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“I could easily forgive his pride, if he had not mortified mine.”

Summary

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Notes

For Harry Styles, the only concern in his life, is to graduate university in order to be able to escape this city. Holmes Chapel is just too small and Harry wants more.

To Harry's luck, Louis Tomlinson, a rich 23 year old guy, heir of Pemberley Digital, arrives to Holmes Chapel along with his friends Liam and Eleanor Payne.

Which, in a small city where everybody finds out about everything, should bring out some commotion about the new single rich guys arriving for the summer.

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Modern version of Pride and Prejudice by Jane Austen, which is basically the best classical book ever. I haven't seen one so I decided to make one myself. It's going to be hard because it's modern but bare with me please.
"It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife."

It has been fixed in the minds of several people, that wanting to marry and have kids, it's only extraordinary if you have a rich partner. And what happens when a rich young single man comes to a little town with endless possibilities and plans of starting new businesses? Well.

Holmes Chapel happens to be only an hour away of Chester - with heavy traffic really, because you can get there in less time - but the difference between these two, are much greater than just an hour ride car.

Let's just say, that Holmes Chapel, it's a little town with a lot of green places, a few people and so little changes. And if something great happens, it becomes part of everyone else's business.

Having a free Saturday morning, the only thing that the Styles siblings want, is to lie around on the living room on their PJs watching movies all day until some of their friends call with some plans. Really, just chill.

And it's not like they do a lot on working days, but Saturdays are meant to be part of Gemma's and Harry's ritual to lay back and also, they have all the right on earth to ignore their mother today, since Saturdays are the day Anne - their mother - goes out all the day to buy groceries and goods for the house. And maybe, just maybe, Anne also happens to spend Saturdays morning gossiping with their neighbor, Maura Horan.

The Horan - their neighbors - are a family who moved from Mullingar, Ireland. They've been friends for the Styles since the day they arrived and it's been good for everyone. For starters, Anne loves to hang out with Maura and gossip about every single detail that happens in Holmes Chapel. For Des - Harry and Gemma's dad - is good to have someone like Bobby, so they can chat about work and sports. Or just watch sports together without any chat whatsoever.

Now, Harry and Gemma have always had a close relationship, even if Gemma is two years older. And when The Horan arrived, with Niall - the lanky funny boy - Harry found himself smitten by the simplicity the boy carried around in his aura.

For Gemma, well, she opted to let Harry bond with the boy, because maybe Harry needed a real friend so, why not. And besides, their dynamic didn't change, they were still united so it was a win/win for everybody. Harry could have an amazing sister and an amazing friend. Gemma could have a little time for her own and that was amazing - taking in mind how incredibly difficult that was living under the same roof as her mother.

Anyway, Gemma was eating cereal from a bowl in her baggy joggers and white t-shirt, flannel fluffy socks and glasses on top of her nose, the TV on playing a re-run of FRIENDS. Harry was mindlessly chilling beside her, black joggers playing loosely on his hips, with a vintage Princeton t-shirt, blowing into a cup of tea for it to cool down, watching the TV along with his sister.

Behind them, Des - their father - is sitting on the single sofa reading calmly the newspaper.

Seriously, a really good Saturday morning, until their mother arrived causing commotion all over the house.

"Children! Where are you? I'm home!" Anne sounded excited yet hurried, "Where are you?"
Harry cringed at the sound of their mother's voice, knowing there was a lot to come.

"We are over here," Gemma shouted back, muting the sound of the TV, looking back at Harry. Yes, they both knew something was about to come.

Des didn't even flinch, he knew his wife a lot. He just opted to ignore whatever she was about to say.

"Oh, here you are!" Anne said, taking off her coat excitedly, leaning down to kiss Des on the cheek, "You will never guess what I just heard!"

Neither Des, Harry or Gemma made any effort to guess so Anne continued the talking.

"I was just talking with Maura on her house, just chatting, you know, as always," Anne said, making herself some space beside Gemma on the large couch, "And I was just telling her about how your cousin Zayn is arriving tomorrow and everything, you know to spend the summer here, and I was almost sure I got her this week, with me being all informed and knowing about all she got. But then, as always, she dropped a bomb on me!"

"What are you even talking about, mum?" Harry said, already pissed off with all the nonsense and their Saturday being interrupted.

"She always wins me with the news and gossips," Anne said offended, "And she's not even from here!"

"Maybe because Bobby knows more people than dad," Gemma said, not thinking though it.

Des made no effort to defend himself, but rather snort and nod along.

"Anyway, so Maura told me all about this guy who is coming to Chester to spend some time here," Anne said wiggling her eyebrows to her children, "Apparently, he is from London and he wants to come here to our little city to spend some time away thinking of new ideas for business and that."

"He sounds like a rich kid running away from his parents for a while with a lame excuse," Harry said, obtaining a laugh from Gemma.

"Well, you are right about that one," Anne said ignoring Harry's offensive comment, "He is rich and according to Maura, very handsome."

"How would she know?" Gemma asked, finishing her bowl of cereal.

"Because Bobby met the young kid earlier this week, with Bobby being real estate agent and all, he was the one who sell the house to the kid."

"An entire house? That really seems like a rich kid," Des spoke up, the first time in the whole conversation.

"I know right? So anyway, I asked Maura what was so important about someone buying a house in Chester, and she told me, that the kid was interested in opening some shops here in Holmes Chapel and that the kid was going to be like the new celebrity," Anne said.

"That doesn't explain the whole handsome thing," Harry snapped, not really getting the whole point his mother was trying to share.

"Oh, right so Bobby invited the boy for dinner and now they are way ahead of us!"
"Ahead of us on what?" Gemma asked confused.

"On being friends with the kid! We need to step up and make some connections! God knows we are not doing great economically and a shop could do us well."

"Are you talking about being friends with him so we can have a shop once he starts opening them here in Holmes Chapel? That’s fucked up mum," Harry said, giving up on her.

"Don't speak to me like that kid! Des!" Anne turned to speak to his husband, "Are you going to let your son speak to me like that?"

"Harry," Des groaned from his sofa, not even trying enough.

"She is making no sense dad!" Harry complained from his spot.

"The only thing I'm asking for is a bit of cordiality once they arrive. He will be coming to Holmes Chapel regularly even if he is going to live in Chester. We could use someone with power and money once and for all."

"Crazy. You are crazy," Harry said under his breathe.

"Besides, he's not alone. He will be accompanied by his sister and a friend of his," Anne said, trying to make things better but really, "Wouldn't it be nice Gemma? To have a female friend?"

"Mum, I have friends, okay? I just like to spend time alone," Gemma said, trying to defend herself.

"Well, it's not normal and you need more friends and maybe his sister is in need of a friend like you so, be nice."

"And how are we going to meet them anyway?" Harry asked trying to fight against it.

"Well, they are coming to tomorrow’s local parade to get to know all the people from around here and get familiar with the place," Anne said with a winning smile, "And maybe the Horans are way ahead with the friendship but let me tell you something kids, tomorrow, we are going to dazzle with our charming attitude and nice manners."

"I can't believe you talk me into this," Louis said, grabbing some stuff from his closet to throw them at a big luggage on the floor, "I have work to do here, you know?"

"You can do it remotely," Liam said, sitting on Louis’ bed, watching the short kid choose from different clothes, "And it’s only going to be for a couple of weeks, you know? Take it as vacations."

"Yeah sure, as if I need any vacations," Louis snapped sarcastically, "What I need is to stay here and work from my company."

"As if Pemberly Digital have that much of work," Liam said rolling his eyes, then looking at Louis with a serious look and then admitting, "Okay, yeah you got a lot of work, but maybe the others need vacations... from you?"

Louis turned around with a surprised look, "A vacation from me? What are you implying?"

"I'm implying, that maybe you work too hard and sometimes, when doing passionately, you are a
bit too harsh with the employees,” Liam said warily.

"I'm harsh because I'm the boss. If I'm not harsh, then the company wouldn't be a success,” Louis said, turning back to see the different shirts to pick from.

"You are right! And that's good. But you really need to lay back mate, have some chill,” Liam said.

"Liam, you don't get to handle a company all by yourself at the age of twenty-four, so you wouldn't understand," Louis turned around again to answer, "But I do hope you understand that my sister Lottie and I depend from that company and it's our only source of income.”

"I know Lou, I know,” Liam said evading Louis' look, "And that's why I need you! You know more about business than I do, and clearly, you are the one that at the end, it's going to help me with a lot of stuff, so better know about it since the beginning, yeah?"

"Yeah well," Louis said relaxing a bit and smiling a bit, "You will owe me a shit of stuff once we are done.”

"I already told you, everything's on me,” Liam said smiling, always knowing how to get his best friend on his side.

"And I'm telling you Liam,” Louis shouted from the inside of his closet, "If there's not a single place where I can get a decent cup of tea in that town, I'm coming back!”

"Sure Louis, whatever you say mate!”

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Sure, Sunday came sooner than everybody expected. The weather was perfect, with the sun shining up in the blue clear sky. The parade was supposed to start very early at 8:00 am, with a lot of activities for all the family.

Nevertheless, the Styles - or at least, Gemma and Harry - were only planning on going to the dance at the main square around 8:30 pm.

It was kind of cheesy, but Holmes Chapel was all about tradition, so the dance was more like a ball. They all had to wear gown dresses and fine suits - even if you were there to watch. Obviously, only people interested participated, but you could say almost every adult and teenager was going to attend. Again, Holmes Chapel was all about tradition.

"So I heard mum and dad talking earlier," Gemma said to Harry, both choosing which bow tie should Harry wear to the ball, "And mum was complaining to dad for not being social enough, about meeting this kid earlier.”

"Payne. Liam Payne," Harry said mindlessly, looking at himself in the mirror, "I talked with Niall earlier, he told me about it.”

"Well, that's really unfair," Gemma said crossing her legs, sitting in Harry's bed, "It's not like dad has to socialize to fulfill our mother's needs.”

"Of course not, but sometimes I think dad does it on purpose to put on edge mum's nerves.”

Gemma smirked at that, knowing how their dad had always been a fan of putting their mother on edge of everything. Apparently, it was a hobby the whole family shared.
"What are you going to wear?" Harry turned to look Gemma, "Please tell me not the same beige dress?"

"Why not? It's always a safe one. Besides, it's not like I mind about this stupid ball. Soon, I'll be over with uni and I'll be very far away from this town."

"Ouch, thanks sister," Harry said gripping through his t-shirt over his heart.

"It's not about you, you know it," Gemma said rolling her eyes, "But more like everybody's attitude. It seems like mom could not be the worst one around here."

"What do you mean?" Harry said sitting beside her.

"Well, I went to the grocery shop earlier and I overheard two girls talking about - Liam Payne, you said? - like if it was something this town should be looking forward. I mean, it's only a boy, for christ sakes."

"You're really young to be that bitter Gems," Harry said shaking his head, "Just don't pay attention to it."

"I try, I really try," Gemma said, "And I'm not that young, I'm 22. Besides, you're younger! And sometimes you sound more bitter than I have ever sounded."

"That's because I'm a boy," Harry said smirking, "And it's only a two year difference. Really, not that far."

Gemma smiled at that, nodding with a bit of fond over her face. When suddenly, the door burst open.

"You weren't talking about me, were ya?" the boy holding the door open smiled to both of them, with that luscious smirk of his, perfect white teeth and glowing brown skin.

"Zaynie!" Gemma said, jumping from the bed to hug him, "Dear cousin, you are here! Why didn't you call us to pick you up from the bus station?" Gemma said separating from him to let Harry hug him.

"It's just a five minute ride from the bus station, a cab was fine," Zayn said hugging Harry, "How have you two been? Are you ready for the ball?"

"We are sorting that out just now," Harry said, already back at the bed, picking three bow ties to show Zayn.

"Jeez, those are horrible," Zayn said with all sincerity, making Harry flinch, "Good thing I'm here."

Zayn dropped his bags to the floor, and kneeled down to one of them, opening it and searching for something inside of it. He then managed to take out a classic black matte bow tie from it, throwing it to Harry.

"You're welcome," Zayn said smiling.

"It's really cool," Harry said, trying it in front of the mirror, "Thanks mate."

Zayn nodded and then turned to see Gemma, "Now, don't tell me; you're planning on using the same beige dress."
"Why does everybody hates it? It's a safe one!" Gemma complained.

"It's pretty sure, but I heard a new hot rich boy is arriving today, so we need new stuff for you," Zayn said.

