved. "Can LiLi know what he did?"

"Mr. Watson is on a punishing roll today." Louis whispered mostly to himself. First Harry then Liam now Niall.

"Yes. He misbehaved in class." Benji told him. "He acted out and he can't get away with it."

Liam nodded and kissed Benji's cheek. He'd been almost hoping Harry would screw up so he'd deserve a punishment. He wanted to know Harry would have to hurt today, just how Harry made him hurt today.

"Thank you." He whispered. This was the perfect way for Harry to hurt without knowing Liam had wanted him to hurt.

"I punched two people today. I'd be surprised if I wasn't getting punished." Niall whispered.

"You have to stop doing that." Zayn whispered to Niall. "I know you don't care but the punishments will keep getting worse." He wanted to say he cared but he couldn't. Not right now.

"It's hard to control." Niall sighed. "Getting hard for Keepers is the easy part when all I have to do is...you know. But that doesn't help with shitheads like Tyler and Alfie." He frowned. "I can take punishments. It's better than being fucked."

Zayn just fought a sigh and shook his head.

Soon they reached the dorms, and the lads left their bags outside the door before they walked
inside.

Mr. Watson locked the door behind him. "Baby, why don't you try to use the toilet for me before I go punish Irish?" He suggested and rubbed Liam's back a little.

Niall nodded. "I know you’re right but...Liam's mood swings determine Watson's moods and he decides when we've done something wrong that warrants a punishment or how severe a punishment will be...Just my fucking luck." He leaned against the bed frame.

"Or you know...You could stop punching people." Zayn told him.

"Or you could take my side." Niall told him as he took a quick moment to look at him.

"I'm always on your side, even if I don't agree with your actions." Zayn whispered.

"I needs help." Liam frowned. He didn't actually need help but he didn't want to do it himself. He wanted his papa to do it. It was part of being little; getting help.

"Okay. I'll help you." Benji said as Niall moved to sit by Zayn and Louis moved to his bunk. Benji sat Liam down then pulled his joggers down and undid the onesie. He lead Liam over to the toilet and helped him sit. "There you go."

Liam smiled. He was happier with his papa doing stuff for him when he was LiLi. "Perfect papa. LiLi is lucky." He grinned and made himself wee. He missed being able to go freely in his nappy. He hated how now it was naughty if he used it. He tried to understand however that it was for his own good. He didn't want to forget how to control his bladder again.

"Good job." Benji praised and helped Liam off the toilet. He cleaned him up and sat him in his crib. "I have to go now but I'll be back soon. Do you need anything before I leave?" He asked.

"No papa, just a kiss." He always needed a kiss before papa left. Goodbye kisses were the only good part of papa leaving to go work.

Benji leaned down and kissed Liam deeply. "Love you sweet boy. Be good for Ace and the Pixie." He smiled.

Mr. Watson stood to look at Niall. "Let's go, Irish." He grabbed Niall by the arm and unlocked the door, pushed Niall out then locked it again. He picked up the bags from the floor and saw Murphy in the hallway. "Can you put the bags away for me? You know their locker right?"

Mr. Murphy frowned a little but nodded and took the bags.

"Thanks, I have to go punish this one now." Mr. Watson pushed Niall to make him move down the hall and towards the playroom.

"You'll find out when we get there, don't you worry you pretty blonde head." Mr. Watson told him.

When they reached the playroom, he pushed Niall into the room after unlocking it. He locked the door behind him and looked at Niall. "Strip, then lay on the table please." He ordered.

He went over to the table where he was not that long ago with Harry in the room instead. He picked up a bag of pegs and turned to wait for Niall to finish.
Niall sighed as he stripped out of his clothes. He shivered as the cold air hit his skin. He then laid down and swallowed a lump in his throat seeing the pegs.

"It's a simple enough punishment." Mr. Watson smiled and took Niall's right arm.

He raised it over his head and put it in a chain that was attached to the table, then copied the same action with his left arm. He then did the same thing with each of Niall's legs.

He picked up the bag of pegs and looked down at Niall. "Punishment will end when each of these pegs are on your body." He said and pulled out one. He then attached it to Niall's left nipple.

"Ah, w-why?" Niall asked. This didn't seem so bad. Yes, the pegs hurt but that pinch wasn't much compared to other, past punishments. "Why this? Why not beat me or rape me?"

"Use you? Nah, I'm not interested in that shit anymore. I have Liam for that...when he wants to that is." Mr. Watson said and placed a peg on the other nipple. "There's more to your punishment than this though. But as for beating you? Tyler fucking deserved that punch. Thomas spoils that lad way too much." He then placed a peg on Niall's cock.

"Ah shit!" Niall wasn't expecting the pegs to be placed there and he should have. "I just wish you'd listen to me; or believe me. It's because of this damn collar. Everyone fucking pulls on it. I told the stupid instructor today and it didn't help at all. You say to tell like that will fix the issue but it doesn't." The pegs were already getting to him.

Mr. Watson placed a peg on one of Niall's balls. "Bitches rarely get their collars off. It's almost unheard of. I mean, if you fuck up, it's easy to turn you back into a dog." He placed a peg on the other ball. "But I am sick of you fighting." He frowned. "Getting the collar off is a reward. You've been very naughty today. Why should I remove it?" He asked and placed another peg on another spot on Niall's cock.

Niall finally let out a scream. He imagined it's what Mr. Watson wanted.

"You should take it off because... fuck... I wouldn't be here if I wasn't wearing the collar! Taking it off would prove I'm right! It's all because of the collar! Fucking believe me. Shit!" He was quickly finding the pain got worse the longer the pegs stayed attached.

Mr. Watson took another peg and placed it on another spot on one of Niall's balls. "I suppose...It wouldn't hurt to experiment." He said. "I'll take it off after your punishment." He said. "But the moment you fuck up, it goes back on along with all your dog gear. Your tail, your leash, walking on all fours...Everything goes back to how it was. Do you understand?" He asked placing a peg near the tip of Niall's cock.

Niall screamed at the new peg. It took a moment before he could even reply, "Yes! Yes sir! Ouch!"

"Good lad. So if the collar is off and Tyler is being his usual spoilt brat self...Are you going to hit him or ignore him?" He asked placing a peg on another spot on Niall's cock.

Niall screamed again and tried to relax as best he could. "I'll ignore him or tell or something. I won't... oh fuck... I won't hit him. Ah, sir please." He cracked and let tears roll down his face.

"Good answer." Mr. Watson nodded and placed a peg between Niall's toes. "But...I have to carry out the punishment in full. This is the smallest of all the peg bags. We're almost done. Use this pain as a reminder next time you want to use your fists."

Niall clenched his fist and squeezed his eyes shut, "Yes sir! I-I prom-promise!" He gasped. "Please
h-hurry! Ah! Please!

Mr. Watson shook his head. "I thought you had a good threshold for pain." He smirked a little. "But if you want me to hurry..." He trailed off as he placed a few more pegs around Niall's cock and balls, until there wasn't anymore room. He then used the remaining pegs to go in between each of Niall's toes.

Niall whimpered. "I do but Christ, pegs on my cock? That's... you try it and see if it hurts worse than being kicked or punched." He pulled at the chains hard hoping they would focus his mind on pain somewhere else. "Sir! Take them off. Please."

"Of course on your cock, you twat. This is a fucking punishment." Mr. Watson shook his head. "It's obvious that blonde isn't your natural colour but sometimes you make me wonder if you really do have blonde roots." He said. "But no, I'm not taking them off. Not yet." He said and turned around. "I have to find something for the next part of your punishment." He told Niall as he began looking for something.

A couple minutes went by before Mr. Watson found what he was looking for. He brought out a penis shaped cage and showed it to Niall. "Do you know what this is?" He asked.

"Please please please tell me it's something you aren't putting on me? Please!" Niall knew what it was. It was a chastity device. He'd heard those were extremely uncomfortable and hard to wee with.

"Oh but it is something I am putting on you. Cock cage." Mr. Watson grinned. "You should be thanking me, this limits what other Keepers can do to you." He smiled. He then roughly pulled the pegs off of Niall's skin one by one and dropped them back into the bag. He left the nipple pegs on while he worked on getting the cock cage on him. "You should also be thankful you aren't being made to walk around naked and with a leash attached to the cage." He added.

Niall screamed as each peg was ripped off. His cock was almost bruised now and because of this damn thing there'd be no way of making his cock feel better.

"W-why put it on if it... fuck... if it limits what others can do?" He didn't understand. "I, I am grateful. I swear but, Christ my cock hurts. How long? P-please Mr. Watson."

"Because anytime you get turned on, you'll be in pain." Mr. Watson said as he finished putting the cage on and then locked it. "I'm not sure how long. Couple of days maybe. Good behaviour will earn it off faster." He said then roughly pulled the nipple pegs off and placed them back into the bag.

He put the bag away then undid Niall's chains. He grabbed the lad's arm and sat him up. He took out the key for the collar and unlocked it. He removed the collar and placed it behind him. "I promise if you fuck up, you'll become a bitch again and it'll be worse and a lot longer than last time." He warned.

Niall's hands instantly went to his sore nipples. Then they traveled to his neck where he finally felt free. His hands however then went to his cock. He was a mix of a hundred different emotions now. "I s-swear I'll be good." He really would do his absolute best. "The better I am the sooner this will come off." It was already uncomfortable because of his sore cock.

"Exactly." Mr. Watson smiled. "The better behaved you are, the faster chance you have of this thing." He paused to tap the cock cage. "Will come off. Go get dressed. Dinner will be soon so I need to get you back to your room." He said.
Niall hissed when Mr. Watson tapped at the cage. He did however move and do as he was told. It was very hard to figure out walking with the cage on however. It made him walk awkwardly.

Mr. Watson smirked widely. "You're not going to hit anyone from now on are you, Irish?" He laughed a little watching him attempt to get his uniform back on.

"No sir. I promise." He spoke softly. This cock cage was the worst and he wanted it off so he'd comply. He also didn't want to be a dog again.

"Good lad." Mr. Watson grinned.

When Niall was dressed, he unlocked the door and pushed Niall through it. He locked it again behind him and began walking towards the dorms.

"If you do have trouble getting dressed, I suggest asking one of your roommates to help you. I don't have time in the mornings to be waiting on you." He told Niall as they walked.

"I'll manage. I won't keep you waiting." He said then bit the inside of his lip to keep from making noises of pain as he tried to keep up with Mr. Watson.

“Better not.” Mr. Watson warned as he watched him.

Chapter End Notes

ALSO IF YOU HEAD OVER TO THE BLOG paperheartwritings on Tumblr ...You'll find that we have posted character photos of all the boys and the original characters!

If you want a visual request for anyone else or for something else...It can be for anything related to the story...Just let us know. xoxox

P.S. Do you think the boys would end up with a 6th roommate? ;)}
Chapter 38

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Gonna be busy tomorrow, and then I'll be tired.

So SURPRISE! CHAPTER A DAY EARLIER!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A couple minutes later, they reached the room and he unlocked it then pushed Niall through. He closed the door and locked it behind him.

Louis and Zayn stood with their hands behind their backs.

Mr. Watson glanced over at Liam then back at Louis and Zayn. "How was he?" He asked them.

"Good. Really good. No problems at all." Louis smiled.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Thank you." He looked at Louis who nodded in return.

Niall very slowly and very awkwardly went to sit on Zayn's bunk. It was closest and he wouldn't have to climb anything.

"You obviously aren't okay but uh, I'm sorry." Zayn whispered awkwardly. He knew Niall probably needed comfort right now and he hated that he couldn't give it to him.

"I got pegged and put in a damn dick cage. He did take the collar off but I have to be the best I've ever been." Niall whispered to Zayn as Mr. Watson picked Liam up and cuddled him.

"A fucking cage?!" Zayn was shocked. He didn't think Mr. Watson would go that far. "I'd offer to make you feel better where you're sore but..." He trailed off.

He hated it for Niall but he hated it for himself too. He hated that he wouldn't be able to take Niall's mind off of pain with kisses and love without causing him pain from being turned on.

He also thought it was wise to stop talking. He didn't want to risk getting Niall into trouble.

"Just help me be good so it'll get taken off." Niall whispered. He didn't really want to discuss it right now. He didn't want to risk getting in trouble.

"Papa when do I get to eat?" Liam frowned. "LiLi is hungry baby. Tummy is empty."

Zayn nodded.

"We're going to eat right now. Ace, Pixie...make sure blondie doesn't slow us down." Mr. Watson said.

"Not a problem, sir." Louis said.
"Yeah, I..We'll make sure he doesn't lag behind." Zayn agreed. He looked down at Niall. "Do you need help to stand?" He asked softly.

"No. This thing just tugs on my bits when I walk." Niall explained.

Louis looked confused but when Zayn shot him a glare he looked away. He didn't want any trouble right now; not while he was on a role.

"LiLi wants a jar of bananas papa. Can I have it with dinner before I nurse?" He asked. He was really looking forward to nursing. That was papa and LiLi's super special bonding time.

"Sure. Of course." Benji grinned. "Whatever you want." He kissed Liam's nose. "But you gotta walk to the cafe." He told Liam and sat him down. He held out a hand.

Liam gave him a scowl. He really hated this. He almost never got carried anymore.

What was the point of being LiLi if so much of it was taken away now? This wasn't what Liam wanted at all. "I always have to walk now. Hate walking. Walking is for grown ups." He kicked the floor angrily with his foot. "Everything is all different. Makes LiLi super sad and mad."

"Walking is for little ones too." Benji said. "And I carried you from daycare didn't I?" He said. "Come on." He held out his hand. "Walking is fun."

"LiLi likes it best when he's carried." Liam continued to pout but took the hand offered to him.

"I'm sure your papa will let you be carried more later." Louis attempted to encourage.

Benji nodded. "He's right but you also know it's good to walk sometimes." He said.

He looked at the others. "Let's go." He walked over to the door and unlocked it.

When everyone made their way out, he turned and locked it.

"What happened to you?" Louis whispered to Niall. "You look fine. You're not even wearing a collar anymore."

"Pegged and locked up in a fucking cock cage." Niall whispered. He didn't want to share that info with anyone besides Zayn but roommates were bound to find out.

"Just don't tell anyone else." Zayn added quietly.

"I won't." Louis agreed as he offered Niall a hand to help him. "Sorry, mate. Been in one for about an hour before. They suck. Just try to think about naked old ladies."

"Thanks." Niall whispered with a slight nod.

Finally, they made it to the cafe and everyone split up.

Zayn looked at Niall. "Why don't you go sit down and I'll bring you something?" He offered.

"Thanks. See if you can get someone else to carry it though. Maybe David. Just don't tell him what all going on." Niall said then went to find a table.

Zayn nodded.

He went to stand in line and saw David so he joined him.
"Hey. How was your day?" David asked.

"Could have been better." Zayn replied. "Would you do me a huge favor and get Niall's plate? He was punished and is really sore."

"Yeah, sure." David nodded. "Maybe he'll start to hate me less." He joked a little as the line moved and he grabbed two plates. He began to fill it with the least repulsive things. "What was his punishment? I noticed that his collar is off." David asked curiously.

"Pegging." Zayn replied. "He doesn't want to talk about the rest." Zayn knew David would eventually see so instead of lying he just worded it that way.

"Ah. Pegging simple but effective punishment. I've had it done. They fucking peg you in every sensitive part of your body. Nips, cock, balls, between your toes, between your fingers, under your arms, lips...And then it gets left on you for a few minutes so they can laugh at your pain. It's the fucking worst. I'd take a beating over that any day." He shook his head.

"Yeah, he seems pretty solemn now. Even asked me to help him behave." Zayn replied. "That won't be an easy task."

"At least having the collar off should help him." David offered. "It seemed like the main reason he was always fighting back." He said then started to make his way over to the table where Niall was sitting. Joe had joined him.

"I agree." Zayn nodded and sat down.

"Thank you." Niall told David when a plate was put in front of him.

"Isn't your room missing a lad? You guys only came in with four and normally you have five." Joe spoke very fast as usual.

"Harry did something in class and now he's being punished. Though, I wouldn't be surprised if he got it extreme because he did hurt Liam's feelings." Zayn explained and began to eat.

"Oh, I bet he did. Everyone knows Liam. Liam is basically the prince. You don't mess with the prince." Joe replied loudly with big eyes.

A nearby Keeper heard and quickly came over. He smacked Joe in the back of the head hard, "I didn't take your gag out so you could run your fucking mouth! If I hear you again the gag won't come off even to eat for twenty four hours!" Mr. Branson warned.

Joe nodded and shoved some food into his mouth.

"Good." The Keeper nodded and walked away.

"Yeah. We know about Prince Liam all too well." Zayn shook his head. "He's already fucked Louis. Wonder who's turn it is next...Pretty sure Watson wants him to 'play' with everyone in the room." Zayn said.

"Liam said you're next." Niall reminded.

"Lucky you." David teased.

"Fuck. It was painful watching him fuck Louis. Louis couldn't even get it up for the longest time, that's how bad it was." Zayn groaned. "I just hope it's quicker this time now that he has an idea of
what he's doing."

"I bet it will suck for you, Niall having to watch that. If I had a boyfriend, I wouldn't want to see him fucked by anyone." Joe said then ate some of his beans.

Niall made a fist, "Shut up or I'll shut you up."

"Ni." Zayn warned. "Just stop talking Joe. I don't have an issue letting your Keeper know what an annoying shit you're being."

Niall unclenched his fist. He didn't want to see Zayn fucked by anyone.

Keepers were manageable but the real issue was with having to see him do things with other students.

"Thank you." Niall whispered to Zayn and tried eating some of his food.

"You all suck." Joe grumbled and focused on eating.

"So, Zayner, they finally put some new games in the rec room. Wanna play me in checkers next time we get chance?" David asked.

"Yeah. That'd be great." Zayn smiled. "I haven't played checkers in forever so you might need to do a refresher match with me first." He laughed a bit.

"Niall.." Joe started.

"If you speak, I'll punch you." Niall warned.

Joe frowned and continued to eat.

"Calm down Ni. Please?" Zayn asked.

"I'll give you one refresher game then I'm going to kick your arse." David laughed.

Niall sighed and focused on trying to eat.

"I used to be so good. I bet after a refresher match, I'll kick your arse." Zayn smirked. "And I'll have my own personal cheerleader as well, that will help." He smiled at Niall.

"I don't need a cheerleader to win. Brains before beauty remember?" David grinned.

"Wait are you say-" Joe was abruptly cut off when he was grabbed by his hair and dragged away from the table.

"That could have happened sooner." David shook his head.

Niall smiled a bit. "At least it happened." He said finishing up his meal.

"Brains before beauty or you become smarter when you have someone cheering you on?" Zayn grinned.

David laughed. "Are you saying that you become that much more smarter when your boyfriend cheers you on?"

"He’s very encouraging." Zayn smiled and took a bite of his stew.
“I’m sure he is.” David smirked.

Niall rolled his eyes but forced himself to remain silent.

“He is, but that’s not the point. The point is beauty can win all sorts of things as well.” Zayn stuck out his tongue.

"True," David agreed. "I still think I can beat the trousers off you though. I'm good at checkers. There's a couple other games now too but that's the only one I'm good at."

_Cause you'd love to see that._ Niall said in his head.

"What other games are there?" Zayn asked.

"I heard there's Sorry, a few decks of cards, Shoots and Ladders, oh and Yahtzee. There may be more but I doubt it. That's already a real treat. Someone must have donated them," David replied.

"I enjoy a good card game. You can't be horrible at every card game. Or maybe you are and I'll kick your arse at every game." He grinned again.

"Yeah, I'm not total rubbish at all card games. Just not as good at them as I am checkers. Oh and if we're caught using them for gambling or whatever then they'll be taken away and we'll be punished."


David looked to Niall. "You should play a game of cards with us or play whomever loses checkers." He offered.

"I know lots of other card games. I wouldn't mind playing... if I wouldn't be getting in the way." Niall replied without looking.

It sounded a lot like he'd be a third wheel despite being Zayn's boyfriend. "I'm supposed to find time to stay away from Zayn though so maybe I'd be better off reading one those stupid books they have in the rec room."

"But Mr. Watson changed his mind and said it doesn't matter and if we wanted to spend time together, it was okay." Zayn frowned. "Unless you want time away from me?" He asked quietly.

"I just want to stay out of trouble without being put in a room away from you. If I screw up I'm pretty sure he'll actually kill me. Trying to prevent that." Niall replied. "You want me alive yeah?"

"Of course I want you alive." Zayn frowned a little more. "I wouldn't survive without you." He said. "You're right though and I should have thought of that." He nodded.

"If you stay away from each other for awhile then hang out again after that, then Keepers wouldn't think anything of it." David suggested.

"Yeah, why don't you two play a bit and then maybe David can invite me and someone else to play a card game. Help keep suspicion down." Niall suggested.

"Hurry it up slags! You don't have much longer!" A Keeper shouted.

"Sounds like a great plan." David smiled.

Niall quickly finished his water, then looked at David. "Can you take my rubbish for me please?"
He asked.

"No problem. I understand how sore you can be after being pegged. I'm happy to help." David said taking Niall's plate.

Zayn quickly finished up his meal and his water. He then quickly threw it away and went to stand in line at the doors, waiting with in between Niall and Louis.

"How you holding up, mate?" Louis looked at Niall.

"Trying to move as little as possible. I just want this off. I'm not sure I can even wee with it. Nervous to try." He whispered.

"You can wee. It won't hurt. Erections hurt. Avoid that." Louis suggested.

"None of you fucking slags should be talking. You should be quietly waiting for you Keeper!" Mr. Kelly yelled as he arrived to get his group.

Niall nodded and stayed quiet.

Mr. Watson appeared with Liam in his arms. "Lucky for you three, you don't have any homework. But Irish, since you punched two people today, you lost your free time." He said. "So while I'm working, you're left in charge of LiLi." He told Niall.

"Awesome." Niall smiled. He didn't think it was awesome, he just hoped it didn't require him moving.

"You two." Mr. Watson looked to Zayn and Louis. "Have earned your free time. Mr. Taylor will take you two to the rec room while I take the other two back to the room." He explained.

"Why don't I get time to play papa?" Liam frowned. "LiLi want to play."

"LiLi will play, in your room, as you always do." Benji said confused. "I thought you didn't like being in the rec room with the big kids?" He said.

"Don't like always in my crib." Liam tried to explain and played with a button on his papa's shirt. "Want out of crib. Blocks don't stack in good in LiLi's crib."

"You can stack them on the floor." Niall offered. "It won't bother me LiLi."

"See?" Benji said as he left the cafe and began walking down the hall. "You don't have to limit yourself to your crib. You can play anywhere in the room you want. And remember, if you need anything, Niall is there to help you."

"Anything you need...I'm here." Niall said. He knew that being kind to Liam was probably the fastest way to get his cock cage off.

Liam nodded. "Will papa be gone a long time?" He frowned. "LiLi want to be with papa." Benji had to work a lot today. It made Liam feel a bit sad.

"It's my turn to be one of the Keepers in the rec room today." Benji frowned. "I'm sorry. I'll be back when I have to pick up Irish for his shower later." He kissed Liam's cheek.

"Can I come watch at shower time? Please papa. I just want to be able to see you." Liam begged and kissed his cheek in hopes of buttering him up.
"Of course. You're always there during shower time anyways." Benji said as he reached the door. He unlocked it and opened the door. He pushed Niall in and then closed the door behind him.

He let Liam down and then looked at Niall. "If you take good care of him, you may only last a short time in your cage." He told Niall. He was tempted to hit the cage but that would probably upset Liam so he chose not to.

"Can you try for a wee before I leave?" Benji asked Liam.

"No." Liam pouted. He didn't want to. He didn't even think he needed to. He wanted to go in his trainer anyway. Sometimes using it on purpose couldn't make him forget how to use the real toilet.

"Okay." Benji nodded. He looked at Niall. "Make sure he goes at some point." He said.

Niall nodded. "Will do."

Benji leaned down and kissed Liam's lips. "Love you." He said then left, locking the door behind him.

Liam would have said he loved him too but he hadn't been given the chance. Instead he sighed and looked around the room. The daycare had spoiled him a bit. This was boring now.

Niall carefully went to lay on the bed. "Shit. You have everything you need right? I don't need to get anything for you?" He asked.

Liam frowned. He wished Louis was the one who was with him now. Louis surprisingly had been the nicest. When papa had left earlier Louis jumped right in talking to him and entertaining him. Niall just made Liam feel like a burden. He hoped it was only because of the punishment and not because Niall was cross with him or something.

"I'll take care of myself." He whispered and moved to his bag where he got his Batman dummy and coloring things.

"I'm sorry." Niall frowned seeing Liam frown. "I'm just sore from my punishment. I got fucking pegged and then I got a fucking cock cage put on which makes it a little more than painful to walk." He sighed a little. "I'm just sad and grumpy because of that, not because of you. But if you do need something, I'm more than happy to help you."

"What is a cock cage?" Liam asked as he tried to draw a picture of Batman. "I'm sorry you're in pain though. I hope it goes away soon."

In Liam's mind Niall had earned his punishment but he still felt bad that Niall was still in pain. Liam felt when a punishment was over the pain should be too.

"Right. You wouldn't know what that is." Niall mumbled a little. "It's basically a little cage that your cock goes into and if you get an erection, your cock obviously gets bigger right? But it'll become too big for the cage and it'll hurt." He tried to explain. If Liam still didn't get it, he could always show him, Niall figured.

"So papa doesn't want you to get erect? That means hard right?" Liam was learning but wanted to be sure. "Or does papa just want it to hurt when you get that way?"

"Yeah, it means hard." Niall said. "He probably just wants me to be in constant pain period because I get into so many fights, but it was because of that damn collar." He shook his head.
"The cock cage also prevents me from cumming. So I can be hard and it'll be painful and it'll be even more painful because I won't be able to cum." He further explained.

"If you don't get it, I can always just show you. I mean, everyone else is going to see at shower time anyways." He winced as he had involuntarily moved a little.

"I probably shouldn't. I don't think papa would want me looking at your cock if he came back." Liam replied. "I'll look at shower time."

He switched his black crayon for a green one and began to draw Joker next to Batman. "How long is papa making you wear it? He's pretty cranky today."

"He's just upset that both me and Harry caused trouble today. The day started out well enough, everyone seemed happy and it seemed like it was going to be a good day and then...it just went to complete and utter shit." Niall said. "As for how long I'm wearing it, it depends on how good I am. The better behaved I am, the sooner I can get it off." He replied.

"Yeah, papa seemed okay when he woke up. He changed though and I tried to be good to help him feel better but I don't think it helped. I think he has too much he's thinking about." Liam replied.

"You can be a good boy though NiNi. I know you can."

"Yeah, I mean, even though I punched Tyler this morning, he still seemed pretty happy, although you two did just have sex in front of everyone...So it was probably post sex happiness." Niall shrugged a bit.

He smiled at Liam. "Thank you. I asked Zayn to help me be good. He's good at keeping me calm and level headed." He smiled a bit more. "I wish I could thank him properly." He sighed a little. "That's another thing this fucking cage prevents." He groaned.

"Papa really likes showing off that I'm his." Liam blushed. "LiLi is too nervous to have special playtime where everyone can see though." He added and grabbed a purple crayon. "I bet if you're a very good boy you'll get it off soon and then you can thank him. Zaynie can be patient for special play with you if he really loves you. I think real love makes you do anything you can for the other person."

"Yeah, Zaynie's pretty great that way. Always putting me and my needs above his own. Always wanting to take care of me, always patient...He's the best thing in my life." Niall smiled. "I think so too, Li. If it's real love, you'd do anything for that person. Even if it means spending time away from them for both your sakes."

Liam nodded agreeing. "There's lots of kinds of love though. Did you know that Niall?" Liam asked. "There is family love, romantic love and even friendship love. I love papa like romantic love. That's how you love Zaynie right?"

"Yeah, I'm aware...Not that I've experienced any of that, well besides romantic love." Niall said. "It is how I love Zaynie and he loves me." He smiled. "I've never been loved before Zaynie. It's a pretty great feeling."

"I haven't been loved before my papa. I wish people were happy for me like they are you and Zayn. It's awesome to finally have someone love you. It's exciting." Liam replied. "NiNi how do you spell versus? Like Batman Versus Joker?"

"They don't approve of a man dating a teenager. It's against the law, but I don't care." Niall said. He did find it creepy but he was also beginning not to care about it. "Just write VS, it means the same
thing but easier to write and spell." He smiled.

Liam nodded and wrote it down. He then looked at Niall, "I know people keep saying that but if I was eighteen and he was, however old, no one would care. It's the same thing in four years from now. I love him Niall. I know I do. He loves me too. We're both happy. Just want everyone happy for us cause them being angry won't change anything. Nothing will change it." Liam told him, briefly letting himself be a little older.

"Yeah. I guess people just see it as him taking advantage of you and your innocence." Niall said. "But I really don't care. Long as you're happy and doesn't hurt you, it's fine in my books. Same for Zaynie too."

"Yeah, he'd never hurt me." Liam then giggled and blushed. "He would only if I asked him to cause I've asked him to when we have special playtime."

Niall tried not to laugh. He was also trying to burn that mental image from his brain. "Yeah, Zayn would be the same way." He nodded with a small smile.

"I was scared when I first came here because I'd only had sex once and when I did I just laid there and it didn't really feel very good but sex with papa is the best feeling. I like it and sometimes I just get this feeling where I can't get enough." Liam explained best he could. "Like I just feel hungry for it sometimes. Oh but don't tell, sex with Louis was fun but it didn't feel too good."

Niall nodded. "I kinda get that. With me it's different because I've had sex with plenty of people and done things with plenty of people and it felt good most of the time. But Zayn was different, even when we hated each other, he was always so gentle. But when we got together, it felt different with Zayn, I've never felt so cared for or anything like that before. It felt amazing." He smiled. "The hungry for sex I also get. It's part of being a normal sex hungry hormonal teenager or that's what they say in health class." He shrugged.

"That's the only class papa said I have to go to." Liam told Niall. "Papa said it's important. LiLi is very smart Ni but not with health stuff."

Growing up Liam never had much to do except study or read books so he'd gotten very book smart very fast. He didn't have health classes where he'd been put in school though.

"Well, if you have questions about anything you can always ask me or Zayn." Niall offered. "I don't mind answering your questions and I know Zayn wouldn't mind either." He smiled.

"Thank you. Normally I'd ask Harry but he's a stupid head now." Liam pouted before throwing a block across the room. It hit one of the pictures Liam had drawn for Harry and caused it to rip. It was the one of the two of them.

Niall frowned. "He's just looking out you as a brother should. I'm sure he's sorry for hurting your feelings and making you upset." He said. "But anytime you don't want to ask him, you've got us."

"He doesn't care about my feelings." Liam mumbled. "I was so so happy. I thought for sure he'd be happy for me. He wasn't though. He crushed all the joy I had finally felt like it was an ant on the ground under his foot."

"He doesn't mean to hurt you. He's just being concerned." Niall tried to help. "But this is obviously making you sad, so why don't we talk about something better? Like Batman? Would anyone be able to beat him?" He asked

"I don't think so." Liam was able to quickly change topics as well as his voice. "I mean, maybe
Superman or Flash but even then I don't think so NiNi."

"Well, the Flash can go back in time right? So maybe he goes back in time and beats him, but then he'd probably just fuck up the timeline again." Niall said. "You're right though. I don't think it's possible for anyone to beat Batman."

"Exactly, cause when flash runs back in time he makes alternate timelines and time remnants and it totally screws up everything. So I don't think he would do that. Besides, they are on the same team, well in most comic series they are." Liam rambled. "Superman has a weakness so Batman could potentially use it against him so I don't know that he could beat him either. They have a lot in common too so I like to see them more as friends."

"Damn, you know a lot about superhero's. How'd you get to read so many comics? In a good home temporarily or something?" Niall asked.

"Yeah, my old foster father, I wasn't supposed to call him that by the way, he had all kind of superhero stuff. He collected it... or I guess stole most of it." Liam explained and began stacking his blocks. "If I was really really really super good he'd read me the comics and tell me all about superhero stuff. I think cause I was the only one who liked it."

Niall nodded. "That's cool, that he cared enough to share that with you." He said with a small smile. "I've never had anyone like that back in Ireland. You're really lucky in that sense at least." He said.

"I wouldn't say that." Liam shook his head. "That family taught me naughty stuff and said it was good stuff when it wasn't." Liam reminded. "It's how come I stole stuff and got put in here."

Niall nodded. "That sucks, kind of. But at least something good came out of you being put in here, so they kind of did you a favour in a way?"

"You're the same way though right? Everyone who didn't love you just sorta helped you find Zaynie Zayn?" Liam asked as he briefly looked up at him. He then giggled, "NiNi loves Zaynie."

Niall grinned. "Very true. It makes it all worth it. He makes me a better version of myself, as corny as that sounds...It's true." He said. He laughed when Liam giggled. "Yes. NiNi loves Zaynie very, very much." He smiled. "And because I love him so much...I also get very jealous."

"Oh me too!" Liam exclaimed. "With papa I mean. I hate hate hate when he touches other students bits. I'd be super mad if he had sex with them. I don't know how you're so strong when Zaynie has to do stuff with others."

"Well, he's not interested in raping anyone anymore." Niall said. "Or at least that's what he told me. I have no choice but to keep my mouth shut and watch when stuff happens to Zaynie. I'd get in trouble otherwise or people would figure out that we're together, and that would be bad. We'd be separated and forced to watch each other be used." He shook his head. "I can't risk that happening. He's my sanity in this place. I can't be separated from him."

"I understand. It's why I won't tell." Liam whispered. "LiLi doesn't like lying to papa but I want you and Zaynie to gets to be happy."

Niall smiled softly. "Thanks. Means a lot that you're on our side." He said. "It's hard seeing him used by Keepers but it's so much harder when it's with another student. It's still forced but I don't know, something about it angers me even more." He sighed and sat up. He groaned a little feeling the cock cage pull as he moved.
Liam frowned, "LiLi will tell papa you were nice to me while he was gone. It will make papa happy. Happy papa might be nicer to NiNi."

Liam placed the last block on his tower and then giggled. He loved getting to knock it down. It was the best part. He could be destructive and it wouldn't hurt anyone. He could control if the tower got to stay up a little longer. He also really liked the noise the blocks made when the tumbled down.

As he smacked the blocks with his hands they crashed to the floor and Liam laughed, "That was a good one!"

"Thanks, LiLi." Niall smiled. He watched as finished stacking his blocks and crashed it. To his surprise, he enjoyed watching it. "It was a good one." He agreed. "Good job."

Down the hall in the rec room, Louis was trying not to look bored to death. His mate, Finn, hadn't shown up today. He figured he must not have earned his time but he didn't want to ask and risk getting into trouble for being nosy.

He was sat with a book, trying to look like he was reading but his eyes staring out a window gave away the truth as a lad passed by, "You should try actually looking at the book you dope. Doesn't surprise me you wouldn't know to do that."

Louis' head spinned when he heard the unfamiliar voice. He looked up to see a rather tall tanned skinned lad. He had brown eyes and jet black hair. He was rather attractive looking if Louis was being honest with himself.

"Who are you to say what I know and don't know?" He asked. "And it's perfectly normal to look out the window sometimes when reading or don't you know that?"

The new boy folded his arms over his chest, "Oh, I've heard a lot about you. I'd say it's a decent reference point for what would and wouldn't surprise me about you."

He looked over Louis in his little pink outfit, "The Keepers here aren't as idiotic as you must take them for. If they know you're faking they certainly will know. Brighten up lad."

Louis raised an eyebrow. "And just who the fuck are you? And what makes you think you even know me?" He asked. "I wasn't trying to fake anything. I was reading then decided to look out the window. It's normal to take a break from reading to do something else."

"You're in the same room as a mate of mine. I often get to hear rants containing your name. I can see now why he enjoyed you being gagged. Must have been quite the sight." He smirked. "Name is Rory by the way. I wouldn't sit and stare too long. Idle slags are the Keepers favorite play things, Louis."

Louis rolled his eyes. "I already know Zayn and Niall's friends, Liam has no friends...So the curly mop top is your friend? Hm. I feel bad for you. Must be difficult if all he does in complain about me." He shrugged then laughed. "Favourite play thing? You've seen what I'm wearing, I'm already their favourite play thing." He rolled his eyes.

"Who hasn't seen what you're wearing?" He laughed. "You're hard to miss princess." Rory sat in a nearby chair. "Harry does more than complain about how awful you are by the way. I'm just a good friend who lets him rant anytime he needs to. I'm just wonderful like that."
Louis closed his book. "A good friend...Good for you. You are now a great person." He slow clapped. "Although, the poor lad never made it out of the playroom so Watson either murdered him and buried him in the yard somewhere...Or he's in the pit."

"The Keepers have never actually murdered someone you twat." Rory spat back. "He's probably just in the pit. Sucks. Nothing I can do about it though. He understands that." Rory assured. "I don't meddle in others punishments. Not really interested in getting a punishment for myself just because I was being nosy."

"He deserves whatever he gets. He probably got something really severe though. He hurt Liam's feelings and Liam was really upset which means Mr. Watson will be really upset so...I hope it's something really horrible. Although, the pit is as horrible as it gets in this place sadly." Louis said. "And how do you know? They get away with rape and torture."

"As shocking as it is to believe murder is much too difficult to get away with. We all have numbers and files. The state keeps track of all of us foster kids. They may not know about the rape but they'd eventually know if we went missing. I mean they do come round once a year to check on us all." Rory explained.

"As for what you said about Harry though, that's pretty low. I understand not liking the lad; I understand him not liking you even. I don't understand wishing horrible punishments on one another though. I wouldn't wish this hell on anyone." He finished.

Louis sighed. "He hurt Liam really badly. It's hard seeing someone like Liam hurt like that." He frowned. "My temper gets the better of me. I really wouldn't wish this on anyone." He said. "If they come to check on us once a year...How the hell do they not know about the rape? It amazes me how the Keepers get away with it."

"It's called threats, Louis." Rory replied. "Not that a caseworker would dare believe a student who's simply desperate to get out of here but if you ever did tell, I've heard the only student who ever tried it went mentally insane from the continuous punishment."

"Holy shit." Louis whispered. "That's...wow." He said with a shake a of his head. "That's insane...no pun intended."

He looked at Rory. "So what's the worst punishment you've ever received?" He asked. "I think mine was the gag."

"Sounding; every night for a week straight. I was a very evil boy when I first arrived. Word to the wise, never low blow a Keeper. Ever." Rory warned.

"Noted." Louis nodded. "I've only experienced sounding once. I feel for ya, mate." He said. "Since the gag, I've learned to control my mouth with the Keepers, and not sass them and shit. That was the worst, my mouth was in constant use. Or the time where before everyone left for classes, they had to finger me. Me arse was sore for awhile after that."

"I remember that." Rory smirked. "I do recall being allowed to spank your little arse as well. Was about as red as the bricks outside by the time I got to you." Rory shift in the chair trying to get more comfortable. "Glad you learned your lesson from it though."

"Yeah, people definitely took advantage of that." Louis laughed a little. "The only ones that didn't spank me were my roommates, I think and the general weaklings of the school. And yes, I'm glad I did as well. Happy you learned your lesson also. So just how evil were you?" He asked.
"I've sent a few students to the hospital from fighting with them. I'm really good at figure out how to use random shit as a weapon. It took spending two weeks in the pit for me to calm down. I'll do whatever I can to not go back now." He didn't really want to get into details of his past here. He liked keeping the past in the past.

"Wow. That's pretty awesome." Louis said. "I'd ask to see you give an example but I wouldn't want to risk you getting into shit because of that." He smiled a little. "So instead of that, just tell me something random you've turned into an object?" He curiously asked.

Rory took a breath. He really rather not talk about it but Louis seemed very intrigued and he wasn't exactly being rude. "Hardback books. Lunch tray. Instructors pen. Anything if used correctly can hurt someone. Not something I particularly enjoy thinking about though. That's not me anymore."

"That's awesome...At least I think it is." Louis said. "But I get not wanting to talk about your past." He nodded. "But I can't seem to get away from mine." He frowned as he looked over his outfit.

"Our past doesn't define us though if we don't let it. People can change and become better people. It happens." He smiled a little as he looked at Rory again.

Rory nodded, "Give it time princess. They'll let you out of your pretty outfit. It takes time but they do notice. Unfortunately I imagine it will you take you a long time. Unless you get daddy's baby to help you. I've heard that kid has magic powers or some shit." Rory quietly laughed.

"He does. He didn't like me for awhile and that was me own fault but when the Irish lad in my room was getting punished-he's the one who punched Tyler this morning-one of the other lads and I had to take care of LiLi, that's what Liam prefers to be called when he's baby Liam. ...I told him a story about this superhero named Captain Liam. I won him over with that. He loves me now." He grinned.

"So maybe I'll drop a hint and see if he picks up on it. But somehow I doubt even Liam can get me out of this." He sighed a little. "At least I'm not fucked as much anymore so that's something."

"It's worth a try. There is one perk to you wear that though." Rory tapped his foot for a moment and looked over the uniform again. "Well, I guess two actually."

"Do pray tell, devil boy." Louis smirked. "What are the perks to this uniform?" He asked and played with the edges of his skirt a little.

"One, you'll never have to worry about getting hot." He pointed out. "Two..." he paused and pursed his lips; fighting another smirk. "...the rest of us students get some eye candy. Pretty little something to look at other than these gut wrenching, old, fat bastards."

Louis grinned. "Well, thank you." He said and bit his lip a little as he looked Rory up and down. He noticed the muscles on the lads arms and the broad shoulders. His brown eyes reminded him of chocolate. "You're a nice piece of eye candy yourself. Your eyes have this chocolate look to them..."

"Do they?" He asked with a light smiled that almost read as flattered. "Been awhile since I've actually seen them clearly. Mirrors in the loo are shit." He then laughed a little as a thought randomly crossed his mind, "Are you telling me I have edible eyes?"

Louis laughed quietly at the question. "I'm saying that I think they're sweet looking." He smiled. "If I were to eat you, it wouldn't be your pretty eyes, devil boy."

"Sweet? Me?" Rory laughed and looked shocked. "I guess there is a first time for everything isn't
Louis raised an eyebrow again. "I said they looked sweet, it remains to be seen if that is the truth or not. Looks can be deceiving." He smiled.

Rory then let himself look over Louis again. "If anyone is eating anything princess, it'll be me eating you."

"Really now? Hmm. Something to look forward to. Such a rarity in this place." Louis noticed Rory looking over him again so he decided to tease the lad a little and he lifted his skirt a little higher. It was already extremely short but he liked to tease. It showed just a tiny piece of his cock.

"I just meant that no one has ever told me I look sweet before, especially after calling me 'devil boy'." He then smirked and bit his tongue when Louis began to tease him. "Fuck you. Teasing me when there's nothing I can do about it right now."

"Oh? But teasing you is half the fun." His smirk grew and he continued to play with his skirt. "There isn't anything you can do about it but maybe... We can make a Keeper make you suck me off or something. Who says we can't trick them and use them to our own advantage every now and then?" He grinned.

"What makes you think these lips would be the ones wrapped around a cock?" Rory sat forward a bit so his face was closer to Louis'. "Getting your sweet little dick sucked by me is a reward unless I'm forced princess."

Rory was a top when Keepers weren't raping him and forcing him to do things with other students. "I think we can work out getting you on your knees in front of me though. You'd love that wouldn't you? I don't even have to ask to know your a bottom. I can see it written all over that adorable and attractive face."

Louis smiled. "Mmm," he hummed thoughtfully. He couldn't deny that Rory's words were turning him on ever so slightly. "Well, this adorable face wouldn't mind getting on it's knees. If your cock is as big as that pretty mouth of yours... I'd love a chance to go at it. Show you what I'm truly capable of." He smirked and leaned forward a little more.

Never had he felt more tempted to do anything for anyone before now. Something between Rory's looks and words had him wanting more.

Rory smiled and grabbed his cock briefly through his sweats to show off for Louis. He was semi hard but already massive in length.

He winked at Louis and smirked. "Now then, be a good little girl and behave yourself long enough for this semi to go away. If I'm already hard when a Keeper comes over he'll figure out our game."

Louis bit his lip. He had a thing for being called female pronouns but only in a sexual manner. He couldn't wait to get his lips around it. He couldn't wait for a taste either.

He pulled his skirt down and smoothed it out. He turned in his chair and looked out the window.

"I have a question." Rory asked trying to get his partial erection to go away. "Is all off this just because we're both hungry teens attracted to physical features? I mean, we've only just properly met yeah? An hour ago I was sure you were a complete tool."

Louis looked back at Rory. "I think you're a pretty interesting lad. I've seen you chatting with Harry before at lunch and another time during a film. I thought you were pretty fit. Maybe it's a bit of
"And you only thought I was a tool because moptop only chooses to see the worst in me and not accept that I'm working on being nicer and less mean with my comments. I've come to realize it gets you nowhere and only causes trouble. Plus, it's kind of exhausting." He replied. "What do you think?" He asked.

"I think I've only gotten the opportunity to hear poor things about you because my friend isn't your biggest fan. I want to get to know you though. Yes, you're very pretty but I feel I'm a good judge of character and something tells me you are much more than that pretty face. I want to get to know Louis. I want to see what if anything there is between us; more than just sex." Rory admitted.

Of course he wanted sex. Who wouldn't want a piece of Louis' perfectly plump arse? He wanted to find out if there was anything beyond sex though. He wanted to know the real Louis and not just who Harry said he was.

Louis smiled. It felt extremely sweet and no one had ever cared enough to get to know him. "I'd love to get the chance to know the lad you say you are now. I don't need to know anything about your past that you aren't comfortable sharing with me. It'd be nice to explore to that." He admitted.

There was something so captivating about Rory that Louis felt the need of wanting and needing to know more.

"In return I won't ask you anything about your past. It's done and over. You did what you had to and now you no longer have to. That's all I need to know." Rory gave him a wink since he couldn't kiss Louis' hand like he wanted to.

"How about you and your friend sit with me in the cafeteria tomorrow? If Harry gets out I'll handle him." Rory suggested. He didn't want Louis feeling as though he didn't care about whoever the lad was he often ate with. He didn't mind giving Louis' friends a chance as well.

Louis felt his heart flutter a little at the wink. He smiled. "That'd be nice. I'm sure Finn would like that as well." He said with a nod. "Since we're...exploring this and Harry is your friend, I'll work on being nicer to him and actually refer to him by his name." It was the least he could do.

"I'll talk to him. It would be a lot easier for me in my mate got on with my... interest." He wasn't sure what to call Louis right now. He didn't want to say he was just a friend when he was hoping to find something more between them. "If both of you could at least learn to tolerate one another that would be great."

"I can learn to tolerate him. It won't be easy at first but I'm willing to at least try." Louis offered. "I understand how important friendship is and especially in a place like this...I wouldn't want to cause any sort of rifts between the two of you. But I do trust that you know how to handle him."

Rory laughed, "Don't say it like that. You make it sound like he's my side chick." He covered his mouth briefly to stop himself from being too loud. "Don't you dare tell him I called him a girl either."

Louis grinned in effort to keep himself from laughing. "I really didn't mean it like that." He smiled. "I'll be more careful with my words in the future though. And I promise...I won't tell him. I won't tell him anything we talk about unless you want me to." He said as he let his eyes scan over Rory's body. He couldn't wait to get to know it. He then looked back to Rory's eyes. "How you feeling now?" He asked.
"Better. Still want to play these Keepers like a couple of pawns in chess?" He asked keeping his eyes on Louis' eyes so he wouldn't get hard again.

"Oh I do. Please? It'd be such a fun game. They play us all the time. It would be fun to play them. What should we do?" Louis asked.

"Follow my lead princess." He grinned and then stood up quickly, "Mr. Derringer!"

Chapter End Notes

Soo...Thoughts? Opinions? ...On this chapter.

Anyone think that the lads might end up with a 6th roommate?
Chapter 39

Chapter Notes

SURPRISE SUNDAY CHAPTER!

I meant to do this when I woke up...but I forgot...Oops.

Almost 7pm. Day's not over! LOL.

Mr. Derringer had been chatting with Mr. Watson when he heard his name being called by Rory. He sighed. "What is it, slag?" He groaned walking over to him.

"Sir, can you please make this... street walker leave me alone? I'm trying to stay out of trouble like I've been doing but she won't leave me the hell alone." Rory pretended to complain. "It wouldn't be so bad if she'd shut the hell up. Please sir?"

"No idea what he's on, sir. We were just having a friendly little chat." Louis said innocently.

"Friendly chat? I've asked you four times to shut up." Rory complained. "Mr. Derringer, you know I can be trusted. I don't cause trouble anymore so why would I be lying to you? I just want him to shut up so I can enjoy my rec time peacefully."

"You want him to shut up you can enjoy your rec time?" Mr. Derringer asked as his eyes narrowed while looking between the two lads.

"Yes sir, please?" Rory pretended to beg subtly.

"Fine then. You've been a very good lad for quite some time now. I don't mind granting your request." Mr. Derringer replied almost evilly. "On your knees slut. Get his cock in your mouth and don't even think about stopping until his cum is dripping down your throat. Am I clear you dirty whore?"

"Loud and clear, sir." Louis sighed as he played along.

He dropped to his knees and slowly pulled Rory's joggers down. He held back a smile seeing the long length in front of him. It made him wonder what would it would feel like to be fucked by it.

He took the long soft length into his hand and began to pump it slowly. He licked over the cock and sucked on the head.

"I can't believe this. I behave myself, do as I'm told and when I decide to ask for help I get this." Rory complained more since the Keeper was still standing there.

"Just pretend it's a gift. I mean, this is one of the most sought after slags in the school. Lucky you." Mr. Derringer pretended to coddle him. He even gave him a pat on the head. "Slut here will have you enjoying your rec time soon. I expect to hear it when you cum." He laughed and walked away.
to keep patrolling the room.

Louis smirked as soon as Mr. Derringer's back was turned. He looked up at Rory as one hand pumped the long soft length in his hands. "You're quite the actor." He said softly then licked across the slit and used one hand to play with Rory's balls.

"Fuck," He moaned softly. "I did what I had to in order to get your mouth on me." He fought the urge to grab Louis by the hair and start fucking his face. He had to remember to act the part at first in case he was being watched.

"Show me how hungry you are now. Get that mouth on my cock princess." Rory quietly demanded. He was horny as shit right and it was because of Louis so he was going to let his dominate top side show.

"Gladly." Louis fought a grin and quickly put his mouth back on the cock as he began to suck on it hard and he used his hands to rub in opposite directions on the exposed area of the cock.

This action cause Rory's hard on to come back in full force very quickly. He could have came just at the sight of Louis trying and failing to fit the whole thing in his mouth.

"That's a good girl. Choke on my dick. Show me what a slut you are. All for me. Right sweetie?" Rory moaned, still quiet. He needed to wait to get loud.

Louis moaned around the cock and nodded in response to Rory's question. He made himself choke on the cock each time he bobbed his head down on it. He pulled back from the cock to take a breath, the cock dripping in a mix of spit and pre cum. He licked up the dripping precum and tongue his tongue across the slit again then licked over Rory's balls before finally returning to choke on his cock.

"Holy shit." He groaned. Letting himself be just a little louder so it would seem like Louis was doing his assigned task.

"Talented mouth. Fuck sake. Wish I could fuck that teeny little arse." He wasn't sure yet if Louis was comfortable with his bits being called by the female name so he just played it all safe.

Louis moaned around the cock again then slipped his mouth off. He licked over the tip. "Mmm, I wish you could fuck it too. I would love to know how it feels to have your cock deep inside me." He sucked on the tip gently and looked up at Rory through his eyelashes.

He popped off the cock for a moment but continued to pump it with one hand. "I really like you calling me princess and all the female names." He whispered his confession. "It's one of the many things I very much enjoy." He winked a little then went back to choking on Rory's cock.

Rory normally had very good stamina. Louis was the best blow job he'd ever had though. "Christ baby girl. Got me so close already."

He let his eyes close and then moaned a bit louder as he finally grabbed Louis' hair and fucked his mouth firmly.

Both Keepers in the room looked from a distance and only laughed at the sight; thinking Louis was being used.

Louis let out a moan around Rory's cock as he choked a bit more now that Rory began to fuck his mouth. Never had a mouth fuck felt so good before.
He reached up with one hand and rubbed over Rory's balls as he did his best to suck while having his mouth fucked.

"Put on a show princess. You're being watched." Rory warned carefully. Louis had to at least act like he hated this.

"Shit, don't you dare fucking stop." He warned. "Perfect mouth. Pretty princess. Can't wait for a chance to fuck your pussy." He moaned loudly again as he felt his balls tightening.

Louis moved his hands to Rory's hips and pulled off his cock. He made sure he had a disgusted look on his face when he did so. He licked around the cock and sucked lightly on the head as he pumped the cock with one hand.

He moved his mouth to lick over Rory's balls. "Can't wait either." He whispered with smiled then put his mouth back on the cock, sucking hard and bobbing his head.

Rory grabbed Louis again, making it look like a slight struggle when really it was all sexual. "I told you not to stop." He warned loud enough for the Keepers to hear. He then fucked into Louis's mouth harder; carefully choking him as he began to scream from the nearing orgasm.

Finally, with an especially loud shout of curse words he came hard directly down Louis' throat.

Louis had only stopped because he was sure that the Keepers had heard that bit. It was also fun to be a little tease. He swallowed and sucked until there wasn't anything left.

He then pulled back and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Yummy." He whispered.

He then stood and looked towards the Keepers. "Am I done now?" He asked, pretending to be annoyed.

"Yes, if you were the one being annoying then you can suffer with a neglected hard cock." Mr. Watson told him.

Louis nodded. He knew he couldn't ask for anything else.

Mr. Watson looked at the time. It was closer to when everyone had to shower. He needed to check on Harry though.

"I have a slag in the pit. I shouldn't be long." Mr. Watson told Mr. Derringer.

"Go. I'll be fine on me own. I'll lock the door behind you."

"Thanks." Mr. Watson nodded then left.

He walked down the hall and to the pit. He unlocked the door and walked in. He relocked it behind him and went down to Harry's cell.

He unlocked and saw the lad was where he had left him but with a small pool of blood on the floor from his mouth.

"See. I didn't forget about you." Mr. Watson smirked.

Harry was laying on the floor still only he was now crying profusely.

One of the pit Keepers peaked into the room and smirked, "He cracked about a half hour after you left. Dixon says thanks for leaving his cock exposed. He put tiger balm on him after milking him a
few times."

Mr. Watson grinned. "Thanks, J." He nodded.

He walked into the cell and kneeled down. "What do you have to say for yourself?" He asked.

"I'm sorry!" Harry tried to scream. His voice was raw and stripped from all his crying and screaming he'd been doing. "Please! Please! Please!" He gasped as he cried harder than he possibly ever had.

Mr. Watson looked over the lad, extremely pleased. "I believe you'll listen in class now, but as for Liam, you understand how important his happiness is now right? You'll come up with a decent lie or maybe you've changed your mind. I don't really care. All I care is that you now know and understand the pain he felt when you hurt him and that you make him happy."

"I was wrong! I'm sorry! I swear! Please let me out! Please! I promise I'll fix it. I will! Mr. Watson please!" He sobbed still.

Mr. Watson laughed a little at the lads desperation. "Alright, Reek. I'll let you go. It's time for showers anyways. You'll have to wait to eat until the morning though." He said then walked out of the cell briefly. He came back a few moments later with a pair of scissors. He then cut Harry free of the plastic.

"You can free yourself the rest of the way now." He said.

It was hard for Harry to get his body to move at first. He smelled awful; like he did when he first came here. When he was finally free his body was shaking, almost convulsing and he was still struggling to stop crying.

"I swear I'm sorry. I am. I honestly am. I won't hurt Liam again. I promise. I'll be perfect in class. I'm sorry." He sobbed.

"Someone's going to need a pill to calm down. We have Hydrocodone back here. Want me to get a pill?" The Keeper from before asked.

"Please. I don't want to deal with his stinky sobbing arse." Mr. Watson replied with a nod.

"But before you pass out, you need a shower either that or I take you out back and rinse you off with the hose." He smirked leaning against the door frame.

"It's not a strong dose. He should be okay to shower. He'll probably drop about the time you get the back to their room. Just have one of your other slags walk with him." The other Keeper said before walking to get it.

"Whatever you want. Anything. I'll do it." Harry promised as he struggled to get to his feet. His joints were sore.

Mr. Watson nodded, understanding.

"Okay, pill It is. Backyard showers are for the very naughty bitches...and the odd slag." He shrugged.

"I hope you can walk." He commented looking Harry over.

"I can. I will. Just sore. I'll do it tho. I will. Don't punish me. Please?" He whimpered as he finally
stood, fighting pain. At least the pill would help with that.

"Here y'are." The Keeper said popping back in with a small water bottle.

Mr. Watson grabbed the pill and water then handed it to Harry. "Here you go." He said. "I'm not going to punish you for not being able to walk. I understand it might take awhile for you to get your strength back." He said.

Harry looked completely relieved. He wasn't in his right mind at the moment. He needed a shower and a night's sleep to recover from this punishment.

He took the pill quickly and sucked down every drop of the water offered to him. "T-thank you. Thank you Mr. Watson."

"Right. Let's go. I have to pick up the others, but then we'll go to the showers and you just...can smell less." He nodded. "Move."

Harry moved as quickly as he could force himself to. His mind was racing and he prayed the pill would kick in soon so he could relax and not risk getting in trouble again. "Yes sir."

"Good lad." Mr. Watson grinned as they walked.

He stopped at the door and picked up the clipboard. He put in the "OUT" time beside Harry's name then signed it.

He put it back in the door and unlocked it. He pushed the door open and watched as Harry quickly made his way out.

Mr. Watson then locked the door behind him.

The pair walked quietly to the rec room where Louis and Zayn were waiting.

"Pixie, walk with Reek here. He...seems to be having trouble walking and he's medicated so in case he passes out sooner than expected, you're to walk with him and watch him." Mr. Watson ordered Louis.

"Of course Mr. Watson." Louis nodded.

Harry looked fucking terrible. He smelled terrible too.

"God help anyone who hurts the prince." Louis whispered under his breath looking at Harry.

Zayn of course just seemed to be in utter shock looking at him.

"Fucking hell." Zayn whispered. He was lost for words.

In no time they reached the dorms and Mr. Watson was unlocking the door.

He pushed Zayn in then allowed to Harry and Louis to walk in.

Niall groaned as he sat up. His eyes went wide seeing Harry but he said nothing.

"Liam was fine, sir." Niall found his voice. "He coloured and we chatted about superheros. We had fun." He smiled.

Liam hadn't looked up from his coloring yet, "Papa, NiNi was gre-" He stopped when he saw
Harry. His eyes went wide as his jaw dropped open. He couldn't find any words.

Harry didn't say anything. He wasn't sure he was allowed to. He briefly made eye contact then looked to the floor.

"He was great? I'm happy to hear that. You keep this up little Irish, your cage will come off soon." Mr. Watson grinned. "Time for showers now though, baby. I'll carry you part of the way." He offered.

Liam was easily distracted from Harry by the offer to be carried. "Yay! Yes papa!"

"Oh and sir, I tried to make him go to the toilet but he refused. He ended up needing a change so I took care of it. That wasn't long ago." Niall remembered.

"LiLi likes to be tiny too papa." Liam quickly defended himself in case his papa would be cross with him.

"I know, but it can't happen all the time." Mr. Watson said. "Just sometimes." He kissed Liam's forehead as he picked him up.

"Come on now. Ace, if Irish falls behind, make sure he keeps up." He told Zayn.

"Yes, sir." Zayn nodded and glanced at Niall. He wished he could do something to take away the discomfort for him.

When they all left the room, Mr. Watson locked the door then headed down the hall for their showers.

"What the hell did he do to you?" Louis whispered to Harry as they walked. His curiosity was getting to him. "Obviously you're covered in wee but... no offense, you look awful."

"I was beaten, then wee'd on, then wrapped in plastic with only my face and cock out." Harry sniffed. "Then I was carried to the pit, and left on my side, on the floor. He would've left me on my back but I had blood in my mouth from when he hit my face."

"I was locked in that pit...I heard other students, and Keepers would come in to check on me and.." He shook his head. "The last Keeper, I couldn't see who it was, but he wanked me off a few times then put something called tiger balm on my dick. It wasn't pleasant. It hurt like fucking hell. I felt like I was in hell."


Zayn had overheard and turned back to glance at Harry, "I'm sorry Harry. That's awful. At least you're getting a shower though."

Harry nodded, "Thanks." He whispered. "I couldn't calm down when Mr. Watson came to get me so I was even hydrocodone."

He then looked at Niall. "You look...okay? Weren't you supposed to get punished for punching Tyler and Alfie?" He asked him, suddenly remembering.

"I'm in a cock cage." Niall admitted. "Was pegged too." He didn't want to talk much else about it.

"Papa, I love you." Liam now coo'ed as he kissed over Benji's face and neck. "You're so beautiful
and smart and you protect me and love me. You make LiLi very very happy papa."

Benji smiled. "I love you too, LiLi." He said softly as he enjoyed the kisses.

They were almost there when Benji stopped and looked at Liam. "I love you lots but you need to walk now. When we get inside, I'll put you in the playpen." He smiled and kissed Liam's lips. "I love you but you should walk."

Liam had been hoping his kisses would distract papa. He knew he needed to walk but his papa was making him walk a lot.

He didn't argue but he did frown as he walked; holding tightly to his papa. "Want dummy. Batman dummy."

Benji dug around in his pocket then found the dummy. He took it out and placed it in Liam's mouth, then attached the clip to his shirt. "There you are, love." He smiled.

The dummy felt out of Liam's mouth as Watson walked away. This was due to Liam spotting Mr. Taylor, "Uncle Tay Tay!"

Liam giggled and waved at him as he came in with his group of students. Liam had learned to really like his 'Uncle'.

They reached the showers and walked in. Mr. Watson heading towards the lockers with Liam trailing behind him.

Mr. Taylor smiled and waved at Liam. "Hi, LiLi."

Mr. Watson unlocked the locker and handed each lad their shower cradle after they had stripped out of their uniforms.

It was then that Zayn spotted Niall's cock cage. He frowned. It looked really uncomfortable. He wished he could help.

"I know things are bad...but showers help some." Louis looked over at Harry as they walked towards the showers.

"Being clean will help. Sleep too." He still spoke quietly. He was actually afraid of setting off a Keeper and getting punished more. "Uh, not sure why you're being nice but thanks."

"You're welcome." Louis said. "I may not like you much but we share a room together and..." He decided not to say anything about Rory tonight. "I just want us to be civil at least. You had a horrible thing happen to you. Least I can do is show some kindness."

Harry just nodded, "I guess thanks then. Excuse me though. I need to get soap on me before this medication takes over." He then walked off and got busy cleaning himself.

Louis nodded and followed him. He stood beside him in the shower as Mr. Watson had told him to watch Harry in case the medication took over sooner than expected.

He heard Niall whimper a little so he turned his head towards the lad as he began to wash himself. He was about to ask if he was alright when Niall started to talk.

"This fucking thing...I raise my arms and it tugs and tugs and it feels like it's going to rip my skin off." Niall sniffed. He wasn't handling this punishment well.
"Nialler, let me help you. I'll wash you and your hair so it doesn't hurt you. I'm just being a decent friend. Nothing I haven't done before even without being asked." Zayn offered.

Niall felt torn, he wanted the help but he was scared of getting into trouble. He didn't want the dog items to be brought back. Louis couldn't help either because he was busy with making sure Harry didn't pass out.

"Christ, yeah, just be fast yet gentle." He caved. "Fucks sake. I need this shit off."

"When am I not gentle?" Zayn smiled softly.

He quickly began to wash over Niall's body in the most gentle ways. He avoided the cock and that whole area. He then worked on Niall's hair.

When he finished, he smiled again. "All clean." He whispered.

"Thanks." Niall grinned softly he then took his shower cradle and went to go brush his teeth.

Zayn watched Niall go over to the sink to brush his teeth but felt Louis nudge him.

"Stop staring, mate." He whispered.

Zayn nodded and quickly worked on washing himself off.

Louis had finished cleaning himself off but Harry was still washing so he pretended he wasn't done yet so he could watch Harry like he was told to.

He let his eyes scan over the room and bit down on his bottom lip when he noticed Rory finishing up. He couldn't help but enjoy the sight.

Harry finished up and looked over at Louis. “I’m done. Are you?” He asked.

“Yeah, I was just waiting for you to be done.” Louis nodded.

Harry turned off the water and walked towards the sink with Louis following.

Liam sat looking around the showers from the playpen. He'd spotted Niall's cock cage and was a bit fascinated by it. He'd never seen one before. It didn't look very comfortable.

"What are you looking at tiny tot?" Mr. Murphy suddenly asked him in a sweet tone.

"NiNi." Liam replied. "Never seen a... whatever he said that was called, before."

Mr. Murphy looked towards Niall. "That's a cock cage." He said. "Prevents you from cumming and makes being hard extremely painful. It's good for when you're training a lad to be a bottom or just to make him uncomfortable and in pain for however long you want." He explained.

"Some people have to learn to be a bottom?" Liam asked. "LiLi doesn't think it's hard to figure out." How difficult was it to hold still and let someone put their dick inside you?

"Some people are natural tops. They don't like cocks in their arse." Mr. Murphy shrugged. "And being a bottom means you're submissive and have to do whatever you're told, including when you're allowed to cum. But not everyone likes that. See, you like having a cock inside you, but not everyone enjoys it as much as you." He tried to explain.
"LiLi only likes papa's cock inside me. No one else." Liam informed him.

"He's a papa's boy." Mr. Taylor added as he came over.

Mr. Murphy smiled. "So I've noticed." He nodded.

"How has my favorite lads day been?" Mr. Taylor asked Liam before kissing him on top of the head.

This made Liam giggle. "It got better in the evening. LiLi had lots of fun in daycare then Louis told me a superhero story and then NiNi let me crash my blocks while papa had to work."

"Wow. Really? Lucky lad. Sounds like you had a lot of fun." Mr. Taylor smiled. "Sounds like you had a fun afternoon and night so far."

It felt like forever but it had only been roughly 20 minutes or so, but it was finally time to head back to the rooms.

A fight had broken out earlier between a few lads that used half the Keepers to break it up and take them away to the pit. This caused everyone to have to wait in the shower room longer than usual and Harry was starting to feel the effects of the pill.

"Here. Put your arm around me." Louis offered. "In case you pass out, I've got you."

"Thanks." Harry said tiredly and wrapped an arm around Louis neck.

"Let's go, slags." Mr. Watson called holding Liam in his arms.

The lads slowly started their walk down the hall.

"Can't fucking wait to see Mr. Taylor tonight, to get my painkiller." Niall groaned a little.

"I understand that. Hope it works fast for you." Zayn replied.

"Just need my bed." Harry tried not mumble. His eyelids were feeling extra heavy now.

"It's not far." Louis encouraged with a small grin.

"What has you suddenly being nice to Harry? You're normally a royal arse to him." Niall pointed out.

Louis shrugged. "He obviously went through something terrible. I mean, we've all had nasty punishments. His was like extreme. I kinda feel bad for him." Louis replied. It was true but it was also because of Rory that he was treating Harry better. He wanted to keep his word, or attempt to at least.

"So you're having a human moment. That's nice." Zayn grinned.

Niall laughed quietly at the comment.

"As much as it may surprise you, I am in fact human." Louis said.

"Really?" Harry asked. "Cause I thought you were a Pixie." He giggled a bit. The medication obviously kicking even more now.
"Sure, I'm a Pixie too if it amuses you." Louis knew Harry was starting to feel the medication so he decided to just flatter him.

"Niall's a four leaf clover." Harry added with a little more giggling.

"Really? Cause I thought he was a princess. An Irish princess at that too." Louis smirked.

"Oi fuck off. It's one thing to tease about Keepers names but leave Zayn's name for me out of it. Please." Niall said then gasped feeling the cage shift a bit.

"Zaynie's a chocolate bar." Harry giggled more. "Or is it milkshake? Something chocolate because he looks like one."

"Sure. Just don't eat me." Zayn laughed quietly.

"That's my job," Niall told Zayn quietly.

"Why is there lau- oh right. Didn't take Reek for a lightweight on pain meds." Mr. Watson said.

Liam didn't correct the nickname this time.

Zayn grinned and spoke quietly. "Of course it is. No one does it better than you either." He winked.

Niall grinned in return as they reached the door.

"Mr. Taylor will give the three of you treats tonight." Mr. Watson said pushing them inside the room. "Until then, lay down and shut up. LiLi, did you want to say goodnight to anyone?" He asked.

"Night LouLou." Liam smiled at Louis who was helping Harry into bed. He had been very nice today, and fun when it came to that story.

"Night Zaynie and NiNi." He told them as well. Harry he didn't care about. Not right now.

"Night, Liam." The lads all said together and watched as the door closed then heard it lock.

Harry by this time was falling asleep on Louis shoulder. "Uh, Zayn? A little help getting him onto the bunk please?" He asked.

Zayn tried not to laugh as he came over to help Louis, "He'd never last a day in my shoes before I came here."

The two helped Harry into a lower bunk. "As a drug dealer? I think he could. The lad just seems to be not the type for getting high." He chuckled a bit.

"I meant being on something constantly." Zayn replied. "He's a lightweight, obviously."

"Shh!" Came a sleepy demand from Harry as he curled up on his side.

Zayn took Harry’s shoes off and placed them on his shelf then sat on Niall's bunk, sitting next him. "I don't understand though, what are you getting from Mr. Taylor? I thought you just got something for pain the other night. Are you still hurting?"

Niall rested his head on Zayn's shoulder.

Louis shrugged moving to sit on the bunk in front of them. "Probably a sleeping pill. I don't know.
I've been good so obviously I get something good from Taylor." He said. "And no, I'm not hurting."

"Fair enough." Zayn shrugged.

"You have been nicer. Thanks for that." Niall softly told Louis. "Makes this place easier just a tad."

Louis smiled. "I just don't see the point in being mean anymore. It's just easier to be nice, especially when we live together in this room."

Zayn nodded in agreement then kissed Niall's head. "We'll get through this. And you've been good the rest of the day. Liam seems to be on your side so good chance you'll get it off soon if you keep all the good behavior up." He tried to encourage.

"Yeah, I let him play with his blocks. The loud annoying blocks crashing down helped me not think about this stupid cage." Niall replied.

"He's so much easier to please when he's LiLi. That's what I think anyway." Louis commented.

"I agree. It's like when he's Liam, anything sets him off, but LiLi is much easier to please. Just...give him blocks and a colouring book, talk about superheros, and you'll be fine." Zayn agreed.

"I wonder if he's going to be like this forever though." Niall said. "Like, if he's still going to be like this when he's 40 or 50 or whatever."

Louis shrugged. "Maybe he'll be able to handle the world better by then. Maybe when he's done school and shit. Who knows. I mean, we certainly won't know what he'll become. Him and Harry will be the last one's out of the five of us to get out."

"True. And if Harry can fix their relationship I could see those two staying in touch. I mean, before all the drama they were pretty close." Zayn nodded.

Niall sighed. "And you'll be out of here before me." He frowned. "How am I going to survive without you?" He wondered aloud.

"You'll be fine. You'll survive. You're stronger than you think." Zayn tried to encourage and kissed his head again. "Love you." He said softly.

Louis nodded. "Just keep doing what you're doing now, think of Zayn in all the bad moments and I think you'll be fine." He encouraged.

"Maybe you'll be able to figure out a way to prove the abuse here and get everything sorted out." Niall could hope anyway.

"Love you too though." He added.

"Ah, true love." Louis teased a little.

Both Niall and Zayn responded by giving Louis the finger.

Before Louis could respond, the door flew open and Niall quickly lifted his head, moving away from Zayn a little.

"Let's go, slags." Mr. Taylor said walking inside the room.
The lads quickly stood up with their hands behind their backs.

Harry never even flinched. He still lay in his bed, now softly snoring.

Mr. Taylor shook his head looking at him. "Too easy. Not even worth it. Anyways, move." He ordered.

The lads quickly moved out of the room and Mr. Taylor locked it again then began moving down the hallway towards the side door that lead outside.

"You prefer a fight when you fuck us students, sir?" Louis asked as he followed.

"No, just like hearing you all. No fun to fuck a passed out slag," He replied. "Now keep your voices down."

Louis rolled his eyes a bit as they followed Mr. Taylor down the hallway.

"Keep up, little fairy." Mr. Taylor growled noticing how slow Niall was walking.

"Sorry sir. It's the cock cage..." Niall tried to defend himself.

"As if I care. If it was up to me, you'd still be a bitch or have your collar at least." Mr. Taylor shook his head. "Watson's going soft on you lads."

"I wouldn't say soft...Just giving us more chances to behave." Zayn reasoned.

"Sure. Whatever you say, buttercup." Mr. Taylor said as he stopped at the side door. He took out his keys and unlocked it. He then pushed the three lads outside.

He handed Zayn his joint and the lighter. "If you keep behaving, I might upgrade you from marijuana to hash."

Zayn's eyes widen. Hash was the good stuff. "Yes, sir." He nodded.

"If you would have seen Harry when he first came back from punishment in not sure you'd think Mr. Watson is going completely soft." Niall tried to sound polite.

"Would you happen to know what all happened to him?" Zayn was only curious.

"Stinky got what he deserved." Mr. Taylor said. He looked at Zayn. "He just learned his lesson the hard way. He was beaten, wee'd on, wrapped in plastic with his face and cock out. When he was put in the pit, Keepers that came to check on him, that fun playing with that wee cock of his." He smirked. "Even put some tiger balm on him."

"So nothing we didn't already know before." Louis said.

"You've been in the pit, haven't you, glory hole? You know what goes on in that place." Mr. Taylor said handing Louis a pill. "To help you sleep," He added and handed him a water bottle.

"Your painkiller, little fairy." Mr. Taylor handed Niall his pill. "Slut, when you're done with the water, give it to the fairy here so he can take his pill."

"Yes, sir." Louis nodded.

When he finished taking his pill he gave the water to Niall. "I just wonder though, are there people in there who never are allowed out? Like, what determines them getting out?"
Niall took the bottle and he took his pill.

"The extreme fighters usually stay in there for awhile. Their Keeper says when it's time to let them out." Mr. Taylor said. "Usually when they break, we let them go. Sometimes, they never break and that's just where they stay."

"That's crazy. I bet they just go mad in there and that's why you just hear non-stop screaming." Louis shook his head.

"You said you hugged Mr. Watson when he came back for you so it's likely they are crazy in there." Zayn replied as he smoked his joint.

"You've never been in the pit. You would've done the same thing." Louis shuddered at the memory of being inside the pit, in his cell.

"One lad has been in there for at least at least six months or longer. He was an extreme fighter. He screams, bites, spits, kicks...He'll scream until his throat is raw. Sometimes for fun, we'll muzzle him. Everyone breaks though. Some are harder to break but they will break." Mr. Taylor shared. "Never had a lad lose his entire mind in there."

"No offense, sir but that's just a bit creepy. The way you say it anyway. Gives me chills." Niall told him and sighed. He needed this pill to kick in.

"He's sometimes calmer with a muzzle, sometimes he's that much more angry. But it's fun to watch him freak out." Mr. Taylor grinned. "Ah, you're young and pure. You wouldn't understand."

"I don't know about the pure part." Zayn commented.

"Yeah, been running nearly my whole life. I've seen a lot." Niall agreed.

"Well, that and pure would lead some to believe you mean virgin. None of the students in here are virgins." Louis added.

"Mmm. Virgins are fun." Mr. Taylor grinned. "I remember hearing about when Watson took yours, Ace."

Niall held back his anger. At least he knew that he took Zayn's virginity and not Mr. Watson. He wished he could say something but knew he couldn't.

"Yes, sir." Zayn nodded.

"I'm a bottom, sir. Sex with a virgin isn't that exciting on my end." Louis laughed a little.

"Hmm. What should I do with you three...Well, fairy can't do much sadly due to the cage." Mr. Taylor frowned. He ignored Louis comment.

"You could always take it off so I can do something and put it back on after." Niall suggested. "I wouldn't dare tell Mr. Watson and neither would Zayn and Louis."

"Think you're clever don't you?" Mr. Taylor asked. "I can have any slag in this school. One who isn't a naughty little puppy. Why would I bother with you; the hassle of that cage?"

"I'm not being clever. I was just trying to help you. You seem like you want all three of us to do something but my cage is getting in the way." Niall said.

"I only punched them because they grabbed my collar. Without the collar, I'm better." He
wondered if he could somehow make it happen, the cage coming off, even for a little bit of relief if it meant doing something for it.

"I'll do anything you want. Without a fight and be as loud as you want me to be. I'll do anything to Louis or to Zayn or both or you even...without hassle."

Mr. Taylor grinned bigger, "Such a turn on when you beg like that. Naughty boys don't get rewards though. Your collar is off so you've already gotten a reward despite being a bad boy. I'm certainly not going to contribute to your bad behavior."

"You wouldn't be though." Niall said quickly. "Honestly, it was because of the collar and Mr. Watson took it off to see if I was telling the truth or not that it was the collars fault."

"If you wanted us three to play together...so to speak..." Louis began. "For your entertainment, it'd be much easier with his cage off."

"Wouldn't it be a reward if he got it off completely?" Zayn asked. "He would only have it off so we could entertain you or even please you if that's what you desire, then it would go back on right after."

"Why do you two little shits care what happens to him and don't give me that 'he's our friend' bullshit. I could have already been balls deep in a tight little slag with any other room. This room always has to be a fucking headache though." Mr. Taylor complained.

"What? We can't care about our friend?" Louis asked. "Besides, if I have to live with them for the next few months, might as well make it easy on meself and be kind." He shrugged.

"He's my friend. I care." Zayn shrugged

"Whatever. You slags are quickly growing on me last nerve." Mr. Taylor replied. "You three aren't worth my time."

Niall frowned. He felt somewhat disappointed. He really wanted the cage off, even if it was because of a Keeper using him.

At this point, he just wanted to go to bed and forget about his life for awhile.

A little while later, Zayn had finished and Mr. Taylor took the lads back to their room, everyone was silent on the way back.

Mr. Taylor pushed them into the room after unlocking it and stared at them. "Twats." He mumbled and left. He locked the door again.

Zayn gently pulled Niall into his arms. "You can have my bunk tonight, that way you don't have to climb and hurt yourself further." He kissed his lips.

"Thanks." Niall replied.

"I'm not gonna be a dick. I'm not gonna be a dick." Louis whispered to himself. He felt like Niall begging to get out of his cage is what screwed up everything with Mr. Taylor. He was glad he wouldn't be fucked now but Mr. Taylor not getting what he wanted would probably mean he'd be in a bad mood with them from now on.

Niall went to lay in Zayn's bunk and Zayn followed, cuddling into him.
"I probably shouldn't have begged and just went with whatever Taylor was planning but...I couldn't help but try." Niall frowned cuddling into Zayn a bit more.

"At least it got us out of something sexual." Zayn said.

Niall sighed. He felt more depressed now than he ever had before.

"I think Niall was hoping for something sexual so he could have a break from that cage." Louis clued in Zayn.

"Yeah, oh well. Maybe I'll get lucky and it will come off tomorrow. I mean, I've been as nice to Liam as I can. That's Mr. Watson's soft spot." Niall said and tried to enjoy the closeness of Zayn.

Zayn briefly looked at Louis, frowning a little but then kissed the top of Niall's head. "We'll just have to make sure that you keep behaving as best as you possibly can. He did say that the better behaved you were the sooner it comes off so maybe if you're like really, really good tomorrow...And super nice to Liam like more than usual...It'd be off by the end of the day." He tried to encourage.

"So it doesn't bother you that I was begging for something sexual from a Keeper?" Niall asked softly.

"You were begging because you wanted the cage off. I understand that. I'm not bothered by you begging for that very reason."

"Would it bother you if he was begging for another reason? Just curious." Louis had never been in a serious relationship. The few boyfriends he'd had were casual at best.

"If he begged because he turns into one of those students who beg for it because they enjoy it and actually want it? Then I wouldn't be okay with that." Zayn tried to explain and looked at Louis.

"But tonight, he begged in hopes of getting his cock cage off. It's different that way because the cage hurts him and makes him uncomfortable. It wasn't pleasant to watch him beg like that but I understood why he was doing it. It's the normal in this place." He finished then looked down at Niall.

"I see. I guess I don't understand the issue with sharing and shit. I've never had a serious boyfriend though." Louis told him.

"Well, if you were into someone, like really into them...Wouldn't it be nice if they were exclusively yours and no one else's?" Niall asked.

"Part of a serious relationship means that you're exclusive to each other. I don't want anyone besides me touching him, but in this place, I can't really get that." He frowned and curled into Zayn. "Just another thing I can't get." He sighed deeply.

"I suppose. Never liked someone enough to care if others were touching them. If I ever fall in love maybe that's how I'll know." Louis shrugged and began to strip out of clothes. He slept better nude.

Niall nodded and cuddled a bit more into Zayn, slipping a hand under his shirt and holding him close. "Painkiller is kicking in. I'm getting tired. Hold me till I'm asleep?" He asked softly looking up at Zayn with sad but sleepy eyes.

"Every second I'm allowed." Zayn half smiled. He kissed Niall's forehead then looked at Louis. "Don't you get cold? I mean, how do you not? It's always freezing in here."
"Warm blooded I guess." Louis replied as he climbed up to his bunk.

Niall smiled softly, feeling grateful for his boyfriend. He closed his eyes and listened to Zayn and Louis talk as he began to drift off to sleep.

"But then again, everyone besides Niall have a warm blanket for helping and encouraging Liam to fuck you the other night." Zayn said. "So I'm sure that helps."

"Yeah, I still like sleeping naked though. It just feels free. Besides it's one more choice I get to make in here. I get to make very few choices so every single one counts." Louis yawned.

Zayn nodded. "I can understand that." He said and glanced down at Niall. He didn't want to move from this spot. Niall was comfortable and so was he.

He knew he couldn't but he really wished he did.

"Night, Lou." Zayn said as he glanced up at him.

"Night, don't fall asleep there. You're too heavy for me to lift and move if you do." Louis said as he curled up and worked to fall asleep.

Zayn nodded. He stayed for a while longer then gently moved Niall onto the mattress.

He hated to remove the warm blanket from Niall, but didn't want to risk either of them getting into trouble. He moved it to the top bunk then climbed up and lay down as he tried to fall asleep.

Chapter End Notes

So what are your thoughts so far on Louis and Rory?
Chapter 40

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Okay, so I didn't update last week...But you got a chapter on a Sunday so I decided to skip Thursday, and partly because I got busy last week.

So...You get it a day earlier this week!!!

And should be back to normal on Thursdays come next week! xoxo

The following morning, the door slammed open. "Wakey, Wakey, slags!" Mr. Watson called as he held Liam in his arms. "Get the fuck up. I have too much shit to do today to deal with your lazy arses." He yelled.

The lads quickly got out of bed, and stood with their arms behind their backs. Expect for Louis who was busy getting his uniform back on since he slept naked.

"Faster you!" He shouted at Louis.

“And you…” Mr. Watson looked at Harry. “I see you found your extra uniform on the shelf. If you don't behave today, you won't be wearing it at all.”

“I understand.” Harry nodded.

Liam just stayed silent, sucking on his dummy. He had nothing to say. He was too busy being nervous for his meeting today.

"I'm ready, Mr. Watson. I'm sorry." Louis said when he was finished and went to line up with the others.

Mr. Watson ignored Louis and opened the door instead. He then pushed everyone out the door.

He locked the door behind him and pushed the lads again.

"Someone's grumpier than normal." Louis whispered to Zayn.

"Yeah. Maybe Liam was up during the night." Zayn shrugged.

"I know you're trying to be funny but it's not working." Louis shook his head.

Liam ignored the conversation around him. He was hungry and wanted food before his meeting. He already had butterflies in his stomach due to nerves. He didn't need the hunger making him feel worse.

Harry carefully looked at Liam. He wanted to talk to him about everything but he knew this wasn't the time.
The painkiller had helped Niall sleep comfortably last night, but of course had no worn off and the cock cage felt even more uncomfortable than it did before.

"Chav! Hurry the fuck up." Mr. Watson complained looking back at Niall. "Will one of you fucking slags make him walk faster?" He groaned.

"The cage thing I think is why he's slow." Liam said softly. He could tell Benji was more agitated than normal. He couldn't blame him.

Harry wanted to help but his body was very sore.

Louis was the one who actually stepped up and offered to help Niall the best he could. "Just squeeze me hand or whatever will help."

Zayn was about to step in and help, but Louis had beat him to it. It was probably best to let Louis help anyways. He didn't want to risk any more suspicion.

"Nothing's going to help." Niall complained. "I just can't walk very fast no matter what I do."

Niall glanced at Zayn. He wanted him to help but he knew the reasoning behind not helping. He hated it and he longed for something to change, but rules were rules and neither of them could stand the thought of being separated.

Niall took a deep breath and tried to keep up, thankfully the walk wasn't long and they made to it the cafe a short time later.

"I'll get you something to eat." Zayn offered. "Just sit down and I'll get something for both us."

"Thanks." Niall whispered then moved slowly to sit down.

Louis couldn't help but look around the room for Rory. He only wanted to see him. He was lovely to look at.

"What are you doing?" Finn laughed joined him in line. "Your head keeps moving around like you're a chicken."

"Uh," Louis paused and looked around to see if there were any Keepers around. "That mojito roommate of mine, has a friend that he often eats with. That really fit lad that has brown skin and..." He cut himself off. "We had a conversation yesterday where we flirted a lot and I actually kind of like him." He explained poorly.

"Rory?" Finn asked almost laughing. "You like your enemy's mate?" He tried not to laugh too hard.

"Yeah..." Louis nodded. "We actually tricked the Keepers into making me blow him." He grinned.

"Wow, yeah he's nice on the eyes but I never saw you falling for anyone that hangs out with mop head." Finn replied as he grabbed a tray.

That's when Louis spotted Rory who winked and him and nodded for him to sit with him.

"I guess I know where we're sitting." Finn smirked.
"It's not like I planned it. He came over to me and we both realized that despite Harry hating me and despite him being the friend of someone I can't stand, there's more to life than other people's opinions. And he's not so bad." Louis shrugged. "And yes, if you don't mind, I told him that we would sit with him and Harry today."

"Hey," Finn started as they started get food. "I don't care who you like or where we sit. I'm just giving you a hard time cause you're my mate."

He looked at his plate and tried not to curl his nose and barf. It looked horrid.

Louis just got some scrambled eggs. He had learned that less was more when it came to anything in this place.

"They're cooked just enough so we don't get sick from raw eggs but it's...ugh." Louis couldn't even finish his thought.

"I know exactly what you mean." Finn nodded.

Louis then grabbed a bottle of water and began walking with Finn towards Rory’s table.

Harry was sitting with Rory by now. He was about to start venting about his horrible punishment when he saw Louis sit at their table followed by his friend.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Harry spat, his voice full of anger.

"Rory invited us." Louis smiled and looked at Rory.

"Hi Louis." Rory grinned a little. "We had a chat yesterday. He's a nice lad, Harry."

Finn took a seat across from Harry silently.

"No. No, he isn't. He's horrible." Harry argued.

"I'm not that horrible. If I was, I could've made last night a lot harder on you. But no, I was even nicer to you than usual because you had a hard go of it and because I actually enjoy spending time with your friend. I get that he's your friend but I like him and I don't see why we can't be civil." Louis calmly explained.

"You like me how?" Rory smirked.

"You know how." Louis smirked back.

"Leave them be. If you were a good friend you'd be supportive of who he enjoys being around." Finn told Harry.

"It's not enough that I have to live with the guy, I have to pretend to be okay with him dating the only mate I've got in this place?" Harry asked. "Whatever. It's not like I have a choice." He sighed. "Do whatever makes you happy."

"Why bitch about him at all? Seems like the easier choice would be to just get along with him for your friends sake." Finn offered.

Rory ignored Harry and spoke to Louis, "I haven't a clue what you're talking about. I'm a good boy now." His voice was calm but his wink gave away the joke.

"He's been nicer lately but he's still...annoying to put it nicely." Harry sighed.
"Oh are you now? You weren't good yesterday." Louis grinned. "Or was it me that wasn't well behaved yesterday? I did have to suck you after all."

"Oh you were very naughty." Rory tried hard not to smirk but he did. "So naughty you had to be punished. Very bad girl you are."

"Girl?" Finn teased.

"Yes, he's a princess." Rory added evilly.

Louis tried hard to fight a blush but failed. "Naughty girls are supposed to be punished. I proved how sorry I was though." He smiled.

"What is it about this princess thing?" Harry grumbled. First Zayn with Niall and now Rory with Louis.

"I only called him that because of the outfit. That and his precious, teeny, yet beautiful cock." Rory pushed Louis more. "He likes it."

"So that why the skirt fits so well in the front; little dick." Finn laughed and gently elbowed Louis.

Louis rolled his eyes. "Yes. That's exactly why." He said. "Whereas Niall and Zayn just have a kink. Probably helps pretending to be someone else for a while." He shrugged and finally started to eat his eggs.

"See, Louis here I believe has an embarrassment kink. When I say little things that should embarrass him it turns him on." Rory smiled.

"Christ mate, no boners while sitting next to me okay?" Finn shook his head.

"Maybe there are a few things I'll let you complain to me about when it comes to Rory's pretty princess." He told Harry.

"Unlike some people, I can totally control meself." Louis said and straighten out his skirt.

"Thank God." Harry said. "I know I'm supposed to eat but after yesterday...I can't even stomach food. I went from being so hungry to not being able to look at it without wanting to be sick."

Rory finished the last bite on his plate and swapped it with Harry's after making sure no one was looking. "You're really lucky you made friends with a lad who has a strong stomach."

"Thanks." Harry said softly.

"Anytime, mate." Rory nodded. "So what happened to you yesterday?"

"I put Watson on my bad side by hurting Liam’s feelings. When I screwed up in class he used that moment to punish me beyond anything I've had done here." Harry explained quietly.

"Playroom. He beat you didn't he?" Finn asked. "Everyone knows Mr. Watson won't get sexual with anyone but his baby."

"Yes and worse." Harry whispered. He then explained everything that happened. "...And I don't even remember the painkiller kicking in."

"I do. You got a little...loopy? To put it nicely." Louis said. "You clearly can't handle painkillers well. You were all over the place, talking some real shit about random things." He shook his head.
and forced his eggs down.

"I have no memory of it." Harry shook his head.

"I would have paid to see that." Rory laughed. "Big tough Harry all loopy."

"The tough thing is debatable." Louis replied.

"Be nice to your boyfriends mate." Finn playfully corrected.

"Boyfriend?" Louis asked. "And that was me being nice." He added.

"Boyfriend?" Rory repeated. "I don't know if we're there yet." He said.

"We agreed to explore...but I agree. I don't think we're at the boyfriend part yet." Louis nodded and took a drink of his water.

"I thought there was an unwritten rule about dating a best friend." Harry said.

"That's about your sibling dating a best friend. Louis isn't your sibling you dope." Finn shook his head.

"Thank Christ for that." Harry mumbled.

Louis rolled his eyes. "What do you know? Maybe I'd be a good brother if given the chance though that's hard to believe when it would be to someone like you." He sighed and finished up his eggs. "You can try being happy for your friend." He suggested.

"Right, happy for you." Harry told Rory. "Not you." He then told Louis. "No kissing in front of me either okay?"

"You can be our lookout?" Louis smirked. It was kind of fun torturing Harry in this way. "Help us sneak around? Do it for your mate of course not me."

"He'll help me. You just let me be the one to ask him Princess." Rory smiled that slightly dominate smile.

"Film night is the perfect night for that. I'll keep an eye out for Louis and you can keep an eye out for Rory. No reason we can't let these two idiots be happy." Finn told Harry.

"Fine." Harry said. "Thank God it's only Wednesday. I don't need to burn my ears or eyes yet."

"No, if those two get too loud I'll smack them both. Last thing I need is a Keeper hearing and me getting in trouble. Not doing it." Finn said.

"Thank you. After what I just went through...I, I'm scared to get into any type of shit again." Harry said softly.

"We'll be quiet." Louis rolled his eyes. "Neither of us what to be in trouble either."

"Princess will be a good girl. I'll make sure of it." Rory smirked.

"Quiet. But as if you know the meaning of the word." Harry shook his head.

"I wouldn't want to disobey you." Louis grinned. "Wouldn't dream of it actually."
"Christ! Honestly I'm happy you two are having fun together in this horrid place but that is all so much more than I want to hear." Finn said as he finished eating.

"Someone is just a little peanut butter and jealous. Ignore him." Louis told him and took his final drink of water.

"I just meant that he's loud...no matter the activity. Sexual or not." Harry clarified.

"Doesn't make it any better." Finn mumbled.

"Sorry." Harry frowned a little.

All he wanted was to go to class and behave. He wanted his friend to not be dating his mortal enemy. He didn't want anything to do with keeping watch for them but Rory was a good friend to him. He deserved support, which is what Harry was going to give him.

"Get your shit cleaned up! Now!" A keeper yelled. "Last slag lined up gets fucked by Mr. Jones!"

"Hurry and clean up princess. I want that arse undamaged Friday."

Getting fucked by Mr. Jones would cause damage to a lad as small as Louis. Rory knew it.

"Of course." Louis smiled and quickly cleaned up his area. He hurried to throw it away in the bin and lined up beside his roommates.

Rory winked from where he stood in line. He couldn't wait till Friday.

"Louis, walk with Ni again please?" Zayn whispered as he came and stood in line away from Niall.

"I can walk next to him, sure." Louis shrugged. "I don't mind."

"I'll be fine. I didn't use your help last time because I just breathed through the pain." Niall grumbled.

"Someone's grumpy." Louis muttered.

"Wouldn't you be?" Zayn asked.

"I can't help him if he won't accept it." Louis whispered.

"Just please don't get us into trouble. That's the only thing I ask. Mr. Watson is really edgy today." Harry said. "I've had enough of punishments." He put his hands behind his back obediently and looked at the ground as he waited.

"Just please don't get us into trouble. That's the only thing I ask. Mr. Watson is really edgy today." Harry said. "I've had enough punishment." He put his hands behind his back obediently as he waited

"Whatever, fine." He caved. "I don't wish to argue about it." He added as he spotted Mr. Watson and Liam. "Quiet now."

"Let's go you worthless animals. Shower time. Don't lag behind or I'll hand you over to Mr. Pieters for some fun." Mr. Watson warned as they left the cafe and started to walk down the hall.
Liam stayed clutched onto his papa. His nerves had him sucking hard on his dummy.

Louis hand started to feel sore so he moved his hand and wrapped an arm around Niall's waist which seemed to help as Niall moved his weight onto Louis.

"So we've graduated from slags to worthless animals?" Zayn asked.

"Same difference." Mr. Watson grumbled. "Slag is a worthless whore so if you'd rather be an animal instead of human that can be arranged."

"Really? Because it also means other things such as actual rubbish like scrap metal." Zayn shrugged. "Let me rephrase my original comment then, so we've been demoted from human to animals?" He asked. "Just wondering."

He felt moody and he was in a mood where he didn't give a fuck.

"Let me rephrase myself." His voice boomed as he spun around. "If you don't want to be made into a pet then shut the fuck up!" He then backhanded Zayn and laughed when he stumbled and bumped into the wall.

Zayn didn't make a sound. He didn't want to give the satisfaction. He quickly regained his footing and began walking again.

"And you tell me to behave." Niall mumbled.

"Sorry." Zayn frowned at Niall. "I'm just...sorta starting not to care."

"Believe me, I'm already there but don't lose your sanity as well. I need you." Niall whispered then let go of Louis. He was uncomfortable either way and nothing was helping. If anything, Louis helping was making him go slower.

"Both of you behave." Harry hissed.

"Papa, can I go daycare after we done doing our stuff?" Liam asked; his dummy mumbling the words.

"Of course." Benji nodded. "That was the plan anyways. You’ll go to daycare every morning and nap in the afternoons." He explained.

Liam nodded, "LiLi likes daycare. Mr. Murphy let LiLi play blocks and color. Favorite stuff."

"Do you like to draw pictures more or color pre made pictures more?" Louis asked Liam. He wanted Liam to see him as a nice guy.

"Both." Liam giggled.

"You're very good at drawing. I bet you have papa's fridge covered in art." Louis told him. "Lucky man to have such cool art on his fridge."

"Papas fridge is completely covered with my art." Liam grinned.

They then arrived at the showers and headed to their locker.

After they all stripped, Mr. Watson handed each of them their shower cradles and sent them on their way.
"Papa needs to work so you'll be in the playpen." Benji told him.

"Okay papa. LiLi be good boy." He smiled and removed his dummy so he could kiss his papa.

Liam popped his dummy back in his mouth and contently watched as Benji walked away.

"Sir, may I please make a request before I shower?" Harry approached him and asked. He kept his eyes on the ground trying to show submission.

"May I please be given the chance to talk to Liam today; whenever you see fit? I promised I would make it right with him and I just want that chance." Harry explained.

"Maybe. I'll see if he's willing to speak with you. We have a busy morning though so get showering. Wash that hair twice. I don't care if Patterson isn't back yet. You'll still smell decent for those who have to be around you." Mr. Watson ordered.

"Yes sir." He nodded and ran off.

"Struck fear into that lad didn't you?" Mr. Derringer asked as he strolled over.

"I did." Mr. Watson grinned. "Most fun I had in awhile too." He meant it too.

"A good punishment is always fun; for us at least." He laughed. "I heard you wrapped him in plastic. Genius."

"It was brilliant wasn't it? His tiny cock was the only thing out." Mr. Watson agreed. "Davis had a bit of fun with the lad when he was in the pit."

"You may not get sexual with these slags anymore but you haven't lost your touch with punishing." He laughed. "Listen though, I've heard talk there's a lad in my room who is friends with one of yours. I'm fine with that. The two of them hate another one of yours though. That's what I've heard the slags whispering about. I just think you should watch it and see if there's any fun to be had."

"The slags are almost always whispering when we walk. I'll listen this time and see if I can figure it out." Mr. Watson nodded. "If there's hate involved? I'm all for it."

"Exactly, I love our version of the get along shirt." He smiled bigger.

Mr. Watson nodded and walked off to start checking on the students in the shower.

"How can you constantly get onto me about behaving when recently you're always crossing lines with Keepers?" Niall asked as he faced away from Zayn and washed himself.

"Because if you get into shit, you'll go back into being treated like a dog." Zayn said. "And I'm just...sick of everything. I know you said to stay sane for you but I don't know how much longer before I don't give a shit." He frowned.

"Funny innit?" He asked. "First it was you telling me to not give up. Now it's me telling you. We can't even be strong for each other it seems."

"It's not that." Zayn said suddenly feeling guilty and like a horrible boyfriend. "We'll both have our weak moments and strong moments. I think part of being in a relationship is being strong for each other in the others weak moments or it feels right at least."

"Yeah well I'm trying to be strong because you asked me to but if you aren't going to be strong why the hell should I?" Niall asked doing his best to look like he was just talking to himself. "In this hell
hole we aren't going to last if we both aren't strong... and careful.”

Zayn shook his head. "It's impossible to be strong all the fuckin time." He sighed. He didn't understand Niall's thoughts. "Everyone has their moments of weakness. Everyone have moments where this shit gets to them and they lose control." He paused as a Keeper walked past. "We're only human, it's more than okay to be weak sometimes even in a place like this."

"Then stop getting onto me when I'm not strong." Niall instructed. "You make me feel terrible for having a weak moment then turn around and have one yourself. It's not fair. You wouldn't want me to bitch at you."

Zayn didn't see it or feel that way but he didn't want to argue. He instead nodded. "You're right. I'm sorry. I'll do better." He whispered then rinsed off his hair and walked off to brush his teeth.

"Behave today princess. I won't be happy if I find out you had to be punished." Rory whispered to Louis as he walked past him. He gave him a smirk and wink then went to stand with Harry.

"Louis?" Harry asked him rather simply yet annoyed.

"He's fit and he was fun to sit and chat with." Rory shrugged. "Don't be cross with me."

"I wouldn't say cross...Just wish it wasn't him." Harry mumbled with his toothbrush in his mouth.

"I sort of get it. I mean, you hate the lad and now I'm interested in him. Just try to look past it." Rory requested.

Harry spit into the sink. "Easier said than done. You don't know him like I do and I'm not risking shit for him so any covering I do is for you." He said.

"I get it. Trust me. You know I don't risk getting punished for others. I'm only asking to try and be nice if he and I are together around you. You don't have to cover for him or be friends with him. Just be nice sometimes." Rory asked as he too finished brushing his teeth.

Harry grabbed the bottle of mouthwash and poured some into the lid. "Again, easier said than done but I'll try." He said then poured the mouthwash into his mouth.

"Hurry it up slags! Anyone late for classes will regret it!" Mr. Pieters shouted.

"I'll catch you later Harry." Rory nodded and walked off to get inspected.

Harry quickly finished up and handed his stuff back to Mr. Watson.

After he was inspected, he got his uniform and stood in line next to Zayn and Niall.

"Not being rude but you totally have a resting bitch face. You okay?" Zayn asked Harry. He knew Harry had been off since his punishment but this look on his face was new.

Harry sighed. He knew it was better not to tell people but Louis was dating his best friend and he couldn't complain to Rory about it due to that face.

"Glory Hole is dating my best mate in here." Harry whispered, using Mr. Taylor's nickname for Louis.

"Louis is dating someone?" Niall almost laughed but kept a whisper. "Does your mate know how
"Yeah, he knows everything as I tell him everything. Louis wise that is." Harry nodded. He wanted to be clear so that Zayn and Niall would know he didn’t share their secret. "They had a chat yesterday and apparently that’s all it took for him to want to try things with Louis."

"You've slept around with guys to survive. I don't judge you for that. We shouldn't judge Louis for it either." Zayn told Niall gently then looked at Harry. "I'm sorry H. I know you probably didn't need that right now."

"Eh. I have to but the difference is, that was the only thing he did to survive. He took the easy way out." Harry shrugged.

Niall looked at Zayn. "I didn't make a career out of it." He sighed. "But you are right. It was for survival. Can't judge that."

"Judge what?" Louis asked coming over and joining them.

"Just chatting about how we shouldn't judge people based on why they're in here." Zayn replied casually.

"Even though you completely deserve to be judged." Harry told him quickly.

Louis rolled his eyes. "Whatever. You don't have to be nice to me. Let's just be civil for whenever we're both around Rory."

"If anything I'd say you both owe it to him to knock off the drama when he able to see it. I wouldn't stay friends with you or keep dating you if the both of you always fought around me." Niall said.

"Dating? Why does everyone keep saying he and I are dating?" Louis asked.

"What do you mean keep saying?" Harry asked. "He mentioned it once." He shook his head. "You need to get your ears checked. Oh and I told them. I need someone to complain to that isn't Rory."

"No, earlier Finn said it too. That's what I meant by everyone." Louis explained.

"Two people. Totally everyone." Harry rolled his eyes.

"Wait, so you two aren't dating?" Zayn asked.

"No, I mean, I think we both maybe feel that sort of connection but we aren't dating. Maybe eventually." Louis replied.

"Whatever." Harry mumbled. "You're still a jerk and Rory deserves better."

"Makes sense." Niall nodded. "But I'm happy for you, having someone like that in a place like this, is very helpful."

"Thank you Niall. You, Harrison can fuck off though." Louis said then saw Mr. Watson nearing with their rucksacks.

Mr. Watson handed out the bags to the lads then ushered them out to the hallway to be on their way for class. "Move your arses slags. I have a meeting I can't be late for."

"We." Liam corrected softly as he still sucked on his dummy. He had walked from the playpen to the lads with Benji but once Benji’s hands were free of the rucksacks he’d whimpered to be held
again.

His nerves had him feel extra tiny today. He needed his papa to help him feel strong and brave. He knew he wouldn't feel better till the meeting was over too.

Benji picked Liam up and kissed his head. "It'll be fine. Try not to worry."

"I'm sure whatever it is, it'll work out." Louis tried to be supportive.

"Yeah. Keep believing good things." Niall tried to help.

Zayn wasn't really paying attention. His mind was busy focusing on the conversation he had with Niall while showering. He couldn't understand where he was coming from. It was impossible to do what he was asking or he felt that way at least. It was difficult to be strong 24/7. Lately, he had been more in a "don't give a shit" mood.

And while he wanted Niall to behave, he was having trouble behaving himself. He knew that Niall would be in deeper trouble than he himself would end up in.

"Thanks Louis." Liam gave a small smile behind the dummy. "NiNi too." Louis had been acting so much nicer to him recently. Ever since he'd been told about he and Benji dating in fact. It made him feel like Louis truly accepted them.

"In." Mr. Watson spoke one word and pushed Zayn off into his classroom.

He didn't say anything else when he pushed the others into their classrooms.

"Alright so there's a conference room beside the Headmaster's office. Jake and Olivia are waiting in there for us right now with Ms. Brown. The lawyer should be here shortly." Benji explained as he turned and began walking in the direction of the offices.

Liam nodded. "Papa no leave right? Need you with me. LiLi is scared." He said letting his dummy fall from his mouth. "Papa and Uncle Tay Tay keep LiLi safe always."

"Of course. I said "us" didn't I?" Benji said. "And as I've told you many times, I'm not leaving. Liv is a nice girl. You'll like her. She's very excited to meet you."

Liam trusted him. Sometimes he just wanted to hear him assure him again. "I ready." He took a deep breath and looked around the lobby curiously. He wondered what if anything the headmaster knew about him. Probably just the same thing Olivia knew.

Benji continued to walk down the hallway. "Good. We're almost there. Be brave." He kissed Liam's cheek then walked into the main office then headed straight for the conference room and walked inside it.

Olivia sat next to Jake who stood when Benji came in the room. "Hey Benji. Hi LiLi."

Liam forced a brave grin but didn't say anything.

"Are we LiLi today?" The therapist, Ms. Brown, asked Benji.

"Yeah. It happened after your session yesterday." Benji nodded.

"Hi LiLi." Olivia softly spoke. She could tell he was nervous. "I like your Batman outfit."
That made Liam smiled bigger.

"There's a smile." Jake commented.

"Nice when someone else likes what you like, yeah?" Ms. Brown asked Liam.

"Love Batman." Liam said in a cautious tone.

"I can tell." Olivia smiled. "Your dummy is even Batmaned out. It's very cute."

"Papa got it for me." Liam told her. He liked the sound of her voice. It wasn't scary.

"You're papa is a very nice man." She smiled.

"LiLi, can you sit at the table and talk to us? Papa can sit right beside you." Ms. Brown requested.

Liam looked to Benji for reassurance, "Sit by LiLi?"

"He's so adorable." Olivia whispered to Jake. "I wish I could put him in my pocket."

"LiLi would not fit in your pocket." Liam suddenly laughed hearing her.

Benji nodded and sat Liam down in a chair at the table then sat next to him.

Olivia laughed. "You're adorable and very funny. I can see why Benji would want to keep you to himself." She teased a little.

"Loves me. Teaches me. Protects me. Best papa ever." Liam told her before smiling proudly at Benji.

"Are you sure? Isn't he smelly?" Jake teased.

"No, papa smells good Uncle Tay Tay." Liam told him.

Olivia and Jake smiled.

"LiLi, do you understand what's happening? what everyone is trying to do?" Ms. Brown asked.

Liam nodded. "Help me. They don't want me in this school anymore. I donts belong." He told her. "Wants to protect me."

"Very good." She nodded.

"Can you tell Ms. Brown what Olivia is going to do?" Benji asked him.

"Adopt me." Liam's reply was quiet. He didn't know how much of the truth she knew.

"Yeah, that's right. Now, I know you aren't allowed to tell anyone outside of this room but she is going to let you live with your papa after she has you adopted. Are you comfortable with that? Living with papa and seeing her sometimes for court stuff until the final hearing?" Ms. Brown asked him.

Liam nodded. He didn't want to risk being in this place without Benji. That was a thought that was almost too scary to even think.

"I am." Liam smiled. "Don't wanna lose papa. Ever." He said.
"I don't want you to lose your papa either. I've heard he's done so much good for you after having been through some terrible things. I hate that so many people hurt you. You're such a sweetheart." Olivia told Liam. "Anything I can do to help you I will okay?"

"O-tkay." Liam smiled wide. "Tank you." His voice was still so small.

A moment later, the door opened and the lawyer walked in.

"Mr. Pearson, thank you for coming on such notice." Benji stood and shook the blokes hand.

The fact the new man was in a suit and holding a briefcase scared Liam. It was so reminiscent of his public defender who had really hurt him and said awful things when no one else was listening.

When Ms. Brown saw Liam crying she became concerned, "LiLi, why are you crying?"

Olivia's heart broke for Liam instantly seeing him crying.

"Lawyers scary. Mean to LiLi." He explained as tears rolled down his cheeks.

Benji's heart went out for Liam. He didn't expect this reaction. Liam never mentioned any issues with lawyers before.

Mr. Pearson frowned seeing Liam upset. "I'm not like the lawyers you're used to." He spoke soft and gentle. "I'm a nice lawyer. I won't hurt you or be mean to you. I want to help you."

"The one from before was mean." Liam said as he tried to make himself stop crying. "He said I was really bad and I needed locked away forever."

"Hey, you aren't a bad boy. Don't even think that." Olivia encouraged.

"LiLi, Mr. Pearson doesn't think those things at all. He doesn't think you belong here and he's going to help us prove it to the judge. He's our friend buddy." Jake came over and rubbed his back. "He's like that police detective guy that Batman sometimes talk to."

Benji pulled Liam into his lap and cuddled him close. "It's all going to be okay. Think of Mr. Pearson as our Jim Gordon." He tried to comfort Liam.

Liam nodded, "Okay. Sorry LiLi cried." He bravely told Mr. Pearson. "Just got scared cause you suddenly looked like the mean lawyer." He then laid his head on Benji's chest. "I okay now."

"Okay. Good. Now, let's get to work." Mr. Pearson said and sat down. "I got us a court date. I pushed hard and called in a favour. It's Friday. Olivia, your home visit is tomorrow, it's just to review that your home is indeed suitable for Liam's special needs." He explained.

Olivia nodded. "I think I can get it ready in a day. Shouldn't be too difficult."

"During court, we'll have your therapist here explain Liam's condition which will help us prove that he's not mentally sound." Mr. Pearson went on.

"I shouldn't have trouble convincing them." Ms. Brown said.

"For the moment, we're trying to get you as Liam's Foster parent. Once you're approved then we can start the process of adoption." Mr. Pearson finished.

"Any questions?" He asked.
"Do I has to talk in court?" Liam wondered. "Can LiLi bring Bruce if yes?"

The judge in his black robe was very intimidating.

"Bruce?" Mr. Pearson asked.

"His teddy bear." Benji replied.

"Ah. Well yes you can bring Bruce. And as for you speaking in court, we will need you speak" Mr. Pearson nodded.

Liam nodded. "Okay."

"Benji, will you write down how his room should be? Considering the special needs I want to make sure the room matches what they'll feel he needs." Olivia looked to him.

"It needs Batman." Liam told her.

"That's smart. I know we can't use you in court Benji but you'll know best how to help her get things set up so the home study is successful." Mr. Pearson nodded.

"Of course." Benji nodded. "I'll email you a list on my break." He told her.

"Okay, so the goals for Friday are to prove Liam was and is mentally unable to know that what he did was wrong. Once we prove that and the judge overturns his conviction we will need to show that Olivia is the better person to care for Liam than the school due to his special needs. We'll have Olivia testify as well as Benji. Benji, you're going to have speak in such a way about Liam that shows why Keepers like you struggle to accommodate his unique needs. Olivia, you'll need to briefly explain how you met Liam, visiting Jake or whatever. We'll paint you as having already created a relationship with Liam and then provide evidence to back up our claims of him doing best in your home." Mr. Pearson rambled.

"Ms. Brown you'll speak to his special needs as well as testify to the bond Olivia and Liam have formed based on your observation. Liam, when you're called to speak we'll keep it easy for you. Life before the school. Life in the school and your bond to Olivia. Remember to just give answers that will help us show the judge how much you like Olivia and how hard and sad it is to love at the school. Be yourself as LiLi, Okay?"

Mr. Pearson had repeated himself a bit but he felt he needed to get the message across.

Liam nodded as he took in everything the lawyer said. "I can do that. Long as I can have Bruce with me too. He'll make me feel better and less scared."

"Of course. Just be LiLi on the stand and the judge won't mind at all." Mr. Pearson nodded.

"And ignore everything papa has to say okay?" Benji asked. He worried Liam would hear him lying and saying how difficult Liam was and get upset. "Papa loves you so much but I'll have to say some not so nice things if we want to get you out of here."

Liam nodded. "I not worry. I gets it." He smiled.

"Good lad." Benji praised.

"Honestly I think that's all I need outside of some signatures from you Olivia." Mr. Pearson said.

"Gladly." She nodded.
"Papa, I want to color." Liam told him. He was bored now.

"Well, let's go to your room. I don't need to be here anymore." Benji said and stood. He was actually taking Liam to daycare but couldn't say that in front of the others.

He picked Liam up. "Can you tell everyone bye?" He asked.

"Bye Uncle Tay Tay! Bye Aunt Olivia!" He didn't want to tell the others goodbye.

The new Aunt title made Olivia gush, "Aww, bye bye sweetheart. I'll see you Friday!"

"Tell the others. It's polite." Benji encouraged.

"Bye others." Liam said then Benji left.

"Time for daycare. You can tell Mr. Murphy you want to colour but please, don't bite anyone today." Benji told him.

"LiLi will be good boy papa. Promise." He agreed. He bit his lower hip and looked at his papa. He knew biting was wrong. He felt badly about it. "I sorry though papa. No more biting."

"That's my good boy." Benji kissed Liam's cheek. "Use your words instead and tell Mr. Murphy."

Liam nodded, "I will." He kissed his papa's lips and smiled. "Love you papa, so much." He was feeling better now; less stressed. "Special playtime later and LiLi will show you how much."

"I can't wait." Benji grinned and walked into the rec room where day care was.

He sat Liam on the floor and kissed his head. "Have a good time and I'll be back for you for lunch." He smiled.

"Anything special I should know today?" Mr. Murphy asked. Being nice and treating Liam well meant more respect from Mr. Watson and Mr. Taylor.

"I don't think so. I told him no more biting and he promised to be good." Benji said. "He's in a good mood today."

"Good, I'll take good care of him. Have fun whipping up on some slags." Mr. Murphy smiled and waved then turned to put his attention back on the small group of students who were being infantilized.

"Oh I will. Radio me if he needs me before lunch." Benji said. He then leaned down, kissed Liam's lips. "Love you." He smiled. "You're going to be good right?"

"Yes papa. So good." He smiled. "Love you." He giggled a little and waved to his papa before and turning and whining for Mr. Murphy to come back over to him.

Mr. Murphy walked over to Liam as Benji left. "Yes, LiLi? What can I do for you?" He smiled.

"Wanna color at the table!" He whined. "Need pictures to color!"

Mr. Murphy held back a sigh. He never looked forward to the whining.

"I'll get you a colouring book. Why don't you go wait at the table?" He suggested.

Liam scowled a bit. He didn't like the vibes he was getting from Mr. Murphy today. He'd promised
to be good though. Instead of saying something rude back like he really wanted to Liam crawled off towards the table. He wasn't going to walk and Mr. Murphy wasn't going to carry him so this was the best mode of transportation.

"Thank you, LiLi." Mr. Murphy smiled. He grabbed a couple of colouring books and a box of crayons. He then sat them on the table. "Anything else I can get you?" He asked.

"No! Go away!" Liam didn't shout but he made it clear he wasn't happy with Mr. Murphy now. He just wanted left alone so he could color a thank you picture for Aunt Olivia.

Mr. Murphy shook his head as he walked away. "Fuckin mood swings." He mumbled. He didn't know why Liam was suddenly upset with him. He hadn't done anything.

Chapter End Notes

Oh and Patterson will be back in the late 40s chapter wise!

Him and Harry will have quite the reunion.

EDIT: I forgot to ask, what should Louis' and Rory's ship name be? Anyone got an suggestions?
Chapter 41

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Lots of stuff happening in the next couple of chapters! And this one too.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Benji was walking his normal route in the hall, checking in on classes.

When he saw Jake at the other end of a hall he approached him, "Hey mate. I feel ten times better now that the meeting is done."

"Yeah. I bet. Liv thought LiLi was adorable. She's so excited to help." Jake smiled.

"Good, I think he liked her too. I mean he did laugh a bit and smiled at her. He called her Aunt too. I think it's a good sign. He replied and started to walk with him. "We need them to get along well."

"I think they will." Jake nodded. "He seems to like her. The more time they spend together, the more he'll like her probably." He said. "Oh, what's the list of things does she need in her apartment for him?"

"It may sound strange but because of how we're portraying him she needs to baby proof it. Everything you guys will do one day when you have a kid." Benji told him.

Of course Jake laughed, "That ship has sailed. We can baby proof though. What about his room?"

"Batman. Just do a regular bed and put it against the wall. Then get one of those side rails parents use with toddlers so they won't fall out of bed. She needs stuff for a changing table but obviously doesn't need the actual table. Oh, probably a door chime on his door so she'd hear him if he left his room. Oh and blocks. His favourite toy. He'll want them when he has to be there for home visits." Benji went over a mental list in his head.

"Right...Email that to us. That's a lot to remember." Jake nodded. "That's a lot to get done in a day but all very doable." He added. "Anything else we need?"

"Training pants. I'll add in the email what kind. Wipes too obviously. Crayons. Coloring book. Oh, lollipops. Perfect little rewards. Never know if you may need to bribe him while he's there." Benji nodded. He couldn't think of much else. "If I come up with anything else I'll email it to you. He's not hard to please."

"Great." Jake nodded. "Good to know. I'll pass that along to Liv but be sure to email her everything you told me when you get a chance."

"I will." He assured. "She liked him then? Even though he's a teenaged infant who got scared of my lawyer?"

Jake nodded again. "She understands that he has mental health issues. She actually works with
special needs people all the time. It's mostly in teens though so she gets him...kind of. She's perfect for him." He smiled.

"Perfect for this role anyway. I like how he called her aunt though. I mean, he calls you uncle so it's fitting." Benji said. Liam seemed to love the idea of family so this pretty much sealed the deal on Jake and Olivia being official unrelated family.

"That's what I meant," Jake said. "Er was trying to say. I didn't mean for her to replace you or anything like that. Sorry if it came off that way. I just meant that she has experience so that whenever home visits happen, she might be able to handle him better." He rambled on a bit.

"I hope so. I mean, who knows, I might need a sitter or something sometimes on the weekend. Then getting along would be helpful." Benji added. "I should get back to work though. You probably have slags to fuck and I have slags to check on."

"I have one to punish actually. I told him a few days ago that he'd be punished but didn't say when. He's been so jumpy. It's been fun to watch." Jake grinned.

“I bet.” Benji grinned back. “Have a good time.”

“Oh, I will. See ya.” Jake said and walked off.

It was currently 11 and it was another hour until lunch. Zayn was sitting in his classroom listening to his instructor, Mr. Stenson was going on about something about Britain in 1906. He couldn't focus. He was beginning to get sick of this life. He half wondered if there was such thing as summer holidays or school breaks in this school.

He was happy that in roughly 50 minutes or less, he'd get to see Niall. Hopefully, they could talk again and sort out their disagreement in the showers from earlier that morning.

“Mr. Zayn Foster!” The teacher slammed his hand down in front of Zayn on the desk.

Zayn jumped. “Hmm? Sorry. What was the question?” He asked nervously as snickers came across the room.

“We are practising for your test tomorrow. Which party ruled Britain from 1906?” Mr. Stenson asked. “Tories, Liberal or Labour?”

“Uh, Labour?” Zayn asked which earned him a hard slap across the cheek.

“Wrong. You would’ve known that if you had been paying attention this week in class, you twat.” The teacher shook his head. “It was the liberals.”

“I’ve been paying attention, I just got that one wrong.”

“We’ll see about that. Stand in front of the class please.” He ordered.

Zayn held back a sigh and did as he was told.

“For every wrong answer, you take off a piece of clothing. If you’re right, you get to keep your clothes on. Understood?”
“Yes, Mr. Stenson.”

“At that time the working class were thought of as what? Naturally weak and stupid, two different wings of British business, or just stupid?”

Zayn felt this was a trick a question. He vaguely remembered this being talked about. He wanted to say “just stupid” but that couldn’t be the correct answer.

“Unless you want a spanking for not behaving, I suggest you answer now.” Mr. Stenson growled.

“Two different wings of British business?” Zayn said.

“Wrong. The correct answer is “Naturally weak and stupid.” Please take off an article of clothing.”

Zayn sighed and took off his shirt.

“The trade unions believed that working class what? Either Tories or Liberals, needed representing in Parliament or all supported Millwall?”


“Who was the first labour MP?”

“Keir Hardie.” Zayn replied. That was an easy one.

“The 1908 benefit which replaced the choice of dying or going to the workforce was what? Pensions, Labour exchanges, or selling cigarettes?”

“Pensions? Isn’t that a bit of common sense?” Zayn asked.

“Don’t get smart, lad. I’ll stop this and bend you over my knee.” Mr. Stenson warned. “The National insurance, that began in 1911...Paid MP wages, helped you if your house got burglarized, or paid for sick pay and unemployment benefits?”

“Helped you if your house got burglarized?” Zayn replied. It felt like a trick question. He also didn’t know anything about the National Insurance.

“Wrong.”

Zayn took off one of his trainers. “They count right?”

“Sure.” The teacher shrugged as the class booed.

“Alright, final few questions. Let’s see if you can keep your trousers on.” The teacher laughed.

“Women who campaigned for the vote were called what? Suffragists, Suffragettes, or Insufferables?”

“Uhm.” Zayn paused, considering this was in the early 1900s or at least he thought it was. It was old history and men were probably annoyed, he thought. “Insufferable?” He asked.

“Wrong again.” The teacher sighed and Zayn took off his other trainer.

“Emily Davison...Threw herself under the King’s horse, organized a march of 100,000 in London, or burned down three Scottish castles?”
“Under the King’s horse.” Zayn replied. He was sure that was the answer.

“Correct. Women over 21 got the vote in what year? 1914, 1918, 1928?”

“1918?” Zayn replied. He didn’t know. He must’ve not been paying attention that day.

“Wrong. I believe, Mr. Foster...You only have your trousers left to drop.”

Zayn held back a sigh and pulled down his trousers which resulted in the class laughing at him, some cheered.

“Class is almost over. I suggest you all use the extra bit of time that we have to study, especially you, Zayn.” Mr. Stenson told him. “Oh, and you’ll get your clothes back at the end of class.”

Zayn nodded and headed back to his desk. He then opened his textbook and tried to study.

“I suggest you use your time wisely. Choose a study partner. It might help. If any of you fail the test, your Keeper will hear about it.” Mr. Stenson told the class then sat down at his desk.

"Papa!” Liam whined as they neared the classrooms, holding onto his papa’s hand. He was made to walk from daycare to the classrooms. "I want to nurse! I don't want to eat. I just want milk!” The lad was obviously tired which meant he was cranky.

Zayn could hear him down the hall as he stood, naked and waiting near the door of his class. Mr. Stenson had given him his clothes but told him he wasn't permitted to put them back on until his Keeper had arrived.

"Just be patient." Benji told the lad. "We'll pick everyone up then you can have your milk in the kitchen." He calmly explained.

He reached Zayn's door first. He laughed when he saw the lad naked. "What'd he do?” He asked looking at Mr. Stenson.

"Failed an oral practice quiz on the test we're having Monday. Every wrong answer meant a piece of clothing came off." The instructor explained. "Someone obviously hasn't been paying attention to the lectures."

"Sorry. I'm too busy getting raped and assaulted by the so-called Keepers of this place. The PTSD kicks in fast so I'm sorry if I'm too emotionally damaged to focus." Zayn told them. He really was sick of this place.

"Excuses won't get you anywhere." Mr. Watson told him. "Put your trousers on. I don't see a need for the top. You deserve to be cold."

Liam made a whining sound and lifted his hands to be held.

Zayn rolled his eyes. "I see you're one of those people that think PTSD isn't a real thing and I'm not emotionally damaged by having you a grown ass man take my virginity.” Mr. Watson didn’t really take his virginity, but Mr. Watson thought he did so Zayn had to make sure it stayed that way.

Mr. Watson sighed. He had a headache and the whining wasn't helping and neither was Zayn.

He raised his arm and punched him in the jaw causing Zayn to fall to the ground due to the force. "Shut the fuck up or I'll break your jaw and say you got into a fight with another student. Now let's
"My papa." Liam said very territorially as he cuddled into his chest and yawned. "Stupid head last, papa. Don't like him."

"No. We'll go by whatever order the classrooms are in. I'm not making us late to lunch by having to go all the way down the hall for the others them all the way back here for him. It's too much extra work and too little time." Benji explained.

"Wow. You can say no to your teenage child." Zayn said as he got to his feet.

"I've had about enough of you. One more thing out you, and you'll be walking around naked with a massive buttplug so Jones and Taylor can be taking turns. Leave your shirt here with your bag and let's move. The chav is next." Mr. Watson said.

Liam knew better than to argue but be so cranky made him emotional. Between Zayn's mean comment and Papa telling him no he began to cry, loudly.

Mr. Watson glared at Zayn. "See what you've done?" He growled and kicked the lad between the legs.

Zayn groaned as he doubled over.

"It's okay, baby." He said to Liam and popped the dummy into his mouth.

Mr. Watson then grabbed Zayn by the hair and dragged him to the next classroom.

"I'm ready, sir." Niall said.

"And he did fine in class." Mr. Rose added. "Model student."

"Great. Some good news for a change." Mr. Watson said as Niall went to stand next to Zayn.

"The fuck happened to you?!!" He whispered, worried.

"I'm sorry. I was in a bad mood and I mouthed off and I also called Liam a teenage child." Zayn replied.

"I mean, that's true but, fuck. Think next time, Zayn. I need you." Niall whispered back.

"I know. I'm sorry." Zayn frowned.

Liam sniffled and held tighter to his papa. He didn't even bother wiping off his tears as he sucked on the batman dummy. The dummy was always perfect for helping Liam not cry.

"Thank God for that dummy." Mr. Watson said to mostly himself. "You're having a nap directly after lunch, LiLi. Do you understand me?" He asked as they began walking.

Liam just nodded as a few more tears dropped from his eyes. He knew he was tired and being naughty because of it. A nap after nursing is exactly what he needed.

Mr. Watson stopped at Harry's class next. "Let's go, stinky." He said and Harry quickly got into line, staying quiet.

"Alright, how was he?" Mr. Watson asked eyeing Harry as they arrived at his class.
"Average. He behaved but it wasn't anything impressive." His teacher replied. "He'll get his chance to impress me with tomorrow's test."

Harry stayed silent but took note of Liam's tears, then Zayn. "What happened?" He asked Zayn and Niall.

"Liam's just cranky. Nothing unusual." Niall replied.

"I got mouthy. I also called Liam a teenage child which is true...But apparently, it's not okay to say out loud." Zayn rolled his eyes as they came to Louis' classroom. "I also said other shit. I'm just in a really bad mood and wanna hit someone." Mainly Liam but he couldn't say that.

Teenager or child, the lad couldn't seem to grasp how good he had it and got upset whenever shit was said about Mr. Watson and Mr. Taylor.

Liam had protection and the rest of them didn't, not really. Their protection depended on Liam's massive mood swings.

"I get it." Niall whispered. "But you can't say that shit out loud unless you want what was done to Harry."

"We're not talking about that." Harry told them. "Watson was angry or stressed and needed someone to take it out on. I was the unlucky bastard that fucked up and got to be his punching bag or whatever." Harry knew he'd deeply hurt Liam and maybe deserved to be verbally scolded but he didn't deserve what had happened.

"Pretty sure it was because you said shit about Liam." Louis said. He had appeared silently during Zayn's rant. "He has all the power. A bit too much if you ask me. But really, you hurt Liam, and you fucked up in class... I'm pretty sure he was just looking for an excuse to beat you up. Can't blame him." He said to Harry.

"Shut up, Glory Hole." Harry quietly hissed.

"I will say though, Mr. Watson told him no just a bit ago. I've never heard him do that before. It's what prompted me running my mouth." Zayn said. "I think it's also in part why Liam started crying. I mean I know I was rude but Liam gets spoilt as LiLi. Being told no was a big deal."

"He is very spoilt." Niall agreed.

Zayn groaned. "I'm so sick of living like this and them." He whispered. He was getting really sick of being around infant Liam and Papa Watson. He could respect it, but he didn't enjoy being around it all the time. It was hard to watch.

"Me too." Louis agreed as they reached the cafeteria.

"I'll get you food. I don't care about my stupid cock cage. I'll live. You just go rest and behave." Niall whispered to Zayn once they got into the cafe.

"Thanks, Ni." He smiled and went to find a table. He felt grateful for Niall. He wasn't sure how he'd survive this place without his support.

"Sure." Zayn nodded. "That'd be great. I got kicked in the balls for mouthing off."
Louis wrapped an arm around Zayn’s waist carefully and began to help him walk. “Ouch. You gotta learn to not talk shit, it’s not going to earn you any points.”

Zayn laughed. “Points? This isn’t Hogwarts, mate.”

“Funny,” Louis said and helped Zayn sit in a chair at a free table. “I wish it was though, then I could turn all Keepers into rats.”

“Nah, that’s not good enough.” Zayn shook his head. “Test lab mice.”


“Yeah, thanks though.” Zayn nodded.

“Good. See ya. Try to keep out of trouble, yeah?” Louis teased and walked away.

"Hey Zayn, what happened?’’ David asked coming over.

"I'm in a bad mood and I talked shit about Liam...and called Watson out on his and the other Keepers shit.” Zayn groaned as he wiped off some blood from his bleeding lip.

"I thought you knew better than to talk about the golden child," David replied as he sat next to Zayn. "I'm sure whatever you said was accurate but you can't say it to Mr. Watson you twat."

"One small comment about Liam and I wasn't hit because of it. I was threatened to be made walking around naked with a buttplug and shared between Taylor and Jones.”

"Shit.” David’s eyes went wide. “That’s, something I would never want to experience. That’s the shit nightmares are made of.”

“I know. I am going to work on being less...bitchy. About shit.” Zayn nodded.

“So how was your morning?” David asked.

“I failed a practice quiz for Monday's test. So I said something like I couldn't focus due to my PTSD of being in this place and being emotionally damaged. Watson said that they were excuses. I said that he was one of the types that see PTSD as not a real thing. He then kicked me in the balls and dragged me by my hair to the next classroom. I was also punched in the jaw somewhere between all that.” Zayn explained.

“Ah, that explains the busted lip.” David nodded. “Niall must be worried.” He whispered.

“Yeah, kinda told me off. He said that he needs me too. I can’t be doing that kind of shit.”

David frowned a little. “I get what he means, but at the same time, your mental health is just as important. You’re going to off and bad days as much as anyone else.”

“Yes, but then he says if I say that I can’t get on him for being bitchy and saying shit.”

“Eh, but he does it more, and has less control than you on most days.” David reminded.

“In other news...Watson's been stressed. I heard my Keeper saying there's some legal stuff happening with Liam. That's probably why. Anytime a Keeper is stressed about anything we students get to be their stress relief. It's not fair but it's true.” He explained. "You're either going to have to control yourself better or learn to like punishments. Pain can be a kink."
"Yeah. True. As for the legal stuff, that would explain what the meeting Watson had this morning was about." Zayn said as he looked over at Niall. He seemed almost done.

"How wonderful would it be if it was for Liam being in more legal trouble? It's not but it would be nice yeah?" David smiled a bit. He thought the idea might cheer Zayn up some.

Zayn smiled. "It would be nice." He nodded looking back at David. "Or maybe he's just going to get out of this place and we won't have to put up with him."

"Both sounds like a small win for you mate. I know the spoiled infant is starting to annoy you." David commented and gave him a pat on the back.

"Thanks." Zayn grinned. "It is a nice thought." He nodded in agreement.

"Here you are. I got you the least disgusting food." Niall said taking stuff off the tray and placing it in front of Zayn.

"Thanks." Zayn nodded and put the food closer in front of him. "Sad how this stuff starts to taste better the longer you're here. I guess cause you just get so hungry that anything tastes nice."

Niall moved to sit across from Zayn. "I think I'm just getting used to it, therefore, it doesn't taste as bad." He shrugged and started to eat his noodles. He wasn't hungry but he'd knew Zayn would rather see him eat so he was doing it for Zayn.

"You know what I like to do before I go to sleep at night?" David asked.

"That's gross. We're eating." Zayn teased with a chuckle.

"I wasn't going to say masturbate you dick." He laughed. "I was going to say I like to imagine the Keepers having to live like us students."

Zayn grinned. "I like that. I'll try that next time I can't sleep."

"You could try me." Niall said softly with a small smirk.

"Not if you're asleep. I'd rather let you sleep." Zayn replied. "You have issues trying to sleep even with the painkiller, and besides, I like watching you sleep. You're very cute."

Niall smiled softly and went back to eating.

"Can you imagine Mr. Murphy in a nappy like he makes the lads wear in that daycare?" David laughed.

Zayn laughed thinking about it, "What about Mr. Jones having to wear a uniform like they have Louis in?"

"Now that's gross." Niall shuddered. "It wouldn't cover anything for Mr. Jones."

"It would be funny though. Well deserved and funny." David laughed.

"Hell Ni, if I could put one of those tails in Mr. Taylor and lead him around by a collar and leash I absolutely would. Perfect payback." Zayn nodded and chuckled a bit more. This conversation was defiantly helping him feel better.

"I hear an awful lot of laughing and not seeing any eating." Mr. Taylor growled as he came up behind David and Zayn.
David froze as the smile instantly fell from his face. He prayed Mr. Taylor hadn't heard the comments about him. "Sorry, Mr. Taylor I was just trying to cheer my pal up a bit. He had a rough morning."

Zayn stayed quiet and kept his eyes locked on the plate of food in front of him.

Mr. Taylor looked over at Zayn. "Buttercup, why do you not have a shirt on?"

Zayn slowly turned to look up at Mr. Taylor. "Mr. Watson took it away because I failed a practice quiz for my history class," He said softly.

"And the rest of your face is because?"

"Because I was being a little shit." Zayn replied.

Mr. Taylor looked between the two lads. "You know the rules, more eating, less talking and no laughing. So as your punishments, you're going to fuck, right here in front of everyone. Put on a nice show." He winked.

He looked at David. "You fuck him over this table." He ordered and pointed at Zayn.

Niall's hands gripped the chair he was sitting in as his jaw clenched. He couldn't say anything though.

"Mr. Taylor please?" Zayn asked knowing how Niall was going to react. "I swear I won't say another word and I'll eat everything if you just let me skip being punished. Please, sir? I- I'll skip getting my fix tonight even."

"While you begging is adorable and quite the turn on, maybe this punishment will make you think twice. Now both of you, up, clothes off..." He looked at David. "Get him over the table and make him cum." He instructed. "Be loud and put on an entertaining show for the rest of us, please."

David felt horrible honestly. He'd gotten Zayn into this mess and considering Zayn's boyfriend was right across the table from them the mess was about to get worse; he was sure if it.

"I'm sorry." David whispered as he got up and began to undress.

Mr. Taylor grabbed him by his hair and pulled him closer, "I know how much you enjoy faking it so let me warn you if I so much as think that you're faking it this time we're going to have a nice long session of sounding in the playroom and I won't be gentle. Do you understand?"

David gulped. "Y-yes, sir. I swear I won't." Sounding was one of the worst punishments in David's book. He'd do anything to avoid it.

"Good, now get fucking. Do whatever needs to be done to make sure you both cum; him untouched." Mr. Taylor said and pointed to Zayn. He then let go and stepped back to watch.

Zayn stood, he could feel himself shaking. It was one thing to have Niall watch while a Keeper fucked him, they had adjusted to that, but it was another thing if it was another thing or if that student was going to be David. Niall already didn't like David that much, and this wasn't going to help the situation.
He slowly pulled his joggers down and slipped out of his trainers. He glanced at Niall who looked like he was going back and forth between anger and wanting to cry. Zayn looked away. He knew how to cum untouched, all he had to do was close his eyes and imagine it was Niall, but he felt bad for David, if he hadn't gone along with the joke, they wouldn't be here right now.

David touched Zayn's arm, causing him to jump. "Sorry." He whispered looking at Zayn. "I'll try and get this over as fast as possible." He had wanked himself to full hardness already. He had learned how to get himself hard fast since coming to this school.

Zayn swallowed and leaned over the table, locking eyes with Niall. "I'm sorry." Zayn mouthed to him.

Niall nodded but knew better to speak or even whisper.

"May I use any spit for lube? I think he might enjoy that more." David asked Mr. Taylor. He knew better than to assume anything in here.

Mr. Taylor thought for a moment. "Sure." He nodded.

David spat onto his cock and rubbed the spit over it, to make it slick.

He knew better than to ask to stretch him first, he took a shaky breath and lined himself up. "I'll do my best to make this feel good." He whispered.

Zayn nodded. He didn't trust his voice at the moment.

After swallowing a lump in his throat he pressed carefully into Zayn. He thought about giving a fake moan but he couldn't get caught faking it. Instead, he gave a slight genuine groan. Zayn was tight so that would help to make this more believable for the Keeper.

He had thought about fucking Zayn before, back when he liked him, though those feelings quickly faded after learning about the relationship with Niall.

He tried to work to get back into that mindset. It would help make this more believable.

Zayn let out a low grunt as he felt David start to enter him. He gripped the sides of the table to steady himself. He had his forehead resting on the table for the moment and closed his eyes. He thought back to Niall riding him the other night and how good it felt and how good he looked. He moaned as he felt himself start to get hard.

"Thrust in and out of him now. He doesn't need time to adjust." Mr. Taylor demanded.

Niall didn't want to watch this. He had no choice, however. Zayn's face was just right there in front of his. There was no avoiding it.

"Fuck Zayn, relax a bit. You're too tight." David gasped a bit as he grabbed Zayn's hips and began thrusting slowly. Despite being fucked often in here Zayn was still virgin tight almost. If was being honest it felt incredible though.

Zayn groaned and tried to relax. He focused on drowning out all the sounds in the room. The other students were either laughing or cheering David on. Some others sat quietly and watched.
He focused on how relaxing Niall's touches were. He then tried to relax as he focused on Niall bouncing on his cock. How good his smaller frame looked. How good his tight little hole felt going up and down on his cock. He let out a moan as he began to relax some more.

"There you go." David encouraged as he picked up a little speed. "Shit." He moaned closing his eyes. It was starting to feel amazing now and he was getting lost in the moment.

"Harder. I want to hear Buttercup scream." Mr. Taylor pushed.

Zayn's thoughts switched to him fucking Niall and really just slamming into him, making his boy moan and beg for more. It was always such a beautiful sight.

David obeyed and thruster into Zayn harder. His hands gripped onto his hips more aggressively as he himself moaned louder. He honestly didn't mean to get so into it but it felt good. He couldn't seem to resist. "Fuck Zayn..."

Mr. Taylor smiled watching the two lads. It was quite the show so far.

Zayn could tell that David was enjoying himself, which he was sorta happy about. He was mostly happy that David wouldn't get in trouble for faking it.

Zayn lifted his head as his neck was starting to get sore. He opened his eyes finally but kept them locked on the ground. He didn't want to have to look at Niall if he was getting fucked by David.

"Don't be afraid to speak up, Buttercup. I know you're enjoying it. Tell us all just how much." Mr. Taylor encouraged.

Zayn held back a sigh. He really wasn't enjoying it. He had become good at making sounds that sounded less fake.

He let out a loud moan. "Yes!" He cried out.

David's head fell back. With his eyes closed, he moaned louder and nearly clawed at Zayn's hips. He fucked even harder into him, making the table shake.

"Get onto him for not being loud. Show your dominance." Mr. Taylor shouted at David.

It sent chills down Zayn's spine; and not in a good way.

David slammed into Zayn harder. "Look at that cock leaking all over the floor because of me. Stop being so damn quiet. Tell everyone how good I'm making you feel. Scream it. I wanna hear you. I wanna hear how good I'm making you feel because I know you're loving this as much as I am."

He had never been the dominant type but it felt easy at the moment.

Zayn wanted to say he really wasn't enjoying it but of course, he couldn't. He let out a loud moan, trying to get into it as much as he can. Well, to the point it was believable at least.

David slapped Zayn's arse. "I can't hear you."

Zayn gasped and let out a loud whimper.

"Aye, very nice. Keep it up, lad." Mr. Taylor grinned. The show was finally getting good.
"Ah! More, please." Zayn made himself pant and beg. It felt disgusting and tasted like bile in his mouth. Mr. Taylor was buying into though so he kept it up. The better he acted the sooner it would be over. "David please?"

David slammed into Zayn as he dug his nails into Zayn's hips. "Fuck. You feel amazing. Beg for it." He moaned louder.

Zayn had already begged but clearly, it wasn't enough. "Please, ah...David. Please. I need you to cum in me. I need to feel it." He spoke louder as he begged. "You feel so good. I need you to fill me." He then swallowed the bile that came up into his mouth.

"I'll fill you after you cum for me." David replied. "Come on, Zayn. Show me how good it feels. Cum untouched for me. Be my slut."

Mr. Taylor could be heard moaning behind them now. This was turning out far better than he had expected.

Zayn squeezed his eyes shut as he thought of how beautiful Niall looked whenever he came. He thought of how good it felt to release himself inside of Niall and how amazing Niall's blowjobs felt.

He then imagined Niall sucking on his cock right now, that image was all he needed as he moaned loudly and he came onto the floor in a shuddering mess.

He lifted his head and forced himself to look back at David. "I'm such a slut for you that I need you to cum into my pretty little tight hole." He felt sick. The words tasted disgusting coming from his lips.

David yelled out suddenly as he came into Zayn harder than he had in such a long time. His body shuddered. It took a moment but when he body finally relaxed he opened his eyes and gently pulled away. That when he noticed he had actual cause Zayn's hip to bleed a bit from having dug in so hard.

"I'll see to it that you both get rewarded." Mr. Taylor said as he zipped his trousers back up. He had gotten off to watching the two young lads. It was impossible not to. Many of the other Keepers had done the same thing.

"May I be excused to go to the nurse, sir?" Zayn asked. "I think I might actually be ill."

"You aren't going alone and I don't have time to take you myself. Find a Keeper who will escort you and tell them I said you could go." Mr. Taylor told him.

"You lad, I'm extra impressed. Well done." Mr. Taylor said and gave David a pat on the bum then walked away.

Zayn nodded and picked up his trousers.

"Zayn..." David started.

"Don't. Not right now." Zayn whispered as he pulled up his joggers, wincing as the elastic hit his hips.

"Wear them lower." Niall whispered to Zayn and looked around then adjusted the joggers for him. "It won't rub on your hips. If it keeps bleeding, ask to see the nurse, I don't want it getting infected." He spoke quietly then quickly as he could with the cock cage still on to sit back down.
He felt so angry but so hurt. He knew Zayn was only acting but it still bothered him greatly.

"Ask Murphy." David whispered. "He’s usually the one who takes students to the nurse during mealtimes." He suggested as he started to get dressed again.

He felt bad about what had happened, there was a point of getting into it to make it believable and then there was crossing the line which is what he felt he did.

Zayn took a slow deep breath to try and keep from vomiting yet as he slowly walked to Mr. Murphy. "Sir, please will you take me to the nurse? Please, sir? Mr. Taylor said I could go if someone a Keeper would go with me. I'm just feeling ill." His voice was particularly weak now.

"Fine." Mr. Murphy told him and pushed Zayn towards the doors. "Move quickly."

Zayn nodded. "Yes, sir." He said then moved as quickly as the pain would allow him to.

The second he reached the loo and made it to the toilet he began to lose his lunch violently.

Even after Zayn had thrown up everything in his stomach, his body still wanted to throw up. He forced himself to stand. "May I see the nurse? I think I need an anti-nausea pill."

Mr. Murphy sighed. "Fine, but now I get to fuck you when you're feeling better. First dibs." He smiled. "You better tell the other Keepers that as well."

"I will." Zayn nodded as he felt his stomach clench again but did his best to hold back from being sick again. He could only pray that Mr. Murphy would get distracted by another student and not use him when he felt better.

"Well then, let's go. You're not walking behind me." Mr. Murphy grabbed Zayn's arm and pushed him forward.

When they reached the nurse's office she was just finishing up doing a weight check on a tiny student.

"You're gaining weight lad but not enough to come off those shakes. We'll check again next week." She told him and watched him go stand by the door. "Zayn Foster, how can I help you, dear?"

"I don't feel well." Zayn told her.

"Hmm, alright, exam room two then." Carol said and Zayn followed her into the room.

"What do you think is causing you to be ill? Bad food? The flu?" She asked as she motioned him to lay down on the table.

Zayn jumped up onto the table and lay back as she started to examine his abdominal area by pressing down on it. "More like Mr. Taylor forcing my best mate to fuck me." He said softly. His voice was a bit sore from having to be so loud during sex and being sick to his stomach.

She frowned. "Sorry to hear that. Everything feels fine, I just wanted to check to make sure your appendix was fine. I think some rest and an anti-nausea pill is all you need. No classes for you this afternoon, no need to do anything extra that might upset that stomach of yours."

"Thank you, ma'am." Zayn told her as he sat up. "Oh, could I maybe get something to clean these scratches with as well? I'm scared they could get infected."
"Oh, I hadn't noticed that...He really dug those nails in hard." Carol frowned. "While we're here I wanna check on your throat too." She added having noticed such a soft almost strained tone. "Throat then hips." She told him.

Zayn opened his mouth as she looked inside.

"Alright, I think you also need to rest your voice between the sex and the throwing up, your throat needs a break, just for a few hours then you should be fine. Now for those hips...Stand up and let me have a look."

Zayn did as he was told. He stood and lowered his joggers. "Doesn't hurt much." He let her know softly.

"Well, that's good. It doesn't look very comfortable." Carol said then went to look through her cupboards.

She then put the cream on the cuts and a bandage on each one. "Here you are, if it doesn't look any better in the morning, come see me." She instructed him.

"Thank you. You're the best staff member in this whole place." He told her. He was thankful one person here was nice.

Carol smiled. "Thank you. I just try to do my job. And shed a little kindness on you lads." She told him. "You all deserve it." She then got a bottle of water and got a pill. "Here take this." She told him.

She then walked out into the office. "Tell Mr. Watson I want him to rest this afternoon in his room or someplace quiet at least. He needs rest. I gave him an anti-nausea pill. If the cuts on his hips worsen, I want him back here." She explained.

"Of course." Mr. Murphy rolled his eyes. "Let's go bitch." He grumbled. "Now I have to talk your pathetic arse all the way back to the dorms. We both know that's the only quiet spot here."

"You don't have to talk to me." Zayn said softly. "And I doubt it's going to be quiet when I have to share with Liam. It won't be quiet at least when he wakes up from his nap."

"Don't start running your mouth about Liam or I'll give you a reason to go back to the nurse. I've agreed to have his back and I'm following through with it." Mr. Murphy warned.

"Now start walking faster damn it. I have a fucking daycare with six infant slags to get back to." He huffed.

"Was just pointing out the facts." Zayn mumbled and fought the urge to roll his eyes but walked faster anyways. "So what's in it for you? You said you had Liam's back, what made you so Team Liam or LiLi?"

"I get the whore exclusively for an entire day in exchange for helping with LiLi. Not that it's any of your business." Mr. Murphy replied with a rather happy look on his face. "Your Keeper is the one who made me the offer so it's going to happen."

"So only one day? For all this help? What happens after the one day is over? Do you still have to help for another day?" Zayn asked his curiosity setting in.

"Why the fuck are you asking so many questions?" Mr. Murphy growled. "I suggest you shut the fuck up or I'll have your arse in the playroom faster then you can blink your shit brown eyes!"
"Just looking out for ya, seems like a rotten deal if after you earn your little reward, you're still helping out and get nothing in return." Zayn shrugged, unfazed by the threat.

No one was really that scared of Mr. Murphy. He was still the new one, so his punishments even playroom wise, from what Zayn had heard, were weak still.

Mr. Murphy raised his hand to smack Zayn across the face when someone gently kicked the back of his legs he stopped.

"Beat the shit out of him later. You wake LiLi up right now and you'll get a turn in the playroom." Mr. Watson quietly hissed as he held a sleeping Liam in his arms.

"Sorry." Mr. Murphy quickly whispered.

"Ace, what are you doing out here? You're supposed to be in the cafeteria." Mr. Watson asked him.

"I'm ill." Zayn replied. "I was throwing up. Mr. Murphy took me to the toilets than to the nurse for an anti-nausea pill. I also have cuts on my hips from my mate digging his nails into me when Mr. Taylor made him fuck me. The nurse wants me to rest. She told Mr. Murphy to tell you."

“It's true.” Mr. Murphy whispered. "He's been ordered to rest where it's quiet the rest of the day."

"Yeah, well you better fucking keep it quiet.” Mr. Watson warned Zayn as they began to walk. He then looked at Mr. Murphy. "He's been such brat because he's tired. I can't take any more of it; not today."

Zayn nodded but didn't say anything.

"I'll leave the slag with you then." Mr. Murphy whispered.

A couple minutes later, Mr. Watson was opening the door and pushing Zayn inside with his foot, "Lower the crib rail then lay down and stay quiet."

Zayn did as he was told silently.

Mr. Watson carefully lay Liam down and kissed his forehead. For a second Liam whimpered but stopped when Mr. Watson popped the dummy into his mouth. He put Bruce beside him and tucked him under a blanket then pulled the side rail back up.

Zayn then crawled up to the top bunk where Niall usually slept. He crawled under the covers and let the tears silently fall. He felt guilty and he felt like shit. Everything hurt and everything felt gross. He desperately needed a shower as the cum had leaked down his leg and the running water would just wake the teenage baby up. Most of all, he felt worried for Niall. All he wanted to do was hold him and tell him how sorry he was.

For the moment, he just wanted the pain to go away.

Mr. Watson shot Zayn a hard glare then left, making his way back to the cafeteria. When he got there his three lads were lined up and waiting for him. Ms. Brown was there also.

"Mr. Watson, when you have a free moment come to my office?" She asked.

"Not really, but if I must." Mr. Watson sighed. He had other work to do. He always had work to do. Liam always seemed to put him behind on his work.
"I have to do evaluations once a year; especially for the new lads. It has to go in their chart and since you're their Keeper it's your job to get them there." She both explained and reminded.

"Thanks. Anything else?" Mr. Watson asked.

"Not for now. We'll talk when you come see me." She nodded and then left.

Mr. Watson turned to walk away. He was tired of this day already. He then headed back to the cafe where the others were waiting.

Chapter End Notes

So Louis/Rory ship name should be what? Rouis or Lory?

What did you think of the chapter?

What did you think of David having to fuck Zayn?

Please send us your love and your thoughts!
Mr. Watson opened the door and looked at them. "I have lots of shit to do this afternoon so walk fast, slags." He growled at them.

Niall shot Louis a look, basically begging him to ask about Zayn. Despite being extremely upset he was worried because Zayn hadn't come back yet.

Louis was trying hard to stay out of trouble but he desired to ask about Zayn anyway. "Mr. Watson, aren't we missing two people?"

"LiLi is having a nap. As for the mouthy one that got fucked by his mate, he's ill. The nurse gave him a pill to make him feel better and is told he needs rest for the rest of the afternoon. Right now, Ace is in the room laying down and being quiet as per nurse's orders. Anything else you lads want to know?" Mr. Watson asked.

"May I have a moment with LiLi later when he's awake? I can't stand that we're at odds. It's been on my mind all day. I'd love a chance to work things out with him." Harry explained as he walked. "I mean, I even would be okay talking with him with Ms. Brown if that would make you more comfortable. I'm sure you don't trust me with him right now."

"You're right, I don't." Mr. Watson said. "And as I said earlier, I'll ask him if he's willing to hear you out when I get a chance, which I haven't. He's been so damn tired and cranky all day I didn't want to mention you and risk upsetting him further. I'll let you know though when I've decided though." He replied.

Harry sighed but nodded. He really did love Liam as family and the longer he'd been focused on it the more he'd realized that he hated how their relationship had basically been destroyed over this. Even if Harry did believe completely that he was right he didn't want it to come between him and Liam. Liam was the only person he had in the world.

Niall bit his lip. He was worried about Zayn buy he was he couldn’t help but think of how real all that seemed to be. For the moment, he pushed that out of his mind as he worried about Zayn’s
"He's fine. He's resting. You'll see him later so try not to worry." Louis whispered, trying to make Niall feel a bit better.

"Alright slag, in you go. Don't fuck up or I'll see to it you're truly fucked." Mr. Watson warned Harry as he pushed him off into his classroom.

"You'll see him before me. Just tell him everything's going to be okay?" Niall asked. He had therapy after classes so it was going to be longer for him to get to see Zayn.

"Sure mate." Louis nodded. "I'll make sure he knows."

"Thanks." Niall smiled a little. He felt a little better knowing that and he'd probably complain in therapy the entire time about it too.

"You're next, chav." Mr. Watson grabbed Niall's arm and pushed him into his classroom. "Try and behave, yeah? You don't want that pretty collar back on."

"I promise sir. I'm doing everything I can to keep it off and get this cage off also." Niall promised. Hopefully the events earlier wouldn't affect him too much.

"So far so good. You weren't the one causing trouble at lunch. Mr. Taylor said it was just Ace and the other lad. We'll see what comes out of your afternoon classes then figure it out after therapy." Mr. Watson nodded.

"Thank you, sir." Niall smiled and walked into his classroom.

Mr. Watson then stopped at Zayn's classroom to let his teacher know he wasn't going to be there for the afternoon. He then turned to look at Louis. "C'mon, slut. Your turn next." He said as they reached Louis' classroom.

"Yes, sir. I'm ready." Louis nodded. He'd honestly been trying a lot harder with his school work recently. He wanted to use good grades and the careers class to be successful when he left here. He didn't want to return to the streets.

"Good." Mr. Watson then pushed Louis inside and his class then walked back to the rooms.

He unlocked the door as quietly as he could. He walked inside and threw Zayn's shirt at him. "You can have it back. If you're ill, I can't have you getting sicker by not wearing a shirt."

"Thank you," Zayn whispered. "He almost woke up when his dummy fell out just a bit ago so I put it back in and he was fine. I've never seen him this tired. Do you suppose it's just stress?"

Zayn honestly didn't care but he wanted Mr. Watson to think he did so he could get back on his good side.

"I see. Well, I'll keep quiet so he can rest." Zayn replied and put his shirt on. "Probably just sleep like the nurse ordered." He told Mr. Watson and laid back into the bed.

"Good lad. You're in charge of him while I'm gone. Don't fuck up or I'll fuck you up." Mr. Watson warned.

"Understood, sir." Zayn nodded and watched as Mr. Watson left.
Mr. Watson then made his way to the therapist office. Hopefully, this wouldn't take long.

"Mr. Watson, thanks for coming. Let's go in my office so no one interrupts us." Ma. Brown smiled.

Mr. Watson nodded and followed Ms. Brown into her office.

He sat down on the sofa. "So what have you figured out about the slags?" He asked.

"Well, let's start with the oldest, Louis." She said grabbing the papers for him. "I'm honestly impressed with him. He's one of the extremely rare success cases we have. He's speaking more positively about himself in therapy. His teachers report better grades and more compliance and focus. I truly think he's gotten better and may turn out to be okay when he leaves here."

"That's surprising." Mr. Watson said with a nod. "But his social worker will be pleased."

"I thought so too." She nodded. "His caseworker should be contacting you soon I'd think. When the lad’s age out of our school the caseworker is required to help them find a place to live and give them resources to find a job."

She passed the paperwork to be filed for Louis to Mr. Watson then looked back at her stack. "Next we have Zayn Foster. I'm afraid with this one, things are reversed from Louis Foster."

"I know all that. I'm not Murphy. I've been at this school for almost ten years." Mr. Watson said slightly annoyed with the caseworker comment. He knew that already. "But you are required to say that so...Sorry for snapping."

He sighed. "I'm not surprised with him actually. He started out great then went downhill. He's making all kinds of excuses, even blaming his so-called PTSD." He shook his head. "I had expected more of that slag."

"Actually, I agree with that diagnosis. He isn't coping well with the- and excuse me for using these terms, the abuse here. I can't exactly put in the report that the staff is abusing him so I just put the traumatic stress as being multiple issues compounding on him. Between us, however, it's definitely the physical and sexual abuse.

Zayn was more sensitive when he arrived and so he's not taken it well. It's made him angry, resentful. I think the PTSD prompts those issues in him and I really don't know that he can control it."

Mr. Watson sighed. "So what, you expect us to let the little sensitive ones slide and not do anything to them? What would you have me do to make him smarten up?" Mr. Watson asked, annoyed that Zayn was right.

"It's not about him smartening up. It's a mental health disorder. Considering there is no chance at you all following my recommendations I would just say, let his caseworker know he may end up needing mental health services by the time he leaves here. Honestly, he may he need institutionalized before he ages out of here. I have the same fear for a number of lads here." She replied. "Unless you all are willing to be understanding of his illness then there is nothing more to discuss on him."

"I'll discuss it with the others." Mr. Watson said. "I can't promise anything but I'll talk with them about it. We can't have anything tracing back to what we do here. Now, who's next?" He asked.
She sighed deeply. The Keepers honestly needed to stop abusing Zayn altogether. They needed to stop abusing everyone but Zayn having PTSD was a big deal.

"Niall Daly. The Irish foster kid." She continued handing Zayn's paper to Mr. Watson. "He's very wishy-washy. Very back and forth. It's common for a teenager but it needs to be kept a close eye on. Considering how this school works his back and forth personality could turn into an actual issue. I recommend trying to give him honest praise when it's deserved. Encourage his better thoughts and feelings."

"That seems easy enough. He complained that his collar was the thing getting him into trouble so we're doing a trial run with it off. He's been pretty good today seeing as it's the first full day with it off." Mr. Watson nodded.

"Good, that's good. I'd continue with those types of actions. Maybe offer other small rewards or really push yourself and verbally praise him when he does good. I think that would help a lot." She nodded and smiled as she handed him the papers. "I'd just report to his caseworker that he's being an average teenager and needs a lot of encouragement to keep him in good spirits."

"Great. Will do." Mr. Watson nodded. "Now Liam, don't hold back or sugarcoat anything just because he's my boyfriend."

"Ah, if you don't mind I'd like to do him last? I have a lot to say about him. I'd like to do Harrison Foster next. He won't take but a moment anyway." She requested.

"Right. I forgot about that slag which is why I mentioned Liam. So what about Reek?" Mr. Watson asked.

"He reads as very empty and broken. His story is one of the most heartbreaking next to Liam. He's had the most Foster care parents. He has a history of extreme abuse which leads to his deep-rooted anger issues. I'm not supposed to say this but he's told me he feels unwanted and like he has no purpose in life. He told me before your Liam all he really wanted was for life to end, he was just too scared to end it himself." She frowned. "Liam is the only thing that matters to him. I know you won't agree but it's truly heartbreaking."

"If Liam matters that much to him, then he shouldn't have hurt him so deeply. But Liam does have a habit of misunderstanding people so he probably took it the wrong way. So besides his sad sob story...What do you expect me to do?" Mr. Watson asked.

"Harrison has always been hurt growing up. Sadly it's normal that he'd hurt someone without meaning to." She explained. "I'm not really sure what I can advise with him. I would just say he needs a purpose. He needs a reason to thrive. He needs help finding that. I don't know what you can do with that though."

"Good to know." Mr. Watson said. "Can we talk about Liam now or do we have to talk about Reek some more?"

"Liam Foster," She began and handed him Harry's paperwork. "I have a lot of concerns about Liam. I'm going to just be open with you about his entire case even though I legally shouldn't. I think in his special circumstance it's better to tell you everything."

"I agree." Mr. Watson nodded as he took Harry's file. "You don't have to sugarcoat anything. Trust me. I can handle anything when it comes to him."

"Benji, she began by getting more personal. "Liam has almost no comprehension of how life really
works. He doesn't understand right from wrong and that wrong actions have consequences. He missed out on being taught all of that because he's never had a parent. I think yes, part of Liam's headspace does come from a kink.

"I do believe it's a turn on for him at times. I think it started because it turned him on. I think there's another side to it though Benji. I think it's developed into a place where at times Liam truly is an infant in his mind. I think it comes from the lack of proper care he got as an infant and that his brain is in need of that being fulfilled. He needs that parent figure.

"In the moments-however long they span- that it is a reality for him, he needs to be treated as an actual child and not your boyfriend living out a kink. The lack of parenting from his actual childhood and again when he's in his headspace is making him..." She paused to try and word herself correctly.

"It's affecting his view of the world negatively. He's starting to think that he's above the law so to speak. He's learning that he's golden and whatever he wants he's entitled to. It's the same thing that leads him to steal."

"Right. I've noticed that." Benji agreed. "So what? You suggest I act like a parent or whatever when he's an infant? What about the sexual stuff? What am I supposed to do here...I signed up for a boyfriend with the same kink as I have. I mean, this whole thing started out as a punishment because he always cried." He sighed. He didn't know what to make of all of this.

"I know you love him, Benji. Liam, loves you too and in the same way. He's head over heels for you and honestly wants to spend the rest of his life with you. That life isn't going have much purpose and significance however if he isn't taught right from wrong and what things are appropriate.

"He'll have to get a job one day and be productive. If you have kids he'll need to be a parent to them and parent them. I know this will be hard Benji but if you love him, really love him and want to be with him forever then you have to help teach him. You have to be more of a true Papa when he is LiLi. The sexual things need to only happen when he is either Liam or when he's just feeling the kink."

She paused then kept talking, "There's a difference in him being in his headspace and him feeling the kink. Use a code word or make him tell you when he's feeling the kink and not just in his headspace. He's capable of telling you he just hasn't been because he doesn't understand that as a child or infant sex is wrong. You might hate me for saying this but, in a way Harrison was right."

Benji sighed again. "Can we have like joint therapy sessions to like handle the non-kink part better? Like the transition. I've always spoiled him. I've rarely told him no and I almost always give him sex whenever he wants it. I don't know how to do this parenting thing. I never thought I'd end up with anyone or...much less have to parent my boyfriend sometimes. Like what do I even do for whenever he's naughty? Time out's and spankings and shit?"

"Yes, actually. You have the handbook for how your job is supposed to be. It details consequences for bad behaviour and actions. It's the same thing with LiLi only younger aged punishments. Time-out, smacking a hand, spanking, taking away a favourite toy or activity. Just remember to never use food or meals rather in your punishments. Desert you can but not meals." She explained.

"Oh and don't use Bruce with punishments. Security items should always be allowed." She added. "We can always do joint sessions. I think that would help you both. Just have faith in that this won't be forever. I think you'll see that as time goes and he learns more about how life works that his headspace will fade away and only that kink side will be left. We just have to fulfil what his brain
is lacking and craving and I say we because I will help you."

Benji nodded. "When he switched back to Liam, he found it difficult because he couldn't walk or
go to the toilet. It was my fault for keeping him like that but I didn't think he'd forget or that the
body would forget to go to the toilet without a nappy or a trainer. There's been a real struggle with
the idea of sorta potty training him? He enjoys using the nappy and not having to walk but it's not a
good idea in the long run." He frowned.

"The walking thing I agree on. Even in his headspace, he should be walking. Just try to even out
the times. Encourage the walking when he's in a better mood. Maybe when you can, or it might
need to be Murphy, play with him in such ways that encourage walking. Hide and Seek, Tag, Ring
around the Rosie, hop-scotch." She smiled trying to be encouraging.

"The potty training... Benji, I think it's one of the bigger kinks for Liam. I don't know that he
understands how to express it but I truly think he adores using the trainers and nappies. I think it's a
turn on and because he's young he wants as much of that exciting, sexual sensation as possible.
When it comes to the potty training I think you two need to talk, Benji and Liam, and decide if you
want to allow him to use the nappys or if you want nappies to only be used for kink play. He's old
enough in his headspace to use the toilet. I truly think he doesn't want's to."

Benji nodded. "Right. We'll discuss the potty training thing." He said. He took a deep breath as he
ran a hand over his face. He just had to remind himself that the whole parenting his boyfriend thing
was just going to be temporary.

"Alright, is there anything else?" He asked.

She handed him Liam's file, "I don't think so. Let me know when you want to have a session with
Liam and know that I'm always here for you as well. Don't be discouraged." She gave him another
warm smile and stood.

Benji stood as he took the file. "Yeah. I will. Just gotta give my brain time to digest everything.
Thanks for... all the advice. I'll definitely do what you suggest for Liam at least. I'll see what I can
do for Ace."

"Harrison as well. If he and Liam can work things out you could give Harry a purpose by letting
him help you with LiLi. He's got great big brother instincts." She said opening her door. "I know
it's not popular in here but your room as with the others could really use Keepers who care."

"Yeah. I semi-care about the slags in my room. They just have to learn how to behave more and
keep their traps shut when needed." Benji nodded. "But I'll work on it." He added.

"Good, oh and don't forget about Zayn unless you want to risk being caught. An institution will get
to the bottom of his PTSD in order to heal it." She warned. "I'll let you go now."

"Yeah, the same thought crossed my mind." Benji agreed then left.

Once out in the hall where he could be somewhat alone for a moment, Benji let his back hit the
wall and he slid down to the floor. He looked over the paperwork for each of his students and
frowned.

Benji didn't know why but it had never crossed his mind that all the beatings and cruelty and
forced sex could emotionally affect them so deeply. It seemed like an obvious thing but it just
hadn't ever been brought to his attention before.

It wasn't just Liam either. He was looking at all of them. Yes, the abuse had lit a fire inside of
Louis but the same abuse had destroyed Zayn. Niall was a major risk of developing those issues.

Then there was Harry. In not so many words she had said he was battling depression and possibly suicide. His paperwork even said she wanted to keep a close eye on his development.

Thinking on it Benji could now clearly see where Harry was losing his fighting spirit. He’d thought it was a mix of Harry learning and Liam loving him. Perhaps it was actually Harry losing his way.

Benji wasn’t helping these lads at all. Maybe he was helping Liam but the others he wasn’t. That was the entire reason he wanted to work here. He had a lot of natural guard-like instincts but he wanted to help troubled youth. Harry wasn’t the only person losing their way apparently.

“Meeting in the break room right now for those who can come.” He heard Mr. Derringer on the radio.

Benji sighed and made his way there.

"Fucking hell, this break didn't happen soon enough." Mr. Kelly complained in the break room as Mr. Watson walked in.

"Tell me about it." Mr. Derringer agreed. "Watson, did you get your evaluation reports yet?"

"Just came from the meeting. My headache is much worse now." Mr. Watson complained as he sat in one of the recliner chairs. "Between Liam and the meeting with Ms. Brown, oh and the Muppet possibly getting the flu, this break couldn't have happened any sooner."

"Oi, don't get me started on these damn evaluations. I have two in my room with fucking.. spd or... PTSD I think." Mr. Taylor huffed as he walked in behind him. "This would happen just when we are making good progress on Liam's legal issues."

"So how about we get the business over with?" Mr. Jones suggested taking a seat at a table.

"Sounds good to me. Who wants to start?" Mr. Derringer asked.

"I know you all won't agree but we're going to have to ease up unless we all want to be caught. I have one with PTSD in my room now. She said if he continues on like he is then he'll need to be institutionalize before he ages out. If that happens we're all the ones who are going to be fucked." Mr. Watson started. "Not all of the lads here can take the constant abuse we dish out."

"Talking about buttercup?" Mr. Taylor asked.

"Yeah, the muppet can't handle much apparently. So I vote that as fun as it is to pick on the sensitive one unless we want to get charged with child rape and abuse then we ease up on the sensitive ones." Mr. Watson said.

"He has a point." Mr. Scott agreed. "We can't risk a lad getting institutionalized and all of us getting fucked over in the process."

"What if we change things so that sex and punishments are done in private? It would allow us to punish and use them all differently." Mr. Derringer suggested.

"That's a thought." Mr. Taylor nodded.

"Privacy wouldn't change anything or not much. They're still going to be traumatized." Mr. Blair
"Not if you aren't abusing the sensitive ones in private. Be nice to them without the stronger lads seeing and getting jealous and learning to pretend to act sensitive." Mr. Derringer explained.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Let's give it a try then. What else is there?" He asked.

"Do we all agree or not?" Mr. Jones asked standing up. "From now on all sex, abuse, and punishments will happen in private where the slags can't watch what happens to one another. Those with mental illnesses will be excluded from sex and punished more appropriately. Any slags caught talking about their punishments or sexual encounters go to the pit. Agreed?"

"Kinda takes the fun out of it." Mr. Taylor frowned. "But I suppose in order to protect the mentally ill and ourselves, it's better that way." He agreed.

"Yeah, I agree. I just want hospital bracelets or something on the mentally ill so I know who they are." Mr. Kelly nodded as everyone seemed to agree.

"That's easy enough. We'll get bracelets and start passing around the word to the other keepers who aren't here including nights and weekends." Mr. Derringer agreed.

"Good. That's settled. What else?" Mr. Jones asked sitting back down.

"I have no other complaints." Mr. Watson said.

Mr. Taylor sighed. He really enjoyed the public humiliation. This new arrangement wasn't going to be as nearly as fun.

"The weekend Keepers are coming back. We have to make sure they're updated on the new lads that have arrived in the weeks that they've been off." Mr. Kelly mentioned.

"They aren't going to agree to these new rules. You know that right? We can probably convince them to go easier on the ones wearing the mental health bracelets but they'll never ease up on public sex and punishments." Mr. Watson shook his head. "Especially since Patterson is back tomorrow and on this weekend."

"What do we want to do about that? Let it slide since it's only two days, see if changing the rest is enough to make a difference? I mean, we may not need them to change too." Mr. Derringer said.

"That and there's a chance that if they are the only ones hardcore abusing then slags then perhaps only they will get caught." Mr. Jones shrugged.

"If they get caught, they'll drag us down with them. And even if they don't mention us, you know police and social services will look into the rest of the staff." Mr. Taylor said.

"Speaking of Patterson, he's coming back tomorrow." Mr. Kelly said. "And he's only on this weekend to make up for the days he missed earlier this past week."

"Fuck." Mr. Watson cursed as he leaned against a wall. "For now we'll let the weekenders do their own thing. We'll explain how we and the night Keepers are running things now. We'll explain why we've changed. For now, if they don't follow along we'll sit back. If the lads with mental issues aren't improving with our changes then we'll push however we need in order for the weekenders to change."
"Agreed." Mr. Jones nodded.

"I don't think the weekenders will change." Mr. Derringer said. "They've been out for weeks and coming back to a lot of fresh meat? They're not going to change, especially when they are the ones with so little time with the slags. Just my thoughts."

"For now, we won't fight them on it." Mr. Taylor replied. "If we need to later we'll discuss how to then. For now, we'll tell them what we are doing and why. Then let them do whatever they want."

"We may not need to fight them on this. The slags with issues may improve with being treated better on weekdays. If that's the case then we can just avoid an argument with the weekend Keepers." Mr. Kelly added a bit.

Mr. Watson nodded as he rocked in the recliner chair. "Agreed." He said as other various voices also agreed.

"What's next on the agenda? Besides extra paperwork thanks to the weekenders coming back."

Mr. Watson closed his eyes for a moment. He didn't want to talk about this but he needed to. "With Liam," he began trying it to sound awkward.

"Because he never had parents who taught him right from wrong he's more mentally messed up than first thought. There's a lot of issues that are private going on and such but basically, when he's completely in his LiLi headspace he needs to be parented properly. He needs to be taught right from wrong and what's socially appropriate. I don't want any of you touching him still but when he's LiLi it's going to be critical that you tell me if you see him being naughty so I can sort out an appropriate punishment. He needs to know you're telling me as well."

There was silence in the room for a minute or two.

"What about when he's just Liam?" Mr. Kelly asked. "Even though that's a rarity."

"I still want to be told when he's misbehaving. He has to learn or he's never going to be able to function properly. He'll never be able to have a job or be a parent. When he's Liam I don't want to be his parent so I probably won't punish him but I need to at least talk to him about the behaviour and help him understand everything." He tried to explain.

"That's a lot on you." Mr. Taylor commented.

"Yeah, but Ms. Therapist said it's only temporary. She believes Liam being in a true headspace will happen less and less as his brain learns the discipline it's craving. She said eventually it should shift to him only using LiLi for his age play kink."

"I still want to be told when he's misbehaving. He has to learn or he's never going to be able to function properly. He'll never be able to have a job or be a parent. When he's Liam I don't want to be his parent so I probably won't punish him but I need to at least talk to him about the behaviour and help him understand everything." He tried to explain.

"Wow." Mr. Derringer said. "I could never do that. Kudos to you. I'll pass along the word that in either headspace that you're told. Also, what about the weekend with him?" He asked curiously.

"If he's LiLi he needs to be spoken to as a child and told that you're telling his Papa. Don't forget to tell the others that." Mr. Taylor added. He was fond of Liam and so he was protective of him. "Benji perhaps we can get a bracelet for him to wear so we all know when he's actually in that deeper headspace."
Benji nodded, "Yeah, I can do a bracelet for him. As for the weekends, I'm not entirely sure what's happening yet. If anything Jake and Mr. Murphy will be here and they will use his mental health as a reason to keep him with them at all times. We're working to get his conviction overturned. So there is a chance he will be getting out of this school soon; hopefully, before the weekend comes."

The others nodded.

"Understood." Mr. Jones said. "Is there anything else that needs to be discussed?" He asked.

"I just have one question, the slags getting punished with large tails or no clothes or collars or infantilized; what do we do with them? Do we stop those kinds of punishments or... how do we approach that?" Mr. Kelly asked.

"I say...We still do them." Mr. Taylor said. "But we don't do it to the ones with bracelets but still warn the sensitive ones that it could happen even though we won't do it to them." He tried to explain his thoughts.

"The punishment actually worked for the Irish lad in my room." Mr. Watson said. "Though he did say it was the cause of him fighting. The idea of having it or being treated like a bitch again is so terrifying that he just agrees to anything now."

"I personally vote that those with bracelets are exempt but threatened on a case by case basis. Some may handle the threats where others don't. Use your judgment. Those without bracelets, some things could still trigger PTSD in the mentally ill slags so let the lads remain in their proper uniforms. Bitches wearing tails will just have to have tails that can be worn with trousers on. Baby slags have their trousers on over the nappies. Their trousers are thin enough it will be obvious without being visible. The ones being babied can eat in the daycare so others don't see the bottles and baby food. Those getting the dog treatment can be taken outside together to wee so other students don't see that either. Collars are still fine." Mr. Jones spoke.

"The bitch in my room wore his trousers for when I gave him his tail. I just cut a hole in the back." Mr. Watson shared.

"Right." Mr. Derringer nodded. "I remember that. Too bad he didn't keep it longer. Do we still make them walk on all fours?" He asked.

"Hmm," Mr. Jones thought. "I like that. Let's do that. They can keep their trousers but have a hole in the back when they have a tail in." He tapped his foot thinking more. "Nothing wrong with them crawling I don't think. Besides, all of these changes are experimental. If something isn't working or isn't helping we can change it. This is just a trial run. Whatever it takes to prevent being exposed and sent to prison."

"I agree. But with changes comes slags testing the boundaries and new limits. Some may act up and see how far they can push us." Mr. Taylor reminded. "Especially Thomas' little slut Tyler. He's not afraid to break the rules or anything of the sort. Thomas has always let Ty get away with pretty much anything."

"Speaking of Tyler, Watson, that Irish kid of yours knows how to throw a punch. Love seeing Tyler's black eye." Mr. Jones grinned.

"Street kids have great fighting skills." Mr. Watson agreed. "The slags acting up with get punished. If it's the ones with a bracelet they can be sent to the pit if needed. The pit is there for the slags we can't get to cooperate. They won't know the bracelet marks them as mentally ill so we can just tell them they are going to the pit cause we've had enough of their bullshit. A few lies won't hurt."
"Speaking of the bracelets, I had a thought." Mr. Derringer said. "If they notice only some kids are wearing them and not others, what shit do we feed them? Or do we give any reason why they have a bracelet but others in their rooms don't."

"Good point." Mr. Kelly nodded. "Could we do two different colours? Red and green perhaps. Red for stop, mentally ill. Green for go, normal slag. Watson, perhaps your little one could add a yellow bracelet to his red bracelet when he is in full headspace?"

Mr. Taylor sighed. "But then wouldn't they be asking what colours mean what? Why one slag has green and another has red...Do we even tell them? I mean, we should say something probably."

"Just tell them it's a new state mandatory thing. They are starting to classify different offences and risk levels and things. We can always tell them we don't even understand the point and that we are just following orders. Of course, the ones wearing green can always get fucking beat for asking too many questions." Mr. Kelly replied.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Sounds good and yes, when Liam is full-on LiLi, I'll add yellow to his red." He agreed. "Is there anything else?"

"We need to tell the slags about the changed. Dinner might be the best time since it's when they are all together. We don't have to tell them a reason why things are changing, just that they are. After that slags needing uniforms can be given them. I'll run out in a second and pick up bracelets. I know a place who sells them." Mr. Jones said as he stood.

Mr. Watson nodded and glanced at the clock. "Good. Then it's all settled. It's about time for the next class too so we should head out to pick them up."

"Taylor, move my room for me while I head out?" Jones asked gathering his eval paperwork.

"I got you." He nodded.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Derringer then left while Mr. Kelly stayed a moment longer to look over his paperwork then also left.

"Benji, everything cool with my favorite boy?" Mr. Taylor asked.

"He'll be fine. When he's in his full-on baby headspace, I just need to parent him which means no sex or anything like that but when he's just feeling kinky, then sex is alright. The therapist said that we need to have a code word so I know when he's kinky or just babyish." Benji explained.

"You're okay with that? Olivia and I will help as much as we can. Just let me know what you want or need us to do. Anything for him; you know that." Jake gave him a pat on the shoulder. "It's incredible how much you love him. Enough to even parent him a bit."

"When he misbehaves, he needs to be punished, as a baby Liam, but if he's just Liam, then just needs to be spoken to, and have things explained. He's never been in a good home where he was ever really taught things or disciplined at all. He just needs to figure out what's okay and what isn't okay." Benji explained.

"I'm not really okay with it. It's weird...But I love him and I want him to get better, to only use the baby headspace as a kink and not as anything else. He needs to be able to live a normal life one day. He needs to be able to be left alone or get a job, have some mates, maybe go to college. He's not prepared for the world right now so it's my job to help that along. It may take years but Ms. Brown is willing to work with both of us and to help me explain things to him." He ran his fingers through his hair. If he wasn't stressed before, he certainly was now.
Jake gave Taylor a pat on the back, "You have my help too. We'll him through this. We'll get you through it too." He smiled warmly, "I keep gaining more and more respect for you little brother."

"Thanks, I better get the slags to their next class. You've got two groups to get to. Good luck...And have fun while you still can." Benji teased as he headed for the door. He pushed the button that released the lock and opened it, holding it open for Jake to go through.

It was now the end of the school day and the lads were now back in their rooms with Zayn and Liam.

Liam was busy crashing his blocks together on a blanket on the floor now that Mr. Watson had left them.

"Where's Niall?" Zayn asked, worried he hadn't returned with them.

"Therapy. He's fine." Louis said reassuringly as he looked up at Zayn who was still on Niall's bunk. "Also he told me to tell you that everything's going to be okay. So try not to worry so much. I'm sure he understands about what happened in the cafeteria at lunch."

"You all saw that?" Zayn frowned. "I guess everyone did."

"Not LiLi." Liam smiled as Louis handed him a block.

Harry just stayed quiet on his bed watching Liam play. He hadn't been given a clear okay to talk to the lad yet so he wasn't going to and risk getting into trouble.

"Yeah, you were in the kitchen." Zayn sighed.

"Sorry, that happened to you and Ni," Harry said to Zayn.

"Yeah, David is supposed to be my friend but..." He trailed off with a sigh. "I don't exactly know what was going through his head but to me, it really felt like he crossed a line. There's a difference in really enjoying it and just obeying the Keepers to avoid punishment."

"Wasn't he the friend who kissed you once?" Louis asked, remembering the argument Niall and Zayn had about it then the makeup sex. "Maybe he still likes you and it just came out through sex." He suggested.

"Yeah, that's the one. I don't know if he did it on purpose or not but it made me really uncomfortable. That's why I got sick. I'm just really scared now about how Niall will react." Zayn frowned more. "I love him."

"Didn't he spank you as well? I heard Taylor say to show dominance but I don't think that was necessary. You can show dominance without having to spank someone... sexually speaking." Louis said.

"I know you love him and I'm sure it hurt, but it's not like he doesn't understand that it wasn't your choice and you had to play along for survival sake." Harry said softly.

"Yeah, he scratched my hips with his nails as well. I honestly feel more violated by him then I do the Keepers because I trusted him. Niall saying everything will be okay helps me feel better about him but, I don't even know about David." Zayn tried to explain.
"Look Louis! I made one of those things the Egypt people building!" Liam exclaimed as he clapped his hands and smiled at his pyramid he'd made from blocks.

"That's so awesome, LiLi!" Louis praised. "It looks so cool. Are ya going to crash it now?" He asked Liam.

Zayn sighed and lay back into the bed, frowning more, if that was even possible. "The hardest part is that I can't even talk to Niall about it right now. I just...I really need to talk to him. I wanna hold him. The hardest part is keeping this a secret from the Keepers." He groaned and put the pillow over his face. He had to also stay on Liam's good side so he wouldn't rat them out.

"No! I want Papa to see cause it's the best thing I've ever built." Liam smiled. "Don't mess it up! Don't let anyone ruin it till Papa sees it." Liam instructed.

"I know it sucks mate. Keep trying to be strong. You have to be strong for each other." Harry encouraged.

"Yeah, easier said than done sometimes. We both have bad days obviously when it's that much harder in here." Zayn said after taking the pillow off his face. "Sometimes I feel like he expects me to be strong all the damn time and sometimes I'm not but with his depression, I try my hardest to be his lifeline so he doesn't slip away from me." He sat back up.

"Maybe Ms. Brown can help? I know you guys are unable to do therapy with just the two of you but during our group session perhaps she'd let us take a second to help you explain to him how you feel?" Harry offered.

Zayn nodded. "That might help. Are you two okay with that?" He asked.

"Of course." Harry nodded.

"Sure, I don't see a point to group therapy anyhow." Louis agreed. "You," Louis poked Liam's tummy. "Don't you worry about your pyramid. I'll protect it so Papa can see."

Liam only giggled.

"Yeah, I don't either. It's not like we have to like each other. Just...put up with each other and it's only while we're in the room together." Zayn shrugged.

"Next group therapy we'll see to it then." Harry nodded.

"Thanks." Zayn smiled a little.

"Hey, Harry, did you catch Mr. Jones on Watson's radio earlier when we were going to our last class? He said something like 'have the slags' something 'pass them out at' something." Louis questioned Harry as he rolled cars around with Liam now.

"Yeah. I wonder what's that's about." Harry nodded. "One can only wonder what they plan to do us."

"Maybe one giant group orgy with all students and Keepers." Zayn joked.


Zayn laughed with him. "Ya never know, mate." He smirked. "Man, that is just an awful thing to
picture. There are so many students. It'd have to be done in the cafeteria or someplace."

"It doesn't really go with whatever Jones was saying though," Harry commented. "Hope to fucking hell you're wrong Zayner. Sorry."

"Maybe they wanna drug us?" Zayn suggested. "Or I don't know. It's going to be bad for sure."

Louis nodded. "Ain't it always though? At least I've reached a point where I don't care anymore. Whatever they do to me... it's whatever. Just numb to it now."

"I wish I could be that way. I worry more about Nialler and how everything is affecting him." Zayn sighed. "It's like... we've become numb to what they do to us but it's what they do to the other person that worries us. You know what I mean?"

"Sort of," Harry replied.

"I hear you but I don't know that I understand. I mean, I've never felt that kind of way about someone..." Louis seemed to stutter a bit now.

"Except my fucking mate. You have feelings for him don't you?" Harry asked.

"You has a crush LouLou?" Liam asked.

Zayn laughed at the question, so hard he almost fell off the bunk.

"No, not really. Don't worry LiLi." Louis told him.

"So you don't mind me telling Rory you don't have a crush on him or any feelings for him?" Harry asked fully amused.

Zayn could only laugh.

"I..." Louis struggled. "I don't know what I feel which is why we're exploring so keep ya damn mouth shut or I'll shut it for you."

"When you think about him making you suck on his cock do you get butterflies in your stomach?" Harry kept pushing with a rude smirk on his face.

"NiNi gives you butterflies right Zaynie?" Liam asked. "Cause you like him?"

"Well, I wouldn't say butterflies..." Louis glared.

Zayn laughed so hard at the question and again almost falling off the bunk. "Yes, he does give me butterflies because I love him. I don't know about if I get them while he's sucking on me cock. I mean, that's a different kind of feeling." He smiled and wiped the tears from his eyes from laughing so hard.

"Fuck sake."

"It's obvious you like him. It's obvious to me anyway. Perhaps you're just too stupid to realize it. Must be all those years of having sex with no feelings attached."

Zayn glared at Harry. The comment went too far in his mind. "Ever heard of the saying that you're mean to the person you like? Maybe you're cruel to Louis because you like him." He smirked now.

"Fuck sake Reek. You have to take the fun and joy out of everything. Maybe I'm just not ready to admit what I feel so could you possibly for one fucking minute keep that damn mouth shut?!!"
"Why are you all yelling now?" Liam whined. "Trying to play and be happy. Yelling makes me sad."

"Whatever. I'll shut up now... even though I'm fucking right." Harry grumbled. He didn't want to hurt Liam. "For the record though, I don't like anyone like you're thinking."

"I wasn't yelling. I'm just very annoyed with Harry who can't seem to mind his own business." Louis said. "Let's just ignore the meanie and go back to playing with the cars."

"It was a joke, mate. I wasn't serious. You two are like the wolf and the dragon. You don't mix." Zayn said.

"You know they're fucking related right?" Louis said.

"Okay, fire and ice then. You don't mix." Zayn said.

"Oil and water is the better... anal... that long word..." Liam suddenly looked frustrated.
Louis just snickered. He couldn't help it.

"Analogy?" Harry asked.

"Analogy." Liam said without acknowledging Harry.

"Yes, LiLi, that is a better analogy." Louis grinned still.

Zayn laughed. "Yeah, my Game of Thrones analogies need work." He nodded. "Oil and water is the better one, smart boy, LiLi."

"You're talking pretty grown up for LiLi. Are you still in your headspace or should we call you Liam?" Louis asked.

Harry could only sigh.

"I don't know. I don't feel like Liam. I want to be called LiLi. I just..." he shrugged. "I want Papa. I don't feel so tiny right now I guess. I just feel like, like I want my Papa."

"Then LiLi it is, but you can talk grown up still if you want." Louis offered.

"I've just been feeling funny sometimes when I'm LiLi. He shrugged. "I feel like I jump around inside of LiLi. Just only ever since I was Liam."

"Jump around inside LiLi how?" Zayn was trying to understand. "Or is it something that can't really be explained?"

Liam sighed trying to figure out how to word it. "Sometimes I really feel little. I feel tiny and small and like a baby. Ever since I was Liam for a while though, I get times where I just feel like I'm pretending to be small because pretending feels... like exciting and tingly in my... my cock." He whispered the last part as he blushed.

"So maybe sometimes it's just a kink for you and sometimes it's more?" Zayn suggested.

"Yeah, the kink part would make your cock feel... tingly." Louis agreed. "And then maybe you're just Liam for when you're feeling neither?"

"Yeah, I don't know if maybe my mind gets more into being LiLi sometimes or if I don't feel so
little when I want special attention from Papa or what but, I guess it's just how I am now. I don't know." Liam told them. "I really wish Papa would come back though. I really want his kisses and stuff." He frowned.

Louis frowned. "I'm sure it's not much longer." He said. "Try not to think about it." He encouraged.

"Yeah, I know how you feel, Li." Zayn nodded. "I just want Niall's hugs and kisses right now." He sighed and hugged the pillow.

Liam took in the information thoughtfully but didn't say anything. He was just trying to understand so much in life. It was a bit overwhelming.

There were a few minutes of silence when the door unlocked and Niall was pushed through the door with Mr. Watson following.

"How was he?" He asked Louis.

"Fine." Louis smiled. "We just played the entire time. Oh, he built a pyramid out of his blocks."

"See Papa? How cool is that?" Liam asked excitedly, his voice slightly more mature.

"That is very cool. Coolest one you've ever done." Mr. Watson said and went over to kiss Liam's lips as Niall moved to sit on Zayn's bunk.

"I can't stay long. I have a couple of things to sort out before dinner so keep listening to Louis."

Liam frowned deeply, "No!" He looked so upset. "Please? I want to be with you. I miss you." He'd been separated from him nearly all afternoon.

"I'm sorry, love." Benji frowned. "There's stuff going on that I have to take care of that can't wait. Dinner will be soon though. We'll be together then."

Liam looked extremely upset, "I want... I want to play."

"I can play with you more LiLi." Louis quickly offered.

"Not that kind of play." He whined. "Papa, I want special playtime. It's not fair you always have to work."

"It's not fair, I know. But that's life. I've spoilt you by giving you what you want when you want. I really shouldn't have and it's also affected work. Now, play with LouLou and the others. I'll be back soon and we can have our special playtime a little later on." He tried to explain.

Liam kicked his foot and knocked down the pyramid he'd built. "I don't want to play then. I don't want to play at all. Forget it." He huffed and walked to his crib where he quickly curled up holding Bruce with a scowl on his face.

Mr. Watson sighed deeply. "Has he said what his name is?" This seemed a bit confusing now.

"He tried to explain it, sir. He said he's LiLi but not as young. He's feeling more..." Louis didn't know how to say it without the risk of being in trouble.

"Mr. Watson, Liam is horny." Zayn clarified.
Thoughts? Feelings? Any rants? Anyone still wanna hit Liam/LiLi? LOL.

Do you sort of understand now what we've been building up to with Liam's character?

And the other boys too of course.

We don't get nearly as many reviews as we used to, which is fine I guess, lol. School's back and people get busy. But I MISS THEM!!

Seriously, I would wake up to so many comments over the summer, it was crazy. LOL.

I hope you're still loving this story.

...I'll be quiet now. HAHAHA.
Chapter 43

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

HIII

I'M SO SO SO SORRY I FORGOT YESTERDAY.

I just...Ugh. I remembered then I remembered I had to edit then I fell asleep editing and today I was baking cupcakes and a cake...

And then I finished editing and now here I am!!!

Forgive me please.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Oh." Mr. Watson said. "Look, I really wish I could...But there's so many important things going on work-wise right now that I just...don't have time." He frowned. "After dinner hopefully." He frowned more. "I'm really sorry, Li..." He wasn't sure what to call him so he stopped there.

"It sucks but being angry about shit doesn't do anything." Zayn encouraged. "Like it doesn't fix anything. It just makes you feel worse."

"If you want to wank, we won't watch." Louis offered.

"Are you sure it's okay, Papa?" Liam asked. He'd never touched himself when he wasn't there to watch and supervise.

"Yeah, you'll be fine. Just remember what I've taught you and if you have any questions, ask the other lads." Benji smiled. "Then you can tell me all about it."

"Shout for me if you need help." Louis told him.

Niall fought the urge to roll his eyes. He wanted to talk with Zayn and with Liam wanking he probably couldn't.

Harry stayed quiet. If Liam needed help he should be the one to help. Not being able to killed him inside.

"Good. I'll see you soon." Benji kissed Liam's lips. "Love you." He said and left once Liam said it back.

Once he left, Zayn jumped off the bottom bunk and crawled in next to Niall. He kissed him deeply. "I love you. So much." He kissed over Niall's face.

"Stop that! Don't fucking kiss me." Niall said pushing Zayn away.

Zayn pulled away, feeling hurt. He frowned deeply. "What's wrong?" He felt confused. "You know what happened at lunch was fake right?" He asked suddenly very worried.
"Yeah, sure it was." Niall gave him a hard look. "I heard you begging for more. Both of you were moaning like crazy. All that dirty talk. No, neither of you were faking."

Zayn frowned deeper. He felt like he'd been cut. "Taylor said that if it wasn't believable on both our ends then David and I were going to the playroom to get sounded." He shook his head. "You were on my mind the entire time. The only way I was able to get hard and cum was the thought of being with you. I faked it to save myself. I don't know how fake it was for David but it was fake for me."

"Both of you argue more quietly. I don't want beat if Watson comes back and Liam hasn't gotten off." Louis hissed from across the room.

Liam didn't say anything though. He was too busy working on getting his trainer off.

"You were thinking of me? You said his name." Niall shook his head. "Don't you remember, 'David please'." Niall mocked.

Zayn sighed and shook his head. "He asked David to show dominance. I played along like a good sub that didn't want rod shoved into his dick." He explained. "Mr. Taylor asked us to put on a good show, so I obliged and put on a good show. I might have said "David" but I was thinking "Niall" and "princess" He explained.

Niall searched over Zayn's face as he pursed his lips. He wanted to be angry but at the same time he had no reason not to trust Zayn. "You could have looked at me. Used your eyes to say you were thinking about me."

Zayn bit his lip for a moment. "I...I couldn't bring myself to actually look at you. Like, he's fucking me and crossing lines in terms of fake or real. It's how to explain but it just felt harder if I looked at you. I couldn't bring myself to see the pain on your face."

"I..." Niall sighed. "I believe you Zayn. I'm sorry. I'm just so hurt. I mean, he likes you. We know this because he kissed you. Then he has to fuck you and when he does... that wasn't fake for him."

Zayn nodded. "I wanted to look at you but then...I couldn't be that brave." He continued to frown. "I love you. I chose you. I want to be with you. I need you too."

"I hate him, Zayn. He wasn't faking. He loved being inside you. He hurt you for Christ sake." Niall shook his head. "I love you, Zayn but I can't... I don't want to be around him anymore."

"I don't blame you. You don't have to be. I don't either but I do wanna talk with him eventually," Zayn sighed. "I didn't know he still liked me. I thought he had gotten past that or over me or whatever. Would you be upset if I talked to him about what happened eventually?" He asked. "You can watch from another table if you want." He offered.

"I don't like it." Niall ran a hand over his mouth. "That's fine though. If you want that or need that then I trust you." He finally took Zayn's hand.

"Thank you. It won't be today or tomorrow, and I'll tell you right before I do it. I'll do it in the cafeteria where he won't be able to pull anything," Zayn explained and smiled at Niall holding his hand. "I really missed you this afternoon. I was so worried about you. As much as I enjoyed the afternoon off from classes, I'd rather see you in the hallway for a minute between classes." He leaned over and kissed Niall's cheek.

Niall gave him a small smile. "You have plenty of time to see me in the halls. I'm glad you got a break. You deserved it." He leaned over and kissed his cheek. "Were you able to rest? Let your
hips recover?"

"They're a bit sore but not as bad," Zayn replied. "Nurse Carol put some cream and bandaged them..if they're not better I'm to go and see her. They were bleeding quite a bit."

"Shh!" Liam complained causing Louis to shoot them a look.

He'd been working his arse off to be good and the last thing he wanted was for that to be ruined by Liam not being able to get himself off.

"I can't get my feet unstuck! I can't concentrate on my cock with my feet stuck!" He whimpered as he kicked his feet that were stuck in his little-footed trousers.

"Here," Louis said standing and walking over to Liam. He helped him unstick his feet. "There you go. Now you can focus on your cock." He smiled. "If you want tips or anything, I'm here."

"Us too." Zayn quickly piped up.

The only thing Harry felt like doing right now was crying. He missed Liam. He wanted to be back in his big brother role. He wanted to be needed by Liam.

"Thank you." Liam replied as he wrapped a hand around himself. He felt really awkward doing this without Benji there though without Benji there was no dirty talk to encourage him or anything to look at.

Niall held back a sigh. "If I ever wank myself off, I'm always thinking of Zayn and how great at sucking me cock he is or how amazing it feels to be fucked by him or vice versa." He offered after seeing the lost look on Liam's face.

Liam nodded, thankful for the tip. It helped him know to think about Benji and the times they play together.

"I can't wait till you get that damn cage off so we can fuck again. I miss sex with you." Zayn whispered.

"It's only been since last night but fuck, yes...I agree. I miss sex with you too. But I'm topping. You're mine." Niall whispered then pecked Zayn's lips.

"Mmm, jealousy sex. I'm good with that. Keep being good so we can get there soon." Zayn encouraged.

Liam finally was making progress across the room. He was starting to moan even.

Niall smirked. "Watson said if I was still good by the time dinner happens, then I get it off. So hopefully me attempting to be good today helped."

Zayn nodded. "I hope so. Think we should teach him the importance of being quiet when wanking off while others are in the room?" He whispered.

"Don't you dare." Louis hissed. "You know he's the golden boy. If he thinks you're being mean we'll all get it."

"Just try to ignore it, Zayn." Harry spoke softly and with a lot of sorrow in his voice.

Zayn sighed and lay back into the bed throwing the pillow over his ears.
Niall smiled as he sat back against the bar and watched Zayn.

"You're doing great, Li." Louis encouraged. He then looked at Harry, "Jealous or something?"

"Jealous of you?" Harry asked.

"Something like that." Louis said. "I'm the one he'd rather have than you."

"I'm not jealous. I just miss... no, fuck you. I don't owe you any explanation." Harry changed his mind.

"Suit yourself. Maybe try to be supportive next time someone who means something to you shares something," Louis told him.

"I was trying to look out for him. I was trying to be a good big brother. I never ever meant to hurt him and I hate that I did. I was wrong for not at least being happy for him. I should have taken the time to ask questions instead of assuming Watson was brainwashing him. Is that what you want to hear me say? That I was wrong?" Harry asked.

"Kind of." Louis shrugged. "I don't know what I want you to say. I suppose I just wondered if you're ever going to talk to him, attempt to work things out."

"Yes, I want to." Harry replied quietly. "I asked permission. I keep getting put off though after that horrific and awful punishment I just, I'm pretty scared to fuck up."

"Yeah, I can imagine. Just proves that if you hurt the golden child, you get fucked up." Louis said.

"You know, he doesn't deserve to be in here but Mr. Watson isn't doing anything to fucking help him. He's going to get him out of here and Liam is going to forever be unable to function in real life." Harry replied. "I hate how people talk shit about him being spoiled but most of the time they're right even though it's not Liam's fault."

"You don't know that. You can't know that. You have no idea what's going on in private between the two of them, besides the sex. But you can't possibly assume everything when you don't have all the facts." Louis shook his head.

"Okay, but he gets out at some point Louis. Be it this week or when he's eighteen. You can't tell me he could be a productive member of society with the way his brain currently works. He had no concept of actions having consequences." Harry gently argued as Liam began to get louder, crying out for his Papa.

"You don't know what's happening in therapy or Watson has planned for the future... I choose to believe that one day he'll be a fully functional member of society with the knowledge that actions have consequences." Louis shrugged.

"I meant with how he currently is not with how he could be. Fuck. You really don't listen. I have no idea what in the hell Rory sees in you." Harry shook his head.

"I'm gonna... I'm gonna..." Liam began to whimper.

"I listen, you fucking twat. I just choose to believe something different. I choose to look ahead. But you've seen and heard him, he changes. And again, by the time he's eighteen, you have no idea... Mr. Watson was teaching him earlier not to throw a tantrum just because he wasn't getting sex. He told him to be mature about the situation and shit." He argued softly.
"I fucking hate you. I hate how you're always so negative. I mean I sat here and confessed that I'm miserable to screwing up with him but you have to keep going; trying to make me feel worse by bitching about any of my logic you don't agree with." Harry spat.

"Ah! Papa!" Liam screamed as he suddenly came over his hand.

"Negative? I am just trying to believe in the best. I wasn't trying to make you feel worse. I was sharing my views like you were sharing yours." Louis shrugged. "If anyone is negative, it's you for not believing in that he could get better. Maybe he's not functional right now but he's not in the world right now so he's fucking fine," He rubbed his neck, feeling stressed.

"I wasn't even talking about his future though. I was only talking about the now. You're trying to make it sound like I have no faith that he could get better one day with the right help." Harry rolled his eyes. "He just came by the way. You either need to get a trainer on him or get him to the toilet."

Louis nodded as he stood. "Yeah, sorry." He said as he grabbed a trainer and quickly got it on Liam.

"I suppose I just... wasn't getting that. I swear I'm normally smarter than this." He itched the back of his head.

"Yeah well like I said, I have no idea what Rory sees in you." Harry shook his head.

"Louis, I did it." Liam told him. He was proud of himself but still trying to recover from the orgasm. "NiNi told me what to think about and I did and it worked."

"Yay, that's great, LiLi." Louis smiled. "Good job."

"Glad I could be useful." Niall said and tapped Zayn's foot so he could take the pillow off his ears.

"Is he done? I'm sorry but it's not fun hearing someone else do that." Zayn scrunched his face.

"Welcome to our life." Harry smiled. "You two make noise."

Niall blushed. "He does have a point and when wanking off it's hard to be quiet."

"Yeah, true." Zayn agreed and nodded. "Sorry, Liam. I take it back."

Liam nodded. "It's okay." He still didn't like it but it wasn't worth an argument. Especially when he was still unhappy. Sure, he'd gotten off and that had his hard on fixed but he was still craving attention. He hadn't been fulfilled. "I didn't really want to wank to start with and I've never had to by myself so I didn't even know I was going to make noise."

"Exactly. I should be more understanding than critical. I suppose with my shit day any little thing sets me off." Zayn frowned.

"You seem easily set off a lot more often now then when I first got here." Louis replied as he handed Liam a dry nappy. "Can't stay wet lad."

"I don't wanna do it on my own. It's too hard." Liam whined.

"Yeah, well...so many shit days add up." Zayn sighed and fell back onto the bed. "I don't know. I just want to get out of this fucking school. I feel like that would help fix a lot. It's funny really. You don't give a fuck anymore and everything bothers me."

"Mental stress can change people." Harry said as he watched Louis with Liam.
"If you aren't in your headspace why am I having to change you?" Louis didn't understand. He hated the idea of having to touch someone else's wee.

"It sucks because I want to be who I was before but I'll never be that person." Zayn frowned.

"I'll always love you." Niall whispered and rubbed Zayn's leg.

Zayn smiled but before he could reply, Mr. Watson walked into the room causing the lads to jump up and stand with their arms behind their backs.

"Time to eat, slags." Mr. Watson told them.

"Sorry sir, I'm hurrying." Louis said as he quickly set into changing Liam. Once he'd gotten the fresh trainer on him Louis got him into his footed trousers. He then went and stood with the others.

"Were you able to get off babe?" Mr. Watson asked Liam, unsure of where his head was right now.

"I dids. I did it all myself. NiNi helped." Liam grinned, not wanting to move.

Niall quickly spoke up. "I just told him what to think about while wanking off. He had this lost look on his face, so I gave him some tips." He swallowed hard.

Mr. Watson nodded. "Thank you." He then walked over to Liam. "I know things are hard right now but I need you to have a grown-up mind for a short bit. All the Keepers are going to talk to everyone in the cafeteria right before eating and I need you in your grown-up mind to hear it. When it's over, you can go back to being little if you want." He explained.

"Can I keep my little stuff on though? Please Papa, I promise I'll have a bigger mind just let me wear my Batman." Liam frowned as he brought himself back to a more mature headspace. He didn't want to be Liam right now but if Benji needed Liam then he'd do it.

"Of course. It's just for the talk only. You can wear little stuff. I don't care. You can wear whatever you want...I just need you to be Liam for a short while. Can you do that please?" Benji asked.

"Okay Benji." Liam nodded and used his name so Benji would know where his head was. "If you need Liam I will be Liam."

Benji smiled and helped Liam stand to his feet. He leaned down and kissed Liam's lips. "Thank you." He said and took Liam's hand. He went to the door and pushed the others out. "When we arrive, you do not go inside." He told them as he locked the door behind them then began to walk.

They all seemed to look at each other confused but nodded and gave a scattered 'yes sir'.

The walk was silent for the most part but when they got to the cafeteria and saw everyone was lined up and going in slowly Liam asked, "Are we in trouble?"

"No, you're not in trouble. There's just some changes coming." Mr. Watson assured him. "All of you get in line and stay silent."

The lads did as they were told; Liam standing in back with Benji. When they finally reached the doors a Keeper stood there with a clipboard and asked, "Keeper and name?"

"Mr. Watson, Harry, uh Harrison Foster." He spoke his real name softly.

Mr. Thomas scrolled down the list and found his name. He then looked to Mr. Murphy standing just a short distance away with two buckets, "Green."
Harry was extremely confused but walked to Mr. Murphy who quickly put a plain green hospital bracelet on his wrist.

"Go sit down and keep your trap shut. You'll eat after our chat." He instructed.

Harry didn't want to risk getting in trouble so he walked inside and found a table to sit at.

The other three looked at each other confused as ever, but no one was going to risk anything at the moment so they stood and kept their mouths shut.

"Keeper and name. Hurry it up slag." Mr. Thomas told the next lad in line without even looking at him.

"Mr. Watson, Niall Daley." He wanted to question what was going on but he could tell Mr. Thomas wasn't in a good mood.

"Green, mark a star on his." Mr. Thomas told Mr. Murphy.

Mr. Murphy nodded and placed a green bracelet on Niall's wrist then marked it with a star sticker. "Go on, get in there." He told Niall. "You'll get food later so find a spot to sit for now."

Niall wanted his cock cage off more than anything else. He quickly made his way inside the cafeteria and sat down.

"Keeper and name." Mr. Thomas sighed. "You lads in line should be able to hear me asking this. I shouldn't have to prompt you. Step the fuck up and tell me what I need from you!"

"Mr. Watson, Louis Foster."

Mr. Thomas looked over his list and told Mr. Murphy, "Green, thank god."

"Uh, what does all this mean, sirs?" Louis asked them.

"You'll fucking find out soon. Stop asking questions and sit your filthy arse down somewhere." Mr. Davis said walking over and smacking the back of his head.

"Watson, how many new uniforms for your room?" Mr. Davis asked.

"One full set. One pair of trousers." He replied and watched as Mr. Davis nodded and walked away.

"Mr. Watson, Zayn Foster sir." Zayn stepped up and spoke without being promoted.

"Good lad. You do know how to listen and obey." Mr. Thomas said going through his list. "This one's red."

Zayn felt really confused but he knew better than to ask so he just walked inside and took a seat next to Niall.

"We know who you are." Mr. Thomas told Liam. "He's red. He's got the yellow band too."

"This way Liam." Mr. Watson encouraged. "Hold out your wrist."

Liam did as he was told and watched Mr. Murphy put a plain red bracelet on him.

Mr. Murphy then handed Mr. Watson a plain, yellow, thick rubber bracelet. "Jones got you a
bracelet he can slip on and off depending on his headspace.

"I'm confused. What are these for?" Liam asked Benji.

"You'll find out soon, love. It's why I needed you to be in a grown-up headspace for a bit." Benji explained as they walked inside together. "I'm going to need you to sit with your roommates while the talk is going on, but then it's right back to me and to being little if you want to be." Benji explained.

Liam nodded. "Okay, I'll sit with Louis. He's nice now." Liam then went and sat at a table with Louis who was now sat with both Rory and Finn. "He said I have to sit with the students for now. Is it okay if I sit with you?"

"Of course." Louis smiled. "I don't mind."

"Thanks." Liam smiled.

Moments later the lights in the cafeteria shut off and all the students fell silent. Once the room was quiet the lights turned back on and all the Keepers lined up by a wall in front of everyone.

"Alright slags! We have some big changes that are going to be happening. We are only going to say this once so you'd better be listening." Mr. Jones began.

"The bracelets you were given are classifications. The government is breaking you all into two groups based on your mental health and some other shit. We don't really understand how it works so don't fucking ask. Some of you are red. Some of you are green and some of you are green with stars. If you have a star it just means that you're at risk of being changed to red." Mr. Taylor explained.

"Shit." Niall said as he looked at his green bracelet with the star in it.

"So one colour means we have worse health than the other?" A student randomly called out.

"Open your mouth again and we'll close it for you." Mr. Watson warned hard. "Yes, however, red is for those of you with some sort of ailment. We aren't really sure if it's mental or physical or what. We weren't told. We were just told the red classification is for students with some kind of medical or mental or physical issue."

Zayn frowned. He didn't think he had health issues, not really. He didn't enjoy the fact that everyone would know it too. He didn't care if there were other red bracelets, he only cared that people would know. He felt worse now than he did before.

"Enough talk about the bracelets. They don't mean anything on your end. It's for staff and caseworkers. That's it." Mr. Jones said in an agitated voice.

"Moving on, that's not the only change. We're also changing how, or I guess where, we will be punishing and fucking you slags." Mr. McGuinness spoke.

"From now on if you're gonna be used for our sexual pleasure we're going to be doing it in private. If you're going to get punished that will be in private as well. We're basically eliminating the public humiliation.

Nothing else is changing. You whores are still going to suck our cocks or bend over and take as much fucking as we want to give. You're still gonna be beaten if you fuck up. Those who act like fucking brats and babies will still be made to wear a nappy, eat baby food and go to daycare. Pets
will still wear tails and collars."

"For those of you smart arses who think this is your chance to act up and test the limits I fucking
dare you. Punishments now will probably be even more severe as they will almost all be taking
place in the playroom. We also have plenty of rooms in the pit for those who don't believe me."
Mr. Jones warned.

Zayn sighed softly. It figured that just when he had just gotten used to the way things were and
how to play the game when they decided to change the rules on how everything was played.

"So if public humiliation isn't a thing anymore, does that mean I'm not wearing this stupid uniform
anymore?" Louis asked.

"Let him be an exception!" Tyler called out.

Mr. Taylor wasn't going to put up with Tyler's shit. He knew he should look to Mr. Thomas to get
onto him but he couldn't contain himself. Tyler had a red bracelet but he knew he didn't have to be
careful with him.

"Uniform selections, lad, are not up to you. You get no fucking say here so shut your damn
mouth." He then backhanded Tyler.