"I don't like to buy new stuff," Gemma said, sure she was going to win the discussion.

"Lucky for you, I only have money for vintage clothes, so come on, let's go," Zayn said before exiting the room.

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"What do you think? Isn't it wonderful and spacious?" Liam said, twirling around the living room.

"It's fine," Louis said, looking at the classic furniture, "Where did you get these from?"

"It's a vintage online shop, thought the Victorian Style would get along with the house," Liam said, stopping to see the shelf Louis was talking about.

Louis took another look at the place, walking through the several rooms. The ground floor was granted with a big living room, a dining room up for twelve people, a studio with a grand black piano on it and a couple of shelves with books, two full bathrooms, a big modern kitchen and at the side of the kitchen, a glass door to the enormous green garden/patio.

"I can't believe you actually furnished all the place," Louis said, returning to the hall where Liam was waiting.

"Well, I wanted to be comfortable enough for us," Liam said, "Besides, I've been working on the house for a couple of weeks."

"Good job mate," Louis said throwing him a smile, "Should we go and see upstairs?"

"Sure, let me show you your room," Liam said, climbing the stairs.

"So you told me Eleanor was going to join us later?" Louis said, following Liam through the stairs.

"Yeah, hope you don't mind," Liam said, giving a quick look at his friend.

"No, of course not," Louis said, "It's only your sister."

"Even if she has a crush on you?" Liam said, almost making fun of his friend.

"If she only knew," Louis said, rolling his eyes.

"I have tried to tell her but I think she genuinely thinks it's you trying to play difficult," Liam said, a little giggle escaping from his mouth.

"Well, whatever," Louis said, "She may as well notice now that we are going to live in the same house."

Liam nodded at that, opening one of the rooms of the first level, showing a big baby blue room with king size bed and white furniture.

"It's perfect," Louis said, entering the room, "Thanks mate."

"You're welcome," Liam said, "You may as well get ready then."
"Ready? For what?" Louis asked, turning around to see his friend.

"I forgot to tell you? There's going to be a ball in Holmes Chapel, and I promised we were going."

"A ball? They keep doing that? I thought that only happened in movies or stupid fairy tales."

"You may as well be in one and don't notice," Liam said teasing.

"Oh shut it," Louis said annoyed, "Besides, I don't even have a single thing to wear."

"Well, good thing the house is on the outsides of Chester," Liam said, his eyes full of excitement, "It means it's closer to Holmes Chapel. Come on, let's go there and look something for you."

"You mean you already have something for you? God, you are enjoying this, aren't you?" Louis said, trying to be the sassy cold guy he is.

"I am, and you should," Liam said, "At least before Eleanor arrives."

"Okay then, let's go."

"See? There's cool dresses in here," Zayn said the second he entered the shop. Gemma puffed, rolling her eyes.

"Come on Gems," Zayn said, "I know I'm not fun like Harry but I will try to find the perfect dress for you, yeah?"

Gemma shrugged and started looking at dresses. Gown dresses, if we were being specific.

For being a little town, Holmes Chapel happened to be a town full of weird shops. Like this one, which specializes in selling vintage clothes, like dresses, gowns, suits, tuxedos... even wedding dresses!

The shop was big, full of exhibitors with loads of clothes. There was a few more people in the shop, trying to find something for later. It would be a lie to say Gemma was never tempted to enter the shop. It looked fancy from outside, with white curtains and fake pearls hanging from above the windows.

Zayn separated from her, probably because he was looking for himself too, and within minutes, Gemma was lost.

She kept looking at the various racks, searching for a nice dress. It was going to be impossible to find one dress that Gemma liked - because let's be honest, she was kind of picky - but that would only mean for her to wear the same beige dress. And even if she liked, she started to doubt about it.

Then finally, she found one. It was a navy blue tulle midi dress, with the upper part, being a heart shaped strapless with a subtle cleavage and then at the high waist, parted with a ribbon with a shade darker, started lower part with the tulle.

Gemma was fascinated, looking at the dress. It felt like it belonged to a Disney princess, but it still felt so real and soft under her touch.

"It's beautiful," Gemma heard someone say behind her. She turned around quickly, surprised by the interruption of her little day-dreaming.
She saw a tall, built guy there, with broad shoulders, widish nose and crinkled eyes. He had a funny shaped face, like a puppy, with brown big eyes and light brown hair in a quiff. He also had a birth mark in his throat. Oh god, why was Gemma watching his throat?

He was smiling to her. And she smiled back without noticing it.

"It would look good on you," he said, smiling shyly, "The navy blue would make contrast with your milky skin."

"Are you making fun of my pale skin?" Gemma answered, trying to joke a bit.

The poor guy freaked out, shaking his head eagerly, regretting his words, "No, no of course not, I'm sorry."

"It was a joke," Gemma said, smiling to him, "Chill."

The guy relaxed then, letting out a muffled laugh, "But really, it would look good on you. Besides, that way I will be able to spot you tonight at the ball."

Gemma was taken aback with the comment, frozen in place with a foolish grin on her face, just as the guy disappeared into the shop, leaving just like that.

She took the dress, decided to buy it not even looking at the price tag in it. After a few minutes of looking around, she finally found Zayn.

"I've been looking for you all around," Zayn said, looking at Gemma with the dress, "Uhh, we finally got a winner, huh? Let me see."

Zayn took the dress and watched it, walking straight to the cashier to pay for it.

"It is amazing Gemma really," Zayn said, giving it to the lady behind the cash, "I don't know how you find it."

"Me neither," Gemma said, smiling to herself, remembering the boy with a cute smile.

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In the blink of an eye, the sun was finally coming down and the time to go to the ball was arriving. Finally, after Louis deciding between two tuxedos-suits like, he paid for them and both Liam and him returned to their new house.

It was still strange for Louis to be in such an amazing house but so far away from a decent city. Not that Chester was bad, but to be honest, it was such a small city, with only three main avenues and one mall. Not to mention they only had like four Starbucks and he had yet to look for a decent place to get tea. Now, that was just Chester... imagine the little city of Holmes Chapel.

They arrived to the house and opened, instantly knowing something was different.

"Hey guys," a slim tall brunette was sitting on one of the white couches of the expensive living room, with a cup in her hands, "Where were you?"

"Oh," Liam said with a tone of surprise in his voice, quickly changing it, "Dear sister, how are you?"

"Good, tired. I hope you don't mind but I made some coffee," she said, standing up from her place to come and greet the boys, "Louis, how are you? You look so... smart!"
Louis gave her a cringed smile and nod, "Hello Eleanor, nice to have you here."

Even though Louis knew Eleanor had a thing for him, he was never rude to her - at the end, for him she was like a sister. But somehow, Eleanor did not see Louis as a brother - far from that actually. Apparently.

"Are you ready sis? The ball starts in an hour!" Liam said with enthusiasm. He was the only one looking for the ball in this house, apparently.

"An hour? I'm not going to be ready in an hour! Why didn't you told me before?" she said, already passing both of them to reach the stairs, "It'll be almost impossible! Damn it, Liam."

Yes, she was... hard sometimes. But, it was family at the end of the day.

"Well, she is excited for this," Louis said with sarcasm, climbing the stairs as well, going to his room to get ready.

"Oh you guys," Liam said, following his steps, "You're going to love it, yeah? Just give it a chance."

"Right," Louis said rolling his eyes.

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The Principal Square of Holmes Chapel looked quite cliché. Fairy lights were hanging from every public light post and there was cute vintage furniture as decoration. There was also an open bar with fair good liquor.

Luckily, there was an esplanade available for people to dance. Currently, there was just a few people dancing at the rhythm of old music. Basically, every single person on Holmes Chapel knew the classic dances so, it was no surprise to see every single person on dance floor dancing evenly at the sound of the music.

The Styles, along with Zayn, their cousin, were just arriving when the song changed.

"Look at that, it's big!" Zayn said clapping his hands, giving little jumps.

"Holmes Chapel may not be Bradford, but we got our thing," Harry said snapping to his cousin.

"Oh yes, you got your thing," Zayn said looking at the couple of guys chilling by the dance floor, already making his way to their direction.

Harry watched what Zayn was talking about and rolled his eyes - knowing how flirty was his cousin, he didn't expect less to be honest.

"When did our parents say they were going to arrive?" Harry turned to ask Gemma, finding her watching every detail of the arranged space.

"I don't know," Gemma said, coming out from her day-dream.

"What's the matter with you silly?" Harry said, making fun of his sister. In a cute way.

"Nothing," she said, trying to brush off the thing, "Weren't you going to look for Niall?"

"Oh, yes," Harry said, turning back to the dance floor in search for the blond boy, "Be right back."
Gemma nodded and smiled to him, while Harry walked to dance floor, already spotting Niall near the open bar.

Soon after that, the place started to fill in and everybody was dancing. The music filled every inch of the chill air and people were laughing and clapping along, while some others were dancing on the dance floor.

Harry and Niall were watching and laughing to some of the girls and boys making themselves fools, while Gemma was already dancing with a friend of hers, her body and feet moving smoothly through it.

Then, all of the sudden, cheers and voices fade while the music turned down, all the attention changing towards the new guys arriving to the place.

Harry looked at the three people, walking through the place, making everyone shy with their imposing presence.

In the middle, a fit built guy, taller than the other two, with chestnut short hair, was smiling and greeting everyone. Then at his left, there was a tall beautiful slim girl, with auburn long curlish hair and an amazing olive dress on her - and even if she was possibly the most beautiful girl on Earth, the way she was watching everyone else, made something about her vile.

Then, at the right, there was a short guy, with such presence that Harry was smitten into keep staring at his deep blue eyes. There was something about the guy - probably his tanned skin or his long eyelashes - but Harry found himself clenching at his stomach feeling all ticklish. He had a stubble all over his jaw, making him look more mature and serious. Still, Harry couldn't stop the feeling he had a mischievous side.

The three were just walking right beside Harry and Niall, when Harry found himself making eye contact with the short one. It was a weird short time, not even a full second, but Harry was feeling dizzy all of the sudden.

"That's Liam Payne there," Niall said, pointing at the one in the middle, showing Harry, "And she is Eleanor, his sister."

"Who's the other one?" Harry asked back, barely whispering, with actual sudden silence all over the place.

"I think he is Louis Tomlinson," Niall said, whispering to Harry, "He is the heir of Pemberly Digital, the most famous marketing media design house in London. He is rich. Like, filthy rich. He is only 23 years old and he already owns a company. Mum said he was the real businessman."

Harry nodded at the new information and looked back at them, not quite grasping the idea of people that rich. His family was barely able to pay the bills and get some luxuries, but not at the point of owning shops, business or in that case, an entire company.

"A bit stiff, aren't they?" Harry said, earning a giggle from Niall and smiling to himself for the great comeback.

In no time, the music came back to life and people continued dancing, but people was quick to start with the comments and gossips about the new guys in town.

"Harry!" he could hear his mother from behind, trying to catch his arm. "There you are son," Anne said, finally coming into sight, "Let's find your sister right away! We need to be introduced to them."
Harry didn't even notice when his mother arrived to the party, but he was pretty sure she was just waiting for the new guys to arrive to make her appearance.

Once they found Gemma, the whole Styles family, were suddenly walking to introduce themselves to Liam Payne.

They were placed beside the open bar, each of them with a glass on hand already and even if Liam was looking rather excited, the other two poor souls seemed to be aching at every second passed. Or at least to Harry.

"Hello Mr. Payne," Anne said once they arrived near them, making a kind of vow to them, looking only silly, "We are the Styles family, one of the very best ones from Holmes Chapel."

Harry was already rolling his eyes at the incredibly stupid comment his mum made when all of the sudden Liam spoke up.

"Please, call me Liam, ma'am," he said smiling, "Mr. Styles! Nice to see you again!"

"Hello Liam," Des greeted the boy with such familiarity that all of the family was gazing at the scene, "Is everything good with the house?"

"Perfect! We love the house, right?" Liam said, turning to look at Eleanor and Louis.

"Such a lovely place," Eleanor said softly, almost giving the family a smile. Almost.

Louis made no effort to talk and Liam, knowing him too much, spoke up again.

"Thank you so much for all the help Mr. Styles," Liam said only now noticing Gemma and Harry.

When Liam looked at Gemma, he couldn't help to instantly smile all shyly.

"This is my daughter, Gemma Styles," Des said, presenting Gemma. She extended her hand to each of them, receiving a cold short shake from Louis, a weird jealous shake from Eleanor and a warm smiley shake from Liam.