"As you can see, the changes will feel minor." Mr. McGuinness laughed. They all loved Tyler
getting put in his place.

"Uniform selections will be on a case by case base. The guidelines state that you lads are required
to have weather appropriate clothing so you'll have weather appropriate clothing. Period." Mr.
Jones explained.

"I think things may have been worded wrong." Mr. Derringer said. "The better way to explain these
changes is to say that we Keepers have gone through the government guidelines for this school and
we are going to start following them. The catch is that we have interpreted those rules in our own
way."

Mr. Kelly agreed. "Exactly! For example, the guidelines state that if a punishment is needed the
student should be reprimanded privately. To us, that means we should be punishing you away from
the eyesight of other students. It doesn't mean we can't spank you so hard that you can't sit down.
Sure, your fellow slags will see that you're hurting too much to sit down and they will know why
but we didn't spank you in front of them."

"Right...But does the whore keep his uniform then?" Another student asked.

"That is between Glory Hole and his Keeper. Not you. In fact, if I hear anyone else ask about it
your entire room will spend the next twenty-four hours in the pit." Mr. Taylor warned.

The room instantly quieted down, no one spoke, they barely breathed.

Niall shifted uncomfortably, the cage was pinching him a little and he couldn't wait to get it off. As
much as he wanted jealously sex, he wanted Zayn to give his cock some attention first, but he
forced himself to listen.

"One last thing, if anyone you slags are caught discussing punishments or sex you're going to be
spending most of your time in the pit. If we hear that you've been talking about it same goes.
Punishments and sex are private things. Are we understood on all these changes?" Mr. Jones asked
them.
Various "Yes, sir." came from around the room as Zayn sighed again looking at his bracelet, something was wrong with him, and now he couldn't stop thinking about it. He didn't feel anything was wrong with him, maybe he was mentally stressed, but who wouldn't be in a place like this? He handled selling drugs at school and on the streets just fine or maybe it was because he had been selling drugs. He didn't want it to bother him but it did deeply bother him, it made everything worse in his mind.

Louis wondered if these new changes meant that Mr. Watson would let him out of his uniform, but somehow he doubt it.

While all of this was going on, Harry was sitting in the back and not caring too much about the changes because he had a feeling they weren't going to last long, too many of the Keepers enjoyed the public humiliation.

"Alright slags, go eat! Be fast!" Mr. Davis yelled.

The students got up and began to line up for their food. "Is Mr. Watson getting you or do I need to get you something to eat?" Louis asked Liam as he stood.

"You don't need to." Liam shook his head. "He said that after the talk was over, he would come for me."

"I'm feeling better." Zayn said softly and looked at Niall. "Just sit here and I'll get us both something." He said as he stood.

"Thanks. If he stands by you can you just tell him not to sit with me?" Niall asked. "I'll try to wave to someone from one of my classes. Maybe they'll sit with us to help us not look too close."

Zayn nodded. "I will...Or maybe we can sit with Louis and them?" He suggested.

"Oh, yeah. When Liam gets moved I'll sit over there." Niall nodded and began watching. "If you can mention it to Louis in line."

"Will do." Zayn nodded again and went to stand in line. He stood by Louis. "Hey, is it alright if Niall and I sit with you guys? Neither of us are comfortable sitting with who we usually sit with."

"Uh, sure. Do you mind?" He asked Rory.

"Of course not, princess. You've been good today so your friends can sit with us." Rory teased.

"Hope you don't mind that kind of talk. It's a thing with these two. Rory loves to dominate with him." Finn spoke up. "I'm Finn by the way."

"I'm Zayn." Zayn smiled politely. "And it's fine. I room with Louis so I've put up with much worse." He teased.

"I can't lie. I won't be happy if your Keeper takes this pretty skirt away from you. I enjoy catching glimpses of your perky little bum." Rory whispered. "You enjoy having my eyes on your body don't you?"

Louis was about to reply back to Zayn's teasing when Rory started to whisper in his ear. "I really do." He whispered back. "It's...a nice feeling." He smiled.
"You wish I'd own your body, don't you? You want to really be my little princess hmm? I bet you can hardly wait until I get a chance to fuck that arse." He groaned softly and carefully slipped his hand up Louis' skirt for a moment and took a good feel.

Louis gasped and felt his dick twitch when Rory felt over his arse. "Fuck." He breathed. "You trying to get me hard?" He whispered as the line moved.

"Yes, is it working?" Rory whispered and then moaned softly. "I want to see that tiny dick all hard for me under that miniskirt. Who knows if I'll ever get another chance."

"Oh no...I wish I was." Finn shook his head.

Louis swallowed and glanced around carefully, no Keepers in sight for the moment. "It is...But fuck. I can't be hard. I'll get into trouble." He half moaned, half groaned.

Rory licked his lips. He loved having the power to get under his skin. "The Keepers like you so much that they'd probably just take you somewhere and fuck you."

He glanced around then gave Louis a quick kiss on the shoulder. "I'll back off if you promise to earn film time and ride my cock."

"Fuck yes." Louis almost moaned out. "I've been working so hard on earning it so I can ride that nice fat cock of yours. You've no idea just how badly I wanna feel it inside me."

"We'll make it happen then. Just be sure to earn your film time." Rory winked and handed Louis a tray. "Poor princess you're hard anyway. Better use that tray to hide it unless you're wanting fucked by a Keeper. I know you'd just pretend it's me."

"You'd better hope that's what will happen if he gets caught with a hard cock." Finn hissed.

"You never know, especially with these "private" rules." Zayn said as he grabbed a tray and handed one to Finn. "Anything can happen now. There are no witnesses anymore."

"Shit, I didn't even think of that." Louis replied. "Christ, this could be really bad if you piss a Keeper off enough."

"I just assume this means no more simple punishments during class. Probably fucking means our Keepers will be punishing us on behalf of our teachers." Finn shook his head and began getting food.

Zayn groaned. "The last class related punishment I had was me doing an oral practice quiz, every wrong answer I had to take off a piece of clothing. I'd take that over the playroom." He then began picking out two of everything but in small amounts, he knew Niall wouldn't eat much and Zayn wasn't feeling very hungry either.

"I just wonder what prompted these changes. Sex and beating have always been public here unless you've done some that make them want to use tools and toys." Rory commented getting food as well. "It's strange."

"I don't fucking know and the fuck is up with these coloured bracelets? It makes me feel worse than I already do." Zayn shook his head. "I mean, there's something seriously wrong with me and they don't know what? That's bullshit. I swear, this is probably just another thing to control us somehow."

"Yeah, red doesn't seem to be a popular colour. They tried to make it sound like it doesn't mean
something bad but it's obvious it does. No offence." Louis said. "Did you see they gave Niall a star?"

"None taken." Zayn said. "Yeah, I notice. Stars mean you have a high chance of becoming red. I mean, they have to know what colour means what, right? They're just saying they don't to mess with us. Liam got red as well. Harry got green, I think."

"Green." Finn raised his hand to show his bracelet.

"Same." Rory nodded. "I think you're right though. They know what the colours mean. It probably has something to do with a mental or physical condition but it's gotta be deeper than that."

Finn agreed with a nod as he followed Louis back to their table.

When they got back, Zayn handed Niall his food. "Here you go." He smiled softly at him. "Small amounts since I know you're still not eating much." He said then sat down next to him.

"Thanks." Niall told him. He then looked at the two lads he didn't know. "Uh, I'm Niall."

"Rory, nice to meet you." He nodded.

"Finn." The lad smiled. "So you do both of you room with Louis or know each other from class?" He asked.

"We're roommates." Zayn commented.

"Ah, so you're all with Watson's creepy baby?" Rory questioned.

"He's different. Not creepy." Louis tried to correct.

"Yeah, he just has issues." Zayn agreed. "I mean, the adult child relationship part is creepy and the kink is creepy to me. But sometimes it seems like he's legit an infant and it's more than a kink."

"When he's in an actual infant state, then he's just a lad with issues. He does have the red bracelet." Niall added.

"That's why I think there is more to the bracelets. Tyler has a red one too and he doesn't have shit wrong with him." Finn commented.

"Being around Liam more recently I think he has Liam, the teenager. Then he has LiLi, the kink. Then he has LiLi, the actual infant. At times his older mind is completely gone and I don't know how much he can help it. The red makes sense on him." Louis commented.

"Yeah, that's what I was trying to say." Zayn agreed. "It's hard to tell the difference between the kink and the baby though." He said as he tried to eat some of his food.

"I'd enjoy being a fly on the wall in his therapy sessions." Niall said

"Agreed, I bet it's interesting as hell." Finn nodded.

"I don't know. I just heard some students saying he had a huge meeting this morning with a lawyer." Rory shrugged.

"I've heard the same thing." Zayn said. "I don't know what's going on." He shrugged.

"If it's a lawyer then it means he's probably getting out." Niall told him.
"If he's telling the truth about what got him in here then he doesn't deserve to be here. Honestly, I wonder if they are trying to move him to a mental institution." Louis replied as he ate.

"That would probably be ideal for him." Niall nodded in agreement.

"Yeah, this place isn't helping him, even if he is off limits to other Keepers." Zayn agreed.

"Can he and Watson handle being apart? Aren't they in love? I mean, that sex in the showers was intense." Rory question as he pushed Louis' water closer to him. "Drink it all beautiful."

"Probably not. I do though, honestly think that Mr. Watson and is a huge part of the problem." Zayn said. "Yes, Liam should be taught right from wrong and shit, but I don't know how to explain it. Watson spoils him and always gives him what he wants. Only today has he said no and to act mature...But I can't see that lasting."

"Yeah, I was really shocked he told Liam no. That was crazy." Niall shook his head. "He blew my mind though when he started calmly explaining to him how he has to learn patience."

"Yeah, teaching him about learning how to have patience...Is something I never expected from Watson." Zayn shook his head and took a sip of his water.

Louis nodded in agreement and took a little to drink of his water, some of it spilling onto his chin.

"You messy girl." Rory gently scolded. "Be tidy Lou. Only naughty girls make messes and we both know I hate when you're naughty."

Louis wiped off his chin. "Sorry. I'll do me best to be tidy for you. I wouldn't want to make you upset by being naughty."

"What the actual fuck?" Niall asked.

"Everyone thinks we're kinky..." Zayn shook his head. "We have nothing on these two. He actually had glory hole hard just from talking dirty to him in line."

"It's all the time too. Fucking strange but they like it so I don't say anything." Finn added.

"Whatever makes you happy. I get it though. Long as you're happy that's all that matters." Niall said. "Though, I'm pretty sure I can make you hard from just talking as well." He whispered into Zayn’s ear.

"Wait, so are you two together?" Rory asked quietly.

"Shit," Zayn cursed realizing what he'd done. "Yes but please, I'm begging you, don't tell anyone?"

"You wouldn't do that would you?" Louis asked. "Not when you and I, have similar, uh, feelings; right?"

"I wouldn't wish that punishment on anyone. I've got ya back." Finn said.

"Same here." Rory said. "I would not tell. I wouldn't even want to imagine that kind of pain." He shook his head. He looked at Louis and gave his leg a quick pat. "Your mates, are my mates in a way, and no matter what happens with us, I would never wish what would happen to them if a Keeper found out."

"You are aware you sound desperate for him to be your boyfriend?" Niall asked Louis.
"Hey, you're right. I never realized it till now!" Finn pointed out and laughed a bit. "He really does! Louis has a crush!"

Niall grinned while Louis blushed.

"Shut up. I'm not comfortable labelling anything yet." Louis mumbled.

"Some people move fast, others want to take their time. It's normal." Rory nodded. "We don't need a label right now."

"Thank you." Louis whispered. He felt embarrassed. He liked Rory a lot but he'd never felt like this about anyone before so he didn't know if he wanted him as a boyfriend or if this was just sexual tension.

"No problem princess. I want you to be comfortable." Rory smiled.

"Awe. Aren't they adorable?" Finn teased.

"Very." Niall smiled. He could get used to sitting with Louis and his friends. He was much more comfortable with them than he ever was with David and Joe.

"So how long have you guys been together?" Finn asked.

"Three weeks now I think. It's hard to keep track in this place." Zayn replied.

"Less talking lads. We don't have much longer." Mr. Pieters commented as he walked passed.

Louis' eyes went large and he looked at the other lads. "We were talking and that's all he says?"

"I know they said no more public humiliation but...Yelling at us to hurry up and not to talk at all is the norm. I'm so confused." Zayn said.

"Me too." Niall agreed.

"Something is up. I wonder if maybe something happened and they feel they're at risk of being caught." Rory contemplated as he rubbed Louis' leg discreetly under the table.

"Makes sense. It'll probably go back to normal in a couple weeks." Niall said as he finished up his food.

Louis smiled at Rory rubbing his leg. It felt really nice.

"Sad part is that I really don't know if lads with stars like you should be extra careful or not." Finn began to think out loud. "Red bracelets are lads with some kind of illness; physical or mental. Green then I guess is the lads who are average or healthy or whatever. So the stars are lads who could become physically or mentally a risk. Question is what happens if you have a red bracelet. Liam and Tyler have them. Liam needs it. Tyler doesn't."

"You have smoke coming out of your ears, mate." Niall teased Finn.

Finn laughed. "Yeah, I tend to overthink." He smiled.

"Ty's a spoilt brat." Zayn said. "It's almost like Watson and Liam but without the babying and the romance." He suggested.

"Yeah, they're protected creatures." Louis spoke to no one in particular as he finished his water.
"They're protected..." Finn repeated it trailing off.

"Why would anyone want to protect me?" Zayn asked confused.

"Because you're special." Niall teased.

"No, wait," Rory started putting it together. "Princess you're a genius. I owe you a kiss." He winked at Louis. "The red bracelets are for students with issues of some sort. It marks them visually as being... like frail or sensitive or something. I don't think it's for protection exactly but I'd bet money on you red guys being treated different during sex and punishments."

"Why would I need to be treated differently?" Zayn was still confused, then remembered his comment earlier to Mr. Watson. "Oh...I think uh, I might know. Earlier today, like in the morning, I was in a really bad mood, so I was mouthing off to Watson and I made some comment about having PTSD from what they do to me and how that’s making me unable to focus and shit. I didn't really mean legit PTSD cause I don't have it."

"Hey Rory, you've been here a long time. Do you think Ms. Brown having sat in on some of our classes recently is strange or does she do that a lot?" Finn asked.

"She does it annually. My casework said he gets yearly updates on how I'm doing psychologically from her." Rory replied. "What does that have to do with the price of rice in China?"

"What if her doing those updates for our caseworkers is connected to this?" Finn offered. "Maybe you were properly diagnosed with it and that why you have the bracelet and why you need protected."

Zayn frowned. "I don't even know what I would have PTSD from. If anything this bracelet saying that I need to be protected and have things taken easy on me, just makes me feel worse." He sighed. All he wanted to do was rest his head on Niall's shoulder and curl up with him, but he couldn't even do that without serious risk. "Maybe I have PTSD from this place."

"Probably. That makes complete sense, actually." Rory shook his head. "Back when I was a total shit head and locked in the pit my casework had to come around more often and check on me to ensure I didn't need put in an institution. If they know to treat you better then it's less likely your caseworker will feel the need to come around more and snoop. Less a chance they'll get caught."

Zayn frowned. "Well, they're shit at trying to fix it all. All I want is to protect the lad I'm so in love with and I can't even seem to that. If anything, the bracelets make it worse for the ones who need to be protected. If we figured it out, then others will too and it'll just make everyone feel more exposed and like it's their fault it's this way now."

"Don't tell anyone anything. It at least gives us a short amount of time before everyone solves the riddle. If you hear people talking about it lead them away from the truth." Finn suggested.

"This is fucking shit. Maybe I should develop PTSD." Louis grumbled. "Stop getting fucked so much."

"Exactly why people can't know." Rory said. "If people figure it out, then everyone will fake it and want to get it taken easy on, which takes away from the real people who need it."

"Ty probably has it so the only person that can actually fuck him is Thomas." Finn decided.

Niall looked at Zayn. "Baby..." He whispered. "All I need from you is just your love and support to get through this nightmare. I know you want to protect me but there's no real stopping what they
do. I just need you to hold me and cuddle me and fuck me and love me...That's all I need from you."

Zayn nodded, "I'll do me best for you. You're the only thing keeping me going."

"Zayn, whatever they end up doing to you in place of punishments don't tell anyone. Lie in fact. Discredit anyone who says otherwise." Rory suggested.

"I will." Zayn nodded.

"You, don't fake anything. You could put others at risk. You're strong enough to handle it, princess. Do it for me?" Rory asked him as he rubbed his thigh again.

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think of the changes the Keepers made? Do you think it'll help any at all? Make a difference?
Chapter Notes

Hellllllooo!

I hope you all enjoy this chapter.
Some more new stuff going on.
I think it's around this chapter or the next that things really start taking a turn.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis nodded. "Of course." He smiled.

"Good. You're the same for me, so we have to lean on each other and not one person doing it all for the other." Niall gave Zayn’s hand a quick squeeze under the table.

"Wow, one end of the table is kinky as shit. The other is sweet as shit. It's gotten so interesting." Finn laughed. "Louis, you should set me up with Harrison. He and I dating would balance you four."

Louis rolled his eyes. "He's not much fun..I don't think you'd like him."

"Eh, he's just feeling left out. Maybe he and Finn might be good together." Rory suggested as Niall and Zayn laughed quietly.

"Time to get your rubbish in the bins!" Mr. Kelly yelled. "Move, quickly!"

"Be a good girl, my princess." Rory whispered as sexually as possible and let his finger rub over Louis’ pucker as he stood.

"Shit." Louis cursed and jumped a little. He wasn't expecting that.

"Didn't call us slags or threaten us. This is so weird." Niall whispered as he emptied his stuff.

Zayn nodded, then emptied his stuff after Niall did.

“He’s really into you.” Zayn commented to Louis.

Louis smiled. “I know.”

The three lads then joined Harry who was waiting in line Mr. Watson to collect them.

"We're heading back to the room." Mr. Watson told them. "So move." He said with Liam in his arms.

Liam was currently wearing a bright yellow bracelet as he clung onto Mr. Watson.
Louis nodded towards it as he looked between Zayn and Niall.

"Why is it yellow?" Zayn asked.

"No clue. No one has yellow." Louis said.

"I'm sure we can convince him to tell us eventually." Harry whispered.

"Yeah, he's good about sharing secrets at least." Zayn agreed.

"Just not ours, I hope." Niall whispered as they reached the room.

Mr. Watson unlocked it and waited. "Get in unless you actually want me to push you in." He demanded.

The lads quickly walked into the room.

Niall hissed a little as he had walked a little too fast and the cage pulled.

Just inside the room on the floor sat a box. Some of the lads noticed as they walked in. Mr. Watson took the time to set Liam down first before he picked it up.

"Irish, trousers off. Pixie strip." Mr. Watson instructed.

Niall quickly but carefully pushed his joggers down while Louis stripped.

Zayn frowned seeing the cock cage on Niall. It looked sore and uncomfortable. He did remind himself to make sure to focus elsewhere in the room and not on his boyfriend's cock.

Mr. Watson pulled a set of keys out of his pocket and walked over to Niall. Careful to not hurt him, Mr. Watson slipped the cock cage off him. "You screw up and I absolutely will put it back on."

Niall nodded. "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." He sighed of relief. He briefly touched his sore cock then looked up at Mr. Watson. "Is there anything else or can I put my joggers back on now?" He asked.

Mr. Watson stared at him for a moment before getting into the box and pulling out a new pair of uniform trousers. "Put these on. Keep these with the hole in the arse. If you're put back to being a puppy they'll come back."

Niall nodded. "Uh, thank you, sir." He said and slipped on the new pair. He folded up the old pair and sat them on the shelf.

"As for you," He sighed looking at Louis. "You've no idea how hard this decision was." He then got into the box and pulled out a regular uniform along with a pink, lace tank top and a pair of black silk shorts.

"You may wear a normal uniform on the weekends provided that your well behaved on the weekdays. It will cut down on the brutality of the weekend Keepers. This is your new uniform for the weekdays. I'll warn you however, it can be changed based on your behaviour."

Harry fought a snicker by biting his lip.

Louis tried not to frown. "Alright. Thank you, sir." He said as he changed into the tank top and the short.

"I wanted you in a pink version of the lads proper uniform but I was outvoted by the other Keepers."
They did agree to let you wear that during the colder, winter months." Mr. Watson told him. "I had to fight like hell to get you a proper uniform on the weekends. It's based entirely on the good reports I've been getting from your teachers and Ms. Brown. Don't fuck up and make me look like a fool Louis."

"I won't. I swear it. Thank you." Louis nodded.

"I heard that the weekend Keepers follow different rules and don't listen to the stuff put in place by the weekday Keepers, is that true?" Harry asked. "Just wondering if they might change him into his old uniform for the weekend since they would've missed out and all."

"At the moment we have no control over what they do. The only weekend Keeper who is aware of his other uniforms is Mr. Patterson. He's only on for the one weekend so hopefully, the pixie can bribe him to not put him in the other. My thought is that if he's dressed normally they'll never know," Mr. Watson explained. "I'm being a far cry kinder than even these new rules dictate for me to be. I hope you four understand that."

"Have I earned any free time?" Louis asked.

"Yes, I'll allow you all free time. You," He pointed harshly at Harry. "You are the exception. You're staying with me."

It was Louis' turn to laugh a bit under his breath.

"Papa! I wanna stay with you!" Liam whined suddenly.

"You are staying with me, don't worry. Also, don't whine." He instructed.

Zayn smiled. He was worried that being told to rest meant no free time.

"Thank you, sir." Niall said.

"Yes. Thank you." Zayn smiled.

"I," Harry was disappointed but also confused. "Yes, sir."

"Let's move then. Mr. McGuinness will be keeping an eye on you three in the rec room for free time." Mr. Watson said. He then picked up Liam and kissed his forehead. "After we drop these three off you have to have a turn walking."

Liam pouted but didn't say anything.

"Let's go." Mr. Watson said and ushered the lads out of the room.

"Maybe he's forcing them to work it out." Niall suggested when they were out in the hallway.

"Maybe but he cares enough for that to happen?" Zayn asked.

"I don't know but he did tell Harry he'd see about giving him the chance to talk to Liam. He's being much nicer than normal so perhaps something's gotten into him?" Louis said. He was finding the shorts, while humiliating still, were at least comfortable.

“Maybe.” Niall agreed.

They then fell silent as they walked to the rec room.
"Behave, or else." He warned and gave a nod to Mr. McGuinness before leaving the room. "Alright LiLi, time to have a turn walking. Let's go love."

"Mr. Watson, sir?" Harry sounded nervous. "Am I in trouble?"

"Not exactly." Mr. Watson said. "Just be quiet and follow me."

The three that had earned free time walked into the rec room.

"Let's just...Go sit in a corner somewhere. I don't want to hear his lover drool over him." Niall whispered.

Zayn nodded. "Let's go." He agreed and they walked off to find somewhere to sit.

Louis was searching for Rory and Finn when he heard a whistle. "Damn. He covered you but you still look like a slut." Tyler said walking up to Louis.

"Thank you for noticing." Louis calmly replied as he bit back the urge to fight him.

"Wow, Tyler, mate, red is certainly your colour." Finn suddenly appeared and ran a finger over the bright red handprint on Tyler's cheek.

"Fuck off." Tyler pushed Finn away from him.

Louis backed up. He'd worked extra hard to stay out of trouble and he wasn't going to risk anything. Not to mention he'd basically promised Rory that he'd be extra good in order to earn going to the film.

"Don't push me and don't go running your mouth to my mate. You're already on thin ice with a lot of Keepers here." Finn warned as he took note of Rory now watching the exchange from a short distance away.

"I really don't care about that. This red bracelet means they can't fucking touch me." Tyler growled. "Just...Keep your nasty fingers to yourself." He glared.

"Who the hell told you that?" Finn laughed. "Think about it button face, you were wearing that red bracelet when you got smacked. All that thing means is that you're fucked up."

Tyler rolled his eyes. "Mr. Taylor was the one that slapped me for talking back. Taylor wasn't even supposed to from what Mr. Thomas says. But anyways, the rest of these ugly nasty Keepers aren't allowed to touch me at all though, that's what Mr. Thomas told me. He said that's why I was wearing red."

"You're so dumb." Rory finally joined the conversation. "You see the lad over there; the one with the Irish kid who punched you? He's got a red bracelet. Do you really think that's going to stop Mr.? from getting his milk chocolate fix? How about Joe, they gave him a red bracelet too. Do you really think they'll stop using him as their punching bag like they love because of a red bracelet?"

Louis grinned watching Rory circle Tyler as he spoke.

"Oh no, you aren't safe. Especially considering Mr. Thomas put you in the pit recently. He's feeding you lies and it's painfully obvious. Just wait, you'll see." He finished.

"Whatever. Go choke on Mr. Jones' cock." Tyler rolled his eyes and walked off.
"Well done." Finn smiled. "Did you see him swallow that lump in his throat before walking away?"

"I did." Rory nodded. "I've knocked him out a few times. He knows better than to cross me."

"That was sexy." Louis grinned. "Nothing is more of a turn on than when you put lads in their place like that." He smirked.

"Like I do with you?" Rory smirked walking closer to him. "I miss the skirt but you look incredible princess. Those shorts are lovely and pink is certainly your colour."

Louis tried hard not to blush. "Thank you." He smiled. "It's a lot warmer and more comfortable than the other outfit. Mr. Watson said he had to fight really hard in order to get me out of it. I can wear a regular uniform on the weekends if the Weekenders don't find out about the old one."

"That was... nice. I can't believe I just used that word to describe Mr. Watson."

Finn shook his head.

"Yeah, he's been strange since falling for pipsqueak." Rory nodded. "Princess, where's Harry?"

"He's with Watson and Liam, I'm assuming. Mr. Watson just said they were to both stick with him." Louis shrugged.

"Hmm, was hoping to see him. I don't want him thinking I've forgotten about him just because I'm captivated by you." Rory explained. "Let him know I asked about him? Promise me like a good girl."

Louis nodded. "Of course, I promise." He smiled sweetly.

"Good," Rory smiled. "Finn, would you be willing to help cover us so I can give the princess his kiss he earned?"

"Yeah but I just have to know Lou," He shook his head. "Do you really like the whole 'girl' thing? I mean, does that honestly turn you on?"

"Yes." Louis admitted. "Now, cover us." He requested.

Finn laughed but nodded. "Go over near the bookshelf. Harder to see you there." He advised and walked away to distract the Keepers.

Louis smiled and walked over with Rory to the bookshelves. It was then that he realized that he'd never had a real kiss before, nothing with a person he actually liked.

"Are you comfortable with this princess? You look a bit nervous." Rory softly pointed out once they were mostly hidden from view. "You know if never do anything you didn't want."

"I know." Louis nodded. "Just realized that I've never had a real kiss before, like with anyone I actually care about." He admitted.

"You care about me?" Rory asked softly as he stroked Louis' cheek with the back of his finger. "You have such a beautiful soul."

Louis couldn't help but blush again. Rory was good at that. "Yeah, I do. A lot. You're a great person, very interesting and I enjoy spending time with you."

"I feel the same way about you princess." Rory smiled. "Sexual tension aside I do like you, a lot."
You're sweet, you're beautiful, you're emotionally very strong." He let his hand move to hold the back of Louis' neck gently as the front of their bodies met.

"Thanks." Louis smiled and tilted his head. He felt a mix of excitement and nervousness.

Slowly, sensually, Rory leaned in and gently pressed his lips to Louis'. As much as he wanted to make it sexual he held back and kept it sweet. Louis' first real kiss deserved to be beautiful and memorable. As he finally pulled away he let his eyes lock with Louis'.

Louis grinned. "That was the best kiss I've ever had...Even if it is the only real kiss I've ever had." He giggled a little and touched Rory's hair. "I can't wait for film night and just to be..kind of alone with you."

"Best kiss I've ever had too, princess. I've never kissed someone so beautiful before." He smiled softly and kissed Louis' forehead. "I'm looking forward to Friday as well. I want to make you feel good. I want to make you feel how much I crave you."

"I crave you too." Louis admitted. "It sucks having to be away from you." He frowned a little. "At least Zayn and Niall are roommates, so they're rarely separated, lucky bastards." He carefully ran his fingers through Rory's hair. "I really like you." He smiled. "You've been the only person to see me, and not...what I used to do."

"You aren't who you've been Louis. Neither am I." Rory spoke softly as he moved his hands to hold Louis' hips. "You are who you are right now because people change. I can tell you've changed just from talking to Finn about who you were when he met you. I like who you have become. You're beautiful inside and out. I adore it and I adore you."

Louis leaned up and kissed Rory's lips. "That's the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me. Thank you. I feel very lucky to have you."

"What do you mean 'have me'?" Rory asked and took a look around to make sure they were still good. When he saw they were he looked back to Louis. "What's on your mind pretty girl?"

Louis frowned a little as he tried to word himself. "I just mean...Like...uh, to have you in my life and doing whatever it is that we're doing."

"Princess, tell me what you want." Rory encouraged and kissed his lips sweetly again. He liked kissing Louis. "Tell me what you really want us to be."

Louis took a deep breath. He'd never in his life thought this would ever happen. "I really want you to be mine and only mine...Like my boyfriend."

"I'd adore being your boyfriend, my princess." He smiled. "You know you can't be my boyfriend though right?" He tilted his head.

"Because I'd be your girlfriend." Louis grinned and looked around before pecked Rory's lips.

"That's right." Rory smiled and once again pressed his body against Louis'. "We are boyfriend and girlfriend. I don't want to hear you refer to yourself as my boyfriend. Is that understood? You're far to pretty to tell people you're a boy."

"Understood." Louis nodded. "So if I'm your princess, what does that make you? Prince? King?" He asked.

"You can call me whatever makes you the happiest. You deserve to be happy Louis." Rory kissed
him deeply once more. "We need to rescue Finn though baby girl."

"I think you're a King." Louis grinned. "Mmm, you're right." He smiled and walked out from behind the bookshelves.

It took a moment for Finn to spot them but when he did he slipped away and rejoined them. "You two owe me. I have no idea how it happened but I ended up having to explain to them which Keepers cocks I liked best and why."

Louis laughed. "I'll give you whatever you want. Sorry that happened, mate." He smiled and shook his head. "Maybe I'll set ya up with Harry after all. He's been pretty depressing lately."

"We'll see about the Harry." He nodded. He didn't know yet if he liked the lad or not. "Was it at least worth it? Did you get your kiss?"

"It was and we did. And actually, he's my boyfriend now... officially." Louis grinned.

Rory smiled proudly.

"Wow. Congrats." Finn smiled. "That was long overdue; you two being boyfriends."

"Boyfriends?" Rory questioned.

"I'm not his boyfriend though...I'm his girlfriend." Louis admitted quietly, not wanting anyone else to overhear.

Rory smiled, very proud.

"Right, I feel like I should have known that. Boyfriend and girlfriend. I'm happy for you Louis. Take care of my mate Rory." Finn said and gave his shoulder a pat.

Louis grinned seeing Rory's smile.

"Of course. Feel free to beat the shit out of me if I don't." Rory offered.

Mr. Watson had taken Liam and Harry to a conference room to chat. He'd say Liam in the room at the table first and then had taken a moment in the hall to explain to Harry that this was his chance to make things right with Liam.

Once in the room with Liam things began, "LiLi, it's time for you and Harry to talk about everything. You two need to try and work this all out. If you need to be Liam to do that then you need to." Mr. Watson explained.

"I'd really like a chance to talk it out." Harry said softly.

"You think I'm gross. What is there to talk about?" Liam used an older tone as he slipped the yellow bracelet off his wrist. "You hate me or something." He frowned.

"I don't hate you and I don't think you're gross. I never said that. I always speak my mind." Harry said. "I just had some concerns about your relationship with Mr. Watson as he's so much older. I was trying to be a good friend and brother by looking out for you. I see that I was wrong now and I'm sorry."

"I want to speak to that." Mr. Watson stepped in. He wasn't sure how to explain all this. "Liam,
love, let me try to start at the beginning. I think Harry should hear this also.” He took a deep breath.

"Liam, Ms. Brown recently evaluated you. She figured out that sometimes when you're in your LiLi headspace you slip all the way down to a place where you truly are a child in your mind. When that happens your brain is actually craving discipline and parenting. So basically love, when you slip deep into that headspace I need to be your parent, not your boyfriend. It's just temporary she said; just until your brain gets what it's needing so badly. It also means, in a sense..."

Mr. Watson paused for a moment because he really didn't want to say this. "Harry was right; partially."

"Wow." Harry said. "I didn't think I was actually right...About the actual child part." He shook his head. "I still don't think your gross or anything like that. I've never said that and I'm sorry if I've made you feel that way."

Liam opened his mouth but stopped and thought for a moment. "That's what's happening? When I feel lost inside of LiLi it's because my brain is like, regressing?" He ran his hands through his hair. "Because of that, because..." He didn't know how to word all this.

"Sometimes I really am a small child in my head and when I am you have to be my parent so it's... like Harry said... wrong to be sexy and stuff?" He hoped that made sense.

"Yes, love. Harry was concerned about you when he said what he did. He was right to be. My being sexual with you when you're in that tiny headspace is dangerous to your development. I know a lot of things were said and I know you both didn't mean everything. I know you both ended up hurt. The bottom line here, however, is that Harry really was being a good big brother. Yes, he should have been happy you were happy but his worry was justified."

Liam looked near tears but nodded. This was all so much to take in. Right now he wanted to focus on talking with Harry. "I wanted you to see how happy I am being his boyfriend and to feel happy for me. I wanted my brother to share my joy with me. It hurt so much when you didn't."

"I know and I'm sorry. I mean, the age difference is a thing that still bugs me a bit, but he takes good care of you and that's what matters most." Harry said. "I was just looking out for you, trying to protect you, it's my job as a big brother to help look after you. I'm sorry that I hurt you. I tried to explain but you were too upset." He frowned.

"I," He needed to look to Benji, "Are you done being my boyfriend then?" Tears filled his eyes.

"Shit! Love no!" Benji quickly pulled Liam into his arms and lap. "I'm not breaking up with you. I swear on everything that I still love you and always will baby. The only thing changing here is that when you're in that tiny headspace I basically am I going to be your real Papa. When you're just in your kinky headspace where you're little because you want sex then it'll be your playful, role play style Papa. When you're Liam I will be Benji."

Liam suddenly felt better. He wiped off his eyes and looked back to Harry, "Do those changes make you feel any better? Can you be happy for me at least now? I miss you."

"I was always happy for you even though I didn't approve of the age difference but like I said, he treats you right so it's fine by me. I really miss you too." Harry said.

Liam felt his tears coming back.

When Watson saw both boys had tears in their eyes now he put Liam on the floor, "Go hug your
brother love."

Liam didn't need to be told twice. He quickly went to Harry and threw his arms around him as he cried.

Harry hugged him back and held him tight. "I've really missed you. It's hell without you." And that was saying something by being in a place like this.

"I'm sorry. I love you, Harry. No more being mad at each other." Liam sniffled. "I need my brother."

"I need you for him too, Harry." Benji confessed.

"Thank you." Harry smiled at Mr. Watson. "For helping me and Liam become brothers again. But what makes you think you need me for Liam?"

"When he's in his tiny headspace, and that's what the bracelet is for, I need to be his parent. I need to teach him right from wrong. I need to teach him what's socially appropriate. I need to teach him all the things those idiot foster parents he had never done. That means punishments and such as well. I have no idea how to be a parent. I have no idea how to teach him that stuff. I'm going to do my best but he needs a team helping him. I need you to be his big brother and actually help support what's being taught when he loses himself as LiLi. Did any of that make sense?" He asked Harry.

"It does and I'll do the best I can. Thank you for trusting me." Harry smiled.

"Punishments?" Liam looked both scared and horrified.

"Not what you're thinking baby. I'd never punish you that way. If you need to be punished it will be punishments that are more appropriate for a small child. Timeout, taking a toy away, reasonable spankings. You aren't going to get the bad punishments. I will make sure of it and your red bracelet makes sure of it as well because the other Keepers know that if you're wearing that yellow bracelet you need them to help encourage the parenting and the correct behaviour. They won't punish you but they will tell me so that I can punish you. Uncle Jake and Aunt Olivia may have to punish a little depending on court though."

He took Liam's hand and rubbed it. "I know this is all a bit scary but it's just temporary. As your brain gets what it needs you'll stop losing yourself in that tiny headspace. Harry will help you through this. Brothers are great for comforting you when you've been punished."

"Exactly. I've got you. No need to worry." Harry rubbed Liam's back.

"I need you to trust me. Okay, Liam?" Benji asked.

Liam nodded. "I'm kind of scared but I trust you. I don't want to keep losing myself. It would be nice to be able to really be mature and stuff, like you."

Benji smiled. "We'll get you there then. I just need you to have faith in me. I need you to use your yellow bracelet to let me and others know how you're feeling. I need you and brother to be on good terms. Okay?"

Liam nodded and hugged him, "I love you; so incredibly much. Thank you for helping me through this and for helping me get my brother back."

"You're welcome. I love you too. I'll always do anything I can for you." He kissed his lips and looked to Harry. "It means a lot to me that you love him like you do. I won't hurt him. I need you to
Harry nodded. "It's kind of hard to actually trust you, but I'll try." He said. "Anything for my brother." He smiled.

"To be honest, I understand. I know I've been an arsehole to you and pretty much everyone else. It just kind of happens. It comes with the job." Mr. Watson replied.

He wasn't sure why he was being so open or human at the moment. He wasn't sure why he was sharing so much, "If I'm being honest, and this stays between us. This job... this life... I don't know that it's me anymore."

"You wouldn't leave Liam though..." Harry said confused. "Is that what the court stuff is about? I don't know anything. Just heard rumours. If you leave and take Liam with you somehow, then what about me? I'll never see my brother again." He frowned.

Mr. Watson sighed as he looked between both of the boys. He tapped his foot nervously as he thought. Finally after the longest time he spoke, "Harry, you have my word that I'll do everything possible to keep you boys together. I may not be your biggest fan but I love Liam and he loves you. I won't hurt Liam."

Harry nodded. "Maybe we can visit sometimes if he leaves school." He sighed. "So those red bracelets mean that those students are untouchable?" He asked, remembering what was said to Liam earlier.

"Not entirely. Don't you dare say anything to anyone? They mark the mentally ill students. The ones that are at risk of needing an institution. If one of you were sent there we'd be found out for sure." Mr. Watson explained. "These changes are here to protect the abuse from being discovered."

"Oh..." Harry said. "So the green ones are for those who aren't mentally ill...Wait, so Tyler, that dickhead is mentally ill?" He asked. "Is that why he's a dick?" He asked.

"Unfortunately Tyler was meant to have green but because he's an actual slut for Mr. Thomas he got slipped red. None of us like it and none of us plan to follow it. Red bracelets won't be getting punished as deeply as green; except him." Mr. Watson explained. "Your permanent home will be the pit if you tell anyone any of this though."

Harry nodded. "I won't tell anyone, I swear. But you do know that in a few days everyone is going to have it figured out, maybe not Ty but what the bracelets mean in general. You're going to have a lot of fakers coming up."

"We have to trust Ms. Brown to know who is faking. Besides, this is experimental." Mr. Watson replied. "We're trying something. Would you rather us keep things how they were?"

"There's no option for 'not at all' is there?" Harry asked. "I mean, it's constant rape and sexual assault and constant physical abuse...Just constant abuse in general. Ever think of stopping?"

"I have stopped. You need to remember that there's more than just me here, Harry," Mr. Watson said as Liam slipped his yellow bracelet in and cuddled up in his lap. "I don't really have answers for why but everything is the way it has been forever. This change is honestly huge. I know what you're saying but do you really suppose everyone here is going to just stop? I know it makes sense but they are getting paid a great great deal to have sex with young fit lads. They aren't going to stop unless forced."

"Wait, what? Do you get paid to have sex with us? By whom? Doesn't the government pay your
salaries? Or is it a private company?” Harry asked.

"Harry, we get paid by a private company to work here but as it stands we just beat and fuck you lads all day. So it's almost like we are being paid for it. I mean we aren't doing what we should be but no one knows.” Mr. Watson rubbed Liam's back and kissed his hair. "Part of me feels bad for contributing. I mean, the lad I love is in danger now because of it all. I don't know. The more I think about it the guiltier I feel."

Harry wanted to say he should feel guilty but he didn't want to make matters worse. He nodded and instead said. "Yeah, I bet." He agreed. He wasn't sure if he should ask this but it was on his mind and since Mr. Watson was in a human mood where he answered questions he decided he'd go for it. "Why are relationships forbidden in here?” He asked. "Like friendships are sorta okay but romantic relationships aren't okay. Why is that?” He asked.

"The idea at first was to prevent drama and transmitting stds. I think that's still partially the case but I think it's also because it's fun for the Keepers. You lads hate it, so the Keepers enjoy that. Just being honest." Harry replied. "If you aren't fucking it doesn't actually bother me."

"So what would you do if you found out one the lads were in a relationship? You would really separate those people?” Harry asked.

"I'm supposed to," He replied and smiled at Liam for a moment. He was perfectly at peace. "Who do you like?"

"Uh, no one." Harry shook his head. "I just know of people...who have been or are currently in a relationship and hiding it." He said. "So you're supposed to but would you really?"

"You're pushing me.” He almost laughed. It felt so much like the teenager he used to be. "If it was a lad I hated like Tyler then yes. If it was one of the lads in my room, fuck, I don't think I could. You guys are so connected and Liam is attached to you all and since I'm being honest... you four have grown on me more than you should. Zayn pisses me off though."

"Zayn... Just..." Harry sighed. "He's very protective of his friends and the others in the room. He'll just say what's on his mind because he's at that point of not giving a fuck anymore. He'd prefer a punishment over a fucking or anything sexual."

"He has PTSD so he won't be getting anything of the sort anymore. He's at a major risk of being institutionalized if something doesn't change. It's cases like that which made us create this change.” Mr. Watson replied. "It's kind of scary, the more we talk casually like this the more you remind me of myself when I was fourteen."

"That is scary.” Harry agreed. "How does he have PTSD? Just from the abuse?” He asked. He also suspected that Zayn's behaviour would improve if he was allowed to be with Niall without having to keep it from Mr. Watson at least.

"I'm not sure. I would imagine so. I mean, the lad was a virgin when he got here." Mr. Watson kissed Liam's hair again as he played with the buttons on his shirt now. "Zayn and Niall are the two dating aren't they?"

"Uhm, what makes you think that?” Harry asked nervously. He had agreed to help keep them hidden and not to tell. He was simply curious about what would happen if Mr. Watson found out. "What would you do if they were?"

"I've caught them flirting. I know how they feel. I'm not an idiot." Mr. Watson laughed. "You tell
them not to let anyone else catch them. I can save myself and say I really didn't know but if anyone else sorts it out they'll be split apart. Oh, tell them they'd better not be having sex either. That really is an actual government rule."

Harry nodded. "Not sure if I can make them not have sex... I mean, you're abused so much in a day or rather during your time here that all you want is a touch that you actually want. You want real pleasure and not something your body just reacts to." He explained. "It actually helps them both be less bitchy and sarcastic."

"You tell them I am being beyond nice. If they want my kindness, which they've done nothing to deserve, then they won't have sex. They can't. It's against the rules, for real." Mr. Watson used a more stern tone. "If they get out then they can."

Harry nodded. "I doubt they'll listen but I'll pass along the message." He told him. "But...I suppose you can always 'force' them to have sex right?" He smirked.

"I could. Doesn't mean I would. Besides, neither of them could be perfect all day to earn such a treat." Mr. Watson shook his head, "I swear you'd best not tell anyone about any of this lad. I've told you more than I should have. I've told you things I've not told anyone else. I hope you'll respect that."

"Believe me, if it meant them getting to be sexual together without the risk of being in trouble... They'll be perfect Angels." Harry said. "I won't tell anyone. I swear. I don't want another punishment..."

"I don't want to punish you. Don't make me do it. I need you to be a good example for your brother." Mr. Watson told him.

"Brother over there." Liam giggled and pointed to Harry. "Have my bubby back!"

"I will try my hardest to be, but I'm not perfect." Harry spoke softly. "Yeah, I'm right here." He smiled at Liam.

"Come on you two. If you want any free time we need to get you there now." Mr. Watson said and stood. "You have about half hour left."

"Hi, guys!" Joe said coming up to Niall and Zayn who were sat talking in the rec room. "Dinner was crazy, wasn't it? I don't know what to think about it. I'm curious to see all the changes though. What do you guys think?"

"Kill me." Niall whispered.

"Nah, I like you better alive than being a member of the walking dead." Zayn teased.

"It won't last." Zayn told Joe. "I can't see them doing this for long."

"Yeah, I have no idea what to expect. We match though buddy. See? My bracelet is red too! Oh look, you have a star!" Joe pointed out to Niall.

Niall whined and began to bump his head against the wall behind him. He couldn't stand Joe. Zayn gently patted Niall's leg. "Don't do that. You don't want to risk getting in trouble." He encouraged Niall to stop.
He looked to Joe. "Yes, we match. Not many have red."

"I have a star...big deal." Niall rolled his eyes.

"Hey, buzz off okay? They obviously want quiet time. You aren't able to be quiet." David said as he seemed to show up out of nowhere.

Joe frowned. "No one ever wants to just talk to me." He then walked away, obviously upset.

"I'm sure you aren't interested in talking. Just wanted to rescue you both from Joe." David said awkwardly as he turned his eyes to his feet.

Zayn could feel Niall stiffen up.

"It's okay." He told him softly.

He then looked up at David. "I... There's a point of giving the Keepers what they want and going too far." Zayn started. "You went too far and..." He sighed. It was hard to talk about but since David was here he might as well get some answers. "I mean, I felt you went too far. Do you still like me...in that way...or?" He sighed again. "Uhm, what happened? Because you... crossed the line." He frowned.

He felt like he poorly explained himself but that was the best he could get out.

"I didn't mean to." David replied as he struggled to look at Zayn.

"I honestly didn't mean to do what I did. I'm sorry. I know that's not enough and I know that doesn't excuse what I did." He sighed. "I still find you attractive but I accepted that it wasn't going to happen. I swear I did. When Mr. Taylor made me... I just lost myself. I was scared of being punished. I was scared to even try faking it. I thought I could just let myself enjoy it so I wouldn't get in trouble but then I just let everything go and I started, I went too far. I know I did. I didn't mean to but I did. I'm really sorry Zayn and Niall." David bit his bottom lip and looked out a nearby window.

Zayn wasn't sure how to reply. "Thank you for explaining and saying that you're sorry. But for right now, I'd like to just have time and space. I don't know how to be friends still or even if I want to be friends still. For right now, we both want to keep our distance, maybe in time we can be friends again but I don't know right now." He then looked at Niall. "Anything you wanna add?" He asked him.

"No." Niall said coldly looking away.

"I completely understand. I deserve this; I know." He looked devastated and ashamed. "I just, I'll leave you both be now." He whispered and walked away.

Zayn looked at Niall. "You okay?" He asked softly.

"Not really. I mean, I'm fine but I'm angry. He raped you." Niall shook his head. "As if the Keepers raping you aren't enough your friend did now too. So-called friend." He sighed. "I have my cage off though so tonight I get to have you. I get to fuck you and remind you that your mine and let you feel was good sex feels like."

Zayn grinned. "I can hardly wait, but I get a chance to love on that cock of yours first, make it feel a bit better after being stuck in that cage. I know it was only one day but it felt so much longer. I really...just can't wait to be with you and feel good."
"That's very sweet of you. I won't deny you but just know that my only focus is getting back inside you. I need jealous, possessive sex really badly." Niall told him. "Louis and Harry better not give us shit about being loud."

"I'll make you hard then you get inside me and do whatever you want. Win-Win." Zayn smiled. "I'm sure if Louis had a chance, he'd be loud with Rory, so I'm sure he'll shut up as for Harry, I'm not sure. It depends on his mood, but we can block him out if need be." He said.

"I wish I could kiss you though. Sometimes it's really hard to be with you, but not really... with you." Niall sighed and frowned.

"It's temporary. I promise." Zayn assured letting his foot tap against Niall's. "When we get out of this hell hole you can kiss me as much as you want."

Niall smiled softly at Zayn. "The first thing I want from you when we're both out of here is some fucking lovebites from you...Like everywhere."

"That can be arranged." Zayn smirked. "I'll probably keep you permanently marked. I want everyone to know you're mine and that I'm proud of it."

Zayn paused then smirked, "Could you see Louis in that sexy get up outside of here?"

Niall giggled. "I actually could. I mean, it suits him well and his lover seems to enjoy it." He smirked. "Could you see it? Or would you ever wear something kinky for me?"

"I don't know what to call them. It's painfully obvious they want to date but yet they haven't gotten there yet." Zayn commented and smiled, "Honestly, I can see Louis wearing girls clothing outside of here. If he were with Rory still and Rory wanted it. As for me, Ni Baby, I will always give you anything you want."

Niall smiled, he took a careful glance around them and gave Zayn a quick kiss on the cheek. "I'd wear anything kinky for you as well...just for the record."

"Mmm, I can only imagine." Zayn smirked. "Maybe a kinky leprechaun outfit?" He laughed quietly.

"Only if you're my pot of gold." Niall laughed. "Side note, never tease an Irish person about their gold."

Zayn giggled. "Noted. But if you want me to be your pot of gold, I totally will be." He smiled a bit more. This felt nice. It felt nice to be flirting with his boyfriend without having to worry about anyone overhearing. They were always around other people or around Keepers that it wasn't possible, but for now, they were alone in a corner just being themselves. He felt relaxed. He knew it wouldn't last nearly long enough, but he was going to enjoy it while it did last.

"My Irish princess..." He smirked. He then had a flashback of hearing Rory call Louis “princess” and calling Niall by that now felt a bit awkward and wrong.

"It feels a bit strange to be called that since Louis truly is like... a princess." Niall replied. "He and Rory make it so awkward. I mean, I know they both get off on it but it makes it awkward for you to call me that now."

Zayn nodded. "I had the same thought right after I said it." He agreed. "What should I call you then? Any ideas?" He asked.
"Leprechaun." Niall smiled and glanced at him. "I am Irish after all. Seventy-five percent beer. Twenty percent luck and five percent green."

Zayn grinned. "I love it. My leprechaun...Does this mean you'll dance for me on command now, or?" He teased and laughed.

"Dance?" Niall laughed. "You mean Irish step dancing?" He laughed more and shook his head. "I've no idea how to Irish step dance. I can't even do an Irish jig properly. I have no rhythm to dance. Sorry brown sugar."

"Brown sugar? I could get used to hearing that from you." Zayn grinned. "I really like that. Hmm. I suppose I'd just have to dance for you then. I'm a horrible dancer but I'll embarrass myself for you."

Niall laughed, "I look forward to it."

He then glanced at the clock. "We don't have much time left. What next? Showers?"

"Yeah, showers, then the room, then Taylor, then sex." Zayn replied. "I get to see that sexy body of yours soon." He smirked.

"Just remember to not get hard in the showers." Niall advised as he stood slowly. "I hope these bracelets don't affect us getting a fix. That pill is the only way I sleep at night."

"I won't. I can control myself." Zayn watched Niall stand then stood himself. "I don't think they will. I mean, green means normal, right? Red means there's something wrong with you. It might affect me, but I can't see how. The weed relaxes me and shit. It makes me feel better for the most part."

"Time's up!" Mr. Branson yelled. "Get your arse's in line, it's time to head to the showers."

As they went to line up Niall caught Louis giving Rory a wink. When he got behind him in line he whispered, "Just fucking be his boyfriend already mate."

"I'll never be his boyfriend." Louis replied in a matching whisper.

"But you like him...a lot." Zayn whispered, joining the conversation. "You deserve to be happy."

"I am happy...I'm just not his boyfriend. I'm his girlfriend." Louis replied.

"Somehow I'm not surprised." Niall commented.

"Me too." Zayn agreed. "Good on ya. I'm happy for ya, mate." He smiled. "If you need help covering Ni and I have your back. It's the least we can do considering you have to put up with our loud sex."

"Thanks. If you're at the film Friday I'll take you up on the offer for help." Louis replied. "I've never fucking felt like this before. Is so strange and yet so addicting."

"I believe that feeling is called love." Niall told him.

"It's a feeling that's hard to explain but it's strange in a good way, it's a good feeling and you can't help but crave more and more of it." Zayn agreed.

"Yeah, and being separated from that person just sucks. At least Zayn and I share a room, you and Rory...You have to be creative." Niall said. "Oh and we have plans to be at the film on Friday, or
trying to behave well enough to get there."

"I promised him I'd do everything I could to be there." Louis commented as they stood waiting. "Finn covered for us so we could go kiss. My first real kiss. I didn't know kissing could feel so wonderful." He blushed and smiled.

"Wait till Harry finds out. That's his best mate." Niall shook his head.

"Ah, I'd rather us not tell him don't you think it's better if Rory tells him?" Louis asked.

"Yeah, it's probably better coming from him. I mean, if you two don't fight a lot already...I'm not looking forward to when he finds out." Niall sighed.

"Yeah, me too." Zayn agreed. "But I probably wouldn't want someone who annoyed me dating my best mate, if I had one."

Louis opened his mouth to speak but stopped when he saw Mr. Watson walk into the room with Liam and Harry.

"Promise tomorrow we hang up my new picture Papa?" Liam asked as he walked holding Harry's hand. "LiLi messed up Harry's old one." He explained, making Harry's name sound like 'Howie' again.

"Yes, tomorrow morning." Mr. Watson nodded.

"Looks like they made up." Zayn said, almost questioning it.

"Good. He was miserable all day." Niall commented. "Maybe now he'll be happier."

"He opened up about it a bit earlier. He was super upset." Louis said.

"Come on lads and be quiet. If you're talking you can't hear my instructions." Mr. Watson calmly told the three. "Time for your showers."

"Yes, sir." Niall replied and began following. He wanted to be sure to show he was behaving. Anything to keep that cage off so he could fuck Zayn tonight.

"He sounds so nice. It's creepy." Zayn whispered as he walked with Louis.

"I agree. I'll take him being mean and nasty over nice any day." Louis agreed.

Chapter End Notes

So what did you think of the Lirry/Watson chat?

Oh and I copied pasted this from my phone because I'm too lazy to move to the PC.

If you spot a mistake let me know. Lol.

-Annabella
Chapter 45

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

I POSTED ON TIME DESPITE STILL DYING FROM FLICKER.
IT'S SO GOOD.
IF YOU HAVEN'T BOUGHT IT, GET ON IT!!!
Support our Irish boy!

P.S. It's been almost a week and I can't choose a favourite song, omg. IT'S AMAZING.

Everyone walked quietly to the showers, the only sounds were of Harry and Liam talking as they held hands and walked.

"So fuckin creepy." Niall shivered. "It's worse being nice, I think."

"Completely." Louis agreed as they walked into the showers.

They stripped and were handed their shower cradles to go shower.

Niall, Zayn and Louis couldn't get away fast enough.

"I love you, Harry." Liam giggled and hugged him before Mr. Watson picked him up and put him in the playpen.

"You sit in here LiLi. Be a good boy while Papa works." Mr. Watson said then walked away.

"I love you too LiLi." Harry then waved goodbye and went to go shower at the pole Rory was now at. Louis was off with Niall and Zayn.

"Mr. Derringer doesn't like others coming over to shower..." Rory said quietly to Harry. "But listen, Harry, we need to talk about Louis." He added as he kept watch on Mr. Derringer.

"What about Louis?" Harry asked. "You two didn't work out or something? Cause I could've told you that."

"No, Harry. That isn’t it." Rory shook his head before starting to wash his hair. "We got to talk during free time, and kiss..." he trailed off worried of Harry's response.

"Ah fuck." Harry groaned. "You're with him aren't you now?" He shook his head. "He's the most annoying piece of...ugh. Whatever. I'm done. I obviously can't change your mind." He frowned. "I miss my best mate so I suppose I'll have to put up with it."

"Yes Harry, we're dating." Rory sighed. "Boyfriend and girlfriend. I'm sorry you're upset. I really like him though. I hope you can just find it to be happy I'm happy; please?"
"I'm happy you're happy...Of course. I'm not happy with that bloke, but not much I can do about it." Harry sighed.

"I don't want us losing our friendship over this. I know you don't like him. I'll do my best to spend time just us too okay?" Rory said.

"It's fine. I'll just put up with the weird kinky shit." Harry rolled his eyes. "You're not going to lose me as a mate but well honestly, he's not worth it. I should go before I get us in trouble though."

"Yeah, go on. Thanks for understanding." Rory nodded. Harry just walked over to his room and quickly began showering.

"Okay so, some of the Keepers are wanking off but no one is being used. Not out here in the open at least." Zayn commented.

"That's part of the new rules or weren't you listening?" Harry told Zayn.

"I was! Just saying it's weird." Zayn shook his head.

"Are things between you and Liam alright now?" Niall asked.

"Yeah, they're great." He smiled big. "Mr. Watson helped us talk. It was actually a very good talk." Harry replied.

"I think the little lad has missed you honestly," Louis told him. "I might not like you but I'm happy for Liam that you two are buddies again."

"He's my brother." Harry corrected. "But yes, I am as well." He grinned now. "I heard about you and Rory. I don't like it but it's not my life and you're hardly worth stressing over. I have to be a good example to LiLi so whatever makes my friend happy...I'm happy for him. If you hurt him, I'll fuck you up." He warned.

Louis looked surprised, "Thank you, Harry." He meant that. "I promise I won't hurt him. I really like him."

"Good because I promise I will make you regret getting with him if you do hurt him." Harry warned again. He quickly finished up and left to brush his teeth.

After brushing his teeth, he found Mr. Watson and walked up to him. "I'm ready for my inspection, sir."

"Let's see your mouth." Mr. Watson said. "Open wide."

Harry opened his mouth as wide as he could.

Mr. Watson looked inside and nodded. "Bend over and spread 'em." He requested. "This is apart of the normal routine to check as demand by the government." He explained.

Harry nodded and did as he was instructed.

After Mr. Watson checked, he nodded. "You're clean. Go brush your teeth, get dressed and keep Liam company."

"Hi, LiLi." Mr. Taylor smiled walking over to him.
"Hi, Uncle TayTay." He smiled sweetly. "Does Olivia like me and want to be my aunt? I tried to be likeable."

"She does." Jake grinned. "She thinks you're adorable and she can't wait to help you out with all this legal stuff."

Liam smiled happily. "Papa promised my brother we would be together." The innocent lad had no idea exactly what he was sharing.

"What do you mean? What did Papa promise?" Jake asked confused as he kneeled in front of the playpen

"Papa promised he would do everything he could to keep Harry and me together," Liam explained in a very toddler-like voice. "Papa says 'you have my word'."

"Wow. That's a big promise. Did he say how?" Jake had no idea what Benji could do to get Harry out of here. The lad punched his Foster brother.

"No." Liam shook his head innocently. "Papa was nice to my Harry." He giggled. "Papa says Harry remind him of when he was Harry's age."

Jake smiled. "Your Papa is a very kind person." He smiled and stood. "I need to go have a chat with him though I'll try and come check on you soon."

"Okay, my uncle Taytay." He giggled. "Bye-bye." He said and waved adorably.

"Have you seen Watson?" Mr. Taylor asked Mr. Thomas.

"Over by the sinks. Two lads were shoving each other." He replied.

As Mr. Taylor got closer he could hear Benji scolding the two.

"I don't care what the reason is. Keep your hands to yourself. You know this. Now, who are your Keepers?"

"Mr. Kelly." One lad replied.

"Mr. Taylor." Said the other.

"He's got good timing." Mr. Watson told one of the lads as he spotted Mr. Taylor. "These two were shoving each other out of the way of a sink just because they each felt like they were there first."

Mr. Taylor gave off an annoyed sigh. "Lad, this is the third time today you've been told off about touching other slags." He took the lad by his ear and looked at Benji, "Can you drop my slags off to their room while I punish this one?"

"I'll be there once I'm done with this twat. Just tell them I'll be a bit late." Mr. Taylor replied. "Let's go bitch" He then drug the student off by his ear.

"Let's go find your Keeper, lad." Mr. Watson told him and took hold of the back of his neck.

Once Mr. Watson had the student with his Keeper he went to collect his students, Mr. Taylor's
students and Mr. Kelly's students.

"Harry, get your brother and walk with him. The rest of you keep your mouths shut." Mr. Watson warned the large group

By this time everyone had been inspected and were waiting in line to go back to their room with their Keepers.

No one spoke and everyone was quiet as they followed Mr. Watson to Mr. Taylor's room to drop off his students.

"Yes, sir." Harry replied and went to Liam. Being large for his age Harry was easily able to help Liam out of the crib. "Your Papa has a lot of students right now so you're going to walk with me."

"Okay." Liam agreed without question.

"You look so much happier LiLi," Niall commented as he and Harry joined them.

Liam just giggled and kissed Harry's hand.

"When we get back to the dorm you, Zayn and I have to talk," Harry told him. "It's important."

Niall could only nod before Mr. Watson interrupted them. "Mr. Kelly's room, in your room now. Get yourselves to bed." He instructed holding a door open.

Quietly five lads walked into the room. Mr. Taylor's room was next. Once his students were in their room the rest of them went to their own.

"Louis, if you want to sleep in your regular uniform you may though I know you'd rather sleep nude." Mr. Watson said as they walked in. "Niall, Zayn, Louis, Mr. Taylor will be late getting you for your treats tonight as he's punishing someone. Zayn, you'll only be getting enough weed to calm your addiction. If you would have been good today you'd be getting more."

Harry who was standing with Liam hugging him now looked to Mr. Watson. "Sir, do you want him in his crib or..." Harry trailed off unsure of what to do.

"Come here baby boy." Mr. Watson smiled and picked up Liam. "Get yourself ready for bed Harry."

"Okay." Harry told him as Liam went and kissed over Mr. Watson's face.

"Do you want to come with Papa to get pick a warm blanket for Niall? He's the only one on here without one." Mr. Watson pointed out.

"Yes! Papa is being nice! LiLi likes it!" He hugged his neck. "We be back. Bye!" He waved to his roommates.

Niall looked at Zayn. "Did I do something to deserve a warm blanket? He can't be nice just because...I mean, that's creepier. I feel like something's going to happen."

"Don't question it, love. Maybe this way you'll sleep better." Zayn took Niall's hands and kissed them, thinking that Mr. Watson had left.

Mr. Watson left the room without saying anything even though he'd heard the two lads.

Harry waited till the door was closed and spoke, "He's cracking. That's why you're getting a
"We had like, a heart to heart." Harry explained. "I don't remember his exact words but he basically doesn't know how much longer he wants to do all this. He said a lot more too. I mean, he seemed to just open up to me."

"Well, there's one sure way I know he means a little of what he said." Harry didn't know why but he felt slightly upset that they didn't believe him.

"What's that? Did he promise to adopt you too?" Louis teased.

"No, that's not it." Harry sighed.

"Did he promise you and LiLi can have little visits once the little lad is out of here?" Zayn added to the teasing.

"Ignore them." Niall shook his head. "What did he tell you? I mean, this just seems a bit...I don't know, creepy and weird, for a lack of a better term."

"He knows you two are dating and he said he didn't care so long as you aren't having sex." Harry told them. "If that wasn't true one of you wouldn't be here right now."

"How the fuck..." Niall whispered. He felt like he'd been stabbed in the heart.

"You two aren't exactly the most...Inconspicuous. You protect each other, and you eye flirt and you're always together. I kinda get it now though. If you really like someone it's hard to keep that hidden. I'm actually thankful I don't share a room with Rory. It'd be harder to keep it hidden that way." Louis said.

"We're not going to stop having sex, but what he doesn't know won't hurt him. You're not going to tell right?" Zayn gave Harry a pointed look.

"I won't tell him that you're having sex. Besides, he's been a teenager before. I'm sure he knows you're going to have sex. You'd better not let anyone else catch you though. He can't save you from the rest of the Keepers and I think some of them already question you both." Harry said.

"I know Mr. Taylor did once, but that was like the night we got together." Niall said. "When Zayn got so high, he couldn't stop being loud so Taylor told me to kiss him." He smiled a little at the memory.

"I remember that. I remember waking up the next morning and fearing it was all a dream, but it wasn't." Zayn smiled.

"Oh god...Just stop with the sappy shit. I can't take it." Harry shook his head.

"I think it's sweet." Louis smiled.

"He finally gets it." Niall grinned with a nod.

Zayn smiled and nodded in agreement.

"If Watson knows, does that mean we can sleep in the same bunk?" Niall asked, thinking out loud.

"What if a night Keeper comes in for a headcount and sees you both together?" Harry asked.

"Wait, Harry, why were you two even talking about them? I mean, you said he opened up so does
that mean he just randomly said he knew?” Louis asked.

"Oh yeah. I forgot about them." Niall frowned.

"He was opening up about a lot of stuff, and admitting a lot of stuff, so I just casually inquired what'd he do if he caught someone in a relationship. I didn't say from my room or name any names. He thought I liked someone until I said that I just knew of someone." Harry explained.

"Fuck. So you basically just confirmed his suspicions." Niall groaned.

"Not entirely." Harry lied. "He doesn't care though. I mean, he said we were all growing on him. He said I reminded him of himself. He said he wouldn't split Liam and me up either." Harry sat on a lower bunk and looked between them all. "Something's gotten under his skin."

"Not entirely? Definitely sounds like you did." Zayn sighed and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Well, lucky you, you'll be adopted along with Liam and you all get to be the one big happy family for real." Louis rolled his eyes.

"Meanwhile, we're stuck in a living nightmare." Niall glared.

Zayn rubbed Niall's leg. "What do you mean something's gotten under his skin? I thought it was made of some strong shit like titanium or something." He said. "I didn't think it was possible for him to crack. I mean, this from a man who got excited upon learning that I was a virgin and he'd be the one to take it away."

"Even though I took it." Niall grinned feeling very proud at making Zayn flush slightly.

"He didn't say he was going to adopt me. He just gave me his word that he would split us up. I have no idea what that means. I'm just saying that he isn't who he used to be. He's calling us by our names. He said we've all grown on him. That's huge! If we can convince him to stay working here or something then we could have it good for the rest of the time we're here."

Niall leaned over and kissed Zayn's flushed cheek. He loved being happy to make him blush with a few simple words.

"Yeah, that feels creepy too, calling us by our real names." Niall said.

"Definitely." Louis agreed.

"You punched your Foster brother. You were almost charged." Zayn reminded. "There's no way you're getting out of here unless he kidnaps you and as much as he may love Liam, I doubt he'd risk going to prison and being without him."

"I never said anything about him getting me out. I just meant... to me, it sounds like he isn't sure he wants to keep doing this; working here. If he leaves when we finally have it so good with him then we risk getting a shit Keeper. Unless we find a way to escape I don't see us getting out of here before our dates so we need to make him stay." Harry tried to explain.

Zayn smiled at the kiss. It was so simple but he had really come to love the little kisses so much.

"Then we need to convince Liam or LiLi or whomever...To convince him." Niall said. "That's the only way." He said and rested his head against Zayn's arm.

Suddenly the door swung open and Mr. Watson walked back in holding Liam who had an orange
blanket and four small pillows.

Niall quickly lifted his head and hit the top of the bunk. "Fuck." He groaned as he stood with the others and placed their hands on their backs.

"Relax, all of you." He shook his head as he sat Liam down in the crib. "Come here, Niall. Let me see your head."

"Here, Harry! You get the first pillow!" Liam smiled.

"Thanks, LiLi." Harry smiled and took the pillow.

Niall quickly made his way over to Mr. Watson for the Keeper to look at his head.

Mr. Watson gently touched Niall's head to hold it still as he looked. "You're probably going to have a nice bump. I think you'll be okay. If you need or want ice let me know, or Mr. Taylor."

"Thanks. I think I'm fine." Niall replied softly, feeling more comfortable than the day he arrived in this place.

"Here LouLou!" Liam said and held out a pillow for him.

"You lads don't need to stand for me in here. Just have some respect and be quiet when I come in the room." He told them. "You two, did Harry give you my message?"

"Thanks, LiLi." Louis grinned and took the pillow. "You're a very good helper."

Zayn and Niall nodded slowly.

"He did." Zayn replied softly. He felt nervous about discussing this out loud, deep down he felt this was too good to be true and it was all a trick somehow.

"I'm serious about it. You two can't be having sex. It really is a rule." He sighed looking at them. "Fuck, at least let me get you two lube so you don't hurt yourselves. Hide it behind your toilet. There's a hole in the wall back there from previous students."

"Uh, thank you...sir." Niall said. He felt uneasy about the situation, but he wasn't going to say no to lube. It'd be a nice change from always having to use spit.

"Yes, thank you, sir." Zayn forced himself to smile politely. "We really appreciate it."

"I don't care that you two are together but I have no control over anyone else here. If someone finds out I know nothing. I won't save you because I can't." He warned.

"Papa!" Liam whined. "No more. They get it!"

"We do understand the risks, and we're being careful or trying to be careful at least." Niall nodded.

"We do get it. You know nothing. It's fine." Zayn said.

"Don't talk to Papa like that okay? It sounds kind of rude." Harry whispered to Liam.

Liam frowned. "Sorry, Papa."

"It's alright, love. Don't do it again." He said. "Can you give Zayn his pillow now?"
"Here Zayn-Zayn." He said and held it out to him.

"Thanks, Li." Zayn smiled and took it. "Did you pick everything out yourself?" He asked.

"No, Papa did." Liam replied. "Here NiNi." He said holding out the last pillow and orange blanket. "I chose orange for you though."

"Thanks. Why orange though?" Niall asked curiously.

"The onliest other colours was grey and orange. I wanted you to have a nice colour." Liam explained.

"Thanks, Li." Niall smiled. "It reminds me of home a bit. Orange is one of the colours in the Irish flag."

Liam smiled, "I did good."

"You did. Are you ready to tell your brother goodnight?" Benji asked.

"Yes," Liam nodded. "Goodnight, my Harry. I love you so so much." He smiled and hugged him then gave Harry’s cheek a kiss.

"Night, LiLi." Harry hugged him back and gave him back a kiss on the cheek. "I love you very much too. Have a good night at home."

Liam nodded and held his hands up to his Papa.

Once Benji picked him up he looked to the lads, "I'll tell Mr. Taylor the lube is for Liam to wank with so expect that from him Harry. Behave, lads, sleep well."

"Night." The lads said in awkward scattered replies.

When Mr. Watson had left, Niall looked up at Zayn. "I think I'm even more creeped out. I mean, shit. This is weird."

"Yeah, it feels like...he's up to something although that may not be the case, with Keepers, you can never be too careful." Zayn agreed.

"He said to sleep well." Louis said as he shivered. "Sleep well."

"I agree it's strange but it's also nice." Harry offered his opinion.

"It's nice to you maybe now that you're all buddy-buddy with him." Zayn pulled Niall into his arms and checked over his head himself.

Harry sighed, "Sorry if I'm trying to be optimistic. I mean, I connected with him. It's whatever though. I understand why you are skeptic."

"How's his head?" Louis asked.

"It looks fine, besides looking a little red in places." Zayn quickly but carefully kissed it and stepped back. He didn’t want to risk being caught but he couldn’t help but kiss it.

"Hurts like fucking hell." Niall complained.
"You'll soon forget about that." Zayn smirked.

"Ah fuck...We're in for another round of jealous and possessive sex aren't we?" Louis asked.

"And in return, we help you with Rory and we cover for you on Friday nights." Niall smiled.

"True...Thank you. I'm glad your head is alright, Ni." Louis smiled.

"Thanks." Niall smiled. "It's killing me but nothing that sex and a sleeping pill won't fix."

"And you're welcome." Zayn added.

"Yeah, we don't mind helping cover. We get it." Niall nodded.

"I'll admit, you are slightly less repulsive now that you're someone's girlfriend." Harry smirked as he laid down and smiled. He was in a good mood now that he and Liam were okay.

Louis rolled his eyes. "I am someone's girlfriend and I have no issues with you lads or Finn knowing."

"Don't worry. We'll keep it on the dl." Niall said. "We'll do our best to make sure Tyler doesn't find out."

"Ugh, cause that's the last thing I need." Louis sighed

Harry laughed as he snuggled under his warm blanket.

Niall opened his mouth to say something when the door slammed open.

"Let's go, slags. Buttercup, fairy, glory hole...Move." Mr. Taylor's voice boomed against the concrete walls. "Oh, moptop...Watson told me he wanted Liam to have lube for when he wanks. I was told to leave it with you." He said and threw it at the lad.

Harry barely caught it. "Got it. Thanks."

"Mr. Taylor, sir?" Niall enquired.

"What is it?" Mr. Taylor said locking the door behind him and sighing

"Do you have anything stronger than what I normally get? I hit my head and it's killing me." He replied as they walked. "If not it's fine. Just asking."

"Not sure what a stronger sleeping pill will do for it besides knocking you out faster. Did you want that or did you want a painkiller like glory hole gets or do you want to smoke it like buttercup gets?" Mr. Taylor asked.

"Could I get a painkiller? Please, sir? Mr. Watson said I could have ice but I think a pill would be better." Niall said as they reached the outside door.

Mr. Taylor sighed. "Fine. You're lucky I have extra on me."

"Thank you, sir." Niall replied.

Mr. Taylor opened the door and lead the three lads out. "Here." He tossed Louis a small bottle of water. "Open up Glory Hole." He instructed as he got out a pill for him.
Louis caught the bottle of water and opened his mouth with his tongue out for his painkiller.

Mr. Taylor placed it on Louis' tongue then watched as he swallowed it.

"You're next." He told Niall. He then dropped the pill in his mouth and turned to Zayn, "Yours is small tonight. I assume you know why?" He asked as he gave Zayn his joint

"Because I've been a sarcastic shit all day? Or is it the stupid red bracelet that makes me feel worse than I already do?" Zayn asked as he took the joint from Mr. Taylor.

"You misbehaved today. That's why it's less." He warned harshly. "That damn bracelet has nothing to do with you almost not getting your fix." He told him then pulled a lighter from his pocket. "Be fast with it."

Zayn nodded. He lit it up and handed the lighter back to Mr. Taylor. He took in a long drag and let it out slowly. This was exactly what he needed to relax. He sat down on the cold stone bench beside Louis as he enjoyed his joint.

Mr. Taylor walked away and sat on a bench as he watched them. Niall sat near Zayn and Louis leaned against the opposite end of the bench Mr. Taylor was sitting on.

"Feeling better?" Niall asked softly.

"Much. It's not enough to let me sleep comfortably but maybe the pillow will help." Zayn smiled.

"How about you?" He asked Niall.

"It'll be okay when this pill kicks in." Niall assured.

"Those two...always joined at the hip." Mr. Taylor shook his head.

"They're just good friends. Niall was the first one of us to come into the room after Zayn, so they've been around each other the longest. It's nice." Louis tried to help cover for them.

"Yeah, sure." He rolled his eyes. Those damn bracelets had him agitated. About now was the time he wanted head but all the lads were meant to be in bed. "Fucking shit."

"Everything alright?" Zayn asked to be nice.

Mr. Taylor tapped his foot. He didn't like this. He wanted to stick to his agreement but without having gotten one last nightly blowjob he was angry.

"You know what? Fuck this shit! Glory Hole, get over here and get on your knees. You two, I need something to get off to. Fairy, fuck buttercup; make it good."

"Had to be nice." Louis mumbled to Zayn.

Niall swallowed as he stood.

He didn't have a problem fucking Zayn in front their roommates or probably other students but this was in front of Mr. Taylor.

"Chill." Zayn said taking one last drag from his joint and putting it out on the ground with his foot.

"Just get out of your head and do what you would normally do." Zayn whispered and took off his shirt.
"No faking it. I want it just like earlier with that other mate of yours. I know you were watching Fairy. Dominate his arse." Mr. Taylor said as he undid his belt and trousers.

He dropped his trousers and pants enough for his semi-hard cock to be exposed. "Hurry it up you two! Fuck him now!" He yelled then tapped his cock against Louis' face, taunting him.

Both Zayn and Niall quickly got undressed.

The night air was cool and it sent shivers through the lad's nude bodies.

Zayn dropped to his knees in front of Niall so he could get him hard.

He took the soft cock into his mouth and began to suck.

"Beg for it, you whore." Mr. Taylor told Louis. "Fairy! I can't hear you! Dominate him! If you can't I'll dominate you both!"

"Please, sir. There's nothing more that would I would love to do than to suck your massive cock. Out of all the Keepers, I love to suck you the most." Louis begged.


"Better." Mr. Taylor said to the three. "Fuck, open your mouth slut. Be slow and gentle." He told Louis.

Zayn quickly moved to all fours. He was already horny; just from Niall's command. "Please, Ni. Please fuck me. Own my arse."

"Fuck." Niall moaned. Zayn sounded so hot begging like that. He slipped a couple fingers into Zayn's hole. He was still open from lunch, which Niall assumed he would be but being a nice boyfriend, he had wanted to double check.

Niall removed his fingers and quickly lined himself up. He then pushed in. "Ah, fuck. Love how you always feel." He groaned. "Beg. Tell me what you want, Zaynie...Say it loud."

Louis heard Niall and tried to moan loudly to cover up Niall's words.

Mr. Taylor slipped his cock into his mouth and relaxed, letting Louis do all the work.

"Niall, please fuck me! I want your cock. Only yours. Please!" Zayn begged. Mr. Taylor wanted a show so he was going to give him one.

Louis worked on Mr. Taylor's cock and moaned around it. He wanted to help as much as possible.

Niall smiled and began to thrust in and out of Zayn. "Ah, fuck. You feel amazing." He moaned loudly. He ran his hand over Zayn's arse and held tightly to his hip with the other. He gently slapped it. "Who owns you?" He demanded. "Who do you belong to? Scream it!"

"You! Fuck! You Niall! I'm yours. All yours!" Zayn was already crying from pleasure. "More!"

"Shit! This is better than lunch." Mr. Taylor moaned. "Suck a bit harder now slut."

Louis bobbed his head and sucked harder and moaned loudly around the cock. At least Mr. Taylor was buying it was an act.
"Damn right you're going to get more." Niall slammed into Zayn hard. "You belong to me! No one fucking else. No one besides me." He let his fingers lightly scratch along Zayn's back. "You're all mine. Always."

"Your baby. Please." Zayn cried out louder. "Scratch me harder. Please! Fuck, please! Need you! Need you baby!" He whimpered. "Please!"

"Fucking hell. This is heaven." Mr. Taylor groaned louder. "Cum in his arse Fairy! Own him like he's begging for."

Niall smirked and dug his nails into Zayn's back and dragged them down. It was deep enough to cause pleasure but light enough not to draw blood.

"Your mine forever. No one else gets to have you the way I do." Niall moaned and slammed into Zayn harder. "Beg for it. Beg for me to cum into you, baby. I want to hear that sexy voice of yours tell me exactly what you need from me."

"I need your cum. I need you to own me! Please! I'm such a slut for you Niall. Own me. Own my arse. Cum in me! Please cum!" He cried. "Fuck I'm so close."


Niall slammed into Zayn a few more times and shook slightly as he finally came. "Ah, fuck. Fuck. You always feel so amazing. I love it." He breathed and pulled out.

"Fuck!" Mr. Taylor shouted as he came in Louis' mouth.

Louis worked quickly to swallow it all.

Zayn, however, was just tipping over his edge, "Ah! Ni, baby, I love you! Ah!" He screamed and came on the dirt and grass below him.

Louis nearly choked when he heard Zayn and tried to cover it up by moaning loudly and spilling some of the cum out of his mouth.

"Shit." Zayn whispered as he cursed at himself. "Fucking prat." He said to himself as he rested his head on the ground, away from the cum. He had been holding that back so well until now.

"You love him." Mr. Taylor said after calming down. "I fucking knew you two slags were dating. I fucking knew."

Niall bit his lip as Zayn stood.

"We are together and I do love him a lot. I'm sorry we broke the rules but...It just sorta happened." Zayn frowned and began to get dressed.

"I..." He was cross. Actually, he was very cross. He wanted to tell them both. "I don't even know where to begin with you both. What do you think Mr. Watson is gonna say?"

Zayn looked at Mr. Taylor. "He's been pretty nice lately so I have no idea." He shrugged. He lied but he knew that he was supposed to.

Niall glanced at Zayn then back at Mr. Taylor. They weren't supposed to see say that Mr. Watson knew but he was terrified of getting caught in a lie. "He admitted to us tonight before he and Liam
left that he knew and didn't care.” He sighed.

"He knows?" Mr. Taylor asked looking between them. He then looked at Louis.

"He knows." Louis confirmed.

"All three of you get to bed." He pointed angrily. "Now. We aren't talking about this tonight!"

Louis quickly stood and the three of them headed to the door.

The three of them walked back to the room in silence where they were shoved inside as the door slammed shut behind them and was locked.

Niall looked at Zayn with tears in his eyes now. "I don't want my collar back on, I don't want my tail back on or having to walk on all fours. My knees and hands are still bruised." He started to cry.

"Shh, baby. You don't have to be sorry. I only lied because I thought that's what Watson wanted us to do." Zayn pulled Niall into his arms. "It's going to be okay."

"What happened?" Harry asked, the door having woken him up.

"He made me suck him off while they had sex. Zayn slipped and said he loved him. Mr. Taylor asked about it and he confessed that Mr. Watson knew." Louis explained. "He acted upset but not angry but also didn't know what to say."

"Well, shit." Harry shook his head. "I'm sorry." He frowned. "I really hope this isn't our last night together, like the four of us. I don't want either of you separated from each other. It's hard enough as it is for you both."

Louis frowned too. "I don't know if there's much I can do but if there is let me know." He now knew what love felt like. "I'm sorry. I kept trying to moan loud and hide what you were saying."

"It's fine." Zayn held back tears of his own.

"He was buying it until the very end..." Niall sniffed.

"I just...I got so caught up in the moment that I forgot for a second. I shouldn't have lost myself like that. But I can't exactly fake it with my boyfriend." Zayn held Niall tighter.

"It's up to Mr. Taylor now. He's like bffs with Watson though." Harry told them. "So maybe they'll talk and...yeah, I don't know. Maybe I can talk to LiLi and he can talk to Watson who'll talk to Taylor." He offered.

"Thanks." Niall nodded. Anything maybe would help.

"You're welcome." Harry replied. "I'll sit up by the door for a while if you two want to cuddle. I'll tell you if I hear anyone unlocking the door."

“I'll switch with you after awhile.” Louis offered.

"Thanks." Zayn smiled a little. "That would be really nice." He suddenly felt very grateful for his roommates. They may all fight a lot at times but when it really mattered, they always seemed to be there for each other. He'd never had that type of friendship before.

Niall took Zayn's hand and lead him to the bottom bunk. "I can't survive without you."
"We'll figure it out. I swear to you I'll sort out something. I will. I know it's cheesy but I won't ever stop fighting for you and for us." Zayn promised as he laid down and pulled Niall into his arms. "I love you."

Liam had moved out of his deeper headspace and just in his kinky headspace. They had just walked in the front door and Liam was only interested in one thing.

"It's later, Papa. You said you'd make it up to me later." Liam told him with a pout.

"Don't you want to shower first LiLi? Maybe have something to eat?" Benji asked him as he watched Liam take off his yellow bracelet and hand it to him.

"No!" He whined. "I'm horny. I want to have special playtime! Wanking is stupid. I want you. You promised."

Benji had been hoping for something to eat first but for now, he can eat Liam.

"Alright, you win. I'll make you special milk." Benji smiled as he began to strip out of his clothes.

Liam smiled. "Yay! Thank you, Papa! I've been waiting all day! It's been terrible."

He began trying to take his jumper off but his arms quickly became entangled. "Ow! Papa help!"

Benji quickly freed Liam's arms. "You gotta do it slowly or you become all tangled up." He explained then took off the rest of Liam's clothes and nappy. He then crawled onto the bed.

He ran a hand from Liam's stomach to his cock and began to pump it teasingly.

"Mmm," he moaned and almost whimpered. "Papa, I want to be Liam. I want Benji and Liam sex. It's more fun." He little hips thrust into Benji's hand; desperate for attention.

"Okay." Benji smiled. "Whatever you want is fine by me." He leaned up and kissed Liam's lips then made a trail down his body to his little hole where he began to lick it.

"Ah! Yes!" Liam melted. "Benji! I love when you put your mouth on me!" His voice cracked and his cock was almost fully hard now.

Benji continued to lick over the hole for a couple more moments then slipped his tongue inside and began to thrust in and out.

Just as Liam finally allowed himself to scream loudly the doorbell rang; making them both jump.

"Shit!" Liam yelled.

Benji pulled his tongue out. "Stay here and I'll get rid of the person at the door." He instructed as he stood and grabbed his pants and a pair of joggers, slipping them on. It felt uncomfortable due to his hard cock but he couldn't ignore the door.

"Open the door, Benji. I know you're here." Jake yelled through the door.
"Fucking hell." Benji groaned. He looked at Liam. "I'll see what he wants and get rid of him." He walked quickly but uncomfortably to the door.

He unlocked it and opened it. "Someone better be fucking dying or something for you to interrupt time with Liam." He glared. "What is your problem?"

"What's my problem? You're really going to ask me that?" Jake asked a bit hard. He was angry at the moment. Of course, when he saw Benji was hard he sighed, "Sorry for the terrible timing but we need to talk."

"We need to talk? About what? This couldn't wait until morning?" Benji asked as he tried to think of things that would force his hard-on to go away.

"No. You're promising mop top that he won't be separated from Liam. You know about the two lads in your room dating but are fine with it. You aren't yourself. What the hell has gotten into you, Benji?" Jake demanded as he gently forced himself inside and shut the door for privacy.

"I..." Benji started. "I don't know. I feel like I'm becoming a different person now that I'm with Liam. I have little to no interest in punishing students anymore. You know I won't be sexual with them. As for Zayn and Niall, if they've found a bit of happiness in that hellish place, then why shouldn't we let them be happy?" He asked. "And for the Harry thing, I can't separate them again, not when they need each other."

Jake ran a hand over his face and leaned against the door. "Benji, how do you expect to keep them together? I realize they're brothers. I know he makes Liam happy. I can appreciate that but, he almost went to jail. He's had more foster parents than any other kid in the history of the school. There is no chance a judge will let him out."

"I don't know what to do. I don't know how...I just know that they need to stay together. It's important for Liam and kind of important to me. I can't deal with this parenting thing without his help. When LiLi won't listen to me, he listens to his brother."

Jake shook his head, "I think you've lost your mind. You know this right? The only way you're getting that lad out before he is eighteen is to kidnap him."

"If I do then no one is going to be looking for him." Benji said. "You know the school won't report it, they'll lie to the social worker and he has no family. No family besides Liam. I have to have Harry around... He's too important to Liam." He frowned.

"You think those other three in your room won't report it? If anything they'd do it out of jealousy. Are you going to break them all out just because Liam needs Harrison?" Jake asked. "Where would you keep them all? They can't stay here. You wouldn't be able to stay here. The school would look for you."

"I don't know yet." Benji sighed. "I just started to think about it today. But maybe I could get all four of them out? Get a bigger place first?"

Jake sighed and shook his head, "There's no convincing you otherwise? You're set on doing this, aren't you? No more harsh punishments, no more sexual interactions, breaking them all out, being on the run in a sense?"

"Yeah, basically." Benji nodded. "I don't know how I'm going to do it and I won't ask you to risk everything and help me. I know how much you love the job." He sighed. "I'm doing this for Liam's
sake. I can't break Harry out without having to include the others as well, so all of them get out and I don't know what or how. I just know it needs to be done."

"Ben, Benji, listen to me." Jake said as he stood up and touched his shoulders. "I love you like family. We've gotten really close since we met. Liam is my nephew and your lover. If you really want to do this I'm helping. I want to."

"Thank you." Benji smiled a little. "But what about Liv? I can't ask you to risk that for me."

"We lied about Liam. We could lie about the school kind of. Tell her the lads are being abused there. We can skip the part where we abused them. If we're getting the lads out they'd probably lie for us." Jake offered. "She has such a kind heart and she's very gullible."

Benji nodded. "That's a start." He ran a hand through his hair. "Thank you for wanting to help." He smiled a little. "I don't even know how we'd get them all out of the school though." He frowned a little.

"We'll sort it out. One step at a time. First, we have to get a bigger place, somewhere... not here." Jake told him.

"Benji!" Liam shouted angrily from the bedroom.

"Maybe out in the country area? Like out in the middle of nowhere?" Benji suggested then heard Liam. He sighed, he had actually forgotten about leaving Liam in there. "I'll be there soon! Be patient!" He called back.

Liam made an angry sound but said nothing else.

"Sorry about that. Sounds like he's Liam at the moment and not happy." Jake commented.

"Yeah," Benji nodded. "Don't worry about it."

"Out in the country would be good." Jake nodded. "With computers and homeschooling online we can still make sure they're being educated so they can get jobs later. We both have lots of money set aside to provide for them, not to mention having worked here for the school and that private company that runs it, almost anyone else would hire us. None of that's hard. It's the getting them out part." He thought aloud. "Let's start researching areas and houses. We'll go from there."

Benji nodded. "Will do. Thank you." He smiled a little. "What are you going to do about Niall and Zayn?" He asked.

Chapter End Notes

So what do you all think Mr. Taylor will do?

ALSO - Not entirely sure it's if we can do it, but if we did...Would you all be interested in a video trailer for the fic and/or the squeal?

EDIT: I made a joint Twitter account for J-lynn and I for interaction purposes with you all lovely people! If you don't have an account or want to review as a guest or even
review via Tumblr, you can also do so via Twitter now! You can tweet us about anything!

@paperheartsAJ (Follow us!)

EDIT 2.0. We have made an Instagram account! It's a place to store all visuals for our fics. We'll keep posting them to Tumblr as well so they can be organized by fiction.

paperheartwriters on Instagram! Go follow!

If you want a follow back, just ask!

Tumblr is a side blog but I (Annabella) personally will follow anyone who asks back!

Anyways. Make sure to follow us for updates on current fics and upcoming ones! (Like an AU! Louis is a stripper...hehe.)
I really hope you enjoy this chapter!

Be sure to follow us on Tumblr/Insta/Twitter!!!

We have all EE visuals on Insta now, and some of those visuals are not on the blog.

Including the visual of the weekend keeper!! It has his name and age. Oh and manips of the couples!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jake tapped his foot as he ran his fingers over his mouth and jaw. "You said they're happy? Being together makes them happy? You think it's real and not simply horny puppy love?"

“They are happy, mate. And I do think it's more than puppy love, especially when they always try to cover for one another and take the other's punishment. I mean, puppy love in that place? They wouldn't take the other's punishment. I couldn't see that happening. Besides, I see the way they look at each other and how Niall looked after you had Zayn's friend fuck him...I mean, I'm pretty sure it's real love. As real as it can be for them being young teens.” Benji explained

"Fine then. I'll leave them alone." Jake agreed. "If you think I should then I will."

"Thank you." Benji smiled. "Now, if there's isn't anything else, I'd like to get back to my boyfriend."

"Yeah, right, tell him sorry. We'll chat later." He said and opened the front door. "Sorry again mate. Bye."

"See ya in the morning." Benji nodded closing the door behind Jake. He locked it then stripped out of his clothes and headed back to the bedroom. "That was Jake. He found out some stuff and was angry until I explained shit to him." He gave the short story of things. "I'm sorry I left you." He frowned and kissed Liam's face.

“You can make it up to me by fucking me so hard I see stars." Liam grinned. "Fuck, I always get so horny for you."

"Gladly," Benji said and crawled off the bed. He grabbed the lube from the side drawer then got back onto the bed. He coated his fingers and gently pushed one inside to begin stretching the lad.

Liam moaned and smiled. "Benji, I love you so much. I want you inside me so bad. Hurry."

Benji added a couple more fingers and quickly stretched out the lad. He then coated his cock that was already stiff again and pushed inside.
Liam's back arched off the bed as his hands grabbed his arms, "Yes! Finally!" He let his eyes roll closed. "I love your cock, Benji."

"And I love being inside you." Benji moaned and slammed into Liam hard. "Fuck." He groaned.

"Benji! Harder!" Liam demanded. "Fuck me!" He moaned and dug his nails in.

Benji slammed into Liam as hard as he could. "Fuck. I love fucking you." He groaned. "You feel great." He slammed into Liam again, using his full strength.

"Own me, Benji! Ruin me arse!" Liam screamed and begged. "Fuck me! Please, Benji! Ah!"

Benji pulled out for a moment and flipped Liam onto his stomach. He pulled up Liam's hips and re-entered the lad from behind, slamming in as hard as he possibly could. "Fuck. This arse belongs to me."

"Yes! Fuck yes!" Liam screamed. "More Benji! Ah!" He cried. "I'm so close baby!"

Benji continued to slam hard into Liam. "Fuck. Fuck." He moaned loudly. "You feel so good. So tight and I fucking love it." He could feel himself getting closer.

"I'm gonna cum. Benji, I..." he whimpered trying to hold back. "Can I cum? Please, Benji?"

"You don't need my permission this time, babe." Benji moaned as he came loudly into Liam. "Fuck. Fuck." He kept repeating the word throughout his orgasm.

Liam gasped and his body shook violently as he began to cum hard onto the bed below him. "Benji! Benji! Babe! Fuck!"

Benji grinned and pulled out. He fell back onto the bed as he continued to calm down. "Mm, you're right...Sex as Liam is more fun." He winked playfully.

"You just like it cause as Liam I wanna be fucked hard and I scream loud." He laughed. "I need help getting to the toilet."

Benji laughed and sat up. He picked Liam up and helped him into the loo.

He sat him down on his feet and leaned against the wall as he waited patiently. He didn't know if Liam was going to go back to his kink or his deep headspace then need help. He felt it was best to stay close by.

Liam had his wee and then washed his hands and turned to Benji, "Do we have any pain medication so I'm not sore tomorrow?"

"I don't have any painkillers but I do have Advil...that should work just as well." Benji nodded. "Do you want a fresh nappy on? Or do you want to do it yourself?"

Liam wasn't Liam very often so he was still in the figuring things out stage.

"I don't know." He shrugged. "I've been doing better about going to the toilet. I just..." He sighed. He knew he should just open up and tell Benji how he was feeling. "I enjoy using them. I don't need to but I want to. I know it's nasty or gross because I'm a teenager but it makes me feel good." Liam frowned. "I'm sorry." He squeaked as his voice cracked.
"It's not nasty or gross," Benji told him. "Maybe unusual because you are a teenager but don't be sorry."

Liam frowned and took a deep breath, "I just want you to like me and be okay with everything but like, I want to be happy too. I feel like I'm an insane freak or something. I just want to use them sometimes like, maybe not for making a mess but for the other thing. It makes me feel tingly." He didn't feel like he was explaining it well.

"I am okay with everything. I wouldn't be here if I wasn't." Benji assured him. "So weeing in the nappy turns you on? Or just feels really good?"

Liam's face flushed hot, he felt tears pricking his eyes as he whispered, "It turns me on." He was so ashamed.

Benji pulled him into a hug. "And there's nothing wrong with that, love." He rubbed Liam's back. "That's just the kink part of LiLi in you and there's nothing wrong with it. But there are times and places to be kinky and other times where you have to be a bit more grown up." He tried to explain. "But for now, you can wear the nappy no matter what state of mind you're in."

"I actually don't think I want to when I'm Liam." He replied. "I'm able to hold my wee now and so if I'm Liam I want to. I don't know what I want when I'm deep LiLi. I don't know if I can keep using the toilet or not." Liam told him. "Can we maybe use the nappy for my kink and then just in case use the trainer when I'm deep?"

"Yeah, sure." Benji nodded. "But you think you can figure out a way to let me know the difference between the kink and deep down?"

"I could use my bracelet still at home?" Liam suggested. "Bracelet when I'm deep. No bracelet when it's the kink then I sound different when I'm Liam."

Benji nodded. "Sounds like a great plan." He smiled. "So what do you want right now?" He asked. "Do you want food? Or anything?"

"No, I'm alright. Thank you though." Liam replied. "What did Uncle Jake want?" Liam asked as he slowly walked to the bedroom.

“He found out about Niall and Zayn being together,” Benji answered. “So he came to ask if I knew to which I said yes.”

"So, they're going to get split up now?" Liam looked heartbroken. He sat on the bed and sighed, "That's not fair."

"The rule isn't fair but since I'm fine with it, he's not going to do anything about it." Benji smiled and grabbed his joggers, slipping them on.

Liam nodded. He sat silent for a moment then asked. "Why are you fine with it?"

"I don't know. I suppose I really don't care if they're together or not, so I'm fine with it. It doesn't bother me like it would have probably a few weeks ago." Benji shrugged and grabbed his phone so he could plug it in. "I've changed in a sense so much so that I'm questioning my future that at the school depending on what happens to you."

“What do you mean?” Liam asked confused.

"If we can get you out of the school...Then I'm quitting. My heart isn't in it anymore. I'll find a way
to get Harry out too. It may not be legal but I'll find a way.” Beni explained.

Liam felt like he was in shock. It wasn’t something that had ever even crossed his mind. It should have but it didn’t.

“That's something else J and I talked about," Benji said. "We figure that Harry wouldn't want to leave the others and you especially wouldn't want to leave Louis, so we'll figure out how to get them out as well. Not legally...Since there's no legal way to get them out.”

“What about Louis and Niall and Zayn? They just, stay there and I never see them again?” He wondered.

Liam hugged Benji, “I don’t know what’s softened your heart but thank you! You really are wonderful. I love you, Benji.”

Benji hugged him back. "Harry is your brother and Louis is your friend." He smiled. "Everything has just gotten to me lately because I'm completely in love with you. You have definitely changed me for the better."

“Niall and Zayn are my friends too,” Liam added. “I love that you're changing. The way you cared for me, even though you were trying to be mean at first; I knew who you could be.” He kissed Benji’s lips softly. “Hopefully now everyone else will be able to see it too.”

Benji smiled. "Maybe. We'll see how everything plays out. I think they're more afraid of me now that I'm being nice if anything."

“Just keep showing them the real, new you. You’ve hurt them a lot. It takes time to trust again. I know I still question what’s right and what’s wrong. You’ll get there and so will they.” Liam encouraged. “When you get them out they’ll really trust that you care finally.”

Benji nodded. “Thank you.” He kissed Liam’s head.

They spent a few more minutes talking before climbing into bed for a cuddle then falling asleep.

Neither Zayn or Niall could sleep last night. They both worried about getting separated now that Mr. Taylor knew.

They stayed up for what felt like a long while not saying anything and just cuddling while Harry and Louis took turns keeping watch for the night Keeper.

Now it was morning and they were awakened by the door slamming open and locking again.

All five lads quickly got to their feet and they noticed it was Mr. Taylor instead of Mr. Watson.

Niall and Zayn exchanged a quick glance before looking back at Mr. Taylor.

"Here's the deal..." Mr. Taylor began. "I won't separate you and I won't tell the other Keepers. But in exchange, I still use both of you whenever the fuck I want and you two put on a nice show for me whenever I want. Is that understood?” He asked the two lads.

“Really? I... I mean yes sir. Of course sir!” Zayn quickly replied. “Thank you so much, Mr. Taylor!”
Niall quickly nodded. "Whatever you want, sir. Thank you." He sighed of relief. Things were looking up lately, no collar, no dog things or having to act like one, and he could stay with Zayn despite both Mr. Watson and Mr. Taylor knowing.

"Honestly sir, thank you so much. It really means so much to me; us.” Zayn said.

“You need to thank Mr. Watson because he’s the one who convinced me.” Mr. Taylor said. “If I were you two I’d be on your best behaviour yet and kiss his arse.”

"Of course we will. We won't misbehave." Niall told him. "We'll do our best, sir. I promise."

"Right. We'll see." Mr. Taylor said. "Watson should be here soon so make sure you're ready."

The lads watched as Mr. Taylor left the room.

“Congrats lads. I didn’t expect that.” Louis told Niall and Zayn.

Niall walked over to Zayn and wrapped his arms around him. "Me either." Niall agreed.

Zayn held Niall close and kissed his head. "We have to do our best so Watson doesn't change his mind...Just yell at everyone and hit people internally instead of externally." He encouraged.

“Feel free to shoot me a look for help if you really need back up.” Harry offered.

“Thanks, Harry.” Niall nodded.

The door then opened slowly as Mr. Watson spoke with a kind tone. “Morning time lads. Everybody up and... oh, you’re all up already.”

Liam walked into the room with him and stood quietly.

"Mr. Taylor was just here," Niall said as he and Zayn broke apart.

It felt awkward to show affection for each other in front of Mr. Watson, plus, the whole nice thing was creeping them out.

Between Louis, Niall, and Zayn, they had started to take bets on how long it'd last.

"Yeah, he told us that he wouldn't tell on us in exchange for us to still be used by him...and putting on a show whenever he wants," Zayn explained.

“He’s telling the truth but you make sure to let me know if it’s too much mentally.” Mr. Watson told them since Zayn had a red bracelet and Niall was at risk of it.

“Morning Harry.” Liam smiled. “Did you sleep well with your pillow?”

The two of them slowly nodded and quickly got their trainers on while Louis got dressed.

"Morning...and yes, I did." Harry smiled. "It was nice having a real pillow again instead of what they say is a pillow."
Liam smiled happily. “Can I hug him?” He asked Benji.

Benji laughed. “Since when do you have to ask permission to hug your brother?”

Liam grinned and ran over to Harry to hug him.

Harry hugged him back tightly. "Did you have a good night?” He asked.

“Yes, Uncle Jake interrupted special playtime but Benji made it up to me. He even cuddled me while we fell asleep." He grinned.

"We need to go or we'll be late," Benji told the room. "So out you get."

"We're still sitting with Louis, Rory and Finn? Right?" Niall asked Zayn as they left the room.

"Oh yeah, for sure. Don't worry, you don't have to deal with David anymore. I promise." Zayn told him.

“Cool, I get to eat alone again.” Harry sighed under his breath.

"You don't have to sit alone. I mean, they're a bit over the top...But if he's your friend then suck it up," Zayn told him quietly.

Harry just shook his head. More and more he was hating this school. He wished he could just eat with Liam.

“Come on lads. You know you aren’t meant to be talking in the halls.” Mr. Watson tried to kindly correct them. He'd get mean if he had to, but he wasn’t interested in being mean to them anymore.

Niall shot Zayn a questioning look.

Zayn shrugged. "I get it, but I suggest we enjoy it while it lasts." He whispered.

"Agreed," Louis said and followed the others into the cafe.

“Remember, you lads are to be quietly eating! We’ll pull anyone aside who don't obey!” Mr. McGuinness yelled harshly as the lads started getting in line.

Louis quickly went and stood with Finn as he anxiously waited for Rory to come in with his room.

Harry didn’t even bother standing with anyone. He quietly stood alone in the line.

"Why do you look so fucking depressed?" Niall asked as he stood behind Harry. "I mean, you got your Liam back, you're under Watson's protection again... Besides the fact that Louis is dating your best mate, you should be on cloud nine."

“I don’t get much time with Liam. Rory was my only real friend outside of you guys. Now it’s just me. That’s how I feel. Rory is always all over Louis now. Maybe this place is just getting to me. I don’t really know. Just feeling lost.” Harry shrugged.

"Maybe tell Rory you just want his attention on you sometimes and not always Louis,'" Zayn suggested.

"I get why they're all over each other. They don't get to share a room together. I don't think they have any classes together but really...The only time they get together is mealtimes and then it'll be
"But I do think he shouldn't ignore you, I understand he's really into Louis. It's new and exciting yet at the same time...Just talk to him. He's not worth it as a friend if he won't make time for you.” Zayn added.

Harry took a deep breath and nodded, “Yeah, I just really want to have my time with Ms. Brown.”

“Eat quickly! Now!” Mr. Derringer yelled bringing his room in.

From different spots in line Harry and Louis, both saw Rory. However, it was Harry who he went to stand with. “Hey lads, you two eating with us again?”

"Yeah, if you don't mind?” Niall said, hopeful.

“Not at all. Do you mind Harry?” Rory asked.

“Why ask me?” Harry questioned.

“Because you’re my mate. We’re friends. I care about what you think. My dating Louis doesn’t change that. I’m sorry you don’t like him. I don’t want it ruining our friendship though.” Rory replied as they Niall grabbed some dry toast and a bottle of water. He wasn't going to touch the warm food, it was worse than the cold food.

"All you do is fucking fawn over him. You fucking worship the ground he walks on." Harry complained. "It's like I don't even exist anymore."

The food all looked warm today but it still didn’t look very appetizing.

“Hey,” Rory stopped him. “You still exist. I even asked him about you yesterday when you weren’t at free time. I told Louis to tell you.”

He shook his head as he chose the oatmeal for his breakfast. It was one of the blandest options so warmed up it seemed like a safe bet.

"He forgot but we had other issues going on so I don't blame him for not thinking about it. I was fine by the way. I was just with Liam. We talked things out." Harry told him.

“Good, I’m glad you two got to talk about things.” Rory smiled and grabbed a bottle of water. “Please, sir with Louis and I?”

"Sure. I have no one else to sit with." Harry shrugged. "And I miss my friend... Just don't be gross please?"

He wasn't interested in eating much so he chose the scrambled eggs and a bottle of water.

Rory didn’t look happy. He didn’t get any time with Louis so he wanted to make the most out of every second he had with him. He didn’t want to upset Harry though, “I’ll do me best.”

He then walked over to the table where Louis was sitting with Finn and sat beside him with a grin. “Good morning, princess.”

“Morning, my king.” Louis smiled as Harry took a seat next to Zayn.
"I thought that was your thing?" Harry asked Zayn softly.

"It was prince and princess but not anymore. They kinda ruined it for us," Zayn whispered back.

"I can understand that." Harry nodded.

"I’m really missing that skirt." He whispered to Louis soft enough so that Harry wouldn’t hear him. “When we get out of here you’re wearing one for me all the time.”

Anything you want... The upside of my new uniform is that I’m slightly warmer. The downside is I don't get to have you teasing me and enjoying the view."

"Right, I’m sorry." Finn apologized. “How do you all tell the difference?” He asked the four lads at the table who shared a room with Liam.

"He just acts differently." Zayn shrugged. "When he's Liam, well, he's not sound nor mature but it's obvious that he's more grown up. When he's in his baby state, he..." He trailed off trying to find a way to explain it where Harry wouldn't be offended. “He acts like an actual infant.”

"Not being rude at all but that’s pretty strange,” Finn replied. “If he likes it I mean good for him but I’m not into that shit.”

"He has issues." Niall shrugged. "Everyone has their issues. Oh, and a part of him likes it too. It's like...part kink, part real mental illness, and part teenager who doesn't know shit."

"Nothing wrong with kinks. Be nice to the lad. We all have things that get us hard... or wet.” Rory said and looked at Louis as he finished. “Your pussy is always wet for me isn’t it princess?” Rory whispered into Louis’ ear.

Louis swallowed hard and nodded. "It is... Always. It's one of the many things you do to me." He whispered to Rory.

“I don’t even want to know.” Finn shook his head and looked at Niall, Harry and Zayn. “I’m sorry if I came across mean. I just meant I’m not into infantilism. I have nothing against Liam. I just don’t completely understand him and his story.”

You didn't come across as mean." Zayn shrugged. "I didn't hear it that way."

"Me either." Niall agreed. "And Infantilism...Is weird as shit. It's one thing to call your partner "baby" but another thing to act like an actual baby."

“I don’t judge. I may not share my brother's kink but I respect that it’s something that makes him happy. I’m happy he’s happy.” Harry replied. “Infantilism or not I love him.”

"That's cool," Finn said.

“That’s very sweet Harry. Good for you.” Rory told him. “He seems like a very nice kid.”

“Your only warning lads. Less talking more eating.” Mr. Thomas told them in a threatening tone as he passed by the table. Of course he never actually stopped to ensure they did as told. Instead, he grabbed a lad from another table who was laughing and dragged him out of the cafeteria.

"This whole nice thing is creepy as shit. It's worse now than it was before," Zayn complained.
"I still hate Watson being nice to us. I'll never fucking get used to it and I'll never fuck trust him. Ever. Like I don't even care if he somehow gets us out of this hell, too much has happened. And him being nice? Changes nothing." Niall sighed.

"Me too." Zayn agreed.

Harry stayed quiet. He had mixed feelings with Mr. Watson at the moment.

“I don’t mind it. It’s strange but I’ll gladly take it over the Mr. Watson I knew when I first came to this school.” Louis gave his input as he finished off his breakfast.

"Time's up! Get your rubbish in the bins and get moving!" Mr. Pieters yelled.

“Be a good girl. I’ll see you at lunch beautiful.” Rory told Louis with a smile. He wanted so badly to kiss him but he couldn’t so he just winked instead.

“He called him beautiful. That was actually sort of sweet, in a strange way.” Niall whispered to Zayn as they stood.

"I agree, but I don't think it's that strange." Zayn shrugged as he walked with Niall to the bins. "Did you want me to call you beautiful?"

“Maybe just things like that. Gorgeous. Handsome. Lovely.” Niall suggested as they lined up and waited. “Just some suggestions.”


“Thank you. It’s brown now though isn’t it?” Niall asked. “I bleached it when I left Ireland.”

"Yeah, mostly brown." Zayn nodded. "You still have some blonde tips though, but I think you look just as amazing as you always do. In fact, I think I like your natural colour even more than the blonde."


“What do you want?” They heard Louis asking Harry as they joined them.

“Nothing. I was just being nice and saying thanks for not being obnoxious with the Rory flirting.” Harry replied.

It's fine. We flirted our way, we just did it quietly so you wouldn't hear." Louis told him.

“Be- Mr. Watson, is it okay if I walk to showers with Harry?” Liam asked. He didn’t want to upset him since he normally walked with him.

"Sure. But for future reference, you don't need to ask my permission." Benji shrugged.

Liam kissed his cheek and went to stand with Harry as they started walking, “Are you okay Harry?”

"Yeah, I'm fine." Harry nodded. "Are you okay?" He asked.

“Yeah, I just feel like being Liam for a while. I do feel a bit strange being Liam though.” He admitted. “I don’t feel like I belong anywhere here as Liam.”
“Everyone feels that way being themselves here. You're not the only one feeling a little lost.” Harry told him.

“Are you feeling lost too?” Liam wanted to know. “Do you think the other lads in our room feel it?”

"I am actually," Harry admitted softly. "I'm actually looking forward to talking with the therapist later. As for if the others feel it, I'm not sure. Zayn and Niall have each other. Louis has..." He stopped himself from admitting it to Liam. It wasn't because he didn't trust Liam, but because he told Rory that he wouldn't tell anyone. "Louis has himself. Zayn and Niall seem to be doing okay though because they have each other, that probably helps a lot."

“I see,” Liam replied and held his hand. “You have me. Just remember that.”

“Watson, the new student is in route. He’s going into your room. I’ll let you know when he arrives.” Tom, the secretary was heard on Mr. Watson’s radio.

Harry smiled. "Thanks, Li." He squeezed it a little.

"New student? Isn't our room full sir?" Zayn asked a little confused after hearing the radio.

“No, each room holds six students.” He said sounding agitated now. “Technically with Liam’s crib my room can hold seven. Headmaster likes to fill each room completely before starting a new room.”

“Doesn’t seem fair to the new lad to put him in a room with five lads who’ve been together a while. I bet he’d be happier in a new room.” Louis commented.

"Exactly...and what about us?" Niall asked looking at Zayn.

"Mr. Watson and Mr. Taylor already know, but we should be careful for awhile until we know that we can trust him not to rat us out to any other Keeper," Zayn suggested.

“Mr. Watson, what colour bracelet will he have?” Harry asked.

“Green, unless or until it’s decided otherwise. I trust you lads will be able to fill him in on the way things work here and the way I do things now.” He replied.

“You’re nice now.” Liam grinned proudly.

Zayn fought an eye roll. He wasn't sure why he wasn't enjoying the fact that Watson apparently turned nice into what seemed to be few hours.

"Yeah, no worries, we'll take care of him and fill him in, sir," Zayn told him.

“Good, now let’s get your showers over with. Liam, go find a place to sit love.” Mr. Watson instructed. “Be quick you four. I have unexpected things to do now.”

They walked with him to the lockers and took their shower cradles. Niall, Harry and Zayn walked off but Louis hung back.

“Sir, I know you're busy but may I ask, um, I have a request.” Louis felt extremely nervous and a tad embarrassed.

Mr. Watson raised an eyebrow. "Yes? What is it?" He asked.
“Uh, I, Sir,” He paused to take a breath and collect himself. “I love that my new uniform is warmer because it gets so cold in here but I miss the skirt. I feel more comfortable in it, in a happy way. I was wondering if I could exchange these shorts for my skirt?”

"If that's what you really want then sure, I'll allow you have both then."

“Thank you, Mr. Watson.” Louis smiled. He then took his shower cradle and hurried off to shower.

When Louis had stripped out of his clothes he made it a point to walk past Rory on his way to shower with the others, “I’m getting the skirt back.”

Rory smiled from ear to ear when he heard this. “Good girl. Thank you, Princess. Go shower now. I’ll be watching.”

“I agree. I don’t really like it but we don’t get a choice.” Zayn agreed.

“Slut, come with me.” Mr. Murphy called from a short distance away. “I get whatever I want from you and right now I want your mouth on me. Let’s go. You can shower later.”

"Yes, sir." Louis nodded and tried not to sigh.

"Cheer up, Murphy isn't as tough as he likes to think he is. He's easy to handle." Harry tried to be nice.

“It’s only a blowjob sounds like.” Zayn tried to encourage as he walked off.

“Come on slut. There’s a closet over here.” Mr. Murphy said grabbing Louis by the upper arm and pushed him off towards a door. He used a key to unlock the door then shoved Louis inside after opening it.

When Louis was shoved inside, he ended up falling into the wall. "Ow." He mumbled.

He turned around and smiled at Mr. Murphy, even though the room was completely dark. "What can I do for you, sir?"

"You’re going to suck me off. Get on your knees. Now!” He said trying to sound dominate. “I get whatever I want from you and that’s what I want. If you’re a good boy maybe we’ll play later.”

I would happily suck you, sir but I can't exactly see. If you want me to do a good job then I need to be able to see." Louis said honestly.

“Such a whiny shit.” He groaned and pulled on a chain that turned on a little lightbulb. “There, now suck before I decide to punish you instead. Damn whore. Work my ass off for a chance with you. Not trying to work while enjoying you.”

Louis fought an eyeroll. He shouldn't be surprised that he was expected to give a blowjob in the dark, where he couldn't see but yet, he was.

Louis dropped to his knees and undid Mr. Murphy's trousers and pushed down his pants. He began to pump on the soft cock and then he put it in his mouth, sucking hard, working on getting it hard.

“There, that’s good.” Mr. Murphy praised. “Love a skilled lad. You’re more skilled than any other slag here.”
Louis partly wondered if Mr. Murphy meant something more when he had said: "I get whatever I want from you."

It made him curious but he then decided he was being paranoid about it. Mr. Murphy was just another Keeper trying to flaunt his power around, it also couldn't hurt to ask Mr. Watson about it on the way to classes later.

He sucked harder on the cock and rubbed the exposed areas with his hands, twisting them back and forth in opposite directions.

“More! Fuck!” He demanded. “Show me what a slut you are. Come on whore.” Mr. Murphy was already so hard he was leaking cum.

Louis took Mr. Murphy as far into his mouth as he could possibly take as he began to deepthroat the Keeper.

“Ah! Yes!” He screamed and pulled at Louis’ hair. “Fuck yes! Swallow around my cock!”

Louis groaned at the hair pulling, it had hurt. He then obeyed and began to swallow around Mr. Murphy's cock.

“Ah! Shit!” He growled louder. “Yes! Yes! Fuck!” Mr. Murphy shouted and began fucking Louis’ face as his balls began to tighten. “I’m gonna cum down your throat!”

Louis sucked harder and let out a fake moan around Mr. Murphy's cock.

The moan vibrated Mr. Murphy’s cock and helped him hit his orgasm. He pulled Louis’ hair even harder as he came down his throat. “Good whore!”

Louis swallowed as much as he could but cum spilt out of his mouth faster than he could swallow. He rubbed Mr. Murphy's cock through his orgasm as he continued to swallow.

“Mmm, defiantly worth it.” Mr. Murphy moaned as he pulled away. “Hope I get more time to play with you later.”

"Whatever you want," Louis smirked as he licked his lips, "Since when do Keepers need permission to use us?"

“Since I’m the bottom man on the pole. Newest hire. It’s not really permission though. It’s just the fact that everyone wants you and unless I do something extra I get dibs.” He explained even though he didn’t have to.

"Do something like what?" Louis curiously asked. "Sorry. Didn't mean to overstep." He didn't want to risk getting in trouble.

“Treat LiLi right and protect him. In return, I get dibs on you.” Mr. Murphy smirked. “Now get up and go shower!”

Louis quickly stood and walked around Mr. Murphy as he headed back to the showers.

"Just a blowjob." Louis shrugged. "And don't worry. Watson is just acting nice, he isn't actually changing or whatever he may want us to think. Mr. Murphy told me that if he's nice to LiLi and protects him and shit, he gets dibs on me. What fucking shit.” He groaned as he shook his head. "That doesn't sound right.” Harry sounded skeptical. "Not that any of us even asked what happened.”
“I’ve not trusted him from day one so it’s no surprise,” Niall replied

"Yeah, I never trusted him much either but for whatever reason, I thought maybe, just maybe, he was changing," Louis said as he washed. "I mean, Murphy kept going on and on about how he gets whatever he wants from me and then he said maybe we could play later. I asked what he meant, because since when do Keepers need permission, and that's when he said since I'm so popular, Watson offered me to Murphy, if Murphy was nice and protected Liam for all the meanies." He rolled his eyes. "I mean, he whored me out, and now with this so-called "change of heart" he seems to be having, he still lets it go on, he's such a prick."

Harry shook his head. He'd honestly seen a different side of Mr. Watson. The others hadn’t seen it but he had. It was all in the way Mr. Watson had spoken to him the other day. “Shut the fuck up Louis. Christ sake.” Harry then left the showers without another word.

“Something has gotten into him,” Niall mentioned.

"He's on Watson's side. I wouldn't trust him.” Zayn said.

"He said that he and Watson talked right, and that's how he confirmed to Watson about us. I mean, since their talk yesterday, he hasn't been the same, I don't care if he's seen a "kinder" side of Watson. Mr. Watson is still a piece of shit who will do anything despite the consequences. He could have offered Murphy something else, but no, he offered Louis instead."

“Finish up! You all have classes to get to! If you're late you’re getting punished!” Mr. Jones yelled loudly.

Niall rolled his eyes. "Let's move on, we know that Watson is a rubbish person. No point in ranting about it. We gotta brush our teeth and get inspected by Mr. Watson before we leave...what a joy that'll be." He told Zayn and turned towards the sinks with his shower cradle.

Liam watched as his roommates finished showering. He noticed Harry being distant from the others and he frowned.

“What’s got you upset little one?” Mr. Taylor asked taking a seat beside him.

“I’m not little right now. No yellow bracelet.” He replied holding up his wrist with only a red band.

Jake nodded. "Same question, Liam. What has you looking like a kicked puppy?" He asked. “My brother doesn’t look very happy today. I’m worried about him.” Liam explained. “I want him to be happy Uncle Taylor.” Liam knew better than to use his first name right now.

"Have you tried talking to him?" Jake asked.

"Yeah, he said something about being lost or feeling lost,” Liam replied and sighed. He laid his head on Jake’s shoulder. “I just worry about him because I love him.”

That's what you do when you love someone. You worry about them." Jake told him. "Just give him space, he'll talk to you if he wants to share. Just let him know that you're there for him."

“He’s allowed to see Ms. Brown anytime he really really needs to talk right?” Liam asked as he watched Benji getting their rucksacks.
"Only if it's an emergency," Jake explained. "Otherwise, he needs to wait until his therapy day or group therapy time."

“Okay.” Liam nodded. “Thanks. I better go line up. Our room is getting a new lad so Benji is stressed.” He whispered then stood. “Bye Uncle Taylor.”

"See ya," Jake said and walked over to his group to inspect them.

Mr. Watson had Mr. Blair inspect the lads, which the Keeper greatly enjoyed.

The lads had just finished getting dressed when Liam came over.

"Mr. Watson, sir...Mr. Murphy told me that you told him that he could have dibs on me so long as he's nice and protects LiLi. Is that true or is he talking shit?" Louis asked, not noticing Liam.

“What?” Liam asked suddenly confused and a bit upset. “What is he talking about?”

“Way to go genius.” Harry rolled his eyes.

“That was a long time ago. That was before the daycare started.” Mr. Watson shook his head. “A lot has happened between then and now.”

Louis looked and saw Liam. He sighed. "Fuck you." He glared at Harry. "I obviously didn't know he was standing there. Don't go blaming me for all your fucked up mental issues." He then looked at Mr. Watson. "You may be putting on this act and trying to make us think you're nice and shit, but if you actually mean what you say, you'll find another way to keep that deal. A way that keeps me from being used by Murphy if he's nice and shit to Liam...er LiLi I mean."

"If the deals changed then maybe you should tell Murphy that." Zayn wanted to help back up Louis.

"Zayn, shut up." Niall warned. The last thing they needed was more trouble now that both Mr. Watson and Mr. Taylor knew.

“I think all of you are stepping over your bounds. I’m being kind and letting you speak freely when I don’t have to and you all are taking advantage of it. You can either choose to be respectful and obey the rules of your own will or I can go back to being a hard arse and force you to follow them.” Mr. Watson warned.

His being agitated mixed with the lads pushing the limits and speaking as they were made for a bad combination. He felt a need to hurt someone but didn’t want to be that person anymore. Instead, he’d have to settle for breaking something or maybe beating on something. Perhaps that would help.

"Whatever. Knew it was too good to be true." Louis sighed. "I'll go line up, sir." He took his bag and went to stand in line.

"Sorry, sir," Zayn said softly and took his bag. He glanced at Niall with sad eyes. "Sorry." He whispered.

Niall grabbed his bag and walked with Zayn to stand in line. "I understand you wanted to stand up for Louis. I totally get it. But please...I can't lose you. I also want you to be okay. There's a line between being brave and being stupid."
"I know. I'm sorry."

"Thanks for it though. I appreciated the support." Louis told him.

Liam stared at Benji silently for the longest time. When he finally spoke his voice was soft, "Here I thought people other than you actually cared about me. Come to find out it's all fake. What did you bribe Mr. Taylor with huh? Oh and what about Olivia? The lawyer I know you're paying for so he's being nice because he gets money for it. What about Harry though? Is that fake too?"

Benji fought an eye roll. "Taylor and Liv like you for you. That's all real. Harry is all you too. I didn't do anything to them or bribe them with anything. I was worried about you having to spend a weekend in here so I told Murphy that if he took care of you and worked the weekend, then he can have what he wants most, which is Louis."

"I love that you care about me and love me enough to want to protect me but what you did, the way you did it..." He bit the inside of his lip for a moment. "You're letting someone hurt my friend so that I won't get hurt. That isn't fair to my friend. Everyone treats Louis so horribly. Why do something to make it worse? He's a human just like me. He doesn't deserve that."

"I was thinking of you. I only care about your safety. What if nothing gets resolved tomorrow and the court picks it up on Monday? That means you're stuck here over the weekend without me. I worry. I can't help it." Benji frowned. "But if it would make you feel better, I'll try to work out a new deal with Murphy later."

"Thank you. I don't want to be here without you but I don't want my friends hurt either." Liam hugged him. "I'm sorry I just care about them. I really wanted them to see you that I see but after this, I don't know if that will happen."

"I don't know think that they'll ever fully see me as you do...as a decent person. Too much has happened. I don't think they're interested in getting to know me the way you do," Benji explained.

Liam frowned. He felt tears welling up in his eyes. He didn't like for people to see him crying however so he hugged Benji and hid his face against him. "I'm sorry. I'm just really upset now."

"It's okay." Benji rubbed his back. "It's just the way life goes sometimes. After all, that's been said and done, no matter how kind I am, they're probably not going to see me much differently." He tried to explain. "Not all friends always like the person their friend is dating and that's okay. But maybe they'll come around after they learn of the plan. Once there is a plan." He said softly.

Liam nodded and wiped his eyes after pulling away. "Guess I just feel sensitive and emotional today. Maybe cause I'm nervous about court tomorrow."

Harry could see Liam from where he stood waiting. He didn't know for sure why Liam was crying but he didn't like it. It seemed to come after their little conversation and comments about Mr. Watson.

"Can all of you just try not to say anything at all about Mr. Watson unless it's something nice? I think we all really upset him." Harry requested. "True or not the comments bother Liam and he isn't able to shake off the hurt like we can."

"It's not like we plan to say anything bad in front of Liam," Louis argued.

"Yeah, the kid just has really bad timing." Zayn agreed.
Niall sighed. "If he's going to learn how to be mature then he needs to learn how to handle people saying shit about his middle-aged boyfriend. No one likes hearing bad things about the ones they can about, but really...It's apart of life. He needs to learn. You can't coddle him forever."

Harry made two fists with his hands. He wanted to punch one of them but didn’t want to risk getting into trouble. "Fine, you three just keep being bullies then. Screw all of you. I don’t care if it’s part of life or not. You shouldn’t purposefully hurt someone who doesn’t deserve it. You’re mad at Watson for doing it to you all but now you’re doing it, Liam. Hypocrites. All of you!"

"Hey! Why are you lads making noise? You’re supposed to be fucking quiet! Any of you want a reminder or do you want to fucking shut your filthy mouths?" Mr. Jones asked in a very aggressive tone.

"No, sir." The lads all shook their heads and when he walked away, Niall looked at Harry.

"Again, it's not on purpose you fucking twat! If you had been listening, you would've heard that we don't do it on fucking purpose. Liam just has really shitty timing. Not our fault." Niall glared. He didn't like being accused of doing something on purpose when that wasn't actually the case.

Mr. Watson and Liam were walking towards the group now when they saw Harry slam his fist into the cement wall before shouting from the pain.

"Harry!" Liam gasped and ran towards him. "What did you do that for?"

"Fucking hell! What is wrong with you? You probably just broke your fucking hand!" Mr. Watson scolded.

"Better than breaking their fucking jaws." Harry managed to get out through his groans.

"Your hand is turning purple!" Liam worried.

At this point everyone was staring.

Zayn sighed and shook his head. "He was upset that we accidentally upset Liam."

"I am sorry you had to overhear that, Liam." Louis quickly said. "I didn't intend for you to overhear, you just had really shitty timing. Sorry." He frowned.

"Come on, lads. Christ sake. I’ll take you to the nurse after I get these ones to class.” Mr. Watson sighed.

"Shit, thanks.” Harry groaned again as Liam began to walk with him. “I shouldn’t have done that.”

"We’ll discuss it later. I’m running too far behind right now.” Mr. Watson told him. “All of keep your mouths shut, please. No whispering either.”

"It would be more helpful if you took them to class for me since you’re going towards the classrooms. I need to go up to the office by the nurse anyway.” Mr. Watson said honestly.

“Thank you.” Harry whispered to Mr. Watson.

“Can’t protect you forever I’m afraid. The weekend is coming and I won’t be here. I’m not always with you either.” Mr Watson whispered back. “Let’s get moving though. I’m behind now and still have to take you to the nurse.”
“Ms. Carol will do something to help you Harry.” Liam encouraged as they began to follow Mr. Watson.

Louis obeyed the request and stayed quiet despite wanting to ask about when he’d get his skirt back.

Harry was too busy grimacing to make any real noise.

Soon Mr. Watson got everyone dropped off at their classes and got Harry to the nurse's office.

"Follow me to exam room three," Carol told them.

“It really hurts,” Harry told her as Liam helped him get onto the table.

“Pretty sure it’s broken but I really don’t know if it’s smart to send him to the hospital all bruised up.” Mr. Watson told Carol.

"So what do we do then?" Harry asked.

Carol carefully looked at his hand. She pressed gently in a few places and asked him to rate the pain. When she finished the physical exam she looked back to Mr. Watson, “I think it’s a minor break. I agree about sending him to the hospital this banged up. Why don’t we try splinting it over the weekend? Strict orders for him not to use it at all. If it’s not any better his bruises at least should be and we’ll send him to the hospital for further testing and treatment.”

"Okay, then do that." Mr. Watson agreed.

Carol nodded and went to retrieve supplies to splint Harry’s hand.

“You can’t use it at all okay Harry?” Liam told him. It was rather cute how he was trying so hard to be the bigger role at the moment. Liam would always be the little brother though.

“I’ll make sure one of the other three is helping you. I assume this is all in part their fault anyway?” Mr. Watson questioned him.

"They were saying shit about you and it bothered me because it made Liam upset. They said that they didn't know that Liam was there or they wouldn't have said anything but I don't believe them. I thought to hit the wall was better than hitting them." He sighed. "And I would have started a fight if I hit either Niall or Zayn, the other would have made life worse for me than it already is."

“Hitting any of them would have made it worse for you. I won’t punish you like I did the other day but I still would have had to do something. You can’t hit people. That’s what landed you in here to start with. Seems you’re at least starting to learn that.” Mr. Watson sighed. “Next time tell me and we’ll prop a mattress against a wall or something so you can punch it instead.”

"Thanks," Harry said softly.

“Alright Harrison, let's get you wrapped up. I’ll give you something for the pain after that.” Carol said coming back into the room.

“Don’t give him anything too strong. He doesn’t tolerate drugs well.” Mr. Watson told her.

“They make him act funny.” Liam laughed a little. He’d been angry with Harry in that moment but he still though loopy Harry was funny.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Just something to take the edge off. I'm used to pain so I'll manage."
Carol nodded and got Harry’s hand splinted up expertly. She then gave him a small white pill and filled out some paperwork on the injury.

“Alright lad, no classes today. You can go back tomorrow but absolutely no use of that left hand until you see me back on Monday morning.” Carols told him. “Watson, please make sure the staff is aware of my restriction for him.”

"Yeah, I'll do my best but you know how the weekenders get." Mr. Watson nodded. "If there are any problems, he can just go see Miss Emily." He mentioned the weekend nurse.

She nodded. “Alright then. Go rest Harrison.”

“Thank you,” Harry replied as he forced himself not roll his eyes at the sound of his full name. He hated his name.

“Benji, can I stay in the room with Harry today instead of daycare? I’m not even in that mindset anyway.” Liam asked.

"I was going to leave you in the room with the tablet anyways," Benji said. "But sure, as long as you're Liam, you can help Harry." He said as they all began to walk out.

Chapter End Notes

Seriously, follow us on social media. We'll be posting updates and doing polls on Twitter too once we have enough followers!

Maybe even sneak peeks if anyone is interested?? ;)

OOH who do you think the new student could be? Celeb? Original? Share your thoughts!
Chapter 47

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

I need you all to love this chapter and share the love. I slammed my hand in the sliding door yesterday now it's all sore and bruised and I'm so sad because I can't write until it stops being sore. (We have a few pre written chapters so it doesn't affect you reading a new chapter next week!)

DUN DUN DUN NEW ROOMMATE IS REVEALED IN THIS CHAPTER.

SHARE YOUR THOUGHTS WITH US.

PLEASE FOLLOW OUR TWITTER AND INSTAGRAM!!!!! (I fixed the twitter link btw)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“We can watch Batman until you fall asleep Harry!” Liam smiled excitedly.

“You two just remember I can see everything you do on it. Don’t give me a reason not to trust you with it, Harry.” Mr. Watson warned as they walked down the hall. “If the headmaster brings the new lad in just hide the tablet under your pillow.”

"Sounds great." Harry smiled. "I've never watched Batman before and yeah, we'll make sure to hide it. I wouldn't want any of us in trouble."

“You’ve never watched Batman?” Liam’s eyes went wide. “We have got to fix that! That is not right! Batman is the best DC superhero ever!”

"He's cool. I don't know about the best. I'm not a huge fan of DC characters though." Harry shrugged.

“Do you like Marvel?” Liam asked. “I like DC better but marvel is good too.”

“Don’t touch anything in here.” Mr. Watson told the boys as they went into the employee locker room so he could get his tablet from his locker. “Don’t tell anyone I let you come in here.” He added as he glanced at Harry.

"I won't," Harry told Me. Watson. He looked at Liam. "I prefer Marvel. I think they have the better characters, stories, films, and shows as well."

They are more family-friendly than DC. I mean both are but Marvel is better suited for really small kids. That’s what I think anyway.” Liam replied.

“Captain America or Iron Man?” Mr. Watson asked the two as he handed Liam the tablet and put the lock back on his locker.

"Iron Man. Not a huge fan of Steve Rogers." Harry answered.
"I don't know about that..." Harry said looking at Liam. "Maybe cartoon ones are like family friendly but you get shows like Daredevil or Jessica Jones... Or even Punisher, I don't think that those would be very family friendly."

"Tony Stark for sure. He’s sort of like Batman cause his suit is what makes him super. Means he’s really smart." Liam told Benji.

"Those characters aren’t as popular though. Most people just think of the Avengers when they think of Marvel." Liam responded to Harry.

"You two know a lot about superheroes." Mr. Watson pointed out as he lead them towards their room now. “Something you both can share an interest in and talk about.”

"They are just as popular now with their Netflix shows... although, Luke Cage was a bit boring. Iron Fist was just another annoying kid but he had to go through a process of growing up. He was learning how the world worked and trying to do the right thing. He doesn't always listen well but what superhero does." Harry commented.

"My old foster Dad like DC better so I don’t know much about Marvel.” Liam shrugged.

"Iron Fist sounds like some of the lads in here.” Mr. Watson commented and unlocked their room door.

"Danny's cool. He just...often annoys people and comes off as immature but at the end of The Defenders, he's starting to learn how to be better since he thinks Daredevil is dead. He's going to take over for Daredevil. If you think about it, Daredevil has to be the best out of all superheroes. He's fucking blind and he has all these epic ninja moves." Harry smiled. "Like he relays on hearing alone and he can really fuck a person up... and he's fucking blind."

"Can you help me find him on here to watch with you?” Liam asked Harry.

Mr. Watson stood for a moment watching the two together. Liam was so happy when Harry was around. A happy Liam made for a happy Benji.

“Behave you two. I’ll be back later.” He finally said and went to the door. “Love you, Liam.”

Liam’s face lit up. “Love you, Benji, bye.”

"Sure," Harry said taking the tablet from Liam. He sat on the bed as he pulled up Netflix and searched for Daredevil. "Here it is." He said and tapped play.

Liam quickly sat next to Harry. He lay his head on his shoulder as he held the tablet for Harry. “Let me know when you want to lay down. That pill will probably make you tired.”

"Maybe. I’d rather fight the sleep and watch Daredevil though." Harry shrugged.

Liam nodded and stayed cuddled next to him as they sat watching. Occasionally Liam would have a question about something in the episode. Harry was always willing to give an answer.

About halfway through he paused the show, “Gotta wee. I can do it by myself though.”

Liam left the bed and took care of his business then came back and laid down on Harry’s bed. He hit play and smiled up at Harry, “I don’t need my trainer when I’m Liam anymore.”

"Good to know." Harry nodded. "That's good. Oh, and future reference, if you're Liam, you don't
“Oh,” he blushed a little. “I just didn’t want you confused as to why I was moving away from you. I’m sorry.” Even as Liam he sometimes got embarrassed too easily.

"It's fine. And it's a small room so either you're moving to another bed or going to the toilet." Harry shrugged again. "Don't be sorry."

“Will you lay with me?” He asked still frowning. “I just kinda want to be close to you. Lots of things on my mind. You make me feel better. You and Benji anyway.”

"Sure," Harry said as he lay back on the bed. "I don't mind. It's my job to cuddle you."

The reply made Liam smile again. He cuddled up next to Harry and continued on with the movie.

Near the end, Liam took notice of a Harry having fallen asleep. When the episode had ended he decided he’d take a nap as well and slid the tablet under Harry’s pillow before curling into him closely and falling asleep.

A red-headed lad was now sitting in the backseat of a car as it rolled up the long drive towards the school.

“When we get here do yourself a favour and keep your mouth shut boy.” The social worker said coldly to the lad in the back seat. “Oh, and for Christ's sake be respectful!”

"When am I not respectful?” The lad rolled his eyes as he stepped out of the car with an oversized duffle bag in tow. "But if it makes you feel better, I'll say it. Yes, I will be respectful."

The social worker rolled his eyes as he too got out, “They don’t pay me enough for this.” He sighed and pointed to the door where a man in a guard's uniform stood. “Go on. That's the front door.”

"I can see that." The lad shook his head. "I'm not that daft you know or blind." He then walked up the steps and looked at the guard standing outside of it. "I'm the new lad...or guy...Depends on what language you speak."

“Name!” The man demanded harshly as he looked down at the boy.

“Now is not a good time to a wise arse.” His social worker said. “His name is Edward Sheeran.”

The guard nodded and escorted them inside.

"I go by Ed though." Ed smiled. "Not that I hate my full name. Edward Christopher Sheeran does have a nice ring to it." He said as he looked down the halls. Painted cement. "Wow, painted cement? You just love giving off that cold, creepy feel, don't you?"

The guard twisted his neck making it crack. He hated having to behave while the Headmaster was in office.

“Thank you, Mr. Davis. Headmaster Cowell will call if he needs you.” Tom said. “Come over here, Edward. Empty out your pockets into this container while your caseworker fills out the paperwork.”

Ed sighed and pulled out a pack of fags, along with his cell phone and earbuds. He then searched
his back pockets and pulled out some cash and a few coins. "Empty. You gonna frisk me now to be sure?" He smirked.

Tom smirked at the lad. “That’s the headmaster’s job.”

“Here. That’s everything I know, the rest of it should be in his file which your headmaster already has.” The social worker said and gave Tom the clipboard. “He’s your problem now.” He added and left without so much as a goodbye.

"Step into my office, please, Edward." Mr. Cowell said.

Ed sighed. "Please call me, Ed." He walked into the office.

"Your name is Edward, and that is what I will call you." Mr. Cowell said. "Now please, sit down."

Ed rolled his eyes and threw himself down in the chair. “Lovely school by the way.” He told the headmaster sarcastically.

“Watch your tone.” Mr. Cowell warned as he opened his folder on the boy and leaned against his desk. “Edward Sheeran. Age sixteen. Your parents permanently lost custody of you when you were two. You’ve been in eight foster homes since. You’ve picked up for trespassing and tagging multiple times. You weren’t sent here when you were caught with a group of lads trying to set fire to an old abandon building. Sound about right?”

"Don't forget fraud." Ed smiled. "It's how I lived in between Foster homes, but for the most part, yes, that sounds about right."

Mr. Cowell nodded. “Yes, I see notes of that.” He closed the folder and sat it down then folded his arms over his chest, “Alright, time to strip. I have to document and tattoos piercings and scars as well as ensure you are not smuggling anything in.”

Ed tilted his head. "Really? I mean, I've seen that shit in films, shows, and reality telly shit, but are you sure you're allowed to be alone in a room with a nude teenage boy? You don't need someone else here in case I claim you try to rape me?"

Mr. Cowell sighed, “I’m sure. I don’t need anyone else in here. I’ve done this with every lad in the school. I have cameras to document everything. Now do as you're told before I’m forced to do this the hard way.”

“Wait, so you'll be filming me stripping for you? Who's to say that you can't keep a copy for yourself?” Ed asked as he stood and took off his trainers.

“It’s only so you can’t lie and claim I did something I didn’t. I’m a headmaster, not a pedophile. Now finish stripping. I won’t tell you again.” He warned and reached for his radio.

"You gotta give a person time, damn. I mean, I just stood up. You'd think as a headmaster, you'd have a little more patience, no?” Ed laughed and took off his jumper. It was a chilly day out. "And that still doesn't comfort me. I mean, again, you can easily take a copy for yourself." He shrugged and took off his shirt.

Mr. Cowell rubbed his temples. “Trousers and pants too. Less talking Edward.”

"I'm getting there." Ed shook his head as he undid his button on his trousers. "I'm going as fast as I can. I know you just want to see a ginger naked. I get it. We look good naked." He pushed them down and stepped out of them. "Oh and in case you were wondering, I do have a soul." He winked
and pushed his pants down.

“Of course.” Mr. Cowell replied sarcastically and picked up his notepad. He began writing down the scars and bruises as well as the few tiny tattoos. “Those piercing have to come out. All of them; nipples and the entire scrotum ladder.”

"My ladder? Do you know how long I've been working on that? I just added the last ring to it a week ago. You have any idea how bad it’s gonna hurt to remove it?” Ed frowned.

“All the piercing have to come out. It’s not my problem if one is new. Rules are rules. Piercings are not allowed here.” Mr. Cowell said.

"Can I be like put out and have someone take it out for me?” Ed sighed.

The headmaster debated for a moment. It wasn’t a completely absurd request. “Behave yourself for the rest of our introduction and I’ll ask our nurse to assist you. I want the nipples piercings now. Do we have a deal, Edward?”

“Yes, headmaster, Mr. Cowell...Sir?” Ed said and took the barbells out of his nipples then handed them over. "Sorry. I haven't the faintest idea of how to properly address you."

“Headmaster.” He told him. “Now bend over and spread ‘em.”

"Wow. You really do wanna violate me don't you?” Ed smiled as he turned over and spread his cheeks for the headmaster. "See anything?"

“We have a deal, lad.” He reminded. He then sat the notepad down and stood. “Your uniform is on the table there. Please put it on along with shoes; they might be a tad small. Let me know."

"I'm behaving! I'm doing as I'm told." Ed sighed. "I can't have any fun, can I?” He pouted and took the clothes. "They don't look small.” He shrugged and sat the, on the chair as he leaned down to pick up his boxers.

“No, no.” Mr. Cowell stopped him. “You don’t need those. We don’t use undergarments or socks here. Cost extra money to supply them and wash them.”

"Nice. I like being free anyway." Ed smiled and slipped his uniform on then his new slip-on trainers. "All fresh."

“Perfect. Let’s go take care of that piercing then. Go wait with Tom while I collect my keys please.” He instructed. “He also needs to take your phone for our database system.”

Ed nodded and left the room. He walked out and walked over to Tom's desk. "I'm all yours for now."

“It will only be for a moment,” Tom told him as he pressed a button and a bell was heard.

"Change of classes?” Ed asked.

“Alerting the staff of a new student,” Tom explained. “Standard procedure.”


“Go stand against the wall there, lad. I'll take your photo for our system. Before you make any remarks, we do this with every student that comes through these halls.” Tom told him.
Ed walked across the room to the white wall. “Cheese.” He smirked.

“Be serious, Edward.” Mr. Cowell told him in a stern tone.

Ed pouted for a moment then did as he was told and in that moment, Tom snapped the photo.

“Done. Thank you, Headmaster Cowell.” Tom said.

“Come along now, Edward. We’re already behind and we have not even started the tour.” Mr. Cowell said coming out of his office. “Tom, see to it he things are stored.”

“Yes, Headmaster Cowell.” Tom nodded.

"Stored? What? What kind of shit is that?" Ed asked as he followed the headmaster.

“Stored. Yes. You’ll get them back when you have been permitted to leave by the courts. No personal belongings are allowed during your stay here. Everything you need we will provide.” Mr. Cowell assures then took Edward by his arm and pushed him towards the door to the back.

"Eh! Let go! I can walk meself." Ed complained. "It's not like I can run off. I'm sure you have your bodyguards everywhere and I'd like to not land in jail so I'll behave."

“Sir?” Mr. Kelly question as he was leading a lad into the nurse's office. “Need assistance?”

“He’s mouthy but I can handle him. Thank you though Mr. Kelly.” Mr. Cowell replied.

“One more thing from you, lad and you can remove the Prince Albert Piercing yourself.” Mr. Cowell gave Ed a pointed look.

“Call if you need me.” Mr. Kelly nodded and proceeded to the nurse's office as he took note of what he’d just heard.

Ed rolled his eyes but shoved his hands into his pockets and followed the headmaster.

“I’ll be right back with some ice and an aspirin, Sam. It’s just a little sprain.” Carol said coming out of exam room one. “Oh, Mr. Cowell. Hello. Standard new student screen?”

“Yes, but I also need your assistance removing his piercings.” Mr. Cowell explained.

“Of course. You can head into exam room three, dear.” Carol motioned to the room with her hand. “Drop your trousers and lay on the table for me.” She smiled.

"Yes, ma'am." Ed nodded. She seemed nice. He didn't mind behaving for her.

He removed his joggers and jumped up onto the table. "Knock me out, please. Or freeze that area...I just don't want to feel it." He told her as he lay back on the table.

“I’m not comfortable knocking you out but I’ll numb the area.” She agreed and grabbed some cream. “This wasn’t professional, was it? Do you know how long ago this one was done?” She asked looking at it after putting on gloves.

"No, it wasn't. It was done in a hotel room a few weeks ago when me and my mates got super pissed.” Ed replied.

“It’s infected.” She told him smearing the numbing cream on. “I’m going to give you an ointment for it. Twice a day for a week.” Carol looked at the Headmaster. “You’ll let his Keeper know?”
"So I can't just have antibiotics...like pills?" Ed asked. "Cream is messy. Just asking. Just wondering." He said.

"I'll let Mr. Watson know." Mr. Cowell nodded. "We're running behind schedule so can you hurry this all up?"

“Cream, it needs to be applied directly to the infection.” She said and began removing the rings that made up Ed’s scrotum ladder piercing.

Ed could feel pressure but was numb so it didn’t hurt.

Carol cleaned the infection since he was numb. “Alright lad. Keep it clean and dry. I’ll see you in a week for it unless it gets worse.” She said and removed her gloves. “Put your trousers back on and we’ll do your blood work.”

"Wait," Ed said sitting up. "So I get to keep the cream and not my ... whatever a Keeper is?" He said and jumped off the table. He picked up his joggers and slipped them back on.


Carol gave the ointment to Headmaster Cowell and then got the supplies ready to do his blood drawn. “Just a quick prick.” She told him and prepped his arm.

Ed shrugged. "I'm used to needles. No biggie. Nothing fazes me." He replied.

Carol drew his blood and then nodded to Headmaster Cowell, “All done. Let Mr. Watson know to bring him in a week.”

"It'll be done." Mr. Cowell said. "Let's go, Edward. This is taking longer than it should.”

Ed followed the headmaster as they walked by the classrooms. “Damn, all the guys in here look beat to shit.”

"Pay attention, please, Edward." Mr. Cowell instructed. "If you behave, your Keeper, which is the person in charge of your care while you attend this school, will be the judge of whether or not you've behaved enough to earn any recreational time." He explained, ignoring the comment. "You don't go anywhere without him or another Keeper."

"So jail but with lessons. Interesting." Ed nodded.

"The cafeteria is only to be accessed during mealtimes by a Keeper or during weekend chores, also with a Keeper." Mr. Cowell continued. "You will not be attending classes today but your daily schedule should be in your room by now so you'll know what to do tomorrow. Your roommates can fill you in on any small details."

"Uh, Thanks, Headmaster Cowell. I take it my cell is next?" Ed questioned.

“Your room.” Mr. Cowell corrected as they walked there. “You have five roommates. You’ll meet them later.” Headmaster Cowell explained and unlocked the door.

“Oh look another room with painted cementing bricks.” Ed rolled his eyes stepping inside. He didn’t even notice the two lads curled up asleep. “What the shit? A fucking giant arse crib?”

"There's a lad in here with mental health issues. He sometimes believes he's an actual infant." Mr. Cowell explained as he noticed the lads cuddling. "And there's a rule here that there are to be no
romantic relationships between students. Before you start asking why I don't make the rules, the private companies paying us do. Your Keeper should be along shortly to discuss the rest of the rules and all you need to know."

Ed followed the gaze in the headmaster's eyes. He smirked when he turned and briefly saw two boys cuddled up and sleeping. A lengthy lad with dark hair had his arms wrapped around a slightly smaller lad and their legs were tangled together.

“So that’s probably making you really cross?” He smirked even more and looked back to Headmaster. “Are they going to jail since they're breaking a rule?”

"It depends on who the lads are. I only know the lad with the mental illness by name. I'm not sure what he looks like." Mr. Cowell said. "If it isn't, then they'll be separated from each other.”

"How?"

"One will go to another room." Mr. Cowell replied. "If you break a rule, then, for the most part, it's up to your Keeper to punish you as they see fit."

“Cool, I get a surrogate dad in the place too. So do I just hang out here till this Keeper Watson guy comes to get me or what?” Ed asked.

Mr. Cowell nodded. "Correct. You'll remain here for the day besides mealtimes and shower later. You start classes tomorrow."

“Got it. I guess I’ll see you around then Headmaster Cowell. Thanks for the tour and help with my cock piercing. Enjoy the video by the way.” He winked and went to go sit on a bed.

Mr. Cowell scowled but didn't speak. Instead, he left, closing the door behind him and locked it.

Mr. Cowell sighed deeply and rubbed the back of his neck as he walked the halls looking for Mr. Watson. When he ran into him coming out of a supply closet with a spare uniform, shower cradle and rucksack he stopped and cleared his throat to get his attention.

Mr. Watson stopped in his tracks hearing the noise. He knew it was the Headmaster. "Sir." He said brightly turning around. "I'm on my way to meet the new lad now. I'm a little behind schedule, I know. I apologize."

“Do you want to explain to me why there are two lads in your room cuddled up and sleeping? Do you have any idea what kind of message that sends to a new student? Here I am trying to set a tone and lay down the law and your room is breaking all of that! Shouldn’t those lads be in classes right now?” He almost yelled. He was obviously very angry.

Shit.

"Uh, that would be Liam and Harry. Liam is my lad with infancy issues." Mr. Watson swallowed.

"Harry punched the wall this morning after his shower and hurt his hand badly so the nurse put a splint on it and ordered him to rest for the day." He explained.

"Liam has become very attached to Harry. He calls him his brother and thus sticks very close to him." He continued. "Harry also had a painkiller and he can’t handle those well. Liam was probably cuddling him to make him feel better and they fell asleep. It looks bad but I can assure
you it’s innocent.”

“I didn’t realize that the one lad was Liam. Too many faces in here to remember each one.” Mr. Cowell said feeling better. “Please attempt to gently remind Liam that he has his own bed. Don’t upset the poor lad but just let him know he has a crib to sleep in.”

Mr. Watson nodded. "I'll do my best, sir. He can be hard to reason with when it comes to matters involving Harry but I will gently remind the lad about his own bed. Is there anything else you need?"

“Your new lad had an infected Prince Albert piercing. Here’s his ointment from Carol. Twice a day and he’s to keep it clean and dry. She wants to see him again in a week to check on it.” Mr. Cowell said and handed him a tube of cream. “You’re discretion on if he keeps it in his room or if you keep it with you. I don’t know how the Liam lad is about messing about in things.”

Mr. Watson took the cream. "He isn't normally one to get into things but there's never been anything for him to get into. I'll see to it that his infected area gets its cream." He nodded.

“Good, he’s a mouthy lad. Prepare yourself now.” Mr. Cowell warned. “I trust you can handle him, however. You’re one of my better employees.” He gave him a pat on the shoulder then excused himself.

Ed had wandered around the room and nosed through what little was in there. Of course, he didn’t find anything too exciting; just some things that creeped him out in a large happy bag.

On the bed the dark-haired lad groaned a bit and rolled over, finally showing his face.

"Shit, this can’t be real.” Ed almost laughed. He walked over to the bed and kicked at the lad's foot.

Harry groaned. "Fuck off, Louis." He mumbled and shifted a little.

“Haz!” He shouted and laughed a bit. “Wake up you little shit!” Ed didn’t know who Louis was but the mistake was still funny.

Harry's eyes fluttered open. "Ed?” He said as he tried to sit up but noticed Liam. He groaned and untangled himself from the lad. "Wait, so you're the new student? What'd you finally do to get locked up in this shit hole?” He asked as tried to rub the sleepiness out of his eyes.

“Arson.” He laughed. “Well, attempted arson on top of a lot of other shit.” He explained better. “Who’s the boyfriend?”

Harry looked at Ed confused for a moment then looked at Liam and thought about how they'd been sleeping. Liam must've curled up with him after he passed out.

"He's just a friend. Well, he has mental issues and we've gotten close. Kinda like my little brother."

“Aw, how cute. Haz is turning into a teddy bear.” Ed teased. “All this overgrown infant bull shit is his then? That creepy you know?”

Harry rolled his eyes. "The kid grew on me. He became one of my roommates I could stand for the first while...and most times actually." He shook his head. "It's not bullshit, Ed. He has issues. He can go into a state where he believes he's an actual infant and that our Keeper is his Papa. It sounds creepy but it's a real mental problem, that's all it is."
“Right.” He rolled his eyes. “Anyway, I never thought I’d see you again. Not after you got kicked out of the foster home for starting a fight with that other kid... what was his name? Nick? Nate?”

"Felix." Harry corrected. "Yeah, after I punched him, I spent the night in a group home and then court then I ended up here. I would have been tried as an adult if the family pressed charges. Thank shit that they didn't."

"Their bio kid deserved it.” Ed shook his head. “You know that twat faced headmaster made me take out all of my piercings? I mean, that nurse said it was infected so maybe it was a good thing but still. Totally shit I was forced. It’s some nipple piercings and a ladder piercing, not a gun.”

"I know those are the rules but that really sucks. Your ladder was absolutely perfect. Best one I’ve ever seen.” Harry shook his head. “They probably think you’ll use them to pick the locks.”

“Yeah, it looks like a dump.” Ed sighed and sat on the pair of bunks Niall and Zayn normally slept on. “I’ll put them back in when I get out of here.”

“Yeah, more than just a dump.” Harry frowned. "There's no easy way to say this, and you probably won't believe me until it happens to you...Or see it happen.” He took a breath. "The Keepers here are sick fucks. They rape us, beat us, sexually torture us, torture us in general. They assault us and do the worst things possible to us.”

Ed stood perfectly silent for a moment before breaking out into a fit of laughter. “Oh fuck, you really had me there Haz. You’re acting game is on point mate. I’ve fucking missed your jokes.”

"Just wait until it happens to you, but if you want proof of their abuse..." Harry stood and awkwardly stripped out of his clothes. He only

When he and Ed lived in the Foster home together, they were also roommates and fuck buddies so being naked in front of Ed wasn't a big deal to Harry.

“Holy shit.” Ed’s eyes widened. “Fuck sake, Harry. All this for no reason?”

"Mostly no reason. They don't like us to talk or be social. They don't like us to be mouthy or disobey. They make us be sexual with them usually by threats of a beating or go to the Playroom. It’s a room which has everything you can think of in there." Harry said quietly. "They use toys on us, they don't prep, nothing. Sometimes they just want to get off. Most of them have a pain kink. Often times you wish for a beating because it's better than being fucked or sucking cock."

“Wow...” Ed took a deep breath and moved to pace the room a little. “I take it there nothing at all that can be done to stop it? I know you. If there was a way you would have found it by now.”

"Best to just find a Keeper to suck up to. They like it if you play along or you compliment them.” Harry told him. He then leaned down and picked up his clothes. "Just make sure you do a good job of faking it. I’ve been forced to cum multiple times. Sometimes if you really piss them off, they'll take you to the pit, which is their version of solitary, but with all these cells in one large room with a door at the end." He tried to explain it. "I've been there a couple times...Not fun." He sat down as he got his joggers back on. "Also, Mr. Murphy is the newest hire. He's new enough that no one takes him seriously and he's still trying to be all tough. He's a good one to suck up to.”

“Okay...” Ed trailed off. “What else can you tell me? I need survival tips Haz.”

“For meals, the food is the worst. Only get what you can force yourself to stomach. Wasted food pisses them off. Never trust the milk either.” Harry warned.
“Let’s see, don’t talk in the halls though we whisper a lot. Be extra quiet at meals. Force yourself to 
pay attention in class.” He wanted to give Ed as much information as he could. Ed was pretty much 
his only friend before coming here. They’d been in a few foster homes together over the past year 
or two.

“This place is hell. You weren’t joking. Anything else?” Ed asked as he ran his hand through his 
red messy hair.

"Only drink water. They'd rather you eat than talk. If you talk too much, you have to suck cock.” 
Harry said. "If you don't pay attention in class then the instructors tell the Keepers and you get a 
punishment. The instructors will punish you in front of the class. The Keepers and Instructors are 
into humiliation. We shower together. We earn rec time if we're good. Film time if we're really 
good. The film is only on Friday nights. Saturday and Sundays are chores. We have weekend 
Keepers. They were off for a while..some stupid union strike bullshit.. rumour is that they're worse 
than the weekday ones. Keepers have their favourite students. Some Keepers deal painkillers and 
shit to students who have to do shit to earn like sexual shit. Liam and our Keeper are in love. So 
Liam leaves at night. Most of my current bruises were because I accidentally hurt Liam's feelings 
so Watson hurt me." Harry listed

“There’s a lot of other things but I’ll help you as we go,” Harry assured. “Biggest thing to 
remember are done as you're told the second you're told no matter what you're told. Oh and don't 
hurt Liam. He can be extremely sensitive and because he’s dating our Keeper it won't end well for 
you if you hurt him or upset him. Take my bruises as the example.”

"Okay. Good to know." Ed nodded. "Suck up, don't talk, do as I'm told. Any way to avoid any 
sexual shit?"

“Not really. If a Keeper wants you he’s going to get you. The only one you're safe from is out 
Keeper. He's really-well-much nicer than he used to be. It's all thanks to Liam.” Harry tried to 
explain. “Just keep in mind that anything can happen and it’ll be worse if you fight it.”

"Okay." Ed nodded. "I can totally do this. I'm 16. I have like two years. I can bite my tongue, keep 
my head down..." 

On Harry's bed Liam rolled over; subconsciously searching for the warmth he had cuddled up to 
Harry. When he couldn’t find it his mind, which was slipping into his infant headspace, he grew 
upset, rather quickly, he began to cry which cause his mind to start attempting to wake up.

“He cries too?” Ed asked.

"Yeah, part of going into his little headspace. He's LiLi when that happens.” Harry explained. He 
turned around and shook Liam awake. "Li, wake up. It's just a bad dream."

“I want Harry!” Liam cried in a tiny voice. It took him a moment to actually wake up and realize it 
was Harry talking to him. When he did completely wake up he never even noticed Ed. He was too 
focused on Harry, carefully hugging him. "I got cold and couldn't find you bubby!"

"I'm sorry. I woke up and I got distracted." Harry frowned.

"Bubby? Sounds American but oddly cute. Congrats, Haz! You have a teenage sized baby brother." 
Ed smirked.

Liam frowned when he noticed the other lad in the room. The comment had also hurt his feelings.
“Want Papa! Want Bruce!” He began to cry again as he hid his face in his hands.

“Ed, please?” Harry questioned gently as grabbed Liam’s bear and his dummy from the shelf. “Here LiLi. Here’s Bruce.” He comforted and popped the Batman dummy into his mouth before clipping it onto the uniform Liam was dressed in. “There, no more crying. Papa will be here soon.”

Liam sucked at the rubber but in his mouth as he clutched his bear and eyed the new lad in the room nervously.

“I definitely believe you now about him having issues,” Ed said as he watched Liam curiously.

"Shouldn't he be in a mental health institution instead of this horrid place? The kid is more innocent than a real infant."

Liam already didn’t like this kid. He was being mean and hurting his feelings.

“We manage him just fine. There’s actually a weird daycare type thing where he goes to instead of classes during the day. His boyfriend slash Papa is actually working on getting him out of here though.” Harry tried to explain.

“Court tomorrow,” Liam mumbled softly to Harry.

“Right, they’re going to court tomorrow. The girlfriend of another Keeper here, Mr. Taylor, is going to try to adopt him and just let him live with Mr. Watson. He doesn’t need an institution. He just needs time for his brain to mature and catch up with his actual age. That’s what I understand from the school therapists anyway.” Harry finished. He was trying to be nice to Liam as he always was but yet not appear too soft in front of his old mate either.

Ed nodded and climbed up onto the top bunk above Liam. "That is one hell of a story. I mean, I believe you of course, but, damn that's a lot to process."

"Oh and there's another thing I should mention but only because I do trust you to keep it to yourself,” Harry added. "Two of our roommates are together and then the other one, the former slut, Louis, is seeing a mate of mine in here. But for safety sake, we help each other out to cover it up. Mr. Watson and Mr. Taylor know about Zayn and Niall, and they don't care but the others would."

“It just keeps getting better.” Ed sarcastically laughed.

“It’s worse when you see it all first hand because what you didn’t see on your tour with the headmaster was the students who are treated like pets, the ones who are treated like infants which are how everything with LiLi started; oh and the lads who used to be street walkers like Louis. I’m not even going to ruin that surprise for you.” Harry smirked.

Liam just stayed perfectly quiet. He felt uncomfortable.


“Louis is a...” Harry stopped himself shy of saying something too horrible in front of Liam. “He and I are not friends.”

Harry stood up and leaned against the bunk near Ed, “The pets get an anal plug with attached tails. They have collars and sometimes leashes. Often times they are made to walk on their hands and
knees. They get taken outside to use the toilet as well.”

Ed laughed. "That is fucking brilliant." He almost fell off his bunk from laughing so hard. "So besides this Watson Keeper beating you to near death, what's the worse thing that's happened to you in this place?"

“Well, he did more than just beat me.” Harry frowned. He didn’t like thinking about it. It was the worst thing mentally to ever happen to him. “After He beat me…” Harry stopped and moved closer to Ed so he could whisper. He didn’t want Liam to hear, “He wee’d on me and wrapped me really tight in plastic wrap but left my cock exposed. He left me in the pit for hours. The pit Keepers took turns forcing me to cum over and over; milking me until I temporarily lost my mind.”

"Shit. Seriously?" Ed's eyes widened. "That's just...wow. Glad to see you made it out alive. I prefer you in the living flesh, not the walking dead." He joked.

Harry shook his head and started to reply the door opened and he quickly turned to see Mr. Watson coming in.

“Papa!” Liam almost shouted as tears suddenly came rolling down his face again.

Mr. Watson inwardly sighed but shot a look at Ed and Harry. "He was fine when I left, what the fuck happened?” He asked as he placed the spare uniform for Ed on the shelf then walked over to Liam.

“Mr. Watson, we fell asleep together and I got up before he woke up. He got cold and woke up as LiLi and started crying. I gave him Bruce and his dummy but he’s still been sort of upset ever since.” Harry explained almost nervous.

“LiLi, what’s wrong baby?” Mr. Watson asked as he picked him up and cuddled him.

“Don’t like him,” Liam whispered. He didn’t want the other boy to hear and get mad at him.

“If I did anything, wrong sir, LiLi, I’m really sorry,” Harry told them both. He felt confused as to what was bothering Liam. However, he was also worried about Ed thinking less of him because he wasn’t acting like the hard arse Ed knew him to be.

"I'm confused, baby. Who don't you like? I thought you and your brother made up now. You two talked everything out." Mr. Watson felt so confused and angry but wasn't sure who to direct the anger to yet.

“The new one.” He whimpered and hid his face against his Papa. “Red hair. He says not nice stuff.”

“What did I do?” Ed asked sitting up. “I never even said two words directly to him. Ask Haz.”

"Haz?" Mr. Watson was still confused until it clicked in that he meant Harry.

“What were you two discussing?” He looked at Harry.

"Nothing bad. I was just telling him what happens here and gave him a few survival tips. You know how sensitive LiLi is. He probably didn't like that we were talking about the stuff that goes on here." Harry tried to play it cool in front of his mate.

Liam in his child state of mind wanted to snap back at Harry and tell him for not telling the whole story. He worried Harry would get into trouble however so he didn’t. He just looked a bit sad at
Harry before hiding his face again.

“Haz, Harrison, Harry, whatever you call him,” Ed said jumping down from the bunk. “We were foster brothers for a few years just before he got sent here. He was just trying to be helpful.”

"I also explained to him about Liam/LiLi so maybe Liam er LiLi didn't like hearing it explained," Harry added. "We didn't do anything wrong. I'm just trying to be helpful to a really good mate."

Mr. Watson inwardly sighed. When Liam was in his deeper headspace he honestly could be temperamental. He also trusts Liam would tell him if that wasn’t the truth. “Fine, I believe you. You both need to be more mindful of him when you’re discussing thing. You should know that Harry.”

“Yes, I’m sorry. I’ll be more careful.” Harry nodded. He was thankful Mr. Watson was being kinder now and trusted him; otherwise, that all could have been really bad.

"I didn't have the best reaction at first but that's only because I thought Haz was kidding," Ed said. "When I realized he wasn't, I was more supportive." He half lied. He'd do almost anything to keep from getting into trouble.

"It's lunchtime now so your ginger mate here can be the one to help you due to you only having one hand." Mr. Watson told the lads.

"I don't have to feed him, do I?" Ed smirked and looked at Harry.

"I'd bite your fingers off, so I'd suggest no." Harry returned the smirk.

“Watch your tone.” Mr. Watson gently warned Ed. “The Headmaster has already told me you’re mouthy and you need work.”

Mr. Watson then grabbed Liam’s nappy bag and sat him in his crib for a moment, “Did you wake up from your nap as LiLi?”

Liam nodded but didn’t speak.

“Let’s get you into a trainer then. You need your yellow bracelet on too my little love.” He coo’ed and began changing Liam.

“LiLi want wear Batman jammies. LiLi cold.” He told his Papa.

“Tried to warn you,” Harry whispered to Ed as they watched Mr. Watson work on getting LiLi ready to go to lunch. “Liam in any state is the prince here.”

Ed rolled his eyes. "You didn't mention the word prince, I believe or that he's like fucking Prince George in here. On a less creepy note, what happened to your hand?"

“I punched a cement wall instead of punching one of my roommates in the jaw. It’s probably broken but they obviously don’t want me going to the hospital all bruised up like this.” Harry explained.

“Allright baby. All done. Papa will carry you to lunch but you have to walk after.” Mr. Watson told Liam. “Come here cutie.” He said and picked him back up.

Liam wanted to show Harry how he was in his awesome Batman pyjamas with the cape but he was too interested in the red headed lad so just cuddled into his Papa and kissed his cheek.
“Let’s go you two. No talking in the hall.” Mr. Watson instructed and opened the door. “We have to get the others and then I’ll take you lot to eat.”

"Damn." Ed shook his head as they left the room. "Well, I'm sure the punishment for hitting one of your roommates would be just as awful as everything else in this place."

"Just remember when we get to the cafe, everything is horrible, so start with small amounts until you learn what you can stomach, only drink water...Juice, milk...Anything else is not to be trusted." Harry reminded Ed quietly.

"Right." Ed nodded. "So, what are your roommates like?" He asked.

“Niall is Irish. He can be cool and laid back or very short tempered. He’s kind of bipolar depending on how his day is going. Zayn is easy to get on with as well though he has his dark, upset moments. It’s just from being trapped here.” Harry whispered as they walked.

“And Louis, your dream lad?” Ed asked.

“Shut it, Ed.” Harry shook his head. “Louis is repulsive and annoying. He’s a whore who gets turned on by my mate he’s dating calling him female pronouns. You’ll see Ed. He’s fucking terrible.”

"He sounds rather interesting." Ed smiled. "But c'mon Haz, everyone has their kinks, you should know that better than anyone." He winked as they reached the first classroom, which was Zayn’s.

“Not here!” Harry hissed quickly. “Not here, not ever. I swore you to secrecy.” He told Ed as they Zayn’s classroom.

Ed could only smirk and hold back his laughter.

“How was he?” Mr. Watson asked the instructor as Zayn walked from his desk to the door.

"He was very well behaved. I'm rather impressed." The instructor said. "But we'll see how he does on the quiz tomorrow."

Zayn walked out of the room, first noticing LiLi then the new lad. “Hello, you the new roommate?”

"Yeah, I'm Ed." Ed introduced himself as he briefly scanned over Zayn's body. He was a very fit lad in Ed's mind. "Which one are you?" He asked as the walked to the next classroom.

“Zayn.” He replied and looked at Harry. “He changed back I see. That’s a bit of a bummer. I really like Liam more than LiLi.”

"I can understand that." Harry nodded. "I don't mind either Liam or LiLi." He shrugged.

"Zayn, ah...So you're the one who's taken." Ed said softly.


“You're fit. I'm allowed to be disappointed." Ed shrugged.

Zayn looked over at Harry. "Do you not remember our conversation this morning where Ni and I told you that we don't want the new kid to know?”
“You think he’s an idiot?” Harry asked. “You two are allowed to fuck now without too much worry. He’s going to catch on when he sees and hears you both. Besides, he’s actually my foster brother. Well, he was.”

"Awe, Haz. We're still mates and can be brothers in our hearts." Ed said rather dramatically.

Zayn sighed. "Without much worry? We have to worry about the night Keeper or any Keeper walking in on us. Just because Watson and Taylor know, it doesn't make us any safer."

"What about us being safe?" Niall suddenly appeared at Zayn's side.

“Louis and I watch the door for you,” Harry argued a bit.

“He told the new kid... wait, Haz? You call him Haz? That’s really strange.” Zayn’s train of thought interrupted itself.

“You two know each other?” Niall asked. “Harry already has a heart brother by the way.”

"Who says you can't have more than one? People adopt more than one child and have more than one child all the time. Can't you have more than one heart brother? That’s a kind of fucked up rule." Ed said.

Niall looked at Zayn. "He was bound to find out anyways, if he already knows Harry, then I'm sure he won't rat us out."

“Fuck sake. No arguing.” Harry rolled his eyes. “Pretty sure Niall wasn’t saying I could only have one. I think he was just informing you.”

“He’d better not tell. I’ve already nearly lost you once. I can’t handle that again.” Zayn shook his head as they neared Louis’ room.

“This is going to be priceless. Stand here, Ed. I want to see your reaction.” Harry smirked.

Chapter End Notes

Ed's visual is on Instagram, it's an exclusive there.

Please do it for me? Go follow/like/comment on stuff.
Chapter 48

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

EDIT: I realized that because I am sick, I did a poor editing job. Lol. Anyways...I think I've fixed them all. Let me know if I missed anything.

Sorry for not posting last week.

I was sick. Still am. But I got the chapter edited! And I got meds yesterday!! Yay!

So I edited the chapter, might not be as good as I'm sick so if you see something out of place or whatever, let me know. But it's a fun chapter.

Oh and yes, they'll be more teenage up Liam but post-trial. :)

Oh!! And I can't remember if I mentioned this or not but a lovely Wattpad reader made us a new cover for Extrication of Evil!! It's on Instagram so go follow and check it out!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Louis walked out of the classroom, Niall and Zayn separated and Louis stood between them. It was for the sake of other Keepers not catching on.

Before anyone could say anything, however, Ed burst into a loud fit of laughter; nearly falling onto the floor.

Other Keepers that were passing by looked annoyed and Mr. Watson sighed.

"I have to put you down for a moment." He frowned at Liam and sat him down in front of Harry. He then grabbed Ed by the hair. "In case your mate wasn't clear, you are what you act like. You act like a bitch, you're turned into a dog, you were a slut and sold yourself before you came here? We dress and treat you like one. If you can't take anything seriously, you'll go straight to the pit and trust me, that isn't a place you want to be."

He wasn't a fan of having to do this but he had to put on a show for his fellow Keepers.

"Told you he couldn’t change," Niall whispered where only Zayn, Louis and Harry could hear.

"Ouch! Shit! Okay! Sorry!" Ed yelled. “Fuck! I won’t do it again!”

"Bet you fucking enjoyed that laugh." Louis hissed at Harry as he folded his arms over his chest.

Harry grinned and spoke quietly. "You know I did, glory hole." He smirked now.

Mr. Watson threw Ed to the floor. "Good, now get the fuck up and get moving. You will not out us behind."
Liam felt happy seeing Ed punished for acting out. He should have been punished for his mean comments too but this would do.

“Sorry about that.” Mr. Watson told Liam and picked him back up.


“Okay, Ed?” Harry asked him as they all began walking.

"Head's a little sore, but I'm fine," Ed assured him.

"It's best to stay quiet and keep your head down." Zayn commented.

"Couldn't help myself, but I suppose I'll have to learn." Ed nodded.

“I'm Ed by the way. I figure with the accent you're Niall. Lucky fucker.” He whispered to Niall. He then looked at Louis, “Which means this lady of the night must be Louis.”

Louis felt his cheeks heat up. "L-Lady?" He asked feeling shocked. "I don't know about you, but I identify as a male and I do use male pronouns."

"How am I lucky? Is that an Irish dig?" Niall asked Ed.

“You don’t use them with Rory.” Harry laughed quietly. “Princess, girlfriend, good girl. I’ve heard him say all of those.”

Ed laughed softly with Harry and looked at Niall, “Not a dig. Just a compliment to your man's good looks.”

"Oh," Niall said quietly. He felt a little jealous even though a part of him knew he had nothing to worry about.

"Think happy thoughts." Zayn encouraged Niall. He was afraid of him doing something he shouldn't.

"I'm fine," Niall assured. "I promise, maybe a little jealous for no valid reason, but I'm not going to do anything stupid. I worked too hard to get that damn collar and then the cage off."

"That's different!" Louis hissed at Harry, upset with his comment. "It's a shared kink, I'm not transitioning to a female, I like very much being a lad."

“Hey mate, you do know it’s perfectly acceptable to identify as a male and wish to be called female pronouns?” Harry asked.

“I’m aware.” Louis groaned and rolled his eyes.

“Lady of the night is another name for a prostitute by the way. All I was doing was calling you a prostitute.” Ed added as they reached the cafeteria.

“Also aware of that, thank you.” Louis sighed and shook his head.

“Go eat. Ed, you’re in charge of helping Harry. Don’t leave his side. Louis, question, do you want your pink skirt back or would you rather have like a black one or something? You’ve earned the right to choose.” Mr. Watson asked Niall and Zayn walked off to eat.

Harry chuckled. "You actually want that back? But why would-Ooh..." He shook his head and
nudged Ed to go stand in line with him.

"Uhm, I think I'll stick with the pink one, sir. Thank you." Louis told him.

“I’ll have it to you later. Go eat.” Mr. Watson nodded. “What about Papa’s baby boy? Are you ready to go eat?” He asked tickling Liam’s tummy a bit as they walked off.

Liam only giggled and nodded.

Ed walked through the line and turned up his nose. "This shit smells disgusting." He almost gagged. "What do you want?" He asked Harry grabbing a tray.

“Let’s see, I can stomach the corn pretty well. Let’s go with that and cold pasta. It’s meant to be Mac and cheese but there’s nothing cheesy about it.” Harry said. “You’ll probably fair well with any vegetable you can handle eating cold.”

Ed nodded. "How's the soup fair?" He asked as he picked up the things Harry requested.

“Normally it’s not too bad.” Harry shrugged.

“Come sit with us and stomach the flirting. Please?” Rory whispered and flashed Harry his best puppy face as he walked passed; never stopping.

"Another boyfriend?" Ed smirked. "Aren't you the lucky bastard."

“That’s Louis’ boyfriend.” Harry rolled his eyes. “Rory is only a friend. He’s not my type at all. He’s too... clean cut. I’ll introduce you though. He’s cool when he’s not flirting with Louis.”

Ed nodded and quickly finished getting lunch for him and Harry. "Okay, lead the way, Haz. Let's see how long you can stomach their weird kinky flirting. This should be fun to watch."

“Yeah, it’s definitely something that will entertain you. Just don’t laugh loud.” Harry told him and walked over to the table.

“Harry, thanks. I know how much you hate my being with Louis but I truly don’t want to lose our friendship.” Rory smiled. “Who's the ginger?"

"He's not worth losing our friendship over." Harry smiled and sat down with Ed sitting beside him, sorting out their meals. "This is Ed, a mate of mine, we used to be Foster brothers together before I punched their son and landed in here. But now Ed's done something to land himself in here as well and our newest roommate."

“Lucky break you landed in the same room. Liam getting jealous yet?” Rory asked.

“Hey, is that what made him switch?” Louis asked joining them.

“Mmm, hi princess.” Rory resisted a smile. “Drop your spoon so I can watch that pretty arse bend over to pick it up.”

Harry rolled his eyes at the comment from Rory. "No, he was asleep and fell asleep as Liam, but then got cold and woke up as LiLi. He cuddled me I guess after I passed out on painkillers." He shrugged.

Louis smiled. "Soon you'll be able to see it bare." He winked and dropped his spoon on the floor.
He placed the tray beside Rory. He then leaned over, with his arse in the air right in front of Rory's view as he picked up the spoon.

Rory stifled a moan and watched carefully. “You asked for the skirt back? He said yes then?”

"Yeah, I told you in the showers this morning, remember? Or did you not hear over the running water?” Louis asked as he sat next to him

“I knew you said you’d ask but I didn’t think you’d follow through with it.” Rory smiled. "I’m very proud of you princess. Such an amazing girlfriend.”

“But he identifies as a male and uses male pronouns?” Ed questioned purposefully. He wanted to know if he could cause any turmoil for the lad his best mate hated.

Louis sighed and rolled his eyes.

"He does, but this is a kink, nothing as serious as wanting everyone to refer to you as something else,” Rory explained. "Louis only allows me to refer to him by female pronouns as a kink only."

Ed only nodded as Finn sat down with them.

“Finn, Ed. Ed, Finn.” Harry introduced them.

“Our new roommate.” Louis clarified.

“A soul stealer. Shit, I don’t know if I wanna sit with you lads anymore.” Finn teased. “Joking of course. Nice to meet you. Sorry, it has to be here though.”

Ed chuckled. "I sneak into people's rooms at night and suck out their soul." He smirked. "But likewise." He smiled. "Nice dreads." He commented as he looked Finn over.

Finn smiled, no one complimented his dreads, most people made fun them or made especially nasty comments. “Thanks, mate.”

"Are you taken too, perhaps? Every good-looking lad I meet is either a mate or taken. I have the worst luck, it comes with the curse of being a ginger."

“I’m not taken. Not exactly looking for a boyfriend though. Relationships in here are risky.” Finn replied. “Friday night hookups are more my speed.”

"Friday night hookups...Oh yes, film night. I'm not looking for a relationship either. I plan to try and behave as well as possible. I can't exactly control my mouth though.” He partly wondered if he could convince Finn to hook up with him Friday night. "So how do you not get caught hooking up during a film?” He asked as Niall and Zayn joined the table.

“Make friends. Have them watch your back.” Zayn replied.

“Know where the keepers are. Know what spots are hidden. Get a friend to distract the keepers.” Rory said. “Ready for that tomorrow pretty girl?” He asked Louis.

“Yeah, a little nervous about getting caught but with our friends watching our backs, I'm more excited than nervous. I actually really can't wait." He stopped himself. He didn't want to say too many details in front of the others. "Just really can't wait to feel close to you."

Rory leaned closer. “Think you’ll have your skirt by then? I want you to ride my cock while wearing it. I love how your pretty little dick gets hard and peaks out from under it.”
Louis smiled and nodded. "Mr. Watson said I'd have it later today. He even asked what colour I wanted. He's giving me choices. It's weird."

"It's called playing on your emotions so you can trust him and he can use you," Niall spoke up.

"He’s not like that anymore. Liam has changed him." Harry shook his head.

"You asked for pink right?" Rory asked.

"You’re on something." Zayn shook his head. "Watson, change? Maybe in your dreams."

"No, Louis is in his dreams. Not that strange Keeper." Ed laughed.

"Yes, I asked for pink—Wait, what?" Louis asked looking at Ed then Harry.

"I wasn't dreaming about him! Oh my god." Harry groaned.

"I tried to wake you and you said, "fuck off, Louis." Ed smiled. "Dreaming about him or not, you thought I was him, not Zayn or little Irish here, but Louis."

"Harry?" Rory questioned.

"Christ sakes. The lad annoys me in my dreams okay? What do you want from me? A false confession of love? Don’t hold your breath!" Harry spat.

"I’m so deep under your skin that you dream about me annoying you? That’s fucking amazing."
Louis laughed.

"It’s fucking annoying. You’re the last thing I want in my dreams, exactly no, let me correct myself. I don’t even want you to be the last thing in my dreams. You don’t even make it on a list." Harry sighed. "Can we move on? Like what's the plan for tomorrow night for you two? Who's distracting Keepers?"

"You won’t want to be anywhere near us when he’s riding my cock like a good girl so if you don’t mind?" Rory asked. “There has to be someone in here you wanna fuck. I’ll have your back and do the same for you.”

"Why do I have to be the distraction? Why not Zayn or Niall to repay all the times that we sit at the door or have to listen to them fuck at night?" Harry complained.

"Harry," Rory frowned. “Please? For me? If you're good at the distraction you won’t have to fuck them. All you’re doing is talking to whichever two to three are in the room."

Harry groaned and nodded. "Fine, but next weekend it's my turn to fuck someone." He said then glanced at Niall and Zayn. "So I suppose you two would be making out in a dark corner somewhere?"

“No, we can fuck in the room without listening at the door. Mr. Watson even gave us lube remember?” Zayn asked.

“I’ve got a mate who owes me, Harry. I’ll have him be the sexual decoy and you talk to whoever he isn’t getting sexual with okay? Easy.” Finn offered.

"There's still night Keepers.” Harry reminded. "Hard to predict when they'll come in." He then looked at Finn. "It's fine. Don't use your favour yet. Patterson is back and we all know how I'm his favourite. I'll just offer myself to him."
“Right. Forgot about them.” Niall frowned.

“You are such a softie.” Ed shook his head. “You caved so easily with no fight to helping Louis, a lad you claim you hate.”

"I am not a softie," Harry argued. "I am doing this for Rory, who is my mate, nothing to do with Louis."

"We help each other out. Louis will owe Harry now. It’s a smart move.” Niall offered Harry a little defence.

“I’ll do it for you when you get a hookup,” Harry told Ed.

"Thank you, Nialler." Harry nodded.

Ed smiled. "Why thank you, dear Hazza. But what if I just want to use you instead?" He smirked a little.

“Use me?” Harry almost laughed. “What am I? An object?”

“If he’s your heart brother why would you want to use him?” Zayn asked Ed.

"It was a joke." Ed rolled his eyes at Zayn. "It's fine that you don't understand my humour, not many do." He said and finally took a bite of his sandwich.

“They aren’t actually brothers. They can fuck if they want. No different than if Harry and Liam fucked.” Louis shrugged. “Maybe getting a cock up his arse in a willing manner will help him not be such a wanker.”

Harry sighed and ate what little food was on his plate. "See what I have to deal with?"

"Sandwich isn't that bad," Ed commented.

“But yes, Louis is the big bad wolf and you need someone to take him down.” He said.

“Princess, be nice. Harry is still my friend. You don’t have to like him but out of respect for me no more making his life hell.” Rory scolded. “No one needs to take down anyone. Princess will be a good girl and not start fights with Harry anymore. Right Princess?”

"I don't usually start the fights," Louis mumbled. "I've been trying to be civil like I told you I would, but he makes it very, very difficult. But I suppose that just means I need to try harder."

“I’d appreciate it,” Rory told him. “I know it’s not easy sweetheart but it means a lot to me. I’ll reward your hard work later. Promise.”

“It’s like you have him whipped,” Finn commented to Rory.

Louis smiled. "At least I'm getting rewarded." He commented.

"Most princesses are, Finn..” Ed laughed.

“I just think Harry and Louis have a secret attraction to each other,” Zayn whispered to Niall.

“Don’t like you but I can agree to be civil around you for the sake of my friend,” Harry told Louis. “Consider it a partial truce.”
“Soft.” Ed coughed, teasing Harry.

Niall grinned. "You know what they say, opposites attract." He held back a chuckle.

Harry shook his head. "Being smart. I have to live with the lad until December. Shower, eat, sleep, probably something sexual again...I'm doing this for my own sanity."

“Okay, I can give you that one.” Ed agreed. “However, that doesn’t explain how adorable you get with the little infant though. You jumped up and got his bear and dummy the second he started crying. It was cute as shit.” Ed couldn’t help but tease Harry. It’s what they always did.

"He has a name. Liam, or LiLi." Harry felt a little defensive. "He's my brother...sort of. He needed my help so I gave it to him."

"Be nice to both Liam and LiLi, you'll regret it if you don't," Niall told Ed.

"Being nice to Liam and LiLi has it's benefits and generally makes life easier for you in here," Zayn explained.

“Liam shouldn’t be here. It’s not his fault he is how he is. I know he can be annoying but he honestly can’t help it. He’s special and...” Louis sighed. He didn’t want to say anything nice about Harry out loud but he went ahead anyway.

“Liam needs Harry and Harry I think needs Liam. It isn’t Harry being soft. It’s Harry being... a good person. LiLi can be a lot to handle and Harry doing it so expertly shows how strong he is and how great a lad he is... you know, down underneath all those lawyers of annoying bitch.”

Rory briefly placed a hand on Louis’ knee. “That was very sweet of you Louis.”

Harry stared at Louis in disbelief. "I believe that is the kindest thing you've ever said to me...Thank you." He said softer than he meant to.

"You sure you don't secretly have the hots for him?" Ed said in a loud whisper with a smirk painted on his face.

“Yes, I’m sure,” Harry replied. “Fuck, I forgot how much you love busting on people and teasing them.”

Ed smiled. "It's a lot of fun."

"You know...Opposites attract." Niall teased.

"And they often say that you are mean to the one you like." Zayn joined in on the teasing.

“Louis is taken. He’s mine. It doesn’t matter what Harry feels for Louis. Be it good or bad. He’s with me.” Rory said using a possessive tone.

“Louis? You feel the same for Rory?” Finn asked.

"Of course, I do! Why do you even have to ask that?” Louis asked, feeling offended by the question.

“I only ask because I’m helping you.” Finn rolled his eyes. “Bottom line, Louis and Rory are an item. It might be fun to tease him but it’s a bit disrespectful to Rory, a friend of Harry’s. Louis is strong enough to handle whatever shit you wanna say about him so go ahead but come on mate, don’t tease about them having feelings they don’t in front of Rory.”
Zayn and Niall glanced at each other, they suddenly felt bad about teasing Louis.

"Sorry, we didn't mean to..." He trailed off.

"We're sorry if we upset you." Niall finished for him.

"Pussies." Ed shook his head. "Can't handle a tad bit of teasing."

Harry opened his mouth to speak but was cut off.

"Time's up to you fucking twats! Get your shit cleaned up so you can get back to class!" Mr. Patterson yelled and walked over to the table Harry sat at.

"Your hand is fucked up won't save you Curly. My eyes are on you." He looked in a taunting manner.

Harry fought an eye roll. "So looking forward to it, sir." He tried his best to keep the sarcasm out of his voice.

"What was that about?" Ed asked confused.

"He’s one of the worst Keepers here. If anyone has the hots for me it’s him. He’s brutal and at some point, probably soon he’s going to rape me. There’s no getting around it.” Harry replied.

"He’s probably going to do it multiple times,” Niall said softly. “Sorry, Harry.”

"Multiple times? Damn, sorry, Haz.” Ed frowned as he collected Harry's rubbish as well as his own rubbish. "Okay, so...Advice real quick, which Keepers do I have to suck up to get things taken a bit easier on me?" He asked.

"The longer a Keeper has been here the more power they hold it seems, you could try Taylor or Jones or maybe Davis.” Harry offered. “Taylor has the hookup on drugs and pills if you're into that. Jones has a giant cock; absolutely massive. Davis is physically pretty strong.”

"I thought you said to go for the weakling...Murphy? I just wondered what other people would end up saying." Ed shrugged.

"Murphy has no power. He’s gullible and easy to flatter but he can’t protect you from the others.” He explained deeper. “Come on, we have to line up over here and wait for Mr. Watson. He takes awhile cause of nursing Liam.”

Ed emptied the rubbish into the bins and followed Harry to wait in line. He looked at the others. "So, ignoring what my mate says here, who do you lads think I should suck up to in order to have an easier time here?"

"Mr. Taylor," Louis said. “No matter what, if someone wants you they will get you. At least with Mr. Taylor, you can get drugs to ease the pain or forget what happened for a bit."

“There’s no making this place easier, Ed. The only thing you can do is obey and if a Keeper still wants you to make sure you give expert blowjobs so he cums before he can fuck you.” Zayn gave his advice.

Ed sighed and leaned against the wall. "Got it. Wait-Nursing? What the fuck? What the fuck is Mr. Watson?” He felt so confused now that his brain had caught up with what Harry said earlier.

“Nursing. It’s like a bottle he wears around his neck but instead of a nipple it has a tube and the end
of that tube gets taped next to his nipple and then LiLi basically breastfeeds.” Harry explained.

“See the baby thing started as a punishment for Liam because he cried all the time but because his brain is... different or whatever due to his past, the babying became something he liked,” Louis added.

Harry nodded. “Mr. Watson said it’s more than that now though. When he’s LiLi he’s either hornry because the baby stuff turns him on or he’s really deep and truly thinks he’s about one or two. He says it’s because Liam wasn’t parented and taught right from wrong and his brain is craving that. It’s not supposed to last forever. Just until Liam’s brain gets what it needs.”

"The breastfeeding part is really creepy and as for the kink part, that's just weird but as we know, everyone has their kinks," Ed smirked. "But as for him not knowing right from wrong or ever being taught about right and wrong it doesn't matter in the eyes of the law."

“It may. That’s what his court date is for tomorrow.” Harry said.

“Harry, were you able to eat?” Mr. Watson asked as he suddenly appeared with Liam who was holding his hand. “Edward was helpful?”

Ed wanted to reply but when he noticed Mr. Watson approaching he shut his mouth.

"It's Ed, not Edward." Harry politely corrected. "And yeah, of course. He was more than helpful. He can be a dick but he's a really good mate."

“Ah, so the same way you go by Harry. Well Edward, if you behave and earn my respect I’ll be happy to call you Ed. Follow the rules and you’ll get there.”

“Papa!” Liam pouted and tugged him towards the door. “Wanna colour!”

“Don’t whine, LiLi. Ask politely.” Harry encouraged.

“Papa please LiLi go colour?” He frowned.

"Wow, you correct him too. How cute." Ed whispered with a smile.

"Fuck off." Harry shook his head as he whispered back.

"Yes, LiLi, you can colour when you get to daycare though," Benji told him.

“What a good big brother.” Ed teased more and pinched his cheek.

“Come on lads. Class time. No talking in the hall.” Mr. Watson encouraged and walked off with Liam.

Everyone walked out into the halls and Mr. Branson walked by and stopped Mr. Watson. "I want the elf and the slut. They can miss the first little bit of class."

“Elf?” Ed asked only to be elbowed in the ribs by Harry.

“Yes, sir.” Niall nodded and took a step towards him.

“Mr. Branson, please sir, I have a test. It’s a really important test. Please?” Louis looked upset. He glanced at Mr. Watson, “Maybe could you at least ask him to let me do the test later? Please, I
studied really hard this time.”

"I'll let your Instructor know the situation." Mr. Watson nodded. "Both of you go on."

Zayn frowned, he tried to keep a straight face but it was difficult because now it was all he was going to be thinking about; his boyfriend being used by a disgusting Keeper.

“Thank you!” Louis nearly gasped. He was used to be fucked and Mr. Branson had never left him in pain after an attack so he wasn’t worried about that. He honestly just wanted to do well with classes so that maybe he could get a good job after he got out.

“Not nice,” Liam told Mr. Branson bravely.

Mr. Branson wanted to tell the lad he didn't get an opinion but he didn't want to deal with Watson's reaction.

"Let's go, lads. Head to the rec room." Mr. Branson told them.

“Liam, you can’t be disrespectful like that. He is a Keeper here. That was naughty.” Mr. Watson gently scolded.

“Papa he will hurt.” Liam pouted. “No want friends hurt. Mr. Branson is mean!”

Mr. Branson frowned in an annoyed manner. "It's not nice to share opinions when they are not asked for." He told Liam.

“LiLi, that’s enough!” Mr. Watson told him in a harsh tone. He knew he had to be Liam’s parent right now. “Mr. Branson, I assure you he’ll be corrected.”

“LiLi, shh,” Harry told him when he saw Liam was about to speak again. “Don’t say anything else. You’ll get in more trouble.”

Liam folded his arms over his chest and stamped his foot.

“I’m sorry Branson. If you will just take the two to class later.” Mr. Watson said.

"Good to hear and yes, I'll see they'll get back to class when I'm finished with them." Mr. Branson nodded and gave Zayn a gentle push to start walking.

“You’re going in time out after we drop the other lads off.” Mr. Watson told Liam. “Do not argue with me about it either. Now walk.”

Liam huffed and pouted as he started to walk.

"Sorry," Ed whispered to Zayn. "It's gotta be tough..."

"Thanks, but I'm not interested in talking about it." Zayn quickly but softly replied.

"I'm sorry..." Mr. Watson frowned at Zayn as he stopped at his classroom. He felt bad for Niall, he couldn't imagine what the lad must be going through knowing that his boyfriend was about to be raped.

“I'll see if I can get Taylor to take you two to be alone later. He may be watching but at least you’d get time together.” Mr. Watson added. “Try to have a good class for now though.”

Zayn nodded. He didn't say anything. He didn't trust his voice at the moment. He felt too upset but
hoped paying attention may help.

“Alright, Harry and Edward. Back to the room.” Mr. Watson said.

"Doesn't Liam er LiLi have any classes?” Ed asked.

"He doesn't do any classes. He was supposed to be in a health class but that never happened." Harry explained to Ed.

“Don’t either of you share that information.” Mr. Watson told the two. “I do think I’m going to speak with someone about having some private lessons with Liam when he’s Liam. I should probably do that with some other subjects too. Just the ones he’s not gifted at; like maths.” 

Harry nodded. "You know I would never share such information with anyone."

"I wouldn't dare share such privileged information, sir. I want to stay out of trouble," Ed told Mr. Watson.

“Smart lad.” Mr. Watson replied as they reached the room. Mr. Watson unlocked it and stepped aside so the two could enter.

"I don't want time out," Liam complained. "Mr. Branson is meanie."

Mr. Watson sighed as he stopped and pulled Liam closer, “LiLi, listen to Papa okay? I know you don’t like what’s happening. I even agree it’s mean but you can’t say things like that to people who have charge over you. It’s not respectful. His being wrong doesn’t make what you did right. You also stamped your foot and pouted. That’s called having a tantrum and it’s not okay either.”

"He doesn't have charge over me. You do!” Liam furrowed his eyebrows. "If he means, why I have to respectful?”

“He has authority in this school. You are student in this school. That means you have to show him respect. It’s not different than if you met the queen and she asked you to stop talking. She’s not your mum but you’d still obey out of respect for who she is and her title.” Mr. Watson tried to explain. “I might have the most say since I’m your Papa but you still have to listen to the other Keepers.”

"Whatever.” Liam frowned. He didn't want to be punished for trying to do the right thing or at least it was in his mind.

“It’s not whatever. It’s about respect. Tomorrow if the judge says something you don’t like you still have to act respectfully. You may not like it but you will obey it.” He used a more stern voice as he took Liam’s hand and finished walking to the playroom.

“No playroom! No timeout!” Liam whined. “Don’t wanna!”

Benji unlocked the door of the playroom and lead Liam inside. He then closed it behind him and locked the door.

He grabbed a stool and placed Liam on it. "You are going to sit here for five minutes." He instructed.

“Five?” Liam whined as he was turned around to face the corner. Right away he began to cry.
Halfway through his time he turned his head and looked at him, “Papa, LiLi Sorry! No sit anymore more!”

Benji hated to hear Liam cry but he knew he had to be tough so he ignored it and paid attention to the timer on his phone instead.

Liam cried more as he waited. When the alarm he went off he turned around a second time and sniffles looking at his Papa. He put his fingers in his mouth and waited for his Papa to speak first.

Benji walked over to Liam. "Do you know why Papa out you in time out?"

“LiLi said not nice stuff to Mr. Branson and had a tantrum.” He frowned. “LiLi is sorry Papa. Only wanted to help my friends.”

"I understand that but you still have to show respect, whether you like the person or not,” Benji explained. "It's called being polite. You need to tell him sorry. Can you do that?" He asked.

Liam frowned, “I scared. Papa help?” He knew Mr. Branson was very cross at him for saying what he did. He worried what would happen when he saw him again.

"Of course. But all Branson wants is an apology. I'll make sure he won't hurt you." Benji smiled. "Now gimme a hug."

Liam leaned forward and hugged his Papa. “Papa no mad at LiLi? Still, love me?”

"I was disappointed, not mad," Benji told him. "And of course I still love you."

Liam smiled, he felt better. “No more playroom. Is scary and cold.”

"Not unless you need another timeout," Benji said and stood. "Let's go to, daycare now."

Liam nodded and stood. He took Benji’s hand and walked with him to the daycare where Mr. Murphy was struggling with a student who was cursing and shouting about not being an infant.

“Watson!” He called for him as the bottle he'd been trying to force the student to drink went flying across the room, smacking another student.

Benji let go of Liam's hand and quickly made his way over to Mr. Murphy to help. "Look, slag." He said helping Mr. Murphy pin him down. "It's either this or a combo of the playroom and pit. If you were smart, you'd shut your mouth and suck it up." He explained.

Mr. Murphy laugh. “That’s funny.”

“Fuck off! I’m not drinking from a bottle! I’m not a baby! I cried once! That doesn’t make me a baby!” He screamed.

“Just get him out of here. He’s green. Patterson is his Keeper.” Mr. Murphy told him.

"No wonder he's getting the baby treatment after one cry." Mr. Watson forced a laugh. He grabbed the lad by the hair and stood him up. "I'll take him back to the pit. Patterson can decide what to do with him later." He told Mr. Murphy.

“Bye Papa!” Liam called and watched him leave with the lad.

"Bye, LiLi. Have fun." Benji called back.
Niall and Louis had been taken to the room he was in charge of, most of the lads were in class, one was in the pit.

Once inside the room, the Keeper looked at the two lads. "Strip, both of you! Then you can get each other hard. Elf, I also want you to fuck the slut like he deserves; hard and rough." He instructed the lads.

Niall looked utterly defeated as he began undressing.

"Be strong." Louis whispered. "It’s survival. Only survival." It wouldn’t be good if Niall lost it right now. "Pretend I’m him."

"Yeah, Okay." Niall nervously replied and finished stripping. "You picture Rory then. I’ll feel better if you do."

"Deal." Louis nodded as he began stroking his cock.

Niall tried to put in his mind that it was Zayn and not Louis.

"Get to it!" Mr. Branson snapped as he stripped out of his clothes. He wanted to enjoy the show without any restrictions.

Niall jumped and quickly grabbed Louis’ cock as he got on his knees and began to stroke it and lick it.

With Rory as the only person in his mind, his gave a gentle moan. He recalled all of the teasing and names. It made his long to actually be having sex with Rory.

Niall put Zayn in the front of his mind and sucked a little faster, then ran his tongue along the slit before moving his mouth to play with Louis' balls.

"Mmm, fuck. This is a great start." Mr. Branson moaned softly. He was sitting on the bed, wanking.

Louis gasped and whimpered. He wanted to cry out for Rory. He couldn’t though so he just kept whimpering and moaning as the most amazing visions of Rory danced in his head.

Niall then pulled back a little bit and lightly sucked on Louis' tip as his hands rubbed over his abs. He then pulled back and teasingly stroked Louis' cock until it was hard.

"Fuck. Amazing." Mr. Branson grinned. "Your turn slut to make elf hard."

Louis and Niall exchanged a look; silently reminded each other of who they were thinking of.

Louis then dropped to his knees and began expertly working on Zayn’s cock. He did everything he had done for Rory the other day and even added some more whimpers.

Niall closed his eyes and let himself pretend it was Zayn who was sucking on his cock. He moaned quietly as his fingers found Louis’ hair. "So good." He whispered.

Louis had watched Niall and Zayn play a few times so he attempted to copy some of Niall’s actions to help Zayn better.

"Mmm, you two work well together." Mr. Branson praised.
Niall gripped Louis' hair and whimpered a little. It was so easy to let himself believe that it was Zayn. It's what made him so hard so quickly.

When Louis realized that Niall was hard, he pulled back. "He's hard, sir. What position would you like us in?"

"Slut, on your hands and knees. Elf, you're going to fuck him hard and rough from behind." Mr. Branson ordered.

"Uh, sir? If I may request that I stretch him first?" Niall asked awkwardly. "I promise it'd be an extra bonus to the show." He knew how painful it was to be fucked with no prep, especially for Louis who was naturally really tight or so he heard from other Keepers talking. He wanted to be a good friend.

“I’d rather not wait that long. I appreciate the thought, however. Now, spit on his hole and start fucking him.” Mr. Branson replied.

“I can take it. I’ve had worse.” Louis whispered.

Niall nodded and after spitting on Louis' hole and on his cock, he slowly started to push in then he let out a fake moan.

Louis groaned but put Rory in his mind's eye. He wanted to be with Rory so badly. This made that desire worse.

“He used to cock being shoved into his hole without care. Get at it elf. Fuck the hell out of him.” Mr. Branson demanded.

"Of course, sir." Niall nodded then started to speed up and slam into Louis with his full strength. He gripped onto the lad's hips as he tried his best to imagine Zayn instead.

Thankfully Louis was used to this kind of treatment. Thinking of Rory just made it even easier. If he was being honest however he hoped Rory would fuck him even harder than this. He wanted completely owned by his boyfriend.

“Ah! Fuck!” He groaned knowing the Keeper would want to hear him.

"FUCK." Mr. Branson wanked himself harder.

"Shit, Louis..." Niall forced out a genuine moan. "So tight, love it."

"Be louder, elf! Both of you, louder...like you mean it." Mr. Branson demanded.

Louis whispered louder. He bit his bottom lip to stop himself from screaming Rory’s name. Thinking of sex with him made him feel so turned on. “Please.” He whimpered wanting more from the man in his mind.

"Fuck!” Niall yelled. "Love how you feel." He moaned and slapped Louis' arse.

“Damn! You two work great together.” Mr. Branson moaned as he kept wanking himself. “Keep going. You’re doing perfectly.”

Niall slammed into Louis harder and harder. "Shit. Such a slut for me."

"Fuck, yes." Mr. Branson moaned. "I need to pair you two together more often."
“Ah! Christ! Yes!” Louis screamed; lost in his vision. Niall telling him to imagine Rory had been great advice.

Mr. Branson moaned loudly. "Fuck it. I need to get in on this." He got off the bed and moved behind Niall. He pushed him forward and briefly let his finger play with the lad's hole then he licked it. "Mmm, gonna destroy that hole." He lined himself up then pushed inside.

Niall yelled loudly. The force of Mr. Branson pushing into him forced him to push harder into Louis. He slipped and ended up on his elbows and knees.

Mr. Branson began to thrust in and out of Niall quick and hard. "Don't forget to fuck the slut." He growled into Niall's ear.

Niall whimpered and nodded. This made it all harder for him to picture Zayn. At least Louis got the easy role in this.

“Fuck. More. Please.” Louis whimpered and begged with his eyes closed. He wanted so much more from the lad he was picturing. “Harder!” He begged.

Niall frowned, even though he tried not to, he began to slam into Louis as hard as he could, the action also pushed Niall's body back on Mr. Branson's cock.

"Fuck, little elf, you have a great arse." He moaned loudly and slapped Niall's arse hard. "Second best."

“Ah! Ah! Ah!” Louis whimpered as his body began to shake.

“I... I think he’s close.” Niall told Mr. Branson.

"Good. Beg him to cum for you, then you're allowed to cum." Mr. Branson instructed and continued to thrust hard into Niall.

Niall knew Louis was deep in his thoughts of Rory so he knew exactly how to help Louis cum. “Please cum for me princess. Show me how I Good I make you feel. Be a good girl for me.”

That was all it took for Louis to scream out in pleasure and cum into the floor.

“Your turn, cum little elf.” Mr. Branson instructed. He wanted to cum in the young lad's arse as he came.

“Cum in me, Ni.” Louis encouraged trying to sound a bit more like Zayn.

Niall let out a mix of a scream and a moan as he allowed himself to pretend that it was Zayn who was telling him to cum. He came to Louis with his body shuddering.

The noises and movements from Niall were all Mr. Branson needed to hit his orgasm and cum. He moaned long and loud as he filled Niall’s arse. “Fuck, that was perfect.”

“We were good for you then sir?” Louis asked as he worked to catch his breath. “I tried my best.”

"Fucking perfect pair. We'll be doing this much more in the near future." Mr. Branson said once he caught his breath.

“Great sir,” Niall replied. “May we dress now?”

“Since we did so well could you ask my instructor to let me take the test still? I know Mr. Watson
said he’d tell him what was going on but that doesn’t mean he’ll let me test.” Louis looked rather upset. Anymore his schooling was the only thing that gave him a sense of pride and accomplishment.

Mr. Branson nodded. "I think you've earned that, slut. Get each other dressed and then I'll take you to class."

Louis quickly got Niall dressed and then allowed Niall to dress him. The pair then stood with their hands behind their back and waited.

Mr. Branson then got dressed and unlocked the door. "Out. And get walking." He ordered.

Louis and Niall quietly went with Mr. Branson. Niall was dropped off first. When Louis was dropped off Mr. Branson held up to his word and convinced the instructor to let him take his test.

At the end of class, Louis stayed in his seat a while longer, hoping to be told how his test went. Of course Mr.? Just instructed him to line up and wait for his Keeper.

When Mr. Watson arrived he was told how Louis fared on his test quietly. In the hall, Louis couldn’t hold back anymore though, “Please, Mr. Watson?”

"Patience." Mr. Watson said. "We're almost in the room and I'll let you know then. No talking, please." He gently reminded.

Louis groaned a bit loudly. He was absolutely dying to know. How hard was it for Mr. Watson to just tell him?

“What’s your issue?” Zayn asked as he came out of his class.

“He knows if I passed my test and won’t tell me yet.” Louis rolled his eyes.

"I have my test tomorrow, but my Instructor is marking them later so I have to wait a week or two." Zayn shrugged. "Just be patient. Don't think about it and suddenly we'll be back in the room."

Louis could only roll his eyes again as they kept walking to Niall’s class.

“He was almost too quiet today. Good but strange.” Niall’s instructor told Mr. Watson.

“Probably just because he was used before coming to your lesson.” Mr. Watson said.

“Yes, sir,” Niall replied.

“Not complaining a bit. Just implying it’s out of character for you to be so well behaved.” The instructor huffed and walked away.

"You okay?" Zayn asked. Louis had seemed normal which is why he didn't think to ask.

"Just sore, but I'm fine. Don't worry about me." Niall whispered. “A cuddle from you is all I need.”

“Mr. Branson had Niall top me while he was bottoming for him,” Louis explained. “Don’t worry though, we agreed before that I’d imagine he was Rory and he’d pretend I was you,” Louis explained.

“I wasn’t worried…” Zayn said. “But appreciate it nonetheless.”

Zayn frowned.

"I'm fine. I promise. I just can't wait for a shower and I really just need a cuddle...and painkiller. Fuck." Niall groaned.

“Quiet you three. Please.” Mr. Watson sighed as they reached the daycare.

“Papa! Papa! My Papa!” Liam cheered loudly and clapped his hands.

"Hello.” Mr. Watson picked him up and cuddled him. "Missed you. Have a good time?” He asked

“Mr. Murphy put me in time out!” He pouted.

“LiLi, we talked about that. You smacked someone for taking your crayon instead of telling me. It was only five minutes.” Mr. Murphy told him; mostly defending himself.

"Then he did the right thing. You don't hit people, darling." Benji told him.

“I said sorry.” Liam frowned.

“I’m glad you did but you still had to be punished. If you’re at daycare and you’re bad Mr. Murphy absolutely can and should put you in time out. If you don’t like it don’t be a bad boy.” Mr. Watson said and grabbed his things.

“Here’s his picture he coloured. He said it’s Harry’s parents?” Mr. Murphy questioned.

“Yeah, cause I messed up brothers other picture when I was mad at him,” Liam replied as he grabbed Louis’ hand.

The walk back the room was far from quiet as Liam very loudly and excitingly talked about this afternoon.

It was Zayn's turn to want to punch a wall by the time they got back to their room.

When they got back to the room, Mr. Watson looked at Louis and smiled. "He said you got a 90."

“What?” Louis asked. “That’s it?” He looked extremely upset. “I studied so fucking hard and I only got a ninety?”

"Damn. I would kill for a 90." Niall said handing his bag to Mr. Watson and walked to his bed to collapse.

He wasn't in the mood to stand like they were supposed to. He just wanted to forget about what happened.

"Yeah, 90 is really good." Zayn agreed.

"They're right, Louis. That's almost perfect. You did amazing job and you showed how hard you studied by getting such a great score." Mr. Watson tried to encourage.

“I just wanted to do better,” Louis said as he frowned. “I want that perfect score. I keep trying and it’s not happening and when I ask the instructors help they just tell me to find a study group but no one wants to study with the school whore.” He gave Mr. Watson his bag and went to lay on his bed.
"Isn't everyone the school whore in this place?" Ed asked.

"That's kind of true, but Louis gets used the most considering he was a prostitute before he arrived here," Harry replied.

"Harry, time for your therapy, we can't be late." Mr. Watson said. "And Louis, almost no one gets a perfect score, even people in college, and secondary school and even Uni, not just places like these. A perfect score is hard to come by sometimes, your brain can only remember so much."

Chapter End Notes

Some of you have asked for more Lirry or sexual Lirry...and I think it's chapter 54, that will give you something you like or something where you're like me where I cannot even read because it makes me uncomfortable. Lol.

But cowriting is all about compromise and sacrifice so sometimes they have to write something that they want all by themselves. Lol.

But anyway. I hope you enjoyed this chapter!
Chapter 49

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Sorry I didn't post yesterday. I actually forgot then when I remembered, the internet was being shitty. I was up to 2am trying to make everything work...Even Netflix wouldn't play.

So here I am...12 hours later, and after I've had a good sleep and some lunch, and reread most of the chapter lol...HERE IT IS!!!!

Louis looked upset still and turned to face the wall.

“No! Want Harry!” Liam began to cry and let himself fall on his bum on the floor just inside the room.

"I'm sorry, LiLi." Harry frowned. "I won't be gone long, how about you try to cheer up Louis?" He suggested. "That would help me out a lot."

“I’m sure it would.” Ed laughed.

Liam just folded his arms over his chest.

“Leave him. If you feed into every tantrum he won’t learn that they don’t get him his way.” Mr. Watson told him and escorted him out of the room. “He a good boy LiLi. Papa will see you soon.”