"Nice to meet you, Gemma," Liam said, with a mischievous smirk on his face.

"Nice to meet you too," she said returning the smirk.

Thank god, nobody noticed the weird exchange so Des continued with the presentations,

"And this is my boy, Harry," Des said, with a proud smile. Harry shook all of their hands, receiving the same contempt from Eleanor and Louis as his sister received. Harry was hating them despite how incredibly beautiful they were. Except for Liam, who showed him truthful gratitude and kindness.

"Nice to meet you Harry," Liam said, shaking eagerly his hand, "It's such a cute town, Holmes Chapel."

"Well, it's nice you could find its charm that quick," Harry answered, "There's people who has been living here their entire life and they can't still find it."

"No wonder why," Louis mumbled for himself, receiving a harsh look from Anne, while Liam just rolled his eyes knowing his friend. Harry tried very hard not to punch him right there.
"Enjoy the party and let me know if you need anything," with that, Des ended the awkward scene and the family returned to their place in the party; Anne back with Maura to gossip about what just happened, Gemma lost herself in the crowd just as Des, while Harry returned to his saved spot next to Niall.

"Well, that went horrible," he said when he reach the side of the blond one.

"I told you," Niall said, not even looking at Harry, "They are really rich, and I guess their hobbies don't include spending time at classic balls meeting people that can't even grasp the idea of how rich they are."

"They are still rude," Harry said, sounding just a little offended, "I mean, not Liam. He was nice."

"How nice was him?" Niall said, inquiring more.

"What?" Harry said turning to look his friend.

"I mean, he is now dancing with Gemma," Niall said pointing at the couple dancing over the dance floor - Gemma trying to teach each step to Liam while dancing. Failing, miserably.

"I don't - how the hell.... how did that happened?" Harry was speechless.

Gemma was laughing at the bad moves Liam tried to pull off and Liam was blushing more and more with every second passing. They were holding hands - just barely - while following the music and even if Gemma was not looking directly at Liam but rather focusing on their feet or other people, Liam could not take his eyes off of Gemma.

Anne, their mother, quickly noticed this and started to brag about how Gemma was the only one to awake Liam's interest and how it was obvious they were instantly hooked.

Niall excused himself to go over the open bar and Harry was then left alone. He spotted Louis - the cold posh friend - walking through the party, subtly listening to every chat and by the look in his eyes, he was probably judging every single person he saw along the journey.

"He is very handsome, isn't he?" Harry was surprised by the girl - Eleanor - just beside him, staring at Louis as well.

Harry was smart enough to just smile and excuse himself, not trusting the pair enough to speak to any of them alone. Harry feared the fact that maybe being alone, he could make a fool of himself and his pride could never forget that.

He could not find Niall at the open bar, but he saw Louis a few feet away from him, staring at the crowd in front of him.

It was kind of weird for Harry actually, that someone so good looking, could be full of coldness and vile thoughts in the inside.

"Mate, here you are!" Liam said to Louis, situating himself beside him, "How are you doing? Pretty cool, right?"

"Speak for yourself, Liam," Louis said in a accusing tone, "I told you there was no point on me coming here."

Harry was listening to the whole thing, even if they didn't notice his presence a several feet away from them.
"Come on Tommo, you needed some air," Liam said, putting his arms around Louis, "You should dance and let yourself loose a bit!"

Harry giggled at the thought of Louis dancing. Probably because what Harry imagined was a Louis Tomlinson twerking to Miley Cyrus.

"You know I hate dancing," Louis said, brushing Liam's arm, "And beside, who am I supposed to dance with?"

"With any boy in here?" Liam said, with a tone of sassiness, "You can literally dance with whoever you want."

"Right," Louis snapped, "If I haven't come out in London, what makes you think I will be comfortable coming out here?"

Harry never thought that coming out for someone like Louis was ever going to be difficult. He thought maybe the power gave him some sort of immunity and let him do whatever he wanted. Apparently not.

"I don't know," Liam said, weighting the options, "I just thought it would be easier here since you don't know anyone."

"And that's why it's worse. The only thing this people do is gossip and I don't want them to talk about me."

Too late, Harry thought.

"Don't close yourself like that! There's a lot of handsome boys out there!" Liam said, trying to cheer and encourage Louis.

"You only say that because you found yourself a decent girl," Louis said.

Somehow, that made Harry defensive. It's not just some decent girl. It's his lovely caring amazing cool sister, Gemma.

"What about her brother? Harry?" Liam said, looking now at Harry. Harry looked the opposite way quickly enough so they didn't catch him staring, "He is handsome. And let's be honest, he is fit."

"Yeah well," Harry could sense Louis' look checking him out, and Harry could now feel his cheeks burning, "Whatever," Louis finally said with such disdain, "I'll go and have a smoke before I go mad between this people."

Harry felt wounded. Well, not physically anyway. Not even emotionally. His pride was wounded. Because even if he thought that by avoiding them, it would be impossible for him to make a fool of himself, this little chat just had proven that his pride and family - and even his emotions - could be hurt even by their backs. And for Harry, that was not acceptable.

Harry found Niall later, telling him all about the little chat he listened to - except he didn't showed his wounded ego, and try to mock Louis in the story.

And as if it was to expect, later Anne found out about all the things Louis Tomlinson had said and she was hating him more and more as every second passed.

Harry danced with a few girls, all of them friends from high school, just giggling and dancing as long as Harry swirled them and carried them through every round. It was known for almost
everybody that Harry was gay - even if Holmes Chapel was about traditions, they were open
minded and since Harry was not the first nor the only gay kid around, it was know more
acceptable.

Still, Harry felt good just dancing with known people and he didn't want to deal with the pain of
having to found a single man to dance with. Gemma on the other hand.

She kept dancing with Liam, the two of them so hooked to each other than even if Liam went to
the open bar for another glass of whiskey, Gemma would decline all the dance offers she received.
And Liam, even if people kept asking to meet him and chat with him, he would excuse himself to
keep dancing with Gemma. Whenever they had to be apart, they would keep glancing back to
each other with that mischievous smirk of them, hiding more than just a couple of dances.

Anne was more than proud of her daughter and she kept making statements to every mother on
town that she was such a lucky lady, that they could almost see Liam as a son-in-law and that it
was obvious to anyone how much they both enjoyed the company.

People started to leave the ball, being so late and being tired, that Harry wanted to take his car and
leave Gemma here by her own, knowing she wouldn't agree to go because she kept talking and
talking with Liam.

Luckily, Eleanor - Liam's sister - convinced Liam that it was indeed too late and that they should
go back to their house, which was twenty minutes from here.

"It was a pleasure to meet you, Gemma," Eleanor said once Liam agreed to go.

"Thanks Eleanor," Gemma said smiling politely, "Nice to meet you too."

Harry was with Zayn, just a feet away from Gemma, watching the entire scene, just waiting so
they could finally go.

"Gemma," Louis said to her, giving her a little bow, "Have a good night."

"Thanks Louis," Gemma said, taking her risks and leaning in for a kiss on the cheek, "You too."

Liam watched the entire thing with a silly sided smile, not wanting to say goodbye to Gemma yet.

"You are welcome to visit the house whenever you want," was the first thing Liam said when it
was his turn, "But I'm still going to come to Holmes Chapel a lot so I guess I will see you
around?" the last statement sounded more as a question so Gemma could affirm. And she did, she
nodded softly and smiled to Liam.

"Of course," Gemma said, smiling sweetly to him. Liam leaned closer to her, giving her a small
kiss on her cheek, making Gemma close her eyes and smile to herself. Harry was smiling from his
spot, knowing too well his sister.

"Nice to meet you Harry mate!" Liam shouted back to Harry once they were leaving.

"See you!" Harry shouted back, waving goodbye.

Liam, Eleanor and Louis left in a black Range Rover, taking instantly the left turn to leave Holmes
Chapel to Chester, leaving the Styles and Zayn there.

They left too, after checking their parents had gone a while ago and they all got in a taxi cab,
going to their house.
When they arrived, Zayn instantly went to the guest room, falling asleep immediately. Probably to much beer and dance for him.

Gemma and Harry went upstairs, where their bedrooms are. Harry took off his clothes and put on some joggers, leaving his chest bare with the warm weather inside the house. He was about to go to sleep when he heard small knocks on his door.

"Gemma?" Harry said opening the door and letting her in, "Thought you would be fast asleep, just as Zayn."

"I can't," Gemma said, sitting on the bed with her legs crossed. She was now wearing her PJ's as well - a pair of black shorts and a white t-shirt.

"Come on, talk to me then," Harry said smirking, already knowing what this was about.

A smile appeared on Gemma's face, along with a fair subtle pink blush on her cheeks.

"He's everything one would want to," Gemma said smiling, letting her self fall on the bed dramatically, "Sensible, good-humoured, lively; and he was so polite, so caring of the other people."

"He's handsome too," Harry said, sitting beside her, "And incredibly fit. Are you sure he's not gay?"

"Shut up," Gemma said laughing and hitting lightly Harry's thigh.

"I can't believe he spent every minute with you," Harry said, speaking softly now, remembering there's people sleeping in the house.

"Not every minute," Gemma tried to deny it.

"Oh please, if you two were ever separated, you kept staring at each other and smiling. You may fool everyone Gems, but not me."

Gemma smiled to that, nodding, but then instantly started to groan, covering her face with both hands, "What is happening to me?"

"That, dear sister, is called feelings," Harry said poking her stomach.

Gemma made a weird sound, between laughter and another groan, but suddenly stood up and saw Harry, "I can't still believe what Louis said about you," Gemma said, looking worried for her brother, "He looked nice!"

"Nice my ass!" Or Louis' one. Harry tried to shake the thought out of his mind, "Since the moment they arrived, he was walking through the entire Square with such disdain."

"He was nice to me," Gemma said shrugging, "I don't understand why he would ever say something like that."

"It's because Liam likes you," Harry said rolling his eyes, "It was obvious how Eleanor and Louis were trying their best to look nice to you, so you liked them."

"I swear sometimes you say the stupidest things," Gemma said shaking his head.

"I don't! Seriously, I can see all their pride and disdain behind their fake smiles."

"Well, Eleanor promised to send me a text soon," Gemma said, her pure and innocent soul
"Well, Eleanor promised to send me a text soon," Gemma said, her pure and innocent soul showing, "She said it would be good to hang out."

"Just remember later when I come to you saying I told you so," Harry said, giving up on her sister.

"Okay," Gemma said, her mind already gone again, thinking about that beautiful puppy face and big smile on Liam's face.

"Well, that was absolutely ridiculous," Louis said, once they all arrived their new home, taking off his posh costume coat, feeling tired after the whole party.

"Speak for yourself," Eleanor said, entering the house as well, "I had the most lovely evening," Louis stopped in his tracks, turning around to see Eleanor, "Don't look so surprised! I enjoyed the nonsense chit chat as well as the few decent girls there," Liam entered right then, with his goofy smile on his face, "Like Gemma for example," Eleanor said, "She was okay."

"She was more than okay," Liam said, "She is - charming and like, - incredibly amazing," he said, still couldn't process a single thing.

"Don't exaggerate, she was only okay," Eleanor said, rolling her eyes.

"It was a total nightmare," Louis said under his breath.

"Oh mate," Liam said, only noticing now he is a bit tipsy dizzy, passing his arm around Louis' shoulders, "You are just mad because you couldn't dance with Harry."

"What?" Eleanor asked, almost terrified.

"You are drunk Liam," Louis said, stepping away from the embrace, "You are clearly saying stupid things."

"Yes, that's it," Eleanor said agreeing.

"What I couldn't understand is," Liam said, still speaking, not paying attention to what they just said, "How does he make it so his curls look like that? I mean, proper curls and everything."

"Are we still talking about him?" Eleanor said, clearly annoyed.

"Liam, you better go to sleep," Louis said, opting to take his friend upstairs.

"Not that I found him appealing - well, not for me anyway," Liam said, accepting Louis as a help to get through the stairs, "I mean, Gemma is more my type, but you," he said, pointing his finger to Louis, "You my mate, you are missing the Styles charm."

"What is he even talking about?" Eleanor said from behind, missing some parts of the conversations.

"Nothing," Louis answered to her, "Let's go to bed Liam, we will talk tomorrow when you stop blabbering."

"Blah blah blah - I'm not blabbering," Liam said, "You know what I mean."

"Sure do, mate," Louis said, wanting to end the discussion.