Liam watched as his Papa and brother left. It made Liam cry even more. "I wanted to give Harry the picture I made him!"

"You can always give it to him when he gets back, little mate." Ed offered. "Something to look forward to after a long therapy session."

“No! Mean!” Liam shouted at Ed and crawled to Louis’ bunk. “Louis!” He whimpered. Out of everyone in the room he liked Louis the most. “Want Louis!”

"I said I was sorry! Damn." Ed shook his head. "I really thought Hazza was kidding at first, then I learned he wasn't so I stopped being mean." He sighed.

"Not now, LiLi. I just want to be left alone. Go play with Niall or Zayn." Louis told him.

"I've been through enough today without LiLi adding to it," Niall whispered to Zayn.

"I'd rather not deal with a whiny toddler anyways." Zayn agreed softly. "Louis, please? He only wants you. You're the only person he likes besides Harry. He might even make you feel better." He begged the older lad.

Liam crawled to his crib and laid down. He clutched Bruce to his chest and began crying loudly.
“Shit. Can’t one of you make his stop.” Ed complained plugging his ears. “That’s horrible.”

“Louis! Please?” Niall begged.

Louis groaned.

"It's either lay there and feel shitty about your near perfect score or you make Liam feel better," Zayn told him. "Please."

Louis rolled his eyes and got off his bunk. He walked over to Liam’s crib and gently rubbed his back. “LiLi?”

He sniffled and looked at Louis with the saddest eyes. He just desperately wanted someone to hold him and make him feel better.

"What can I do to make you feel better?" Louis asked gently.

“LiLi is sad.” He sniffled. “Bad day. LiLi wants cuddled.” His lower lip quivered as he looked at Louis.

"I had a shitty day too." Louis cuddled Liam. "What happened to you?" He asked. "Wanna talk about it?"

“Him was mean.” LiLi pointed to Ed. “Then got time-out twice.” He whimpered and cuddled into Louis. “Papa say LiLi dis- disre- LiLi not nice to Mr. Branson. Then LiLi hit the boy you stole crayon. LiLi wanted cuddling with Harry so Harry could make LiLi happy but Harry went bye-bye.”

"I said I was sorry!" Ed sighed. "What's it take to get forgiven from him?"

"Just be nice to him and it'll come in time," Zayn explained.

Louis frowned. "Well, that sounds like an awfully hard long day. Harry had to go to therapy...But you can't hit people. It's not nice. You need to be nice."

“LiLi, well Liam too, is very sensitive. Like you keep teasing for Harry for being soft, that’s just Harry having a complete understanding of how sensitive Liam and LiLi are.” Niall tried to explain.

“You didn’t say sorry. You didn’t mean it if you did anyway cause you keep being not nice with words. I know you didn’t tell Harry sorry either.” Liam told Ed in a very childish pouting tone.

"Maybe I didn't say the word "sorry" but I figured your Liam mind would at least understand it. Suppose not. Anyways, I really am sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. And...wait for what? Why do I have to tell Haz that I'm sorry?" He was confused now.

“NiNi say you tease Harry say him soft. Not nice.” Liam explained. “My Harry! You be nice!”

“Calm down LiLi. Sometimes friends tease one another out of love. He didn’t mean it how you think.” Louis tried to comfort. “I’m sure that’s all Ed’s teasing Harry was. Right, Ed?”

“Someone is getting territorial of Harry,” Zayn whispered to Niall.

Niall nodded. “Yeah, it’d be interesting to see how this all goes down.” He agreed and cuddled more into him.

"Yes, it was just a bit of banter between two good friends. I've known Harry a lot longer than you
have. I often say shit to get under his skin, but I'm just teasing. It's nothing serious. And besides,
before he came into this place, he was pretty hard, emotionally, not physically.” Ed signed. "I like
to tease my mates, especially Haz as he takes it so well. He knows I'm not being mean by it."

Liam frowned but nodded, “Okay. Just don’t want my Harry hurt.”

“He won’t hurt him. If he does, I’ll kick his arse okay?” Louis offered.

"Look, I'm not going to hurt, Haz. He's my oldest mate, and one of the only real ones I've got. I
used to beat the shit out of people who said shit about him.” Ed told Liam.

Liam nodded and cuddled into Louis, “Want more Captain Liam.” He whispered. He liked when
Louis told him stories about the made-up superhero who had his name and looked like him.

Zayn rubbed Niall’s back. “Wanna talk about what happened?” He asked.

“Louis told you already.”

“Yeah, but...If you want to talk, I’m here to listen to you. You don’t always have to wait to talk in
therapy.” Zayn kissed Niall’s head.

Niall smiled. “It’s just...Louis had the easier role of pretending. I was topping and it worked for a
while then Mr. Branson suddenly entered me and I couldn’t pretend anymore.”

Zayn frowned. “I’m sorry. How are you feeling? Maybe we can ask Mr. Watson to get you
something if you can’t wait until later.”

“Sore but I’ll live, don’t worry about me.” Niall kissed him softly.

“I love you. I’ll always worry about you...What kind of boyfriend would I be if I didn’t worry?”
Zayn told him.

“Good point.” Niall curled into Zayn more. “Right now though, I’d love some cuddles from you.
It’ll make me feel better.”

“Always, my love.” Zayn kissed Niall’s head again.

Harry was just sitting down with Ms. Brown. He was really glad it was finally his turn to have
therapy. He needed someone to just talk to.

“Hello, Harry. How has your week been?” She smiled.

"It was alright. I had a massive fight with Liam after he told me that he and Mr. Watson were "in
love" and "boyfriends"." Harry started to explain his week. "I had a really bad punishment by Mr.
Watson yesterday or the day before... It's hard to keep track of days in this place. Anyways,
yesterday, Liam and I made up thanks to Mr. Watson. And today, my mate, well, my old Foster
brother, Ed, showed up and was actually put in the same room as me. It's nice to have him around.
Oh and on top of all that, I found out that Louis is dating my best mate, well, from the school.” He
sighed as he finished. "It's been really hard the past few days.”

Let’s start with the Liam incident. I heard that you two had a little falling out. I advised Mr.
Watson to help you two work it out. How have things been since the makeup with you both?” Me.
Brown asked and began taking notes.

"Good," Harry said. "It's been better."

"He's just a mate from the Foster home I lived in before I came here." Harry shrugged. "I'm glad he's here, makes things a little better, I guess."

"Not really. Ed some stuff when Liam woke up as LiLi like I explained it, and he thought I was kidding, so he was kind of mean about it, but then he realized I wasn't kidding and...Liam, er LiLi doesn't like him, calls him a meanie."

“Hmm, and of course LiLi doesn’t forgive lightly. That’s due to his past.” She told him and wrote some things down. “What about this Louis issue you mentioned?”

“He's dating, Rory, my best mate in this hell, and they're disgusting when flirting. All Rory wants is to spend time with Louis and everything is all about Louis, it sucks.

She wrote some more notes and looked at him, “So you feel a bit like Louis has stolen him hmm?” She guessed.

"I don't know? I just hate that they're dating and that's all Rory talks about or spends time with."

“Have you tried talking to Rory? Perhaps let him know how you’re feeling? Maybe he’d try harder to split his time.” She offered.

"Yeah, I did. Zayn, I think it was, suggested that I tell him how I felt and Rory did say that he'd split his time more but I don't believe him."

“Give him a chance. Let’s see what happens.” She tried to encourage. “You’re reading as pretty upset and down, maybe a bit frustrated too. Talk to me. What’s on your mind? What’s bothering you most?”

"Liam and I are good again but Ed keeps teasing me about how soft I am now because of the way I have to be with Liam. It's annoying, but I don't want him to see me as being less or something like that. I feel like two different people."

Ms. Brown nodded, “I feel that from you. I feel this sense of being torn. You’re feeling like you want to be who Ed knows you to be but you also want to be what Liam needs. You’ve talked about talking to Rory. Perhaps you should talk to Ed too.”

"Yeah, probably. I don't know."

“Why is Ed’s opinion so important to you Harry? Is it because he’s your only friend from the outside or is it more?” She wondered as she wrote down more notes. “I’m sorry Harry. I’m just trying to understand everything so I can help you.”

"He's always seen me as tough, and hard...and we've always had each other's backs. I don't know why it matters so much to me. It just does."

“Harry, listen to me. I know you’ve been struggling to feel like you have a place you belong. These issues with your friends seem to be making it worse. You need to talk to your friends. Talk to Rory about getting time with him.

“Talk to Ed about your relationship with Liam. I have watched your relationship with Liam repair so much of the hate and loneliness you harbour. I think he’s become key in you feeling like you
have a purpose. You need to open up to Ed about that. I know it isn’t easy for lads to talk about how they feel but this is breaking you, Harry. Ed is going to complicate your journey to figure out who you are. You need to get a handle on it. I’m here to help you talk to him too. If you need me.”

Harry nodded. "I don't know how to talk to him, I don't want to lose him as a friend. What if he thinks less of me? I really don't want that."

“What if we try having a little group session with you and Ed; perhaps Liam as well?” She asked. “I can be here to help you three talk, or two if you’d rather not have Liam.”

"Okay." Harry caved. "That would probably make it easier..."

“Liam has court tomorrow that I must attend but after that, I will work on pulling you two for a session. We’ll see how Liam is doing and feeling and then decide if he should be here, alright?” She asked.

Harry nodded. “Sounds good to me.”

“It’s going to be alright, Harry. Don’t lose all hope just yet. Stay strong for me lad. We’ll get you through this alright?” She said and stood.

Harry nodded and stood. "Yeah, thanks." He said softer than he meant to.

She stared at him for a moment and tapped her foot.

After a moment she went to her desk and pulled out something Harry couldn’t quite see.

When she came back over however she took his hand and placed a silver star sticker on his bracelet.

"And this means what exactly? That I'm at risk?" Harry frowned. "I'm confused."

“I’m worried about you. I’m not worried enough to give you a red bracelet but you’re headed that way. I’m diagnosing you with depression and so the star will let Keepers know that you are at risk of needing a red bracelet.” She explained.

“Thank you. I don’t know that it’s actually going to help but we’ll see. “ Harry told her with a sigh.

“One step at a time, Harry. Let’s just be positive until we can get you and Ed together tomorrow. That’s not long. Go on now. Mr. Watson doesn’t like to run late.” She smiled.

Mr. Watson was out in the waiting room when Harry stepped out.

"I gave him a star." Ms. Brown told Mr. Watson. "I'm worried about him, he's suffering from depression, please make sure other Keepers are aware."

"Got it." Mr. Watson.

Harry was silent as they walked.

“How’d everything go? You seemed pretty happy about getting to go.” Mr. Watson questioned quietly.

"It was alright. Nothing special about therapy." Harry shrugged. "We talked, she gave me advice,
I'm going to try it and that's all really."

"Oh." Mr. Watson replied. "At least your friend got paired with you though. That's a nice
coincidence yeah?" He was trying so hard to connect with Harry on something other than Liam.

"Yeah, it's cool. He was my old Foster brother from the place I was in before here...So it's nice to
have him rooming with me. If only LiLi can like him, then it'll be much better."

"Yes, LiLi said Ed made a comment, something about how he should be in a mental institution. He
called LiLi you teenaged sized baby brother or something as well." He replied. "I'm sure a lot of
that was because he's new and because Liam isn't something you see every day. LiLi gets his
feelings hurt so easily though."

"Liam and LiLi both get their feelings hurt easily, but Ed thought I was kidding." Harry shrugged
again. "Liam will get over it soon enough I'm sure. I'll talk to him about it. He does know how to hold
a grudge though."

"Perhaps helping Ed and LiLi talk would make things better between them. Try getting Ed to
interact with him LiLi. You know what he likes." Mr. Watson offered. "I can tell you want them to
get along. They're both important to you."

"Yeah, they are... Ed's from my old life and Liam's from my new life. It'd be nice for them to get
along." Harry agreed.

"I'll do what I can to help you with LiLi and Liam. Let me know if you need my help with
anything specific." He offered Harry a smile. "Everything else okay? Just Ed and Liam stuff
getting to you?"

"Yeah, besides the usual every day shit...I'm fine," Harry said.

"You mean the abuse or something else?" Mr. Watson asked as they kept walking slowly. "You
know I'm changed now right? I'm not going to punish you or anything."

"The abuse and yeah, I know...But it is difficult to be around you and not be in fear of what I say
after what happened a couple days ago." Harry said softly.

"Harry, I really am sorry for that. I let my anger and temper get the better of me." Mr. Watson
sighed as he stopped Harry and had him sit on the ground in the hall. "I didn't start out here to do
this. I came here because I wanted to make a difference. I let myself get really fucked up. I know I
really hurt you and the other lads and lads before you all. I honestly wish I could undo it."

"How did this even start? All the abuse...How do you even hire new people? This is all so fucked
up." Harry asked.

"It was already like this when I started. Jake, Uh Mr. Taylor, he was here when it started changing.
Some Keepers weren't good guys. They started crossing the lines. The more they got away with
things with more they pushed until it became what you know it as now. The company that kind of
takes charge of the school and employes us does some interviewing but then we get interviewed
again by the headmaster and again by a Keeper here. Whoever that is judges what we will allow
and not allow. If we won't go along with things he tells the headmaster made up shit that gets him
thrown out as a possible employee." Mr. Watson tried to explain best he could.

"Right, but how to make sure the new bloke won't report you once he realizes everything that goes
on and how deep it is..."
“That’s done very carefully. With me, I was told about a guard getting reported for touching one of the students and some other stories of the same sort. Your reaction tends to tell them how much you would or wouldn’t participate in the abuse. Me, I’m an idiot. I was really curious by all of it and kept asking questions. The more they told me the more fascinated I became until all I could think about was trying it even though I knew it was wrong and stupid.” He hid his face in his hands for a moment. “I don’t know why I let myself do such horrible things. I just did and I’m sorry I did but now there’s no way for me to stop what’s happening without getting caught myself and sent to jail.”

Harry nodded. He didn't know what to say. "Wow." He whispered.

“I wish I could go back. I do. I know none of you lads here could ever possibly believe that but it’s true. I hate what I’ve become. It’s part of why I won’t force any of you to do anything sexual anymore. The other part is because I do truly love Liam. It’s crazy but he’s my everything. I can’t imagine life without him.”

Harry nodded as he rubbed his arms, he was getting cold. The floor was cement and the uniforms were thin and not having pants, made him feel the cold that much more.

"Yeah, I know the feeling. I can't picture life without him either."

“I meant what I said Harry; about not letting you two get ripped apart or however I worded it. I’m going to get him out of here and then you’re next. I mean it. You’ve grown on me. You’re like... you’re who I used to be and I’m not going to let you turn out the way I did. I’m not going to leave you to just rot in a home for unwanted kids. You are wanted, Harry. You and all of those other lads in your room are wanted and you deserve better than this. Mr. Taylor thinks I’m crazy but he’s going to help me.”

Harry felt his stomach grumbling but looked at Mr. Watson. "Louis won't live without Rory and Finn, and I don't want to leave Ed..."

“Rory and Finn?” Mr. Watson asked. He sighed and nodded after a moment. “I won’t leave Ed. If you don’t want that.” He took another long pause. “Jake is going to kill me. First, it was just Liam. Then Liam and you. Then he found out about Zayn and Niall. He called me insane or crazy but he admitted on our break that he’s fond of the two. So it became you two and them but I couldn’t make Louis stay and you can’t make Ed stay. That’s six. What about these other two? Who are they?” Mr. Watson asked and helped Harry stand so he wouldn’t use his hand.

"Rory is my best mate in here and Finn is Louis' but Louis is dating Rory, so Louis won't leave him,” Harry explained.

“Well, that explains the two suddenly always being together.” He replied then sighed. “Alright, fine. That’s eight of you. No more. I already don’t know how in the hell I’m going to pull off helping eight lads escape from here so no more. Christ, I have to find a place big enough to hide eight lads. Do you have any idea how much I’m risking for you lads? If I get caught not only am I going to jail but most of you probably will too since this was where you were sent to avoid jail time.” He leaned his back against the wall for a moment and closed his eyes. “I’ve lost my mind, Harry. I’ve completely lost it.”

"Unless we mention the abuse and you were helping us escape...I mean, you'd still be in jail because of the other Keepers ratting you out, but we'd just be sent to another school."

“No, I doubt it. Niall probably would since he’s just a runaway. The rest of you have records. They’d put you somewhere you couldn’t escape and that’s just my educated opinion.” He replied
as he finally stood again and began walking more.

“If the eight of you want out of here with me and Mr. Taylor’s help we’re first going to have to learn to trust each other. You can pass that message along and we can try to work on the trust while I work out a way to get you all out and a place to take you. If you’d rather wait here till you’re eighteen let me know.”

"I know that no one wants to be in here longer than they have to. Trust won't be an issue. If you find a way out, then they'll follow." Harry shrugged.

“Alright then.” He sighed and nodded as they reached the room. “Don’t say anything to Liam. I’ll be the one to tell him when the time is right.” He then unlocked the door and pushed it open gently.

"I'll do my best but he has an awful habit of always being in the wrong spot at the wrong spot and overhearing shit he shouldn't," Harry said softly as the door opened.

"Hazzabear!" Ed smiled. "How nice of you to rejoin us. I do hope your therapy went well."

"It was fine." Harry nodded.

"Edward, come here a moment. I need to put your green bracelet on you."

Ed looked at Mr. Watson strongly but came closer anyway. “Some kind of ID thing?”

“Means you don’t have a mental illness. It tells the Keepers they can fuck you and beat you all they want. Basically.” Louis said from where he sat with Liam drawing a picture of ‘Captain Liam’ for him.

Ed looked over at Zayn. "So...You having a red bracelet means you have a mental disorder? What are the stars for?" He asked.

“It means we’re at risk of having a mental disorder,” Niall replied.

“My ellow means I LiLi.” Liam quietly said.

“Yellow, love. Not lellow.” Mr. Watson gently correctly making Liam giggle.

"Cool. Can we eat now?" Ed asked. "I'm starving."

"Yeah, me too."

"Are we sitting with the princess again, or?" Ed asked Harry.

Harry took a deep breath. He wanted to sit with Rory and have time with his mate but he didn’t want to watch Louis and Rory flirting again. On the other hand, however, he needed to talk to everyone. “Yeah, if that’s alright with you? I’d like us all to eat together.”

“Come on lads. Talk quietly while we walk. Can't have you all late and missing dinner." Mr. Watson said and he picked up Liam.

Everyone followed Mr. Watson out the door.

"Are you feeling any better?" Zayn asked Niall.
Niall nodded. "I am, thanks for the cuddles...and the talk. I'd rather talk to you than the therapist about most stuff anyway. It's easier to talk to you."

Zayn smiled, “That feels really nice to hear. I’m glad I can be that sense of comfort. I don’t feel like I can be much in here but at least I can be that. I love you Ni.”

"Me too, a lot," Niall whispered. He wasn't that brave to say those words out loud in the hallway. He didn't want to risk anyone overhearing.

Louis frowned. He couldn't stop thinking about his mark.

"You'll get it next time, mate." Zayn tried to encourage. "You studied hard and it showed you getting the 90."

“I want to ace it though. I want to prove to myself that I can do it.” Louis told him. “I’m happy with the ninety but I know I can do better.”

“Maybe Finn has some ideas on how to get help studying.” Harry offered, hoping it would encourage him to talk to Finn.

"Yeah, maybe," Louis said. "Think I might ask Rory, he's pretty good on the subject. He offered once before but I thought I could do it on me own. Hopefully, during homework time, he and I can sit together. It's been a shit day and I just want...him."

“I know the feeling,” Harry grumbled under his breath.

Niall just gave him a pat on the shoulder. He understood what Harry was getting at.

Zayn also understood and grabbed Louis' arm gently to pull him back out of earshot of Harry.

"I know the feeling of wanting your boyfriend after a shit day. Niall and I share a room...so we're lucky in that sense to split time between each other and our mates. Remember though, that sometimes for those who are single, they just want their best mate to vent to. Rory is that for Harry, sit with Finn, Niall and I during homework, and let Harry and Rory have some time together. I think Harry really needs it."

Louis really didn’t want to. He could be human and understand Harry wanting time with his friend but why during homework? Why when Louis actually really needed him? “Whatever. At this rate, I’ll never get a perfect score. Fuck today.” He then pulled away from Zayn and pushed to stand away from everyone and closer to Mr. Watson and Liam.

"Hard when they need to want him. I feel bad for Rory." Niall frowned.

"Me too." Zayn agreed. "Maybe there could be a compromise...Maybe after what Harry tells us at dinner, we could get Finn to ask for Louis' attention. I mean, Finn is in the same boat as Harry right? So if that happens, then Harry gets Rory during the rest of dinner then Louis gets him during homework."

"It's like arranging custody." Niall laughed quietly.

“It is but it could work. We just have to talk to Finn and explain things.” Zayn said.

“Yeah, let Louis get help studying from Rory at homework time but have Finn try to pull his attention at other times.” Niall agreed.
"You're pretty smart," Niall commented.

"Thanks. I learned all my smarts from you." He winked.

Niall blushed a bit. "Shh. We're here."

"Avoid anything with dairy lads." Mr. Watson advised as he leads them in. "Come on LiLi. Papa's baby has a grumbly tummy." He coo'd and walked off to feed Liam.

"We already knew about the dairy but nice of him to offer the tip." Harry shrugged.

"None of the food here looks safe to eat though," Ed replied.

"If you don't eat, they make you eat these nasty protein shakes. I was underweight when I arrived and needed them. They were horrible." Niall shuddered at the memory.

"And if that doesn't work, they put a tube down your throat," Zayn added.

Fuck. I'll stomach this rubbish before I get a tube down my throat." Ed declared.

"Finn." Niall grabbed his wrist as he walked past them on his way to stand with Louis. "Zayn wants to ask you a question."

Finn nodded. "Sure. What's up, mate?" He said once he was standing next to Zayn.

"Harry is really craving some time with his mate. I know he makes Louis happy and so Louis wants to be with Rory non-stop but could you help us get Harry some Rory time?" Zayn asked.

"I'm sure you want time with your mate. We're hoping you can convince Louis to focus on you so Harry gets a chance to spend time with Rory." Niall further explained.

"But Harry has something he wants to tell all of us first, apparently," Zayn added. "So after that, hopefully?"

Finn grabbed a tray and nodded. "I wouldn't mind some Louis time meself. I try to be patient though. I'm happy that my mate is happy... Anyways, I'll do me best to steal him away for a bit." He agreed.

"Great, Thank you." Niall smiles and looked at Zayn as they both started selecting food. "He's a nice lad. I like him. I like hanging out with him and Rory. Makes me happier than Joe and David."

Zayn nodded in agreement. "Yeah, I enjoy them better too. I mean, it's nice because I don't have to worry or be careful with what I say like I used to have to with David. Joe was just plain annoying."

Niall smiled briefly and nodded, "I agree. Joe was the worst." He nodded off to where the others were sitting. "Something tells me this isn't going to be good news. Just a feeling."

"He has a star now, maybe he's just...more depressed now?" Zayn shrugged. "Either that or he's backing out of tomorrow night where he distracts Patterson."

"I don't know." Niall sighed and sat down.

"Louis, you're down here by me. You've been neglecting me." Finn said as he and Louis care to the table. "Give your boy time with Harry."

Louis fought a frown, today of all days he'd rather have his boyfriend. But he didn't want to upset
his friend.

He fought a sigh and nodded. "Yeah, sure. Rory's helping me with my homework anyways." He said and moved to sit with Finn.

“I need all of you to listen but keep your eyes looking for Keepers. No one can hear this or know this outside of us.” Harry said as he joined the table with Rory and Ed.

Rory smiled at Louis who was sitting down the table from him. He winked, his hidden sign for a kiss.

“That bad?” Niall asked.

"We get it...Can't tell a living soul." Ed said. "Just spit it out, Haz."

“Mr. Watson and Mr. Taylor are working on plans to get us all out of here. Everyone at this table plus Liam.” He whispered just loud enough for the table to hear. “They don’t know how yet but they are going to do it.”

Zayn and Niall glanced at each other.

"Whatever you say... I'll believe it when I see it." Niall told him.

"It's hard to believe that they'd follow through with that." Zayn agreed. "But if they do, that's great but I won't be holding my breath about it."

“All of us?” Rory asked sounding just as skeptical.

“Why us?” Finn asked.

“I guess it was supposed to be just Liam, then I got added. Then Mr. Taylor decided he had grown fond of Zayn and Niall so they were added. Then Mr. Watson couldn’t leave Louis behind. I explained Louis wouldn’t leave Finn and that Louis and I wouldn’t leave Rory and then there’s and who I won’t leave so now it’s the eight of us. He said no more though.” Harry explained nervously in one breath.

“He told me, everything I guess. What he knew of how the abuse started. How new hires are brought in. How he was brought in. He admitted he was wrong and says he feels terrible and that he never wanted any of this but now he’s too deep to stop it without getting sent to prison himself. It’s why he wants to rescue us.” He added.

"So basically... He's doing this to ease his own guilt and not out of the goodness of his own heart. Got it." Finn nodded.

“For starters, who cares why he’s doing it if it means we’re getting out?” Louis said. “Secondly, Harry, how can you be sure this isn’t a trick? Can we really trust them?”

“I hear you. I do. He even said we all have to work on trusting one another. It sounds fishy but I do believe this is real. He’s been opening up to me and telling me he’s sorry and he wishes he could undo it. I think he’s honestly trying to do anything he can to make it right. He said we didn’t deserve this.” Harry offered.

"We don’t? Hell, no one does.” Rory shook his head.

"I feel bad for everyone else left behind,” Zayn commented.
"Not Tyler," Niall added.

"Expect Tyler." Zayn agreed.

“I don’t know about you all but I’m taking a leap of faith and trusting him. I want out of here. If there’s a chance I can get out then I’m going for it.” Louis said. “I’m sick of this place.”

Harry nodded, “Give him a chance. I think you guys will see that he’s being honest.”

"All I'm saying is... I'll go along with whatever, but, seeing is believing right?" Niall said.

"Yeah, sure...a chance..." Zayn shook his head. "I'm with Niall, if it happens, great. But I'm not expecting it to."

“I’ll give him a chance. If it gets me out of the hell hole I’m in. I can try anyway.” Finn agreed.

“You know I’m with you Haz. You’re the closest thing to something real I have anymore.” Ed too nodded.

“Rory?” Louis asked.

“Don’t worry princess. I’m in.” He smiled.

“We’ll give it a chance of course.” Niall felt the need to say simply.

"We understood what you meant, no worries." Finn nodded and stood so he and Louis could move to another table. "But I could use some Louis time of my own if you don't mind?" He looked at Rory.

“Not at all.” Rory smiled.

“I’ll see you at study time,” Louis told him and smiled when he got a wink. He then followed Finn.


"It's Ed," Ed replied and before he could get anything else out, Mr. Blair came by and grabbed Ed by the hair. "I've always wanted to fuck a Weasley." He grinned. "Let's go." He pulled the lad to his feet.

“Ow, shit, I’m coming sir.” Ed tried not to sound like he was complaining. He also didn’t want anyone to know he was feeling nervous and scared.

"Just do as you're told." Harry quickly but softly told him.

"Oh, you will be cumming." Mr. Blair told him with a cunning smile.

Zayn frowned. "I was hoping he'd avoid his first time until later."

"Let's give Harry and Rory some time alone together. We can sit together somewhere else." Niall suggested.

"Is that a smart idea?" Rory asked.

"We'll figure out something to say, don't worry about us," Zayn told them.
"You're always welcome." Rory reminded. "Thank you though."

Harry and Rory watched the two leave.

"Are you alright?" Rory asked Harry.

"Yeah, no, I don't know." Harry sighed. "I guess..." he tapped his foot. "I have a lot going on in my head and one thing is that I feel like you're forgetting about me now that you're dating Louis."

He sighed. "That sounds so stupid when I say it out loud."

"Harry," Rory frowned. "I told you earlier today that I'd make time for both of you and I will. I'll admit the past couple of days I've been rather distracted by Louis. I only see him during mealtimes or free time. Maybe homework time if we're lucky. I can watch him in the showers, briefly so I'm always wanting that extra time with whenever I can. But...I will not forget about you. I'll make time for you as well."

"I feel like a clingy girlfriend." He shook his head. "I don't mean to. It's so immature but like," he paused to try and word himself best. "We were friends first. You didn't even like him at first. Then you two meet and talk and now my mate has tunnel vision for his boyfriend, er girlfriend. I'm not trying to sound lame or immature or needy. I just miss hanging out with you and it's one of the things depressing me."

"About not liking him at first... I was just basing it off of what you said. I met the lad and found out he's not what you make him as to me or at least to me it's that way." Rory sighed. "It's been only been two days... I'm sorry that I'm excited about having a new relationship and having such a connection with someone. I haven't meant to ignore you, I wasn't going to forget about you forever. I'm sorry if I made you feel that way but like I said earlier today, you have nothing to worry about. I'll still make time for you."

"No, I'm sorry too." Harry shook his head. "I really am happy that you're happy Rory. I am. I'm just missing time with you. I've had no one to talk to. I have Ed now but he just keeps giving me shit because I've changed."

"People change, tell him that you have changed and tell him to fuck off of you. Seriously, just admit to him that this is who you are now and he doesn't have to be mates with you if he doesn't want to be. You need a mate who'll continue to support you and be your friend."

"I know all of that but..." Harry sighed. "...I don't want him to fuck off. I don't want to lose him."

Harry frowned. "I want him to like me and like who I am."

"But you shouldn't change who you are just to make an old mate like you or still like you." Rory gently argued. "What's the point of being mates with someone if you have to pretend to be someone you're not?"

"I hear you. I do." Harry replied as he tried to finish eating. "I need to talk to him. Ms. Brown said it too. Just not looking forward to it."

"Do it when Zayn and Niall are around, I'm sure they'll have your back. It's not going to be a pleasant talk, of course. But, it is needed. I'm sure LiLi will pick up on it and be sensitive to it then you have Ed to deal with on top of it all, it's simpler to just get out in the open." He offered.

"Yeah, I'm not doing it when LiLi is around though. I have a feeling I'm going to get really emotional and I don't want him confused thinking Ed upset me. He already isn't a big fan of him."

Harry explained. "I really really don't want to do it with Louis around either. I don't want him to
get to see me upset."

"Going to be difficult to do when Louis isn't around and despite what you may think...I think he'd be really respectful." Rory told him. "He wouldn't say anything, he'd even try not to overhear anything. You either have free time or homework time later...Ed will be going back to the rooms because new lads don't get free time on their first day."

"Yeah, maybe I can ask Mr. Watson to help me have some time with Ed to talk. That or I can just do it tonight." Harry replied

Rory nodded and was about to reply when Mr. Thomas interrupted. "Time's up, lads! Rubbish in the bins and get lined up at the doors." He yelled.

"You'll figure it out." Rory quickly spoke and stood to throw away his rubbish.

"Yeah, Thanks, later." Harry nodded and got his rubbish tossed before lining up.

Down the hall in an empty dorm room, Mr. Blair looked at Ed and smirked. "Undress me then strip...And make a show of it." He ordered.

"Make a show of it?" Ed asked half confused. "If you mean dance I have two left feet so this may end up as a comedy routine."

Mr. Blair rolled his eyes. "You can swing your hips I'm sure, without falling over...Just be sexy about it. Undress me first, Weasley."

Ed inwardly groaned as he undressed the Keeper. He didn’t even know his name. He then stood up and foolishly fumbled around as he tried to undress in a sexy manner. Ed was definitely not a stripper.

Mr. Blair stroked himself as he watched Ed. The lad would improve with time for sure, he was new, he needed to be broken in.

"Good. Now that you're undressed, you can get me hard...by sucking me cock." Mr. Blair instructed.

Ed swallowed a lump in his throat. He really didn't want to do this. Harry had warned him to just comply but that was easier said than done. "There’s no way out of this is there?" He asked in a very solemn tone as he walked closer to the Keeper.

"Unless you want a trip to the Playroom? And you will address me as "sir" you do so with all Keepers." Mr. Blair told the lad. "The Playroom is used for punishments and in case you weren't informed, we can punish you lads the way we see fit."

"Yes, sir." Ed sighed deeply. He knew from talking to Harry he didn’t want to be punished so reluctantly he dropped to his knees and swallowed the lump in his throat. He then leaned forward and slid the Keepers soft cock into his mouth. He was a top which meant he’d only given a few blowjobs in his life. Hopefully, this wouldn’t be awful.

"You learn to follow orders, you won't be punished." Mr. Blair explained. "I can feel your teeth...You best not bite me, lad."

Ed shook his head gently. He might want to bite the Keeper but he wouldn’t dare. He tried to open
his mouth wider as he mimicked the bobbing motion that other lads had performed on him.

Mr. Blair moaned. It was clear that the lad wasn't used to sucking cock but he still enjoyed it. "Go faster, lad."

Ed took the Keepers instructions as advice. The happier he could make the Keeper the better. Anything to keep him out of the playroom.

He bobbed his head faster and tried to figure out how to flick his tongue over the tip like he enjoyed.

Mr. Blair moaned feeling Ed's tongue flicker. "Damn." He gripped Ed's hair. "Feels good to be sucked by a Weasley, who knew."

Ed gasped a bit when his hair was pulled is allowed the Keepers large dick to slip down his throat a bit cause him to choke on it some.

"Ah, that's it, Weasley. Choke on it." Mr. Blair pushed it further back and briefly fucked the lad's mouth.

Ed’s eyes watered and he began to gag. This made him dry heave and cough some.

Mr. Blair smirked and pushed Ed off of his cock. "Get yourself hard." He ordered.

"That’s a joke right?” Ed frowned. "Christ sake.” He almost whined as he awkwardly wrapped his hand around his cock. Normally if he was horny there was always a willing lad close by and if not a lad there was always a girl as a last resort. Ed didn’t have to walk much. “I’ll do me best sir."

"Unless you'd rather me do it for you." Mr. Blair offered. "Either way, you'll get hard and cum when given permission."

"As I said, I’ll do me best sir." Ed wasn’t a lad who was easily turned on by just anything. Having had his ball sack pierced a few times it made him require more intensity to actually off. “I can’t help it, sir. I really will try my best though. Swear.”

"Use your imagination then you fucking ginger." Mr. Blair growled. "Kinda curious if you gingers cum red too."

“Red would be blood, not cum.” He replied and focused as best he could on sexual images and experiences. He also tried to think of the fittest and perfect body he could. It helped some and soon his cock began to stiffen. “Please, sir? I, I’m hard. Now what?”

"Be a smart arse one more time and you’ll go straight to the playroom." Mr. Blair was more focused on getting off than punishing right now so Ed was being warned instead of an instant punishment.

He looked over Ed's frame and noticed the empty piercing holes. "You...pierced...there? You're fucking insane. I suppose that happens when you don't have a soul." He commented. "Turn around, hands and knees, arse up."

“Drink enough and you don’t feel a thing,” Ed replied as he got onto all four as instructed. “Some lads get turned on by it sir.”

Mr. Blair moved to get behind Ed and quickly noticed that he was very tight.
"Straight or a top?" He asked as he poked at the hole.

"Top, sir." Ed tried his best not to whimper. "I'm bi with a strong male preference." He explained and took a few deep breath. "I've never bottomed. Please just hurry and do it so this can be over. Please, sir?"

He poked at the hole again before rubbing over it roughly with his thumb. "Most lads here, besides the slut, are not usually this tight. I'm not going to fit, even just shoving it in, without a tiny bit of prep. Consider yourself, lucky, Weasley... Almost no lad here gets prep." He then used his spit to coat his hole and his fingers. He entered one slowly.

Ed's eyes widened. The fingers didn’t hurt but it felt extremely awkward. He suddenly wasn't sure how people enjoyed being on the bottom during sex. "Shit... thank- thank you, sir."

Mr. Blair pushed the finger in and out slowly for a moment then quicken his actions.

He added a second one and began to scissor the lad.

"Ah, Ah, Sorry, feels... strange... sir." Ed tried his best to stay relaxed. Thankfully he'd developed a very high pain tolerance from the piercings so this wasn't horrific. If anything he just felt embarrassed and violated and uncomfortable.

"You'll get used to it." Mr. Blair moved his fingers faster and worked harder on getting the lad open just enough so he can push his cock through. "There." He said a few moments later. "Just wide enough to fit my cock through." He smiled and smacked Ed's arse hard. There wasn't any specific reason, he just felt like it.

He then lined himself up and pushed himself in. "Ah, fuck. Virgin tight is the best." He moaned.

Ed winced. It hurt, it hurt quite a bit. He wasn’t much of a screamer though. Getting pierced and fucking in hotel rooms meant you had to learn to be quiet.

He felt disgusting. He wanted to vomit or shower in bleach. He had to play along though. He’d gotten his warnings from Harry, who he trusted, so he gave the Keeper a fake moan.

Mr. Blair let out a deep moan. "Fuck. You feel amazing. I think I have a new favourite." He commented and slammed into Ed. "I wanna hear you scream."

Ed couldn’t help but think of a few sarcastic replies to being called the new favourite. Of course, he kept them all to himself then there was the scream request. Ed wasn’t a screamer. He had never been. He gave his best attempt at a real sounding scream but he assumed the Keeper would know it was fake. He couldn’t help it, however. He was just being obedient and screaming.

"If you wanna make it in here, learn how to fake it better. Slags have ended up in the playroom or the pit for not sounding genuine enough." Mr. Blair offered. "Just a tip, can't have my favourite ginger damaged too quickly."

"I'm trying my best sir." Ed tried to gently defend himself. He then bit his tongue a moment before forcing himself to stroke the Keepers ego in an attempt to get this done, "Please just fuck me, sir. Please?"

"I am fucking you. I'm taking it slow and enjoying how tight you are." Mr. Blair shook his head and slammed into Ed as hard as he could. "Fuck you like that maybe?" He smirked to himself.

Harder normally meant faster so of course Ed would lie and say it felt good. "Ow, fuck, yes sir. 
More please?” He was for sure brushing his teeth at least three times tonight. These words tasted like bile. “Don’t stop please.”

"Fast learner.” Mr. Blair grinned and picked up the pace.

He moaned deeply and continuously slammed into the lad using his full strength. "Shit." He groaned as he became closer. "Don’t even think about cumming until I give you permission.” He ordered.

After a few very hard and sloppy thrusts into the lad, Mr. Blair's body shook as he came shouting profanities and pulling on Ed's hair.

What was with people and pulling on his hair? It's like these Keepers had never in their life seen red hair. It was starting to get annoying.

“Wouldn’t dream of cumming sir.” He oozed out in the most sexual tone he could force as he kept his fantasies at the front of his mind. He had to stay focused if he was going to cum.

Mr. Blair pulled out of Ed and shoved the lad onto the floor. "Wank yourself, Weasley and cum. I so want to know what a ginger tastes like. I haven't gotten a chance with the other ginger in here."

Ed quickly adjusted himself and shut his eyes tight as he went back to awkwardly wanking himself. He really had to concentrate and focus. Getting himself off absolutely sucked compared to real sex on top of a fit lad.

The closer he came to his orgasm the more he forced and allowed himself to moan. He hoped the extra bit would earn him a few bonus point so to speak.

“Now may I? Sir? Please?” He gasped as his hips jerked around a little.

"Yes, you may." Mr. Blair agreed as he sat on the bunk to watch.

After a bit more focus, mental pictures and wanking Ed gave off a gasp that was louder yet still rather hushed as he came over his hand and groin. “Shit, shit,” He groaned trying to catching his breath again.

Mr. Blair pushed Ed onto his back and licked up the cum that was in his groin area. "Mm, tasty." He said and took Ed's hand and licked it clean.

He then stood and looked at Ed. "Not bad for your first day. Now, dress me and then you may dress. I'll take you back to the cafeteria."

Ed simply wanted to vomit now. He felt violated and horrible. He felt disgusting. Somehow he did manage to do as he was told though. He prayed that would be all for sex act today but he wasn’t going to hold his breath.

"Good, Weasley. Hopefully soon, I can get you and the other ginger together. Now, that would be fun.” Mr. Blair smirked. He then unlocked the door and pushed Ed out of the room.

Chapter End Notes
Soo...What did you think of Ed being used? His nickname? Him being apart of the five?
Chapter 50

Chapter Notes

Sorry this is late. Still not feeling well. I had an appointment on Thursday and then another one Friday.

So, I've been tired. It's been hard to properly edit.

Things get very interesting this chapter!

Though, I feel like my editing skills are poor this chapter because I'm not feeling the best so if something doesn't make sense or seems out of place or bad grammar, let me know and I shall fix!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mr. Blair took Ed back to the cafeteria just as the others were lining up at the door.

"Hey," Zayn softly said. "How are you feeling?"

"If you want a painkiller, you can ask Mr. Taylor when he gets us and Louis tonight," Niall told him.

“I just really don’t want to talk about it,” Ed replied in a cold tone.

Harry frowned. He had a good guess at what happened but he’d never push his friend. Instead, he just whispered, “I’m always here for you.”

Ed nodded but didn't say anything.

Mr. Watson then came over with Liam in his arms.

"Louis and Harry, you two have homework time. Zayn and Niall, you two have free time, unless you’d rather you that free time in the room?" He suggested quietly.

“Can we actually do that? Would it be safe to do you think?” Zayn asked.

Louis was only worried about studying though and looked at Harry, “Since you spent time with him at dinner can he please help me study without you getting upset?”

"I'll spread the word to other Keepers that neither of you is feeling well and are to be left alone." Mr. Watson said.

Harry frowned, there wasn't enough time at dinner but he didn't want to listen to Louis complain. He nodded. "Sure."

“Thank you. He’s really good at the subject and I need his help.” Louis replied.
“Papa what about me?” LiLi asked as he let go of his hand and hugged his waist. “My Papa.”

"I'll be with everyone in the homework room, so you can come with me. You can sit and colour." Benji told him.

“Okay, Papa. LiLi will be quiet.” He nodded. “Want my colour book, not paper.” He added and smiled when he Papa nodded.

“I’m nervous but yeah, I want to go to the room.” Niall nodded. He really didn’t feel like he could trust Mr. Watson. This felt like a trap. Zayn seemed really excited about it though.

“How long until showers Mr. Watson?” Ed asked.

"A couple of hours." Mr. Watson replied and then looked at Liam. "We'll get your book when we drop off Ed, Zayn and Niall at the room." He told him. "Let's move."

Liam nodded and held his Papa’s hand as he walked with him. “Hi, my Harry.” He giggled and waved as he pronounced Harry’s name like ‘Howie’.

“My Howie.” Ed quietly teased.

"Yeah, apparently he can't pronounce my name correctly when he's little,” Harry whispered. He then smiled at Liam. "Hi, LiLi."

“He adores you,” Niall commented. “It’s sweet.”

“Agreed, he can be annoying but he looks at you like you're the sunshine of his world.” Zayn nodded.

“Not really. Niall and Zayn ate together and Finn pulled Louis off so Rory and I ate alone and talked.” Harry told him. “You uh, survived your first encounter.” He knew Ed didn’t want to talk about it so he chose his words carefully.

“’First encounter’.” Ed laughed. "You make it sound as if aliens took me." He shook his head. "I survived though, thanks to you. I took your advice and it really paid off."

“Good, I set you up the best I could. You uh, you’ve never bottomed so did he go all the way?” Harry carefully asked.

"Yeah." Ed replied. "I survived though. I'm fine."

“I’ll point out Mr. Taylor at showers if you need to ask him for a pain killer.” Harry offered. “He has pretty much anything you could want.”

"Yeah, Zayn and Niall already made that offer. Can we just drop it already? Fuck." Ed sighed.

“Never mind. Sorry.” Harry frowned and moved to stand a bit away from him. His depression was really affecting him now.

“You lads are being too loud. Other Keepers will start major shit if you’re heard.” Mr. Watson warned as they began to near the room.

"Sorry...I don't know how everyone else deals with their shit, but I'd rather just not discuss it." Ed whispered as Mr. Watson unlocked the door and opened it. "Inside you go, lads. I'll make sure you three are left undisturbed."
“Thank you.” Zayn nodded and went inside with Niall and Ed.

Mr. Watson nodded and grabbed Liam’s colouring book. He then spoke into his radio; warning the other Keepers that his room had two possibly sick lads and to steer clear. He then locked the door back and looked at the others, “Homework time for you two. Make sure you aren’t being too hard on yourself Louis. Harry, if you need help let me know.”

Harry rolled his eyes, “Yes, didn’t we already establish that?” He groaned a bit. “Seriously, hoard my mate all you fucking want. Just leave me alone.”

"He's my boyfriend," Louis whispered. "I want to spend time with him as well. You need to learn how to share." He shook his head.

“Share? Are fucking kidding me?” Harry struggled to keep his voice down. “All I’ve done the past few days is sit back and let you have him all to yourself. I even bit my tongue at all the stupid flirting. Dinner was the first chance I’ve had to be alone with him since you started dating him.”

Liam frowned watching Harry get upset. He didn’t like when Harry was upset. It made him sad. Harry didn’t deserve to ever be upset.

"First of all, it's been like two days, so chill the fuck down," Louis told him. "And I never forced him to put his complete attention on me, that was his choice. I'm sure though now that you had your little private dinner with him, things will be more balanced, sometimes he'll be alone with you, sometimes it's the group with me. You can't have him all the time like you did before, get used to that. I'm sure it's hard for you but at least you have Ed to fill the void for when you can't be alone with Rory.”

Mr. Watson took note of Liam’s sudden change in disposition. He was going to ask what was wrong but he followed his gaze and rolled his eyes at Harry and Louis, “Are the two of you children or teenagers? You sound like a bunch of damn four-year-olds fighting over a toy. I can’t believe I’m having to tell you to share a person.”

"I’m telling him to share!” Louis told Mr. Watson. "I haven't done a single thing wrong besides falling for a lad who happens to be his mate. If Rory wanted to spend time alone with Harry, he'd do so and he has done so! It's all very new so Rory needs to figure out how to spend time with Harry and still spend time with me.”

Mr. Watson sighed, “Look you two. I don’t know how much longer you all will be stuck here. It might be days but it might be weeks or longer. I’ll work out giving you both extra time with him where I can but I have to be mindful of his Keeper. Work on thinking of the other person here. Don’t be selfish and don’t put Rory into the centre of this. If one of you eats breakfast with him the other gets lunch and dinner are together. It’s that simple. You all will have to learn how to live together peacefully when I can get you out of here so you’d best start working on that now.”

"At least living together would be easier because we'd share a room and he can spend part of the day with Rory and Rory can spend time with me as well. It'd be simpler. I wish Rory was in our room actually...That would probably solve a lot of problems.” Louis said thinking out loud.

“If the judge allows Liam out of school I might possibly be able to lie about something and get it switched up but don’t hold your breath just in case.” Mr. Watson told him. “Now let’s get in here before people get suspicious. Louis study with Rory. Harry, you have a report you should be researching for. LiLi is going to colour. Right baby?”
Liam smiled and nodded.

“Feel better now that Papa got them to stop arguing?” He asked.

“Yep. No fighting. Fighting scary.” Liam told them all.

Louis quickly went and sat with Rory after Mr. Watson handed him his bag.

Harry decided to sit next to Liam while he researched his report.

“Hello, Princess.” Rory held back a smirk. “I wish he’d hurry up and get you that skirt.”

"Me too." Louis agreed. "I like wearing it for you." He smiled.

“Love seeing you in it. You’re so beautiful; wearing a skirt adds to it.” He smiled. “No more flirting though. We have things to do. Like talk and then study.”

"Talk?" Louis asked. "If it's about Harry then I know. I know you need to spend more time with your mate and I would never complain about having to share you with your friends. Your mates need you as well, especially Harry with his moodiness."

“Smart girl.” Rory smiled. “Please just try to be understanding okay? He’s going through some other things too. There’s enough of me for both of you so just be kind.”

"I try to be kind to him, I really do," Louis said truthfully. "But he just makes it so damn difficult." He sighed. "I try so hard to be nice, but it's hard when he makes stupid comments and shit. He's going through shit, I can be understanding, we're all going through shit having to be abused every day, all day..." He stopped himself. "But I will continue to be kind to him if he likes it or not."

“Thank you.” Rory smiled. “That’s all I’m asking for. Are you ready to study now then?”

"I only got a ninety." Louis pouted. "I thought for sure I'd ace the test...I studied so damn hard but, apparently, I didn't remember everything correctly."

“Ninety is wonderful. That’s an amazing grade princess. I’m so proud of you.” Rory encouraged. “I know you’re upset but you can’t dwell on it. You have to use it as motivation to push harder. Stop being so upset.”

"It doesn't feel amazing, it feels unfair. I probably could have aced it if anyone was willing to help me...which I'm glad you are. I've never had anyone taken any interest in me enough to actually help me with something. It's nice."

“Lucky you I’m really good at it so I’m excited to be helping you. I’m proud you’re pushing so hard. Let’s get started though. Show me your test and we’ll start though.” Rory said grabbing his book.

Mr. Watson was walking the study room and keeping an eye on the students. He spotted Mr. Taylor bringing in two students and nodded at him so he’d come over.

"Hey, what's up?" Jake asked as he walked over.

“Don’t kill me mate but I have an updated number on how many we’re taking. This is the solid final number though.” Benji cautiously told him in a whisper.
"Updated number? What's that supposed to mean? It's just supposed to be the four slags and Liam."

“It’s eight total. Liam, Harry, Zayn, Niall, Louis, Ed, Rory and Finn.” Benji explained. “Harry knew Ed from before here so he won’t leave him. He also doesn’t want to leave Rory who is his mate. Louis, however, is dating Rory and won’t leave him and then his best mate is Finn and he doesn’t want to leave him either. It’s a mess I know but don’t kill me.”

"Eight fucking slags...Finn is in my room, so I can get him out easily. Rory is with Derringer though." Jake shook his head. "Maybe...Maybe we can figure something out, pretend I want him apart of a group sex with certain lads, yours, Finn, and Rory." He bit his lip. "Only instead we somehow sneak them out? This is a fucking mess. One step at a time though, we need to find an off the grid home that will fit eight slags, so we need five or six bedrooms now."

“Okay, first, they are lads, students, or kids. I know you aren’t where I am with all of this but please try to use nice words around me and them. I, we need their trust.” Benji began.

“As for Rory, I was thinking if we could get Liam out of here then maybe with some lying we could get Rory into Liam’s old spot in my room. I mean, he doesn’t sleep in his bed anyway. If not however then your idea could work too.” He nodded.

"Yeah, my idea can be the backup in case the transfer doesn't go through. Don't you think it'll be suspicious though? Your lads, plus Rory and Finn sit together now at every meal. Others might think you'll be doing the twats in your room a favour." Jake said.

“Everyone already thinks I’m too soft. As for them sitting together, Tyler and his friends always sit together too. There’s no real way to avoid friendships in here. Friendships haven’t ever been seen as terrible; relationships have.” Benji replied.

"Yeah, true." Jake nodded. "So, maybe we can find one of those eco-friendly homes? They're becoming more popular here." He suggested. "How many bedrooms do you think we'll need?"

“Self-sufficient, off grid, with land to help keep people out and away,” Benji replied. “Considering you would live there but Olivia wouldn’t I’d say no less than three bedrooms. Four might be better considering there will be ten of us there. It all depends on cost. I have a really good savings but I’m sure one extra bedroom is a big price jump.”

"I wonder if it's possible to get no neighbours but have privacy inside the home? How are we going to fit ten of us in a three bedroom home?" Jake asked.

“There wouldn’t be privacy. There really isn’t any now so it wouldn’t be much different.” Benji replied. “A five bedroom would be great but if we absolutely had to we could make three work.”

Jake nodded. "We could put Zayn and Niall with Rory and Louis...then we could have Liam and you in a room with Harry which leaves me with Finn. He's a cute lad though." He smiled.

“You forgot Ed.” Benji shook his head. “A four is sounding better. Zayn and Niall in one. Liam, Harry and I together maybe. Rory and Louis together. Then you with Ed and Finn.”

"I thought that was too easy to figure out." Jake shook his head as well. "We need to make a four bedroom work. Maybe we can find a pullout sofa a lad or maybe I could sleep on that. I don't need a room.”
“Yes, we have to work out a four-bedroom cause I just remembered Liam will need a crib. He likes it even when he's just horny.” Benji said. “We have to tell Olivia though. After that, we can get her help finding a place.”

"Have it be under her name...And we're there supervising the lads until they're all eighteen and no longer minors." Jake said. "I'll tell her tonight, I'll leave the part about us contributing to the abuse out of it. Oh, and as for the crib, we'll have you, Liam and Harry in the master bedroom so the crib can fit as well."

“Sounds good. We can always shuffle lads as needed though. Some of it will have to be figured out when we get there; wherever there is.” Benji replied.

“Oh, I may need some helping pulling Rory so he and Louis can have some time alone. Derringer will know something is up if I pull him aside but maybe you can grab him and let he and Louis use the playroom? You’d love watching anyway I bet.” Benji rambled as he eyed a student who didn’t seem to be working.

"I do love watching." Jake grinned. "There's a mattress in the playroom now as well. I'm not sure what we'll use it for, but someone brought it in today. I'll give them a chance to work then grab them."

“There you are then. A perfect show for you. Especially considering Louis wants his skirt back. Probably a kink there for those two.” Benji replied then shook his head, “Excuse me someone isn’t doing a damn thing.”

Benji then walked away with plans to verbally scold the lad. Jake was left to watch until Liam screamed and angry scream.

Jake looked towards Liam and frowned. He walked over to Liam who was sitting at the same table as Harry and some other students.

"LiLi, tell me, what's wrong?" Jake asked in a soothing tone.

“Can’t find apple.” Liam pouted as he pointed to the word search in his colouring book. “Him laughed.” He then pointed to a kid across the table.

Harry nodded without looking, confirming the kid laughed at Liam. He was trying to stay focused on his work though.

"Oh did he?" Jake looked at the student.

"I didn't! He's a baby, they make shit up and get confused easily." The lad said panicking.

"I don't believe you. In fact, I think you've earned yourself a punishment. It's not nice to laugh at others. I'll be telling your Keeper, slag."

"Just for laughing at the infant?" Another lad at the table asked.

"For not doing his work!" Mr. Taylor growled. "You best get to your work before I decide I need someone to release my stress on." He glared at the student.

Harry glared at the student who called Liam an infant. If he made another comment like that he’d come unglued on him.

“Still can’t find apple Uncle TayTay.” Liam’s lower lip began to quiver. “Apple.” He whimpered.
The students quickly got back to doing their work.

Jake looked at the book and spotted the word right away. "It's right here, LiLi." He smiled and pointed.

Liam sniffles and smiled as he circled the word. "Thank you. My hero."

"Thank you, sir," Harry told Mr. Taylor.

"You're welcome LiLi," Jake said then looked at Harry. "Of course, get back to work though." He gently told Harry and turned. He looked around the room and smiled seeing Rory and Louis together. He watched them as he debated what he wanted to do, watch them now or later? He also wanted to watch Zayn and Niall.

He had a brief thought of watching the four together until he remembered Zayn's red bracelet and frowned, suddenly disappointed.

“What are you pouting about? Was my baby okay?” Benji looked slightly worried.

"He's fine. He couldn't find the word "Apple" in his word search and a student laughed at him. I'll tell Mr. Scott that the lad wasn't doing his work and he'll be punished," Jake explained. "And I can't decide if I want to watch Rory and Louis now or later. I know later I'm watching Zayn and Niall...then I had a thought about the four of them together, then I remembered the red bracelet on Zayn, so that plan is out the window." He rambled a little. "So now, I'm just deciding what I want to do."

“Do One now and one later or make Zayn and Niall just watch Rory and Louis. Who knows maybe one of the pair will enjoy an audience.” Benji smirked. "When he's Liam he liked other people watching him get fucked."

"Are you sure I can't make it a foursome? Break the rules just this once?" Mr. Taylor tried to get his way.

“I’d tell you to use your best judgment but I’m talking to you. Maybe just try to get a feel for how things are going and see how Zayn responds to little things. Be gentle and consider his feelings.” Benji advised.

"I'm not used to caring about their feelings," Jake said. "But I know I shouldn't damage the lad anymore." He sighed. "Maybe have both couples watch each other...See how they both respond by being watched by more than just a Keeper." He thought aloud.

“You can always try some extra stuff next time if watching goes well,” Benji told him. “Just go have fun. Enjoy yourself. If it means they getting to fuck their boyfriend without worry they’ll gladly let you watch.”

"Zayn and Niall, are they in the rec room for free time?" Jake asked suddenly noticing the two lads weren't in the room.

“No, in the room. That call I made about the sick lads was me getting them some alone time. I mean Ed is in there but he got used so I’m sure he’s off in his own world.” Benji replied. “Do me a favour and offer him a pill or drugs or something. The first time is the worst.”

"Sure. I'll offer it to him." Jake nodded. "Who was he taken by? Jones would be awful for the first time."
“I don’t know. I just heard the lads whispering about it.” He replied. “Thanks though. I don’t know if he does drugs or pills but hopefully offering will show him that you and I can be trusted now.”

“Louis wants his skirt right? That’s in the toy closet so I think I’ll take those two there first then grab your other two and go play. If I’m late grab my group?” Mr. Taylor asked.

“Yeah, It is. I’ll take care of your lads.” Benji agreed. “Get out of here you horny old man,”

Jake smirked. "See you soon." He told Benji then walked over to Louis and Rory. "Glory hole, I heard a rumour that you want your skirt back, come with me and I'll give it to you. Oh and you too, pretty boy. I wouldn't leave you behind."

Both lads felt an overwhelming sense of worry. It wouldn’t have been a big deal if only Louis was taken but he’d asked for Rory as well. Maybe Mr. Watson had already told him they were dating.

Together they followed after him. Neither said a word.

Mr. Taylor smiled as he walked down the hall. He was excited about this. He took the lads to a hall closet.

"Your skirt is in the closet so drop the shorts, glory hole." Mr. Taylor smirked.

Louis felt a mix of happy and confused.

Rory of course just watched Louis as he stripped and handed his black shorts to Mr. Taylor.

“Are we in trouble sir?” Louis asked.

"No, not in trouble. I just want to play with you two...and a couple of others." Mr. Taylor told them. He closed the door and locked it again. "We have a stop to make before we play though."

Louis took the pink skirt from him and slipped it on. He glanced at Rory and blushed.

“You look beautiful.” He whispered and followed as Mr. Taylor began to walk again.

Louis grinned and suppressed a giggle. "Thank you." He said softly.

Soon Mr. Taylor stopped and unlocked the door at Louis’ room "In you go." He told them.

Rory stayed quiet and followed after Louis.

Ed sat up and looked at the door. Zayn and Niall, however, looked terrified as they had just pulled apart from a very intense naked makeout session.

"Shit," Zayn cursed when he saw Mr. Taylor. “I’m sorry sir. You scared me, us.”

Mr. Taylor smirked as he looked at the two lads, he then closed the door.

"It's fine. Get your clothes back on and follow me. It's playtime." Mr. Taylor smiled and leaned against the door.

Zayn and Niall looked at Louis and Rory wanting answers, but the two didn’t have any.

Niall took a deep breath and began to put his clothes on as Zayn did the same.
“I’m just going to stay right here,” Ed said and laid back down.

"Good plan." Mr. Taylor told him. "I heard you were used earlier. Do you want a painkiller? Sleeping pill? Advil? Aspirin? Weed? Anything at all?"

Would I be allowed to have it before bed, sir?” Ed asked.

Mr. Taylor nodded, “That’s how it normally works.”

“I’ll take weed then. Please.” He added quickly. He didn’t normally use drugs of and sort except for a rare occasion. This occasion called for it. However.

"I’ll take you out with the others after showers then." Mr. Taylor explained him. "Mr. Watson will be back at some point to collect you for showers."

Ed nodded and whispered a ‘thank you’ before laying back down.

The four lads then followed Mr. Taylor from the room. As much as they all wanted to believe that they weren’t in trouble it was hard to believe when they were going to the playroom.

"Did we do something at dinner?” Niall whispered.

"I don't think so. He knows we're together, can't punish us for sitting together or sitting with mates.” Zayn told him. "Has to be something else..."

“Relax you bunch of babies.” Mr. Taylor rolled his eyes. “You each want time with your boyfriend without the fear of punishment. That’s what I’m giving you. I’m being nice. If you’d rather me be a dick, however, I can do that too.”

“No sir. Thank you for being kind.” Rory quickly stated. “Oh and Louis isn’t my boyfriend sir.”

Mr. Taylor stopped walking. He turned around and looked at the lads. "Watson said “boyfriends”...Was he wrong? What, you two just fuck buddies?"

“I’m his girlfriend, Mr. Taylor,” Louis replied boldly with a slight blush on his face. “I prefer male pronouns from everyone except him though. Just to clarify."

"So it's a kink then. Interesting." Mr. Taylor nodded. He then turned back around and continued walking to the playroom.

When he reached it, he unlocked it and ushered the lads inside.

Rory hated being in here. It reminded him too much of his past in this school.

Zayn swallowed hard. This room gave him the creeps. He grabbed Niall’s hand and held it firmly.

“Now what Mr. Taylor?” Niall asked.

Niall squeezed Zayn’s hand, being in this place made him remember his most recent punishment of pegging and the cock cage.
"Both couples will have sex for my entertainment while the other couple watches. When you're done, you'll watch the other ones have sex." Mr. Taylor explained.

"Wait, I get to have sex with him?" Louis asked. After having to pretend Niall was Rory earlier today all he wanted was sex with Rory for real. "Please, please say this isn’t a joke. I don’t care who watches."

"Yes, you can have sex him." Mr. Taylor nodded. "Not a joke. I like watching you all want sex with your boyfriend or girlfriend...win-win. Who wants to go first?"

Louis didn’t need to be told twice he turned to Rory and threw his arms around him and began kissing him hot and passionately with dominance.

For a moment Rory was satisfied to let Louis have his fun but after a moment he pulled away and placed a single finger over Louis’ lips as he turned to Mr. Taylor, “Anything we want? Nothing specific other than giving you a good show that includes sex?”

"That is correct." Mr. Taylor said then went to sit on a bench that was in the room while Niall and Zayn stood awkwardly.

"By the way, you two," Mr. Taylor said looking at Zayn and Niall. "You can totally wank off to this if you want." He offered.

Rory removed his finger from Louis’ mouth and smirked, “Such a horny princess.” Rory asked in his smooth tone. “What has you so thirsty for me? Hmm?” He ran his fingertips over the front of Louis’ lace shirt and then played with the edges of his skirt.

"I uh...Just imagined you fucking me earlier today." Louis softly spoke. "And it made me so anxious for the real thing."

“That’s when I imagined I was fucking you,” Niall told Zayn.

In such a quiet room, of course, Rory heard. He looked at Louis, “Such a sweet girl to picture me in that moment.” Rory then leaned forward and kissed Louis’ lips gently. “Did it feel good? Having his cock inside you; pretending it was mine? We’re you able to get off?”

"Yeah, it felt good." Louis grinned. "Really good. It made me feel impatient for the real thing. I got off with no problem once you entered my mind."

Rory kissed his lips again but this time with a bit more heat. “I can assure you, the real thing is going to feel so much better baby girl.”

Rory circled around behind Louis and slipped his hand up his skirt. He squeezed his bum gently before smacking it. “Tell me how bad you want my big dick inside you. Tell me how much you want me for real. Give me a reason to undress for you.”

"Ah, please...I want your fat cock inside me. I've been aching for it all day and I've been such a good girl for you." Louis moaned. "I need it so badly. Please. Please fuck my pussy hard."

“Damn, didn’t know they used those terms.” Zayn’s eyes were wide.
“It’s strange. I love it.” Mr. Taylor smirked and unzipped his trousers.

Rory let his hands glide over Louis’ lips and they moved from his arse to his tummy. He pushed the pink lace shirt up and took it off of Louis before reaching down and feeling that Louis was already getting hard.

“Your skirt stays on. I’m want to fuck your wet little pussy while you wear it.” Rory groaned and moved back around to face him. He then quickly took off his clothes and laid down on the old mattress on the floor.

“Get over here princess. I want your mouth on my dick. Get my nice and hard for you baby girl. I want to be sucked just as well as you did the first time. Give Mr. Taylor something exciting to watch.” He instructed.

"Gladly," Louis said and quickly made his way over to Rory then dropped to his knees. He grabbed Rory's cock and rubbed it a couple of times then placed his mouth on it as be began to suck on it as if it was a piece of candy.

“Willing sex is so much easier to watch,” Niall whispered to Zayn. “The girl stuff is still really awkward but it’s like live porn.”

"I agree," Zayn whispered back. "I'm surprised that I'm enjoying it...more than I thought I would."

Niall smirked and kissed his cheek, “It’s turning you on isn’t it?”

When Zayn nodded Niall simply replied, “Me too.”

On the bed, Rory was just starting to moan. His cock was nearly fully erect in Louis’ mouth. “Good girl. Take my cock down your throat. My pretty whore.”

Louis expertly slid the cock further down his throat and choked himself on it. He had never enjoyed choking on a cock so much before.

“Mmm, fuck. That’s such a turn on.” Mr. Taylor moaned as he took his cock out and began stroking himself. “Don’t you two be shy. I can see the tent in your sweats buttercup.”

"Just a little more princess. Then I’ll work on prepping you.” Rory moaned as his eyes rolled closest

Louis continued to bob his head up and down on the cock, then sliding it back down his throat to choke on it.

"Fuck, that's hot," Niall whispered.

"I know." Zayn nodded.

"Pull your fucking little cocks out then. I won't tell." Mr. Taylor encouraged with a small smirk on his face.

“I will if you will,” Zayn whispered.

“Christ sake, just do it. I don’t care and she doesn’t either.” Rory called out. “Up princess, tell me what kind of prep my beautiful girls wants.”
Louis sat up and sat on the back on his feet.

"I'm okay with your fingers inside me...or your tongue." He smiled.

Niall pushed his joggers down first and stepped out of them. He then wrapped a hand around his hard cock and began to stroke it gently.

"Your turn, baby." Niall winked.

Zayn swallowed. He wasn't sure why he felt shy about this. He slowly pulled down his joggers and wrapped a hand around his cock.

"About fucking time. No shame in enjoying live porn." Mr. Taylor told them then looked back at Louis and Rory.

“As much as I’d love to taste your pussy that has to be earned.” Rory purred and kissed him. “On all fours for me. Put your pussy where everyone can see.”

Louis pouted briefly but nodded. He turned around and moved on all fours. "Like this?" He teased as he shook his arse.

"Fuck yes!" Mr. Taylor moaned loudly.

Rory offered his fingers for Louis to suck on. Once they were wet enough he slipped one inside of Louis’ hole and moan, “Oh fuck. How is my little slut that tight? I’m going to ruin you.”

"Please do." Zayn said. He then flushed as he didn't mean to say that a loud.

Niall smiled and nodded. "I agree."

"Mmm, naturally tight pussy. You're going to be in paradise." Louis moaned. It felt amazing for Rory's finger to be inside of him.

After a few moments, Rory added a second finger into Louis and began scissoring him. He moaned again as his cock jumped and twitched.

“Fuck, I don’t know if I can wait anymore, princess. Think you can handle it now? I want you to ride me before I destroy your little pussy.” Rory moaned again.

"Fuck, yes...I'd love nothing more. If I can handle being entered on a daily basis without any prep or care, I can handle a tiny bit of stretching and riding you.” Louis said. He was so excited. He'd been patient for so long, it felt like and now the moment was about to arrive.

"Fuck, yes...I'd love nothing more. If I can handle being entered on a daily basis without any prep or care, I can handle a tiny bit of stretching and riding you.” Louis said. He was so excited. He'd been patient for so long, it felt like and now the moment was about to arrive.

Mr. Taylor tore his eyes away to check in on Niall and Zayn who were now stroking each other's cocks as they both intensely watched the scene in front of them unfold.

Rory quickly moved to lay down on his back in such a way that their audience would be able to see His cock entering Louis. “There now sweet girl. Get over here. Don’t make me have to tell you
twice.”

"I wouldn't dream of it." Louis smiled and quickly climbed on top of Rory.

Rory helped Louis keep steady as he lined himself up and then slowly lowered himself down onto his cock.

"Fuck!! This feels fuckin amazing. Oh, my...Shit." Louis moaned. "So fucking good. So good."

“God, you’re so tight.” Rory moaned loudly as his hands raked over Louis’ body and played with his skirt a little. “Love your pussy. Love it so much. Mmm, fuck yourself on my cock. Bounce baby girl.”

Louis grinned as he picked himself up then lowered himself back down. He did this a few times before he got into a good rhythm and began to bounce fast.


“Oh shit. N-Ni... Ah!” Zayn groaned at the sensation.

“Good girl. Got everyone so turned on. So perfect princess.” Rory praised and smacked his arse again. “Such a good little slut for me. Fuck, bounce harder.”

Niall just smirked at Zayn's reaction.

Mr. Taylor looked over at Zayn and Niall. "You can cum if you want, but you're still fucking and giving us a show after these two are finished." He told the pair and looked back at the show in front of him.

Louis did as he was told and started to bounce harder. "Fuck. You feel so amazing."

“Uhg!” Niall groaned he didn’t want to cum like this and he didn’t want to wait.

“We should have been willing to go first.” Zayn agreed to know what that sound was for.

“Yes! Yes, princess! Just like that! Oh, fuck! Yes, baby! Fuck yourself with my cock!” Rory got louder. “Shit!”

Louis moaned as he ran his hands over Rory's chest. "Shit, I...I'm so hard. Never felt this amazing before."

"I'm pretty sure neither of us expected to get turned on by this," Niall said.

"Horny little lads." Mr. Taylor chuckled at Zayn and Niall.

"Think you can cum now and get hard again soon? Or is that too much for you?" Zayn asked softly.


The second Louis was ready he slammed into him ruthlessly. He grabbed his hips and instantly began pounding him over and over as hard as could, “Fuck yes!”

“No, wanna wait. Wanna cum getting fucked by you.” Niall pouted a bit and whimpered. “I just
want to be fucked. I want to be fucked hard like that."

Zayn nodded. "I can wait too. I'll fuck you any way you want and as hard as you want." He kissed his cheek.

"Shit. Fuck." Louis cursed. "Just like that. Oh, my...Shit. Harder! Please. If possible. Your huge cock fills me up so well."

Rory gripped onto Louis’ skirt with one hand and kept ahold of his hips with the other. He slammed harder still into Louis as he began to curse repeated. He was so close so soon.

"Mmm, my King." Louis finally used his nickname for Rory. "May I squirt yet? I'm leaking everywhere. I'm so wet."

“Yes, princess. Fuck. Make a mess for me baby girl. Show everyone.” Rory almost shouted.

“ Fucking hell!” Mr. Taylor moaned. “Best idea I’ve ever had.”

"For once, I agree." Zayn nodded.

Louis allowed himself to relax a bit more than he finally came with his body shaking from the intense pleasure. "Fuck. I made such a mess. All because of you. My King."

Louis clenching around Rory’s cock felt incredible. After only a few more thrust he grabbed Louis’ hair and pulled his head back as he came hard into him.


"Me too, babe." Louis breathed as he tried to catch his breath.

"Your welcome, lads." Mr. Taylor nodded. "When you've caught your breath, switch places with the horny twinks over here."

"That was amazing to watch," Niall commented.

Rory stood on his wobbly legs and helped Louis moved away from the mattress. “All yours, lads. Happy we could warm you up.”

“Get to it. I’m trying to work myself to an orgasm here.” Mr. Taylor complained.

Niall grabbed Zayn's hand and pulled him to the mattress.

"How do you want it?" Zayn asked as he began kissing over Niall's body.

Niall laid on his back and lifted his knees to his chest. “Fuck me. Please fuck me.” He begged and whimpered. “I don’t want to be stretched. I just want you.”

"Anything for my leprechaun." Zayn grinned and lowered himself to the mattress, avoiding the spot that Louis' cum. He lined himself up and quickly pushed into the tight hole. "Shit, Ni. You feel incredible." He moaned and began to fuck into Niall, fast and hard. "Love the way you feel.” He kissed over Niall's face.

“Shit. Yes.” Mr. Taylor moaned louder.

Rory stood behind Louis and wrapped his arms around his waist. He hooked his chin over Louis’
shoulder and kissed his cheek, “Look at how horny you made them. My talented girl. So beautiful.”

Louis grinned. "I'd like to think I'm pretty talented." He chuckled and leaned back into Rory. "You helped too."

“I love you princess.” Rory smiled.

“Zayn! Oh, babe! Ah!” Niall cried as his back arched up off the mattress. “Don’t stop. Don’t ever stop. More!” He begged as moved his legs to lay on Zayn’s shoulders.

"What?" Louis asked turning to look at Rory. "You...you love me? It...hasn't even been that long."

"Don't ruin this for me with your sappy shit." Mr. Taylor groaned and watched Zayn drill into Niall.

Zayn slammed into Niall harder and harder with each thrust. "Never gonna stop." He moaned. "You feel too good.

Rory nodded and kissed Louis' cheek. “Not saying I’m ready to get married but I more than like you. Most people call that love.” He whispered.

“Yes! Yes!” Niall’s voice cracked. “Fuck you feel massive! Own me! Please!” His head rolled and moaned when he saw everyone watching them.

"I love you too," Louis whispered.

Zayn drilled into Niall even harder, using his full strength to go as hard as he possibly could. He wanted to give Niall everything he wanted.

Zayn followed Niall's gaze and smiled seeing everyone watch them. It was quite a strange but good feeling. Freeing, almost.

"Mmm, I'm so close, my leprechaun."

"Please do it. Please, cum. Please cum in me. Please Zayn." He couldn’t stop begging.

“Shit, oh shit, fuck.” Mr. Taylor groaned and gasped a little. He could feel his balls tighten. He was going to cum any second.

Zayn didn't need any more encouragement. He felt that familiar feeling in his stomach and let out a shout. "Fuck, Ni, baby...I love you so fucking much.” He spoke loudly but not too loud that anyone outside of the room could hear them.

"I need you to let go, baby. I need you to cum for me." Zayn encouraged Niall. "I wanna taste you.” He smiled.

Niall hissed Zayn’s name as he came hard. He gasped for air as his orgasm rushed over him.

“Fuck!” Mr. Taylor shouted and came across the floor. “Fuck, oh shit. That’s happening again!”

"Fuck, baby. You're beautiful.” Zayn smiled down at Niall. He kissed his face and then his lips. "Love you so much."

"Well fuck. This is the best idea I've ever had." Mr. Taylor said as he watched Zayn pull out of Niall.
"What a wonderful sight...all of you." Mr. Taylor smiled.

Louis felt a bit shy but nodded, “Thank you, Mr. Taylor. You have no idea how badly I wanted that.”

“Surprisingly erotic to be watched.” Rory agreed.

"It is." Niall agreed as Zayn helped him stand.

"Well, you four put on quite the show. We'll be doing this again. Maybe all four of you together." Mr. Taylor smiled and began to get dressed.

The four lads seemed to look at each other silently. Questioning how the others felt about doing something as a group.

“You know who you belong to Princess. So long as you always remember you're my girlfriend I don’t mind if you or we play with others.” Rory told him, still holding him.

Louis nodded, “Kinda would enjoy you watching me get touched by someone else.”

“Ni, how do you feel?” Zayn asked.

“Just so we’re clear I’m not exactly agreeing to give you lads a choice yet. Feel free to discuss it. I find it interesting.” Mr. Taylor said tucking himself away.

"I think I'd be okay with it." Niall nodded. "We know that we love and belong to each other...And it'd be fun to willingly experiment and be touched with others while you were there or vice verse."

“I was just thinking how I’d enjoy seeing you between them while I get one of those incredible blowjobs from Louis,” Zayn admitted.

“That could be fun.” Louis agreed. “Three lads under my king.”

"I was wondering the same thing, and I wouldn't mind being fucked by Rory either if he was willing and you didn't mind of course," Niall added.

Mr. Taylor had finished getting dressed and was listening to the conversation. He couldn't believe that they were willingly discussing having group sex with each other.

"So if I choose to allow you four to have group sex for my entertainment...You'll do it?" Mr. Taylor questioned. It seemed like that the decision had been made.

“Willingly?” Rory questioned. “Yes, I think we’re all agreed because all of us know who our boyfriend or girlfriend is.”

“Exactly, I know where I belong and he knows I know that so I’m willing to play in a group setting,” Zayn responded.

"Mmm, this is going to be fun to watch, but tomorrow night, right now you all have to get to the showers." Mr. Taylor said. "So if we're all dressed and can walk, let's get going."

Rory reluctantly pulled away from Louis after one more kiss and dressed. He then helped Louis get his pink top back on. “Ready sir.”
Niall and Zayn then quickly got their clothes back on, he kissed him once more then pulled away. "Us too."

"Good." Mr. Taylor said and walked over to the door. He unlocked it and ushered the lads out.

Chapter End Notes

Soo...Thoughts? Feelings? Ideas? Opinions? ANYTHING? Oh and I'll be posting a sneak peak from an upcoming chapter in the next few days or so, on Twitter/Instagram so follow us on those if you don't already!
Chapter 51

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

HIII
I'M HERE.
Last week was doctors about girl stuff
THIS WEEK...I caught my mom's cold.

I CAN'T GET A BREAK.

BUT

You all will enjoy this chapter! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Mmm, I'm sore." Niall softly complained. "But in a good way."

“You’ve all earned a treat. You as well, Rory. Have any preferences? I already know what you want buttercup.” Mr. Taylor said as they walked toward the showers.

“Does chocolate count as a treat?” Rory asked. “I’m not a smoker and I don’t really need any pills.”

“Never would have thought to ask that. Clever.” Zayn told Rory as they walked.

Mr. Taylor laughed. "No one has ever asked for sweets, but considering how amazing of a show you put on, I'll get you a chocolate bar." He nodded.

"I think of the fine things in life." Rory smiled. "I'm just a chocolateholic. I'd eat it off of my princess if I could."

“That could be arranged.” Mr. Taylor smirked as they reached the showers. “Go find your Keepers and get your shower cradle.”

Louis' jaw dropped when he heard Mr. Taylor. It'd be amazing for Rory to eat food off of him.

"Keep it in your skirt." Niall teased. "Just think of anything else other than what you really want to think about."

"Like puppies." Zayn suggested as they reached Mr. Watson who handed them their shower cradles.

“You three look... pleased.” Mr. Watson seemed to question.

“Honestly sir, we just enjoyed our time with Mr. Taylor.” Louis explained.

"Yeah, it was...relaxing?" Zayn attempted to explain without giving too much away. It was something he'd rather keep private for now, he wasn't sure how he'd feel about everyone else
knowing about his new kink.

"It was enjoyable." Niall said.

"Right, just remember, after tomorrow night, Saturday and Sunday, you'll have a different Keeper. Keep your heads on straight, lads." Mr. Watson cautioned.

“Yes, sir. Thank you.” Louis nodded and walked away to shower.

Jake walked over to Benji. "Thank you for helping get what I want. They were all more into it than I thought they'd be." He smiled. "What an amazing show. I wish I could have filmed it."

“You look very happy.” Benji laughed a little. “I’m surprised they enjoyed it. They honestly looked thrilled.”

"They just wanted to have sex and they didn't care who watched." Jake grinned. "Buttercup and the little fairy there even discovered they like watching or at least they like watching glory hole and his boy. They had their little cocks out and everything."

“Little? I wouldn’t call Zayn’s little.” He laughed. “Rather interesting though. I mean, I’m glad they enjoyed it but I didn’t expect it. Makes me interested to see how they all are once we get them out of here.”

"Fair point.” Jake nodded. "Oh you wanna talk about open? I suggested the idea of all four of them together, I said "maybe next time all four of you..." I said it just like that and then they all start discussing it and came to the conclusion that they all know who they belong to, but would love to do a big group thing with each other.” He could barely contain his excitement as he talked.

“Seriously?” Benji seemed shocked. “I thought Zayn and Niall were overly protective. Couldn’t say shit about Louis and Rory. I don’t know their relationship.”

"They really did seem to be that overly protective type but maybe discovering how much they love watching and being watched...Made them loosen up a bit." Jake shrugged. "All I know is that I can't wait for tomorrow night. It's film night, so I'll grab all four then and take them to the playroom or maybe an empty room for some fun." He grinned.

“You’re going to make them miss the film?” Benji asked. “Can’t you at least ask them first if they’d rather do it during film or after?”

"Half the lads in this school use film night to hook up anyways." Jake shrugged. "I didn't think it mattered. I mean, sex vs some action film...It's an easy choice. But if it matters to you, I'll ask."

“Thank you. I want them to learn to trust us. Giving them choices will help.” Benji explained.

“Watson, I think your little one needs help. He’s holding himself and whimpering.” Mr. Kelly said walking past.

Benji sighed. "Thanks." He said to Mr. Kelly. He then looked at Jake. "Remember, choices... It'll make everything easier."

Jake nodded and walked off as Benji went over to Liam who was in the playpen.

"What's wrong?” Benji frowned as he picked Liam up.

“Need go wee Papa.” He frowned. “Trying to hold it like big boy.”
"Oh okay." Mr. Watson carried Liam to behind the lockers where there were toilets. He got Liam's bottoms down and his trainer. He got him on the toilet. "There you go."

"Thank you." Liam smiled and closed his eyes as he did his business.

When he finished he continued to sit for moment, after the longest time he opened his eyes slowly and looked up at Benji. "Hi."

Benji smiled. "Hey." He said softly. "Feel better now?" He asked.

"Yes, can I take my trainer off?" He asked as he slipped the yellow bracelet off his wrist and handed it to Benji. He then stood. "I don't want to wear the uniform but I don't want to wear this either. I wish the uniform was warmer."

"You can take it off and you don't have to wear your uniform." Benji said. "You...can wear the clothes that you came here with. They're in storage. I can grab them for you now if you'd like? It won't take me long." He offered.

"Is Uncle Jake here?" Liam asked. "Mr. Patterson scares me."

"Yeah, he's around and you don't have to worry about Patterson. He's busy with other students." Benji told him.

Liam nodded and began to undress. "Thank you Benji. I'll just sit on the bench and wait."

Benji leaned down and kissed him. "I'll have Jay come and check on you." He smiled and left.

"Okay, why are you three happy as shit? Rumor has it you all got taken to the playroom." Harry questioned as they all now stood on the shower.

"It's nothing. We just got to have sex with our boyfriends while Mr. Taylor watched." Niall shrugged as he washed his hair.

"Mmm, I had to imagine that I was being fucked by Rory earlier and then it happened. It was amazing." Louis grinned.

Zayn nodded. "It was just nice to have sex with Niall without the extra worry of someone walking in."

"But with a Keeper watching?" Ed asked. "With each other watching? I dunno how I'd feel about that."

"Yeah, I mean compared to what we've done to us I'm sure it wasn't that bad but I still don't know if I'd be smiling." Harry agreed.

"It was awkward for sure." Zayn lied. "But you get into the moment and you forget that others are there and watching."

"Definitely." Louis agreed.

Ed looked between the three of them suspiciously, "You all are crazy." He shook his head and began to wash his body for third time. He still felt dirty.

"Careful, they'll say you're wasting soap." Harry advised.

"Sometimes you have to put everything else out of your mind and enjoy the moment." Zayn
"Ugh. Does this dirty feeling ever go away?"

"No, but you get used to it." Harry told him.

“At least I get weed later.” Ed sighed. “That’ll help for a little bit.”

“Hurry up you fucking whores! Water isn’t free!” Mr. Jones yelled.

"Whores? He's slipping." Niall joked quietly.

Zayn smiled. "I'm finished."

"I'm almost done, just making sure the cuts on my hips are cleaned well. They're just about healed but I want to be sure I don't get any infections." Zayn said as Louis finished and walked off to brush his teeth.

Niall nodded. "They look a lot better than they did yesterday. I'm glad they feel better as well."

“The more I think about yesterday the more violated I feel. I’m done with him.” Zayn declared. “I just want to leave this place and forget about him.”

"Me too." Niall agreed. "But now we have new mates, better ones."

"What happened yesterday?" Ed asked as he rinsed his hair.

“A lad I thought was my friend had to fuck me. He crossed a major line and hurt me. These scratches are from him. That’s all I really care to say. He’s my past now.” Zayn replied.

"Yeah, it...was bad. It happened during lunch yesterday." Harry explained a little more.

"They make you fuck each other out in the open like that?!" Ed looked horrified.

“Yeah, it used to happen constantly. Every meal multiple lads would be used. Now everything happens in private.” Niall said.

"Wow. Glad I missed that phase." Harry told him.

"Alright, I'm done." Zayn said. "Let's go."

Niall nodded and followed him.

"I'm need to see Mr. Patterson. He decides if my hair is clean enough." Harry said and left.

“That’s fucked. Good luck Haz.” Ed nodded and went to brush his teeth.

Harry nervously walked over to Mr. Patterson. "Uh, sir? I washed my hair three times like you've told me to do."

“No one likes a suck up. Turn around.” He ordered harshly. He ran a finger down Harry’s spine and stopped at his bum. “You’re going to feel so good when I’m ready to fuck you.”

Harry forced himself not to react and turned around as he was told.

"I did my best with one hand, sir." He said. He wasn't sure how to respond to the fucking comment so he just stayed quiet.
“Good enough for one hand. Tell your Keeper to have someone else wash it tomorrow. I want you looking your best.” Mr. Patterson warned. “Go.”

"Yes, sir." Harry nodded, trying to keep the sadness out of his voice.

He then walked over to the sinks to brush his teeth.

Ed was on his second round of brushing.

"By the way, after you're done, you need to see Mr. Watson for an inspection.” He told Ed.

“Great.” Ed said and began brushing his teeth once more. “Your brother okay?” He asked spotting him naked on a bench.

Harry glanced over at Liam. "No idea. He doesn't normally like being naked in front of others as LiLi or Liam.” He said as he poured out some mouthwash.

After that, he brushed his teeth once then walked over to Liam. He sat next to him.

"Are you okay?” He asked.

“I’m cold.” He frowned. “He’s taking forever getting my clothes.” He looked down at his feet as he shivered. “I hate to be cold.”

"Why are you sitting on the bench? You could've stayed behind the lockers where no one else would see you.” Harry asked.

“I was scared Mr. Patterson would come over and do stuff since no one could see there.” Liam explained. “Harry, are you sure Ed likes me?” He asked and moved close enough to Harry that their skin was touching. Harry was warm.

Harry stood. "Let's stand under the water and talk. The warm water will warm you up. I remember you saying how water makes you happy." He smiled. "As for Ed liking you...I think he just needs to get to know you. Liam you that is. He just makes a lot of jokes but he doesn't intentionally mean to be mean."

Liam nodded and followed Harry. Together they stood under the water and Liam smiled. “I want him to like me because I can tell he’s important to you. Thought I don’t like how he teases.”

"Yeah, some people are like that, sometimes you just gotta put up with it." Harry said. "I don't mind it that much. I just have to remind myself not to take it seriously. I've known him for a long time and we were pretty close before I got thrown in here."

He was avoiding his hair getting wet again he didn't want to get in trouble with Mr. Patterson.

Liam found his eyes falling over Harry’s body a few times, mostly out of curiosity. He had a lot of scars from fighting. “I’ll try to remember that, to just not let it get to me. Maybe tell him I tend to be sort of sensitive though? I don’t want us fighting cause your friend doesn’t like me. You're my brother and I won’t let him steal you.”

"He's not going to steal me.” Harry told him. "I'm your brother, I can't be stolen; it doesn't work like that. I think I have told him how sensitive you are, but, I'll talk to him again but just do your best to ignore what he says."
Liam nodded, “Okay.” He took a deep breath and closed his eyes for a moment as the water rushed over him. He opened his eyes after a moment and glanced over Harry’s body again. “D-” Liam second guessed asking his question but then decided to be brave and ask. “Do all those scars hurt?”

“Scars? No. Bruises? Kind of.” Harry replied. “I'm fine though, you don't need to worry about me.”

“I’m sorry. I can’t help but to worry.” Liam replied. “Mr. Murphy said when you worry about someone it means you like them or love them. I think it makes sense.”

“Liam, love, come dry off. Harry go line up please.” Mr. Watson instructed.

Liam turned off the water and walked over to Benji.

"Uh, don't I need to be inspected, sir?” Harry said confused.

"I'll do it." Mr. Patterson offered, overhearing.

Mr. Watson apologized to Harry with his eyes then walked away with Liam.

“Sir, what should I do for you?” Harry asked calmly despite being angry inside. He hated Patterson.

"You can do plenty for me when we have our time together. Right now, just stand there." Mr. Patterson told the lad and began to run his hands, slowly, over Harry's body and arse.

Harry clenched his jaw as he did what he was told. He just wanted to deck him. One good punch was all he dreamed of with Mr. Patterson. The punishment would be outrageous though.

Mr. Patterson touched Harry's hole with his finger and roughly teased it. He then ran his hands over Harry's front again and ran them down his chest till he reached his soft cock. He gently squeezed it before moving to cup his balls for a moment. He then turned Harry around and leaned him over with his arse up in the air. He pulled apart his cheeks and used a finger to roughly play with the hole.

"You're clean, which is exactly how I enjoy you. Stay clean, slag."

Harry bit his tongue for a moment as he eyed Mr. Patterson. This was taking a lot of self control. “Yes sir.” He then walked away and joined his roommates.

"My inspection wasn't like that." Ed commented.

"Yeah, that's how they usually are but Watson in the last couple of days has had a change of heart, apparently." Zayn explained.

"Somewhat nicer? He's being a lot nicer. Mr. Taylor too which is odd as fuck.” Louis commented. “Shh, he's com- Liam looks normal?"

"I was saying that once he fell for Liam he was somewhat nicer, yesterday and today, he's been kind as shit. It's still fucking creepy but I'll enjoy it as long as it lasts.” Niall told him.

"Why does Liam look normal?” Zayn asked Harry.

"No fucking idea. Court's tomorrow...When he's Liam, he's in uniform and LiLi is baby clothes.” Harry said confused. "When he said that Watson was getting his clothes, I assumed he meant his
uniform."

"Talk about the ultimate golden boy treatment." Ed shook his head.

"This is nothing." Louis shook his head. "He goes home with Mr. Watson every night."

"Fucking seriously?!" Ed said annoyed. "That is so unfair."

"I know. It sucks. Pro tip though, if you become his friend, you get treated better. No else that I
know of have extra blankets and proper pillows. Well, maybe Keepers favourites...But it's rare." Zayn said.

"Just remember how sensitive he is as Liam and LiLi and you'll do fine." Niall told him.

"He asked me to remind you that he’s sensitive so that’s good advice.” Harry whispered.

“Alright lads, let's get moving. It’s time for bed.” Mr. Watson told them. “Four of you have treats
coming though.”

The lads nodded and followed Mr. Watson out of the showers.

"Four of us? Who else is getting something?" Louis asked, confused.

“Ed, Mr. Taylor said he’s bringing him weed.” Mr. Watson explained.

“It’s what I asked for. He offered.” Ed replied.

“Rory gets a treat too so that’s five.” Zayn said.

"I wonder how many other students he does before or after us." Niall wondered a loud.

"Random thought." Zayn teased.

"I know." Niall smiled, trying to laugh at his random thought.

“l don’t know.” Mr. Watson replied. “He’s very pleased with you four though. You lads enjoying
watching each other and agreeing to a group session has him in a very good mood.”

"Wait what?" Ed laughed.

"So that's what you three were so happy about?" Harry tried not to laugh. "You enjoyed watching
each other have sex and actually said yes to a foursome...Wow. I did not see that coming." He
shook his head. "So are all four of you going to be in a group relationship now?"

"What's that show called...Sister Wives? You gonna become like them?" Ed smirked.

“Shut it you.” Louis snapped at Harry.

“Zayn and I are together. Just the two of us. Rory and Louis are together. Nothing changes that.” Niall rolled his eyes.

“Everyone has their kinks. Some people consider certain kinks strange but ultimately if it makes
you happy then who gives a fuck what others think. Right Mr. Watson?” Zayn asked. He’d gotten
them into this mess so he could help bail them out.

"So by enjoying it...Did that mean you wank off too?" Harry laughed more.
"Shh! Too much talking and laughing." Mr. Watson gently scolded. "But yes, everyone has their kinks. No reason to judge and laugh, now shut up."

“Why do you care if anyone wanked? Jealous much? We all have boyfriends and you have Mr. Patterson.” Louis verbally pushed Harry.

“Everyone is always so mean to each other.” Liam huffed under his breath.

"It's what people do when they don't get along." Ed said. "Or don't like each other. Sometimes even when they like each other."

"It's not a big deal. It's just banter." Zayn added.

Mr. Watson sighed. "Teenagers." He muttered under his breath as they finally reached the room.

"You have Mr. Murphy." Harry smirked. "Watson made a deal remember? You for Liam's protection."

“Don’t talk about that.” Liam snapped. “Stop being mean to each other.”

“Shh, don’t yell.” Mr. Watson gently scolded Liam.

“They’re all being a bully to you.” Liam defended.

Mr. Watson unlocked the door and ushered them inside quickly.

"Liam, love. You put a bunch of strangers, teens at that in a small enclosed room together and have them basically live together, you add abuse on top of that... They're not going to get along well. Not everyone." Benji tried to explain.

"Liam, thank you for being concerned, but we're fine with it. I don't care what the others say. You can't always get upset when we fight with each other. It's apart of life." Harry tried to calm him down.

“But you and Ed were mean.” Liam argued. “Never mind. Just forget it. Benji I wanna go home.”

"We were making fun of them, yes... But I was more making fun of Louis." Harry sighed.

"I don't care who's mean to me." Louis said.

"Me either." Zayn shrugged. "Like out of the lads in this room. They can be mean all they want, it doesn't mean shit."

"I'm sorry, Liam." Benji frowned. "We can't leave yet. I still have other things to finish up. Soon though."

"I'm sorry I was mean," Harry fought a sigh. "I'm sorry it upset you."

"Me too. I didn't know that fighting made you as Liam upset." Ed said. "We were being mean but it was in a banterish way. We didn't mean what we said in a mean-mean way."

"I did...But I was caught up in the moment." Louis said.

"Me too." Harry agreed.
Mr. Watson rubbed his neck. "You can't fight like that out in the open or I'll have no choice to be nasty. But as for fighting in general? I really don't care if you fight but you will have to continue to live with each other until you're no longer minors and have enough money to live on your own, so it's probably a good idea to get along." He told them all.

"Yes, sir. You’re right.” Harry agreed.

“We’ll work on it.” Niall told him.

“Harry, do you really think it’s awful or gross that we enjoy being watched?” Niall asked. “Be honest.”

"I don't." Harry said honestly. "Everyone has their kinks. I mean, we've sat through you two calling each other princess and prince...If you like being watched or watching others...or watching others and getting off on it, it feels strange but if you're happy with it than that's what matters."

“If everyone involved is willing and okay with it then it’s honestly fine. I was just giving you all a hard time.” Ed added.

“Thank you.” Niall smiled a little.

“Even the group thing?” Liam asked. “I thought boyfriends didn’t like sharing.”

"It's complicated." Zayn told him. "Some boyfriends don't mind sharing. He knows who he belongs to. Sometimes the thought of seeing him "play" with someone else can be a bit of a turn on. It's all sexual attraction anyways. He's in love with me and knows that he's mine. And that is what matters most." He tried to explain.

“Kind of how Benji had Harry help me go inside of Louis while he watched?” Liam asked wanting to understand.

"Really?” Ed asked.

"Shh!” Louis told him.

"Yeah, like that. He likes watching sex too." Niall said. "Although, not sure why he didn't have you be with the rest of us like he planned. I suppose that's when he started changing maybe?"

“Maybe.” Liam said getting a bit quiet.

“You helped him? How does that even work?” Ed asked Harry.

“He was LiLi at the time. He’d never topped.” Louis defended a little.

“I got to sit and hold his lollipop.” Zayn remembered.

"I remember hearing about it." Niall laughed. "I was busy in the rec room with Mr. McGuinness I think it was. I came back really sore and he slapped my arse really hard to make it hurt more. LiLi got upset about that." He remembered.

“I just remember someone bearing ruining the entire thing.” Harry looked at Louis. He then whispered to Harry, “Dip shit didn’t think to get himself hard so LiLi would feel He was doing a good job.”

“Hey now, everything worked out great. Liam did a great job. I got off even. Well done, Liam.” Louis told him.
“Hmm? Oh yeah, thanks.” He half smiled.

"I remember you three got blankets because you all played your part really well.” Niall mentioned.

"You okay?” Harry asked Liam.

Liam nodded. “Just thinking.” He replied softly and moved to sit in his crib where he held Bruce in his lap.

As Liam, he enjoyed people watching Benji fuck him. He had enjoyed Benji watching him fuck Louis as well. Now there was this talk about Niall, Zayn, Louis and Rory watching each other and playing as a group and sharing each other.

"What are you thinking about?” Harry asked. "Wanna talk about anything?” He offered.

"I'm confused." Ed whispered to Harry. "Is he his baby self again or is he his teenage self?”

“I think he’s still Liam but just upset about something. Excuse me.” Harry told him softly and moved to be by Liam.

“Just thinking about everything you guys are talking about and how he had me with Louis with you helping and how I was supposed to do Zayn and... I just feel a little overwhelmed with all my thoughts.” Liam quietly admitted.

"Okay.” Harry felt confused. "So what has you upset the most? Why does all of this overwhelm you? Because you like being watched too?” He asked. "Or something else?”

“I like all of it when I’m Liam.” He whispered into Harry’s ear. “It’s exciting.”

"And there's nothing wrong with that.” Harry said. "Ed and I were just giving the others a hard time. We didn't mean what we said.” He told Liam. "You like what you like, and that's okay.”


Everyone of course heard but only Ed seemed to be overly interested.

"I like weird things too but nothing I'm willing to say with the others around.” Harry replied.

"It's only fair since you heard about our weird kink.” Zayn spoke up.

"They have a point, Haz.” Ed smirked.

"Shut up.” Harry narrowed his eyes towards him.

"Oh my god. You know!” Niall laughed. "Do share, Ed.”

“I do know.” Ed smiled proudly. “Will you murder me if I tell them?” He asked Harry.

"Harry won’t murder anyone. That’s really really bad.” Liam told him. “Now tell us.”

“Come on, Harry. Even your little brother wants to know your kink.” Louis pushed.

"I might murder you in your sleep.” Harry told Ed. He frowned. He hated to be pressured into things and hearing about the weird kink Niall and Zayn shared was only because Mr. Watson accidentally let it slip.
"Fine. It's piercings...and tattoos." Harry sighed.

"I like tattoos too," Niall said. "On Zayn that is."

"Piercings?" Liam asked.

Louis fought laughing as best he could as he asked. "Piercings like a nut sack ladder?"

"Yes," Harry replied. "I like piercings and tats, the more the better. I...just...it really turns me on. I don't know why, it just does. No one else besides Ed knew about it, before now at least."

Liam hugged Harry. "I'm proud of you for saying it out loud."

"Wow, I'm finally connecting all the dots between Ed and Harry." Niall commented.

"Were you two dating then?" Zayn asked.

"Thanks? It's not really that big of a deal." Harry said to Liam, a little confused on what there was to be proud about, then looked at Zayn. "Not dating, we just fucked a lot."

"I believe, Hazza, the term is 'fuck buddies'" Ed said. "Neither of us were interested in a relationship and the shit that comes along with it. Plus we shared a room and we both were into lads. We needed release so we played with each other...A lot."

"That's a thing?" Liam asked looking surprised. "Having sex with a friend who you aren't dating? Like how Niall and Zayn want to do a group together with Louis and his boyfriend?"

"I suppose that's what it'd be." Louis nodded.

"Yeah, sometimes friends who just want sex but don't want to do it with some random person...use each other." Harry explained. "Friends with benefits is also what it's called."

Liam nodded letting the information sink in. He wanted to talk to Benji about it now but he'd have to wait.

"Do you feel like you understand now?" Harry asked.

"Yes." Liam replied.

"Good, so Harry," Louis smirked. "You obviously have a thing for Ed's balls and nipples and everywhere he has a tattoo but what about Zayn? He has tattoos."

Niall sat up a little straighter as he listened closely.

"Chill, Ni. I'm not after your lad." Harry laughed. "And to answer your question, Louis, I think Zayn is rather fit and the tats make him even fitter but I'm not into him like that like you and Rory and Niall are."

"So I don't get it. Would you or wouldn't you fuck him... strictly as a friendship thing like they're all going to fuck?" Ed asked as he purposely pushed.

Harry ran a hand through his hair and nodded slowly. "I wouldn't be against it...I would definitely fuck him if he and Niall allowed." He said feeling rather nervous.

"Just imagine, Ed with his piercings in, he and I making you lick over our tattoos. Make you horny?" Zayn asked Harry with a fascinated look on his face as he cuddled closer to Niall.
"That’s hot.” Ed agreed.

Harry shifted uncomfortably. It sounded really hot and if he allowed himself to imagine it, he knew the semi that was forming in his trousers would most certainly grow. This was not how he expected the evening to go. "Uh, yes, actually. It does." He couldn't lie, it'd be obvious that he was lying.

Louis smirked. "You're so turned on already and nothing has even happened yet."

“I must admit, I’d enjoy watching that.” Niall confessed. “We should talk to Mr. Taylor about it. I mean, just look at poor Harry. Probably hiding a semi hard cock thinking about getting dominated by two tattooed lads.”

"I'm down.” Ed told them. "I'd be more on bored with that."

"Of course you would be...You were do disappointed when you found out that Zayn was taken.” Louis laughed.

"He's so fit!” Ed defended himself. "Who would not want to fuck him?"

"Me." Louis said. "But I'm a bottom so I'd prefer him fucking me while our boyfriends watched."

Harry bit his lip, somehow Niall wanting to watch made the whole situation that much more appealing. It also made his cock stiffen a little more. "Fuck.” He let out a frustrated groan.

“Are you hard?” Liam innocently asked Harry. He had been quietly listening to the conversation.

“Of course he is. I know my Haz. He wants his cock touched so bad by Zayn and I right now.” Ed smirked.

Niall just laughed, completely amused in a very sexual fashion.

“Fuck, I love this.” Louis laughed a little.

"Yes.” Harry admitted. "I do. I really do. So am I going to get help with my hard on or do I have to wank myself off for your enjoyment?” He asked the room.

“It’s either Mr. Taylor or Mr. Watson coming in next so it’s probably okay. If it’s Mr. Taylor he’ll love it.” Louis commented. “Do it.”

“Come here, Harry.” Ed instructed in the dominated tone he knew Harry loved. “I want to see how hard you are. Now!”

Harry jumped a little, but it was from excitement, not fear. He quickly got onto his feet and walked over to the bunk Ed was sitting on.

He then stripped out of his clothes and stood as he front of Ed naked. "I'm so, so...hard.” He pouted a little.

“Go help. Let Ed take the lead.” Niall whispered to Zayn as he pushed his joggers down and started gently touching his cock.

“Do you want your cock touched, Harry?” Ed asked as he unzipped his grey jumper and took it off. He kept looking at Harry as he pushed off his grey shirt as well.

Zayn didn't need to be told twice. He made his way quickly to the bunk Ed was sitting at and sat
next to him.

"I'm here to help, whatever you need." He told Ed.

"Yes, I really want it touched. I need it so fucking badly." Harry told him.

“You’re going to have to earn it Haz. You know that.” Ed told him as he stood and folded his arms over his chest. “Undress Zayn. Get your mouth on every tattoo and anything else he tells you to lick or suck.”

Harry whimpered a little. He was so hard but he knew the rules. He moved to the bed and removed Zayn's shirt and trousers. He spotted the gun tattoo on his hip and immediately began to suck on it.

Zayn gasped a little as he watched Harry best he could.

Niall was now hard and watching intently.

“There you go. Just like that, Harry. Earn our attention.” Ed continued to dominate the situation as he noticed Louis was also playing with himself now.

“Alright, Li-“ Mr. Watson began as he opened the door suddenly. Of course he stopped when he saw what was happening.

Everyone froze and stared at him; worried about what would happen.

“Please don’t make us stop. It’s so fucking good.” Louis cursed.

“I- yeah, go ahead.” He agreed without question. “I’m not leaving though.”

Mr. Watson closed the door behind him and locked it.

Niall and Louis continued to play with themselves as Harry went back to sucking and licking Zayn's gun tattoo.

"Mm, don't focus on just the one tat. Give some love to the others." Zayn told him.

Ed grabbed Harry’s hair and moved him to Zayn’s lip tattoo. “Suck on it. Show him how horny his tattoos make you. Prove what a slut you are for tattoos.”

Mr. Watson moved to sit beside Liam who remained quiet. “You alright watching, baby?”

Liam only nodded, never moving his eyes off Harry and Zayn.

Harry was sucking on Zayn's lips tattoo that was on his chest. He sucked on it hard and moaned into it.

"Fuck." Zayn moaned and ran a hand down Harry's back. "Suck on the wings now." He copied Ed by moving Harry by his hair to his upper chest where the wings on either side of the lips were. "Suck them and lick them. You haven't even haven't proved how much of a slut you are for the tats yet. I thought they made you horny as shit. I haven't seen that proven yet."

“You're not earning having your cock be touched, Hazza.” Ed warned.

“Oh shit.” Louis moaned. He was loving watching this.
Soo...More next Thursday!

Are you interested in the upcoming weekend (fiction time)? Wanna see how the Weekend Keepers do things? Or would you be okay with stuff being mentioned instead of written? Like what they've done to the lads rather than writing it out.

(Ex. Zayn tied up and used...He tells lads at lunch, but we don't write it happening.)

I hope I'm making sense...

EDIT: I didn't do the sneak peak this week because...Well, I kinda forgot (SORRY) and this cold has been kicking my ass.

I will for sure do it in the next few days! Especially now that everything is split up into chapters. I just gotta pick a spot. Funny moment? Odd moment? Sweet? Sexy? So many options.

Oh and go check out TWITTER! I made a poll!
PART TWO IS HERE!!!!!!!!!!!

Sorry I took all day to post it.

I'm feeling especially lazy today cause I hate my cold and it loves me.

OH OH OH OH AND MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!!!!! (IT'S CLOSE ENOUGH NOW TO SAY THAT RIGHT??)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry greedily licked and sucked over Zayn’s wing tattoos. He whimpered as he nipped at them with his teeth.

He let his hands start rubbing and gently scratching over Zayn’s other tattoos.

Liam’s reaction was to scoot closer to Benji and hold his hand tightly.

“Ah fuck!” Zayn moaned a little louder. The two sensations together felt incredible. "Show the snake some love, you horny tattoo lover." He moved Harry to his right shoulder.

Niall let out a soft whimper. He was enjoying himself watching this. He didn't think he'd like to see Zayn with someone else but it felt different when it was something everyone wanted.

"You okay?" Benji asked Liam.

Harry’s tongue traced the entire snake before he nipped over it too and moaned deeply, begging Zayn for more.

“Make him lick and suck on Ed’s body. Be forceful with him, babe.” Niall encouraged Zayn who had a hard on that was now leaking pre-cum.

Liam bit his lower lip and laid his head on Benji’s shoulder.

Zayn pushed Harry off of him as Ed lay back onto the bed. He pushed Harry straight into Ed's chest tattoo of a lion's head. "That is a large fucking tattoo. Better show it how hard it's making you or else." He warned.

"Liam?" Benji asked softly. "You alright, love? What's wrong?"

Harry had experience with Ed. He kissed and sucked extra hungry. He whimpered even louder. He loved doing all of this willing.

Liam looked up at Benji, his eyes seemed a bit sad. “What do you think of all this? Sharing or friends with benefits or whatever.”
"I don't mind it if it's something everyone wants. Some friends feel it's safer to use each other to relax and release instead of finding some random hook up. I personally love watching, I'm like Jake in that way. And if it's your partner with someone else and you're watching, it sounds strange but it can also be a major turn on but it's not something that most people understand. I think sharing is fine as long as everyone is okay with it and you leave any jealousy out of it." He explained.

Liam swallowed hard and nodded slightly as he turned back to watch Harry who was now licking and sucking on where Ed’s scrotum ladder was supposed to be.

Harry whimpered more as he sucked carefully. He moaned against Ed as he looked up at him, begging to be touched with his eyes.

Ed looked down at Harry then looked at Zayn who was busy wanking himself now as he watched the two.

"Did he please you?" Ed asked Zayn.

Zayn nodded. "He did. He did a great job."

Ed then looked down at Harry. "I'd say you've earned it." He pushed Harry onto his back and placed his mouth on Harry's cock.

"Suck on his nipples. Bite them a bit too. He likes that." Ed instructed. He then moved down and licked Harry's cock. “Wank Zayn while he plays with your nipples Haz.”

Harry nodded and watched as Zayn moved to hover over him for a moment then began to vigorously suck on Harry's nipples and taking turns biting them.

He suddenly felt Harry's hand on his cock and moaned around the nipple into his mouth as he felt Harry wanking him.

Ed slipped Harry’s cock into his mouth and began sucking on his tip, teasing Harry.

“Fuck! Ed! Zayn!” Harry moaned. “Yes! Fuck yes!”

“Shit! I’m gonna cum!” Louis hissed from his bunk.

Ed internally smirked and continued to tease Harry by gently sliding the cock further into his mouth then slipped it out to suck on the tip.

Zayn fucked into Harry's hand as he continued to suck and bite on his nipples. He placed one of Harry's nipples in his mouth and pulled it back slightly then sucked and licked around it.

Harry’s back arched and he shouted loudly, “Oh fuck!”

“Ah! Ah!” Louis began to scream as he came over his hand.

“Don’t you dare cum, Harry. Not until Zayn and I both cum.” Ed warned then kept sucking.

“Mmm! I want to be fucked!” Harry begged. “Want to be fucked so bad!”

Liam continued to watch but very very softly asked Benji, “Will you play with me when we get
"Of course." Benji smiled and rubbed Liam's leg. "You a little turned on by all of this? It's okay if you are."

Liam nodded and looked at him, “I’m a lot turned on. Like... a lot.”

“I want Harry to suck Zayn off while Ed fucks him,” Niall commented as he kept wanking himself. “Lube’s behind the toilet.”

"Lube? Sweet. I didn't think it existed in this place." Ed said and climbed off the bed while Harry continued to stroke Zayn's cock for him, then moved his hand further up to play with his balls causing Zayn to let out a deep moan.

"It normally doesn't but I grabbed some for Zayn and Niall the other night. If they're going to have sex then they might as well be safe about it." Benji told him.

He then looked at Liam. "I can play with you right here, right now if you want." He offered.

Liam shifted uncomfortably while Ed and Zayn got Harry into position.

“Okay, I want to be on my back though.” He then took his long-sleeved blue and grey shirt off and untied the string on his thick black joggers. “I’m really hard Benji. Really turned on.”

Ed passed Benji and Liam on his way to get the lube. He stopped for a moment and observed but snapped out of it when he heard Zayn's deep moan.

He grabbed the lube from in behind the toilet, then some toilet paper, he walked over to Louis who was still watching but had a lazy smile on his face from cumming.

"Here." He offered the piece of toilet paper. "Thought you might want to clean up."

"Thanks," Louis said and took it.

Ed then walked back to Harry and Zayn.

Benji smiled at Liam’s hard on, “You have such a beautiful cock, Liam. I love watching as you cum.” He stood and began to strip himself then kissed Liam’s lips and neck.

Liam gently moaned and laid down, “Prove it.”

“Fuck, don’t prep me,” Harry told Ed. “Just want to be fucked. I can take it. Trust me.” He then dipped his head down and began sucking on Zayn’s cock.

Niall bit his lip as he watched the three on the bunk but looked over at Mr Watson and Liam when he heard moaning from the crib.

"Damn." He swore under his breath.

He’d seen them fuck before in the showers and he was far from turned on at the time but something told him that this time would end up differently.

"Fuck, yes! Harry!" Zayn gripped Harry's hair. "Suck harder."

When the door opened again, without warning they all heard a distinct voice moan, “Fucking hell, I came at the right time. Don’t mind me, I’ll just be watching.” He then locked the door and leaned
against it as he watched Benji stretching Liam open while Ed lined up to Harry who was sucking Zayn.

"Any chance I can get you two lads on the bed by yourselves to do anything with each other?" Mr. Taylor asked as he unzipped his trousers and pushed them down, along with his pants.

“I already came.” Louis frowned.

“Ni, baby?” Zayn asked.

He nodded, “Do I get anything in return, Mr. Taylor?”

Insert something about Harry being turned into all fours here.

“Ah! Fuck!” Harry yelled as Ed suddenly slammed into him. “Yes! Oh, Christ, I missed your cock!”

"I've fucking missed this tight arse. Fuck! Feels so good. Just as I remember." Ed slammed into Harry hard.

"Smart, little Irish." Mr. Taylor smiled. "It depends on what you want. I can give you more pills, I can give you more time alone with your boyfriend, I can give you more group sex with glory-Louis and his boyfriend...What do you have in mind? I'm open to almost anything you'd like to request."

“I was just thinking you could help me cum since my boyfriend is busy.” Niall awkwardly asked.

“T’m ready!” Liam shouted feeling frustrated. “Fuck me, Benji! Stop teasing!”

Benji grinned and nodded. "Teasing is so much fine though." He kissed Liam's lips then pulled back. He lined himself up and slowly began pushing in.

Mr. Taylor raised an eyebrow. He was shocked by the request but he wasn't going to turn it down. "Sure. What'd you have in mind?" He asked, remembering Benji's advice about giving them choices.

Niall felt awkward but he was trying to work on trusting Mr. Taylor. “Could you just, like, wank me? I could wank you at the same time?”

“Benji!” Liam whimpered. “Ah, Ah Yes!"

“Harder! Fuck me harder!” Harry begged before putting Zayn back in his mouth.

Mr. Taylor felt partly disappointed for not being able to blow the Irish lad but he understood.

He nodded. "Sounds good to me. Wank each other and enjoy the show." He smiled.

He finished stripping out of his clothes and walked over to Niall.

He sat next to him and took the younger lad's cock into his hand as he began to wank it, starting slowly as he didn't want to make the lad too uncomfortable.

Benji had told him to work on making the lads trust them, by going slow, he was attempting to earn a tiny spec of trust.

“Fuck! I’m gonna cum!” Zayn whimpered.
"Swallow it, Harry. Every dropped." Ed groaned slamming into him.

"More more more! Please more!" Liam begged as Benji slammed into his hole over and over. His head turned and he watched as Ed fucked into Harry.

"That’s it, baby. Watch them while I fuck you. Let it turn you on. Mmmm, sweet, tight boy.” Benji encouraged.

Mr. Taylor began to stroke Niall’s cock a little faster and in return, Niall let out a quiet moan as he began to wank Mr. Taylor. It felt awkward still but at the same time, it felt good.

"It's already turning me on." Liam whimpered. "Fuck me harder!" He demanded.

Zayn gripped Harry's hair harder as he came hard into the lad's throat.

Harry, however, kept sucking until he was sure there was nothing left.

"Ah, fuck.” Zayn moaned as he let go of Harry's hair. He then turned and laid back on the bed.

Once comfortable, he turned to check on Niall who Mr. Taylor had turned into a whimpering mess.

"Love what a mess you are right now and it's all from having your cock touched." Zayn smiled at Niall.

Niall moaned. “Fuck.” He whispered. Zayn’s words were turning him on even more. He didn’t even know that was possible.

"Ed! Ed! Ed please!” Harry begged. “Harder! More! Oh please!”

“Mmmm, baby, fuck, you feel so good. Fuck, I’m gonna fill your little hole. Own that perky arse.” Benji moaned and sucked a mark on Liam’s neck.

"Own it!” Liam yelled. "Please.” He whimpered. "Please fill me up.” He begged.

Zayn briefly took his eyes off of Niall and Mr. Taylor as he looked at Harry and Ed.

Ed fucked into Harry harder and harder as he took a look around the room.

Zayn was watching them and checking on Niall and Mr. Taylor, switching between watching both scenes.

Louis seemed to be watching everyone, never settling on one pair for too long before moving on. He may have already come but he was still making small moaning sounds.

Benji ruthlessly fucked harder and harder into Liam, giving his boy exactly what he wanted.

“I’m gonna cum, Benji. Be- Benji!” Liam whimpered and began to shake a bit.

“Cum for me Liam. Make a mess baby.” Benji encouraged. “I’m so close now.”

“Mmm, Ah!” Liam screamed as he came hard. His cum spraying over his stomach.

A short time after that, Benji shouted loudly, “Liam!” He came hard into the lad, filling him as promised.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck." Harry whimpered as Ed slammed into him over and over. "I really want to
“Cum.”

"So close." Ed moaned and the sound mixing with Niall who loudly came over Mr. Taylor's hand.

“Please, please.” Harry whimpered and begged.

“Just a bit faster, lad. Got me close.” Mr. Taylor gently told Niall.

“Ah, fuck Haz. Keep begging.” Ed demanded as he legs began to shake a little. “Any... fuck... second...”

Niall worked both of his hands now faster on Mr. Taylor's large cock. He didn't quite understand why it wasn't repulsive this time.

He twisted his hands back and forth in opposite directions. It usually drove Zayn crazy.

"Please, Ed! Please. Please." Harry begged. "I need you to cum so badly in me."

“Fuck!” Ed shouted as he slammed into Harry one last time and released his load to him.

“Now? Please? Please let me cum!” Harry whimpered.

Everyone in the room did not have their eyes on Harry; waiting.

"Now," Ed told Harry. "Cum now!"

Mr. Taylor suddenly let out a loud moan as he watched Harry and came over Niall's hands.

Harry whimpered and cried on a high pitch as he came hard to the floor below him. Actual tears pricked his eyes. He hadn’t enjoyed an orgasm since before coming here.

“Damn, that was incredible.” Mr. Watson smirked.

"It was." Mr. Taylor agreed with a smile.

"I can't believe that actually happened... It was like something out of some poorly written promo. Yet, it was strangely hot." Louis offered his opinion.

"That...felt amazing," Zayn commented.

"Yeah, it felt really good," Niall said and glanced at Mr. Taylor. "Thanks for helping." He awkwardly told the Keeper.

"I came too soon." Louis pouted.

"Always next time," Niall smiled at Louis.

“You okay Liam?” Benji asked his younger lover. He kissed his cheek, “You looked so beautiful. I loved watching you get off to my cock and everyone else playing.”

Liam nodded and blushed a little but didn’t say anything.

“Well, I came to get lads for treats. Harry, did you need something now? Ed was, wonderfully ruthless to you.” Mr. Taylor asked.

"Mmm, I think I'd need a painkiller. Maybe another shower." Harry laughed a little.
Niall smiled and moved over to Zayn. He kissed his lips softly. "You did amazing."

"Mmm, thank you. I'm glad you enjoyed the show." Zayn smiled. "Let's get dressed though so we can get our stuff."

"I'll take Harry to rinse off if you wanna give me his pill," Benji told Jake as he finished dressing.

"Sure, one sec." Jake climbed off the bed and grabbed his trousers. He handed Benji a pill from a bag in his pocket.

"Can I come? I don't want to be left here alone." Liam asked very quietly.

"Of course, I wouldn't leave you by yourself," Benji told him.

"Can I brush my teeth again too?" Harry asked.

"Sure." Mr. Watson nodded.

Louis stood and got his trainers on then sat on his bed, waiting quietly for everyone to dress.

Once everyone in the room was dressed, Mr. Taylor looked at everyone. "If you want your pill and a rinse off, stand with Watson. If you want to smoke then rinse off or come back to the room after you've finished, then line up with me." He'd offer the others to rinse off if anyone else wanted it.

"I want to see Rory. He's getting a treat too. Will he be with you, Mr. Taylor?" Louis asked.

"I have to be outside for my treat so I'm with you, sir." Zayn said and lined up with him.

"I love you, Haz but I wanna rinse your spit off." Ed laughed and lined up with Mr. Watson.

"Did you want your smoke first or after?" Mr. Watson asked.

"That's an option? To rinse off and smoke after?" Zayn asked.

"Yes to everything. If you smoke and want to rinse off first, then that's fine." Mr. Taylor explained. "Yes, I already had plans to let Rory eat his chocolate bar outside while the other two smoked and you and Niall take your pills."

"Chocolate bar?" Mr. Watson asked with a slight laugh.

"I'll stick with rinsing off first." Ed nodded.

"I'm staying with Mr. Taylor." Louis said.

"I'd like to rinse off first then have my smoke." Zayn told the two Keepers.

"Me too." Niall said. He didn't mind waiting until morning to rinse off but he didn't want to have to listen to Rory and Louis flirt while he stood by himself awkwardly alone making small talk with Mr. Taylor.

Zayn kissed Niall's cheek. "Good. I'm so used to having you shower with me that honestly, it would probably feel strange without you." He laughed.

"I told the lads earlier that they performed so well that they could all have a treat." Mr. Taylor
explained. "Rory said he didn't need a pill and wasn't into smoking, so he asked for chocolate, which honestly is a first but he more than earned it."

“Interesting choice. Let go though lads. Night keepers will be in soon.” Mr. Watson said. “Quiet in the halls please.”

Liam took Benji’s hand, leaving with him and the others, which left Louis as the only one with Mr. Taylor.

For once the lads listened and were quiet in the halls as they walked to the showers.

Seeing the shower room empty for once, gave it an eerie feeling.

Zayn quickly stripped out of his uniform, he enjoyed what happened between him, Harry, and Ed but he wanted to rinse off all the spit and cum. He also helped Niall out of his uniform as Niall still had cum on his hands.

"I'll give you all a few minutes to rinse off, I'll then drop you all off with Mr. Taylor where you'll stay with him and he'll take you back to your room.” Mr. Watson explained to everyone.

Liam stayed glued to Benji as he watched Niall and Zayn go to rinse off while Ed and Harry stripped. He sighed deeply and whisper, “Are you sure you’re okay with watching others and... sharing and stuff?”

"I am. I know you love me and I know you know that you belong to me. I don't mind sharing you with certain others and watching others and you with others. When I had you fuck Louis that one time, I was so turned on I couldn't wait to get you home.” Benji told him.

Liam nodded and looked back at Ed and Harry. He didn’t plan to get upset but before he knew it he was crying. Once he realized he had tears in his eyes he quickly hid his face against Benji. He hated for people to see him cry when he was Liam.


Liam took a moment to stop crying as hard. He didn’t want anyone to hear however so he pushed Benji far enough away for privacy without his view of the others being blocked.

“I just... I want something but I don’t want it if he doesn’t want it and I really want him to want it but I’m positive he doesn’t and so I don’t want him to know what I want.” Liam tried to explain.

"Okay, babe...Speak simpler. Say all of that again, but tell me who it is you're talking about and what you want.” Benji said feeling even more confused.

Liam’s bottom lip quivered, “Please don’t tell him. Please?” He needed to know his secret was safe first.

"Of course. I won't tell anyone anything unless you tell me to. Talk to me, love. What's going on?” Benji asked now feeling a little worried.

“I really really want Harry’s mouth on me. I want him to want it without me saying anything though. I want him to want to special play with me but he doesn’t and won’t cause I’m his brother and because I don’t have tattoos or piercing. I just want it and I don’t care if it’s bad. I want to feel it. I want him in that way. I want him to make me feel good and take care of me.” Liam said and began to cry again.
Benji took a moment to process everything that Liam had said. "Look, love, he's not going to make the first move here because in his mind and in his heart, you're his brother which means that would be considered..." He paused to try and word himself carefully.

"Not something real brothers do. Listen, just because he has a kink in piercings and tattoos doesn't mean that he wouldn't want you. But how is he supposed to know you feel this way without you saying anything? I'm sure he'd play around with you if you asked. It's okay if you want it, I don't mind but Harry won't think that way unless he knows it's okay with you first." He tried to explain himself carefully. He didn't want to risk upsetting Liam further but this had taken him by surprise.

"What's wrong with him now?" Ed asked the other three lads as he nodded towards where he could see a very upset Liam but not hear him.

"Post-sex emotions? I don't know." Niall shrugged. "Liam cries a lot both as Liam and LiLi. He just doesn't understand stuff and stuff easily overwhelms him." He explained.

"Yeah, it's why we have to be careful what we say or do around him. Anything can set him off, like upsetting him to the point of tears, or make him angry or anything." Zayn added.

Harry frowned. "I should go check on him...But he has Mr. Watson right now so I'm sure I'll hear about it later." He wasn't sure whether to go to Liam now or wait to hear about it tomorrow.

"Such a little teddy bear." Ed teased Harry. "I've never seen you so adorable and soft and sweet Hazza. Makes me want to pinch your little cheeks."

Zayn and Niall couldn't help but smirk a little but they then walked away to get their uniforms back on. Neither of them needed to brush their teeth again.

"Would you stop?" Harry sighed. "I know it's just banter and you don't mean anything by it, but it's annoying because I am soft when it comes to Liam." He frowned. "He's my little brother, it's different with him. I just end up kinder and sweeter towards him because he's special and he needs me."

"Hey, does it actually bother you that much?" Ed asked. "I didn’t realize."

"Yeah," Harry nodded and turned the water off. "With Liam, for the first time, I really feel like I’m important to someone. I feel like I matter and like I’m wanted. I feel special and like I belong with someone in some kind of way. I finally have a family with Liam. He means so much to me Ed. I like how I feel when I’m with Liam and when we aren’t getting along I’m unbearably miserable."

Ed smiled a little. "That's great. It's weird that you found a family in a place like this, but I'm happy for you. Really." He said. "Happy you at least found a forever family."

“Well, Liam is my forever family. Mr. Watson had been nice to me ever since Liam and I worked things out but he’s just my brother's lover.” Harry clarified.

“Have you noticed he’s been possessive of you ever since Ed showed up?” Zayn questioned.

“Yeah, He never took his eyes off you when we were all fooling around,” Niall added.

"Yeah, I noticed. He thinks Ed is going to steal me away from him." Harry replied.

"That's sad." Niall frowned.

"Maybe because you and Ed were really close before you came here, he thinks you'd rather have
Ed and you were just settling for him?" Zayn suggested as he turned the water off and shook his head to get the water out.

"Stop with that. You're like a wet dog." Niall teased.

"I wish they gave us towels." Zayn sighed.

“Haz, I’d never steal you from him. He’s odd but I like him. If he’s your brother then, of course, I like him. Maybe you two need some time together so he doesn’t feel forgotten? That or maybe the three of us need time together?” Ed offered a suggestion.

"Oh, I know. But it's weird because it's only been a few hours. I didn't expect him to get that possessive that fast." Harry shook his head. "But the three of us hanging out sometime could work. Maybe during homework or during a time where we both have free time. Tomorrow's film night, maybe we could all sit together." Harry suggested.

"We can always go ask Mr. Watson if we can get a towel this time?" Niall suggested.

"I'm not going over while Liam's upset. What if he cries because Watson left to get us towels and he's left standing alone? It sounds ridiculous but you know that there's a chance it could happen." Zayn said.

“Just promise me you’ll work on trying to tell him? I hate seeing you so upset love. You’re always upset it seems. I want my boyfriend to be happy.” Benji said as he hugged him and swayed side to side a bit.

“Yes, I’ll try.” He nodded and pulled away from their hug. “If tomorrow goes well I’ll be happy.”

“I have faith it will. After you’re out we’ll work on getting everyone else out too.” Benji promised. “Now, kiss me and let’s go see if your mates need towels.”

Liam leaned up on his tiptoes and kissed Benji then followed him to get towels.

Ed and Harry had moved to brush their teeth and to use their mouthwash.

"Towels anyone?" Mr. Watson said coming over to them.

"So they do exist here!" Zayn said pretending to be shocked.

“They do. We have a very limited number, however. We used to use them as rewards but it causes lots of fighting so we stopped altogether.” Mr. Watson explained as he passed them out. “It’s the same with the blankets and pillows only we have a larger volume of them and rarely ever give them out. You four lads and Tyler are the only ones I know of with pillows.”

"Damn. The four of them plus some lad named Tyler get proper pillows? What are you all Royalty or something?" Ed teased as he grabbed a towel.

"Our Keeper's cold heart is melting," Niall said as he took a towel. "That's why."

"Tyler just gets it because he's a little bitch who knows how to play his cards right," Harry explained.

"What I wouldn't give to see him in a collar, leash and tail." Niall laughed.

“Mr. Thomas is catching on to his game don’t you lads worry.” Mr. Watson replied. “Ed, I’ll get a night Keeper to bring you a pillow and blanket. If they asked you bottomed multiple times without
complaint today.” Mr. Watson agreed.

"Got it. Thanks. Wait, do the Night Keepers do anything to us?” Ed asked the room.

"Not usually," Niall said. "Sometimes they'll come in and touch you while you're asleep and wank off. Sometimes they'll use you. But it doesn't happen that often."

“It’s weekend Keepers you, unfortunately, need to brace yourselves for. They’re going to be ruthless this weekend. I’m sorry lads. I’ll do what I can to not have you here next weekend but please don’t hold your breaths.”

The lads nodded.

"So, are they worse than Patterson?” Harry asked.

"A lot worse." Mr. Watson said. "A lot worse... Patterson times fifty."

"So even if we're good, does that matter?” Niall asked.

"Not when they've been gone so long.” Mr. Watson frowned.

“So there’s no advice you have to survive this?” Harry asked.

“Act like you’ve been deprived of sex for years without saying it. They’ll know you’re lying. Should help prevent punishments. You’ll have to be a spot of perfect though lads. Any slight infraction and you’ll be punished worse than you have been yet.” Mr. Watson told them.

The lads nodded quickly, more afraid now than ever before.

"Thanks for the tip." Zayn nodded. He dried off then got back into his uniform.

“Just do what you can to be insane suck ups. Think... well, Tyler.” He said. “Come on though. We gotta get moving now.”

Everyone else dried off, handed in their towels then followed Mr. Watson out into the hall.

He lead them down to a side door which he unlocked. He walked out and into the courtyard. "They're all yours now, Taylor."

Louis was currently standing and clinging to Rory who was enjoying his chocolate. He had even given Louis a bite.

Mr. Taylor who was sat stood up and pulled the other’s treats from his pocket. “Weed.” He said and held out two joints. “Zayn, you hang on to the lighter. Sorry, Ed, I have to learn to trust you.”

"I wouldn't trust me either. I did commit arson.” Ed said with a nod.

Harry shook his head. "Still can't believe you were stupid enough to do that."

"You're just jealous because you wish you were with me." Ed winked.

"Liam, say goodbye to your mates and your brother," Benji told him.

Liam looked incredibly sad as he bit his bottom lip and walked over to Harry, “Goodnight Harry.”
"Night, Li." Harry smiled and hugged him. "But first, you okay?" He asked worriedly.

He quickly bit his lip again as he felt his eyes start to water. He could feel everyone looking at him. He didn’t like it.

"Li?" Mr. Taylor questioned now; worried about him.

Liam’s only response, however, was to let out a loud whisper before running off, pushing past Benji to get inside.

Benji sighed. "He's fine. I'll explain later." He told Jake and went after Liam.

"What just happened?" Ed asked.

"Classic Liam," Niall replied. "He doesn't like to talk about his feelings or at least when there's a lot of people around." He shrugged and grabbed the bottle of water from Louis so he could take his pill.

Zayn lit up his joint then Ed's then gave the lighter back to Mr. Taylor.

"He started to cry." Harry frowned. "Liam doesn’t like for people to see him cry. I really hope I didn’t do something." He looked really concerned and upset now. "I won’t even get to see him until late tomorrow because of court."

"It's probably just to do with Ed being around and you two being mates. He probably feels like he's going to be replaced." Louis suggested as he rested his head on Rory's shoulder.

"Just talk to him when you can Harry.” Rory encouraged and kissed Louis’ lips.

“Sound advice.” Mr. Taylor nodded.

"So," Ed said looking at Zayn who was sitting on the bench with Niall in his lap. "Are you an addict or is it just because of this place?"

"Addict. I smoked a lot of weed before I came here." Zayn said. "And I smoked fags too. It's been so hard cutting down to one joint a today and no fags."

"Behave around the other Keepers so I’m not put in an awkward position and I’ll start getting you a joint at lunch. Deal?" Mr. Taylor offered. He was trying hard to not only earn the lads trust but also stay on their good side so he could keep enjoying this new group sex they were into.

"It's a good deal, babe," Niall said looking at him. He hated that Zayn smoked but it helped him deal with his stress that came with this school.

"It is." Zayn agreed. "I can't be caught high in class, so how about a fag at lunch instead?" He asked. "Would that be alright?"

“Smart lad.” Mr. Taylor nodded. “I’ll do that instead.”

“I didn’t freak you out earlier with the ‘I love you’ did I?" Rory asked Louis softly as he turned Louis to be chest to chest with him so he could rest his hands on Louis’ bare bum.

Louis smiled. "No, you didn't! I was just shocked. Zayn and Niall were having sex and then all of a sudden you tell me you love me...It's not exactly how I pictured the first time someone told me that they're in love with me would go." He laughed a little. "But just in case I didn't say it earlier...I love you too." He kissed Rory's lips softly.
“I’m so sorry princess. I was so deep in the moment of just getting to hold you after finally having sex with you. I knew I more than liked you and I was thinking about saying it and then I did. I should have made it special for my beautiful girlfriend. Forgive me?” Rory asked as he softly ran his fingers over the side of Louis’ face. “You’re so damn gorgeous in the moonlight.”

"Of course, I forgive you!” Louis kissed him deeply. "Mmm, thank you. You are as well. I don't know how I got so lucky to have you...To be your girlfriend. It's the best thing to have ever happened to me."

“When they aren’t teasing each other sexually I guess they are pretty cute,” Zayn said softly as he watched Louis and Rory.

“They’re two lads who weren’t wanted by their birth families or foster families. They’ve found love in each other obviously. It’s... fuck this feel strange to say... it’s lovely.” Mr. Taylor said. He meant every word despite the compliment not coming out very smoothly.

Niall laughed. "Good try." He nodded. "Kind of like how Zayn and I found each other as well. Foster families were just in it for the money or they were just nasty but to think...Finding love in this school of all places? Like seriously."

"Thank you, Mr. Taylor." Louis smiled.

"Yes, and thank you for today," Rory added. "We really appreciate the time together."

“You two,” He nodded at Niall and Zayn. “Louis and Rory, Benji and Liam, even Harry found a brother here. It’s not all bad here. Just mostly bad.” Mr. Taylor said.


"Apparently from what Liam has told us." Zayn shrugged.

"Short for Benjamin." Mr. Taylor said.

"So what's your first name?” Niall asked Mr. Taylor.

“I know what it is,” Harry smirked.

“You do? Duh, Liam, of course, you know.” Mr. Taylor answered his own question.

“His name is Jake Taylor.” Harry almost laughed.

Mr. Taylor even laughed a bit. “You lads act like it’s such a big deal to know our first names.”

"Jake short for something?” Rory asked.

"Jacob," Jake said. "You call me Jake if you want when we're alone like this...But around everyone else, you have to use Mr. Taylor." He offered, hoping to build trust.

Jake just laughed a bit more. He knew a way to really get to them in a good way though, “Swear you won’t tell anyone I told you? Not Liam, not Benji, not Finn, not anyone else?”

"Why not Liam?” Rory asked confused.

"Just watch...One of these days, we'll be calling Watson Benji instead of Mr. Watson.” Ed told
"That would be really weird," Zayn commented.

"Because it's a major secret most Keepers don't even know and I don't want him slipping on accident. Now promise or I won't tell you." Mr. Taylor explained.

"I promise," Louis replied wanting to know now.

"Good point. He wouldn't mean to but he might. I promise." Harry nodded.

"Me too." Zayn said as the others nodded in agreement.

"Headmaster Cowell's first name is Simon." Mr. Taylor grinned. "Oh and Harry, you might find it fun to know Mr. Patterson's first name is Galileo. Needless to say, he goes by his middle name outside of here, Nathan."

It wasn't until Jake said Mr. Patterson's first name that everyone began laughing, Niall who was still on Zayn's lap, almost fell off if it wasn't for both Zayn and Mr. Taylor catching him.

"Wow...Next time he fucks me, I'll think of that and it probably won't be so bad." Harry smiled then laughed again.

"It's so easy to amuse you, lads," Jake told them. "Sadly though the other Keepers are pretty normal and... it's time to get you all back to your rooms. Get your goodnight kissed out here Louis and Rory."

Zayn and Ed finished up their joints and waited by the door with Harry as Louis and Rory had their goodnight.

"I can't wait for the day where I can fall asleep in your arms." Louis sighed sadly and kissed him gently.

"It will come soon, princess. I promise, baby." Rory told him and kissed his lips. "All of this pain now is going to make that day when it happens even better. Don't be sad." He kissed his lips once more and whispered, "I love you, my beautiful Princess. Sweet dreams."

"And I love you too, my King." Louis smiled a little. "I hope you have good dreams too."

"Your room is closer, Rory so we'll go there first then to the others." He told the lads as he unlocked and opened the door.

"Everyone ready?"

They all nodded and quietly walked with him to Rory's room. Rory gave Louis a wink then disappeared into his room.

Mr. Taylor then took the others to their room, "Goodnight lads. Get into bed. The night Keeper will be shutting the lights down in about five minutes."

"Five minutes is all we need to crash." Louis yawned as Mr. Taylor let them into their room.

"Night. Thanks for the fun tonight." Zayn said softly.

After Mr. Taylor left the lads laid down. It wasn't long later a night Keeper came in and cracked a joke about Ed being a cock slut as he dropped off a blanket and pillow.
Oooh!! We have a the title for the second book picked out. I wanna tell you but I have to ask first, so we'll see but I'm hella excited about it.

Ohh and our book cover will be made by the same lovely person who did the improved version for this fic.

We're currently writing the weekend stuff right now, and there's a lot of editing involved since a lot of the darker stuff falls on me to write, so any requests? Ideas? On how to hurt them...Like badly.

I'm thinking of adding in a scene where Finn/Rory are punished instead of just hearing about what happens, you can read it. What do you think?

OH OH OH THOUGHTS?!!!!!!???? FEEDBACK? ANYTHING? TELL US YOUR FEELINGS?

Also created a new poll on Twitter, go check it out. I pinned it. Also please give us a follow?? We'll follow back if asked, xoxo.

(Same goes for Insta, expect, no poll there)
Chapter 53

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the lateness of this chapter!
The day got away from me yesterday and today was unexpectedly busy.
I hope you all had a wonderful holiday! And Christmas (for those that celebrate)
Anyways. I'm feeling better (yay) and special treat... You'll get a chapter Monday!
Then again Thursday...and every Thursday until the story ends.

Chapter 53

The following day, Liam had woken up as LiLi and once Benji got a trainer in him, his Batman outfit, and some breakfast, they headed out to court.

Liam was at the front of the courtroom sitting beside Olivia holding Bruce and the lawyer, Mr. Specter while Benji sat the first row behind them. Benji had never felt so nervous.

It took everything inside of Liam not to cry as the proceedings took place. Hearing the lawyer talk in his defence, however, made Liam feel better.

Liam listened as Ms. Brown explained Liam’s living conditions growing up and how it affected his development. She explained his mental health and seemed to make it very clear that Liam shouldn’t and couldn’t be held responsible for his actions.

Mr. Specter at some point turned to Olivia and told her it seemed extremely likely that the judge would throw out Liam’s conviction so he just needed to focus on Liam’s current care.

That’s when it was finally Benji’s turn to speak. He was called to the stand and sworn in. Then Mr. Specter asked, “Can you please state your name, title at Modest Borstal and how you know Liam Foster?”

"Benjamin Clyde Watson. I'm a Keeper at Modest Borstal which means I am in charge of the students in the room I am assigned to." Benji replied. "That's how I know Liam. He's a student in my room."

You’ve been working at the Borstal for a while correct? So you would know what an average student act likes? Can you tell me, in your experienced opinion is Liam an average student?" Mr. Specter asked.

"For the better part of almost ten years now," Benji replied. "Every student is different, they all have their issues but yet they're also all similar in the case that it's behavioural issues." He explained. "As far as Liam goes, Liam isn't your average student at all. He immediately started to
regress into a more childlike or infant-like I should say, mind as soon as he arrived. At first, I didn't think any of it, I thought he was just playing around and not being serious. As time went on, it became more serious and therefore I felt it was necessary to play along with him and then I became more aware that it was something deeper because he wasn't coming out of that state. It became clear that he had mental health issues that the school wasn't equipped to deal with." He tried to explain. "He makes my job harder to do."

“You said Liam makes your job harder. Can you give the court some examples of that?” He asked.

Liam hugged Bruce tighter. Papa had reminded him that he had to lie on the stand but it was still hard to hear.

"He acts as an actual infant. It's like having a real baby to cater to. I don't have the time to be changing nappies or trying to toilet train the lad using trainers. I don't have the time to always be having to feed him his baby food that he seems to prefer. He wasn't eating regular food so in order to get him to eat, I tried that. I don't have time to sit and play with him. I can't always be there for every small thing he needs. I'm always behind schedule or have extra work because I have to make him stop crying. And he like an actual infant cries at everything. He just needs a lot of extra care and attention that I simply don't have time for. I didn't sign up for this."

“Thank you, Mr. Watson.” He nodded.

The prosecutor then questioned Mr. Watson asking lots of the same questions but more aggressively. When he was done they let him step down and called Olivia.

Olivia explained how she met Liam. She talked about their instant bond and how she can see what he needs and how she wants to be that. She explained what makes her qualified to care for him as well.

When Olivia stepped down it was Liam’s turn. He was scared to death as he clung onto Bruce and walked slowly to the stand.

Liam frowned. “Liam James Foster.” He hated being called Liam when he was LiLi. “My Bear is Bruce.”

"And how old are you, Liam?” Mr. Specter asked.

“Two.” He told him. “LiLi is two. Some people say fourteen but not fourteen. Two.”

"LiLi? And who is LiLi?” Mr. Specter asked.

“Me. I is LiLi. LiLi is little.” Liam tried to explain and hugged Bruce.

Mr. Specter nodded. "Can you tell us what life was like for you growing up?” He asked.

“Not fun.” Liam began. Trying hard to find more grown-up words. “Had a Foster mummy and daddy. They were nice to my foster brother and mean to me. They were just nice if I wanted to know about superheroes. Any other time LiLi had to be quiet and stay in his room only come out to clean for them or get them stuff.” He hoped that explained it.

"And what about school? Didn't you attend school?” Mr. Specter asked. "What was that like?"

“Yes, school was hard cause no friends but LiLi is smart so got good grades. Always time to study cause always in my room at foster home.” Liam told the lawyer. He didn’t look around the courtroom at all.
"So, if you were so smart, then why did you steal multiple times? It's against the law to take something without paying it or without permission." Mr. Specter said.

"Foster Brother said to do it. He said it was okay. He told me it helps the store. LiLi wanted to be a good boy and not make anyone mad. Wanted to obey and not be in trouble." Liam whimpered.

The lawyer nodded. "It doesn't matter if you knew right from wrong, you still broke the law and needed to face the consequences of your actions, so the judge decided to send you to Modest Borstal...What's life like there for you? Is it the reason you became LiLi so that you could get out?"

"No, it’s not the reason.” Liam sniffsles as he began to cry. “It’s awful.” He tried to remember the answers he’d been coached to give. “Mr. Watson is always angry cause I make him late even though I don’t mean to. The other kids are super-super mean to me. I try so hard but I always mess everything up. I want to be normal and be a real big boy. I want to learn and the school... they don’t like they aren’t able to help me. It makes me so upset and mad at myself.”

"And where does Olivia fit into all of this? How'd you meet her?” Mr. Specter asked Liam.

“I was with Mr. Watson. He was doing paper stuff, paperwork. Olivia came to visit Mr. Taylor on his break and I got to meet her. She was so nice to me and she didn’t laugh at me for being LiLi. She just treated me like a person and made me feel happy. She comes to visit me now sometimes and she plays with me and teaches me stuff and helps like... encourage me. She makes me feel like maybe I can be normal some day. I like Olivia.” Liam explained and looked at her.

Olivia smiled, helping to reassure Liam that he was doing great.

“So, the school you’re attending isn’t a very good option for you in your opinion? What would be the perfect arrangement do you think?” Mr. Specter asked.

“LiLi should live with Olivia so she can help me learn to be Liam all the time and be normal. When I can be Liam then I should go to school somewhere and learn but I should keep seeing Ms. Brown cause she helps me talk about stuff and helps me learn about myself and I feel good sometimes when I talk to her about what’s inside my head.” Liam was struggling so much now as he minds drifted back and forth between LiLi and Liam. He wanted court to be over.

Mr. Specter nodded. "Thank you, Liam...I mean LiLi. You may step down now and go sit with your Keeper again."

Liam took Bruce and went to sit down where he had been before. He wanted to hug his papa and cry for awhile but he couldn’t so he held Olivia’s hand and listened as the court proceedings finished.

Once everything seemed to be done with the prosecutor and the lawyer it was the judges turn to speak. Liam was more scared now than ever.

“After listening carefully to everyone who has testified and most importantly Ms. Brown I believe that Liam’s mental state is genuine and because of that I am dismissing the charges against him by reason of mental defect.

“As for his living situation. I find myself at a crossroads. It seems that the school is struggling to provide Liam with the special care requires but it’s also allowed for Liam to finally start getting the true help he needs because of this I am going to grant guardianship to Ms. Olivia Payne with the exception that Liam is to attend school classes and therapy at Modest Borstal.”
Benji smiled. This was exactly what they hoped were to happen.

Next step was to talk with Olivia and Jake to figure out a plan on how to get the other lads out.

"So, he's free as of now? He doesn't have to live at the school anymore?" Benji asked the lawyer.

"No." Mr. Specter answered. "There will be a social worker coming by every 30 to 45 days to check up on Liam and the living situation. Once she applies for adoption, it should go faster because of the time she's spent Fostering him." He explained.

“So I just need to make sure I have Liam whenever she calls to set up a meeting time? Other than that Benji, you’ll take care of making sure he’s at school during the required times?” Olivia asked.

Liam just listened. He wanted to hear everything before he got happy.

"Yeah, basically. When the social worker calls you to set up a meeting time, make it and then tell me. I'll come over a couple hours before the time and drop him off. You can call me when they're done and I'll pick him up.” Benji nodded. "He has therapy Tuesday mornings and I'll make sure he gets to those."

“Sounds great. If you need my help with the adoption let me know.” Mr. Specter smiled. “Congratulations.” He nodded and then excused himself.

“IT’s done now? It went good?” Liam asked.

"Yeah, it's done. All good. You don't have to live at the school, but you have to attend classes there. For now at least. And you have to continue your therapy and you also can live at home with me." He smiled.

“So everything kinda stays the same except I’m not a criminal anymore and we don’t have to sneak out?” Liam wanted to clarify.

Olivia nodded, “Yes, and you sometimes get to hang out with Uncle Jake and I. Is that cool?”

“Yes.” Liam finally smiled. “I have a question though. When you adopt me will my name be Liam Payne?” He looked like he was fighting a giggle.

"Yes, it will be." Olivia smiled. "I really love it if you chose to take my name."

“Yes! Of course yes!” He cheered and hugged her. “I’d be Liam Payne and Payne rhymes with Wayne and that’s Batman’s last name!”

Olivia laughed and hugged him back. "Of course you'd find a way to relate this Batman." She teased.

Benji grinned. "Did Jake talk to you last night about...stuff going on at the school?" He asked her.

“Yeah, uh, It was an intense conversation.” She replied and began walking with them out of the courtroom. “It’s almost impossible to wrap my mind around. I can’t believe you two have to suffer through all of that happening. I hate that you’re basically powerless.”

"Yeah, and we wish we could save everyone but we're only able to get a few out. We were thinking about a four-bedroom house that's off the grid? But in order for us to lay low...Do you think it could be in your name?” Benji asked her as they walked.

“That’s fine. I told Jake I’d help any way I can. Buy until the adoption is final with Liam though,"
we have to keep up with everything for him. If he goes missing from my care they'll look at me
with a fine-toothed comb.” She explained. “I wonder though, I have a brother who owns a lot of
real estates and land. I could probably convince him to put it in his name for me.”

"Yeah, I mean, I'm willing to make the drive into town to drop Liam off with you as needed." Benji
nodded. "But that is amazing if you could convince him of that... It'd be perfect to save the lads,
the ones that we can save that is."

“Of course. I’ll call him today and see what I can talk him into. Let me know when you and Jake
find a place.” She smiled. “Hurry with it okay. I hate that those boys are trapped there.”

"Yeah, it just depends on money. Jake and I are splitting it but four bedrooms for ten people is
going to be difficult.” Benji sighed.

"I wish I could loan you guys some money but it's too risky with social services looking at me as
Liam's Foster Carer." Olivia frowned.

has his boy now.” Benji smiled at Liam.

“I wanna go now. I don’t wanna be here.” Liam pouted.

"Don't pout." Benji gently corrected. "And don't interrupt."

"I have to get back to work now but I'll talk to my brother tonight and let Jake know." Olivia
smiled. "Bye, LiLi."

“Bye Aunt Olivia,” Liam told her. He wasn’t feeling much like LiLi but he didn’t want to correct
her and seem rude.

He waved and then took hold of Benji’s hand, “Now can we go?”

Benji nodded. "Yes, we'll go back to school now. You feeling okay?" He asked as he pushed they
walked towards the front doors.

“I’m just ready to stop being LiLi and I hate this place.” He explained. “You said I have to stay
LiLi till we leave here.”

"Well, yes, but you normally enjoy being LiLi. I didn't think it was an issue to ask you to be LiLi
the entire court time. You woke up as LiLi after all." Benji commented as they made their way to
the car park. "You feel like you want to be Liam more?" He asked.

“I just, I don’t know.” Liam sighed. “People find LiLi annoying. I don’t want that. I want people to
like me.” He spoke softly as they headed towards the car.

"LiLi is apart of you and honestly, most people find toddlers annoying. I think with you...It's
because you're different. You are a teenager who sometimes legit believes he's two. It's something
that people don't know how to deal with. Just do you, babe.” Benji said as he pushed the button on
the keypad to unlock the doors.

“I want to fit in. I want to be liked. I want to be normal.” Liam said as he got in and buckled up.
“Benji, I can control when I turn into LiLi. My horny headspace I don’t have to worry about so
much cause only you like playing with me like that and you love when I’m little sexually. It’s
Liam I can control and work on so if I can be him more than I can make Liam into someone people
like and want to be around and then maybe Harry will like me more like he does Ed.”
"I love you when you're deep into LiLi," Benji told him. "I love all LiLi's and Liam's. Harry loves you as his brother. Did you want him to love you more than that?" He asked Liam, trying to understand him.

“No!” Liam quickly said. “I don’t love him like I do you. I just... I want him to special play with me. The other lad's special play with one another. Why can’t I want to be a part of that? If it's not wrong for them why is it wrong for me? I just want to touch Harry and make him feel really really good because I love him so much and I want him to touch me and make me feel good.”

"I think because of our relationship, the other lads see you as off limits...And as for Harry," Benji paused as he started the car and began to drive. "He sees you as a brother, loves you as one and brothers don't have sex. They normally don't see each other in a sexual way. I understand it's different for you and Harry because you didn't grow up together so you don't have that sense of not wanting to be sexual with each other. I don't mind if you play with him. Just talk to him. You really want to so tell him how you feel. It's better than not knowing." Benji encouraged. "Though now I am curious, is it just Harry or is it any of the other lads as well?"

“I don’t know about the other lads. The idea of them touching me as Liam is exciting. I only want you or Harry if I’m like... horny LiLi.” He tried to explain. “I’m just too shy to try stuff or say I want to try stuff.”

"I know it's hard but if you want something bad enough, you need to tell people. They may surprise you." Benji encouraged more. "I can be with you as you explain it to Harry though if you want." He offered.

“I don’t know yet. I just want to see him and tell him that court went well. I want him to know that everything is working out and soon he’ll be safe too.” Liam replied. “Oh, since I’m allowed to be out and away from the school now can we go somewhere tonight before we go home? I don’t care where. I just want to see something.”

"We can go to the store again?" Benji suggested.


"Maybe tomorrow we can go see a film." Benji smiled.

“Oh, yeah. Oh oh or maybe go shopping like for an outfit or two for me?” He asked.

Benji just smiling fondly, “Yes, love. Tomorrow is your day.”

Harry had been miserable all morning trying to concentrate while worried about Liam. He was worried because he’d ran off crying and because today was court for him.

Mr. Murphy had been in charge of their room while Mr. Watson was away. He’d gotten a blowjob from Louis and had backhanded Ed for back talking in a very sarcastic tone.

Now Mr. Murphy was collecting them from their classrooms for lunch. He had already collected most of his own students. “Such a pale little lad. Love it, means your face is still red from getting smacked. Would love to see your arse after a paddling.” He teased as he picked up Ed from class after having gotten Zayn already.

Ed rolled his eyes. "I'm sure you can imagine it very well seeing as my cheek is still red from this morning."
"I won't have to imagine it if you keep talking like that." Mr. Murphy glared.

Ed opened his mouth to speak when he was elbowed in the ribs by Zayn. "Shut up," Zayn whispered.

"I'd listen to the little Indian boy." Mr. Murphy told the lads as he went to Louis' room next.

"Indian boy? Racist much?" Zayn muttered. "I'm not even Indian!"

"You may have a red bracelet but I'll still punish you if you keep disrespecting me!" Mr. Murphy growled at Zayn.

"Didn't you just tell me to shut up?" Ed whispered.

"I tend to not take my own advice a lot of the time," Zayn whispered back.

“How were these brats?” Mr. Murphy asked an instructor as he came to collect the last of his students and Harry.

“Watson’s lad was quiet and very spaced out. Yours was drooling watching two lads give one of my star students a blowjob.” He replied.

"Brats? I suppose that's better than slags." Ed whispered.

"I'll have to give him some attention then.” Mr. Murphy nodded and moved on to Louis' room next. "Pick a whore to suck your cock and I'll make it happen...green bracelets only." He offered his student.

"I've always wanted to try Irish cum." The lad smirked as Zayn tried to control his emotions. He really didn't want to hear about or see Niall suck anyone else's cock that wasn't his or someone they both wanted to play with.

"Good thing I'm part Irish then." Ed grinned.

“I don't want you...ginger.” The lad stuck up his nose. “The blonde one, sir. Please?”

“Sure. I've would say you've more than earned it. We'll get him and the slut next then maybe I'll allow you dessert before your lunch.” Mr. Murphy said then moved to Louis’ classroom.

“He did well and as a reward he got his cock sucked as a demonstration of what we were learning in our health class this morning.” The instructor smiled.

“Very good news.” Mr. Murphy laughed as Louis frowned a little and went to stand by Harry.

Mr. Murphy then walked to the next room over where Niall was waiting.

“He wasn't misbehaved but he could still do better.” The instructor said.

Niall rolled his eyes. It wasn't his fault if he didn't find the topic that interesting and the instructor's voice was hard to listen to.

“Trousers down, lad. I have a slag of my mine who deserves a reward and your cock is it.” Mr. Murphy told Niall.

“Oh, I can do it.” Mr. Murphy's lad said smirking.
Zayn balled his hand into a fist but knew that he needed to keep his emotions in check.

“Make it quick, slag.” Mr. Murphy narrowed his eyes.

“Slag? Yeah, didn't think it'd last long.” Louis whispered.

“It's Murphy, what did you expect?” Harry whispered back.

The lad nodded then walked up to Niall.

“Further into the classroom. We can't have the entire school watching, unfortunately, new shit rules and all.” Mr. Murphy instructed.

The instructor walked out as the others walked in.

“But a small audience that is already in the room can’t be helped.” Mr. Murphy smiled.

The lad took the pair of joggers into his hands then pulled down in one swift motion leaving Niall's entire lower half exposed as he stood with the others watching, they knew better than to not watch when told to.

Niall tried not to groan when he felt the lad stroking his soft cock.

“We don’t have a lot of time and Watson will be waiting I’m sure, so make it quick. The sooner you’re hard and cum down the slag’s throat, the sooner we can all leave.” Mr. Murphy told them.

Niall nodded and closed his eyes. He thought of Zayn and how he loved having Zayn suck on his cock, and touching him. Every hand stroke and every lick, he imagined it was Zayn and not some creepy lad touching him instead with these thoughts and memories going through his mind, it didn’t take him long to get hard.

When he felt the lad sucking on his cock, he put Zayn in the front of his mind. It felt more difficult when it was a random lad and not a Keeper for a reason he wasn’t sure of, but he focused harder on being able to cum quickly. He thought about all the tricks that Zayn would do to him with his tongue and the teasing. He bit his lip as he continued to think about how good it felt the very first time he felt Zayn’s mouth on his cock once they were together, it was a burst of such immense pleasure that he never expected to feel, it always left him craving more.

As those thoughts continued, he this time, swallowed a moan. “Mmm, I’m close.” He whispered.

“Good cause I’d love to know how the Irish taste.” The lad grinned and placed his mouth back on Niall’s cock, working on it best he could.

“Mmm, fuck.” He groaned when he felt the head being sucked on then his cock being slipped back into a mouth. It was then that he came with a loud grunt as he tried to hold back his moans. It was some random lad, he wasn’t being forced to pretend that he enjoyed this.

“Tasty.” The lad smirked after swallowing all the cum. “The Irish taste amazing.” He licked his lips.

“Let’s go.” Mr. Murphy said.

Niall grabbed his trousers and pulled them up. He then went to stand in line with the others as Mr. Murphy lead them out into the hallway.

“Ni…” Zayn started.
"I’m fine.” Niall interrupted. “Really. You don’t have to worry, I’m far more used to having some random lad suck me than you think, I did a lot of things on my way to England to survive and you were the reason I came, nothing else.” He whispered. “Let’s just...not discuss it. In fact, you can make me forget about it later.”

Zayn nodded and stayed quiet as they all followed Mr. Murphy.

As they approached the cafeteria he saw Liam and Mr. Watson waiting for them all. “How’d they behave for you?” He asked trying to put on a show for the other Keeper.

"Your curly lad wasn't paying attention in class. Your ginger keeps back talking and earning multiple slaps. I may take him to the playroom because he's been a sarcastic shit all fucking morning.” Mr. Murphy replied. "Oh, and he or your tiny Irish lad will be sucking one of my lad's cocks sometime later. I'm leaving it up to the slag to decide if he wants part Irish or full Irish as a reward." He explained. "All your other slags did fairly well in class. Indian boy had his exam and the results will be in your mailbox on Monday."

"I am not fucking Indian, oh my god," Zayn complained. "Obviously, not Indian."

“His nationality is Pakistani.” Mr. Watson corrected harshly. “I am capable of punishing my own lads as I see fit and as for your lad getting a choice of mine... he can get in line behind the Keepers, all of them that outrank you. You need to remember your place here new hire. Now get your slags out of my face!”

Mr. Murphy's students were snickering behind him. "Shut up, before you all go to the playroom!" He snapped at them and shoved them into the cafe.

"Wow. Thanks." Zayn said softly. He was surprised. He thought Mr. Watson would've sold them out just to save face. He didn't know that the system between Keepers went by ranks.

"I offered myself," Ed told Mr. Watson. "I was trying to save Niall."

"Thanks, means a lot." Niall smiled.

“Mr. Murphy is the new hire. He has no rank or respect or right to make those decisions.” Mr. Watson told the lads. “He especially doesn’t get to decide if a student in his room freely uses one of mine. Fucking wanker. He’s the one needing a trip to the playroom.”

"I'd pay to see that." Louis laughed. "He made me give him a blowjob this morning." He shuddered at the memory. "I hate doing stuff to him but he keeps pulling the whole "Watson said I can have you whenever I want" card...And I wasn't in the mood to get slapped, so I obeyed."

“I apologize for that.” Mr. Watson told Louis. “Ed, if you need something for your face, even ice let me know. Otherwise are you lads ready for lunch?”

“No! You have to tell us how court went! I’ve been worried sick all night and morning! He ran out crying and then court and I can’t take it! Tell me!” Harry sounded desperate.

"Wow,” Niall commented. "Take a breath or you'll pass out."

"Court went well. Liam is officially not to be living at the school anymore but he will be attending classes and therapy here." Mr. Watson smiled. "As for last night, that'll have to wait till later."
“The judge took away my conviction too. I’m not bad anymore.” Liam smiled a little.

“Aw, Liam, you were never bad.” Louis smiled at him. “You didn’t know any better. I’m happy the judge agrees.”

"He got out of the conviction because the judge saw how his mind flips between LiLi and Liam, that was the main thing that got his record cleared." Mr. Watson smiled.

"I think I will take that ice pack? My cheek stings." Ed frowned.

"I'm sure Harry will make it feel better later," Louis smirked.

"Can we go in now? I'm so hungry." Niall asked.

“Shut up!” Harry hissed at Louis. “Liam, I know you normally eat in the kitchen but would you want to eat with Ed and I maybe? It’s okay if you don’t want to. Just wanted to offer.”

“I’ll get you the ice pack, Ed. Make sure to help Harry with getting his meal and I’ll bring it to you.” Mr. Watson told him. “Yes, let’s go in now.”

Everyone then walked into the cafeteria.

Zayn and Niall with Louis quickly went to wait in line.

Harry stayed back with Ed waiting for Liam's answer.

"Aren't you going to be sitting with Rory and Louis too?" Liam asked.

“I just thought it would be fun for you and Ed and me to sit together. You and Ed need to get to know each other. I want my brother and mate to get along. No big deal if you wanna be with Benji though.” Harry tried to offer him a warm smile so he would know it was okay either way.

Liam looked at Benji and Harry.

“Go on love. I’ll bring lunch to you when I bring Ed’s ice pack.” Benji encouraged. He knew it would be good for Liam.

“Okay, Thank you.” Liam kissed Benji's lips and then walked with Harry and Ed.

"So Hazza, what shall I serve you today?" Ed smiled. "What is it that you can stomach?"

Liam frowned and bit his lower lip, “I’m sorry.” He felt horrible watching Harry have to choose between cold food and old food.

"I'll just take...Ugh, I don't know. I'll try the chilli I guess. Just don't get a lot of it. Ask for like...two scoops." Harry said then looked at Liam. "Why are you sorry?" He asked.

“Cause you deserve better and I want you to have it and I can’t make it happen, not yet anyway.” He sighed deeply. “I’m also sorry you were worried about me.” He said as Ed started getting lunch for him and Harry.

"Don't be sorry about the food. Nothing you can do about it. I mean, it's something I've adapted to so as long as I eat enough to make sure I don't get put on those nasty protein shakes." Harry shrugged. "And what happened last night? Did I do something? Or say something?” He frowned.

Liam felt nervous suddenly, “You didn’t do anything or say anything.”
“Alright Hazza and Liam, let’s find a table.” Ed interrupted.

"There." Harry nodded towards an empty table.

"So...what was wrong than last night?” He asked Liam softly. "You okay?"

Liam didn’t want to talk about it with Ed around. He wasn’t sure he wanted to talk about it at all.

“Here Liam,” Benji said bringing him a cheese toastie and some fresh orange slices along with a cold water bottle. “Ed I’m sorry but I couldn’t find any ice packs in the kitchen so you’re going to have to run to the nurse with me to get one. I promise you’ll get a chance to eat though.”

Ed sighed. He didn't feel like moving but his cheek did sting. He nodded and stood. He looked down at Harry and smirked. "You behave while I'm gone." He winked and walked off with Mr. Watson.

“He’s so strange sometimes.” Harry laughed a bit, trying to play off Ed’s flirting.

“He makes your cock tingle though right?” Liam asked. He was getting better but he was still so innocent with no filter.

Harry almost choked on the chilli he was eating. "He makes me hard sometimes. He's good at that. But we used to fuck a lot before this place so he likes to flirt and be playful."

“You like him and have sex just cause he has tattoos and piercings?” Liam asked and bit his sandwich. “I mean, that’s what makes you want to be sexy with him?”

Harry nodded.

“What else makes you want to have sex with him?” Liam wondered. Maybe he didn’t need to tell Harry how he felt. Maybe he just needed to know how to make Harry want him like that.

"I love to be dominated like someone telling me what to do in a sexual way.” Harry explained.

“Oh, so you want to have sex with him cause you like him how Louis like Rory?” Liam asked. That didn’t help at all.

"No.” Harry shook his head. “Not at all. I'm not in love with him like Rory and Louis are in love with each other.” Harry replied.

“What about Zayn then? You touched him and put your mouth on him and I know you liked it.” Liam seemed to quickly argue as he began to blink in hopes tears wouldn’t form.

"Zayn is pure sexual attraction. Zayn is lust, not love." Harry explained. "Being sexually attracted to someone is different than being attracted to them because you like them or love them. So yeah, I liked touching Zayn because he's fucking fit and it was just something different and fun."

“Oh.” Liam blinked and a tear rolled down his face. “Am I fit?” He asked with his voice cracking as he stared hard at his lunch.


“I don’t want to be cute.” Liam sniffled. “I want you to think I’m fit too. If I get something pierced will that make you think I’m fit?” His voice whimpered as a few more tears fell.

"Why are you crying? Why is it important to you that I see you as fit?” Harry asked confused with
a frown. "You don't need to get anything pierced or tattooed because you are fit." He said.

"Then why don't you want to play with me like you did Ed and Zayn?" He began crying harder now; attracting unwanted attention slowly. "I want you to do all of that to me but I want you to want to do it and not do it only because I want you to."

"I..." Harry struggled. "You're my brother and siblings don't do that kind of thing." He said. "I didn't think you thought of me like that." He sighed. This was going from bad to worse. "But if you want to play like that we can."

"You are my brother but I want that kind of attention and I want to give you that kind of attention and I don’t care if it’s not normal. It’s what I want because it feels good and I want to make you feel good and I really really really want you to make me feel good. I’m sorry. I just want it so bad. I don’t want it to be wrong.” Liam whimpered and pushed his food away as he hid his face with his hands.

Harry frowned more. "Liam, we can totally do that. It's fine. Don't worry. We can ask Benji to find us a room where we can be alone."

"Are you sure? I don’t want you to do it if it’s just because you pity me.” Liam swallowed hard and wiped his eyes off. “I want you to actually want it."

"Everything okay?” Mr. Watson asked coming back in with Ed who was looking at them curiously.

"Yeah, I want to." Harry smiled and looked at Mr. Watson. "Everything's fine. He just told me about why he was upset last night."

“Oh, are you both okay then?” He didn’t want to blurt it out and embarrass either of them but he wanted to make sure the two were alright. What Liam wanted honestly was asking a lot.

“I think I’m okay.” Liam nodded.

"Yeah, it's fine." Harry nodded in agreement and began eating again.

Ed then sat down and began to eat his fries while holding the ice pack with one hand.

“Good, I’m glad.” He gave both of them a pat on the shoulder. “If you need anything or... whatever, just uh, let me know.” He nodded to mostly Harry.

Harry nodded. "I'll tell you later." He said and watched Mr. Watson walk away.

"I'm confused." Ed said.

"You don't wanna know, trust me." Harry laughed a little so Ed wouldn’t be interested in asking questions.

“Why are you laughing?” Liam asked feeling upset. “It’s not funny, Harry. It’s serious.” He felt like maybe Harry thought less of him now.

"I'm not laughing at that..." Harry fought a sigh. "I know it's serious. I wouldn't laugh at that."

He didn't want Ed to know because Ed would make a comment about it and he didn't want to hear it.

"Still confused...but honestly really don't give a fuck." Ed shrugged and went back to eating his
“Oh,” Liam swallowed hard. “I’m sorry. I’m just moody. Court was really hard. They asked me so many questions about my past.”

"It's fine." Harry smiled.

"Hard past?" Ed asked.

“Yeah, they were horrible to me. I had to stay in my room most of the time unless I was doing something for one of them or going to school.” Liam explained. “My foster brother taught me stealing was okay and good and that’s how I got here.”

Ed nodded. "Just for stealing? Hm. They send kids here for any small reason I guess. Surprised I didn't get here sooner."

"I can't believe that it took you setting fires to abandoned buildings to finally get you put in one of these places. I honestly expected it after you did the fraud." Harry commented.

"Eh. That was never properly proven." Ed shrugged. "At least they never found our sex tape or I would have gone someplace worse." He smirked.

“Sex tape?” Liam asked. “Harry, you did porn?” Liam looked shocked as he decided to eat again. “Ed, do you do porn a lot?”

Ed raised his eyebrows at the question. "Wow. No filter on you." He shook his head. "No, it was just something I did for fun. I don't do porn. I'm not into that...well, watching, yes, doing porn? No."

"Yeah, me too. And no, Liam. I didn't do porn." Harry said and stole one of Ed's fries. He wondered what they tasted like. He had avoided them in the past. "Hm. Not as disgusting as it'd be."

“But people naked and doing sex stuff on video or in photos is porn right?” Liam didn’t understand now. “Do friends and couples make like kinda porn just for fun and for only themselves?”

“Something like that.” Mr. Taylor whispered to Liam as he passed by and heard. “Congratulations by the way. I heard you did amazing. We’ll chat later.” He rubbed Liam’s back and kept walking.

"It's only porn if you do it and upload it to a website. Sometimes people video themselves having sex for fun." Harry tried to explain.

"They keep it for themselves and watch it," Ed said.

“Oh!” Liam said understanding better now. “I don’t know that I would want to watch myself on film. I’d probably get embarrassed. Especially is I was LiLi. LiLi is very very shy about special playtime.”

"Special playtime? Oh." Ed said understanding now. "So you can't say sex? No offence or anything. I get why LiLi can't say sex but why not you when you're 14?" He asked.

“I do sometimes. When I’m with Benji I even say the F-word.” Liam replied. “I just, I don’t know. I’m really... I think the word is innocent. I just don’t really know stuff like most kids. The only reason I wasn’t a virgin coming here is cause I was basically dared or almost forced to lay there and let her do stuff to me.” He tried to explain more openly.
“When I say I was in my room most of the time I really mean it. I only had my bed and my clothes and my school stuff in there. Oh and books. My foster dad would sometimes let me have comic books.”

"Sad. Mum O'D on the kitchen floor when I was four then dad was a drunk and literally drank himself to death. He died when I was seven. I was put into Foster Care after the rest of my so-called family said that they didn't want me." Ed explained his story.

“I don’t know who my parents are. I never met them. When I was little I always dreamed they’d change their mind and come back for me. That never happened though.” Liam replied. “Harry’s mums are Snow White and Merida though!”

“What?” Ed laughed. "What the fuck?” He was so confused. "I don't see it. He's not that pale and he doesn't have red hair. But just because I don't see doesn't mean it's not true."

“Snow White's black hair. Merida’s got long curly hair.” Harry explained. “I have no idea who the real ones are so it’s sort of sweet to think of them as my parents. Gives me something happy to think about when I lay down at night. So be nice.” Harry replied to Ed.

Harry hoped finding a balance between defending Liam and joking around with Ed would help them all learn to get along better and faster.

"I kinda see it now. It'd work better if you had black hair?" Ed said. "Anyways. Good analogy." He nodded.

"Who would your parents be?" He asked Liam

“When the adoption is final Aunt Olivia will be my mum.” Liam began. “But my real parents? If I could choose I would want them to be Batman’s parents so he and I could be brothers and he could teach me how to be a superhero too.”

“Everything is Batman. Keep up, Ed.” Harry teased him making Liam laugh a little.

Ed fought an eye roll but nodded. "Sounds cool." He smiled

“Oh, Harry guess what!” Liam smiled happily. “Olivia’s last name is Payne. When the adoption is final I get to be Liam Payne. It’s so cool!”

Ed opened his mouth to speak but was cut off by Harry.

"I know what you're thinking and don't," Harry told him. "He won't get it, and he'll get upset. So keep them to yourself." He knew that Ed would make so many inappropriate jokes and he didn't want Liam to get upset by not understanding what Ed meant.

"Party pooper." Ed stuck out his tongue.

Harry smiled and shook his head.

“Anyway,” Liam said trying not to pout. “I heard Aunt Olivia and Benji talking about the plans. They’re looking for a place that’s something called off grid with four bedrooms. She supposed to call her brother tonight about putting it in his name so Benji and Uncle Jake aren’t found there.” Liam filled them in. It seemed like a safe topic that would keep the two talking to him.

"Wouldn't it be easier for it to be in Olivia's name?" Ed asked.
"Yeah, that's what I was thinking too." Harry agreed.

“That’s what they started saying but then Olivia said it would be risking to do that until the adoption was final because if I go missing they’ll look at her too.” Liam clarified.

"Interesting. I wonder just how off the grid it'll be." Harry wondered aloud.

"You do know what off the grid means, right, Hazza?" Ed teased.

"Shut up." Harry laughed quietly shaking his head. "Of course I know what it means you dumbarse. I'm not that stupid."

"Just a little stupid then?" Ed teased more.

"Just a little." Harry agreed then looked at Liam. "At least they're looking, I wonder how they'll get us out."

“If I find out I’ll tell you,” Liam said and finished his meal. “I’m just happy for that time cause then all of you can be free.”

Harry was struggling to finish his chilli. It was a bad choice.

"Here, I'll finish off the nasty chilli and I'll let you eat my semi-decent fries." Ed switched their meals.

"Thanks." Harry smiled at Ed then looked at Liam. "Yeah, the sooner the better."

“Times almost up whores!” Mr. Derringer yelled to the room.

“I hate when they call everyone those things.” Liam groaned.

"It doesn't bother me," Harry told him and worked on finishing the fries.

"Better than slags," Ed said and quickly ate the rest of the nasty tasting chilli.

"Fuck. That...is gross. I can't wait to taste normal food again." Ed commented.

“I want to learn how to cook,” Liam said. “Maybe Benji can teach me the little bit he knows when we leave here so I can cook for you all.”

Harry nodded. "That sounds cool."

"I'm a pretty good cook. Haz and I were left alone a lot and grew up in the system, you kind of learn to care for yourself. It's not that hard to follow a recipe." Ed said. "Harry's decent at it. I taught him a few tricks."

"I prefer baking over cooking," Harry said.

“Well I want to learn so I can be helpful when I’m not LiLi cause I don’t want to drift off into LiLi forever. I know I can’t control it but I just don’t like being that deep.” Liam explained.

Harry opened his mouth to reply when Mr. Derringer yelled it was time to clean up and get in line.

"I'll get it." Ed offered. "You still have one hand, unfortunately."

"Unfortunately?" Harry asked.
"Yeah, you can't do as much with a sore hand." Ed laughed and walked off.

“I think he means sex stuff,” Liam whispered to Harry. “I think he likes having sex with you.”

Harry laughed quietly. "Yeah, I know what he meant and I know that he likes having sex with me. I like having sex with him too. A lot. He's the only person I've ever had sex with that was actually enjoyable."

Liam nodded, “I’m glad you have someone you can enjoy it with. Do you suppose you’ll enjoy playing with me?”

Harry opened his mouth when Zayn and Niall passed them. "Stop talking and line up." He whispered. He didn't want Harry to get into trouble.

Harry quickly moved to line up then looked at Liam. "Probably. Won't know till we try." He shrugged.

“Oh,” Liam replied and became quiet as he saw Benji approaching them.

“Ed, did you get a proper chance to eat?” Benji asked him as Liam quickly took his hand tightly

Harry seems to be the kind of lad that’s open to making Liam happy. Also, if you consider that he played with the others it’s not hard to see where he would play with Liam. Harry is also normally seen as a bottom in this so it's a chance to show him as a top

"Yeah, I did," Ed said. "My cheek is numb now from the ice pack but it also feels better. Do I hang onto it or do I give it back to you or what?" He asked.

"Why do you smell like smoke?" Harry asked Zayn softly.

"Taylor took me out earlier with Niall so I could have a fag," Zayn replied softly.

"Right. Forgot." Harry nodded.

"If you need it keep it. Otherwise, I can take it for you." Mr. Watson told him as Louis finally joined them.

“Sorry, sir. Mr. Kelley was speaking to me.” Louis told him.

"Mr. Kelly was speaking to you?” Mr. Watson asked. "About what?" He asked. "Did he do something?"

“He didn’t do anything. He was just talking dirty to me.” Louis explained. “I’m okay.”

"That's good." Mr. Watson nodded. "Time for your classes, then you, Louis, have therapy afterwards and the rest of you will be in the room for awhile so I’m sure you'll all find a way to relax with each other." He smirked a little and opened the door as he ushered them out.

“Actually, Mr. Watson, can Liam and I have time together alone?” Harry asked.

“Really? You’re sure?” Liam asked.

“Why does this feel like it’s more than just a brother thing?” Louis laughed. He wasn’t trying to be mean or insensitive to Liam. He had no idea what the truth really was.

"Maybe. We'll see if I can figure something out." Mr. Watson said as he lead them down the
"Wonder what kind of talk they need to have now," Niall whispered to Zayn.

"If it is what I think it is...Then I'd rather not think about it." Zayn whispered back.

"Wait, you actually think... but it’s Liam and Harry?" Ed whispered to them.

"He was watching you three "play" last night. He never took his eyes off of Harry. Maybe because Zayn and you had a turn and he's already fucked Louis once...Maybe he wants a turn. It's not like they're real brothers." Niall whispered.

"It still feels incesty though because they act like real brothers. I don't know. If it happens, then it's just plain weird to me and I'm thankful I don't have to watch." Zayn whispered.

"Do us all a favour and don't breathe a word of your distaste for it to either of them; especially Liam," Louis warned.

"Yeah, Harry is strangely protective of the kid." Ed agreed. “I support Harry doing whatever makes him happy though.”

"I'm not a fucking idiot," Zayn whispered to Louis. "I know how to handle Liam. I know how to protect his feelings."

"Harry is probably doing just to make Liam happy though. He's the kind of lad who'll say yes to anything Liam wants. If Liam wants them to fuck then Harry will say yes to it." Niall chimed in.

“That’s not right. I know he’s attached to Liam but you can’t do that just because Liam wants it.” Louis shook his head. “Maybe you should talk to him, Ed. Remind him not to just do whatever for Liam.”

"I'll try in between next classes...I'm not going to get a chance probably until after it happens." Ed sighed.

"Liam was crying, everyone saw," Zayn whispered. "So I'm sure that's partly the reason he said "yes" so quickly. I could be wrong but that's just how I view things.”

“What if Harry really wants it though? That’s a possibility.” Louis reminded. “You all tend to judge so quickly.”

"Could be that." Niall agreed. "I don't know. Seems odd to me. He seems to be really into Ed fucking him though."

"The lad enjoys me." Ed smiled.

"Alright. We’ve arrived at your class, Ed...Zayn...Behave. Please.” Mr. Watson told them.

“Yes, sir.” Zayn agreed and walked in with Ed.
Next chapter feats Lirry sex!! Anyone excited? (I'm not LOL but that's just my personal view.)

It'll be interesting to hear your thoughts on it.

Anyways...I hope you all enjoyed this chapter and loved it.

Do share your love.

Thoughts?

Opinions?

Feelings?

How'd you like the Lirry convo?

What did you think about court?
Chapter 54

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not posting this yesterday!!! I actually thought yesterday was Tuesday and that I already did it. It wasn't until like midnight or something that I realized it was Monday (One of those days. xD).

Anyways, I tried my best to get done last night but I fell asleep instead.

It took me all day to edit this because I kept getting distracted, but here you are, the lovely chapter!

Oh and I hope the Ziall sex is okay? J-Lynn (CrypticFondness) started it with me then decided she didn't want to do it so then we just moved on and I had to finish it myself. It's been awhile since I wrote a sex scene on my own so it's a little...unique. xD

ALSO one more thing then you can go read. Promise.

Lirry sex happens in this chapter. I didn't write any of this. J-Lynn did. She wanted this and I compromised by saying okay but you write it. Because it makes me so damn uncomfortable and get this awful feeling in my stomach when I have to read them being sexual.

So, I manged to edit it some of it. ANYTHING that required me to actually read the sentence...I skipped over because I can't handle it.

I hope you like it, and I'm just being weird. xD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Niall was dropped off next followed by Louis which left only Harry and Liam with Mr. Watson. “Based on your request I’m assuming you both spoke?”

"Yeah, we did." Harry nodded. "I'm willing." He said. "But we do need to be alone."

“You’re completely sure? You have a choice and Liam understands that. He wants it to be your choice.” Benji said.

“I told him I wanted him to want it,” Liam said. “I don’t want it if he doesn’t cause I want it to be a choice.”

"It's fine," Harry said. "It's all good on my end. It can happen any time as well."

“Well, I’m leaving that up to you. Do you want to go to your classes or go back to the room with Liam? I’m not sure when I can get you both alone other than now or possibly Monday.” Benji told Harry.

Liam stayed quiet.
"Now is fine." Harry nodded. "If that's alright with you?" He asked Liam.

"Yes, Yeah, Of course." He nodded quickly. "Sorry, I mean, that’s fine."

Benji kissed Liam’s lips then turned to Harry as they began walking. "You know where the lube is. If you need it please use it. I know you know how to be safe and not get hurt but he doesn’t."

"I know. Don't worry. I'll make sure he's safe." Harry said. "Do you have any boundaries that you don't want us to cross?" He asked Mr. Watson.

"Well, no kissing on the lips... That's about it." Mr. Watson nodded.

"Lips are for Benji only.” Liam smirked.

“Tha’s right. You can kiss me if you are just horny LiLi as well though.” Benji clarified.

“Right.” Liam nodded as they neared the room. “Thank you, Harry and you babe. I love you both so much for letting this happen.”

Harry nodded as Mr. Watson unlocked the door.

"You're welcome." Harry said trying not to feel awkward. He had never thought about doing anything sexual with Liam before. It was certainly going to be interesting.

"You’re welcome, love. You know when your Liam my favourite thing to do is spoil you.” He smiled. Benji then kissed Liam’s lips and left the boys, locking them in the room.

Liam turned to Harry and smiled softly, “I’m glad you want to do this with me.” He stepped closer to Harry kissed his cheek. “I want to make you feel really good so help me know what to do okay?”

“Are you wanting to be on top then?” Harry asked as he ran his hands up and down Liam’s arms.

“Oh no. I don’t think I’m brave enough.” Liam replied and took a step even closer to Harry so their bodies would be pressed together. “I need you to tell me what to do and stuff. I need you to take the lead.”

“I can do that.” Harry smiled softly and put his hands on Liam’s hips. “Let’s just start by getting you hard then. Do you wanna do this in your crib or on my bed?”

“Your bed.” Liam replied softly. He was so excited yet a bit nervous as well. He pulled away from Harry and took his jumper off then sat on the lower bunk.

Harry smiled more. This certainly was different but at the same time, he really wanted to this. He wanted to explore this.

Harry slipped off his jacket and shirt as well as his shoes and laid down next to Liam, “Normally I’d start things off with kissing but since we aren’t doing that how about I just lick and suck on your neck and chest a bit? You can tell me if it feels good.”

“If it does will you do more, like other stuff?” Liam asked.

“Of course, I’ll make sure we both have fun and feel good enough to cum.” Harry smiled and moved down on the bed a bit.

He licked his tongue over the vain in Liam’s neck and rubbed his hand over his smooth chest. He could feel Liam twitch a bit and gasp slightly. It let him know Liam already liked this.
Moments later Harry dipped down even further and kissed a trail to each nipple where he sucked at them and nibbled on them lightly. This action made Liam moan and giggle.

“You’re so talented with this. It feels wonderful.” Liam told him in a higher pitched voice.

“Thank you.” Harry smiled and continued to lick, kiss and suck his way down Liam’s chest and abs to his belly button. “You taste nice Liam. Very sweet.”

Liam smiled and gasped loudly when Harry’s tongue darted into his belly button. “T-thanks. Mmm, ca-can I try sucking your cock?”

Harry glanced up at him. He hadn’t been expecting Liam to be so forward. The idea sounded great, however, after all, he was a little hard already. “I’d like that. Here,” Harry removed his sweats. “Do you want me to fuck your mouth or do you want me to lay down for you?”

“Lay down. Just tell me if I should do something different or whatever.” Liam said as he moved out of Harry’s way. “You liked tasting me?” He asked seeing Harry was obviously turned on a bit.

“I…” Harry paused for just a moment. His first reaction was to make up an excuse but he changed his mind and decided to tell the truth. They were brothers. They should be honest even if this was something most brothers don’t do. “Yes, Liam. I really liked it.”

Liam smiled and ran his hands over Harry’s thighs before leaning forward and kissing them. He licked and sucked a bit on Harry’s skin before finally going to his cock. “I’m really glad you like it. I just want us to feel nice and love each other in our own way.”

Harry nodded, “It’s different Li but I understand.”

Liam nodded a little as well and finally flicked his tongue over Harry’s tip. He repeated this a few times as Harry moaned for him before taking Harry’s tip completely into his mouth.

“Mmm, suck gently Liam.” Harry requested. The warm and wet sensation of Liam’s mouth was incredible.

Liam did as he was asked while letting his hands run over Harry’s thighs and hips. After a while, however, he decided to go further and let Harry’s cock slide completely into his mouth. Harry was long enough that his tip tapped the back of Liam’s throat.

“Oh shit.” Harry suddenly moaned loud. “That. Do that.”

Liam pulled his mouth off Harry then lowered his mouth back onto him. When Harry moaned for him again he repeated this only faster.

“Fuck, perfect. Again, do that over and over.” Harry moaned and grabbed at the sheet on his bed.

Liam was happy to comply. He bobbed his head on Harry over and over while letting his fingers trailed over his balls softly. Soon, however, Liam found this was making him extremely hard. His trousers and boxers he’d been given made being hard uncomfortable.

“Harry, it’s hurting.” Liam frowned.

“Right, stand up sweetie.” Harry told him. “I’ll fix it for you.”

When Liam moved to stand Harry smiled at the large bulge in his trousers, “Like sucking cock do you, Liam?”
Liam blushed a bright shade of red and nodded, “Yes, it’s exciting. I like other stuff more but I just like all sex stuff.”

“What do you like having done to you?” Harry asked as he removed Liam’s trousers now. He smiled at his Justice League boxers. “These are cute by the way.”

Liam blushed again, “Thanks, I um, I like when Benji puts his mouth on me. I really like when he licks my bum. Oh, and I love when he goes inside of me and puts his special milk inside of me.”

“It’s called cum.” Harry informed helping Liam out of his boxers. “You’re so hard. Wow.” Harry kissed his tip earning a little giggle. “On your knees and lean over my bed okay? I’m going to open you with my tongue and then if you want it I’ll go inside of you. Most people would say, “I’ll fuck you” or “I’ll have sex with you”.”

Liam nodded and got into the requested position as Harry got the lube for later. “I’d really really like it if you’d have sex with me.”

This was certainly a different kind of sexual encounter. It was slower and sweeter. It wasn’t just sex and it felt like so much more than just making each other feel good. Harry found it enjoyable. He like that this was different. It made this feel more like it was their way of sharing the love. Unconventional, but wonderful.

“Let me know if anything hurts.” Harry told him as he got onto his knees. He kissed one of Liam’s cheeks and but at it a little before moving and licking over Liam’s hole.

The more Harry licked him and shoved his tongue in and out of him the more Liam whimpered and cried out from pleasure. Soon his cock was leaking and dripping onto the floor as Liam’s tried to press backwards into Harry.

“Ready for my cock now aren’t you? It’s okay to tell me, baby.” Harry encouraged and rubbed his hips softly.


Harry was throbbing so of course he agreed and grabbed for the lube. He put a thick coating over his cock and smeared some onto Liam’s little hole. “Okay Li, slow relaxed breaths.”

Liam nodded and made sure he was breathing normally to keep himself loose. He moaned when he felt Harry tap his entrance then cried out rather loudly as he pushed into him.

“Fuck, I had no idea you were so tight.” Harry moaned and grabbed his hips firmly. “Feels really really incredible.”

“Mmm, move then. Want it to feel even better.” Liam whimpered and moved his hips a little. “Fuck me.”

Harry smiled and began to thrust in and out of Liam gently. He found a steady yet slower pace that he and Liam both enjoyed and began to focus on getting them both to their orgasms.

Liam loved how the slower pace felt. It added to how lovely this all was. It was perfect and everything he’d been craving. It had his cock twitching also.

“Touch your cock, Liam. Stroke yourself while I fuck your little hole.” Harry encouraged. “Christ, you really do feel amazing.”
“You feel incredible too. Ah! Harry!” Liam moaned more and wrapped his hand around his cock.

Soon both lads were a loud, moaning and whimpering mess.

“Don’t be shy. Cum when it hits you, Liam. Let brother know I’m helping you feel good.” Harry moaned. He wanted to cum just after Liam to help his orgasm last just a bit longer.

“I’m there. I… Harry!” Liam screamed as his body convulsed while cum sprayed onto the floor.

The second Harry felt Liam’s muscles tighten around his dick he screamed and then came hard filling up Liam’s arse, “Li! Fuck, Liam!”

Harry’s cumming prolonged Liam’s orgasm making him shake even harder and almost cry from the overwhelming, wonderful feeling.

Finally, both of their orgasms began to die down and Harry slowly pulled out of him. “That was absolutely wonderful Liam. Thank you.”

Liam slowly let himself raise up off the bed and turn slightly so he could see Harry, “Thank you bub. That was everything I was craving. I love you.”

Harry smiled softly and kissed Liam’s forehead, “I love you too little brother. You’ll always be the little one by the way.”

“I know. I don’t mind.” Liam smiled and hugged him. “Do you think we’ll do this again?”

Harry took a breath and pulled away from the hug, “I really enjoyed it, Liam. I wouldn’t mind doing it again but I don’t know yet if this is something I’d want to do long term or forever. I need more time okay?”

“Yeah,” Liam quickly replied. “Of course. I understand completely.” He knew he wanted more but he also knew this needed to be Harry’s choice as well. He wanted it to be Harry’s choice.

“Let’s clean up so we can get dressed though alright? Until we’re both completely sure how we feel I’d rather everyone not know. Too many questions I don’t know how to answer yet.” Harry gently told Liam as he helped him stand and go to the sink.

“I get that. It’s smart.” Liam agreed. “Our secret for now; kinda anyway.”

It was now the end of school day and Mr. Watson was picking the others up from class.

Mr. Taylor offered to pick Louis up and take him to therapy to help Benji out. He had already picked up his students and was on his way to take them to their room at the time he asked.

The two of them were alone now and they were walking to therapy.

"Mr. Taylor...May I ask a question?” Louis asked him.

“I suppose. What’s your question?” He asked as they walked. “Make it good.”

"If Rory and I let you watch us...Can we skip the film and fuck instead?” Louis softly asked. He didn't want anyone to overhear.

Mr. Taylor took a moment to consider. “That could be arranged. I really feel like I should get more
out of it than just watching though. You get your little bum fucked by your boy toy and what do I get?"

"If you let us fuck tonight...Then you can join us tonight.” Louis offered.

“So a willing three-way, with the two of you tonight in exchange for letting you two fuck?” Mr. Taylor thought for a moment. “You get him to agree and I’ll allow it. A three-way that includes your tight arse sounds lovely.”

"If it means us getting to be alone tonight and to fuck...I won't have an issue convincing him." Louis quickly nodded.

“Alright then.” He added as they arrived at his therapy session. “Get all your flirting and fucking for the weekend out tonight cause if the weekend Keepers smell a relationship? You’re fucked.”

“We will. We’ll be careful. Although if you want to talk about couples being careful then you should talk to Zayn and Niall.” He said as he sat in one of the chairs in the waiting room.


They waited in silence for a few minutes before Ms. Brown came out of her office to collect Louis.

“So tell me what happened to you and Liam at lunch.” Ed told Harry as he broke his eyes away from the couple.

"Nothing." Harry shrugged. "He just wanted to talk about stuff and he got overly emotional about it as usual, but then I calmed him down and things were fine.” He told him.

“He’s such a snowflake.” Ed laughed softly as he laid down on his stomach next to Harry. “You’re adorable with him though.” He teased and poked Harry’s side.

Harry smiled a little. "Thanks." He told Ed as he heard Zayn let out a moan.

“They’re gonna fuck aren’t they?” Ed asked watching the other two lads in the room. “Bet you’re wishing it was you over there so you could mouth those tattoos.”

"Probably are." Harry nodded. "And yeah, I'd love to be the one mouthing over his tats.” He agreed.

“I have tattoos you know.” Ed reminded. “Just don’t have my piercings. Stupid rules.” Ed hated not having his jewellery. They couldn’t take away his tattoos at least.

"I know." Harry smiled. "Last night was fun, I had both of you."

“That was fun. Shit, I love watching you turn into a total slut.” Ed laughed.

“Christ Ni! Just take them off already.” Zayn almost complained from his bunk as Niall teased him through his joggers.

“Promise me, if we actually ever get out of here and I get my hardware back that you’ll be my little slut and suck on them all again? I fucking miss that.” Ed requested.

"Be patient! Just a little more." Niall smirked and continued to tease his boyfriend.

"Fuck, yes." Harry almost moaned at the thought of it. "I'll always be a slut for tats and piercings."
“Can’t wait.” Ed smiled. “Who knows how long that will be though. Not so sure if I trust Mr. Watson on actually getting us all out of here. Hope it happens though. If I have to wait till I’m eighteen these holes will close up.” He complained.

"We can trust him." Harry said. "He's letting Niall and Zayn have sex, he walked in last night on it happening and just watched and fucked Liam when he could have punished us." He argued a little.

Ed shrugged. “He's doing in to make the little one happy, I'm sure. But whatever the reason, I don't really care or have much of an opinion on.”

“Honestly, everyone has their kinks, like with me loving tats.” Harry shrugged. “I don't think it's weird it's just discovering something new?”

“I suppose when you put it that way…” Ed nodded and glanced over at Zayn and Niall.

Niall took off Zayn's joggers and started to stroke the hard cock with one hand, just to tease him further.

“Mmm, I want your mouth, not your hand.” Zayn groaned as his back arched.

“Is it strange that I enjoyed being watched by him? Something about it felt so wrong in such an exciting way.” Ed asked.

Zayn looked at Ed upon hearing the question. It was something he began to wonder himself lately. He then went back to watching Niall work on his cock. “Mmm, do you want on top or bottom? I’m ready for sex.”

"I want to ride you." Niall grinned.

“I just want my cock buried deep your Irish arse.” Zayn told his boyfriend.

“Get the lube then.” Zayn told Niall and slapped his arse as he left the bed.

“Do you want to be stretched, baby?” Zayn asked Niall as he got back on the bed. “Fuck, I wish I had a plug to just keep inside you so you’d be ready to fuck anytime I wanted.”

Niall moaned and nodded. "Fuck! Yes! I’d love that. I’d love to be open for you to just take me whenever you wanted to."

Zayn smiled as he took the lube. “Clothes off.” He instructed and moved so he could open his boyfriend.

Niall smirked and worked on quickly getting his uniform off.

Zayn positioned himself in front of Niall and slowly inserted one finger. He knew Niall didn't need to be opened but it was a thing between them now most times to remind each other of what good sex felt like.

Niall moaned as he arched his back off of the bed. “Fucking love your fingers.” He smiled.

“And I love them being inside you, my cock more so though.” Zayn commented as he slipped a second finger inside.

“Mmm, feels good.” Niall grinned now. “But fuck, I'm so impatient. I just want to ride you
already.”

Zayn slipped his fingers out and quickly moved to lay on the bed. “Cock is hard and waiting.” He smirked

“Damn right it is.” Niall mumbled as he got into position.

Zayn helped hold Niall steady as he watched Niall lower himself onto his cock.

He then let out a low moan. “Fuck...shit. Ugh. You feel incredible.” He could easily get hooked on this feeling.

Niall moaned a little louder. “Fuck. I love how this feels; the fullness of you being inside me.”

“Might wanna quiet down over there.” Harry told them. “The last thing we need is a Keeper coming in and finding you two fucking.”

“Good point.” Niall nodded.

“I love it too. Let me know when you're ready.” Zayn responded to Niall's earlier comment.

Niall smirked and began to move up and down on Zayn's cock then rocked back and forth a bit.

“Mm, so good baby.” Zayn spoke softly.

Niall ran his hands along Zayn's chest. “I fuckin love this view.”

“Me too.” Zayn smirked then began to thrust up into Niall, not too hard at first but just enough to leave the lad whimpering for more.

“Fuckin tease...I need more.” Niall half pouted.

“But you're so cute when you pout.” Zayn teased then began to move faster.

“Ah! Yes!Fuck. Shit.” Niall couldn't think of anything besides the pleasure he felt from Zayn's cock being deep inside him.

When Zayn slowed down a bit, Niall took this opportunity to ride himself on Zayn's cock and by rubbing his nipples.

“Mmm,” Zayn moaned and reached for Niall's hard leaking cock.

“Ah, love being touched by you…and to feel the good things.” Niall smiled and thrust into Zayn's hand a bit.

Zayn began to rub Niall's cock fast using the dripping pre-cum as lube. “Just think of the day we can have sex for as long as we want without worrying about getting caught.”

“Doesn't feel possible.” Niall whispered in a moan as he continued to ride on Zayn's cock.

“Ah, my pretty leprechaun...ah...one day. But first, I have to make you cum.” Zayn told him and stroked Niall's cock harder.

“You think I'm pretty?” Niall asked, stopping for a moment. Zayn didn't normally use those terms.

"Not that I'm into female pronouns as a kink or anything, but you are pretty," Zayn told him. "Lads
can be pretty too, now ride me." He gently slapped Niall's arse.

Niall gasped at the feeling, it felt really good. "Mmm," He moaned as he began to bounce on Zayn's cock.

After a couple of minutes of just watching in awe of his beautiful boyfriend bouncing on his cock, he began to meet the bounces with a thrust while keeping a hand on Niall's cock, stroking it and playing with it lightly.

It didn't take long for them both to cum after that followed by a couple of whimpers and low moans from voices across from them, both Ed and Harry had their cocks out and were wanking each other off while watching.


"It's fine, as we've already discussed, we don't mind being watched." Niall smiled and leaned down to kiss Zayn's lips.

Zayn grinned as he helped Niall off his cock. "Gorgeous boy." He kissed along Niall's jawline then around his face before finally landing on his lips.

Niall giggled a little. "Thank you. We should clean up though, I'm sure Louis will be back shortly."

Zayn nodded as he and everyone else began to head to the sink to clean up the mess of cum on themselves.

A while later Louis was now being picked up from therapy by Mr. Watson and Liam.

“Thanks, Ms. Brown.” Louis smiled as he left the office.

“Good session I take it?” Mr. Watson asked.

“Yeah, it was.” Louis continued to smile. “If you don't mind my asking, sir...How much longer until dinner?”

“About ten minutes.” Mr. Watson replied. “You'll see him soon. Try to be patient.”
“Did Mr. Taylor talk to you yet?” Louis asked.

“I haven’t seen him since he dropped you off. Liam and I have uh...been busy.” Mr. Watson replied.

“I follow.” Louis nodded. “I just offered Mr. Taylor a willing threeway on Monday if he’d let us skip the film tonight to fuck.”

"Oh." Mr. Watson nodded. "Well, as long as all three parties are consenting, I don't see an issue with it."

"How is Rory okay with it if you haven't seen him yet?" Liam asked confused.

“Because Rory loves me and I already know if it means getting to have sex with me he’ll do it.” Louis tried to explain. “Oh, what about getting him moved to our room? How likely is it for that to happen?”

"It'll happen. I just need to think of a good enough reason for him to be transferred. He's a good lad, right? Rarely makes trouble? Derringer likes the troublemakers. I could offer to take Rory off his hands since you lot have been well behaved.” Mr. Watson thought aloud.

“Yeah, I mean he used to be horrible. He was really bad. Now he’s very well behaved.” Louis explained. “Arrange to give him that Joe kid and take Rory.”

"Mr. Thomas won't give up Tyler. He may be onto his little shit game but he prefers to keep him around." Mr. Watson said. "Joe would be good. I'm sure Davis would love to get rid of him."

“Will my crib still stay in the room?” Liam asked. “I need it when I’m LiLi and I’m here a lot.”

“Don’t worry Liam. Your crib wouldn’t be in the way just because Rory joins the room.” Louis said and gave him a pat on the head.

Liam moved his head away. "I'm not LiLi right now so you don't need to pat my head."

"Love," Benji said to him softly. "It's okay, your crib doesn't equal a bed, well, not one of the bunks in the room. Rory will use the one free bed left."

Sorry, Liam. I guess I just still think of you as young and little even as Liam. I mean, you're four years younger than I am.” Louis apologized.

Liam sighed. "I'm trying harder to be normal." He frowned. "To be LiLi less, to fight it and learn to be not so innocent, but it's so...so damn hard!"

Benji stopped walked and wrapped his arms around Liam, “You’re doing brilliantly Liam. I’m so incredibly proud of you.” He kissed his lips. “Don’t frown. Liam or LiLi, I adore them both so don’t stress. You’re growing and learning each day. That’s what matters most.”

Thanks." Liam smiled as they reached the room.

Mr. Watson unlocked the door and let the lads inside.

He found Zayn and Niall cuddling while Ed and Harry were still chatting.

Niall looked up at Mr. Watson curiously, “What are we doing now?”

Liam smiled at Harry. He wanted to say hello but Ed still intimidated him a bit.
Harry could see this and gave him a warm smile, “Hi Liam. You can sit and chat with us if you want.”

"There's still time to dinner so all of you will be staying here.” Mr. Watson answered.

“Can I stay with Harry?” Liam asked.

"Of course, baby." Benji kissed Liam's head. "I need to work though, I have things to catch up on before dinner."

“We’ll be fine sir.” Harry assured him.

“Yeah, Liam never gives Harry a hard time.” Zayn assured as well.

“Harry is my brother. I’m good around him cause I trust him.” Liam explained. “I’ll see you soon Benji. Love you.”

"I wasn't doubting either of you." Benji said slightly confused. "Love you too.” He said and left.

“Did you have a good session, Louis?” Niall asked trying to make small talk.

Liam went and sat as close to Harry as he could. He was working to trust Ed and be friends with him but for now, he was a bit scary.

"Yeah, it was good." Louis nodded. "You two have fun?” He asked sitting on the bed with them.

Zayn smiled. "We did." He nodded.

"Figures I'd miss out." Louis half pouted. He felt really horny.

"Aren't you doing something with Rory tonight?" Niall asked.

"Yes, during film time...Mr. Taylor is letting us fuck." Louis smiled.

"Nice, I think for once...We may just enjoy the film." Niall said.

"Kinda like a date?" Louis teased.

"Kinda." Zayn smiled more.

“Can I sit with you during the film Harry?” Liam asked.

“I thought we would sit together?” Ed asked Harry as he gently kicked his foot.

"You're usually sitting with Watson?" Harry said. "But maybe the three of us can sit together?" He suggested.

“I know I normally sit with him but I want to feel normal like you and everyone else.” Liam tried to explain. “Plus I like being near you. You make me feel happy.”

“I don’t mind if he sits with us. I just want to be able to enjoy the film. Seems like it’s one of the very few treats in here.” Ed shrugged.

"Most of the time it’s just Keepers using students. It's also students snogging or fucking. Most people don't actually watch the film." Niall explained.
"Well, I’ve not got anyone to snog other than Hazza. He’ll let me snog him. If Liam is sitting with us though probably not a good idea to do that.” Ed replied.

“Yeah, the whole brother element would make it strange.” Louis agreed.

"He'd make a good lookout,” Zayn suggested.

Liam fought a sigh. He didn’t think it was strange; not after he and Harry had played around earlier and had sex.

“Whatever you need me to do is fine. I just want you happy.” Liam told Harry.

"It’d be awkward to be a look out for your brother, don’t you think?” Louis said. "And kind of rude too."

“I don’t think so.” Liam frowned. “He helped me top Louis so why would looking out for Keepers while he plays with Ed be strange or awkward or rude? Harry and I are a different kind of brothers so we can do things most don’t.”

"He helped you top me because he was forced to help.” Niall reminded. "No one had much say in the matter if anyone said no, they’d have been punished."

"Different, sure. But I agree on the rude part. You're going there to spend time with him, not to be a lookout.” Louis said.

"True,” Zayn agreed with a nod.

“I don’t mind helping Harry get something that makes him happy or makes him feel good. It might seem rude that he isn’t spending time with me while I’m with him but if I don’t mind then it isn’t rude.” Liam gently argued.

Liam then swallowed hard and looked at Harry. “You didn’t want to help me with Louis. You had to help me. Are you cross with me?” The poor lad looked very upset now. His eyes even sparkled with the threat of tears.

"It's not that I didn't want to help you..." Harry said awkwardly. "It's that you were LiLi and Watson wasn't giving us a choice. If it had to be anyone helping, I'm glad it was me so no, I'm not mad. I'm annoyed that it happened but I'm not mad at you. There's no reason to be mad at you."

Liam’s lower lip quivered. He drew his knees to his chest and hugged them.

“Liam, mate....don’t cry.” Louis encouraged.

“Everything is all screwed up.” He whimpered. “Everyone is mad at Benji. He made a mistake. He’s sorry now.”

"It’s more than a “mistake”. We're allowed to be mad and upset and hell, even traumatized by the shit that he did to us and made us do. The same goes for the other Keepers." Zayn told him. "We're entitled to our feelings."

"It's not as simple as him saying he's sorry and we're going to magically forgive him. This is real life, not some romance film or novel."

"That's not to say that we're not going to try and have a type of... friendship or understanding with
him. We will. He's getting us out and we're so damn grateful for that. But, trust is a big thing, once it's broken it's hard to repair and he never had ours in the first place so it's going to take time and patience.” Zayn added.

When a tear rolled down Liam's cheek Harry’s arm came around him.

“It’s alright, Liam. Just take a few breaths.” Harry didn’t want Liam upset. He knew an upset Liam tended to turn into LiLi and that Liam was trying hard to not be LiLi.

“Liam, pal, if your foster parents said sorry right now would you just forgive them like nothing happened?” Ed asked. He didn’t know Liam’s entire store but Harry had told him some things. He could connect the rest of the dots.

"No." Liam said firmly. "It's because of them I'm like this." He frowned.

“Exactly.” Ed replied. “How you feel about them is how your friends feel about Benji. It’s not to upset you or hurt your feelings. You can’t help how you feel just like they can’t help how they feel.”

Harry gave Ed a smile. The Ed he knew wasn’t kind in situations like this. Ed was far from sympathetic by nature. He was doing really well with Liam however. Hopefully, it would help the two of them get along better.

"Sorry for getting upset with you." Liam looked at the others and Harry. "Benji is just trying so hard to change and he's letting you all break every rule almost and you're still bringing up past shit. I understand why and all, but it bothers me when I know he’s a changed man.” He tried to explain his thoughts.

“I hear you, Liam. I do. Everyone heals differently though. I want to trust him and get along with him and let go of my anger for what he did to me by forgiving him. I want those things. It’s not easy for me though. I need time.” Zayn tried a bit harder to help Liam understand.

“Exactly, we need time Liam. Time to see he isn’t going to go back to who he was. Time to see he’s changed. Time to heal from the wounds. We aren’t telling you no it won’t happen. We are just telling you we need time.” Niall agreed as he sighed. Talks like these with Liam were hard.

"Yeah, it's not easy." Louis joined the conversation again. "Trauma isn't something you move past or get over, especially when it's as traumatizing as this place. He's done things to all of us and while Harry might be quick to forgive and forget...The rest of us need to learn how to adjust to the new situation and rules. We may never come to trust him, but that doesn't mean that we won't take a chance on trying."

“Let’s just stop now. Liam understands that all of us need time. Right, little brother?” Harry asked as he softly ran his fingers through Liam’s hair to relax him.

Liam nodded. “I understand.”

“Harry, isn’t Liam older than you?” Niall asked confused.

"He is, but Liam's young emotionally so it feels like I'm the older one." Harry replied.

“Harry’s my big brother.” Liam smiled. “He takes care of me like a big brother no matter what headspace I’m in.”

“You’ll always be the little one.” Harry grinned at Liam and gave him a wink.
It made Liam giggle. He remembered Harry telling him that after they had sex. “Always.”

“You two are... feels strange to say this... adorable.” Ed said.

"Sickeningly adorable." Niall whispered so only Zayn and Louis could hear him.

"Agreed." Louis nodded.

"Me too.” Zayn said and kissed Niall’s head. "When we get out of here, I'll be able to share a bed with you without fear of getting caught by some Keeper. It'll be a nice change."

“I’ll get to share with Rory.” Louis smiled a dreamy smile. “I had no idea real love felt so wonderful. I’ve been missing out.”

"You have." Zayn grinned. "It's a great feeling, kind of addictive."

"We won't be sharing alone of course, didn't Watson say he was looking into a four bedroom?” Niall asked.

"Then we'll just share with you and Zayn." Louis smiled. "Or anyone...I don't care at this point, I'll be able to see him every day and be with him and sleep beside him.” He said rather dreamily.

"Enough! Stop before I puke." Harry groaned.

"You're just jealous that I'm in love and you're not." Louis playfully stuck out his tongue.

"I think it's jealousy in general." Zayn teased.


“Why don’t you and Ed date? You two know each other and you have sex a lot. Not to mention you’re obviously his type Ed. The piercings and tats I mean. Harry is a fucking whore for them.” Louis teased.

"No, no...I mean, we're good as we are now." Ed shook his head. "Fuck buddies, it's the way to go. I'm not interested in having a relationship with anyone. I'm happy being single." He smiled.

"I don't like Ed like that. I'd rather stick to what we're currently doing. I don't need anyone and besides I'm fourteen, I don't want anything serious. I just want something fun with no strings.” Harry shrugged.

“I want to be with Benji forever.” Liam smiled softly. He looked up at Harry, “He loves me and he’s good to me. He’s helped me so much. He gives me a feeling like I have butterflies in my stomach.”

“He’s perfect for you. I’m really glad you’re happy with him.” Harry knew Liam craved his approval.

Before anyone could say anything, the door opened and Mr. Watson walked inside. "Alright, time for dinner. Line up now and no talking. I swear to God you lot are the worst for that.” He smiled a little and shook his head.

“Don’t be mean.” Liam encouraged in a whisper. “Just ask them nicely.”

“Wasn’t being mean.” Benji replied to Liam.
“Oh.” Liam said and nodded. He felt embarrassed for not catching on.

“Hey, we try.” Zayn replied as he lined up at the door.

“No, we don’t.” Louis laughed.

“We really don't try because besides him yelling at or the occasional beating, we've never actually been punished for it.” Niall said.