Louis took Liam to his room, leaving him alone to take care of himself and when he came out,
Eleanor had turn off all the lights from downstairs.

And later, if Louis couldn't sleep, only turning around in his bed, because he couldn't stop thinking about those green, green eyes and those perfect curls, well - that was no one else's business but his.

The next day arrived fast, promising to be a lovely Sunday for everyone.

Anne and Maura always loved to have a chat after big events - and because this last event had been way more better because certain new people, it was like an official thing to gather around to revise the events of last night.

Maura and Niall arrived to the Styles house around noon and Anne - being herself - had prepared a lovely brunch in her backyard; not only to show off her precious green big garden but also to show off her new garden furniture.

Gemma, Harry and Zayn joined, wanting to comment about last night and also because Maura Horan made the best scones in town, even if Anne denied it.

"Oh Anne," Maura sighed, after sipping her cup of tea, "You must be really excited. Gemma was dancing all night long with Liam."

"Well yeah, I mean - it was only a dance, right? But Liam was surely all night long beside Gemma," Anne said, trying to play fool.

Harry only rolled his eyes and continued picking his scone.

"Well, I listened that he was very pleased with you Gems," Niall said, wiggling his eyebrows to Gemma, "I was near the open bar and -,

"You were there practically all night," Harry interrupted, making fun of Niall.

Gemma laughed while Anne and Maura tried to ignore it.

"Shut up," Niall said, laughing at the end, "Anyway, I was there and I listened when Liam was talking with Mr. Robinson and he asked him if he was liking the whole event and he was like 'Yeah sure' and then Mr. Robinson asked about you and he was like 'Gemma is an incredible girl' and then he excused himself to continue dancing with you."

"That's amazing," Maura said, smiling to Niall, "Isn't that amazing Anne?"

"Sure, sure it is," she said, proud of her daughter.

"But anyway, it's much better than what Tomlinson said about Harry," Niall said.

"Oh yeah," Maura said, looking at Harry, "I heard about it. Are you okay H?"

"Yeah," Harry said, giving her a small smile, "I mean, it's not like I wanted to dance with him or anything."

"Well, don't think about it Harry," Anne said, brushing the whole thing off, "Louis is not worth it."

"Eleanor told me he is like, really reserved and that he is mostly shy so maybe that's why he didn't wanted to interact with so many people," Gemma said, trying to defend poor Louis from her
"Nah, he looked pretty much a snob to me," Zayn said, "How can you be that handsome and rich but not want to take advantage of it?"

"It's not like take advantage of it, but to know how to use it," Niall said.

"Well, even if he knew how to use it," Harry said, trying to look indifferent, "I wouldn't want to dance with him."

"Well said son," Anne said, smiling to him, "He is really prideful and I wouldn't like someone like him for you."

"You know, his pride does not offend me so much as pride often does, because there is an excuse for it," Maura said, now directly at Harry, "He is a very fine young man, he has a large fortune - everything in his favour, so maybe that's why he should think highly of himself; I mean, he has a right to be proud."

"Yeah sure, he has all the right to be proud," Harry said smiling with an ever so lightly hint of bitterness on his smile, "and I could have easily forgive his pride, if he had not mortified mine."

"Even if his pride was justified, he has no right to be that vain, even if the little shit is handsome as fuck," Zayn said, speaking the truth.

"Zayn!" Anne scolded him, while Gemma, Harry and Niall laughed.

"If I were that rich, you would never see me without a bottle of wine in my hand," Niall said, fist bumping Harry.

"And if that ever happens, I would snatch every bottle of your hand if I ever see you at it," said Anne, scolding Niall as well.

Dinner time was close so Maura and Niall had to returned to their own house, promising to be there in the next days to talk more about the new neighbours.

Anne was in the kitchen, along with Gemma, Harry and Zayn, preparing the dinner when Gemma's phone started ringing.

"Ello?" she answered, trying to go to the living room to have a private chat but Anne stopped her, wanting to know as soon as possible who it was on the other side.

"Yeah sure," Gemma said, nodding, only noticing later there was no point on nodding, "Perfect, sounds lovely," Gemma said, smiling to the phone, "See you there then, bye."

She hanged up and let out a sigh she was holding.

"Who was it?" Anne asked, hovering over Gemma.

"Mother, let her breathe," Harry joked from the table, cutting some vegetables.

"It was Eleanor," Gemma informed, "She wants me to go to their house and dine with her."

"That's lovely!" Anne said, full of excitement.

"Yeah," Gemma said nodding, "She said she didn't want to dinner by herself, because Liam and
Louis are dining out and they left her all alone."

"Wait," Anne said, "Dining out?"

"Oh, poor Eleanor," Zayn joked, laughing along with Harry. Gemma only glared at them.

Anne didn't even noticed, thinking way too much.

"Can I use the car mum? I don't want to take the bus," Gemma said, looking outside the window and watching how a clear drizzle was coming.

"Well," Anne said, a small but visible smile creeping on her face, "I have to use the car later so no, you will have to go there by bus."

"I can drive her and come back -,"

"No," Anne interrupted Harry, "You have to do the laundry, as well as Zayn," Anne said, "Sorry Gems, you will have to use the bus."

"But mum -,"

"That's it," Anne said with strong voice finally, not letting anyone else to speak, "Have fun, Gemma," she said after a few seconds, smiling with a not so innocent smile.

As Anne predicted - or really, just guessed - the drizzle became more than that, and later there was a full storm, lightnings and rain as heavy as the weather could.

When Des arrived, damp and wet from head to toe, he only shook his head when he listened Anne had sent Gemma all by herself on the bus.

"Dear God, woman," Des said, disapproval in his voice, "There will be no way for Gemma to return until tomorrow - public transportation is suspended."

"Oh well, one night there won't harm her," Anne said, shrugging with a small smile on her lips.

"Weren't you going to go out mum?" Harry said, fully knowing his mother.

"Oh, right," Anne said, "Well, it's raining so I guess it will have to be tomorrow."

"Right," Harry said shaking his head to his mother.

Harry took out his phone and started typing a text to Gemma,

"well, mum is delighted with the storm. hows everything over there?"

But Gemma didn't answered right away. Harry decided that maybe the signal over there was awful and now with the storm, Gemma wouldn't get any messages soon.

The remaining family had dinner and soon, the sky was dark.

Even if Harry didn't like storms because of the lightning, he liked the way rain made everything prettier.

It surely made the garden greener, and it made everything more melancholic - which made Harry think and dream.

He couldn't spare his thoughts and he ended up thinking about Louis and what he said about him.
Sure, whatever. It was not like Louis was the most handsome man on earth. Errr.

Looking at the distant lightning, Harry thought of the deep blue on Louis' eyes. Well, fuck Tomlinson. He was just as despicable as Harry thought.

Just then, a text came to Harry's phone,

*unknown number: Hey bro, it's Gemma. Everything fine except I have the flu now, so thank mum. Liam doesn't want to let me go until I'm full recovered because he's somewhat paranoid so I'm probs gonna stay here for a while. love to all of you x. ps. my phone doesn't work bc I dropped it in a pond ;)*

Well, Anne got what she wanted, right? Harry decided to keep the new info for himself until tomorrow - besides, it's not like their mother was waiting for Gemma any soon.

- Monday morning when Harry announced that Gemma was staying with Liam until she recovered, Anne burst out with happiness with the news, asking to be updated to every news.

But to Harry all of that was non-sense. It was just a flu! Gemma should get back and get some damn well rest, and even if he was sure Gemma wouldn't completely rest there with their mother yelling and causing commotion to every little detail happening in their life - okay, maybe it was better if Gemma stayed there.

Still, Harry was worried for his sister and he was decided to go over Liam's house and nothing was going to stop him. Not even his mum.

"I'm going to Niall's," Harry shouted to the house, receiving a muffled 'Okay' even if it sounded like Zayn's voice.

With his Hunter Wellies, skinny black jeans and navy blue t-shirt, Harry decided to work all the way to the house; mainly because he couldn't take his mother car and public transportation was still unavailable. Damn you, Holmes Chapel.

*to unknown number: i'm on my way sister, don't worry! xx.*

The humidity was horrible, so he decided to throw his hair into a bun - thank God Gemma let him lend some hair ties - and started walking. Even if it was cloudy, the humidity in England was always awful after a storm.

Harry walked for almost two hours when he arrived to the only giant beige house on the road. It was clear what his mother has said about Liam's taste. It really looked like a Victorian house and he could only imagine the amazing furniture inside.

He decided to get closer to the porch, still fighting in his head if it was appropriate to arrive in such horrible conditions. Well, *whatever.* Right?

He ringed the door bell and just a few seconds later, there was someone opening the door. More likely, Louis Tomlinson.

"Hi - Hello," Louis said, eyeing Harry from head to toe, probably watching all the mud on his boots. *Yes, you dickhead, I'm entering your house with all this mud. What you going to do about it?"
"I'm here to see Gemma," Harry said, more softly that he intended, and Louis stepped from the frame to let him in.

"Yeah I know, I saw your text," Louis said, smiling just lightly. Probably politeness.

"It was your phone? Oh sorry, didn't know," Harry said, faking politeness as well.

"Harry!" Liam greeted, approaching him with a big big smile.

"Hey," Harry relaxed when he saw Liam, giving him a small smile, giving one of those awkward straight boys hugs when you hit each other back harshly, "I'm here to check on my sister."

"That's good!" Liam said, instantly correcting himself, "I mean, not good that she is sick but good that she's here," Liam said, correcting himself again, "I mean, the events are unfortunate but -,

"It's okay Liam," Harry smiled, stopping him. Liam guided Harry to the guest room where Gemma was staying, leaving Louis behind.

And if Louis saw the way the curly lad walked down the hall swaying his hips, he could keep that to himself.

"Hey bro," Gemma said, all tucked in bed, little nose red on the tip, slowly drifting away because of medicine.

"Hey bug," Harry ran to her side, kneeling down, "How are you?"

"Well, pretty good actually. Everyone here is so gentle with me," she said, looking at Liam beside Harry, throwing him a small sided smile.

"Thank you," Harry said turning back to thank Liam, "It's not necessary you now - we can take care of her on our house."

"No!" Liam said suddenly, "I mean," he tried to look cool, "I don't want to risk it, because she may get worse."

"Liam, people don't die from colds, you know?" Harry joked, making the lad blushed.

"I insist," he managed to say, "She should stay here until she gets better."

"Well then," Harry said turning to see Gemma, "If that's what she wants, fine by us."

Gemma smiled and nodded, her eyes closed, probably the medicine making effect.

"Are you staying for dinner?" Liam asked to Harry, once they were out of the room, leaving Gemma to sleep, "I think we are going to buy some Chinese food, so you are totally free to stay here."

"I don't want to disturb you guys," Harry said, politely declining the offer.

"Nah, it's fine," Liam said, trying to convince him, "It's only going to be me and Louis anyway, Eleanor is dining out with some random guy she met yesterday."

"Oh," Harry said, thinking about the offer now, "Well, okay then. Chinese it is."
Louis didn't appear until the food arrived, now changed into some denim jeans and white t-shirt, black socks on. They decided to take the food to the living room and dine there because Liam just decided the dining room was a little bit formal for Chinese.

"I'm so sorry about your sister," Louis said, breaking apart the chopsticks.

"It's just a cold," Harry said shrugging.

"Still, it's not something to joke about," Liam said, very seriously.

Then Louis started to talk about illness and cures and how the government surely had cure for everything and that there was a conspiracy because they needed money and it was better to have people dying and charging for it than people living and not have money.

Then Harry realized how little he knew about Louis. And now, listening to him, talking about this random topic, which happens to be so controversial, with such passion, made Harry's mind to wander.

Harry noticed Louis' hair was not styled so his fringe fall carelessly across his forehead naturally. Harry lost himself admiring Louis until he realized what he was doing and turned away.

All of the sudden, Harry was feeling... soft for the boy. Even if he had said been mean to Harry and his whole family, and now - everything felt strange.

"So Harry," Liam said, food almost finished, "Gemma told me you are attending university as well, at Chester."

"Yeah but it's summer," Harry nodded.

"Of course," Liam laughed, "But what are you studying? Have you decided your major? I know Gemma is about to graduate from Marketing Business, but what about you?"

"Oh well," Harry said, sighing at the thought of it, "I haven't decided yet, but probably going to be something like publishing? I mean, I like to write about important stuff and make people understand it and know about it."

"Like government conspiracies?" Louis asked, "Because that's an important topic."