"Just behave the next few days until I get us out of here. You'd make my job easier...If you fuck up in front of another Keeper, I'll have to hurt you, most likely a slap to show them that I'm not soft or easy on you. I don't want to do that but if you think you can just do whatever you want, consequences be damned..." Mr. Watson tried to explain before getting interrupted.

"We'll behave." Niall said quickly. He didn't to risk anything.

"Good lads now let's go before we're late." Mr. Watson said heading to the door.

Louis was itching to get to dinner. He wanted to tell Rory that they were going to get to get to have sex.

Liam took his boyfriend's hand and gave it a squeeze. “I’m starving. Can’t wait for dinner.”

“Tomorrow night we’ll go somewhere special for dinner. I want to help you see everything you haven’t.” Benji told Liam. “Tonight I paid someone to go get us something from Nando’s.”

"I love Nando's." Liam grinned. "It's been too long since I ate there."

“Well, that’s what you’re getting.” He smiled and kissed Liam’s cheek. “This is just the start of me spoiling the shit out of you. You’re free now and we’re going to celebrate. I have all kinds of plans.” Benji gave Liam’s bum a firm yet gentle pat.

Niall rolled his eyes and whispered, “We can’t talk or be affectionate but they can do both.”

"Everyone knows about them." Zayn whispered back in the same low tone of voice. "It's also creepy and gross as fuck but it'll be our turn soon enough, love. Hang in there."

“It’s growing on me. I don’t understand but he’s happy and all I really want is for him to be happy. He’s the one thing that really matters the most to me.” Harry replied. “I’m finding there’s a lot to life that I don’t understand how it works but it just does.”

"Maybe it has to do to the fact that you're fourteen you absolute twat." Louis whispered and rolled his eyes.

"I get that he's happy and shit and that's great...I just don't think I'll ever like that they're together. I'll be respectful but I can't change my feelings." Zayn shrugged.

"I swear the second we're out of here... I'm going to snog the shit out of you." Niall whispered to Zayn.

“I don’t mind them together. Liam has really changed Mr. Watson.” Louis whispered. “I like this version of Mr. Watson.”

Louis made his way straight to Rory. He stood directly behind him and quietly moaned, “How does skipping the film tonight so you can fuck me sound?”

“Well, we had plans to fuck tonight already so that sounds like a plan?” Rory said.
Louis laughed slightly, “I meant, fuck without worry of being caught. I got it arranged for us. Mr. Taylor will take us and let us fuck while he watches tonight. We just have to a threeway with him tonight.”

"Sounds good to me." Rory nodded

“Okay.” Louis nodded. “I just need you to own me. I need to feel that I’m all yours.”

“You are all mine princess. Don’t you worry about that.” Rory assured.

Louis smirked. "Not worried. I just like to be reminded." He said softly. "Fuck, I can't wait. I'm so fucking horny just thinking about it."

“I love the idea of seeing that hard cock peeking out from your little skirt.” Rory smirked. “I do want inside of your little power pussy now that I think about it. Perhaps I’ll allow Mr. Taylor to fuck me so I can fuck you.”

Louis held back a moan. "Please, please. I need you."

“Don’t get hard now. Hold off, little girl.” Rory said as he selected food for his dinner. “Perhaps we’ll get you a cage when we get out of here.”

“Put that thing away. It’s super obvious.” Finn said joining them.

"Hmm?" Louis said looking at Finn. "What are you talking about?" He asked feeling confused.

“Your hard.” Finn explained.

Rory quickly turned to look and smirked. He then turned back around very proud.

"Shit." Louis groaned and pulled his skirt down a bit. "I hate my body sometimes." He sighed and tried to think of gross things.

He then started to pick out his dinner which helped a lot.

“You just can’t help that you like Rory.” Finn shrugged.

Mr. Taylor stood now at the end of the line watching as students passed by with their trays.

"True." Louis agreed. "He knows all the right things to say."

"Oh my God...Stop thinking about it." Finn shook his head. "Save some for later, mate." He smirked.

“Problems?” Mr. Taylor asked the three lads.

“No sir.” Finn shook his head.

“Just discussing how I wanted a three-way tonight. I’d love to have me cock inside of the princess while you’re inside of me. Too bad the film is so far away though.” Rory smirked.

"That could be arranged," Mr, Taylor nodded, “Now get seated and eat.” He ordered.

“Looking forward to it sir.” He smiled. “Come along, princess. I want to hear about how therapy
"Nothing special happened." Louis shrugged as they headed to their table. "But it did go well." He smiled and sat down.

Benji was currently in the kitchen. He’d just gotten Liam setup with his dinner.

“Nothing special happened.” Louis shrugged as they headed to their table. "But it did go well." He smiled and sat down.

This is so incredible. Really really incredible.” Liam mumbled with food in his mouth.

“I’m glad you like it. You deserve it.” Benji grinned as Mr. Davis walked into the room.

“Hey mate, you alright?” He asked.

"I'm fine. A little tired. It's been a long day, hell, a long few weeks due to this fucking strike. Thank God it's Friday and for once I don't have to give up my weekend to deal with these slags." Mr. Davis replied and sighed.

“Yeah, you have a tough room.” Mr. Watson agreed. “Though I feel like it would be a much easier room without that horrible lad, what’s his name? Joe?” He pretended to not be sure.

"Eh, I like him. He's fun to punish." Mr. Davis shrugged. "Always running his mouth, he's an amazing stress reliever."

“So you wouldn’t want to trade him off?” He casually asked and sipped on his drink. “I’m sure it’s fun to punish the boy but he seems to always have you exhausted. I hate getting that one lad who always makes your job harder."

"True, it would be nice to let him be someone else's problem,” Mr. Davis nodded. "But I don't exactly have a good reason to make him someone else's problem."

“No, but I know someone who probably would be thrilled to take him. He enjoys difficult rooms and right now he is really well behaved. He seems bored honestly.” Mr. Watson was careful to keep playing everything off casually.

“And who might that be?” Mr. Davis asked. He had a bit of a headache so he wasn't in the mood to figure out who Watson was talking about.

“Derringer.” He replied. “Always complaining about how boring his lads are now that they behave. With Liam no longer a real student I have an empty bed. I’ll take one of his lads to free up room for him to take Joe.”

Mr. Davis thought about the offer for a moment. "Yeah, okay.” He nodded. "If you think he'll agree to it then I'm down."

“He’ll agree. I can be very persuasive.” He replied. “Just remember you owe me one next time I want to sneak off and fuck my little lad here.” He winked before kissing Liam’s cheek.

“I’m not little right now.” Liam shook his head. “But yes, it would be nice to have someone willing to cover for you next time I’m horny."

"I didn't mean little as in LiLi." Benji shook his head.

"And by persuasive you mean money because that's how you stole Liam from Taylor if I
remember correctly." Mr. Davis chuckled and walked over to the fridge to get bottled water.

“Is it really stealing if Liam wanted to be with me though?” He laughed. “I always thought he was cute and fit. The baby thing just completely sealed the deal.”

“You thought I was cute?” Liam grinned.

“Yes, love.” He admitted. “About Derringer though, he won’t need much convincing. He’s bored, Joe is a known troublemaker. He’d be a fool not to agree without question.”

“Great! Text me when he agrees.” Mr. Davis told him. "I'll get the paperwork started." He smiled and undid the cap to take a sip of water.

“I’ll get to work on it now.” He nodded.

“If you need to go do I stay here to eat?” Liam asked.

“Ah... hmm.” He thought. “I’ll just call for him. Easier that way.” He then called for Mr. Derringer on his radio to come see him in the kitchen.

"On my way." Mr. Derringer said through his radio as Mr. Davis exited the kitchen through the side door.

Chapter End Notes

Honest thoughts on the Lirry stuff!!

And Ziall sex...Did I do okay? LOL. I like all kinds of feedback.
Chapter Notes

Louis and Rory sex....no Harry won't be watching them fuck. Tho. That would be a marvelous idea.

Hehe.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Moments later, Mr. Derringer came into the room. "What's up?" He asked Mr. Watson.

“I figure out the answer to your boredom problem.” Mr. Watson replied and stole a fry from Liam.

"You figured it out? How? Didn't know you were that smart." Mr. Derringer teased. "But do tell me old wise one, what is the answer?"

“Hey now, watch it with the old stuff.” Benji almost laughed. "I have an empty bed in my room now that Liam is no longer a real student. I’ll take one of your best-behaved lads and that frees you up to take Joe from Davis."

“You are a little old.” Liam laughed.

“Quiet you.” He playfully told Liam and looked back to Mr. Derringer. “I get a lad who might set an example and influence my group to behave. You get a lad who needs constant punishing and Davis gets rid of his problem child. It’s a win for everyone.”

"Sounds good to me. I'll meet up with Davis so we can come up with the same reason for our transfer papers. I can deal with the slag for a few more hours and let Davis at him fresh Monday morning."

“That works. I’ll plan on taking your better-behaved lad Monday then. Perhaps Rory? How’s he been behaving recently? My lads eat with him sometimes.”

"Ever since he came out of purgatory after he first arrived, he's been a model student. "Yes, sir" that and "yes, sir this" Seriously, I don't understand how a teen is that well behaved. He's been so good that I just make up a shit reason to punish him sometimes." Mr. Derringer shrugged.

“That’s the kind of influence I need in my room. I’ll take him Monday and you take Joe.” Mr. Watson nodded. It was perfect. “Christ, even if all he does is encourage my lads to not talk in the hallways it’ll be great.”

"He doesn't speak unless spoken to. He's annoyingly good at that. I swear, not even a single peep out of him. I've slapped him for being so well behaved. I know that doesn't make sense but the kid just... he's too perfect; like he's not even real.” Mr. Derringer ranted and sighed.

“Well, I’ll gladly take him. Joe should be just what you need. Hell, Davis can’t straighten him out but maybe you can.” Mr. Watson pointed out. “Honestly you're probably the better Keeper for him.
"He sounds like a dream. I've often been a little jealous of Davis for getting that slag over me. I usually try and get to him when I can." Mr. Derringer said.

"Well, Monday he'll be all yours." Mr. Watson smiled. "Between the weekend Keepers and Rory mine should hopefully start acting right."

"Can't wait." Mr. Derringer smiled. "We should trade students more often." He commented.

"Yeah, just have to lie on paperwork. Just list for Rory he's transferring to make room for another student. Then get with Davis to figure out Joe's paperwork. We'll change the lads Monday." Mr. Watson said and stole another fry from Liam.

"Should have gotten some for yourself." Liam laughed.

"You need to listen when people talk, mate." Mr. Derringer shook his head. "I already said I'd talk to Davis about the reason. It's nothing for you to worry about since you don't have any stupid paperwork to fill out. I need to get back out there though, so I'll see ya at films. Oh, speaking of films, I'll keep the ginger lad company while the others are at the film." He offered. "He's too new to have earned shit."

"True." Mr. Watson nodded and inwardly cursed. He'd been hoping no one would notice that. There wasn't anything he could really do about it either.

"Oh, just be mindful of his ball sack. He had a scrotal ladder piercing and one of the holes are infected." Mr. Watson added.

"The more pain for the slag, the better." Mr. Derringer shrugged. "I need to get back out so if there's nothing else?"

"No, seriously. It's a bad infection. Much worse and Carol will want him seen by a doctor. I don't want to deal with that bullshit." He pushed trying to protect Ed a little.

"Lucky he's not my problem." Mr. Derringer shook his head. "You can hide it all you want but ever since you got your twink, you've gone soft."

"Hey, I'm helping you with your problem of being bored. I'm giving you a lad that needs constant punishing. Return the favour by not making my life hell?" He asked.

Liam just listened carefully while not actually looking. It was the first time he was really getting to see that Benji took a lot of shit for being nice to them all.

"Besides, it's not my being soft to simply not want to deal with a transport to the hospital and him bitching about his balls for days on end," Benji added.

"If he bitches about his balls, it'd be nothing I did to him that would cause that and if he bitches that proves that you're soft. I remember the days where the slags were afraid to breathe wrong in front of you, now? They do whatever the fuck they want without consequence. They talk in the halls and I remember you'd beat the shit out of a shit right then. You legit gave no shits. Oh, and this isn't a favour you're doing for me. You always expect shit in return or you have an underlying reason. Nothing is ever black and white with you." Mr. Derringer shook his head and left

Benji sighed and momentarily put his head down on the table.
“Babe?” Liam asked rubbing his back. “I’m sorry.”

Benji lifted his head. "No reason for you to be sorry. I'm fine. A little annoyed but I'm fine." He nodded. "If it weren't for the others, I really would quit."

“You shouldn’t have to take all that. I know you did really bad things but you’re sorry and so I just don’t think you deserve this. I wish I could change it.” Liam frowned and kissed his cheek. “Does it help at all if I remind you that I love you so much?”

"It does." Benji smiled. "Thank you. You're completely worth everything so I'm fine."

Liam smiled. Hearing that made him feel good. “Thank you. I have one question though. What exactly is a twink? I’m guessing it’s different than those snack cakes; twinkies.”

"No, it's not an American dessert - which is totally revolting - "twinks" usually mean a pretty young teen that typically stars in pornos because of his young appearance."

“I’m a twink?” Liam almost giggled. “A pretty young teen, minus the porno?” Something about that was amusing to him. “Mr. Derringer thinks I’m pretty.” He laughed.

“He doesn't," Benji said. "Not with the tone of voice he said it in, he meant more of an insult than anything else. And it’s not a good thing.” He laughed a little.

“Well, I’m not going to take it that way. I think it’s funny.” Liam smiled. “I’ll be your twink.”

Benji smiled. It was cute how innocent Liam still was.

"Sure, babe." Benji nodded. "Whatever you want, but you should finish up "

Liam nodded and quickly finished eating. When he was done he told Benji again how incredible it was. “It makes me so excited to go out with you this weekend. I want to experience life.”

"And you will. We just can't snog or hold hands or act like a couple while we're out." Benji reminded.

“I’ll remember. I promise.” Liam nodded. “I’ll save all the kissing and stuff for when we’re back home. Just make sure when we get there you feel prepared to get attacked by your twink boyfriend.” Liam laughed and stood up.

Benji smiled and nodded. "I'll happily be attacked by you."

Back out in the main seating area, everyone was struggling to eat the cold pasta and soup that was served along with stale bread.

"What happens if I just...throw this up?" Niall asked.

“Don’t. The Keepers will be pissed off.” Finn warned. “You might get some rest for a day but they’ll remember and come back to you. They always do.”

“They’ll be cross you wasted food, cross they have to clean your mess and cross that they have to be nice for twenty-four hours.” Rory agreed.

"They wouldn't be cleaning my mess as I'd be forced to do it. It's like that time that Lou and I bumped into each other while he was bleeding from behind and food went everywhere. We were
made to clean it up. I think I even had to help him to the nurse's office. I don't remember now tho.” Niall said


“Honestly, I’ve had worse so I can’t complain too much.” Louis shrugged and took a bite or his dinner. "Actually, I take that back. This is worse." He gagged a little.

"I can force it, can you? You're the one that has trouble eating in this place." Niall asked Zayn.

“I’ll be fine. I always manage.” Zayn replied.

“Honestly, I’m surprised more lads don’t get sick from this shit,” Harry grumbled.

"Who says they don't and we just don't hear about it?” Finn suggested.

“Good point.” Louis nodded.

"It might taste like shit but at least it's food. It's better than starving." Ed shrugged.

“Both are good points.” Harry nodded.

“Bottom line, the food sucks.” Rory laughed. “But at least it’s food.”

"Shh!” Louis hissed at Rory. "No laughing, I don't want you to get in trouble and not be able to play tonight.”

“Right, Thank you, love.” Rory has him a wink. “I’m looking forward to our time.”

"Ugh." Harry rolled his eyes.

"Awe, don't be jealous, Haz." Ed teased. "I'll fuck you tonight if you want." He offered.

“Maybe.” He sighed. “Just tired of this fucking place. I want out.”

"I wouldn't be surprised if it never happened and he just kept trailing us along like lost little puppies,” Zayn said.

Harry didn’t say anything else. He was starting to feel that depression bubble up inside him. He didn’t like it.

“Haz, you’re good right?” Ed whispered. “Looking a bit soft and sappy.”

"Yeah, I'm fine. Don't worry about me." Harry nodded.

“Okay.” Ed shrugged and pinched his arse quickly before turning back to finish the pathetic excuse for food he’d chosen to eat.

“So, any last minute advice for dealing with the weekend Keepers?” Zayn asked Finn and Rory.

"I think we've told you everything you needed to know. Just... don't talk unless spoken to. Do the same thing you do for Watson whenever he comes into a room, stand up, head back, hands behind your back.” Finn said.

"Yeah, but considering that they've been out for weeks, nothing you say or do will save you." Rory frowned.
"Who do you have? Do you know?" Finn asked.

"No." Niall shook his head.

"Who's the worst?" Louis asked.

"Winchester," Finn answered. "He's like... Patterson times ten."

"Shit." Harry's swallowed.

"And in general, weekend Keepers punish you because they feel like it. One weekend...they had the pit full." Rory told them. "Full. Every. Room."

"Those are a lot of rooms too," Harry said softly.

“Aright whores! Get your shit cleaned up!” Mr. Kelley yelled. “Last one gets to help me with a task in the janitor's closet!”

“Be a good girl princess. I love you.” Rory quickly told Louis and stood.

“Love you too babe.” Louis grinned and went to get his rubbish thrown away.

Everyone then got lined up to wait for the Keepers to collect them.

"Might wanna keep all the "princess" and "babe" down while we're around other people," Harry suggested.

“Everyone who sits at our table knows.” Louis rolled his eyes. “If you're talking about the weekend though, we know.”

"That's not what I meant. What if a Keeper passed by and heard you two? At least Zayn and Niall know how to keep it in their pants." Harry said.

“We know how.” Louis huffed. “We're careful. What’s it to you if we get caught anyway?”

“You two never can get along.” Niall shook his head as they lined up.

"Rory is my mate, I'd hate for him to get in trouble because of you," Harry explained.

"Or maybe you're jealous." Ed teased.

"I can see that." Zayn playfully agreed.

"It's probably why he has issues with Rory and Louis being together in the first place." Niall grinned.

“I love my boyfriend. Harry is shit out of luck.” Louis replied.

"I wouldn't want you anyway." Harry shook his head.

"Then why did you dream about him and say his name in your sleep yesterday?" Ed quietly laughed.

“Do you lot even know what "no talking" means?” Mr. Watson asked coming over with Liam.

“You’re going to get him in trouble.” Liam pouted.
"Him who?" Zayn asked confused.

"Watson." Harry clarified.

"That makes zero sense. If anyone is getting in trouble, we are." Niall said.

"The other Keepers know he’s too nice to you all and they don’t like it.” Liam clarified in an upset tone.

“It’s alright love.” Mr. Watson tried to comfort his younger boyfriend. “I can take it.”

"That’s not our problem," Zayn said. "He shouldn't have even started to be nice to us in front of the other Keepers anyway. He knew this is what would end up happening."

Would you rather him be an arse then?” Liam asked folding his arms over his chest. “You could be grateful he's nice and actually obeys but no; you give him a hard time and don’t care or anything.”

Harry could tell Liam was obviously upset now.

Niall rolled his eyes and sighed. He couldn't decide who was worse, LiLi or Liam. Well, sometimes Liam.

"I just think that what we're trying to say is that we don't see how Watson can get in trouble as you put in. He may get shit for being nice but it's not like he has a boss to tell him to give us shit." Louis tried to explain.

"Look, we've always talked while waiting for Watson to show up. There isn't a rule against talking while waiting inside the cafe." Zayn defended.

"And we are grateful," Niall added.

Liam sighed with an angry look on his face.

“It’s alright Liam. Relax.” Harry encouraged.

“Just come walk with me, baby,” Benji spoke calmly and held out his hand.

Liam grabbed it and they walked out together.

Niall rubbed his temples. "Children." He mumbled once Liam and Mr. Watson was out of earshot.

"He just doesn't understand and you can't blame him for not wanting his boyfriend in trouble." Harry whispered.

"The Headmaster is the boss, and he's never around. It's not like the Keepers have anyone else to report to." Niall said.

“They give each other hell though. You saw Mr. Watson with Mr. Murphy.” Harry reminded.

“Liam is just a little snowflake,” Ed commented.

"I wouldn't use the term "snowflake."” Niall said.
"I thought the Irish were supposed to be jolly?" Ed said.

"That's Santa Claus," Niall corrected.

"Oh. I mean, I know it's only Spring but I do hope he remembers me this year." Ed spoke very seriously.

"Depends, been naughty or nice?" Louis asked.

"I think a good mixture. What does that get me?" Ed asked.

"A tiny bag of sweets?" Niall smirked.

"Yes, but, what happens if the higher up one's get too crazy and no one else dares to stop them? They need like a second in command." Zayn said to Harry.

"Who says there isn't?" Louis said. "I mean, there could be and we just don't know." He shrugged.

“Lads!” Mr. Watson used a stern yet kind tone. “If I hear any more talking before we reach the room none of you will get to go to the film. I don’t want to be cruel to you lot but you’re putting me in a very difficult spot.”

Zayn forced himself to not roll his eyes. The comment was meaningless as they were in their room.

Mr. Watson unlocked the door and let them in the room.

Zayn ran his hands through his hair and landed on his bed with Niall following him. "Hey, it's okay." He said to Zayn softly and ran a hand over his back.

"Speaking of the films though, I'm afraid you Ed, will have to stay behind. New arrivals always have to prove themselves to be good and behave first and with you only being here a such a short time, there hasn't been enough time for you to prove yourself in the eyes of the other Keepers at least." Mr. Watson explained to him.

“That's shit. Whatever.” He rolled his eyes and laid on a cot. “So I guess I just get to go to bed early? Get sent here and suddenly I feel three years old.”

“When Benji gets us out of here we can stay up later and watch films. Right, Benji?” Liam asked him wanting Ed to feel better.

"Maybe. We'll see." He nodded. "And no, you're not going to bed early. You're new so you still uh, have to be broken so to speak. Mr. Derringer will be by at some point to use you." Mr. Watson explained.

"You okay?" Louis whispered to Zayn.

"I just want everything to be better. I want to feel better. I don't like having every fucking thing I say or do question." Zayn sighed. Liam going off on him had frustrated him to the point of triggering his bad mental state. He hated that it was so sensitive that someone like Liam could even set it off.

“That fucking figures.” Ed groaned. “There’s nothing you can do about it? Pretend to punish me or something?” He hated bottoming.
“Even if I saved you tonight I can’t save you tomorrow. I honestly am sorry.” Mr. Watson told him. “I’ll get you lot out of here as soon as I possibly can. I promise you. Things will be better then.”

"So mentally you feel bad?" Niall asked. "Is there anything I can do?" He felt so worried about Zayn.

"I don't know. I've never felt this bad before." Zayn said softly.

Niall kissed his cheek and cuddled into him.

Louis frowned. He wanted to be with Rory tonight but he also didn't know if he should go now with Zayn feeling the way he did. Harry would be busy with Liam and that meant Niall dealing with Zayn on his own.

"I just feel really really bad in a way I can't even explain." Zayn sighed. Everything and almost everyone seemed to be getting to him. He wished he could just feel better and enjoy being close to Niall but that didn't feel possible, everything felt like it was sucked out of him.

“Do you need to see the therapist Zayn? There’s always one here to talk.” Mr. Watson offered. “Ms. Brown may be here still though considering she had court today and got here late.”

"I don't know. I highly doubt talking will do anything to make me feel better." Zayn frowned.

“I promise you, lads,” Mr. Watson began with a sigh. “I’m getting you out of here. Things won’t be great because you’ll all have to be in constant hiding but things will be much better. I just need you all to hang on for me. I’ve got a guy looking at a few places for us this weekend and sending pictures back. Hopefully one of those will be perfect and we can get you out in a week or two.”

"But I do think you need to see Ms. Brown." Mr. Watson added.

"I'd rather not leave my boyfriend," Zayn said.

"Take him with you then," Louis suggested. "Would that be alright?" He asked Mr. Watson.

"I think so. It's Zayn's session if he wants Niall with him, then he can have him I'm sure." Mr. Watson nodded.

Niall nodded, “I’ll go. Anything to help you.”

“Alright, then you two. Let’s go.” Mr. Watson gently told them. “Liam, love, stay here with your brother for me. I’ll be back soon.”

“Okay, I’ll be fine.” Liam smiled and sat on Harry’s bed.

"I hope you feel better," Louis said softly to Zayn.

"Thanks.” Zayn nodded and moved off the bed with Niall.

"I really don't see how talking about my feelings will make me feel any better but why not." Zayn shrugged.

“I’d rather you go and give talking a try then not do anything.” Mr. Watson told him as they left. “As I said, however, if it’s just being in here making you upset be patient and I’ll fix it.”

"It's everything and everyone...well, mostly everyone. I just...feel bad. It's hard to explain." Zayn
sighed.

“I could put you in the pit if you want away from everyone but I don’t recommend that.” Mr. Watson told him. “You lads need to remember though, when we get out of here you’re going to have to go into hiding. It’ll be all these same faces all the time.”

"You're not going to the pit,” Niall said to them firmly.

Mr. Watson opened the door. "We'll see if she's around if not, I'll get the weed from Taylor and give you some myself. It might help." He shrugged.

“Actually...” Zayn seemed to perk up slightly. “Can I just have the weed instead? I know that would help.”

“Weed. Figures that’s what you’d want.” Niall shook his head.

"It'd help more than me sitting around talking about my feelings." Zayn shrugged. "Can Niall still be with me?"

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"Yes, to both questions.” Mr. Watson agreed and grabbed his radio. “Taylor. What’s your location?”

“I wonder if you’ll still get weed tonight or if this will just be your one fix for the day,” Niall commented.

"I'm fine with it either way." Mr. Watson said.

"Staff room." Mr. Taylor answered over the radio.

Together the three of them walked into the staff room and when they entered, Jake gave Benji a questioning look. “What do we have here?”

"He's been..." Benji paused as the other Keepers watched on. "Behaving well...so has Irish here. I figure they could get their treat before the film?"

"So why didn't you leave the slags in the room and just come here yourself?" Mr. Patterson asked.

“Cause I plan to take them out meself. I could use a little air while they get treats.” He replied without batting an eye. “I do things my way. You do things your way.”

"Sure.” Mr. Patterson nodded as he eyed the two lads causing them to shift uncomfortably.

Jake dug into his pocket and pulled out a joint and a lighter. "I had one ready for him for later." He explained handing them to Benji. "As for Irish, he gets a painkiller, not sure if you want him to sleep through the film or not. I can always offer something else."

"At least he wouldn't fight back that way." Mr. Patterson grinned.

“Lad, you want your pill or something else? You could always wait till later if you’d rather. Hurry it up.” Mr. Watson tried to sound hard in front of the others.

“All I know is that I’m waiting for film time. I have plans with the slut and another fit lad. Can’t wait.” Jake grinned.
Niall wanted to wait until later for the painkiller since it made him sleepy and Patterson’s comment made him feel uneasy. But he didn't want to cause Watson grief by bringing him here. "Something else? Maybe something that would relax me but not really make me sleepy?" He asked softly.

“Shit, just smoke some weed.” Zayn rolled his eyes; pretending for Patterson to be annoyed with Niall.

“Is that what you want, slag?” Mr. Taylor asked without even looking at Niall. He too had to put up an act.

"Yeah, sure, whatever." Niall sighed.

Mr. Taylor grabbed another joint from his pocket and gave it to Mr. Watson.

“Alright, get moving. You aren’t meant to be in here anyway.” Mr. Watson told the other two.

“Exactly, they aren’t to be in here but you let them. Just like you fucking let them get away with everything. It’s not just your tiny twink anymore. Start calling you Mr. Soft.” Mr. Patterson said.

Mr. Watson rolled his eyes. "Well excuse me for not feeling like walking all the way back to the rooms to get them after coming here." He said and gave Patterson the finger.

Mr. Watson then gently pushed Zayn and Liam from the room as Mr. Patterson spit a few curse words at him.

“So uh... Liam wasn’t exactly exaggerating on you getting shit?” Niall asked him.

"Derringer gave me shit earlier during lunch and Liam was there for it.” Mr. Watson explained as they began walking. "But since I don't punish you lads anymore for the shit you do, I'm soft in their eyes."

Niall wasn’t sure if he felt bad but he understood.

“I see,” Zayn said softly. “I can understand why Liam would be upset about it I guess.”

“He’s in love with you,” Niall said. “It’s sweet kind of.”

“I’m happy Liam is happy. He deserves to be happy.” Zayn put it simply. “I really need that weed though.” He added as they reached the side door that leads outside.

Mr. Watson unlocked it and allowed them through.

Once outside, he handed Zayn his joint and lighter.

"Niall, did you really want one?” He asked.

Niall thought for a moment, “No, I said what I did to help Mr. Watson but, I don’t know. Maybe I do. Maybe it would help me.”

Niall thought for a moment, “No, I said what I did to help Mr. Watson but, I don’t know. Maybe I do. Maybe it would help me.”

"You can try it." Mr. Watson offered.

"Have you even smoked before?” Zayn asked his boyfriend curiously.
“Once or twice. It was a good while ago.” Niall replied and took the joint from Mr. Watson. “I just want to relax.”

“This would help you relax.” Zayn smiled and light the joint for Niall. "I know you prefer pills to smoking so don't feel like you need to finish it, just do as much as you can."

Niall nodded and took a small hit off the joint.

“Any request for when I get you lads out of here? I can’t make any promises but I’ll try to make you all comfortable.” Mr. Watson told them.

“Fags and weed or hash, the hash is better than weed.” Zayn said and took in a drag.

"Chocolate? I mean, decent food is something that I think all of us would want. And stuff that's safe to drink." Niall added.

“Drugs. I’ll make sure Jake takes care of that. As for the food and drinks; it’ll be better. Liam said he wants to learn to cook. He said Harry agreed to teach him some stuff. Between us adults and those two, we’ll keep you lads fed well.” Mr. Watson nodded and watched them continue to smoke.

"I'm a pretty good cook. I was alone a lot so I had to learn to fend for myself." Niall explained.

"I don't mind cooking once in awhile, we should all take turns actually, it seems only fair," Zayn added.

"I agree." Mr. Watson. "Gives people a chance to contribute, you won't be sitting around doing nothing."

"Didn't expect to be, sir," Niall said. “How many bedrooms are you looking for?” He asked.

“At least four plus a pullout sofa.” Mr. Watson replied.

“I have a question. If it’s four bedrooms with eight lads plus you and Mr. Taylor how do we decide rooms?” Zayn asked. He was already starting to relax.

"Couples will have their own room, Harry will share with me and Liam. Ed, Finn, and Taylor will share." Mr. Watson explained. “Oh, actually Taylor might end up on the pull out sofa while Ed and Finn share. I also have an air mattress that’ll be coming along with us for anyone who wants to use it.”

“We get our room?” Niall looked both shocked and thrilled. “Yes! Fuck yes!” He cheered.

“That’s enough to make me feel better.” Zayn grinned. “I hope you’re being serious about getting us out of here.”

"I am." Mr. Watson nodded.

Niall smiled as he looked at Zayn. "I'll finally be able to sleep in your arms without worrying about being in trouble and we can fuck without people having to watch."

"It'll be great to have a bit of privacy." Zayn nodded.

“I’m also planning to make sure the pull out sofa in the living room will be the pull out bed; That way there’s even more space for people to sleep.” Mr. Watson said. “Hopefully one of these places he’s looking at will be the one.”
"Yeah, hopefully. I really can't wait to get out of here. I'm terrified for the weekend." Niall frowned.

"I understand. I won't sugar coat it. You’re going to be miserable. It’ll be worse than anything I did. Nothing you can do will save you either. They're going to punish you even for being good,” He warned. “I'll do everything I can to get you out before next weekend though."

Zayn just sighed and finished off his joint. “We’ll survive. We have no other choice.”

Niall nodded. "We've survived this long...We can continue to survive."

"I hope so,” Mr. Watson said. "Think of the worse Monster out there or your worst nightmare...It's 10x worse than that."

“I’ll just hang on to hope that you’ll come through and save us from this hell.” Zayn replied.

“I will. You’ll see.” Mr. Watson replied. “Finish up now, Niall. We have a film to get to.”

Niall finished up then they all headed back to the rooms.

"You feel better now Zayn?” Louis asked as he came back into the room.

"You didn’t stay gone long.” Liam pointed out.

"Yeah, it really helped me relax." Zayn smiled.

"And it just gave me a headache so far." Niall sighed as he leaned against the wall.

"It'll pass." Zayn kissed his cheek.

“Yeah, that goes away and the high hits.” Ed told him. “Just stay relaxed.”

“Alright, Ed you have to stay here. Everyone else come with me.” Mr. Watson said.

"This isn't fucking fair! I've been well behaved since I got here yesterday." Ed complained.

"It's just the rules. To other Keepers, you haven't been here long enough to prove yourself.” Mr. Watson tried to explain and opened the door.

“This is bullshit.” Ed said and tossed himself on a bed.

“I’m sorry.” He replied and took Liam’s hand. “Perhaps I’ll figure out a treat for you after showers.”

"Don't bother, I highly doubt you invalids have nothing I want." Ed sighed.

“Let’s go, lads.” Mr. Watson instructed and locked the door behind him as they all left. “Liam, you’re sitting with Harry for the film?”

“Yep, brother time.” He grinned; obviously thrilled.

"Let's just hide in a back corner with Finn.” Niall whispered.

"Fuck yes.” Zayn nodded.
“What about me?” Louis asked.

“Mr. Taylor will get you from the Rec room.” Mr. Watson replied.

Louis nodded and anxiously finished walking with them to the rec room, he couldn't wait to see Rory.

The second they arrived he walked directly to Mr. Taylor. “I’m ready, sir.”

“Horny little shit aren’t you?” He asked.

"I really am.” Louis smirked as he played with his skirt a little. He was attempting to keep up appearances.

He didn't want the threesome to happen but it was the only thing he could think of to make sure he got time with Rory tonight. "I also aim to please."

“I’m looking forward to it. You two are a big turn on for me.” Mr. Taylor winked. “We’re just waiting for your boyfriend.”

Louis wasn't looking forward to having the threeway, watching was one thing but sex was another. He wasn't sure how he felt about the possibility of sharing his boyfriend with Mr. Taylor.

"He's all yours, Taylor. Have fun and return him in one piece... I’d rather not take him to the nurse before the end of shift.” Mr. Derringer said pushing Rory towards him.

“If he behaves I'll be gentle.” Mr. Taylor said and grabbed the boys by the upper arms. Once he’d pushed them into the hall he let go of their arms. “Sorry lads gotta keep up the show.”

"Quite obvious." Louis said and rubbed his arm a little as they walked. He just wanted to get the threesome out of the way and have fun with his boyfriend.

When they reached the playroom Mr. Taylor lead the lads inside and locked the door. “Alright then. You two get going and I’ll decide if and when I join you.”

The lads nodded and Louis smiled at Rory briefly before being kissed by him.

“I’ve missed touching you, princess.” Rory whispered as he put his hands on the back of Louis’ neck. He let their foreheads touch and he breathed in Louis’ scent. “You’re such a beautiful girl. I can’t believe you’re mine.”

Slowly Louis ran his hands down Louis’ spine and gently grabbed his arse beneath the little skirt. “This is mine too isn’t it?”

"Mm, yes, baby...It's yours, nobody else's. I belong to you and you alone.” Louis moaned softly.

Rory moved his hands purposefully close to Louis’ cock before skipping over it. He pushed Louis’ shirt off instead and carefully sucked over various spots on his neck and chest.

He trailed his open-mouthed kisses down to Louis’ tummy as he dropped to his knees. He kissed each hip and rubbed Louis’ inner thighs, spreading his legs apart slightly as he did.

“What about her pussy? Is that mine too, princess?” He purred with his mouth inches away from the pink skirt. “If it’s mine then I have the right to kiss it and lick it don’t I?”

Louis whimpered. "Yes, yes, my pussy is yours. You own it.” He allowed his hands to roam free in
Rory's hair. "Please...Yes, you have every right to lick and kiss it. It is yours after all."

Rory smirked before dipping his head lower and kissing Louis' cock. "Such a slut for me. Hard already." He darted his tongue over Louis tip and moaned. "Wet already too. I love wet pussy."

"Fuck, you two kinky little shits are wonderful to watch." Mr. Taylor groaned.

Louis moaned loudly. "Yes, yes, so hard and so wet because of you. This is what you do to me." He gripped Rory's hair.

Mr. Taylor unzipped his trousers so his cock would have room to comfortably stiffen.

Rory was continuing to lick at the precum on Louis' dick. "My pretty princess. Love you so much." He moaned and took Louis' cock into his mouth. He bobbed his head on his length and teased his hole with his finger tips.

After a moment he backed away and looked up at Louis, "Princess, I want you to show Mr. Taylor what a good girl you are for me. I want him to see how well you can behave all because of your a slut for me." He glanced at Mr. Taylor then back up at Louis. "I want you to crawl over to him and treat his cock the same way you do mine. Show off how obedient you are and how addicted you are to me."

Louis really didn't want to but he made this deal so he could be sexual with his boyfriend without worrying about getting caught.

He nodded and dropped to his hands and knees. He then crawled over to where Mr. Taylor was sitting. Once he made it over, he took the hard cock into his mouth and began bobbing his head.

Rory grinned as he stripped out of his clothes. He moaned as he looked at Louis' bum showing due to his skirt being hiked up.

"Oh fuck." Mr. Taylor moaned. "She really is a good girl. A complete whore."

"Isn’t she though?" Rory smiled proudly. "Too bad we can’t make her take both our cocks at the same time."

Louis groaned. What was it about his arse that made everyone it seemed like wanting him to take more than one. He could handle it though, anything it took for his boyfriend to fuck him.

He sucked harder on Mr. Taylor's cock and moved his mouth to begin licking and sucking on the man's balls.

"We could force him to but I was thinking it would be more fun to fuck you while you fuck him." Mr. Taylor moaned.

"I’d be fine with that. You’re very talented with your cock." Rory grinned. Anything to help prevent Louis from having to be fucked only by Mr. Taylor. He wanted inside his girlfriend.

"Good, prep her hole." Mr. Taylor roughly told him. "There’s a bunch of types of lube over there. Take your pick."

"Princess? What kind of lube do you want?" Rory asked.

Louis shrugged. "I don't really have a preference. Anything is fine with me." He replied and wiped
some of Mr. Taylor's cum from his mouth.

This position he didn't mind much, when Mr. Branson forced Niall to fuck him and then joined in, it wasn't half bad.

Rory went to the shelf and chose a tingling lube. He then came back over and smacked Louis’ arse as hard as he could. He then whispered in his ear. “My girlfriend. Mine. Do you understand me, princess? You are mine.”

Louis moaned. "I understand. I'm yours. Completely yours." He bit his lip. "Can't wait to feel that hard cock inside me, filling me up, stretching me out..."

“I want to fuck you without stretching you. I want to drill you just at you are. I want my big cock to ruin your teeny pussy.” He continued to whisper.

“Get on with something you two. I don’t care much what you do just do it.” Mr. Taylor complained.

"Ah fuck...Don't prep me then, babe. I want that. I want that so fucking badly. Just do it. Please.” Louis begged and kissed Rory's lips.

“I love you, Louis.” Rory smiled and then moved. He coated his cock with the lube and then smeared some on his lover's hole. “Shit, tingles.” He hissed despite loving it. He then lined up and slowly pushed inside.

“Fuck, fuck Louis, Ah!” Rory moaned extra loud. “Always so tight! Fucking love it!”

"Feels nice though, the tingles." Louis smiled then let out a loud cry. "Shit! Fuck! Fuck! Love it. Love you. You feel incredible."

“Fuck baby girl. That’s it. Scream for me.” Rory demanded as he began fucking into him. “Get loud you beautiful slut. Come on.”

Louis let out a scream as his fingers dug into his skin. They were on the floor instead of the mattress so he couldn't grip the mattress instead.

"Ah, fuck...You feel so good. I fucking love this. You make it feel so amazing.” Louis moaned.

Mr. Taylor grabbed some warming lube and coated his cock with it. He then slicked two fingers and began opening Rory skillfully as he fucked Louis. “Mmm, don't either one of you cum until after I do.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it.” Rory pretended to moan for the older man. “Princess will fuck, behave too. Ah!” Rory couldn’t deny how wonderful it felt to be fucking his beautiful girlfriend while having his own arse played with. “Oh, Christ! So turned on right now!”

"I promise to behave." Louis whimpered out. He was afraid of what would happen if it didn't. He also loved hearing Rory's moans but it slightly bothered him that he wasn't the complete reason for it. He moaned louder. "Fuck me harder, baby. I need you..."

Rory was more than happy to comply. He fucked hard into Louis making the tiny lad's body shake. “Ah! Yes, baby girl! Keep begging for my cock.”

Mr. Taylor pulled his fingers away and watched for a moment. He knew from other Keepers that Louis was excellent at holding off on cumming but he wanted to be completely sure.
He moved over to a table and grabbed a bright pink cock ring. He then came back and forced Louis’ cock into it before getting behind Rory.

“Not opening you anymore.” He warned as he found the right spot behind Rory. He then held his cock steady. “Slam yourself back on my dick then rock forward into her hole.”

Rory gripped onto Louis’ hip tighter, digging his nails into the flesh. He then did as he was told and threw himself backwards onto the large cock. As it pushed into his arse he let out a loud scream before he rocked his hips forward into Louis as hard as he possibly could.

Louis let out a scream when he felt Rory slam into him. He did his best to focus on Rory’s voice and sounds. He ignored his throbbing cock and how Mr. Taylor was calling him by female pronouns now. It was a thing between him and Rory, he wasn’t comfortable with anyone else using it.

"Ah, fuck, my King..." Louis moaned. "Love you going hard on me, owning me, feels so good."

Mr. Taylor moaned listening to the two other lads. He really liked watching and playing with these two.

“Mine! Fuck!” Rory shouted. “Oh fuck! Yes!” He wanted to cum already but he had to wait. “Scream louder my princess. Let me hear you. Come on baby girl.”

Louis screamed louder as Rory continued to fuck him hard. "Mmm, fuck. I wanna cum. I wanna cum so badly." He moaned.

“Just a bit more.” Mr. Taylor told them.

“Not yet love. You are going to cum until I allow you to.” Rory whimpered. “Making you wait as long as I can, my perfect slut.”

“Mmm, fuck!” Mr. Taylor yelled and let his cum flow inside of Rory. “Shit! Shit! Keep fucking yourself on my cock lad. Don’t stop yet.” He wanted his orgasm to last a bit longer.

Louis groaned. He’d happily obey his lover though. He moaned louder. "I am your perfect slut, only yours." He whispered.

After just a short time more Mr. Taylor finally pulled away from Rory. “Fuck that was incredible.” Slowly he stood up and began to walk away to get some water. “She’s all yours. Do whatever you want.”

Rory grinned and kept fucking Louis as Mr. Taylor left them. “Mmm, fuck baby. It’s just us now. Tell me how bad you want my cum.”

"So badly." Louis moaned. "So fucking bad. I want this fucking ring off and I want to cum for you. Please."

“You’re going to have to wait to cum princess. Little girls have to learn to be patient.” He replied and moaned again. He briefly pulled out and flipped Louis onto his back before laying over the top of him and entering his hole again. “Mmm, this is better. So much... ah... fucking better.” Rory moaned and sucked at his neck.

Louis moaned softly. "But I'm so hard. I don't want to wait." He complained a little. He really wanted to cum and being told to wait even after begging felt like being used rather than playing with his boyfriend.
"Don't you fucking leave love bites unless you want trouble." Mr. Taylor warned.

“I won’t, sir.” Rory moaned.

He then kept fucking into Louis with all his strength. “God, I fucking love you so much baby girl. Mmm, I want you to cum with me. If I take your ring off will you behave yourself and hold off for me?”

Louis really didn't want to hold off but he wanted to make Rory happy so he nodded. "Of course. Please.” He moaned and ran his hands down Rory's back and over his arse.

Rory nibbled gently on Louis’ ear before reaching down and taking the ring off his cock. “You’re so beautiful. So perfect. My girl. My sexy girl.” He moaned and rocked into him a few more times.

"Mmm, I am your girl.” Louis moaned and ran his fingers down Rory's back. who really wants to cum because holding it like this despite not wanting to feel like being used more than having fun. He thought to himself. "Please cum in me. I need you to fill me up.” If Rory came, then Louis figured he'd be allowed to cum.

"Mmm, I am your girl." Louis moaned and ran his fingers down Rory's back. "Can we cum now? Please? Don’t know how much longer I can hold off..." He groaned.

Rory smiled sweetly and nodded, “Yes beautiful girl. Cum with me.” He kissed Louis’ lips deeply as he slammed into him with every last bit of strength he had. “Oh fuck. Oh, baby. Ah!!!”

Louis allowed himself to release as soon as Rory said he could. He let out a scream so loud his voice cracked a little. ”Mm, baby...” He moaned as he began to come down from his high.

“I love you princess.” Rory said breathing hard. “One day sex will be just us our way.” He whispered. “I promise you love. I’m so sorry this isn’t what you wanted. I could see it in your eyes.”

"I wanted sex with you and I'll take it any way I can get it. I can deal with the watching but it just didn't feel right that he could fuck you, call me by female pronouns, and just everything." Louis sighed and looked at the ceiling. "I wasn't a fan of the cock ring either and I suppose with everything combined you telling me to hold off didn't feel like a good thing.” He frowned.

“Baby girl. I’m so sorry.” Rory frowned and kissed his face as he held him close. “I'll see what can I do to convince Mr. Taylor to let the girl stuff be exclusively our thing. As for everything else I apologize. I didn't want it to be this way. I wish I could take it all back. Please forgive me.”

"Not your fault, not really." Louis said softly and rested his head on Rory's shoulder. "So of course I forgive you.” He leaned over and kissed Rory's lips. "I think we just need to be aware of what has happened to us in here or will happen...will affect our sex life. Sometimes things won't go as planned or feel good like we expect it to or even if it did usually, it may not always be like that...” He tried to explain. "I know you didn't mean to but it's just part of the baggage I guess that comes with being in a place like this."

“We just have to communicate.” Rory told him. “Speaking of communicating though; we need to be extra careful this weekend. We need to be distant. It’s going to suck but it’s for the best. Don’t take it personally. Tell the two lads dating in your room the same thing and Harry. Any of us sitting together and chatting will be a huge target. We have to pretend to hate one another if we want to prevent any extra punishing.”

"So what? Is everyone supposed to sit alone or with people from their rooms? They can't sit with or
interact with other people?” Louis asked confused.

“We can but we can’t look like we’re all friends and mates and shit. We have to look like we just sort of getting along. These Keepers read into everything. I don’t want you hurt worse than you already will be. I’m worried about them discovering your past as it is.” Rory explained.

“You two don’t have much longer. I’m giving you the time I can but showers are soon.” Mr. Taylor warned.

"They will have access to my file so I’m fucked... literally either way." Louis sighed and stood as he began to dress. "It's going to be bad. I probably won't be able to walk by Monday, which would suck because I have a massive assignment due."

“Watson had me hide your file. There’s a slight chance they’ll find it but I highly doubt it. You’re also getting a normal uniform at showers,” Mr. Taylor interrupted. “You’re still gonna get that hole used though. All of you lads will. We can’t save you I’m afraid.”

"I appreciate the effort, but Patterson is on this weekend." Louis reminded. "It won't make a bit of difference when he can just tell them whatever or makeup shit since my file is missing." He frowned deeper. "It's going to be bad. I've had a small break and I should not have gotten used to it. I'll survive, that's all I can do is survive. Too bad we can't get any treats on the weekends."

“I’ll be around at night. I have a lad here that works hard to earn treats every night. No way I’m missing his slutty little mouth at night just because I’m off for two days.” Mr. Taylor replied.

“Thank you. You don’t have to be helpful; you and Mr. Watson. I’m thankful you are though.” Rory replied politely.

"Yeah, if I can move I'll definitely take a treat." Louis nodded. "I know you can't work every weekend night all the time so I appreciate your help with giving us treats whenever you are around." Louis nodded and straightened himself out.

You’re welcome. Now finish your kisses so we can get to showers.” Mr. Taylor said.

Rory turned back to Louis, “We’re going to get through this baby girl. Be strong for me. It’s two days.”

"Two long and awful days, maybe I'll get lucky and end up in the hospital." Louis sighed and frowned.

“Just remember everything that I love you.” Rory told him.

“You’ll be together Monday. He’s taking Liam’s place in your room. I'm sure Mr. Watson will give you two time alone come Monday.” Mr. Taylor told them and threw Rory his clothes. “Get your clothes back on and we’ll head for the showers.”

"I'll probably not want to be fucked by the time Monday comes." Louis sighed.

Rory quickly got dressed. “We're ready.” He said.
Just a quick question...Does anyone actually WANT Lirry sex?

Soo... thoughts on the threesome? The changing of rooms? Everything?!
Chapter 56

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Sorry. Yesterday was a bad day, I had a headache off and on a day.

PMS is a bitch too.

And today...I didn't feel like editing. xD So it took me all day because I had to rewrite some off because this is the chapter where I start doing heavy editing to give you all what you want and what I want...hehe.

My other half couldn't bring herself to harm the lads anymore so all the harm is up to me! (Yay)

There is a sweet Larry moment tho, so I hope it was worth the wait.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mr. Taylor opened the door and let the boys out. He then walked out and locked the door behind them.

"Rory, did you want chocolate later?" He asked.

“I’m alright, sir. Thank you. Perhaps I could still be taken with the others though? A chance for one last kiss before the weekend truly starts?” Rory asked.

Mr. Taylor rolled his eyes. "We'll see." He nodded as they continued down the hall.

“Uncle Taylor.” Liam smiled as the groups ran into each other in the hall. “You missed such a good film.”

"Can I ask why you call him that when he's your boyfriend's mate?” Niall asked. It was something he'd been curious about.

"Ah, maybe next time." Mr. Taylor said as Louis went to stand with the other lads.

“I don’t know really.” Liam shrugged. “It’s just something that makes me happy. Makes me feel like I have family.” Liam knew that probably didn’t answer the question but he didn’t know how else to explain it.

“It doesn’t bother me at all, Liam. No worries. I’ve come to like it.” Mr. Taylor assured.

"Just seems odd but whatever." Niall shrugged.

"We should get going, lads." Mr. Watson told them.

"Harry, I know you don't normally get anything treat wise...But do you maybe want something tonight?" Mr. Taylor asked.
“Thank you, sir but I’ll be alright.” Harry replied. “I’ll probably need something come Monday though.”

“We all will.” Niall frowned.

"I'll let you know if I change my mind though.” Harry added.

"Try not to think about it. Just survive moment by moment." Zayn encouraged.

"Can we please shower now?" Louis complained a little.

“Watch the tone.” Mr. Taylor told him.

“Come along lads.” Mr. Watson told them. “Rory stick with me till we get there.”

Liam took his lovers hand and walked with him to the showers. “I’ll sit on the bench.”

"You alright?" Rory whispered to Louis on their way.

"I'm fine, really." Louis nodded. "I just feel a bit sticky and shit. I just want to get clean." He replied softly.

“I hope that’s all it is. I love you, princess.” Rory told him softly and walked away to meet his Keeper.

“Trouble in paradise?” Harry asked Louis as they walked to their lockers.

"Taylor wanted something more than watching, so he fucked Rory while Rory fucked me.” Louis sighed as he took his shirt off.

"And Taylor kept calling me by female pronouns when I’m only comfortable with Rory doing that as it's our kink. And some other stuff that's probably TMI for you considering Rory is your friend."

“In a place like this nothing is TMI.” Harry rolled his eyes. “As for Mr. Taylor that out of your hands and his. Get over it. Same with the pronouns. I mean, maybe try telling him but I don’t know that he’ll care. What’s the other shit?” He asked taking his own clothes off.

Louis wasn't sure why Harry seemed to care so much but he wasn't in the mood to question it. "Mr. Taylor put a ring on me which I'm normally indifferent to but the added pressure of feeling Taylor fuck Rory, it felt good, physically that is, emotionally not so much, but when Taylor finished, Rory and I continued and Rory just...He wanted me to hold off on cumming. He kept the ring on and begged me to cum and shit." He tried to explain.

"But it's just... everything combined, it didn't feel good. It felt like the way Keepers have used me before...I do what they say and of course it still doesn't go my way. It just wasn't that good this time." He frowned. "I sound ridiculous, I know." He sighed again and worked on getting his skirt off as his zipper was stuck.

“Turn around.” Harry told him gently. “I can’t say I understand all of that but I do know how the abuse here can affect you. Talk to Rory. Tell him how you feel. He’s a great guy. He’ll understand and care.” He encouraged as he helped Louis with his skirt.

Louis turned around as he allowed Harry to help him. "I suppose I never thought of the abuse here affecting my sex life with Rory because he gets it too, you know? But I suppose it was stupid to think that."
“He’s been abused too Louis. He was in the pit a lot. He’s been through worse than we probably have. If anyone would u sweat and it’s him. Give him a try.” Harry suggested and grabbed his shower cradle.

Louis sighed yet another time. He and Rory had already talked about it a little but the talk didn’t make him feel any better. Maybe he just needed time to get over it. "Thanks for listening, I really appreciate it." Maybe he and Harry could be friends after all if they put aside their mutual annoyance for each other. He grabbed his shower cradle and went to the showers to join the other three.

“Yeah just don’t tell anyone I was nice to you. Especially... Ed.” Harry trailed off seeing him walk in with Mr. Derringer

“You know it wouldn't ruin your rep, right? You're nice to Zayn and Niall, and everyone else, what's the difference with me?” Louis shook his head.

“I don’t know.” Harry said and frowned looking at Ed. He looked awful. Mr. Derringer certainly had used him really well. He was walking funny too. “We’ll chat later Louis. I’m gonna help Ed before he gets in trouble for being slow.”

"Hurry you're arse up." Mr. Derringer grabbed Ed by the neck and dragged him towards the lockers.

“Mr. Derringer? I’ll assist him so you don’t have to be bothered by him. I’m sure there’s lads in here you want to watch or mess with.” Harry quickly offered and held out a hand to Ed who was wincing in pain.

"Go take your shower, lad, before I send Patterson after you. The lad needs to learn how to be quick, and this is how I prefer to teach. Now, fuck off." Mr. Derringer narrowed his eyes towards Harry.

“I was just trying to be helpful. I’m sorry.” Harry inwardly sighed and gave Ed a look before running off to shower as he passed by Mr. Watson he shot him a miserable look.

The look made Mr. Watson glance in the direction Harry had come from. When he saw Ed struggling with Mr. Derringer he sighed and frowned. He’d grown to hate seeing his lads like this.

Mr. Derringer threw Ed into the lockers. "Next time walk through the pain ya ginger trash." He shook his head.

When he saw Mr. Watson's face, he sighed. "Someone needs to teach these slags now that you've suddenly grown a conscious. You really should just quit, it'd make everything much easier." He told him then left.

“Fuck off! You have your way of doing things and I have mine. I don’t tell you how to manage your room so don’t you fucking tell me how to manage mine!” Mr. Watson shouted. “Now give me my lad and walk away before I make you walk away.”

"Well, here's right there on the floor for your taking." Mr. Derringer shook his head, angry and looked at Mr. Watson.

"You're going soft, first you fall in love with a child, then you stop fucking the slags, which we can deal with but you don't fucking punish them anymore! You go easy on them and you let them get away with everything. Before the baby arrived, you were one of the hardest Keepers here and every slag feared you. Now? Anyone would kill to be in your room and get away with shit. Your slags
constantly talk and say and do shit that any of us would punish them for but not you... You're on this holier than thou mission where you have to prove to your boy toy that you're a good person."

“I’m not a good person. I let you bunch of idiot convince me that what we do is honestly best for them all. I’m a horrible person. I’ve hurt so many boys for my own selfish reasons. I don’t wish to be that person anymore. I’m not stopping any of you from doing your job how you want but I am changing. I do punish them for messing up I just pick and choose what acts truly deserve a punishment and I punish them the right way; the way that will best help them grow and become the young men our society needs them to be.” Mr. Watson defended himself.

“Derringer fuck off already. Let him do his job however the shit he wants. It’s not hurting you. Fuck sake. You sound like all of these whiny little brats.” Mr. Taylor stepped in.

Mr. McGuinness who was listening rolled his eyes. “Do his job however he wants? We have rules and regulations and shit for a reason.”

“And as we all say we interpret them how we want.” Mr. Watson argued.

“And they have been interpreted how we want, it's not up to you to suddenly change shit.” Mr. Pieters spat back.

"Listen all of you..." Mr. Branson spoke up. He was the one they normally listened to when things got out of hand with him being there the longest. He was also the one that was in charge of the other Keepers for the most part. "Watson isn't following our rules anymore but that just means we have to pick up his slack, more work or if you look at it, more fun for us. So all of you...shut the fuck up and get back to work."

The students were all watching now. The lads from Mr. Watson’s room had heard everything he said.

“Did he just admit to the entire school that what they do is fucked up?” Zayn asked Niall in a shocked whisper.

"That's what it sounded like to me..." Niall whispered back.

"Now everyone back to work!” Mr. Branson yelled. "And you little slags get back to washing." He told the students with a growl.

“That’s… a really... bold statement.” Louis whispered in equal shock as he joined them and began washing. “He admitted he was wrong too. I’m actually...” he trailed off looking for the right word.

“Impressed.” Zayn finished for him as he too went back to washing up.

"Believe him now about being serious about changing?" Harry whispered.

"I believe he wants to change." Niall agreed. "But I still can't automatically trust him completely."

"Agreed." Louis nodded.

“I understand that. I mean, I haven’t exactly forgiven him either. I just trust him when he says he’s wants to change and I’m willing to give him a chance to prove it.” Harry explained.

“Can’t I just cautiously sit back and watch and see if he changes? I’m not comfortable saying I trust him to change. I want to see him change but I need to see it before I can just trust him.” Zayn replied and rinsed the shampoo out of his hair.
“Yeah, I'm with you on that.” Niall nodded.

"Me too.” He agreed as Ed came over to join them.

“I don’t see why that would be a bad thing. It’s progress; giving him a chance to prove himself. I can live with it.” Harry agreed.

Ed remained quiet as he began to wash his body.

"The first time is a bit of a shock, the second one...it starts to sink in.” Niall said as he observed Ed.

"Then sadly, you eventually get used to it." Zayn frowned.

“If you want something, Mr. Taylor will give you something,” Harry told him.

"Weed, painkillers, sleeping pills...” Niall listed a few.

"How about a cyanide pill?” Ed sighed.

“Ed.” Harry said quickly with deep worry and concern filling his voice. “I know it’s one of the worst things you’ve ever been through but please... don’t...

"It's just talk, chill.” Ed told him. "I just...want to escape this place. I haven't any idea how you five survived.”

Harry sighed deeply feeling better instantly.

“It’s alright, Harry.” Louis told him. “I know how you feel though Ed. Most days I think we all just feel like emotionless robots.”

“Exactly, you learn to make yourself numb.” Zayn nodded.

“We’re getting out soon. You might not have faith yet but I do.” Harry told them all.

"Maybe. I'll believe it when I see it.” Niall said. "Right now? It's all talk and no action."

“I know. Just give him time. You all sort of agreed you’d let him try to prove himself so just be patient with him.” Harry replied.

“Hurry it the fuck up you ugly fuckers! You’re keeping us here later than we want to be!” Mr. Kelley yelled at them.

The lads quickly finished up and went to brush their teeth before inspection while Harry walked over to Mr. Patterson to check his hair.

Mr. Patterson grabbed Harry roughly by the arm and ran his fingers through his hair. "Very nice."

“Thank you sir.” The words tasted like vile in Harry’s mouth as he forced them out. “C-can I do anything for you Mr. Patterson or should I g-go finish up?”

Mr. Patterson smirked and smelled Harry's hair. "First, you can grow a pair and stop stuttering like there's something wrong with you.” He sighed and looked over Harry's smaller body. "I could use my cock sucked before I leave for the night. It'll help me sleep tonight so I come back tomorrow nice and well rested."
“Where should I go, sir?” Harry swallowed hard. He knew they weren’t being used publicly anymore.

"Right, these twats don't want things public. Pussies." Mr. Patterson rolled his eyes. He looked at Mr. Pieters. "Take care of my group and I'll owe ya one."

"Sure." Mr. Pieters nodded.

Mr. Patterson grabbed Harry's arm and held it tightly as he marched him across the room to the other side of the lockers.

There was a wall separating the lockers and showers. It was one open space that had one toilet.

"Knees." He ordered the lad. "Get it out and get it into your mouth. You bite me, get any ideas, and I promise you... I'll do even worse than the punishment that Watson did you for hurting your so-called brother."

“I’ll behave, sir.” Harry told him and swallowed hard again. He absolutely hated behaving for this arse. He was the worst in Harry’s mind. He’d hurt Liam and constantly used him.

Harry was smart. He knew he had to behave.

Mr. Patterson smiled as he watched Harry drop and start working on his belt. "It's been too long...Can hardly wait to get those pretty lips on my cock."

Harry took a slow deep breath as he lowered Mr. Patterson’s trousers and briefs. He didn’t want to do this. Everything inside of him was screaming to fight. He knew there was no use in fighting so he resisted the urge to fight back and leaned forward as he gently took the hardening cock into his mouth.

Mr. Patterson moaned quite loudly and deeply. He gripped Harry's hair tightly. "That's it, curls. You know how to do your job."

Harry tried focused his mind on the pain from having his hair pulled so he’d forget about what was happening. It wasn't easy but so far he was managing.

He allowed Mr. Patterson’s cock to hit the back of his throat hoping it would either make the man cum quickly or make himself vomit and sent to the night nurse.

"Ah, yes." Mr. Patterson groaned. "Perfect, little slut. I know what you're trying to do and it won't work. I'm going to enjoy this moment for a wee bit." He moaned again and behind to fuck Harry's mouth a little. “Oh and if you gag and throw up, you'll have to finish the job anyways or eat it.” Mr. Patterson had been working at the school for a long time. He knew how to read the students.

In his experience, most students tried to deepthroat him so he'd finish faster or they would throw up and not have to finish him off. He had learned after a while to hold off long enough and to make the student finish him off regardless of whatever happened.

Harry let a whimper escape as he choked on the large cock, anything to make the bloke cum faster.

Mr. Patterson grinned down at Harry. "Keep sucking or I'll shove something else down your throat." He warned.

Harry kept bobbing his head as tears stung his eyes. At think point he needed to cry. It had been awhile since he’d felt this violated.
"Mmm, feels great. We're going to have a fun weekend together, that is, if Winchester doesn't hog the five of you to himself." Mr. Patterson commented. "I'm getting closer...Fuck! I'd love that mouth on my balls."

Harry coughed a little as he pulled away to catch his breath. "But you're not a weekend keeper?" He bravely questioned before going back in to suck on his balls.

"Surprised you little slut didn't hear?" Mr. Patterson laughed. "I'm on this weekend to try catch up after being off unexpectedly." He gripped the lad's hair tightly. "Get your fucking dirty mouth on my fucking balls. No talking allowed; only sucking."

Harry nodded and forced himself to place his mouth on Mr. Patterson's hairy balls. He then began sucking and sucking hard. He made sure it was at a pace that would cause pleasure and not pain, despite wanting to do the latter.

Mr. Patterson then moaned loudly as he felt Harry sucking on one of his balls. "Feels incredible."

Harry continued to suck and took it even further by using his tongue to lick around the area.

"Just a little more...on me cock now." Mr. Patterson guided Harry's head back to his cock. "Hard and fast you better be sucking if you know what's good for ya."

Harry did the absolute best that he could considering he was struggling to breathe well.

Mr. Patterson let out one more deep and loud moan. "Ah, fuck." He yelled as he shot his cum down Harry's throat. He held then lad's head in place until he was finished.

Harry could feel the cum coming back up but he knew the drill. He wasn't allowed to fight or spit it out. He quickly swallowed it back down.

Mr. Patterson took note and allowed Harry's head off his cock.

Harry then started to cough as he gasped for air. He could finally breathe again.

"Good slag, on your feet, go brush your teeth and shit." Mr. Patterson instructed as he suddenly took notice of how quiet the room was. "Hm. Everyone left. I suppose it being the first weekend they've had off in a while they wanted to get going."

Harry's heart sank. He was afraid he wouldn't get the chance to tell Liam bye; that was really upsetting.

"I'll hurry, sir." Harry whispered due to his throat feeling a bit sore. He then stood and walked over to the sink.

"I'm not into the whole babying thing like your brother is but word of advice? Don't cry in front of the Keepers. They won't baby you... They'll just make you toughen up in the worst way you can imagine." Mr. Patterson told him.

Harry nodded as he brushed his teeth.

While he was sure the worst of the abuse had yet to come he was still convinced that Mr. Patterson would get to him more than anyone else.

When Harry finished, he used the mouthwash then came time for Mr. Patterson to inspect him. even though he'd been watching the lad the entire time, he wanted to feel up the lad.
"To be on the safe side..." Mr. Patterson smiled as he ran his hands along Harry's chest then over his soft cock. "I should inspect you anyway."

He moved his hands over Harry's balls then turned the lad around and slipped a finger inside after spitting on his finger and the hole. "Gotta be thorough." He grinned and removed his finger after a minute.

"Pick up your uniform. You can get dressed in your room." Mr. Patterson told him.

Harry swallowed the lump in his throat and picked up his uniform. He then looked to Mr. Patterson silently and followed him from the room.

After leaving the showers area, Mr. Patterson had Harry lead the way back to his room so he could watch the lad from behind.

They walked in silence and when they arrived, he unlocked the door. He slapped Harry's arse hard then pushed him inside. "Sleep tight." He winked then closed the door locking it again.

"Harry!" Liam gasped and rushed towards him. "Harry, are you okay? You disappeared and Mr. Pieters told us you were with Mr. Patterson." He threw his arms around Harry; not caring that Harry was nude.

"Is this normal behaviour?" Ed whispered to Niall. "Hugging and shit without getting dressed first."

"Mate," Niall half laughed. "Nothing about Liam and Harry are normal. The sooner you learn that, the less questions you'll have."

"I'm fine, really." Harry told him. "It was just a blowjob and then I brushed my teeth afterwards." He shrugged and pulled away so he could start putting his clothes on.

He was cold. He had a shower then was on his knees on hard flooring

Liam frowned and sat on the floor.

"Liam, it’s okay, mate." Louis encouraged. "Give him some time and space."

"I don’t have time. Benji is coming back soon." Liam whined. He was starting to feel little again but was doing everything he could to fight it off. No one really liked him when he was deep in his headspace.

"Come here, Liam. Sit with me while Harry dresses. He’ll be sure to hug you and stuff before you go. I know it." Louis smiled and took his hand.

"Why the fuck are you being helpful towards Harry? Or is just Liam you're focused on?" Zayn questioned.

"Yeah, you never help Harry unless ordered." Niall agreed.

"My focus is on Liam, chill." Louis shook his head. Harry had been kind to him and he was honestly sick of always fighting with the lad. It was exhausting. He wanted to see if they could find some middle ground but Harry didn't want anyone to know that for some unknown reason.

"Honestly, Li. I'm fine. I'm just cold." Harry said and quickly got dressed. He sat on the bed beside
Louis and motioned Liam over. "It was blowjob, nothing I haven't done a hundred times already to other Keepers. It's not a big deal."

Liam walked over to the bed and sat down. He sighed as placed his head on Harry's shoulder.

"Patterson is my least favorite Keeper. Sorry you had a run in with him Harry.” Niall told him.

"Mine too." Harry agreed. "I'm alright though. Apparently, I'm his favourite slag...the joy." He rolled his eyes. "But seriously Liam, you're picking up on my usual distaste for Keepers, I'm fine. I promise."

Liam hugged him again; this time longer than the last. “I’m sorry. I just love you a lot and I’m worried about you.”

"I know, Li. I love you too." Harry patted Liam's arm.

The door to their room swung open gently and the lads watched as Mr. Watson came in accompanied by Mr. Taylor, Rory and Finn.

Louis’ face lit up brightly. He loved Rory so much. They’d had a rough moment due to sex being awkward but the lad still warmed Louis’ heart.

“Here, Louis. Get changed.” Mr. Watson told him and threw a regular uniform at him.

"Why?" Louis asked confused. He didn't want to change. He enjoyed being in the skirt and the tank top for Rory.

"Mr. Taylor, if it's still possible, I'd like a sleeping pill tonight." Harry said. "I'm feeling nervous about the weekend." He half lied.

Mr. Taylor nodded. "I have an extra with me that was supposed to go to another lad. He missed out on his chance for a treat."

“Because, I’m trying to protect you as best I can from the weekend Keepers. You can have your skirt back on Monday. I promise.” Mr. Watson replied.

“Go ahead, princess. I’d rather you try blending in then standing out like rose in a weed patch this weekend.” Rory told him as he walked closer.

“Why is Finn here though?” Niall asked.

“Because,” Mr. Taylor began. “We’re having someone check out places for us to hide you lot this weekend. We have enough money to pay for a decent off grid home with cash so when we find the right place we’ll be moving you all quickly.”

“We want you all to be prepared. We won’t be giving you any notice on when we’ll be getting you all out. We’ll just randomly show up late one night and sneak you all out one or two at time. Whenever this happens you all need to be perfectly silent and stick as absolutely close to us as possible. Don’t touch anything and keep your heads down. Understood?” Mr. Watson finished.

There were then various “yes, sir.” heard around the room.

"I don't need anything. I'd rather just stay here and sleep.” Ed said softly as Mr. Watson came into the room. "The night Keepers for the weekend are arriving.” He said. "So Liam, babe...We need to
go. Say goodbye to your brother.”

“I love you so much Harry.” Liam almost whimpered as his arms wrapped around him. “I wish more than anything I could save you right now.”

“That actually sounds smart Zayn, less risk in that idea for sure.” Mr. Taylor nodded.

“Liam. Stop. I'll be fine. I'm strong enough to handle this. It'll be hard but I'll live. They can't literally kill me. Just have a fun weekend and I'll see you Monday.” Harry smiled and gave Liam his hug.

Liam pulled away from Harry and quickly walked to Benji. He didn’t mean to be so clingy and upset but he honestly couldn’t help it. “I’m ready.” He spoke in a very small voice.

“Have a great weekend Liam.” Ed told him. “I’ll keep my eyes on Harry for you.”

"Yeah, see? Nothing to worry about." Harry told him.

“Thanks. Bye Harry.” Liam told Ed and Harry. He then left the room with Benji.

“Feeling small again aren’t you baby?” Benji asked. “You don’t have to fight it if you don’t want to.”

“I want to though. I only want to be small when we’re playing.” Liam explained quietly.

“Alright then. We’ll play when we get home.” He smiled and winked.

Chapter End Notes

The weekend for the lads at school start Chapter 58!

We start the weekend end of next chapter with Liam and Watson. :)

Oh and I have had a couple of comments being concerned for Louis because Weekend Keepers.

Let me tell you this...

He strikes a deal with Patterson, and it barely works in his favour. ;)

Oh and I promise the weekend Keepers will force Larry sex!!! Hehe. More than once. Hopefully. I don't have a full plan yet for them or Zayn but working on it.

Suggestions are always welcomed.

I hope you enjoyed this chapter.

Tell us your thoughts/feelings/what you thought of the escape plan.

Ooh..what did you think of Harry and Patterson!!!
So since late last week...I've had this nerve issue in my hand/arm where it goes tingly because of overuse.

It's a lot better than it was but not quite better yet so finishing the Ziall sex took me all day.

Also...The weekend may not be as detailed as I would like it to be. It will have details but maybe not to the extent I would like it or probably you all would like it but too much typing makes it tingle again.

I'll be fine..I have a chiropractor. He's pretty great. Hehe.


Chapter 57

The lads getting their treats were now outside and Mr. Taylor was handing out a couple bottles of water and the treats

"Thanks for helping with Liam," Harry told Louis softly. "And for covering with the others. I really appreciate it."

“You’re welcome.” Louis smiled. “All the bickering has just become a headache.” He said as Rory neared them with some chocolate.

“Careful, it looks like you two are actually talking without arguing for a change.” Rory teased.

“Harrison, Louis, here’s your pills.” Mr. Taylor told them and walked away while telling them Niall had the water.

"It's not Harrison for the love of..." Harry shook his head and headed over to Niall who gave him the bottle of water.

“That’s what’s on your paperwork. Someone somewhere thought it was a nice name for you.” Mr. Taylor told him as he chose to ignore the tone Harry had used with him.

“What’s so bad about being named Harrison?” Zayn asked. “It’s better than some names I’ve heard.”

"It’s just...From what I’ve been told, it was a random name that my mum gave a nurse before she skipped out on me after I was born.” Harry sighed. "I just don't want any connection to the person that didn't want me." He frowned.

Nearly everyone frowned.
“I didn’t know that.” Mr. Taylor replied. “I can see why you’d hate it. I thought it was just because of the name itself. It’s a bit old-fashioned but it’s not terrible. The story attached is though. When we’re alone like this I’ll try to remember to call you Harry.”

“Wow...” Niall slipped out.

“That’s really human of you, sir. Finn commented.

"It might surprise you but I am in fact human." Mr. Taylor told him.

"Thanks, I mean it is old fashioned as well so that's just another reason but anyways." Harry shrugged and took his pill.

Rory wrapped his arms around Louis, “It’s really strange to hug you while you’re in a normal uniform princess.”

“It’s really strange to see him in a normal uniform.” Niall added.

"It's not going to last," Louis shook his head.

"Yeah, Patterson is around so, despite your best efforts for some type of protection, nothing will work." Harry said.

“Try to bribe him, Louis. That’s your best bet. More action exclusively for him if he doesn’t tell. It’s exclusive action he wouldn’t get with the weekday staff. Worth trying at least.” Mr. Taylor offered.

“If you actually do show up at night with treats I’ll find a way to survive all this,” Zayn said as he took another drag. “Weed helps me through so much. So does Niall. His face is amazing.”

“You have him more weed then normal didn’t you?” Niall laughed a bit as he asked Mr. Taylor who only shrugged his shoulders to reply.

"I gave him hash, and more than I probably should have." Mr. Taylor smiled. "Figured I'd let him relax before the weekend started."

“Thanks, Mr. Taylor.” Zayn smiled. “Do you think it’s too risky for me to fuck Niall tonight?” He asked boldly.

This made Niall’s eyes widen as he looked at Zayn. They didn’t have any privacy so it wasn’t really embarrassing. It was more shock.

"I doubt it. The weekend night Keepers do one check then most of them are off to the staff room while one or two others patrol the halls.” Mr. Taylor explained.

“Good. I need to give him some attention.” Zayn smiled. “I’m sure you know what I mean.”

“I do.” Mr. Taylor laughed. “Too bad I have to leave. I’d enjoy watching you both.”

“Watching or joining?” Louis asked in an almost upset tone.

"I like watching them, wouldn't love joining them if they didn't mind." Mr. Taylor shrugged, ignoring the tone.

“You’re okay watching them but you had to join us?” Louis asked.
“It’s fine princess. I promise. I’ll take anything I have to if it means being with you. Don’t worry love.” Rory told him as he held him in his arms. “You felt amazing by the way.”

Mr. Taylor raised an eyebrow. "I wanted something more than watching. I would have been fine with a blowjob but you, little one,” He paused and looked at Louis. “Were the one to suggest a threeway. Why on earth would I say no to that?” He shook his head.

“Should have kept my mouth shut.” Louis sighed.

“Don’t start crying.” Mr. Taylor shook his head. “You two can go at it if you want on Monday.”

“Can Ed have his piercing for a while on Monday? I mean, while I’m around to enjoy it?” Harry sounded hopeful.

"If you're both feeling up to it and behave, I don't see why not." Mr. Taylor nodded. "I can take you two to the playroom the same time as Louis and Rory."

Harry suddenly looked annoyed. “Great.” He wanted to be able to have all of Ed’s attention. He missed how they used to be able to play one on one. Ed was a bit of a whore so it was a struggle to keep his focus.

"I'm not making two separate trips." Mr. Taylor sighed. "And besides, it's not up to me anyway if Ed gets his piercings; it's Watson's."

“Never mind. Please forget I asked.” Harry sighed. He should have known it was too much to want someone to focus on him and only him. The closest he had was Liam.

One on one time with Liam had actually been really nice. Harry still longed for something more though.

"You okay, mate?" Finn asked Harry and took a drag of his fag.

Harry debated on if he wanted to say anything. He wanted to but was he comfortable with Finn? After realizing he didn’t have any other realistic choice for someone to talk to he looked at Finn, “Just craving attention I guess. Niall and Zayn have one another. Rory and Louis have one another. Even Liam has Mr. Watson.”

"Thought you were fuck buddies with the ginger lad in your room...Uh, Ed right?" Finn said. "Don't you have that option with him?"

“He doesn’t really understand the concept of focusing on just one person when there are other options around.” Harry tried to explain. “I’m just feeling selfish.”

"I get that." Finn nodded. "Everyone I know seems to have a specific mate to hook up with even in my room or my mates are together.” He sighed. "It can make a person feel really alone. I mean sometimes I might watch and wank off but I never get specific attention."

“Liam and I cuddle depending on his headspace. I enjoy my time with Liam a lot but I still feel like I’m missing something. I still want more.” Harry sighed as he felt the pill start to mellow him out.

"Cuddle as in sex or just cuddling?" Finn asked for clarification. "So you want a relationship and not just sex?" He asked trying to understand what Harry wanted. "Or just an exclusive fuck buddy?"

“I...” He sighed and decided to avoid the Liam bit. “I just want someone to give me attention
exclusively. I want someone to want to focus completely on me. Maybe that means I want a boyfriend but honestly, I’m not sure. I just know I don’t feel happy or satisfied.”

"Sounds like you want a boyfriend...or a parent. Maybe both." Finn nodded. "But sounds like a boyfriend to me, you want that exclusive attention and love that's all for you. Everyone has someone and you don't. It sucks. And I understand the feeling."

“Then hopefully you understand not telling anyone else.” Harry replied. “Just not a fan of sharing my feelings with everyone. I’ve opened up to Ed and Mr. Watson and the therapist. I’ve been open with Liam too but I doubt he understands.”

"Of course not. This isn't something to share with others. There's such thing as telling someone something in confidence, I won't betray that.” Finn explained as he put his fag back in his mouth.

“Can I get a hit? Just one?” Harry asked him. “I might be more anxious about this weekend then I let on.”

"It's not weed or anything. Just a plain ole fag." Finn told him.

“Yeah, I know.” Harry replied as Finn passed him the fag. “Don’t tell, Liam. I don’t know if he’d get upset about it or not.” He smiled a little.

“I won’t.” Finn promised.

“Gotta keep the little brother happy.” Louis said overhearing. He was standing close by, he has been chatting with Rory and Zayn when he happened to overhear some of Harry's conversation with Finn.

Harry rolled his eyes and ignored Louis comment. He knew Louis wasn't being mean. He just felt tired and grumpy.

"I don't talk to Liam, and I wouldn't tell him anyway. I'm sure he'd just cry or something. No offence or anything but he tends to cry at everything so in an effort to not upset him, I don't really say much to him." Finn explained.

“He’s getting better about that I’ve noticed.” Zayn said.

Niall agreed from where he stood in Zayn’s arms. “He’s growing. It’s slow but it's progressing at least.”

“Yeah, I think he was battling a regression when he left a bit ago. I’ve never actually seen him care enough to resist it.” Harry added.

"From what I've seen, it's in an effort to make people like him." Zayn commented. "Which isn't really the right way to make people like you...But to each their own." He shrugged.

“Liam is trying. He’s been through absolute shit much like the rest of you. He just wants people to like him. You all get along. You’re all friends. He just wants to fit into that. He’s aware he’s different and I don’t think he likes it so he’s doing the only thing he knows to do so you all will accept him.” Mr. Taylor quickly defended the lad.

"We didn't really have a choice in being mates. We just put aside our differences while trying to survive our daily hell." Zayn said. "And forcing yourself to change just to "fit in" isn't right. If people don't like you for you, then they're clearly not worth your time and effort." He added.
"Liam hasn't been used and beaten and abused like we have. We're all bonded by the terrible experiences we have together. We get it cause we go through it together. Liam is the special one that got whatever he wanted and got protection while the rest of us tried not to die. We're allowed to resent him a little because of his special treatment." Niall sighed.

"It can be a little difficult when he doesn't understand what we're talking about or feeling because he's never experienced it or had to feel abused in the physical sense." Louis added.

"It's not a matter of accepting Liam or not." Zayn sighed. "Because we have no choice really once we get out of here. We're all be together all the fucking time and we'll just have to learn to like each other."

"Liam was abused by the family who raised him. He went through hell the rest of us didn’t before coming here. Don’t get me wrong, life sucked not having a mum or dad and bouncing around to Foster home. I wasn’t taught that stealing was okay but he was! He was never taught right from wrong and fuck! I know that the law sees at some point it’s on you to know better but it didn’t go that way for him. He may have gotten protection here but we all had it better than him outside of here; with the exception of Finn because I don’t know your story.” Harry reminded them.

"The way he was treated by those monsters lead to him being the fucked up mess that he knows and hates that he is. Louis and Niall, you two were always running and hiding from cops but at least you had a sense of freedom. Zayn, you had access to drugs to help you forget your pain. Ed lost his parents were always placed with people who didn’t give a shit what he did so he had freedom and fucked his own life up. The same thing I did. We all had choices before coming here. Liam didn’t. He’s different and it’s not his fault which is why I don’t hold it against him."

"We know all of that. He's told us that but fuck! Stop fucking forcing him on us!” Niall sighed. "It's like everyone is suddenly Team Liam and is forcing us to be mates with him. We'll be nice and respect the damn kid but you cannot force us to like him enough to actually be his mate! We're giving him a chance and that's all we can fucking do!" Niall was so frustrated. Everyone was always so concerned about Liam and his feelings and the others about being mates with him or not, that it felt forced rather than a choice.

Now that Niall had finished his rant, Zayn slowly passed him his joint.

"Probably not a good idea since I took a sleeping pill but what the hell." Niall mumbled and took the joint.

“Can’t we just fucking be finished now?” Harry grumbled.

“I’m done, sir.” Louis said and grinned when Rory kissed his cheek.

“I love you, princess. Be a very good girl.” Rory took a moment to slip his hand inside the back of Louis’ sweats. He squeezed his bum gently and kissed his lips.

"I'm not done." Zayn pouted as Niall passed the joint back.

"Smoking takes a little while." Finn added as he took another hit from his fag. He wasn’t finished either.

"Yeah, maybe if they want to go, you should call in another Keeper to get them." Niall suggested.

“Fine. I’ll wait.” Harry huffed. He didn’t want to risk getting Mr. Patterson.

“I think you all turn into cranky toddlers when you’re tired. Hurry up.” Mr. Taylor rolled his eyes.
“I have a horny woman waiting for me at home.”

"If you're going to live with us, what about your girlfriend? How does she fit into your master plan?" Finn asked curiously.

"I'm almost done." Zayn said then passed the joint back to Niall.

“She’ll be back and forth. You lads still need taught how to survive in the world after your eighteen and don’t need to hide anymore. She’ll be around to teach you and visit me. She’ll also bring us anything we need; food, soap, lube.” He explained.

“At least we still get an education.” Louis smiled.

“Oh, yay.” Niall rolled his eyes. “As if a proper education matters to people like us.”

"I'm done. I feel free...like I want to fly." Zayn smiled and twirled around.

"Someone is a bit too high." Louis laughed.

"You have a little furry monster on your head, sir." Zayn looked at Mr. Taylor. "It's a Furby, so it's definitely evil and you need to watch out."

“Wow, you and hash get along really well.” Mr. Taylor shook his head. “Niall, keep your boyfriend quiet while we walk.”

Louis stole another kiss from Rory. “I love you.”

“I love you too. I love you so much. You’ll be what gets me through.” Rory smiled.

"Ooh, does that mean we can snog in the hallway again then go back to the room and fuck?!" Zayn said a bit too loudly.

"We don't need to hear about your sex life, mate." Finn shook his head. “Not unless you want us to join you sometime.” He smirked.

“Ooh, that might be fun.” Zayn giggled as Niall shook his head. He needed Zayn to be quiet.

"Baby...I need you to listen to me." Niall told Zayn. "We gotta be quiet when we leave, and I promise we'll have the best sex of our lives, but you gotta be quiet."

"Or how about now? I can prove to everyone how much you love me being inside you." Zayn smirked and twirled some more. "Pretty lights." He whispered.

“Oi.” Harry shook his head.

“No sex if you can’t be quiet. You have to earn it Zaynie. I bet you can’t.” Niall said. He hoped a little reverse psychology would help.

Zayn stopped twirling when he heard that and due to being dizzy, fell into Louis who then fell onto the ground with Zayn on top for him.

"I'm down! Literally." Zayn giggled.

“Get off me. You’re heavy.” Louis whimpered.

Rory helped Niall grab ahold of Zayn to stand him up.
“Come here, Zayn.” Finn said and managed to hoist Zayn over his shoulder. “Niall hold your hand over his mouth.”

"Wee!" Zayn giggled. “I hope the night Keeper doesn't take long to check in so we can have enough time to fuck.”

Niall shook his head. "We'll only fuck if you behave." He then placed a hand over Zayn's mouth as Mr. Taylor opened the door to let everyone out into the hallway.

“What did you do last time he was this high?” Louis asked Niall.

“We snogged in the hallway...Only because Mr. Taylor told me to shut him up and told me to kiss him if needed.” Niall smiled at the memory.

Zayn licked the inside of Niall’s hand.

“Gross.” Niall made a face and wiped it on his trouser leg.

“You taste like lucky charms.” Zayn giggled.

“Shut up!” Finn hissed and playfully but gently smacked the lads arse.

“Ooh. NiNi...See what he did?” Zayn gasped.

“I saw. You deserved it, now quiet or you’ll go to bed with blue balls.” Niall warned and placed his hand back over Zayn’s mouth.

Harry observed but stayed quiet. He was watching Louis and Rory walk close together and it was obvious how much they loved each other. The same thing went for Zayn and Niall, despite Zayn being high and very loopy.

He sighed. He felt like he was missing something but he wasn’t sure what. He really didn’t like the feeling at all.

Once they got back to their room, Niall pointed out Zayn's bunk and Finn plopped Zayn down onto it while Louis said one last goodbye to Rory before going to his bed.

"Have a good night, mate. Hopefully, I'll see ya tomorrow.” Finn smiled and headed to stand with Mr. Taylor.

"I will! Thanks for being a good mate. You're so much better than the last one." Zayn grinned.

"Thanks." Finn laughed and walked back to the door where Mr. Taylor waited with Rory.

“Took you all long enough. I guess that’s because he’s high off his arse?” Ed commented as Mr. Taylor locked the door. “The night Keeper already looked in a second ago. He said he’d be back in five to make sure you were here.”

"Yay! I can fuck my boyfriend in five minutes." Zayn grinned. "Hey, NiNi, you see the pretty lights?” He said as he stared at the ceiling of the bunk.

“Zaynie, please?” Niall almost begged. “You’re going to get in trouble if you don’t keep quiet. We’re meant to be in bed and silent now. If he hears you when he comes back you’ll probably be punished.”

"But the lights?” Zayn pouted. "Don't you see? They're so pretty. You're prettier though." He
whispered and winked. "Lips are sealed." He pretended to draw a zipper across them.

Niall sighed. “Way too much hash considering we’re still stuck in this shit hole but thank you.” He smiled a little. “You're pretty too and so are the lights.” He kissed Zayn's forehead and headed up to his bunk.

“He should mellow out soon. The craziness doesn’t last too long for most people.” Ed told him.

“Yeah, thanks.” Niall nodded. “It didn't last long last time either.”

Harry walked by Liam’s crib slowly on the way to his bunk. Part of him wished Liam was here. He was really glad Liam was safe but if Liam were here he’d have someone to give him some form of attention.

“You alright, Harry?” Louis asked walking passed him. He slipped his shoes off and climbed up on his bunk.

“Yeah, just thinking. No big deal.” He replied quickly and laid down after kicking off his own shoes.

"Anything you wanna talk about? I'm a pretty good listener." Louis offered.

Harry moved a bit to looked at Ed briefly. He was settling into his bunk and already had his eyes closed.

He shrugged his shoulders looking back at Louis. He wasn’t against talking but he wasn’t comfortable with other people hearing and he wasn’t ready to let people see that he was willing to try making nice with Louis.

“It takes me a long time to fall asleep. Let me know when everyone else passes out and we’ll talk.” Harry whispered so hopefully only Louis would hear.

He nodded. "Sure." He whispered back. A moment later, the night Keeper came in and looked around. "Good. All here now I can go relax." He mumbled to himself then left.

"Now can we fuck?" Zayn asked Niall.

Niall shook his head a little bit smiled. “Yes, baby. I’ll grab the lube.” He carefully got out of bed and went to get their lube from its hiding spot.

When he got to Zayn’s bunk he found him already naked and working on getting his cock hard. “Not wasting any time hmm?"

"None at all. I just want to feel good before the weekend starts." Zayn told him.

"Me too." Niall nodded. He stripped then began to lube up Zayn's cock for him.

"Can't be too loud." Louis reminded them.

"We're fully aware." Zayn nodded. "Would you mind opening me a little? I don't need it since we've been in here but it reminds me that what we have is different.” Niall whispered to Zayn before kissing him. “I just want a little something to stretch me.”

Zayn nodded. "Of course. I get it." He pulled Niall closer and kissed him deeply.
He broke the kiss and Niall laid back onto the bed as Zayn lubed up his fingers.

Niall laid with his lower lip caught between his teeth so he’d keep quiet as Zayn worked skillfully to open his hole a bit. Even high Zayn was so gentle and it meant the world to Niall.

Zayn leaned down and kissed Niall again. "I love you." He whispered and added a third finger as he worked inside Niall's hole, opening him further up.

After a few more moments, Zayn pulled his fingers out. "How's that? Ready for my cock yet?" He smiled.

"Yes, completely." Niall whispered. "I want you inside me now. Please Zaynie. I want to feel only you own me."

Zayn nodded and smiled more. He lifted Niall's legs then spread them apart. "All mine." He whispered and slowly began to enter into Niall. "Ah, fuck. I love this feeling."

"Me too, but we can't risk getting caught so less talking, more fucking." Niall reminded in a moan.

"Can't wait to fuck you without being worried." Zayn mumbled and started to thrust into Niall.

Niall moaned and arched his back off the bed. "Mmm, babe…Go faster."

Zayn quickly sped up his movements and leaned his head down to begin sucking on Niall's nipples.

"Oh, fuck." Niall let out louder than he intended to.

Louis looked at Niall and Zayn. "Would you fuck quieter please? Let's not start the weekend off pissing off night Keepers and you two being separated."

"Sorry...I'll..." Niall tried to speak but couldn't control the moans that escaped his lips.

Louis shook his head and rolled to his other side.

Zayn’s movements went quicker and harder as he continued to suck on Niall's nipples.

Niall lightly let his nails go down Zayn's back which caused him to moan around Niall's nipples.

"Fuck, baby." Zayn groaned. "I'm so close."

"Fuck me harder, I need you to be hard." Niall whimpered. He felt close but he needed more.

Zayn nodded and slipped out of Niall.

He threw the blanket and pillow on the floor. "All fours." He smirked.

Niall didn't need to be told twice, he moved off the bed and onto the floor, quickly getting into position.

Zayn then quickly slipped back into Niall and slammed hard and got harder with each thrust until he couldn't hold it anymore and he came with Niall following soon after in Zayn's mouth.

After cleaning themselves up and getting the pillow and blanket back on the bunk, they said good night and quickly fell asleep.
Louis lay awake in bed for the longest time, he listened to Niall and Zayn have sex as he usually was subjected to. He then waited until he could hear Ed snoring and until he could see Zayn’s foot gently rocking as it always did in his sleep. It was then he got out of his bunk and tapped on Harry’s arm.

Harry hadn’t been asleep but his eyes had been closed. He opened them and looked at Louis who nodded towards Liam’s crib. It was the best place to sit and chat while being far away from the others.

Harry nodded and got out of bed and followed after Louis. He sat down and hugged Liam’s pillow to his chest. He then looked at Louis who sat next to him and awkwardly spoke in a hushed tone. “Hi.”

"Hi.." Louis smiled and spoke in a hushed tone. "So what's on your mind? I won't tell anyone."

Harry shrugged. “I’m just feeling... off.”

“I heard some of what you and Finn were saying. I didn’t mean to exactly.” Louis replied. “I was just standing so close that... I just did.”

Harry frowned. “I feel like a child saying it. I don’t really know how to say that I’m craving attention without sounding so immature though.”

"It doesn't sound immature." Louis said. "You just want someone to give you all of their love and attention and support without it being divided. I can get that. I've wanted that too."

“You have Rory though,” Harry shook his head. “You have moments where he focuses on only you. I want that with someone.” Harry sighed and laid his head back on the bars of the crib.

“Someone other than Liam?” Louis asked.

Harry nodded, “Yes, I love him so much Louis and I honestly have come to adore our various moments together but I want more.”

“You'll find someone eventually I'm sure. You're a catch.” Louis smirked a little. "Just be patient. You're fourteen, let's just take everything one day at a time."

“I guess it’s easy to forget you’re only fourteen when you don’t have parents. That or I guess your seventeen right?” Harry asked. “I can’t wrap my mind around how a person can have a baby and just not want it. If I get to have kids one day I’ll always want them.”

"Me too.” Louis agreed and nodded. "I've always enjoyed the homes with kids the most; a lot more fun. I'll never give my kid up, ever. I'd never abandon them as if they were simply rubbish." He sighed. "Humans suck."

“I can see you being good with kids.” Harry replied.

“Thanks. It’s obvious you’re good with them just in the way you are with LiLi.” Louis replied.

“I don’t think people really understand Liam and I. Hell, I don’t think people understand Liam.” Harry told Louis. It was springily nice to just sit and chat with him.

"He's different." Louis shrugged. "People often fear or dislike what they don't understand." He
paused and looked at Harry. "I think you and Liam are just really close like one might be as brothers. You have that nice sibling connection despite not actually being related. You just like to look out for him and try to be a good brother. There isn't anything wrong with that."

"He needed someone, Louis. He needed someone who was interested in his honest well being. Benji has even agreed he was wrong before. I saw something in Liam that reminded me of what I wanted for myself; the need for family and acceptance and love. I never had sexual or I guess romantic feelings for Liam but I do love him. He’s my brother and he always will be. Nothing is ever going to change that. We need each other." Harry couldn’t help his ramble. It was nice to just talk and someone actually listen so it was all just kind of pouring out.

"I can see that." Louis nodded again, this time with a small smile. "But you do tend to push Liam on the others. They don't get him like we do. They might in time but forcing friendships is never the way to go. I understand that he wants to be apart of us, but unless he's lived through the horror we have, it won't really be the same. I think...once we're all forced to live together, things may turn out differently. I hope so at least. They'll be around Liam even more and we won't have any real escape from each other. They'll get to really know him for the sweet kid that he is."

"I get that, Louis. I swear I do but it’s possible to make friends with a person who hasn’t lived what you have. Ed and I made close friends despite him having lost his parents and me never knowing mine.” Harry tried to explain. “Niall and Zayn constantly talk like they can’t ever be his friend simply because Liam had it better in here then all of us.”

"I don't think they mean it that way. I think they just feel like they're supposed to be mates with him just because he's different and he's the reason we're getting out." Louis said. "Some people just don't click very well. I feel like they probably think that Liam is being forced upon them like it's not a choice to be his mate or not. And with Liam being so different, it's going to be hard for others to really be mates with him in the sense that they're used to." He tried to word himself carefully.

“It’d be different if it were possible for them to see him how I do. Had Liam been raised differently he’d fit in perfectly.” Harry sighed. “Liam has me at least. I think he’s happy with having me at least. I just hope the others come around and stop holding how he was treated against him.”

"I don't think they do though. It's not his fault that Watson...fell...for him..." Louis said. "They don't hold it against him, they hold it against Watson. But Liam has me too. Zayn and Niall may or may not come around, they don't have to like him or be friends with him, I think they're feeling pressured into having to be mates with him, which in turn, just pushes them further away."

“Yeah well, if they want me to consider them friends then they will have to accept that Liam comes before they do for me. That's how it will always be. Family first.” Harry shrugged. “It’s no different than how they will always be first to each other.”

Louis sighed. "Of fucking course, Liam comes first, no one is disputing that. They wouldn't expect anything less. They don't expect to be put first and I know that they wouldn't even want to be put above Liam. How'd you even get that idea? Of course, family and Liam are first."

“It was a statement, Louis. I wasn’t assuming anything. I was simply putting out there for the record that for me Liam comes first.” Harry tried to explain. “They are allowed to not like him and I’m allowed to be frustrated that they don’t. It’s not like I try to physically fight them over it even though I could.”

Harry stood for a moment and walked the room quietly before hearing Louis again. “Louis, my entire life I’ve just wanted to feel like I fit into a family. I just wanted to feel that sense of unity with someone or with people. Liam gives me the closest I’ve ever felt to that. I hurt when he hurts
and it hurts him to not be accepted. I won’t force him on them anymore but I can’t stop myself from wanting things to be different. Okay?”

"I misunderstood then, and I’m sorry." Louis said softly as he stood. He walked over and met Harry in the middle of the room. "And you do have that family, with Liam and Watson." He said. "I know you want things to be different but don't drive yourself crazy with those wishes, just...let the chips fall where they may so to speak." He offered.

“I’m not anything to Mr. Watson. He’s just my brother’s lover.” Harry but his lower lip for a moment then looked st Louis. “I know it sounds really fucked up but Mr. Watson is the closest I’ve ever had to a father.”

"Yeah...That does sound fucked up, but I've heard worse. Honestly though? It's not that bad. He seems to confide in you about shit and that's really cool. You two get on the best out of everyone here. It means something." Louis told him.

Harry nodded. Liam made him so happy. Happier then maybe he'd ever been. “I’m still missing something though Lou. I’m not happy. I want more. Liam is great and the attention from him is wonderful but it’s not enough.”

“So you want something more than a fuck buddy right? So that means you want a relationship and I'm sure you'll find someone. Maybe not while we're in hiding but in the future when all this shit is over with and behind us.” Louis told him.

“See that’s just it. I don’t know if that’s what I’m after. I don’t know what it is I want or need. I just know I’m not satisfied.” Harry replied. “Maybe it’s sex with someone who isn’t... who isn’t just a friend. Maybe it’s me wanting a parent.” Harry finished awkwardly having almost screwed up.

"When we're all living together, Taylor, Watson...Hell, even Taylor's girlfriend, Olivia, right? They'll be around and they'll have rules and shit for us. It's kinda like having parents that way. Maybe you'll feel better then? They'll all be looking out for us and we can finally feel a little more normal." Louis offered. "I wish I could help you in some way. I know we haven't always seen eye to eye but I do wish you happiness and I wish I could help." He found himself repeating himself a little.

“Maybe we can just start by trying to be friends okay? I mean, I’m already gonna catch shit for being nice to you and I’m not looking forward to that. I hate when people give me shit. It’s why I’m so private about things.” Harry explained as he sat back down in Liam’s crib.

"It's just banter. It's a thing most people do, just ignore them or tell them to fuck off. They'll get it soon though and move on to the next thing." Louis smiled as he moved from the bed to sit with Harry on the crib. "So when you got awkward saying you didn’t want sex with someone who was just a friend I... it’s because you had sex with Liam right? That’s why you wouldn’t answer Finn when he asked?"

Harry looked completely embarrassed now. He actually felt like he might cry. He felt young; like a fourteen-year-old should. He’d not ever felt that way. “Yeah, we did. We had sex just the two of us and honestly it was really beautiful and I liked it, Louis. No one would ever understand though so please please don’t tell anyone?"”

"Yeah, of course..." Louis nodded. "Don't worry, I won't tell anyone. I wouldn't do that to you, or Liam. As long as you two liked it and enjoyed yourselves, that's all that matters. You're not really related so who the fuck should care?"
"People would." Harry stated the obvious. "Especially them." He pointed to Zayn and Niall. "It was so different though Louis. No kinks. No crazy excitement. Just slow, peaceful, loving sex."

"Yeah, I've never had that actually...With Rory, he always brings out the fem kink, which I do enjoy, but as I'm realizing, it's not something I want all the time." He sighed. "We've never had sex where I'm not a girl, kinda wondering if he prefers straight sex or something." He frowned. "Sorry, this is about you, not me. As for Zayn and Niall, I think they'd think it's weird because you two are as close as brothers and say stuff like your brothers in your heart but also, brothers don't fuck...So. I mean, that's probably their main thought but they'd get it over in time. They always do. And just remember, they may be older than you, but I think in a lot of ways, you're older than everyone here, out of the eight of us at least."

"As for Rory, you need to talk to him unless you want me to do it for you." Harry replied. "As for me and Liam, it makes me feel nice that you sort of understand but I don't trust anyone else knowing." Harry replied. "Liam and I are strange but we’re strange together."

"I don't think it'd sound right coming from you." Louis sighed. "No offence or anything like that but it doesn't feel right to me to have someone else do it for me. But thank you for offering." He smiled. "I like that you can trust me enough to talk about all of this stuff. I promise not to tell anyone, not even Rory."

“Thank you.” Harry smiled. “Don’t tell anyone I said this but you’re okay.” He gently bumped Louis shoulder with his fist. “We should go to sleep though. The deepest level of hell beings in a few hours.”

Louis nodded. "We won't be sleeping much the night couple of nights." He agreed. "And thank you, I think you're pretty okay too.” He smiled and stood. He held a hand out to Harry to help him stand.

Harry looked at the hand for a moment before taking it and standing. “Night Louis.” He nodded and climbed back into bed.

The next morning Benji woke up and smiled when he saw Liam next to him. This morning was different. He didn’t have to wake up Liam and rush him to get ready to go.

He laid there remembering their age play fun from last night. He’d forgotten how much he loved and adored age play with Liam.

He gave Liam a quick kiss on the forehead as the lad was sucking his thumb in his sleep. He then got out of bed and headed to the loo. After a quick shower, he brushed his teeth and got dressed.

Benji then headed to the kitchen and turned on the lights. He grabbed a frying pan and some eggs from the fridge then heard his phone chime.

Benji unplugged his phone from the wall and saw an email from Jake. He was showing him the photos and listings of the possible houses. The houses were in their price range and were move in ready.

He quickly decided he’d look more closely later he sat his phone down and cracked the eggs. "Shit, I should turn the stove on first." He shook his head and turned the burner on. He opened a drawer that was beside him and pulled out a metal spatula.

After getting the eggs properly started he pulled up the photos again. Right away there were two he liked a lot. Both seemed to meet all their needs including a self-sustained water supply and solar
panels for self-sustained energy.

He replied back to Jake with which two he liked and asked him to have Olivia and her brother check them out in person; today if possible.

It was then he went back to finish up his eggs as he heard Liam. “Papa? Where are you?” He obviously wasn’t in his deeper headspace but Benji didn’t mind. He liked playful LiLi hanging around a little too.

"Kitchen, my love." Benji called. "I'm finishing up some eggs, I can't step away right now."

Liam smiled when he came into the kitchen and saw Benji. “I didn’t have to wake up early and I don’t have to go to school.”

He grinned big and giggled a little. “I get eggs for breakfast too. I feel so lucky. You're the best boyfriend ever.” He kissed Benji’s cheek and smiled again, “Best papa when we play too. Last night was amazing.”

"Yes, last night was very fun and as for our plans today, we have a few properties to see that are move in ready. If we put an offer in it right away, then it’ll be accepted a few hours later, hopefully. The bank has to approve the financing which can annoyingly take a couple of days but we should be fully out by Wednesday at the latest."

“It was amazing for me too.” Benji smiled and turned a little so he could face Liam. “I missed my LiLi. I know you’re trying so hard to fit in and be what everyone considers normal baby but don’t fight your deep headspace too much. It’s part of your healing from everything you’ve been through.” Benji told him.

“There’s two LiLi’s though, Benji. The one you miss is the playful one. It’s what I miss. I hate the deeper LiLi and so does everyone else. Though, everyone outside of you hates playful LiLi too.” Liam replied as he sat in a kitchen chair.

Benji frowned as he kept working on the eggs. “Let deeper LiLi happen when it needs to. He won’t hang around forever, baby. He’s just something your brain needs for a little while. Don’t worry about what others think. Deeper LiLi is for you and your health. Be selfish about him. Playful LiLi can happen when we’re alone. You can pretend to be as little as you want. I adore your playful LiLi.”

“I’ll try that. Promise. I want to be Liam right now though. I want to enjoy my first day of real freedom.” Liam replied as he stood up and got two plates from the cabinet. “Are we going to go anywhere? I’m allowed now.”

"We have to take you shopping. You don’t have a lot of clothes so you need to stock up. We need to do the same for the others as well, well, besides Zayn. He has a lot of clothes with him." Benji said. "Then we're property hunting with Jake and Olivia." He paused. "You remember the rules about us being in public right?"

“I remember. No hugging or kissing or flirting type stuff.” Liam replied and got two drinks ready. “I’m so excited just to be out and free for the first real time. If I have to hide us to that I will.”

"Good." Benji smiled and put the eggs on the plates then sat them on the table and sat down.