Harry turned around to see Louis, scanning the lad's face. He wasn't mocking Harry or making fun of him. He was trying to make some chat. He was just trying to play along. Harry decided to give in, nodding to Louis.

"Mainly government conspiracies," Harry said with a smirk, "What would happen to the world without knowing about secret conspiracies? Life would be so boring!"

"Indeed," Louis said, for the first time, laughing.

It was short and quick but Harry froze for a millisecond, listening to Louis' laugh, so cheerful and high pitched - filling every corner of the room and making everything brighter. Just for a few seconds.

They kept talking about things - mainly stupid things. Liam didn't understand Louis and Harry's topics - or their sarcasm, for that matter - so he decided to start telling jokes. And all of the sudden, Harry was telling knock-knock jokes and had the boys crackling. Mainly Louis.

Which was wonderful because every time Louis' laugh reached Harry's ear, he was suddenly
thinking of another joke to tell, not the wanting the laugh to stop. It was like drugs all of the sudden. And the Louis Tomlinson from the ball was no longer there, but this new Louis, cheerful, open-minded and sassy. Okay, Harry should have seen that coming.

Sure, apart from that they didn't speak directly too much, but Harry found Louis' stare on him a couple of times while Liam was talking and all of the times, Louis turned away too quickly.

It was getting late, the sun setting behind the hills, the sky turning a shade of deep blue.

"I should get going back to my house," Harry said, standing from the sofa, beside Liam, "My parents must be worried for me."

"Oh don't go mate, you can crash for today!" Liam said, enjoying Harry's visit, "I insist, please stay."

Harry shook his head, "I have caused too much trouble already."

"You have caused anything but trouble," Louis said kindly to him.

Harry shook his head, smiling politely to Louis and excused himself, wanting to go and say goodbye to Gemma - the two boys followed.

"Gems," Harry spoke softly to his sister, "I'm going home, I'll come back tomorrow."

"What?" Gemma said, opening her eyes, "I'm coming with you."

She tried to get up from bed before Liam and Harry stopped her, "No Gems, you should stay," Harry said.

"If you are going home, I'm coming with you," Gemma said again, this time more decided, "I don't want to be a burden here."

"But you aren't!" Liam said quickly, "Please stay," he said, going to her side, taking her hand, "You are weak and you need to rest."

She turned to see Harry then, asking with her eyes what could be the biggest favour she has ever asked for.

Harry answered with wide eyes and shook his head lightly.

Gemma turned to look at Liam and smiled to him, "Can Harry stay for the night? It would be better to know there's someone of my family here."

"Of course, of course!" Liam nodded quickly, "Whatever you need."

Gemma smiled to him, and rubbed her thumbs against Liam's hand. The gentle gesture made the lad smile and fond over her.

Harry rolled his eyes and sighed, "Again, thank you Liam."

Liam nodded and smiled to him, still holding Gemma's hand.

"I should show you then where you are going to stay," Louis said behind him, almost forgetting about the lad there. Harry nodded and followed him, leaving Liam alone with Gemma, the two of them whispering to each other so near that their noses were almost touching. And probably Liam didn't care for contagious illnesses.
Harry followed Louis through the stairs and the corridor, passing a lot of door and finally stopping in front of the last door.

"This is the other guest room," Louis said opening, "I hope it's comfortable enough."

Harry entered the big room, with his mouth opened. It was so spacious for a single guest room and it definitely wasn't furnished as just a room - the furniture looked so delicate Harry was almost afraid to breathe, scared to break something.

"Is it good?" Louis asked behind him.

"More than good, it's perfect," Harry answered, turning around to see Louis, "Thank you so much."

"You're welcome," Louis answered right away, smiling.

They both stood there, looking at each other directly just a few feet away. It was like a contest to see who could hold the stare the longest.

"I'm home!" they heard from downstairs, the front door being closed. Eleanor was back.

Louis lost first.

"I should," he coughed, his throat feeling dry, "Let you rest."

"Oh, okay," Harry said, the spell broken too soon, "Good night Louis."

"Good night Harry," he said with a serious tone before closing the door.

Too soon.
Harry woke up in silk white sheets and puffy pillows. He thought he was still dreaming but the memories of last night kicked in quickly. He was at Liam's house.

He had slept on his boxers, since he didn't bring any extra clothes and he was thinking of wearing the same clothes again until he heard a knock on the door.

He put on his black skinnies and opened the door, finding a just showered Louis Tomlinson there; he could smell the after shave cologne and his hair was still damp.

Louis faced Harry with wide eyes - the curly boy showing himself with naked chest, showing the couple of tattoos he had - and a couple of seconds passed before Louis spoke.

"Here's - uhmm, - here's some clothes," Louis said, shoving the clothes to Harry's hands quickly, "Those are Liam's so they should fit good on you."

Harry could almost see a faint pink fade on Louis' cheeks but quickly, the short lad turn around and skipped down the hall.

Harry closed the door, deciding to take a shower then.

The room had it's own bathroom, so Harry was pleased to have a moment of privacy - errr. Yeap. Harry was only a 20 year old and he had needs, okay? He needed to relieve some stress and the way the water fall on his ivory skin on the back felt amazing. And if he thought about the blue eye boy with his long eyelashes giving him head - well, no one should never know.

After what felt like years in the shower, Harry finally came out and put on the clothes Louis gave him. It was a pair of washed out jeans with a black t-shirt. Very Liam style.

Quickly, he was out of the room, barefoot and a bun of the top of his head. He was hungry after, uhmm - so he decided to head to the kitchen. The only person there was Eleanor.

"So it's true? You're here," Eleanor said, standing from the kitchen isle, "Good morning," she said with a smile - a fake one, Harry supposed - and eyed him from head to toe, "How's Gemma?"

"I haven't seen her today," Harry answered with certain hostility, "But she was getting better yesterday, thank you."

"Good morning!" Liam said entering the room, "Harry! So the clothes fitted? I'm glad!" he said with a sincere smile, opening the fridge.

"Morning brother," Eleanor said, sipping from her cup of coffee, "Where's Louis?"

"He went to Chester to see if he could find a decent place where he could get tea," Liam said, mocking Louis' accent, "So he should be here soon."

"Good," Eleanor said, battling her eyelashes.

So, Eleanor probably didn't know Louis was gay. Interesting.

Harry was still standing in the corner when Liam saw him, "Oh, where are my manners? Mate, you can eat whatever you find here, seriously," he said smiling, "I think there's fruits on the fridge and - there's some tea bags and there's coffee on the coffee pot as well."
"If there's tea bags, why did Louis go out to Chester?" Eleanor asked.

"I dunno know," Liam said, shrugging and taking out a box of cereal along with the milk.

Eleanor left the kitchen, leaving Liam and Harry alone. Finally, Harry started opening shelves and drawers until he found a kettle. He poured some water in and took out a tea of bag.

"Don't put away the milk," Harry said when he saw Liam opening the fridge, "I will need it."

"You put milk on your tea?" Liam asked, with a funny smile, "Don't tell me - you don't like sugar on your tea?"

"Yeah, why?" Harry asked, furrowing his eyebrows.

The door to the house opened, "I'm home!" Louis yelled through the house.

"We are over here," Liam shouted back, his smirk still on his face.

Louis arrived to the kitchen with a Starbucks cup, barely noticing Harry there.

"I can't believe there's not a single decent place where to buy tea!" Louis started rambling, pacing around the kitchen, "Listen to me Liam, I told you, tea was important! And it's not like I will make my own tea every day! You know I'm lazy as fuck," he said, taking out his own tea bag, "Five shops, and I had to buy a Starbucks before going crazy!" he turns off the fire of the kettle, not noticing the water was for someone else, "I specifically asked for black tea with 1/3 of milk, no sugar; and what did they give me? This -," Louis said, taking the cup and throwing it to the sink, "Fucking tea impostor!"

Liam nodded and smiled to him, every now and then looking at Harry with his smirk.

Louis grabbed the cup that Harry was about to use, "And yes, they did put sugar on it; what a blasphemy! To put sugar! On tea! If I wanted that amount of sugar I might as well have bought a chocolate!"

He put the tea of bag in the cup and pour some hot water over it, "But anyway, I guess I will have to make my own tea - you better appreciate it Liam," he said, with a softer tone now, "Don't put away the milk, I'll pour some to my tea."

Louis left the kitchen after that, running upstairs - probably to his room.

"Just a question Styles," Liam said, smirk still on his face, "Were you going to put 1/3 of milk to your tea?"

-

Gemma slept until noon, just in time for her to take her medicines and eat some chicken soup, before falling asleep again. Harry was almost scared that something else was happening to her. But again, maybe Liam's attention and the recurrent visits he made to Gemma's room where the only reason why Gemma wouldn't get better. If you know what I mean.

Somehow, they were now all on the Game room; except for Gemma, obviously. Eleanor was laying on the couch, scrolling down her phone, Louis was on the desk, typing on his laptop, probably too hard because he was making a lot of noise - Liam was playing FIFA along with Harry. Yeap, they were all killing time.

"You type uncommonly fast, Louis," Eleanor said, locking her phone and standing up.
"I type incredibly slow Eleanor," he said, not even looking at her.

Liam nudged Harry - for some weird reason.

"How uncomfortable it must be to write so many business e-mails, am I right?" Eleanor said, walking through the room, only to stand behind Louis.

"It's not a business e-mail, I'm just writing an e-mail to Lottie," he said.

"Oh Charlotte! Please, give her my regards," Eleanor said, putting both of her hands on Louis' shoulders, "I do miss her a lot! Tell her I loved her new spring designs," she said, walking again, "She's going to be an extraordinary designer."

"I will tell her," Louis said.

"It's amazing how girls have the ability to do such things, isn't it?" Liam said, getting into the conversation.

"What do you mean, Liam?" Eleanor asked, just a bit irritated.

"I mean," Liam said, pausing the game to properly turn to speak to Eleanor,"You girls have the patience to paint, design, play the piano, imagine, create - like all those DIY stuff on Pinterest or whatever. But really, Lottie is a great girl for her age."

"It's not her age but the passion behind it," Louis said, looking up from the screen, "It's the mere satisfaction of being better. She knows how the real world is and the great competition she will be facing - so she has to be better."

"Are you sure she knows the real world?" Harry asked, getting in the conversation, "Because that sounds like the opinion of a bitter soul with no expectations of the world whatsoever."

"It is," Louis said, looking at Harry, "We must not expect nothing from it, because the world is not always going to be there for us. But knowledge, passion and skills, will always remain with one and Lottie now has the weapons to face everything."

"Designing, couture, classical music, high education, as well as basic manners such as dining manners, dancing manners, dating manners," Eleanor said looking at Harry, "Not to mention, speak at least three languages," Eleanor said, continuing her walk, "And something on her air, the manner of her walking."

"Are you serious?" Harry asked, almost mocking her.

"She must always be quiet and reserved - with what sixteen year olds have been doing lately on TV shows, it's a blessing to enjoy the great presence of Lottie. Always so good," Eleanor said, walking through the room.

"That's not what sixteen year olds must be doing," Harry said shaking his head, "Right, she mustn't get pregnant, but she has to enjoy her teenage years! Let her live, let her be free! You don't want her to be a snob too? Do you?"

"A snob," Liam repeated, giggling.

If stares could kill, Harry would be death by now. Louis' deep blue eyes were directly at him and Harry didn't tear away the gaze, he didn't want to look weak - again - so he continued with the staring, until Eleanor stopped before him.
"Harry, let's take a small walk around the room," Eleanor said, extending her hand.

Harry looked at her, and even if he was surprised by such invitation, he decided to nod and smile.

He stood up from the floor, taking Eleanor's arm and hooking it with his own. The room was indeed quite big and spacious, so it was a relief to Harry's long legs to finally stretch after almost an hour of sitting on the floor.

"Refreshing, isn't it? After sitting in one position for so long," Eleanor said, walking lightly beside Harry.

"I guess it's a small accomplishment," Harry said shrugging.

"Louis," Eleanor said, making the boy turn around, "Are you not going to join us?"

Liam shook his head and giggled, knowing what his sister was trying to do, but apparently, Eleanor was oblivious to Louis' condition.

"No, thank you," Louis said, shaking his head and turning back to the laptop, "I won't interfere with your plan."

"Uhhhh, evil plan," Eleanor said, mocking Louis, "Harry, are we going to punish him for that?"

"I think not asking him about it will be punishment enough," Harry said, following Eleanor's game.