“Olivia doesn’t know we’re lovers right? She just thinks we’re sort of father and son?” Liam wanted to clarify. “That means I need to be LiLi when we are with her. Right?”
"Correct, although, she understands that you are not LiLi all the time...just most of the time and that you'll have times where you are just Liam." Benji explained.

“I see.” Liam nodded and began to eat. “Can you teach me how to make this one day?” He asked pointing at the food. “I want to learn how to make food so I can help when we all get moved in together.”

"Sure." Benji nodded. "I'm not the best cook but It's mostly microwavable meals. I hear that some of the other lads are, maybe if you ask nicely, they can teach you as well." He suggested.

Liam nodded and kept eating. When he was finished he quietly watched Benji finish. “Thank you for breakfast.”

“Your'e welcome, baby.” Benji smiled. “What on your mind?”

“Shopping and Harry.” Liam answered honestly. “You'll stay with me the entire time we shop right? You won't leave me alone or anything?”

"I wouldn't leave you alone. Never." Benji shook his head. "And as for Harry, Taylor's going in tonight so we'll get an update for sure."

“Good. Good to all of that.” Liam said and helped cleared the table. “Do you know what sizes the other boys wear or what clothes they came dressed in so we can get good stuff for them?”

"I looked at their clothes that's in storage and I wrote down the sizes." Benji smiled. "So shopping then property by hunting, then...Maybe a film tonight?"

“Sure to all of that.” Liam grinned from ear to ear. “I wish I had my own money though. If I did I’d buy you and all the other guys a surprise. You deserve it and everyone likes surprises after all.”

"Not everyone likes surprises, there's a lot of people in the world that actually hate surprises." Benji said. "But I can give you money if you want and you can go buy things?"

“Are you sure?” Liam looked uneasy. “I can do something to earn it. I don’t mind.” Liam told him quickly. “I know I can’t get a real job but I want to feel like I got the money honestly.”

"You're my boyfriend...I mean, I don't mind giving you money. If you do stuff around the house and I give you money for that...It feels more like you're my kid." Benji tried to explain.

“Oh,” Liam replied with a perplexed look on his face. “I just hate feeling like I’m taking it when I didn’t do anything to earn it. It feels a bit like I’m stealing it from you. I mean, I know I’m not but that’s how it feels.”

Liam rinsed off the dirty dishes and put them in the dishwasher where he thought they went. “Can you maybe just help me like... I don’t know; get to a place where when I’m eighteen I can get a job to earn my own money?”

"Sure." Benji nodded. "I'd love to do that for you." He smiled as he watched Liam. "You should shower and get dressed though when you're done. We have a busy day ahead of us." He said.

Liam nodded and kissed Benji then ran off towards the shower. He stopped halfway and came back with a little blush on his face, “Can you help me get my nappy off? I’ll wear my boxers after the shower.”

Benji laughed. "Sure. It's pretty easy to take off though." He said. "See these things on the side?”
He said pointing out the tabs. "Just undo them like so..." He said and showed Liam as he undid the tabs along the side and let the nappy drop to the floor.

“Thank you.” Liam smiled. He picked up the nappy and took off once again to shower. He was finally starting to feel genuinely happy for the first real time in his life.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed the chapter and stoked for the next one which features the start of the weekend for the lads!!

Also, I have the Larry sex mostly figured out. I can't decide on a position though so I'd love to hear your preferences!!

Oh and the Larry moments in the chapter!! Thoughts? Feelings? Suggestions? Anything?!?

We really do love hearing from you. I may not reply to every single person but we read everything and it always makes me smile!!

Lots of love!! Xoxoxo
Chapter 58

The following morning was not the most pleasant way to wake up.

The door of the room had opened with a loud bang as it hit the wall. The lights flickered on and off while the Keeper in charge of the room for the weekend shouted. "Get up you filthy slags!" He shouted as he continued slammed the door behind him and locked it.

Niall and Harry jumped up as fast as they could and stood at attention. It took Louis and Zayn and moment longer while Ed was the last to get up.

“When I enter a room, you fucking slags stand up with your hands behind your back and say “Good morning, Mr. Winchester.”” The Keeper explained. "You do not lay in bed while I'm standing here unless told otherwise.” He growled.

The lads seemed to take a glance at each other and almost in unison replied, “Good morning Mr. Winchester.”

He then scanned the room and noticed the crib, which was empty. "Now from what I've read in your files, they were forwarded to me as each of you arrived...Which one of you is the fucking infant?" He asked.

“Mr. Winchester, sir...” Harry spoke bravely. “The crib is for Liam Foster. He’s a student who only attends for a few hours Monday through Friday.”

"Right. Watson's little twink lover." Mr. Winchester rolled his eyes. “Heard all about that from Patterson earlier. Let’s lay some basic ground rules though....” He looked at each lad. “I’m smart, you’re brainless. I’m right, you’re wrong.” He explained.

The lads quickly nodded.

“If I hear any of you imbeciles speaking on the way to breakfast, not only will I make sure you miss all your meals for the day, you’ll also be punished and quite possibly spend some time in purgatory.” Mr. Winchester growled and unlocked the door.

Niall rolled his eyes forgetting for a moment who was in front of him and what the consequence would be for such behaviour.

Mr. Winchester glared at the lad before punching him in the jaw, the force of which caused him to fall back on the floor.

The Keeper then began to kick the lad in the ribs and stomach for several long minutes before dragging the lad back onto his feet.

He took a moment and leered at Niall before spitting on his face.

“Act up again, I dare you.” Mr. Winchester whispered in the lads ear.

Niall felt like he was in so much pain he couldn't see straight.

“May I see the nurse? I wouldn't want to bleed all over the furniture.” Niall requested, his voice barely audible.

“Fine. Mr. Crowley can take you. He enjoys the trips there and back with it being such a long
walk.” Mr. Winchester smirked.

“Yes, sir.” Niall nodded as he spoke rather robotically.

“If any of you so much as breathes the wrong way on the way to breakfast, I will make you regret it in the most painful way.” Mr. Winchester warned.

Once again, the lads silently nodded and followed their Keeper out the door and into the hallway.

They stayed quiet in the hallway to the cafeteria. It felt like a longer walk than usual. The lads were feeling more fearful of their Keeper than their usual rebellious selves.

When they walked into the cafe, Mr. Winchester glared at them. “Eat or be eaten, is that understood?”

“We understand, sir.” Louis nodded.

“Completely.” Zayn agreed.

Everyone expect Niall went to stand in line.

“Let's go, Green.” Mr. Winchester looked at Niall. “I have another Keeper to hand you off to so you don't bleed everywhere.” He said as his eyes now searched for Mr. Crowley.

He grabbed Niall by the hair and dragged him to the other Keeper. “Crowley!” He called as he approached the Keeper.

“What can I do for you?” Mr. Crowley asked.

“Little McNugget here needs to see the nurse. I assume you'll want the treat? I can't be bothered taking him.” Mr. Winchester offered.

Mr. Crowley looked over Niall whose face was swelling and had a bloody nose to match his bleeding lip.

“I'm surprised the shant isn't bleeding green.” Mr. Crowley laughed then paused for a short moment as he looked over Niall's body again.

“He might be worth it...a little skinny but I think he'll be just fine. Let's go, Paddy Wagon.” Mr. Crowley grabbed Niall by the arm and began to drag him across the room. “The nurse will fix you up.”

It was a silent but nerve racking walk to the nurse's station for Niall, he kept expecting Mr. Crowley to do something to him on the way there.

Maybe nothing would happen, Niall thought. Maybe he isn't in the mood or something.

Mr. Winchester however had seemed certain that Mr. Crowley would do something to him. Maybe he was just messing with his head.

Niall silently and slowly walked with Mr. Crowley. His face hurt so badly now but he had a feeling that would be the least of his pain by the end of the weekend.

Mr. Crowley grabbed Niall's arm and pushed him forward to walk in front of him. "Walk faster, Irish." He warned then took notice of the hole in the back of his trousers. "What'd you do to earn a hole back there?" He chuckled as he admired the view.
Niall debated on how to answer. Honestly could be good or bad. There was no right answer. “I…” A y response was terrified to give. He honestly wished crying was an option... and he wasn’t a cryer.

“I wasn’t well behaved when I first arrived. Mr. Watson made me a dog.” He bravely explained. I learned my lesson though sir.”

"Mutts rarely learn their lesson though, what makes you so damn special? Is it because you bleed green like a true Irishman." Mr. Crowley smirked.

Niall couldn’t help but think about how he honestly was full Irish. If anything that made him a thorough bred; not a mutt. “I’m not special Sir. Just a plain Irish lad who learned to obey.”

"...Right.” Mr. Crowley rolled his eyes. "I heard a couple of Keepers were going soft, you must be the victim of one of them. Don't worry though, we'll fix that this weekend. The others are going to love that hole in your trousers, makes for easier access." He grinned as he moved closer to Niall.

Once he was close enough, he let his fingers slip through the hole and feel around a little bit, best he could while still walking.

Niall’s teeth clamped down on his tongue as he forced himself to just keep walking. Not even real pain could make these weekend Keepers back off for a moment.

Mr. Crowley slipped a finger between Niall’s cheeks so he could play around a little with the lads hole. "Gonna love doing things to you, Paddywagon. I don't normally like 'em as skinny as you but your accent makes up for what your body lacks.” He said then moved his hand to slap Niall's arse.

Niall hissed in pain and quickly but back down on his tongue before he could whimper. Once he’d collected himself from stinging he nodded and softly replied, “Yes sir.”

Moments later, they reached the nurses office where it already looked crowded.

"What's wrong with this one?" The nurse came over to Mr. Crowley and sighed.

"Punched in the face, his nose won't stop bleeding." Mr. Crowley explained. "His head probably hit the floor as well."

Nurse looked at Niall and sighed. "Fine. Follow me...I'm Athena by the way." She introduced herself.

“Thank you ma’am.” Niall softly told her and followed her through a crowd of lads. He didn’t truly know what to expect from her so he stayed on his toes.

“Heads fine. Nose just hurts.” Maybe if Niall wasn’t seen as trying to milk his injury Mr. Crowley would be a hair but nicer to him.

When they walked into the room, Athena looked at Niall. "If you hit your head I have to make sure it's not too severe or you'll be sent to the hospital." She explained. "Now any headaches or confusion? Dizzy at all?" She asked.

“Confusion on how my life went so wrong and I ended up here.” Niall replied without thinking. “Uh, sorry. N- no ma'am.”
Athena nodded. "Other than the blood on your clothes and face, I don't think you have an active nosebleed anymore but considering you hit your head, I want you to lay here and rest here for a bit. I'll be back soon." She explained to him.

Niall sighed and nodded before laying down. “Thank you.” He told her. Of course when she walked away Niall looked around and wondered how long he’d actually be allowed to just lay here and rest.

Mr. Crowley grinned as he looked over Niall's small frame. "Great first day back, trousers off though. If I have to be stuck watching over you then I might as well have some fun being in you." He said then went through the cupboards in the room until he found what he was looking for, lube.

Niall tried not to groan. It ended up coming out as a whimper. He was sore. He didn’t want fucked. Nothing was going to stop this though. What’s worse is that because he was laying down he’d be forced to feel the man pressed against his body while having to look at him.

Mr. Crowley smirked as he walked back over to Niall.

"Such a nice way to start the morning, innit?" He chuckled as undid his trousers. He pulled them down and then his briefs to reveal his already hard cock.

The Keeper lubed himself up quickly then wiped his fingers off around Niall's hole. "I get to fuck a leprechaun today, must be my lucky day." He laughed as he climbed up to the table that Niall laid on.

"Be loud or you won't like what happens to you if you're not." Mr. Crowley warned.

"Is the only fucking reason you all like me so much that I’m Irish? It’s not that big of a deal. I left the damn place after all.” Niall let his tongue slip.

"You have quite the mouth, no wonder you were turned into a pet." Mr. Crowley shook his head as he lined himself up. "The Irish accent is very much a turn on. And being Irish, you're different from the rest of the slags here.” He then moaned as he slipped inside Niall and tightly hung onto the boys hips.

Niall bit his tongue yet again so he wouldn’t shout out in pain. All he could hope for now was that Mr. Crowley would hurry and get off so this could be over.

"First fuck in a long time." Mr. Crowley moaned and slammed into Niall as he leaned over the lad. "Make some sounds, little Irish, be loud." He said then nibbled on Niall's ear.

Niall tried to fake some sounds that would please the Keeper. It was hard to make proper noises when you would rather die than be with the person fucking you.

Niall personally wondered how the keepers got off on all the fake moans and begging. Real, honest sounds of pleasure were arousing so the fake stuff couldn’t possibly be. That’s what he thought anyway.

Mr. Crowley lifted Niall's shirt up and began to lick over the exposed skin. He continued hard thrusts best he could with Niall being on his back.

"Tasty." He grinned. "But I think you can go louder than that.”

Niall inwardly sighed. He hated this so much. The weekend had only just started though. “Ah! Please sir!” He shouted louder in an attempt to please the sleazy Keeper.
Mr. Crowley grinned. "That's more like it." He said and pushed Niall's shirt up further as he licked over the lad's nipples then bit down on them, hard.

"I'm going to have fun with you this weekend if you don't get too damaged that is." The Keeper commented as he lifted Niall's legs up towards his chest, pounding into the lad harder.

Niall groaned but this time out of actual pain instead of fake pleasure.

After a few more harder thrusts, the Keeper let out a short but loud shout as he released himself, cumming inside of Niall.

When Mr. Crowley finished, he roughly pulled out and climbed off. "That... was fun." He smiled as he stood for a moment and looked over Niall's frame. "Going to be a fun couple of days." He smirked then began to get his pants and trousers back on.

Niall could only take in a sharp breath of air and close his eyes before nodding like he knew he had to. He felt repulsive and didn't want to look at himself any more than he had to.

A short time went by and the nurse came back into the room.

She didn't react to Niall laying on the table half naked nor did she react to the way Mr. Crowley was looking at the young lad.

"Since you've had time to rest, have no symptoms of a concussion and the nosebleed has stopped on its own...I believe you can go eat whatever is left of breakfast now." She told Niall and the Keeper.

"Thank you Ms. Athena." Niall told her softly. He then looked to Mr. Crowley, "May I redress now sir?" He didn't want to assume that it was okay.

Mr. Crowley seemed amused by the question for a moment then he took a moment to consider his decision. "No." He answered. "I want to enjoy the view on the way back, a view not hidden by trousers or only visible through a hole. You can carry them back to the cafeteria then it'll be up to Winchester if you can put them back on."

"Yes sir." Niall nodded and bit back the urge to sigh. As he started walking the other lads he passed met his eyes and they exchanged the same pitiful look with each other.

The Keeper walked out behind Niall, grinning and admiring the view he had from of the lad's backside.

When they were in the hallway, Mr. Crowley took the opportunity to run a hand over Niall's bare arse then slapped it hard.

Niall couldn't control his reaction. He yelped then tried to quickly bite his tongue a moment before apologizing, "S-sorry sir."

Suddenly the Keeper became angry. "I'm not sure you are...Here I am just trying to have fun and you're ruining it." He glared at Niall. He pushed the young lad against the lockers and held him loosely by the throat. "Lose the shirt and I might not beat the shit out of you."

Niall's hands trembled as he worked to get his shirt off. He could feel tears forming in his eyes. He was trying so hard to just endure everything but his spirit was so broken that it was so hard.

The Keeper let go of Niall then stepped back and watched him take his shirt off. He scanned the
lads body up and down. "Much better." He grinned. "You may walk now but rest assured that
you'll be making it up to me later."

Niall bit on the inside of his cheek as he nodded and walked. He had to get the tears to go away.
Tears in here were very bad. They could make whatever was happening worse.

Mr. Crowley ran a hang back over Niall's arse and let his fingers play over the recently abused hole
as they walked back to the cafeteria.

It was a long walk back but finally, they made it back and Niall was handed off to Mr. Winchester.

"Did he lose his clothes for a reason?" Mr. Winchester asked the other Keeper.

"I fucked him in the nurse's office since he had to rest for a few minutes. He lost his shirt because
he was ruining my fun. I told him it was up to you to decide if he should have his trousers and well
now shirt too back on." Mr. Crowley explained

Niall was about to beg for his clothes back but he reconsidered. He figured it would be worse to
beg. He probably wasn’t going to get them anyway so at least he could try to stand there and look
obedient and silent as expected.

Mr. Winchester looked down at the lad. "You can't seem to behave today so maybe losing your
clothes for the day will teach you to think before you speak."

"And to have more control over how this tiny body of yours reacts." Mr. Crowley added.

"You'll be cleaning the toilets and showers during chores this morning. The Playroom and
Purgatory should be cleaned as well so those will be on your list as well. Go find something to eat
and sit now." Mr. Winchester explained.

Niall nodded silently then made his way through the line. The only thing to make him feel better
was the fact that so many other students were in the same condition or worse than he was.

After picking up some stale toast, getting served runny eggs and a bottle of water, he made his way
towards the table where the others were sitting.

"Hey, what happened? What'd the nurse say?" Zayn asked, more concerned with his boyfriend's
physical health at the moment.

“All that’s fine. I’m sore but nothing is broken or anything.” Niall sighed as he refused to make eye
contact. “Just got raped again when the nurse told me to lay and rest.”

“Figures.” Harry huffed under his breath. “Sorry mate.”

“Just remember, they can keep us here forever.” Finn offered.

Zayn frowned. He wanted to say something to comfort his boyfriend but he didn't know the words
to say.

"So much for our coloured bracelets meaning something." Louis shook his head. "You could tell
that most of the weekday Keepers didn't want to follow the rules. It's not like the weekend Keepers
would be any different. Though I thought we'd make it through breakfast first."

"Forever is a long time when you're sixteen or fifteen." Zayn sighed and took a bite of his stale
toast.
"Made it this far, it's only another two or three years." Rory tried to encourage.

Zayn almost laughed but he quickly caught himself. "The key word being "years" mate."

"We’ll make it. Keep positive. There’s got to be a way out. We’ll find it.” Roy felt determined.

"Filthy slags! Shut up! All of you! There’s no way you’re eating big you’re all talking!” A keeper shouted loudly to the room as he passed by their table.

Finn rolled his eyes after the Keeper was out of their sight. "I've made it a couple years already, what's a couple more?" He shrugged.

"I don't know how a lad survives years here without losing touch with reality. I wonder what you become by the time you leave." Zayn commented.

"No idea.” Louis shook his head.

“All I know is that if we can’t find a way to escape this place then I’m telling when they finally let me out. Blows my mind that no one else has told.” Ed mumbled.

Rory sighed. "You really think no one has told before? Everyone has told someone at some point, told their caseworker and told other adults when released from this place but Keepers have convinced the higher powers that it’s just a rumour to get out early.. something like that at least. I know people who have told their caseworker and nothing has been done because we're just children."

“Well, even if I have to become something like a caseworker when I get to be an adult I’ll find a way to stop all this. I won’t be able to have any peace until this school is gone.” Harry decided.

"You realize that by doing that, you put Watson behind bars as well?" Zayn said.

"It's where he belongs." Louis added as everyone nodded in agreement.

I truly hate to say it because I know Liam’s deeply in love with him but...” Harry sighed. “Yeah, he deserves some time for what he’s done. Falling in love doesn’t erase all the evil."

"He deserves a very long time.” Louis agreed.

"Maybe one of these days Liam will grow up and see how wrong it all is.” Niall commented.
"Doubtful but one can always hope." He shrugged.

“That’s just it. I think he’s honestly sorry. Sorry doesn’t change that he needs punished for his actions though. He needs to serve his time and then after that he can maybe have a fresh start, with me at least.” Harry shrugged.

"He might be sorry, but while he tortured and raped countless lads, all of us included...He knew what he was doing. He knew that he was in the wrong but did it anyway. But whatever time he gets, it won't be long enough." Finn said. "Countless...sexual torture, torture in general and rape, he deserves life."

“We can agree to disagree alright?” Rory offered. “Harry is always going to feel different because of Liam."

“I think it’s more than just Liam. I think he feels a connection to Harry. He’s different with Harry. That’s gotta effect him even if he doesn’t realize it.” Louis told Rory. “I like your suggestion
though. Agree to disagree.”

arry was about to respond when he was cut off by yelling.

"You have two minutes to finish stuffing your faces and line up!" A Keeper suddenly yelled.

"When do you get your clothes back by the way?" Zayn asked Niall as he stood and picked his tray.

“Honestly, I probably won’t get them back. I’ve just decided in my head I’m not going to anyway. Makes it less painful.” Niall shrugged.

"At least when we get back to the room you can use a blanket during group therapy." Zayn offered then went to throw out his rubbish.

He inwardly sighed as he made his way back to Mr. Winchester. He didn't know how to handle the weekend Keepers but he knew he had to pretend to be strong for Niall at least.
Chapter 59

“Tomorrow is gonna be ten times worse if you fucking whores don’t shape up!” Mr. Winchester shouted and left the room for the night.

All the lads slowly and silently walked to their bunks and sat on them. Not a single peep could be heard. No one seemed brave enough to break the silence; not to mention they’d all been beaten, used and abused the rest of the entire day.

“Even before Watson suddenly grew a soul... We didn't know how good we had it during the week.” Zayn whispered breaking the silence.

“We have heaven with him now.” Louis whispered, his voice raw and cracking.

“I had no idea how good we actually had it.” Niall agreed as he kept staring at the ground. “We owe him a thank you of sorts.”

“I don’t know if I can go that far.” Zayn sighed. “On both things. I wouldn't go as far as saying it’s heaven. We have bracelets which plays a major role in how the weekday Keepers treat us. And even before that, and after he started being nice... It wasn’t that much better, not enough to make any kind of real difference at least. We still got used and abused, maybe not to this extent but the weekday Keepers aren't like this generally speaking, other than your first day and that’s just the room Keeper.” He frowned. "It's just what I think though." He shrugged. "Don't kill me based on what I think."

"I understand what you're trying to say." Niall said softly. "I get it and I understand your perspective."

“All I know if that I have a new respect for Watson.” Ed spoke quietly.

“He’s trying.” Harry whispered as he hugged his knees. “Mr. Taylor too. Thanks to them and Liam we’re getting out. I trust them.”

"Good for you. I'll believe it when I see it." Zayn told him. "I personally don't feel comfortable with saying thank you when I don't feel it means anything. I just hope Mr. Taylor comes soon. I'd love some weed or hash or something better." He said and rubbed his neck. One of the Keepers had held him down by the neck while he was being used and abused in the playroom earlier that day.

“I don’t think I’ll be saying thank you but I will say sorry. I’ve taken advantage of his kindness.” Niall sighed. “I need something too though.”

“Lads?” They heard as the door opened.

"You ready?" Mr. Taylor asked as he came into the room.

"I'd rather sleep than smoke or do drugs, but thanks." Ed nodded.

"Yeah, Rory isn't coming tonight either. He isn't feeling up to it." Mr. Taylor partially lied. In truth, Rory was busy in the playroom with his Keeper but he didn't want Louis to worry.

Louis frowned. He’d been looking forward to seeing Rory and getting a hug and kiss. He needed him.
“Hey, you alright?” Harry whispered as Mr. Taylor was busy getting Ed something to help him sleep.

“Just really needed to see him. Today’s been horrible.” Louis weakly sighed.

"I'm sure you'll see him tomorrow." Harry frowned as he climbed off the bed. "Just get through tonight like you would before he arrived." He suggested.

“Yeah, with drugs.” Louis grumbled. “Mr. Taylor, sir?” He questioned moving painfully slow. “May I please wear clothes long enough to go outside? Please sir?” He begged softly. “I swear I'll behave.”

Mr. Taylor inwardly sighed. The poor boy was so much more broken than before. They all were. It honestly crushed him. That was a new feeling.

Mr. Taylor sighed. "I would love to but Winchester is still hanging around. It's not cold out. It's fairly nice, actually." He frowned.

"I'll give you my hoodie once we're out there." Harry offered.

"Thanks." Louis sighed sadly.

“You two coming?” Mr. Taylor asked Niall and Zayn.

“Absolutely Sir. I need something desperately.” Zayn replied.

“No problem lad. I loaded up a fat one for you.” He replied. “Niall just make sure if it gets him too high that he keeps quiet.”

"Of course." Niall said.

Zayn sighed. "In all due respect, sir, I would prefer a thinner one. I honestly don't want to risk getting too high. I might be able to hide and get away with it during the week, but honestly, I don't feel that the risk is worth it tonight or on weekends in general." He explained his feelings.

“That’s fine. I understand.” He nodded. “Let’s go then. Be silent as Keepers are still lurking. Good night Ed.” Mr. Taylor said and opened the door.

Silently Louis followed with Harry close behind him.

Niall and Zayn followed behind them not making a sound, walking with their heads down while Finn followed suit and barely breathing while walking. It was also of course from the massive beating and fucking he took this afternoon.

When they made it outside, Harry took his hoodie off and handed it to Louis. "Here," He offered. "It's not much, but it's something."

Zayn frowned in Louis' direction. He slipped his trousers off and handed to the lad. "Here, you might be older, but I'm a bigger size so they should fit."

"At least you lads have the nice stuff from Watson to keep you warm." Mr. Taylor commented while sorting out pills in his hand.

Niall shook his head. "Winchester took away all that stuff, said some shit like how it's more for the sick than it is for little cockshiners who didn't do shit to deserve it. He said Watson can give it back, but when he, he being Winchester, is around, that we wouldn't be allowed anything like that."
“I personally will see to it your given your things back Monday morning.” Mr. Taylor told them. “I know where the temperature controls are for your rooms as well. I can bump it up much or else he’ll notice but I do what I can before I leave tonight.”

“Thank you Mr. Taylor.” Harry replied and took a pain pill from him.

“I knew they were going to be brutal with you lot but this even surpasses what I expected. I’m honestly sorry.” He told them.

"Don't do anything, please." Niall begged a little. "We'll be fine. We were fine before and we'll be fine now. If you turn it up, it's showing kindness and that's the last thing we need right now because it'll just make it worse."

"I agree." Louis nodded.

“Alright then.” Mr. Taylor sighed. “We found a place today though. It’s move in ready so we just need to make the first payment and get the keys. I think we can have you lads out of here by next weekend.” He told them all and handed out the pills and gave Zayn his joint, now thinner.

"Great." Louis smiled. "The sooner the better but as long as we don't have to suffer another weekend."

Zayn sighed. "The only downside is no therapy...it was actually helping.” He leaned his head on Niall's shoulder.

“I’ll see what we can do. My girlfriend is good to talk to and she’ll be around being your lads teacher.” Mr. Taylor told them.

“Teacher? So we’ll still be getting an education?” Louis sounded hopeful.

"Oh joy..." Zayn rolled his eyes. "I mean, it's a good thing I suppose, but whatever."

“Yes, She will be making sure you lads are able to go out and get jobs and be successful when you turn eighteen.” Mr. Taylor told them.

“Good. Tell her thank you.” Louis smiled.

“Same from me. I kinda hate school but I don’t wanna be a loser forever.” Harry added.

“I’ll see what if anything I can figure out about therapy.” Mr. Taylor frowned. “No promises.”

"Maybe now I can fucking get help." Mr. Taylor encouraged.

"I hear ya." Zayn nodded.

"Don't you want to smoke your joint?" Niall asked having noticed he wasn't smoking.

"I don't know, maybe. I feel too depressed to get high." Zayn sighed.

Niall took the lighter from Zayn and lit the joint. “There, now smoke. I can’t have you depressed. I know things are the worst they’ve been but you have to try to get through it.”

“He's right Zayn. It'll make you feel better. Buzz up.” Mr. Taylor encouraged.

Zayn rolled his eyes again. "I thought you were supposed to discourage me from getting high." He sighed and inhaled the joint.
"I just want you to relax." Niall frowned and kissed Zayn's cheek.

“Okay, I’ll do my best to relax. I don’t know how capable I am of doing that but I’ll try.” Zayn told him and finally took a drag.

“Mr. Taylor, please don’t tell Liam about... this.” Harry requested and motioned to the dress and heals he was wearing. “He was worried enough before leaving.”

"If you're relaxed then you'll feel a little better, that's why I'm telling you to get high." Mr. Taylor sighed as he responded to Zayn's comment that he had directed at him.

"I wouldn't tell him anything Harry. The kid gets too worked up over little things out of his control. I wouldn't do that to him." Mr. Taylor told Harry.

"I don't know if this will make me relax or feel better...as good as it makes me feel, I'm actually starting to get sick of the fact that I need to depend on drugs to get through the day. I can just take a painkiller instead." He shrugged and took another drag.

Niall sighed. "Sure, now you want to detox when the only time we can spend together without worrying about shit is when you have to come out for a fag or to get high."

“Thank you.” Harry replied. “Is he enjoying his time being free? I mean, do you know?”

“He’s having a good time best I can tell.” He assured him. “He’s been LiLi but I think that’s good for him. He needs to be LiLi sometimes and he’s too upset to do it in front of everyone else here. Benji said he’s been fighting it.”

“That’s because not everyone here like LiLi. Of course not everyone here likes Liam either.” Louis said.

“We’re trying. He’s a lot to take in. At least we make sure to be nice to him.” Niall rolled his eyes and stole a kiss from Zayn.

“Yes, Thank you for that.” Mr. Taylor replied. “You lads needs to finish up though.”

After a few more minutes Zayn sighed as he put out his joint.

"Feel better?" Niall rubbed his back.

"A little. I'm just ready to get the fuck of this place." Zayn nodded.

"It won't take long, a week at most, a couple days at the least." Mr. Taylor told them all. "Let's go, now."

The lads silently nodded and followed him back to their room. Ed was already asleep. Niall and Zayn shared a quick kiss as Louis gave everyone their clothes back. The lads then got into bed and went to sleep.

The next morning Benji woke up first again. He laid watching Liam sleep for the longest time until the lad finally woke up.

“Morning babe.” Liam yawned. “What time is it?”

“Good morning beautiful. It’s after nine thirty. You stayed up late watching Batman so I let you
"I'll get that, you stay here." Benji said unsure of who would be knocking at his door at this hour of the morning. 

He yawned as he crawled out of bed and slipped on a pair of joggers. He then walked of the bedroom and headed for the door. 

When he reached it, he was surprised to find Jake. "J? Why are you here this early?"

"We have to talk. Where's Liam; or LiLi?" He asked. "I waited as long as I could to come over."

"He's in the bedroom. I told him to stay there because I didn't know who'd be coming over. Shit, mate! You fucking scared me. I thought it was the police or some shit like that." Benji ran a hand through his hair. "What's so important that you couldn't have at least told me that you were coming over?"

"We have to get them out. I couldn't sleep last night at all. They're in terrible shape; worse than I thought they'd be." He shook his head. "I just, I saw them so broken and it got to me. I don't know why it did but it did."

"We knew this would happen. We knew the weekend staff wouldn't care about their mental state or any shit like that. I expected this. We're going to get them out, at least it's Sunday." Benji sighed. "I can go to an ATM sometime today, and withdraw my half of the money, and then I'll drop it off at Liv's place. We're mostly packed. He was Liam for the rest of the day yesterday and he was a great help with packing, we stayed up really late packing then he got tired and became LiLi who then didn't want to sleep so he was up later watching Batman while I packed until I was falling asleep."

"Alright, I'll get my share of the money and tell her to get it to him right away."

"Patterson has Louis completely nude with a plug in and writing on his body. Harry's dressed like a girl. They've all been beaten. Rory in fact was being used or punished in the playroom when I got there last night."

Benji sighed again. "Again, I'm not surprised. At least there's only today left but mind you it'll be worse tomorrow as well. Most of us were gone all weekend, so they'll be itching to get back to abusing those poor lads." He frowned. "We might be able to swing this off for tomorrow night. I just need to get my shit packed then furniture and personal items like photos of family and mates that I have framed also in storage."

"Do you want help? I'm pretty much done here other then loading up a moving truck and getting this stuff to storage. I'll need your help with that though." Benji replied. "If we work together we can be completely moved by nightfall."

"Actually, Liv spent the night with me and you know how organized she can be so I'm mostly done. Thanks for the offer though." Jake nodded. "I'll look into renting a truck for furniture, see when the next one is available. We can share it between us."

"Yeah, of course. Either way it seems like we can get the moving done today along with the money. That means we can move our lads tomorrow night." Benji replied.

"Right." Jake nodded.
"Hopefully there's a truck available." Benji sighed. "They all book up so fast and they usually require a bit of notice but maybe we can just explain that this was a last minute thing."

“I’m sure we’ll figure something out. Someone somewhere has to have a truck. We’ll find it.” Benji replied.

“Next thought tho, how do we get all the lads out without any security cameras spotting them in our cars as we drive?” Benji asked as he paced a little.

“We could just throw them in the back of the moving truck. We can have our cars at the cabin already. Take them there and then the next day maybe Liv can help me take the truck back. I don’t want the lads alone at the cabin till they really understand how everything works.” He replied.

Benji bit his lip. "Those trucks can fit like two people in the front and I don't want Liam in the back of that kind of truck. But as for getting them past the cameras, what about we just take them outside like we normally would do for their treats." He suggested. "Then take them across the lawn to the back of the car park. I can easily pay the security guy off because the truck won't work either."

"Right because he'll still see the truck and that would be a red flag because there's no shipments coming in this week and even if there was, he's always there to meet the blokes." Jake bit the inside of his cheek. "And come to think of it, it'd be more of a red flag if our cars aren't there. It really is easier to pay the bloke off or give him a lad, not one of ours, but maybe some lad. We just find the weakest and most scared in the school and use him."

“No, I’m not gonna contribute to a lad being abused. They wouldn’t want us to do it like that. We’ll pay off the guard and take them out in our cars. We just maybe need to make the boys wear mask or cover them with a blanket.” Benji replied.


Jake shook his head as be closed his eyes; not even hearing Liam nor noticing him. He was so focused on the task at hand. "Not a mask, that's a bit ridiculous considering we're paying the bloke off. It's not like they'll know who's missing come later that night. And especially since neither of us would be working." He sighed. "The hoods on their hoodies are pretty large and can cover their face. I still don't like the idea of using the truck especially since the bloke is being paid off. The truck is the risk because it's abnormality. It's not supposed to be there. Oh and you'd need to get Louis into proper clothes as well." He rubbed his neck, keeping his eyes closed.

“Everything is fine love. We’re just finishing up details of the escape plan.” Benji assured.

“If they’ll all pull their hoods up and keep their heads down then I’ll be fine with taking them out and just using our cars. I need to get clothes for all the lads still so I’ll take care of Louis.” Benji told Jake.

"Just get their clothes out of storage and anything more you can go into town for later." Jake opened his eyes and looked at Benji. "They all came with plenty of clothes or I know for sure that at least Zayn did since I went into his storage box his first day to get his weed for him."

“Niall didn’t have anything. He was a street kid. Harry had very little same with Ed.” Benji replied.

“We got them some clothes already. Everyone just needs enough to get by a few days right? Just
because there isn't much room.” Liam commented. “Louis could wear one of Zayn’s spare uniforms when you guys take him out.”

"Louis has a uniform. He's just never been allowed to use it." Benji told him. "And there’s plenty of space in the bedrooms for having plenty of clothes." He added.

“Sorry, I was just trying to help.” Liam replied.

“You’re fine Liam. I appreciate you wanting to help.” Jake told him.

"Yes, thank you. So we have shit figured out... We'll finish packing. Which one of us is going to call and pay for the truck? I really hope there's one available this soon." Benji said

“You call about the truck and pay the deposit. I’ll pay the remaining balance when it goes back.” Jake replied.

“I’m going to go brush my teeth and get dressed.” Liam said and disappeared.

Benji smiled like a fool watching Liam’s bum as he walked away.

"Sounds good. I'll go start making phone calls to see if I can rent a large u haul sometime today." Benji nodded.

"Sounds good. I’ll go get packing. Let me know when you secure a truck. We’ll meet up and get us both loaded and moved today. Don’t get distracted fucking Liam.” Jake replied.

"I won’t. I'll let you and Liv finish packing." Benji nodded. "I'll call around and let you know."

Jake nodded as he felt his phone vibrate. He had a text. He frowned reading it. "The social worker called Liv and told her that she'd be coming over tomorrow morning."

“Christ, that makes no sense.” Benji grumbled. “He’s supposed to be in school tomorrow morning. I guess he needs to stay overnight with her. He’s gonna hate that.”

"Yeah, but assuming he's LiLi and that the school doesn't have a special education program...It's going to be about transferring him someplace more suited for his unique needs." Jake explained as he read the next text that just came through. "She did tell me that whenever the meeting happened that she was going to tell the worker that she was just going to homeschool him."

“That’s perfect. He still should probably stay with her tonight though I’m afraid. Getting to school so early doesn’t really allow time for me to drop him off.” Benji frowned. “I’ve not been without him at night since the first night I took him home.”

"You'll live. It's good to get some distance now and then. It's good to have space and not be joined at the hip." Jake said. "Since my kitchen is packed, I was going to be eating and sleeping there. I'll be around so he shouldn't freak out overly much."

“Yeah, just make him wee before bed and give him Bruce. If he’s having trouble sleeping let him watch Batman on Netflix or YouTube.” Benji ruffled his hair anxiously. “I really really love him Jake. He’s my everything. I know that’s so cheesy but it’s true.”

"Yes, I know. I'm just glad you live far away from your family because Liam would be hard to explain.” Jake laughed a bit. "But she's got it covered. She's got a crib and everything on the list you sent us. She's got this. He's gotta learn to be comfortable with her or this is never going to work."
“Yeah, you’re right. I know you are. I just worry. I mean, Liam is my lover and LiLi is my baby boy. I can’t help but worry.” Benji told him. “I rarely even talk to my family though so I’m not worried about explaining him to them. It can wait till Liam is legal.”

"It's the opposite with me. At least I can fake still working at the school and just tell them I moved in with Liv." Jake shrugged. "Anyways, I'll let you deliver the news and I'll be on my way. Sorry for scaring ya earlier."

“No worries. I’ll call you when I secure a truck.” He replied and walked him to the door.

"Babe? Can you come out here? We gotta talk about something." Benji called and frowned. He wasn't looking forward to this.

“Yes?” Liam asked coming out shirtless with his jeans on. “Did Jake leave already?”

"He did. He had to go back home to finish packing. He lives in a one bedroom flat and he doesn't own a lot so he and Liv packed most of it already." Benji said and looked Liam over. "I'm going to need you to put a shirt on or I'll never be able to focus."

[Liam smirked a little, “What if I like that you can’t focus?”

“Liam...” Benji gave him a look.

“Alright, just a second.” He laughed and disappeared. When he came back moments later he had a black t-shirt on. “There, now you can focus.”

"Right, well...I have some bad news." Benji frowned. "Well it's a mix depending on how you look at it. Good news... Meeting with social worker is set. They want to discuss new schooling for you but Liv said that she has plans to tell them that she wants to homeschool you instead of sending you to a new school." He paused and waited for Liam's reaction to that bit of news.

“Oh, well that will be good. It helps me not have to show up somewhere all the time. I can just stay at the cabin unless we have a meeting.” Liam replied. “That’s not so bad.”

"Right...well, the meeting is set for tomorrow morning sometime. There wasn't an exact time given...so you'll have to spend the night because I don't have any spare time before work tomorrow to drop you off beforehand." Benji explained.

Liam frowned; his bottom lip quivering. His head hung down and he sniffled, “I don’t want to. I will cause I know I have to but I don’t want to.”

"I know, baby." Benji rubbed his hands over Liam's arms. "I know, I'm so so sorry it has to be this way. I'll drop you off a little before bedtime and stay a few minutes but you need to get used to her and being there or this isn't ever going to work." He sighed. "You'll be fine. You're a big boy. You can handle this and J will be there. He'll be around for the night."

“Will she take me to you as soon as the visit is over? Will you see me as soon as I get there?” He felt a tear roll down his cheek. “I want to take Bruce. I won’t be okay without him.”

"I would never not let you take Bruce," Benji said. "And honestly, there's going to be so much going on with the escape happening that it may be best that you stay the day with her? Get to know her? And then she'll drop you off a little later around the end of the school day that way you can be there when the escape happens and won't have to be bored all day since you change into Liam when you're at school."
“I don’t want to be away from you that long my first time with just her.” Liam whimpered. “No! I won’t do it! I want to see you after the meeting!” He was starting to slip back into LiLi. “No, no, no.”

"Liam. Calm down." Benji told him. "It was just a suggestion." He sighed. "I'll make sure that she drops you off after, just breathe."

“Thank you.” Liam sniffled and cuddled into him. “Maybe later one day I can stay with her a long time but not the first time. It’s too much right away.” He tried to explain.

"Just a suggestion because I won't have a lot of time for you Monday, less than usual." Benji told him. "But let's eat now."

The rest of the day consisted of packing everything, Benji cancelling his internet and cable. Before they knew it, the entire day had gone and Liam was being dropped off at Olivia's. It was a tearful goodbye but Olivia assured Liam that as soon as the worker left and enough time had passed so that the worker wouldn't see them leaving, she'd take him to the school.

For the lads at the school, it was worse than the day before. Everyone has things so much worse than before. Everyone was beaten, abused and used in multiple ways. Everyone had had sex with each other for a Keepers entertainment at least once. Everyone had multiple turns in the pit and the playroom.

Finally it was Monday and Mr. Watson entered the room.

Not a single person stirred. No one could move as it hurt to even breathe.

"Lads?" Mr. Watson questioned.

“Mr. Watson!” Harry exclaimed as he got out a bed as quick as he sore body would allow. “Thank fucking God you’re back. I honestly missed you!”

"You're a lot nicer than those weekend Keepers. Even before you grew a heart." Niall commented. Zayn made a grunt noise in agreement.

"I don't think I can move. I don't think I've ever been fucked that much..." Louis groaned.

"I just want to eat and get on with the day." Ed said.

“Well, get through today for me lads. That’s all I ask. Just get through today. One day. How’s that? One day.” Mr. Watson told them.

“One day? Why one day?” Niall asked.

Mr. Watson couldn’t reply before the door opened however. That’s when Mr. Taylor walked in with Rory.

Mr. Taylor closed the door behind him. "The transfer was approved by the Headmaster Saturday night but no one bothered to check." He said. "I told Mr. Derringer that I'd bring him for him."

“Rory.” Louis smiled.
“Princess, good morning baby girl.” He smiled in return and moved to kiss his cheek.

“Mr. Watson, why one day?” Harry asked impatiently.

Louis still nude and very bruised whimpered, “I missed you but everything hurts. No touching for now.” He said softly.

"I also have Louis' uniform." Mr. Taylor said.

"Think about it." Ed rolled his eyes. "Why the fuck else would he say one day? It obviously means they're getting us out tonight. Think about it."

"It's true." Mr. Watson nodded with a small smile. "Tonight after the night Keeper does the check ins, Taylor will take you all out for treats then we'll take you to the car park and split you between us, after that, we'll head to the our new home in the woods. A small house but nice."

“Yes, fuck yes.” Harry quietly cheered.

“I’m sorry. I was only just kissing you. I wasn’t going to hug you or anything. I’m hurting too.” Rory frowned.

“I’m sorry. Pain just makes me grumpy. Ignore me.” Louis apologized. “I’ll feel better later.”

"Can't fucking wait." Zayn commented as he attempted to crawl out of bed but instead fell onto the floor. "Fuck. I really hate bunk beds." He rubbed his forehead.

"What is it with you and falling?” Niall shook his head.


Louis just nodded.

"Can we eat please?" Ed begged.

"Sure, as soon as Louis gets dressed." Mr. Watson said as Mr. Taylor handed Louis his uniform.

"I'm actually grateful for the skirt. I have a feeling regular clothes are going to hurt." Louis commented as he slowly got dressed.

"Feel free to take it with you." Mr. Watson told him.

Soon enough Louis was dressed and ready to go.

"Ready? Cause I need food." Zayn groaned as he rubbed his head.

"Just be quiet in the halls at least." Mr. Watson reminded them and opened the door.

They were in too much pain to say much else as they walked to the cafe.

“Mr. Watson, where is Liam?” Harry asked as they reached the cafe and the others walked off.

“He’s with Olivia. His caseworker had a meeting with him this morning. He’ll be later. Don’t worry.” He replied.

“Oh, okay.” Harry nodded and went to get in line.

Before Harry went to get in line, he turned to Mr. Watson and asked. "Do you have any idea what
time he'll be here?” He asked.

"Taylor texted me and said that the worker texted Liv and told her she'd be coming for 8am sharp. I
don't think they'll be long, he'll probably show up at the end of showers." Mr. Watson replied.

"Great." Harry smiled and got in line.

After everyone got in line and got their omelette with dry burnt toast, they all sat together.

"I'm in too much pain to eat." Louis complained.

Niall took his toast while Harry grabbed the eggs.

"I am too in a way but I need something in my stomach." Niall commented.

"We might really get out tonight." Zayn whispered and frowned.

"Why you look sad?" Niall asked.

"Because we're leaving everyone else in hell. I feel bad that we're escaping and no one else is." Zayn spoke soft.

"One day we'll come back and free them...somehow." Niall tried to encourage.

“When Louis turns eighteen he can go and tell the truth about what happened in there. The rest of
us can do the same as we all hit eighteen. At eighteen we won’t have to hide anymore so it’ll be
safe to come out then.” Finn spoke.

“Yeah, when we’re all eighteen we’ll just keep telling people until someone listens and shuts this
place down.” Ed agreed.

“What happens to everyone if it’s shut down though? Most of us are here so we don’t have to go to
prison. Hell, Liam would have gone to prison if it wasn’t for this shit hole.” Zayn spoke softly.

Louis sighed and rubbed his head. "Harry and Liam are far too young and their so called crimes are
far too minor for actual prison." He shook his head.

"I got sent here because I'm 17 so I end up in a Young Offenders Institution...Liam and Harry
should have ended up in a secure children's home and you and Niall would have been in either a
Secure Training Center or a Young Offenders Institution." He explained.

"You know a lot about the law." Rory smiled.

"Yeah, I've been in trouble enough times to know what happens." Louis smiled a little.

"If that's true, then why are there thirteen and fourteen year olds here?" Niall asked.

"Probably some judge who thought that the kids could do with some toughing up." Louis
shrugged. "I've heard of judges just... sending young people as young as Liam and Harry and even
thirteen to Young Offenders Institutions just because the so-called crime warranted it." Louis said.

"Wow." Niall whispered.

"Yeah, when you're in and out of homes and group homes for like you're entire life, you pick up on
shit." Louis shrugged.
“You’re really smart.” Finn told him. “Still though, I wish this school actually did what it claimed it does. The idea of the school is good in theory.”

"Everything is good in theory.” Zayn said and took a large bite of his omelette. "Disgusting." He tried not to choke.

"Maybe don't take such a large bite next time." Niall tried not to laugh.

Zayn nodded as he began to chew.

"He's right. It is good in theory." Louis said. "It's always just this one judge. I wouldn't be surprised if he was part of this whole mess."

“It’s possible.” Ed replied. “If I’m being honest though, I kind of like the idea of opening my own school like this one day. Make it run the right way and help kids the way I wish someone would have helped me when my parents croaked.”

"I think I'd be a lawyer or a social worker." Louis said.

"I like art." Zayn said. "I'd like to reach and help troubled youth through art. I know that doesn't pay the bills but I'd also like to run a group home."

"I want to do business. Something in that sense." Niall said.

"Ah, if we need business advice, we can go to you." Zayn teased.

"School like these are run and government approved and some are run by major corporations so I'm definitely interested in having these more government based and advocating for more overwatch, more rules, more check ins from social workers and even someone to do inspections." Harry said.

"Hurry it up you disgusting cretins!" Mr. Patterson yelled. "Line up in five."

“I don’t know why he doesn’t just work full time with the weekenders. He fits in perfectly.” Louis rolled his eyes.

“Agreed. He’s equally as terrible.” Rory nodded.

"But it's less time and less money." Harry said. "Who wants that?" He shook his head. "Just glad the weekend and my time with him is over."

"Me too." Louis nodded. "The Sharpie didn't come off." He frowned. "I mean, it will eventually but it's still on there pretty good."

“I’ll scrub on it for you want? That or maybe someone will get us some acetone after we escape. Acetone will take it right off.” Rory told him. “I fucking hate seeing it there. You aren’t his.”

"I know. And believe me, everyone scrubbed at it last night and nothing touched it. It sucks but I'm not terribly bothered by it. I know I don't belong to him so I try not to care that much.” Louis said.

“Everyone who matters knows that you two belong to one another.” Zayn told them.

“Exactly, those words don’t matter. Forget about them.” Niall agreed.

Louis nodded. "That's what I was trying to say. I'm not going to let it bother me. I don't care that it's
there, well, not a lot. It's just a reminder to be strong." He shrugged.

“Let’s go! Get your shit cleaned up! Move it slags!” Mr. Kelly shouted. “Hurry it the fuck up!”

"Better line up before you choke on one of our cocks." Mr. McGuinness added.

Everyone quickly gathered up their trays and headed to the bin after that, they quickly lined up.

“Alright lads, time for a shower.” Mr. Watson said showing up. “There’s going to be lots of very
horny Keepers so I’m going to try to protect you lot by standing near by and touching myself. If the
other Keepers think I’m getting myself off to you they should go elsewhere. I just wanted to warn
you all so you don’t think I’m actually trying to hurt you again.”

"No offense, but they'll know you're faking." Harry said. "You've told them before that you're not
interested in us sexually."

"I appreciate the sentiment but I highly doubt that that will keep them away. They've been gone all
weekend and they're already breaking their "new rules"" Louis said.

"If it's the last day, I don't think I care if I get used and abused today." Niall shrugged.

"Me too." Rory nodded.

“With Liam not around it’s believable in my opinion but whatever you lads want is fine.” Mr.
Watson nodded. “At least try to be quiet so you don’t attract as much attention.”

“We can do that.” Ed nodded.

"It's even less believable without Liam around, sir." Louis said. "In my opinion at least, not that I
have one."

Everyone then walked quietly to the showers and undressed the second the arrived.

Mr. Watson then handed them their shower cradles and watched as they went to stand under the
showers.

It felt strange not having Liam around but he'd be back around the time everyone would be getting
dressed again, so not too much longer of a wait.

“Where’s the tiny tyke Watson?” Mr. Davis asked.

“He’ll be here soon. Meeting with his caseworker.” Mr. Watson replied as he walked closer to his
lads and watched them showering.

“Miss this place over the weekend or did he keep you satisfied?” He laughed a little and eyed Ed a
bit hard. “That ones a kinky little fucker. I can tell.”

"He kept me well satisfied. I didn't miss work at all." Mr. Watson replied simply. "I can tell you're
more than happy to be back though." He shook his head.

“I am. I love fucking with these slags.” He laughed. “Just trying to decide which piece of arse I
want. So many of them are beaten to a point that all they’ll do is cry if I try to fuck them. I don’t
want to deal with an infant this early.” He then complained.

"Muzzle them." Mr. Pieters suggested having overheard. "Or tape their mouth shut."
"Good suggestions. I may just try that." Mr. Davis grinned.

“Thomas paid off his lads weekend Keeper so while they were used they’re in better condition than everyone else. I suggest starting there when looking for a lad. Tyler is already muzzled so he’d be a good choice.” Mr. Watson pointed out.

“That lad should have been muzzled a long time ago. He needs someone to beat the shit out of him. I hate that brat.” Mr. Taylor groaned as he joined the group of Keepers.

"I already spoke with Thomas, he's planning on taking the muzzle off after Tyler showers.” Mr. Pieters frowned. "I tried to encourage him to keep it, but he enjoys Tyler's mouth too much to keep it on or to always take it on and off. He did threaten Tyler with the pit if he got into any shit."

“Joe can use a muzzle. Someone needs to put one of him.” Mr. Kelly commented. “He never shuts up."

“Agreed. He’s got a sexy roommate though. Who’s the dark haired lad with the pretty blue eyes?” Mr. Davis asked grinning.

“That’s David.” Mr. Watson replied.

“Excuse me boys. David looks lonely.” He smirked and walked away.

"At least the nerd is going not going to be my problem anymore. He's Derringer's." Mr. Davis sighed contently.

"Seems like you're enjoying the deal I made.” Mr. Watson smiled.

"Well, you two have fun chatting, I'm going to go fuck a leprechaun.” Mr. Pieters said and walked off in Niall's direction.

“Hurry up lads! You have classes to get to!” Mr. Taylor called to them all.

“Anyone late for class joins me in the playroom for electro stimulation.” Mr. Branson yelled.

"So much for following the new rules." Mr. Watson mumbled as he watched Niall get fucked hard by Mr. Pieters.

"Unless you're getting fucked, I suggest you rinse and go brush your rotten mouths!" Mr. Patterson yelled.

“One day.” Mr. Taylor whispered to Mr. Watson and walked off to supervise the lads at the sinks.

“One fucking day.” He told himself with a sigh. He’d been hoping their last day would be decent. There was nothing he could do about it though.

Soon everyone was thoroughly searched before being allowed to put their uniforms on.

Even the lads had to get it done as another Keeper made a comment about how they had to pick up Mr. Watson's slack.

It was after they had finished being inspected that the heard the "warning bell" that someone had entered the school.

The Keepers groaned and took any gear off their lads and hid what they were able to.
They reminded the students to keep their traps shut and to not make direct eye contact.

Now everyone was dressed and lined up as they were waiting to be taken to their classrooms when Olivia showed up with LiLi.

“Papa!” Liam screamed and let go of Olivia’s hand. He ran straight for him and jumped into his arms. “My papa! My papa!”

“Someone certainly missed you.” Olivia said catching up.

Benji fell back a couple of steps but managed to keep himself steady. "I missed you too. Did you have fun?" He asked sitting Liam down.

Liam only shrugged and replied, “Olivia is nice to me but that’s it.”

“He had a really hard time sleeping. He woke up a few times but we managed. He was a little sad this morning but was talkative and well behaved until the caseworker showed up.” She explained.

“No like caseworker.” Liam grumbled.

"LiLi, were you mean to the caseworker? She's only trying to help you and make sure you have the best care.” Benji explained.

“He wasn’t mean per say.” Olivia replied. “He just refused to speak to her unless he was holding my hand. Even then he’d only say a few words. She didn’t seem to mind though. In fact she commented that Liam seemed to really like me and trust me.”

"Oh, that's good. And what did she think of him being homeschooled?" Benji asked.

“She actually thought it was a great idea. She said his mental state seems so unpredictable that homeschooling is probably the best option. She just told me to keep good track of his grades because she will want to see them. So he’s going to have to start doing schooling with me. What we work on will just be based on what frame of mind he's in.” She replied as her eyes glanced around the room finally. Her heart broke for the young lads she saw. They were all so... pitiful looking.

"Alright, lads. Time to go to class!" Mr. Thomas called out. "Follow your Keeper."

"Watson's group, you're with me." Mr. Taylor quickly added as the group of lads slowly started to move out of the showers.

"Right, well, just let me know what online program or programs, you set him up in...and I'll make sure he continues to do them." Benji said. "For everyone, actually. I'd love to see how the homeschooling works."

"Yes, I'll show you this week for sure." Olivia nodded.

“I’m going to get Liam some little workbooks for when he’s LiLi though. I still want his brain working and being pushed even when he feels little. He needs that stimulation. We talked on the way here about it and he said he wants to learn and be smart like you.”

“Smart like papa. Want to be Liam all the time and work a job one day.” Liam smiled and held his papa’s hand.

"Good plan, but doesn't there need to be a third party involved for when it comes to marking
stuff?” Mr. Watson asked. "They can't possibly trust the parent or guardian to mark it without bias."

“There doesn’t legally have to be however the online schooling I’m setting them all up with will grade their things for me so I’ll just be printing his grades out. The work he does as LiLi I’ll just keep in a folder for if they want to see it.” She replied. “The other boys obviously will only matter to you, myself, them and Jake.”

“Right. Sounds good.” Benji nodded.

"They will all need a electronic device, not their phones but like a tablet or a laptop." Olivia explained. "With eight kids, it's probably best to get more than one laptop, I can buy a couple at least. I have a lot of money saved up. I don't mind. The kids need it. Oh and I bought you groceries! I figured you could use some food to start with. It'll take awhile to plant and grow your own stuff and even find barn animals to buy and take in. I'm just glad that Jay grew up helping his grandfather and father on the farm, that he knows stuff, so you lads won't be totally lost."

"Great." Benji smiled. "Thank you so much for your help, it's really appreciated."

“I should go now though. We'll see eachother soon. Bye LiLi darling.” She smiled at him.


“Bye Liv.” Mr. Watson waved as well.

"Now, I have a ton of shit to do, so I'm going to drop you off at daycare then we'll see each other at lunch.” Benji kissed Liam's head and started leading him towards the doors.

Liam frowned, “Okay papa. I wish you didn’t have work. I missed you.” He wanted so badly to protest and throw a fit about papa not spending time with him but he new papa had to work on the escape tonight. That was more important. “I want attention tonight then papa. When we get where we’re going and get settled I want time to play with you. Okay?”

Benji sighed. "Maybe. It's going to be late and I think it's best if everyone just decided to sleep instead of fuck." He said. "But we'll see. There's a lot to do once we’re there as well." He tried to explain as they walked down the hall. "I'm sorry I have to work, I have to go get the other lads things out of storage and charge up their phones for them." He said. "I have to bring in the clothes I bought them and put them into the storage containers then those containers go in the car for later tonight." He explained.

Liam nodded and squeezed Bruce in his other arm tightly. “What about my Harry? Can I have cuddles with him after lunch or dinner?”

"Dinner, for sure. He can't skip class just to cuddle." Benji said. "You'll have fun in Daycare, you always do." He kissed Liam's hand.

“Okay papa.” Liam frowned. He wasn’t feeling very happy right now but he couldn’t be selfish. He had to try to be a good boy. “I want to color at daycare. Tell Mr. Murphy I get to color papa. Okay?”

"Yes, I'll tell Murphy." Benji said. "I'm sorry, baby. I wish I could let Harry skip, but education is more important. He wants to grow up and do important things I'm sure, he needs to learn in class today in order to do that." He explained as they reached the daycare.

"Oh Liam...er LiLi." Mr. Murphy tried not to groan. "Did you want blocks or colouring books
“Color.” Liam told him with a nasty look on his face. He’d clearly seen Mr. Murphy get upset seeing him. “I want to color while you leave me alone.”

“I’m sorry. I was told he didn’t sleep well last night. He gets grumpy when he’s tired.” Mr. Watson sighed.

"Oh great." Mr. Murphy sighed.

"If he doesn't straighten up, feel free to tell him to nap or something." Benji offered. "LiLi, I want you to be nice to Mr. Murphy, don't you be nasty, no mean looks, no not listening, nothing like that. If you do that, I'll have to punish you."

Liam rolled his eyes but nodded, “Fine.” He then walked away while still wearing a pout on his face. He just wanted his papa or brother to cuddle him. He’d had an awful night and being alone in daycare with someone who didn’t like him would make everything worse.

Benji then looked at Mr. Murphy. "If he gets too out of control, radio me."

"I'm sure I can handle it. Unless he starts throwing things." Mr. Murphy tried to joke.

"Yeah, he might so keep an eye out." Benji said and left.

He then snuck into their storage room. He found the lads containers. He pulled out the phones and chargers. He plugged them in and left.

He then walked down to the security office and talked to the bloke there. He paid him off and told him to loop the camera's.

Once they were agreed, he did his normal daily duties and went back to the daycare to pick up Liam.
“Your lad has been so whiny.” Mr. Murphy groaned when Mr. Watson walked in. “Everything I say or do makes him cry even just changing his nappy. Which reminds me, he’s in a nappy instead of a trainer cause I ran out of trainers.”

Benji sighed a little. "That's fine. I have back ups in the room and my car." He said and walked over to Liam. "It's time to go pick up everyone from class." He said. "Let's go." He held out his hand.

“Hi papa.” Liam said softly as he put his crayon down. “Papa I’m hungry and sleepy.” He whimpered. “Mr. Murphy said I sounded like a real baby.”

Benji sighed and shook his head. "Let's get some food into you and then get you into your crib for a nap." He said and smiled. "We can't be late."

Liam nodded and walked with him holding his hand. “Can I nurse please papa? I want to nurse before my nap. It’s been so long since I’ve gotten to.” He begged as they walked.

"Of course." Benji said as they walked out of the room. "Thanks, Murph. You deserve a medal." He called from the door as a joke.

They continued to walk down the hall. "So we have Zayn and Niall, then Louis, then Ed, then Harry to pick up." He explained.

He then picked them all up one by one. He heard mix reports from all the instructors. Louis got rewarded for good behaviour. Ed and Zayn were punished for not paying attention. Niall couldn't control his tongue and had to eat out several students.

Finally it was time to get Harry. This had Liam smiling and excited.

“Hug him gently love. He’s sore from the weekend.” Mr. Watson told Liam.

“Yes papa.” Liam nodded as they reached his class. “Harry! My Harry!” He squealed and stamped his feet happily. He then threw his arms open waiting to be hugged so he wouldn’t hurt him.

Harry gave Liam a small and quick hug. "Sorry. I'm really sore. I was beaten a lot." He frowned. "I missed you though! I thought about you all weekend. Did you have a good time?"

"In that case Harry, you need a rest and should take the afternoon to rest." Mr. Watson said.

“I know. It’s why I didn’t hug you first.” Liam told him. “I did miss you so much though. I was super worried and stuff.” Liam replied with a frown. “I wish I could make your pain go away.”

"It's fine. Don't worry about me." Harry smiled. "Did you have a good weekend though? Talk to me about it and get my mind off it. Maybe we can colour this afternoon or take a nap together?" He offered.

"Hey, LiLi. What'd you do on the weekend? Anything fun?" Zayn tried.

“We went shopping.” Liam said. “We got clothes for me and everyone. We went and looked at the house too. Then we packed and moved stuff into storage.”
“LiLi was very well behaved during all that too. Papa was so proud.” Mr. Watson commented.

“It was hard to be good at storage cause it was boring.” Liam commented as he held Harry’s hand. “Right now though I’m just tired and want to cuddle with you or papa.”

“Well, you have papa during lunch, and then me after lunch.” Harry smiled.

“You got us clothes?” Zayn asked Mr. Watson feeling and sounding shocked.

“I did. I tried to get things that felt similar to what you brought with you. It’s not much as there is too much room but I’ll get you more eventually if I can.” He replied.

“Wow, you didn’t have to do that.” Niall replied.

“I wanted to. Oh and Louis, I got you clothes like what you came with but we’ll do some online shopping and let you get some skirts and things if you want. If any of you lads want something specific or special I didn’t get you feel free to ask me about it and I’ll do me best.” He added.

“There was an entire wall that was just shelves so plenty of space for clothes!” Liam grinned. "Well, if you count one wall as plenty of space."

"It's more than I normally got. I usually lived out of my bag." Zayn replied.

"Me too. I had a few shirts, a pair of joggers and like one jumper. I rolled my clothes to give me more room in my bag." Niall said. "Then again, I did run away from the shit home I was in in Ireland."

"I had a bunch of things in the tiny place I had." Louis commented. "I had customers that paid very well."

"I had a ton of stuff with me." Ed smiled. "Until I burned most of it to keep warm at night. Only joggers, jeans, a short shirt, and a jacket."

"I had leather jacket. Well, not real leather. I made great money selling drugs. I hope my money is still with my stuff." Zayn frowned.

"It is." Mr. Watson commented. "I checked."

“Yeah well, I only had what I had on me which wasn’t much.” Harry added. “Foster parents were too cross with me to let me take anything with me.”

“No worries. I have a good amount of money put back to take care of you all. You won’t be spoiled but you’ll be well cared for. Jake’s girlfriend will set you up best she can to go out into the real word and be successful as well.” Mr. Watson told them. “Of course you’re welcome to stay with me as long as you need to. I promise to make sure you lads always have someplace to sleep, eat and be warm.”

"Shouldn't your worker have gone back and gotten your stuff for you?” Niall asked.

"Yes, but who cares when I'm in uniform twenty four seven." Harry shrugged.

"I had money on me too. From the night before." Louis added. "It wasn't uh...very fun what I had to do but it was definitely worth it to get the sum I did."

"As long as it was worth it." Rory nodded.
"It was." Louis nodded. "Hate that I had to do it but it was. And thank you, sir." Louis smiled quickly as they reached the cafeteria.

"Of course, now, go eat and drink something." Mr. Watson encouraged them. "LiLi, you want to stay with me or your brother?" He asked.

“I want to stay with you! You said I could nurse!” Liam whined.

“LiLi, don’t talk to papa that way. Use a big boy voice.” Harry encouraged.

“Sorry,” Liam frowned deeply. “Papa can I stay with you and nurse like you said?”

"Yes, but nursing happens in the room and lunch happens in the kitchen or with your brother. I know you missed him. I'm just giving you a choice." Benji told him.

"Yeah, we'd love to have you around if you wanted to spend time with Harry." Zayn offered.

“Really?” Liam asked. He felt surprised.

“Really LiLi. Sit with us please?” Niall asked.

“Yeah LiLi. Finn, Ed and I need to get to know you better anyway.” Rory smiled.

Mr. Watson smiled as well. It meant a lot to him to see Liam so happy about the other lads wanting him around.

“Okay, I want to stay with Harry, papa.” Liam agreed.

"Then it's settled." Mr. Watson smiled. "I'll bring out your meal for you though, stay with your brother." He kissed Liam's head and walked off to the kitchen.

Liam smiled and walked with Harry to the lunch line.

“Hey lads, how’s your morning been?” Finn asked joining them. “No surprise I’ve been fucked once and smacked over the knuckles with a ruler.”

"Fuck.” Harry frowned. "I was well behaved in class and got my cock sucked by two lads who couldn't stop complaining. Some reward."

"My reward for good behaviour was having the creepiest lad who had no giving experience explore on me." Louis shook his head. "He had long super skinny fingers that when he fingered me it felt gross." He shivered.

"I couldn't control my mouth so I had to eat out a few students, oh and eat their cum." Niall made a face.

"I was spanked in front of the classroom for not listening. And I had random objects inserted into me." Zayn replied.

"I couldn't focus either. I was spanked too, but everyone got a turn to do it per age.” Ed sighed. "I honestly don't know how I'm going to sit."

“Very slowly.” Finn told him. “If you don’t figure out a way to sit someone will figure out a use for your hole.”

“I’m just glad all this is over after today.” Liam whispered and gave Harry’s hand a squeeze.
“That’s right LiLi. You and I will cuddle and get a nap after lunch. Then dinner and some free time before a shower and bed and out of here forever.” Harry grinned.

"Unless they catch you sitting slowly then it's just laughing and abusing your hole more." Rory added.

"Damned if I do, damned if I don't." Ed sighed.

"Sorry." Zayn frowned.

"You may not be able to nap though...When the Keepers notice you not going to class, it'll be free game on your arse." Niall told Harry.

“I know but there’s a chance they’ll stay away since Liam will be there. None of them are brave enough to fuck with him except Patterson and I have a feeling at this point he knows better too.” Harry said and began choosing his lunch.

“Maybe papa will say on the radio that I is napping and to leave me alone.” Liam told Harry. He then looked at the others, “Sleepy LiLi is a naughty boy.”

"Doesn't mean that they can't come into the room and take you to another one." Finn shrugged as they all moved to a table.

"Yeah, they'll leave you alone but I'm not sure that's good enough to keep them away from just taking Harry." Rory commented.

"What'd you do, LiLi?" Zayn asked as they all sat.

“Stop talking about them taking Harry!” Liam grumbled angrily.

“LiLi gets whiny and impatient and a wee bit rude when he’s tired. He gets into a grumpy mood.” Harry explained as he grabbed a bottle of water.

"Just trying to prepare him." Finn said. "It's a possibility, I'm sure no one will touch him if you're by his side."

Liam didn’t reply to Finn. He just looked at his papa who was bringing his lunch to him. “Papa, don’t let them take my Harry.” He whimpered as his bottom lip quivered.

"I'll do my best but I'm not the highest ranking Keeper here, that'd be Branson. It kind of means he's the boss when the Headmaster isn't around." Benji explained. "I'll do my best but I can't keep them from just coming in and taking him for their own pleasure. I will see what I can do though.” He handed Liam his sandwich. "Try not to worry. Just eat." He encouraged.

“Well I do worry!” He grumbled. “I want to take a nap with my brother!” He whined and kicked at one of the table legs. “I want Harry!”

“Shh, LiLi please? I’m right here.” Harry tried to get him to relax by putting an arm around his shoulder. “You have to be good or papa will have to punish you and then we really won’t get to nap together.”

Liam frowned but nodded and picked up his sandwich.

“You weren’t kidding about him getting moody when tired huh?” Finn questioned.

"Nope. He really is mentally two years old, so he'd act like a normal toddler would." Harry said.
"LiLi." Benji said sternly. "Behave yourself or you'll be sent to your crib as soon as you finish and I expect it all to be gone by the end of lunch at least."

Liam once again began to get teary.

This time Zayn decided to try and help, “LiLi, how about if you finish all your lunch by the time they call us to clean up I’ll draw a picture for you. I’m a really really good artist. I can even do a picture of that superhero Louis told you about... was it Captain Liam?”

Benji nodded a thank you to Zayn then walked off.

"Yes! That was it." Louis smiled. "See? Something to look forward to."

“Will you let Louis help you know what he looks like so you draw him the right way?” Liam asked apprehensively.

“Of course. Louis and I will work together and the picture perfect for you. You have to eat like papa said though.” Zayn agreed.

“Okay,” He finally nodded and started in eating.

This allowed Mr. Watson to work on patrolling the lunch room.

Meanwhile Niall looked adoringly at his boyfriend, “That was the most adorable thing ever.”

“Yeah, well...I didn't want to hear the kid cry." Zayn shrugged. "And we have to learn to get on for the next two fucking years."

"Three." Niall corrected. "You're not leaving that house without me."

"Of course. I just miscounted." Zayn smiled. "But I think something else is even more adorable than what I did."

"And what would that be?" Niall asked.

"You." Zayn whispered and started to eat his chili.

Niall smiled, “Thanks. Honestly though, I might have fallen more in love with you just watching you talk so nice to him like that.”

“Captain Liam?” Rory asked Louis. “Want to explain to me who or what Captain Liam is princess?”

"Just a superhero I made up for LiLi and he goes on adventures. No big deal." Louis shrugged. "I've told you once before. But I understand how it's easy to forget stuff in this place." He added and sipped his soup.

“Oh right.” Rory nodded. “I remember now. Hopefully I’ll get to be around to listen in to one of your stories about his adventures. I’d probably melt watching you with him like that.”

“I love Captain Liam stories.” Liam smiled as he kept eating. “They’re almost as good as Batman. That’s really good.”

"Maybe you can grow up to be an author of children's books.” Harry suggested.
"And I can do the pictures." Zayn grinned.

"That is a really good idea." Finn grinned.

“It is actually. I like kids so writing kids books would let me be around them a lot.” Louis replied. “I’ve gotta get better with grammar if I want to do that though.”

“Maybe if you ask Olivia she’ll help you focus on it.” Niall said. “Best I can tell she sounds nice. Is she LiLi?”

Liam nodded, “Livia is nice. Her sang to me and played with my hair when I woke up crying so much last night.”

"And spelling." Harry teased. "But it's not just grammar you gotta do better at, there's sentence structure too."

"That was nice of her." Finn commented. "Why were you with her and not your papa?"

“Cause the stupid caseworker came to see me this morning so I had to stay over all night with her. I had Bruce but I didn't have papa or Harry so I couldn’t sleep super good.” Liam explained as he kept eating. He wanted to make sure he finished in time.

“Livia told her I’m going to be homeschooled.” Liam added.

"LiLi, the caseworker is not stupid." Louis told him. "And that's not a very nice word either not is it nice to call someone stupid." He shook his head.

"We're all going to be homeschooled. But I wonder how it works for you." Zayn commented.

“I don’t know." Liam shrugged as he ignored Louis. “She said something about just wanting to see my grades to prove I was doing it.”

“Right but I wonder about what exactly you’re going to be required to learn.” Harry commented.

Liam shrugged. "She told papa something about work books for me and laptops for you guys for homeschool. Maybe Liam does laptop?"

"We each get our own?" Niall asked.

Liam shrugged. "I don't know. She said a couple."

"Eh, so that's like two." Zayn said.

"Laptops can still be expensive." Finn reminded.

“Getting to be on a laptop would be amazing. I don’t care if it’s mine or not.” Ed said.

“Yeah just no looking up fire videos. I don’t want you getting any ideas.” Harry quickly replied.

“Ed likes fire?” Liam asked as he neared the end of his meal.

Ed smirked. "I'm not going to burn down our home. I'm not that stupid. Abandoned buildings are more my thing." He said. "Oh and yes, I do like fire. It's why I'm here. I started a few fires in abandoned buildings on private property."

“Oh,” He replied. “That’s dangerous.”
"Ed likes danger.” Harry laughed a little.

“I think most of us do.” Finn added.

"Yeah, we're not the type to...not live dangerously." Zayn said. "We're all here because of stupid dangerous shit."

“Except LiLi.” Niall smiled and winked at him.

“LiLi was taught bad things by stupid people.” Liam said.

“That’s right. No more talking from you though. Finish eating.” Harry told him.

Liam just nodded and did as he was told.

“Times almost up lads.” Mr. Davis told them coldly as he walked by. “Hurry it up tyke.” He told Liam.

"You ugly cock suckers have five fucking minutes to finish or you'll have Mr. Jones' cock to deal with." Mr. Scott yelled.

"So glad for when I don't have to rush eat." Niall commented as he finished his meal.

Liam just frowned as he finally finished eating. He then smiled at Harry who had just finished also. “I did it! I get a Captain Liam picture from Zaynie!”

"Yes." Zayn smiled.

"Good job.” Harry added

"How's your wrist feeling by the way, Harry?” Finn asked.

“Still hurts but between the other pain I’m in and Mr. Taylor’s treats I hardly notice it.” Harry replied. “I’m sure it’s healing though. The swelling is down.”

"That's good." Niall smiled.

"Alright, you cock lickers! Get your shit into the bins and line the fuck up at the front with your Keeper." Mr. Scott yelled.

“Come along LiLi. I don’t want you left sitting here alone.” Harry told him and stood.

Liam quickly stood with his tray and followed the other boys.

“What are you lined up over here for slut?” Mr. Murphy asked Rory who was with his new room.

"Transferred." Rory replied simply. "You didn't hear?" He held back a smirk.

Mr. Murphy glared at Rory. "Twit." He mumbled and looked back at his own group.

“Problems?” Mr. Watson asked coming over.

“No, just didn’t know you had a transfer. I was going to punish him for being in the wrong line. Guess he’s safe for now.” Mr. Murphy scowled a bit.

“Papa, I ate all my lunch! I want to nurse now!” Liam interrupted.
"Shh." Benji said. "Don't interrupt, it's rude." He reminded. "Yes, for now. I suppose you'll find another reason though." Mr. Watson said.

"I always do." Mr. Murphy grinned. "But do we really need reasons?"

"Not today." Mr. Branson said over hearing. "But you have the nursery babies to look after so I'm afraid you're shit out of luck."

"Of course I am." Mr. Murphy rolled his eyes and walked away with his lads.

"I've got my little one to nurse and get down for a nap. Cranky little thing drives me mad when he’s tired." Mr. Watson told Mr. Branson. "I'm making the curly one stay with him. I have work to do and need someone around to ensure Liam actually sleeps likes he's supposed to."

"Yeah, nice try but the lad is free game. You might have paid some cold hard cash for your wee one but the rest of them belong to us." Mr. Branson told him.

"Seriously? Can't you let me use him to keep Liam asleep? Please mate?" Mr. Watson asked. "He had to stay with his foster mum last night so he didn't sleep well and is acting like a brat because of it. Liam listens to Harry. I need his help. What'll take for you to just let him work for me like I need?"

"I don't fucking care." Mr. Branson said. "You act as if we're supposed to give a shit about your little toddler, which you turned the lad into by the way so technically, this is your own doing. No one wants to actually fuck him in front of the tiny one, so he won't even be in the room to witness the thing." He shrugged.

Mr. Watson sighed and rubbed his temples, "It isn’t my doing. Ask the bloody therapist. He has a real condition. It’s not asking too much for you to pick someone else just for today. Hundreds of tight teen arses in here to pick from. For one day just leave him alone so he can help Liam sleep so I don’t lose my damn mind which I’m on the bloody brink of anyway!" He finished with a raised, angry voice. "You can back the fuck off of one lad for one day; especially after everything I've done for you over the years."

"Look, after not having any for the entire weekend, today is a free pass on any lad any Keeper wants." Mr. Branson said. "You're not going to use a slag as babysitter when there's so many other better uses for him so just accept it...There's nothing you can do and there's no fucking winning here. So shut the fuck up and get your slags to class or I'll have Paterson do it for you and if he does it, hell, they may not even make it that far." He warned.

Mr. Watson put his hands against the Keepers chest and gave him a hard shove. "I'll see to it you regret making my day hell. That's a fucking promise. Wait and see arsehole."

He then turned to his lads, "Come on now. You're going to be late."

"Nothing is going to happen to your tiny one or your curly one, he's not worth it with that messed up wrist of his." Mr. Branson rolled eyes. "He's hardly worth anything period but I do think that you need to take the rest of the day off." He said and opened the doors ushering his students out of it.

The lads looked at Mr. Watson and quietly followed him to their classrooms, then Liam and Harry quietly followed him back to their room.

"Are you actually leaving for the day?" Harry asked once they were alone in the room.
"Not a chance. I have shit to do in order to get you lads out of here tonight. Jake and I don’t want you here any longer.” Mr. Watson replied as he set up the nursing system.

"I thought you had to follow his orders." Harry said confused.

"I do, but I'm not listening today. You'll let me know if anyone comes in here and tries something with you?" Mr. Watson asked.

"Yeah, for sure." Harry nodded.

"Good lad." Mr. Watson smiled.

When Benji had the nursing system set up he got comfortable on one of the bunks, “Alright little love, come here with papa.”

Liam smiled brightly and climbed into his lap. He quickly latched on and began nursing.

“I’m not being mean at all. I’m just curious when I ask; is that not like... strange feeling?” Harry asked.

“Not for me. Not for him. At first I’ll admit it was very sexual for me. It quickly changed however and became something that was a different kind of intimate. I imagine it’s similar to the intimacy you both feel when you have sex.” He replied as he rubbed Liam’s back.

“Yeah, it was sex but it wasn’t exactly playful and sexual. It was just beautiful and sweet. I enjoyed it. I miss it a bit too.” Harry nodded as he sat on his bunk nearby.

"Well, let me know when you two want to do it again, and I'll give you the privacy you need.” Benji offered.

“I will. Thank you sir. I know it’s gross to most people but something about it just feels right for us. It’s a bit like how most people don’t understand you and Liam being in love.” Harry replied.

Mr. Watson nodded, “I get it Harry. I’m really glad it helps you both. You lads, you and Liam I mean, are special to me. Liam for obvious reasons and you for reasons I don’t really understand. I just know that as each day passes I grow more and more attached to you in a... in a father son sort of way.”

He felt Liam smile against his chest and he held the little lad closer. “I’m sorry Harry. I know that must be really awkward and uncomfortable for you; especially after everything I’ve done.”

"Yeah, a little but Liam's my brother, so it's not that bad.” Harry shrugged.

“You remind me so much of myself. Maybe that’s why.” He said then sighed. “I really really wish things were different. I wish I wouldn’t have screwed everything up. In any other life I can see myself adopting you two boys and being your father.”

"It's fine. Really. The thought counts a lot." Harry said. "Don't be so hard on yourself. It is what it is. And even if you didn't severely abuse us, you wouldn't have been able to since there's a rule about that."

“I know.” Benji nodded and kissed Liam’s hand. “I want to spend the rest of my life with Liam as my lover. I have a desire to be more than a Keeper to you though.”

“You wanna be his papa too.” Liam said in a sleepy voice as he briefly stopped nursing.
“I...” Benji seemed speechless and embarrassed as Liam went back to nursing.

Harry felt shocked. "Wow. Really?” He asked. "No one has wanted to be my parent before...” He said softly and obviously emotional about it.

Benji could only nod nervously.

Harry nodded slowly. "I'd love that...Thank you."

“Empty.” Liam said in a tired voice as he came off.

“Yep, you need to nap now. If I let you lay with your brother like you want will you sleep?” Benji asked him.

“Yes papa. I want to sleep with Harry.” Liam yawned

“Alright, sweet dreams.” He said and kissed him before laying him next to Harry.

“We can finish talking about this later.” Harry said and held Liam in his arms and played with his hair gently until the lad fell asleep. Harry fell asleep soon after.

A few hours later Mr. Watson came back with the other lads in tow.

“Aww, look how cute they are.” Ed half teased looking at the sleeping pair.

"Fuck off.” Harry groaned as he moved Liam gently off of him and sat up.

"At least you didn't say Louis' name this time." Ed grinned. "So I suppose you were dreaming about...Sugarplum fairies and rainbows?” He laughed and sat on the bunk opposite to Harry.

“No, I was dreaming about kicking your arse.” Harry said and stuck out his tongue.

“He said Louis’ name in his sleep?” Rory asked.

"It was the first day I got here." Ed smiled. "I remember it like it was yesterday..."

"Dramatic much?” Niall laughed.

"He can be.” Harry shook his head.

"Back to the point...I walked in on a scene like this only Harry didn't wake up and so I woke him up myself and there it came... "Fuck off, Louis.” But in the most dreamy and longing voice.” He smirked.

"See? Told you he could be more dramatic." Harry told Niall.

Rory didn’t look overly pleased.

“Proud to know I bother the shit out of you in your sleep too.” Louis smiled proudly. He’d seen Rory’s jealous look and was hoping to ease the tension.

“You two will get along while living in the house. All of you will get along or I’ll make a get along T-shirt for you.” Mr. Watson said.

"I'll take the shirt over a dildo.” Louis commented. "I still remember when you threaten to make
Harry and I share a double ended dildo to get on."

Zayn snickered. "Sorry. The thought is funny but the action is not."

"Yeah, I don't even remember what the context was. I don't even remember uttering your name." Harry said.

"You know they say dreams are a window to the subconscious." Niall grinned.

"True, but he was telling me to fuck off so that sounds about accurate. We’re trying to get along better now though." Louis said.

"Yes, we’re slowly making friends.” Harry agreed.

"Watch out Rory. Harry’s trying to steal your girl.” Ed laughed.

Rory forced a laugh. "Funny..." He said.

"It's nice to hear you two getting along instead of bickering and at each other's throats all the damn time." Niall commented.

“Mmm, you guys make it hard to sleep.” Liam complained in a more mature voice as he began to wake up.

“You’ve been sleeping LiLi. You slept for a long time actually.” Harry told him.

“Not LiLi.” He replied and stretched before finally opening his eyes.

"Well, I'd say you've slept long enough, any more sleep and you wouldn't be able tonight and it's going to be one long fucking night." Mr. Watson sighed. "Anyways, Zayn give Niall a kiss, I have to take you to therapy."

Niall smiled as did Zayn.

“I’ll be back.” Zayn told him and kissed him.

“I’ll be waiting.” Niall replied softly.

Mr. Watson then left with Zayn.

“That was sweet Niall. You two are cute together.” Rory complimented.

Niall grinned. "Thanks, Ror. You and Louis are pretty cute yourselves, sometimes a little too cute, but it's hard not to be when you really love the person."

“Harry, can you help me?” Liam asked standing up. “I can’t get the nappy off by myself and I don’t like wearing one as Liam.”

“Aren’t you supposed to be in trainers now?” Louis asked.

“Yes, except when Benji and I are enjoying his his age kink. Mr. Murphy didn’t have anymore trainers though so I had to wear a nappy.” Liam replied.

"Sure, but I can show you how to take them off yourself? It's pretty easy to do it yourself I'd imagine.” Harry said as he climbed off the bed to help Liam.
Liam and Harry moved to his crib to work on getting him morning comfortable while Ed sat watching.

“So you and Harry... always just been friends or friends with benefits? Never had any other feelings?” Rory asked him.

"Always friends with benefits, nothing more, nothing less...Just a way for two Foster brothers looking for a way to get off while horny as fuck." Ed explained as he looked at Rory. "I've never had any type of feelings for him that weren't in the friendship way." He turned to face Rory now.

“Oh, I thought you two had chemistry but that must be why.” He replied.

“They really do have chemistry but they just don’t seem to like each other like that.” Niall added as he sat down.

"Seriously?" Ed shook his head. "So because we get on well and like to tease the fuck out of each other and fuck sometimes, we have chemistry?" He sighed. "I don't mind sex but I'm not looking for a relationship with anyone for a long time at least and never Harry. My feelings don't go beyond that."

“Chill, we were only making an observation.” Niall groaned.

“No worries Ed. The feelings are mutual.” Harry told him as he finished with Liam. “I’m single and probably always will be and it’s something I’m coming to terms with. No big deal.”

"You're fourteen, mate. How can you possibly feel or tell that you'll be single forever? Someone might want your damaged arse." Ed smirked. "Me? I'm personally not interested in relationships. Sex? Yes. Relationships on the romantic scale? No."

"The right person may come along, maybe not." Harry shrugged. "I'm not looking but it would be nice to have someone in the romantic sense. Sex is fun and feels good but I would love more than that with someone. Hopefully when I move out someday and go out to venture the world on me own someone will be waiting for me.” Harry said sitting beside Ed.

“I know I'll be single because I have to hide out for the four years. No chance to meet anyone or practice flirting so that I’m not socially awkward and total flop when I no longer have to hide.” Harry answered. “Not all of us can be so lucky as to find love in here.”

"You can practice your flirting and social awkwardness on us. And besides that's what Uni is for as well, you'll get plenty of practice there too before you head out to the real world and knock everyone dead on their feet." Louis encouraged.

Rory stiffened before sighing and walking to sit on a bunk.

“Uni requires money. Money which I don’t have. If I’m lucky perhaps Olivia can prepare me to have a basic job one day. I suppose I could meet someone there but no guy worth having is going to want a loser with a dead end job.” Harry replied. “It’s honestly no big deal. I get cuddles from Liam and sex from Ed so I’ll be fine.”

"You really have no brains and no faith do you?” Louis shook his head. "There's this thing called financial aid and it helps you cover costs for going to uni. There needs to be more to your life than cuddles and sex." He told Harry. "And if a person likes you then they won't care about your level of education or what your job is. And if they do, then they're not worth it."

“He’s right. Just be patient Harry. Don’t be so negative.” Niall encouraged.
“There’s a lad out there in the world somewhere that you haven’t met yet who is perfect for you.” Rory chose his words carefully. “I never thought I’d find love either but then I found my Louis.”

“Like I found Zayn.” Niall agreed.

“Yeah, like I found Benji. You’re amazing Harry. Someone will love you. You just have to wait to meet them.” Liam tried to help too.

“Okay, I doubt it but thanks. I’ll try to be more positive.” Harry nodded.

“We’ve got your back, Harry.” Louis said.

“And how can you be socially awkward if you're living with seven other lads?” Niall smiled.

“I just mean awkward with a lad I’m interested in.” Harry tried to explain. “Relationally awkward.”

Liam laughed a bit, “That’s not a word Harry.”

“Yeah but you know what I meant.” Harry told him as he sat next to him.

Liam nodded and cuddled into his side, “Don’t be sad bub. It hurts me when you’re sad because I love you so much.”

“I’m not sad sweetie. Promise.” Harry smiled and put his arms around Liam. “I love you too by the way.”

“Stop you’re gonna make me cry. It’s too adorable.” Ed dramatically teased.

“Fuck off.” Harry promptly replied before flipping him off.

Liam of course followed and flipped him off as well making everyone in the room both shocked and amused.

"Why would he be sad?" Rory whispered to Niall since they were sitting next to each other. He made sure to use a tone that could only be heard between the two of them.

"I don't know. I don't follow the rationale." Niall whispered back. "Something about Harry being sad I think, though, I don't understand why he would think that.”

"Because he was talking about being alone forever you twit." Louis said having overheard. "Can't really whisper that well in this room.”

"Hey, I just wasn't following what was going on but that's not new. I have a few million dead brain cells floating around." Niall shrugged.

“I think you all have a few dead brain cells. Liam isn’t sad. He’s just telling Harry that it makes him sad when Harry is sad. Probably because they’re so close.” Ed rolled his eyes. “There truly is no whispering in here though.”

"That's not what I.." Niall sighed. "Liam's clearly upset. What do you call that?" He sighed again. "Whatever though, this is the most ridiculous conversation.”

"True.” Ed nodded.

They all sat around and chatted for a while, Niall mostly chatted with Rory and Louis while Ed and
Harry chatted with Liam.

Suddenly the door opened and Zayn walked through.

Niall grinned. "How was therapy?"

"It was good. It helps. She could sense there was more I wanted to share but I didn't." Zayn sighed sitting beside Niall.

"Like what?" Liam asked looking at him. "Sorry if that's too personal."

"It's not, not really...I just had escaping on my mind." Zayn frowned. "She could just sense I had something I wanted to talk about and didn't. And therapy helps, it helps talking about the abuse and about the nightmares and everything else that comes along with PTSD."

“I know it’s not the same but you lads will have Olivia to talk to. If that’s not enough I’ll do what I can to figure something else out. Perhaps I could pay Ms. Brown to make weekend visits.” Mr. Watson told them. “I owe it to you lads to do everything so can for you.”

Niall cuddled into Zayn. "And until then, you've got me." He kissed Zayn's arm.

"Thanks." Zayn kissed Niall's head. "Did I miss anything while I was gone?"

"Liam flipped us off because he was copying Harry flipping Ed off. It was the funniest shit." Niall explained.

“Harry.” Benji gently scolded.

“Me? Why me? He’s the one that did it.” Harry quickly replied.

“Because you’re the big brother despite being the youngest here. You’re supposed to be a good influence.” He explained then shook his head as he smiled a little. “Okay, fine. I’m not mad. It is a bit funny.”

“It was more then a bit funny.” Louis laughed.

“Just don’t it around the other Keepers or to any adult.” Benji told Liam.

“I promise.” He nodded.

"Alright, I've got to get back to work. I'll be back soonish to come take you all to dinner." Benji told them all and gave Liam's cheek a kiss then left.

“Let’s see, what else did Zayn miss...” Louis trailed off thinking.

“You missed Harry being so sure he’s never going to find love and Rory being obviously jealous that Harry has a secret crush on Louis.” Ed blurred out.

Harry blanched and smacked Ed in the arm.

"Ow. What the fuck? I only speak the truth. I do not tell lies." Ed smirked.

"I do not have a crush on Louis." Harry said firmly.

"Could've fooled me." Zayn grinned with a small hint of teasing in his eyes.
"He has a boyfriend." Harry defended.

"As if that means something, you can totally crush on someone when they are with someone." Ed replied.

"As for you not finding love, Harry...It's a bit ridiculous considering that you're only fourteen." Zayn laughed. "Someday I'm sure someone would want you...when you least expect it."

"Exactly!" Louis said. "Who wouldn't love those curls?" He smiled and ruffled Harry's hair.

"You aren't helping." Rory told Louis obviously annoyed. "You're making it worse in fact."

"How am I making it worse?" Louis asked confused. "I'm just trying to make the lad feel better and compliment him a little to show what someone would possibly really like about him."

"It makes it sound like you like him too." Rory explained with a sigh. "It upsets me because I love you and you're my princess."

"I didn't mean it that way." Louis frowned. "I'm sorry."

"Unless he does in fact like him that way but he hasn't realized it yet. And this is the way he shows the feelings he hasn't come to realized yet." Ed grinned.

Niall and Zayn both laughed while Harry just threw a pillow at Ed.

"Shut up, would ya?" Harry shook his head. "You're causing them to have issues."

"He's doing that all on his own mate." Ed laughed.

"I'm only trying to be his friend. A real friend says nice things to make you feel better." Louis defended himself. "I'm madly, deeply, totally in love with Rory."

"I hope so because I love you so much baby girl." Rory said as he pulled Louis tightly into his arms. "My princess."

Ed then made fake gagging noises and pretended to fall off the bed, playing dead.

"Don't make me poke you with a stick." Zayn laughed.

Ed opened one eye and looked up at Zayn. "I'm alive, dammit." He said in a sing song voice. "It's a miracle!" He continued.

"And females are strong as hell." Niall sang a little. "I love that show too." He laughed.

"I miss Netflix. I had a mate that let me use his." Zayn sighed.

"We'll catch up on all things Netflix in like three years." Niall told him and kissed his cheek. "Think of all the binge we can do!"

"Benji has Netflix." Liam said.

“Yeah, Liam and I watched Batman on it the other day.” Harry nodded. “I’m sure he’ll let us watch it.”

"Yeah, hopefully." Zayn nodded. "He also said he was charging our phones, I'm honestly afraid to look at my messages."
"Why?" Liam asked.

"Because, I was drug dealer and I got myself out of being tried as an adult and sent to some underage prison, not this place, but another similar one where they probably won't abuse you...And I got myself out of it by making a deal." Zayn started to explain. "And the deal was, I flip on my supplier, I didn't make the drugs myself, but I got them from someone else who did...I gave them an old outdated alias of the guy and gave them information, well, fake information that sounded real. I just hope they didn't end up finding the guy, because if they were able to use anything I gave them, it's going to be my head on the chopping block, and they'll find me one day."

“Okay, you're going to give Liam nightmares.” Harry stopped him.

“We’re talking about this later.” Niall warned.

"I didn't really think much about it because well...This place tends to make you forget about your problems in the outside world." Zayn frowned.

"Would they really chop off your head?" Liam asked.

"It's a figure of speech, Li. I won't legit get my head chopped off." Well, maybe He thought. He knew he couldn't say that aloud though.

The door then opened. "Alright, everyone ready for their last meal here?" Benji asked everyone. Liam looked horrified.

“What?” Benji asked confused.

"Zayn was talking about his outside life and he shouldn’t have in front of Liam.” Niall explained.

"Sorry, I might have shared a little too much detail for him to handle...My bad?" Zayn said. "Honestly am sorry for freaking him out. I also might have used the phrase "my head on the chopping block."" He told Benji. "I really am sorry, I didn't mean to freak him out."

"I shouldn't have asked why he was afraid to look at his messages." Liam said softly.

“It’s not your fault Liam.” Harry told him and rubbed his back.

“Everything is okay Liam. Zayn is safe. So are you.” Benji comforted him also. “No more talking about that stuff around him Zayn. He can’t handle it.”

"Yeah, I realize that now. Like I said, I'm sorry." Zayn replied.

"It's fine, just remember it for the future." Benji assured him.

"I will, sorry again." Zayn said. He felt bad for freaking Liam out.

"Let's go eat something. Liam, did you want to eat with me in the kitchen or with the others?" Benji asked him.

“I want time with you.” Liam replied. He knew there wouldn’t be much alone time after today for them so he wanted a little to enjoy now.

"Okay then." Benji nodded and lead everyone out. "Harry, how's your wrist? Do you still need help getting food? I should have asked earlier today but there’s so many things on my mind."
“It’s actually okay. I think it’s healing because the swelling is down. Thank you though.” He smiled.

“If it’s not okay now is the time to speak up Harry.” Zayn told him as they walked.

“Thanks but it’s honestly better. Just a bit sore still.”

"Good." Ed nodded. "I don't have to fetch your food for you anymore like some damned waiter, not that I mind helping out a mate in need." He commented. "But also, if I wasn't in the mood, I'm sure Louis would love to help." He smirked.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Give it a rest."

"Nah, too much fun." Ed shrugged.

“You’re going to end up getting your arse kicked.” Niall warned.

“I’ve done it a few times over the years.” Harry smiled proudly. “I’m a far superior fighter.”

"Hey! I can out fight you now, curls. It's been awhile and I picked up some new moves while you were stuck in here and I was out there." Ed grinned.

“Don’t talk about fighting. If the Keepers hear you there will be trouble.” Finn warned joining them.

“I just want it to be bedtime.” Louis changed the subject.

"I heard. Taylor pulled me into the playroom earlier today and told me." Finn said.

"It'll be here soon enough." Rory told Louis. "At least there's free time after this."

"Free time where we'll be used and abused. Can't fucking wait." Louis sighed.

“No, we told Liam we’d draw him Captain Liam during free time. Mr. Watson will find a way to make sure we do it. No one wants an upset Liam.” Zayn replied.

“True, he’s still the golden boy here.” Harry nodded.

"Yeah, but you didn't say today." Niall said. "And Watson can't stop all the Keepers, I mean, if they want us, they'll get us. Just take today for example, I was doing nothing and then all of a sudden I have a Keeper forcing me to do shit to him in front of the classroom." He shrugged.

"True.” Finn agreed. "And in any case, the only way you'd get access to paper and shit is if you were doing homework or pretending to do homework at least."

“I don’t know. I’d think if Liam was made a promise rules could be bent for him. Still though, I get your point. Guess I’m just hoping to avoid any more abuse.” Zayn replied as they all went to sit down together as always.

“Hope you get what you want. Just remember though, if it does happen it’s the last day.” Ed told him.

"I hope so too and Liam might be above the rules but you heard Branson at lunch...It doesn't matter what Watson wants for Liam, because Liam isn't even on their radar, much less even a real student here. I'm holding out hope, but I'm not holding my breath." Zayn said.
“Less then one day. A few hours. That’s it. We can manage.” Rory encouraged.

“I can’t wait. Get to be held by you anytime I want.” Louis smiled.

“Yes, and touched and kissed and fucked and reminded that you’re mine.” Rory smirked.

“Only yours.” Louis agreed.

"We're sitting right here!" Harry complained. "Can you maybe talk about your sex life when we're not attempting to eat?"

"Awe," Ed teased. "Is someone a little jealous?" He pinched Harry's cheek quickly then went back to eating.

“I’m not jealous. I’m getting nauseous.” Harry complained.

“Seriously Ed. You’re causing drama at this point. It’s not necessary.” Niall snapped. “Cut it out.”

“If I liked Harry and if he liked me we would have been together a long time ago. You need to stop with the jokes and teasing.” Louis rolled his eyes.

"Oh, come on. You're so sensitive, can't take a joke can ya?” Ed shook his head.

"You pinch my cheek again, I give you a black eye." Harry warned.

"Geez, Haz. Chill. If my jokes cause drama it's because people can't take a joke instead of taking it all so seriously though, you two would make an adorable couple, just for the record." Ed smiled.

"You done now?" Harry asked. "I swear I'll beat you with this tray...I don't care what happens."

"No need to go to extremes, I'll lay off. Fuck." Ed shook his head.

“Something tells me Harry’s changed a lot since you knew him on the outside?” Finn questioned as he ate.

“That’s an understatement. He was always a complete arse to little kids. He’d joke back with me whenever I tried to give him a hard time. He wouldn’t threaten to beat someone he’d just do it without warning. Oh and he wasn’t all sensitive and sappy unless we started talking about our parents.” Ed replied.

Harry rolled his eyes. "I was never a complete arse to little kids, that was just you. I've always liked little kids." He corrected. "That was just you. Oh and yeah, this place has changed me because if I beat you then I'll get beat. And it wouldn't be by Watson either.” He shook his head. "But suddenly now that I allow myself to have feelings I'm sappy and shit? It's okay to feel things and talk about it."

“Harry, you always liked kids but you never hung out with them like you do Liam. Also, perhaps soft if a better word then sappy. You're soft now. Softer than you were. It’s an observation. Don’t be mad about it. I mean, it’s not a bad thing. I just like giving you hell about it because it’s fun to get under your skin. You make it easy.” Ed tried to explain. “If I didn’t consider you my best mate I wouldn’t bust your balls all the time.”

"True.” Harry nodded.

"Lads," Mr. Taylor came over. "Less talking, more eating please. Don't get yourselves into trouble, you're all already enough of a target."
“Yes sir.” Finn nodded.

“I don’t understand what makes us all so special.” Louis shook his head but kept eating.

"Watson." Zayn replied. "They want to hurt us just to piss him off I bet. I feel like the more he's tried to protect us, the worse it actually is for us. It's like a game to them, they don't seem to realize that we're real people, and only teenagers."

“It’s almost over though.” Rory reminded. “A few more hours.”

“We’ll be fine.” Ed said.

"Yeah, I know." Zayn nodded and sighed. "The closer it gets, the more anxious I feel."

"You probably feel anxious because you're afraid you're going to get murdered by the druggies you turned on." Ed said. "I'm sure it's fine though. They won't find you here or wherever we're going, so try not to worry about it."

“Yeah, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Watson were careful to find someplace we’d not be found. You’ll be fine.” Niall assured his boyfriend.

"Wait what?" Finn raised his eyebrows.

Zayn then explained everything again.

They all chatted about that for a few minutes while eating. They then discussed their plans to hang out during free time, although, Zayn said he'd do homework instead so he could draw the picture for Liam.

Mr. Taylor and Mr. Watson were busy prepping for that night so neither of them were supervising either areas.

Zayn hadn't been caught drawing it but when Mr. Scott saw the empty pages of homework, he was beaten and fucked.

Free time was more like a time where any Keeper that had the opportunity, used a student.

All the other lads that were in the rec room got used while there for free time.

The showers went felt like they went by quicker than normal. They still were inspected and this time by Mr. Branson who didn't trust Mr. Watson to do his job properly.

Finally, the lads were back in their rooms, and were waiting for Mr. Taylor to come collect them for their treats. Only this time, it'd be them sneaking out instead of going out for a smoke and pills.

When the door opened they all jumped up.

“Is it happening?” Niall asked anxiously.

When they saw Finn along with Mr. Taylor, Liam and Mr. Watson they all smiled but stayed quiet.

“Alright lads, all of you get your hoods pulled up. Louis put on someone else’s uniform and get the hood up as well.” Mr. Taylor instructed.

“When we get in the hall keep your heads down and don’t say a word. We’re going to be going outside and crossing to the far side of the yard by that gate.” Mr. Watson added.
"I have my own, I wasn't allowed to wear it though." Louis corrected as everyone else pulled their hoods up.

He quickly got his joggers on and pushed the skirt down under it. He felt like keeping the skirt. He kept his shirt on and put the uniform the shirt on over it then put the hoodie on. He zipped it up and pulled his hood up.

"Ready." Louis nodded and followed everyone out.

They quietly walked down the hallway. They then went through the side door to go outside as they always did but as they crossed the yard, Zayn grabbed Niall's hand, holding it tightly.

When they reached the car park, the two blokes looked at the lads.

"We're going to be taking you in our vehicles. Harry, Ed, Finn...You're with me and Liam. The rest of you are with Taylor." Mr. Watson explained.

"So this is real? This isn’t a big joke?" Rory asked.

"You’re really rescuing us?" Harry added looking like he was about to cry.

"Holy shit. I can’t believe this.” Zayn almost whispered.

"Yes, as we've been saying all along." Mr. Watson said feeling nervous as he looked around.

Niall grabbed Zayn's face and kissed him deeply. "Never thought I'd be able to kiss you outside the school and behind closed doors." He whispered.

Mr. Taylor unlocked his car with the remote. "Hurry in lads. We've paid off the guard but who knows what amount of time we have."

Louis, Rory, Zayn and Niall began to walk towards Mr. Taylor’s car as Harry almost leapt into Mr. Watson’s arms with the tears streaming down his face. “Thank you Dad.”

Inside Mr. Taylor's car, the lads had just buckled up.

"I can't fucking believe this." Louis whispered.

"Me too.” Niall said. "I had my doubts...but fucking hell."

"Why are you whispering?" Zayn asked.

"Afraid that if I speak, everything will break and I'll wake up from this dream." Louis said.

“Believe it lads.” Mr. Taylor said as he got in and began to drive.

Hearing Harry call him dad melted Benji’s heart more than he ever thought possible. “You’re welcome. I meant every promise.”

“I know.” Harry sniffled and finally let go. “I’m sorry. I’m ready now.” He said wiping off his eyes.

Benji just nodded and smiled before getting in with everyone.

As they drove and once they were on the open road
“Harry,” Ed turned to him. “Did you call Mr. Watson ‘Dad’ when we were getting in the car?” Ed asked.

“You can call me Benji now.” He interrupted.

“I did. We talked about it. It’s just something he and I are both comfortable with and ready for.” Harry replied.

“We don’t have to call you dad right?” Finn asked.

“No, Harry and I just made a connection and he’s Liam’s brother anyway. If you want to call me Dad I don’t mind but honestly, Benji is fine. I’m sure he’d rather be called Jake now as well.” He said and motioned to the car ahead of them.

"How about just Watson?" Finn suggested.

"I'm good with that too. Benji feels weird." Ed commented.

"Sure, whatever you're most comfortable with." Benji replied.

It took a long time to get anywhere close to the cabin. All the lads ended up falling asleep along the way.

When they finally arrived Mr. Watson shut off the car, waking the boys up.

Slowly they all piled out of the two cars and stared at the cabin in awe.

“Welcome home, lads.” Benji told them.

“You’re free.” Jake added and smiled at Benji. They had managed to rescue the lads and now they just needed to stay in the shadows to keep them all safe.

End Notes

Tags will be added as story progresses. Anything goes really. So anything can happen. We hope you love it.
P.S. There is a sequel planned. Hehe. So there's lots to enjoy. We are just getting started.

Click here to see our Tumblr that features all our fictions, updates, asks, and visuals!

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