"But I fear I cannot live with curiosity," Eleanor said, shrugging her little shoulders, "Please Louis, according to you, what are our evil plans?"

"You are either going to talk about us," Louis said, motioning between him and Liam, "Probably chat about how terrible Liam is at FIFA or my not so entertaining chat," Louis said, earning a HEY! from Liam, "Or, you are conscious that your figures look good when walking."

So, Eleanor could have take that as a compliment but see, Louis said figures, not figure.

"Such manners!" Eleanor said, trying to joke, without showing her hurt ego.

"Guess we will have to come up with a come back," Harry said.

"Oh no," Eleanor said, "Louis should not be teased, it always makes him cranky."

"Are you really that proud Louis?" Harry said, stopping in front of him, letting Eleanor keep walking, "Do you even consider pride a fault or is it a virtue for you?"

"I won't know how to answer that, because it does depend from the moment," Louis said, looking at him.

"So it depends if you are the one to laugh at or the one who is laughing?" Harry said.

"It's more the way I take offences," Louis said, standing from his place, "Once I get the opinion of someone, I can't change it on my mind."

"And you won't let me tease you about that?" Harry said with a smirk, "Oh, how incredibly painful for me, you are depriving me of a good laugh. And I have always loved a good laugh."

"And it runs in your family, right?" Eleanor said, breaking their chat, laughing at her own comment - trying to make fun of Harry's family.
Harry turned his head to see Eleanor, and only smiled to her. He excused himself and left the room, leaving everyone there so see him leave.

"No Gemma, if you are still feeling bad, you can stay," Harry said, the boy sitting beside his sister on the bed.

"But if you're going, I'm coming with you! Besides, I'm much better than the first day and it's just a flu!" Gemma said, trying to get up from bed.

"Liam is going to hate me if you go," Harry said, after a long sigh.

"Well, it's not like we are going to stop seeing each other, are we?" Gemma said, winking,
"Besides, it's time to go and see the family, don't you think?"

"Believe me," Harry said shaking his head, "It's the last thing I want to do right now."

So Gemma and Harry tidied up and packed the very little things into a bag, promising to return to their home before the sunset. Harry couldn't spend any more time here, with Eleanor attacking him and his family and Louis being so... proud.

Harry was tiding up his room when he heard two knocks on the door.

"Come in," he shouted, expecting Liam or Gemma.

"So you're going back to your house?" it was Louis.

Harry turned around surprised, and nodded rather quickly, "Well," he tried to act cool - always cool, "That's where we live, so yes. We are leaving."

Louis nodded and scanned the entire room, "I hope you enjoyed your time here - even if it was only a night."

"Two days and a night," Harry said with a pinch of playfulness, "I will rate you on Airbnb as soon as I get to my house."

Louis sniggered at that, shaking his head, "Seriously," he said then more calmly, coming closer to Harry, "It was a pleasure to have you here."

Harry gave him a small nod, while coming closer to him as well, "Thank you for taking care of Gemma."

"Thank you for trusting us to take care of her," he said, more softly this time, just a couple of feet apart.

Harry took another step, "Thank you."

They stayed there, few inches apart from each other, staring directly at each other eyes and breathing the same air. Harry's green eyes were everything Louis could see and God - such a beautiful sight.

Harry smiled politely and backed away, turning his head the opposite direction of Louis' look.

"I have to go and check how Gemma is doing," he said, walking to the door and opening it, "But really, thank you so much."
Louis nodded and then Harry was gone.

- 

When Gemma and Harry arrived their house, the Styles were having dinner.

"For God sakes, what are you doing here?" was their mother's greeting.

"I missed you both sillies!" Zayn was the only one to properly greet them, standing up and hugging them, "How are you Gemma?"

"Much better, thank you," Gemma said, smiling to him.

"Hey dad," Harry said, greeting him with a smile.

"Son, good to have you back," Des said, giving him a half smile.

"Two nights? Only two?" Anne said, shaking his head between her hands, "I cannot believe it."

"Get over it mum," Harry said, taking a piece of bread from the table, "Or better, thank God your daughter is healthy."

Zayn and Gemma laughed at that and after that, everything was back to normal.

- 

"So, what did we miss?" Harry said to Zayn, three of them talking in Harry's room.

"Well," Zayn said, playing with the hem of his PJ's t-shirt, "Oh right! Niall came yesterday and because you weren't here, we decided to go out and we were at a bar, and we heard there was a band coming to Holmes Chapel to record a demo! Can you believe it?"

"To Holmes Chapel?" Gemma asked, not being common.

"Yes! I literally can't wait for them to come! Imagine!" Zayn said, biting his lower lip, earning a smack on his head from Harry.

"Why are you always thinking about sex?" Harry asked, all grossed out.

"Not sex, but the appreciation of fine men, dear Harry," Zayn said with a mischievous look, "Just like that Louis Tomlinson, with his fine ass."

"Control yourself Zayn!" Gemma shouted, wrinkling her nose.

Harry decided not to comment on that.

"Well, it's not sex anyway," Zayn said shrugging, "I enjoy watching good looking men, and they enjoy watching me."

"That sounds creepier than it is," Harry said and the three of them laugh at that.

It felt good to be back home.

-

One of the things about Holmes Chapel, was the great ideas for making great events. And Zayn was right, there was a Musical Festival coming up. Apparently, the Holmes Chapel
Comprehensive School, had made some funding to bring some bands over the summer and let students volunteer at the event - you know, charity work and values, all that stuff. Clearly, they didn't see the right mess high-schoolers could make at musical festivals. But anyway.

Zayn was excited as one can be, because of course, musical festivals meant new boys in town and that meant new hook-ups. Of course, Harry was not as delighted as his cousin, but surely, he would enjoy a few DJ's that were meant to come.

Just to be clear, all this artists, bands and DJ's, were not that famous – you know, those kind of bands and artists that have performances of pubs and nightclubs. Just random stuff.

"Can you imagine it?" Zayn said, laying down on Harry's bed, "For three days, we are going to be able to dance and enjoy ourselves!"

"Zayn," Harry said rolling his eyes, "This is not Coachella."

"Always ruining it, aren't you?" Zayn said, wrinkling his nose, "Gemma, are you excited?"

"Yeah sure," Gemma said, not even paying attention, but typing something on her phone.

"Who are you texting?" Zayn asked, trying to peak behind her.

"Nobody," she said, shielding her phone, "None of your business."

"That's Liam," Harry said, wiggling his eyebrows with a smug face.

"Ughhh," Gemma said, her cheeks tinting just a fair shade of pink, "You are both so annoying!"

She stood up then, and left Harry's room, typing something into her phone.

"She's really into him, isn't she?" Zayn said, taking his own phone out.

"Yeah," Harry answered, with a little smile.

"And Liam is into her?" Zayn asked.

"I don't know," Harry said, trying to be neutral, "I mean - he was really nice with us and all."

"You know, sometimes Gemma shows her love in a weird way, right? Like, she's sarcastic and sassy, but we all know she's playing and she's adorable."

"Yeah, so?" Harry said, furrowing his brows.

"Well, maybe Liam hasn't made a move because, he thinks Gemma isn't into him."

"Nah, that's bullshit," Harry said, dismissing Zayn, "He knows."

"Okie then," Zayn said, rolling his eyes.

Anne arrived in that moment to the room, not even knocking, "Here you are!" she said to them, "I need your help!"

"What's up?" Harry asked.

"Someone is staying with us for the Musical Festival and I was wondering if you two could accompany me Downtown to buy the essentials," Anne said, with her hands on her waist.
"Someone? You mean like someone from the Musical Festival? Like an actual performer?" Zayn said, standing up from the bed.

"Yeah," Anne said nodding with a smile on her face, "Now come with me you two."

"Definitely!" Zayn said, following Anne.

"Here we go then," Harry said, rolling his eyes but following them.

- 

"His name is Edward Sheeran," Harry said, playing with the grass between his fingers, "Apparently, he is like a big deal on West Yorkshire."

"He sounds posh," Niall said, lying beside Harry on his garden.

"Yeah well," Harry said shrugging, "We will find out tomorrow."

"Aren't you scared there's going to be a stranger in your house?" Niall asked, turning in his back to look at Harry.

"Nah," Harry said, "I mean, probably it's going to be awkward at first but, let's Zayn deal with it because he is the one excited about it."

"Okay then," Niall said smiling to him, "You can always text be all the details."

"I will mate," Harry said smiling back, "I will."

Sure, the next day, first thing in the morning, a few knocks on the door were heard.

"Hi," a ginger fit lad full on tattoos on his arms was standing outside the Styles house, "Styles family?"

"Oh yeah," Gemma said, stepping back from the door, "Come in, please. You must be Edward."

"Ed, please," he said, with a sheepish smile, "Call me Ed."

"Ed," Gemma nodded at that, "Welcome to our humble abode!"

Ed smiled to her and nodded, waiting for someone else to appear.

The lad only carried a backpack and his guitar case - probably with his guitar inside. Gemma could see, the amount of small and big tattoos across his both arms. It was amazing how Gemma could get lost in every one of them but Anne arrived soon for her to snap back.

"Hello!" Anne said, scanning Ed from head to toe, "You must be Edward."

"Ed," both Gemma and Ed said at the same time.

"Please call me Ed," he said, before offering his hand for Anne to shake.

"Nice to meet you," Anne said, shaking his hand, "You can follow me and I'll guide your room."

"Thanks," Ed said, smiling softly to her and nodding.

Well, that went well. Apparently.
But then dinner time arrived.

"So Ed," Des started, always trying to make polite conversation, "How's music business going?"

"Oh," he said, sipping from his glass, "Well, right now I'm just playing at different pubs every night, you know? Random places, technically wherever they let me play."

Anne opened her eyes wide at that.

"That must be interesting," Des said, nodding.

"Of course, yeah," Ed nodded, smiling to him, "But two weeks ago, I got a letter from Atlantic Records and they wanted to discuss with me the possibility of a record deal."

"That sounds nice," Gemma said.

"Yeah," Harry said too, encouraging him.

"Right," Anne said, not believing a thing. She could be harsh sometimes.

"So, do you know anyone famous yet?" Zayn asked, skipping to the point. His point.

"Uhmm," Ed hesitated, taken by surprise, "No, not yet."

"Shame," Zayn said unamused.

"What about your parents? Are they good with it?" Anne said with just a bit of disdain. Harry wanted to groan at her.

"Uhhh - well, mum died three years ago," Ed said, leaving everybody on the table frozen and speechless, "Yeah, cancer sucks."

Nobody talked.

"And," Ed said, not wanting the awkward silence, "Dad s' okay. He said that as long as I'm happy."

"That's good," Des said finally, after the awkward long silence.

Ed nodded and returned to eating his dinner.

"Well," Zayn spoke up, "If you meet someone famous, let me know. I'll help you with that."

Harry rolled his eyes and just tried not to slap Zayn across the table.

Gemma saw the awkward look on Ed, "Do you want to play for us after dinner? Maybe a petition?"

"Oh," Ed said surprised, "Sure, sure. I have my own songs too."

"Lovely," Gemma said smiling.

And sure, after dinner was over, they all moved to the living room - except for Des who said was tired and needed some rest - and they all sat, waiting for Ed to start playing.

"Do any of you play an instrument?" Ed said, trying to make conversation while he adjusted his
strings.

"Harry can play the piano," Gemma said.

"Just a little bit," Harry said, shaking his head, "I attended to some classes when I was younger but I guess I wasn't made for it."

"Oh, that's a shame," Ed said, shrugging, "Well, this one is one of my own - I just wanted to let you guys hear it."

"Bring it," Zayn said.

Ed rasped a few times before starting to move his fingers across the strings.

The melody was beautiful, at least for Harry, and it sounded kind of melancholic. Harry could see himself listening to an Ed Sheeran CD.

_Give me love like her_,
'Cause lately I've been waking up alone,
Paint splattered tear-drops on my shirt,
Told you I'd let them go,

Ed's voice was soft and quiet. It fitted perfectly with Ed's personality. He closed his eyes and continued the song, probably pretending he was playing for himself.

_And that I'll fight my corner_,
Maybe tonight I'll call you,
After my blood turns into alcohol,
No, I just wanna hold you

Probably this was like the best song Harry had ever listened to. He didn't want it to end. He wanted to record Ed right now and keep the track for himself.

_Give a little time to me or burn this out_,
We'll play hide and seek to turn this around,
All I want is the taste that your lips allow,
My, my, my, my, oh give me love,
My, my, my, my, oh give me love.

And they kept listening. And when the song was over, Harry couldn't keep himself from clapping. And Gemma and Zayn as well. And they three were chanting more, more more. And Ed got a little bit flushed but he smiled and nodded and started playing another song. And so, the Styles enjoyed a little concert from their guest.

- 

The next day, Ed had to go to the Principal Square to meet all the other musicians and bands - it was kind of a soundcheck. So anyway, the Styles saw this as an opportunity and volunteered to accompany him, even if it was just because they were bored.

Zayn was more than excited, because he was finally going to meet more musicians and bands. Which meant, Harry and Gemma would have to get through a few moments of embarrassment with his cousin being a little bit slutty.

"So Ed didn't turn out to be so bad then," Gemma said once she and Harry were alone, "I actually like him."
"Yeah, me too," Harry said, looking at her, "A bit shy the poor lad, but he's fine I guess."

They were both sitting on a bench under a tree, just a few meters from where the incredible mass of musicians, bands and DJ's were talking to each other. Luckily, Ed Sheeran was on the other end of the Square.

"Mum didn't like his tattoos at all," Gemma said, "She said they were art of a delinquent."

"God," Harry said rolling his eyes, "Mum can be such a nosy conservative, sometimes."

"I think she doesn't like him that much because he's ginger? Is that being racist?" Gemma asked, looking at Harry with a quizzical look.

"Dunno, I guess?" Harry said shrugging, "thing is, we should probably not let Ed alone with mum. I feel bad whenever he looks uncomfortable or awkward."

"Yeah, me too," Gemma said nodding to Harry.

Right there, Harry could see Zayn talking to a tall, lank guy, with a big wide smile and big open honey eyes. The guy was clearly flirting with Zayn - who wouldn't, to be honest? - and Zayn was answering back.

"We should probably go with Zayn," Harry said looking at him.

Gemma nodded and stood up, walking to Zayn, Harry following her behind.

"Zaynie," Gemma said, greeting him once they were near, "Here you are!"

"Oh Gems!" Zayn said with such happiness, "Harry!"

Harry smiled to Zayn and tried not to see directly the other guy, but he couldn't ignore the fact that the guy was now watching Harry intently.

"Oh, I should present you," Zayn said, shaking his head, "Gemma, Harry, this is nick Grimshaw, or as we should call him - DJ Grimmy."

Nick answered at that with his delicious fresh laughter and Harry couldn't take it anymore. Nick Grimshaw was... different.

"Thank you Zayn," he said, "Nice to meet you."

He offered his hand to Gemma, and she accepted, only for Nick to pull her into a quick kiss on the cheek. Gemma only smiled - probably out of politeness.

Nick turned to Harry and smiled, "Nice to meet you, curly," he didn't even offered his hand, but leaned in for the cheek kiss without asking Harry.

And yeah, Harry felt kind of invaded but he also liked it. Nick wasn't afraid of rejection, and Harry could see that. Harry felt like Nick was open about himself and that Nick was just, genuine.

Harry smiled - probably more like a smirk - and answered, "Nice to meet you too."

So they kept talking for a bit, until Gemma announced she wanted a coffee from the shop just around the corner and everybody decided to go with her.
"Harry, lend me some bucks," Zayn said, turning to him, "I want a frappe too."

"What? No way," Harry shook his head, "I don't even have money."

"Don't be such a meanie," Zayn said in his boyish voice, "Just a few bucks!"

Harry was about to shake his head again when Nick interfered, "I'll pay for it Zayn, just order."

"Thank you Nick!" Zayn said squealing, putting his hands on Nick's bicep, "Such a gentleman!"

Nick smiled to him and nodded, taking some bills from his left front pocket. Zayn let go of his bicep to properly order his frappe and that's when Nick turned to see Harry with a little smirk on his face.

"You want anything?" Nick said with his low voice.

"No, thank you," Harry declined politely.

"You sure? I can pay for it," Nick said, coming closer to Harry, "I mean, I know this doesn't count as a proper date, but if you want something...," he trailed off, watching Harry with his lopsided smile.

"Oh don't worry," Harry said with a smirk, playing along, "You'll know it's a date because I won't be ordering coffee."

And ouch. Harry was actually flirting back?

"Okay then," Nick nodded, with that wide smile of his on his face, "I'll have to find out then what you order on dates."

Harry was about to answer when Gemma came back with iced latte, sipping from it.

And then Zayn got back with his moka frappe and they got out of the coffee shop. Somehow, Nick and Harry managed to stay behind, walking slower and they started a conversation.

From Nick's music to Harry's life and then to Holmes Chapel and back to Nick's life. It felt totally comfortable to talk to Nick. He was such an open-minded person and somehow, every time Nick made some kind of smile or came up with a new topic, Harry couldn't stop himself to compare him to Louis. Probably because Louis was the complete opposite. Louis was quiet and shy - bit prejudiced and stiff - and he was closed-minded. At least the first time you see him.

When they arrived to the Square, there was more people there and somehow, Zayn could spot Liam and Louis from all the mass.

"Isn't that your boy?" Zayn asked, nudging Gemma, "Hey Liam!" he shouted, before Gemma could do anything.

Liam turned around then, and spotted Gemma with Zayn. His smile changed completely and he showed the biggest smile ever - to the point where his eyes crinkled at the end and he looked completely adorable.

"Hey," Liam said, approaching to them, Louis following behind, "Gemma," he said, leaning in shyly to kiss her on the cheek. This time, Gemma smiled fondly at that, and closed her eyes, accepting the kiss but not kissing Liam back.

"Hi Louis," Gemma greeted the short boy.
"Hey Gemma, how are you?" Louis greeted back, "Is the flu over?"

"Yes, thankfully," Gemma said nodding, "Thanks again for everything."

"No problem," Liam said smiling, "Harry, mate!"

And then Louis froze. And Harry noticed. Nick tried to avoid Louis' gaze.

"Hey Liam," Harry greeted him from behind Gemma and Zayn, "What are you guys doing here?"

"Just came by to watch to see how it was going with the event," Liam said shrugging, "We wanted to volunteer but they said it was full now."

"Oh well," Harry said shrugging, "That's a shame. Guess you guys will have to enjoy the festival."

"Yeah," Liam laughed at that, "Poor us."

"You will have to enjoy the great mixes that Nick makes," Zayn said, looking at Nick, "He is a DJ."

In one swift motion, Louis turned around and left the circle, walking to the other side of the Square - without saying goodbye to any of them.

"Oh," Liam said, trying not to sound so awkward, "I'll guess I'll see you guys tomorrow at the festival."

"Of course," Harry said, not understanding a bit, "See you Liam."

"See you mate," Liam said, "Bye Gems," Liam said with a small smile and quickly turned around and tried to follow Louis.

"Well, that was awkward," Zayn said after that, "You were right Harry, Louis is not friendly at all."

Harry nodded vaguely but didn't say a thing. Gemma tried to ignore the whole thing, but she noticed the behaviour of the two men too, so probably there's something Harry and she would have to talk at night.

"M' going with Chloe over there," Gemma said, pointing out her blond friend, "I'll be right back."

The three boys were left there awkwardly, standing up just a few meters away from the whole chaos.

"Hey Grimmy," one boy shouted to him, "What's up?"

"Hey Aiden," Nick greeted back, relieved from the awkwardness, "Nice to see you bro! Zayn, have you met Aiden?"

"No," Zayn shook his head, "Hi," and okay, Aiden was hot.

Quickly, Zayn and Aiden were deep in conversation and Harry and Nick were left alone. Again.

"So," Nick turned to see Harry, "When did Louis Tomlinson decide to live here?"

"He's only here because of Liam," Harry said, "They are not staying long though. Why? Do you
"Yes, I was really close to his family" Nick nodded. "You must be surprised after he almost killed me with his stare earlier."

"Not surprised," Harry said, "But intrigued. Louis looked," Harry stopped to think of a good word, "Irritated, I guess. I hope he doesn't affect your mood for tomorrow."

"It won't," Nick said with a smile, "If he wants to avoid me, he is the one who shouldn't attend tomorrow, not I."

"I'm sorry, but I have to ask," Harry said shaking his head, "What happened between you and Louis?"

"Well," Nick said, sighing before continuing, "Their parents and my mother were close friends, so we grew together. And when my mother passed away, their parents received me on their house like a son. I guess he wasn't happy with it, he started to feel jealous. And then a few years later, just about when Louis was about to turn eighteen, their parents had a terrible accident and died."

"We were devastated and there was a lot to come up. I didn't knew, but his father had inherited me part of his company, and that's when he started hating me more. He refused to give me my part of the company and he put several traps over my possession of the company, to the point were I had to give up my part and left."

"Anyway, I had to start from the bottom, where nothing but my poor soul and passion for music. I was homeless for some part of my life, not going to lie to you," Nick said, looking at Harry, "But then, one night at some random bar I met Aiden, and he saved me."

"But why would Louis do that? Is he that cruel that he would leave you homeless?" Harry asked, perplexed by the news.

"Jealousy, I guess," Nick shrugged, "He couldn't stand the fact that his father loved me just as much as him, even if I wasn't part of the family."

"That's, horrible," Harry said, shaking his head.

"Yeah," Nick nodded, "But I mean, what else could I do?"

Harry looked at Nick, with his sad smile and glassy eyes, that the bit of hate he had for Louis Tomlinson, increased by thousands of times. If he hated Louis Tomlinson when he hurt Harry's ego, he now despised Louis Tomlinson. Harry smiled then fondly at Nick, and shook his head.

Nick Grimshaw was the complete opposite of Louis Tomlinson. And Harry Styles had decided he totally despised Louis Tomlinson.

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So, Harry officially hated Louis. There was no soul in this planet that could stand Louis alone. Everybody in Holmes Chapel knew the boy was to stiff and serious for anyone try and talk to him. Not even to ask the hour. But anyway.

The Music Festival was that day and everybody was buzzing. As always, a small event or change in Holmes Chapel and everyone would have gone crazy.

The Principal Square was being arranged - proper platform and musical instruments for everybody - and musicians were enjoying their time with the citizens of Holmes Chapel. It was all a lovely
exchanged. Except for Louis. Who happened to have issues to solve back in London so he was going to miss the festival. Or that's what Gemma said.

She couldn't stop talking about how Liam was bummed for Louis and that because Louis wasn't there, Eleanor was now all the time beside Liam.

"You know the first day, it's all about DJ's and then after the break it's hiphop & rap," Gemma said to Harry, typing away in her laptop, "So I think I'll skip the first day."

"Why? Are we not going to see Grimmy?" Harry asked.

"Oh right," Gemma remembered, "Well, Liam and I thought that since none of us liked that type of music, maybe we could do something else together."

"You mean, only the two of you?" Harry said wiggling his eyebrows to her.

"I mean, not with you nosy twats," Gemma snapped back, "But anyway, you can go and watch Grimmy with Niall and Zayn. You can even take Eleanor if you want. You would make me such a favour."

"No, thank you," Harry declined, "Zayn and Niall are just fine. Besides, Eleanor seems like the type of person to listen to the top 40 songs of the moment. I mean, it's not bad, but I don't think she likes that type of music."

"Yeah, you're right," Gemma nodded, typing some more.

"So anyway," Harry said with a cautious voice, "What do you think about Nick?"

"Like, about what? The feud between Nick and Louis?" Gemma asked, not turning to see Harry. Harry rolled his eyes at the name of Louis, "No," Harry said, "Just, like Nick in general."

"I don't know," Gemma shrugged her shoulders, "He seems fine. Nice lad."

"Right," Harry said nodding along, "Do you think he is fit? Have you noticed his large eyelashes?"

"Uhmm," Gemma said, not paying attention, "Yeah, sure."

Harry nodded with a small smile.

"Anyway," Gemma said after a few seconds, "I'll ask Liam about the thing between Nick and Louis. I still can't believe Louis would do such a thing to Nick."

"Gemma," Harry shook his head, "That's only because everybody is a saint for you. I know Louis can look like a decent person but inside, he's just fill with jealousy and hate."

"But like," Gemma said, now looking at Harry, "That's really extremist, don't you think? Leave someone homeless because of jealousy? I don't know. I need to ask Liam."

"Oh Gemma," Harry pitied, "You and your big heart."

At the end, not so many people attended the first day. But that just meant more room for Harry to enjoy Grimmy and more men for Zayn. Not even Niall went to the festival because apparently he didn't like hip-hop.

Harry and Nick had some time after the festival, just general chat and gossip. It was an easy
connection, what they had. Nick was simple, so Harry kept it simple.

"I heard Louis went away," Nick said at one time, "To London." It was already dark, but the green on Nick’s eyes was still shining full of adrenaline.

"Oh yeah," Harry said, not really interested, "Some business to go back, I guess."

Nick nodded, "Difficult then. I wouldn't know." He tried to snort at that. Harry only looked at him apologetic.

"You were amazing back there," Harry said, changing of topic.

"You have told me that at least six times now," Nick said giggling.

"Well, it's the truth," Harry said, tinting his cheeks a shade of pinkish.

"Well, I thought more people would come," Nick said, shrugging.

"It's Holmes Chapel. People here is close minded and awful. I'm so sorry about that."

"Nah, it's fine," Nick said, "Anyway, people who came tonight enjoyed my bits, didn't they?"

"They absolutely did," Harry said grinning. There was something in Nick's aura, probably his easy going personality, that made Harry smiled to hard.

"Well, I better get you home because Anne is going to hate me if you arrive late," Nick said, smiling.

Right, as if Anne would ever hate Nick. The poor woman was enchanted as well with Nick’s manners and Harry was sure that if she wasn't married, she would be flirting shamelessly to Nick.

Anyway, both boys walked home, trusting Zayn to arrive by his own later. Harry just needed some more time alone with Nick.

-

The next day arrived and now it was time for Ed to perform.

"Are you nervous?" Harry asked to Ed, looking how the poor ginger guy was trying to arranged the cords of the guitar.

"Well," Ed said, still messing with the cords, "Sort of. I was actually expecting someone to be on the crowd tonight."

Harry didn't understand but nodded, "Like... a girlfriend?"

"Oh, no," Ed said giggling, "More like the CEO of Pemberly Digital."

"Pemberly Digital?" Harry asked, the name sounding faintly familiar.

"Yeah, they are this massive digital company - they got everything! From their own production studio, to specialized PR management," Ed saw that Harry was not getting any of it, "And more stuff like that. You know, just every unknown musician's dream."

"Well, let's hope he attends, right?" Harry said, encouraging Ed.

"Yeah," Ed nodded with a sincere smile.
Harry excused himself and went for his phone on his room. He was expecting a text from Nick, just to confirm their plans for later. But when he reached his phone, there was no text.

It was getting late, and Harry had tried three calls and ten texts. None of them answered.

"Are you going to the festival?" Gemma asked, brushing her teeth.

"I don't know," Harry said, shrugging his shoulders, "Nick is not answering."

"Well," Gemma said, spitting and rinsing her mouth, "You should come with us and search for Nick over there. And if he's not there, you can just hangout with Niall and Zayn."

"More like Niall, Zayn and Zayn's man for the night," Harry snorted.

"Well, more people to hang out with then," Gemma said.

Harry sighed and nodded, accepting the offer. He was deeply expecting to find Nick there. And sure, it had been sometime since he hanged out with Niall, but he could see Niall all the time he wanted. Nick on the other hand... he didn't know when he was going to go.

Anyway, they got ready and Liam picked was knocking the door soon. Gemma wore black skinnies, a baby blue crop top and his Nike white sneakers. Still, Liam was awed when Gemma went out to receive him.

"Hi," Gemma said smiling.

"Hi," Liam said breathlessly. He quickly smiled to her and leaned in for a quick kiss on her cheek, "You ready?"

"Is it okay if Harry comes with us?" Gemma asked.

"Of course!" Liam said eagerly.

"Harry, hurry up!" Gemma shouted from the door, Liam in front of her.

It was amazing the way Liam could stare and examine every part of Gemma's face - even get lost in it, with a faint smile and such fascination. Gemma only smiled subtly and blushed because of the attention.

Really, these two love birds were amazing and only a fool wouldn't see their love for each other.

"M' ready," Harry said, running from upstairs, "Let's go."

"Let's go then," Liam said, giving one last look at Gemma's face.

Somehow, Liam had rented a car - probably from Chester - and Gemma got up on the front seat.

Okay, so Harry hated third-wheeling but he was seriously expecting to see Grimmy on the festival. Or probably Niall. He was now remembering hearing Niall said he wanted to go and watch Ed's performance. Yeah, he expected Niall there.

They arrived to the festival, and as soon as the car stopped, Harry decided to give Gemma and Liam their space. He didn't need to be with them all night.

To his luck, he found Niall minutes after that.
"Ni," Harry saluted him, "You came!"

"Yeah, we agreed to see each other here, right? To see Ed's gig?"

Oh right. Well, "Yeah, yeah of course mate!"

Harry was a bad friend, and he knew it.

"So far it's just been like, punk bands - you know? Those you form when you're in high school," Niall said, with a red cup of beer in his hand.

"Wait," Harry said, "Where did you get that beer mate?"

"There's a stand over there," Niall said, pointing to the left, "A pint for three pounds."

"Holy shit," Harry breathed, "I'll go buy one."

"You do mate," Niall said giggling.

Harry went then, because cheap beer was always a yes and he was feeling kind of down with no answer from Nick and he totally pictured this night a lot different. But hey, three pounds for a pint of beer.

So the beginning of the night went like that then, Niall and Harry listening to pop-punk teen bands, singing along to all the covers they played always with a beer on hand.

So far, not a single reply from Nick and Harry was already feeling tipsy. Guess the loud music and four pints do that to your system.

"There's only one more guy and then it's Ed's turn!" Niall shouted to Harry, with a lot more people now surrounding them and feeling a bit crowded, "Isn't it great?"

Harry looked at Niall, the blonde, pale guy with his rosy cheeks and large grin waiting for him, "Amazing!"

Niall nodded and smiled bigger - it was almost impossible - and turned to the scenario.

Harry wasn't sure but... he could almost bet -

"I like Ed," Niall turned to Harry and shouted, "I like him a lot!"

Niall drank what was left of beer and smiled Harry.

"Wow," Harry said to him, shocked, "Does he knows?"

Niall shrugged, "I don't know! But I'll find out tonight!" Niall then disappeared to get more beer.

Well, that wasn't what Harry was expecting - okay, probably a bit. But like, he doesn't even know when they got to hang out and - ohhhh okay. Now he gets why Niall wasn't available all this time and why Ed was never in the house. Cheeky bastards.

The next guy - a guy with a guitar hanging, positioning himself in front of the microphone - announced his next song.

"This is a cover by Ron Pope, hope you like it," the guy said, starting playing the guitar.

Niall was arrived then, "I think I'm going to look for Ed," there was another pint of beer on his
hand, "I'll go backstage. I have to tell him now!"

*A drop in the ocean,*

A change in the weather,
I was praying that you and me might end up together,

"Okay buddy," Harry said taking Niall by his shoulders, "Don't you want to wait?"

"No, not anymore!" Niall said, smiling like a crazy, freeing himself for Harry and running away.

*It's like wishing for rain as I stand in the desert,*

*But I'm holding you closer than most 'cause you are my heaven,*

Harry giggled at the sight - Niall was literally jumping to the stage, like a decent Irishman.

Harry decided he could be alone for a few songs. He didn't need anyone. Not even stupid Nick.
He couldn't believe he left him there too.

*I don't wanna waste the weekend,*

If you don't love me pretend,
A few more hours then it's time to go...

Louis Tomlinson also left. Stupid London.

He decided it was time for another beer; he didn't think he could stay alone with all these melancholic songs without a single drop of alcohol. Okay, he already had like four but - well, the more the merrier. Or something like that.

The line for the beer was longer now, so by the time Harry returned to his place, the guy had ended his song. It was time for Ed's one.

A lot of people cheered at his sight - maybe he was kind of famous at the end - and he got a lot of applauses.

"Thank you," Ed said to the microphone, "Such a lovely crowd today."

More cheers.

"So this next song, it's for someone special... it's an original song and I want to dedicate it to my special Irish blonde one," Ed said, with a small smile.

So, it was mutual then. Harry was so happy for them.

"Hope you like this song," Ed said, starting to play his guitar.

Harry was instantly driven to some place magical. He could remember the first time he listened to Ed's guitar on his house and how it turned the moment to cozy and special for his family.

Now, even in front of a lot of people, the melody was still personal and intimate. Or maybe it was the alcohol working on Harry - but he felt the song on his soul.

The guitar intro kept playing, Ed's fingers making magic with his guitar and everybody was feeling it.
He needed someone by his side. He was starting to feel alone. And he didn't want to start crying.

_Damn you, alcohol._

Settle down with me,
Cover me up,
Cuddle me in,

Okay, he had to admit, that even if he was always complaining about his mother trying to hook him up with someone, he sometimes felt like no one was ever made for him. He didn't want to spend his entire life alone.

_Lie down with me,_
And hold me in your arms,

He was just about to leave, he couldn't even contain the tears on his eyes anymore, when he felt a pair of arms around him.

"You came," Harry said, at first surprised, not turning around, "You came," Harry said one more time, this time more relieved and giving up into the arms.

_And your heart's against my chest, your lips pressed to my neck_  
_I'm falling for your eyes, but they don't know me yet_

"I was starting to feel like you didn't like me," Harry said, the alcohol not letting him proceed the entire scene, "And I know I'm not the most entertaining human being but - I like you, a lot."

And with a feeling I'll forget, _I'm in love now,_

Again, there was no response but for Harry it was enough. He needed someone with him and now he wasn't alone. He felt incredibly good around these arms, even though Harry felt incredibly big compared to them - all of that felt good.

_Kiss me like you wanna be loved_  
You wanna be loved  
You wanna be loved  
This feels like falling in love  
Falling in love  
We're falling in love

Harry was lost then in those hands intertwining over his chest and he could spot a match of quote marks on one wrist. He didn't remembered Nick having any tattoos - but it was probably a new one. It looked like a new one, still a bit red and too dark. Still, Harry didn't know shit if he was being honest because alcohol was slowly making his brain sleepy.

Settle down with me  
And I'll be your safety  
You'll be my lady

"You know, it's okay if you hate Tomlinson," Harry said, still looking at the hands, "Or if he hates you. I like you Nick, very much."

_I was made to keep your body warm_  
But I'm cold as the wind blows so hold me in your arms

The arms tensed a bit and Harry could feel like it wasn't such a good topic for now, "I'm sorry."
We shouldn't talk about this. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable.

Right beside them, a boy knelt in front of a girl, and everybody turned around to watch them - a real proposal with the most sweet song. The guy showed the little blue box and opened it, revealing a bright diamond ring. The girl started to shout and nodding, tears spilling from her eyes.

Yeah I've been feeling everything
From hate to love
From love to lust
From lust to truth
I guess that's how I know you
So I hold you close to help you give it up

When Harry noticed, Nick was gone. There was no one behind him anymore. He was too caught up with the proposal that Harry missed when Nick left. Again.

He didn't even had the time to turn around and look at him properly. Oh well, with all the alcohol he drank it was probably for the best. He would text Nick tomorrow morning.

When Ed's song was over, he couldn't found Niall or Gemma and Liam. But, he did find Zayn. He was making out with Aiden. Oh what a shock.

"Zayn!" Harry pulled him to himself, "What the fuck."

"Harry, don't be a prick," Zayn said, trying to free himself.

"Please, let's go home," Harry pleaded, pulling Zayn again.

"Ughhh," Zayn groaned, rolling his eyes. Only then Zayn smelled Harry and noticed he was drunk, "Okay then."

Zayn left without telling Aiden goodbye and he hooked his arm around Harry, trying to guide him.

Finally, they found a cab and they got in it, Zayn giving out the address to the driver.

"How did you drink that much?" Zayn asked to Harry, "I don't even know how you handled being all by yourself, if you couldn't even stand properly when you find me!"

"I was not by myself," Harry said slowly, trying to arrange the words in his brain, "I was with Nick."

"Nick? Nick Grimshaw?" Zayn asked, with furrowed eyebrows.

"Yes," Harry nodded.

"Nu-uh," Zayn shook his head, "Aiden said Nick was in Nottingham, he left this morning."

"What?" Harry was more sober somehow, "What do you mean?"

"I mean, it wasn't Nick because he left to Nottingham this morning, you drunkyyy."

"But then, who hug me earlier?" Harry asked, shaking his head, "I thought it was Nick," Harry was starting to panic, "I didn't even look at him! Oh my god Zayn, I was hugged and I don't know who it was!" Harry was totally sober now, "I was hugged by a stranger!"
Zayn shook his head laughing at Harry, "Oh dear cousin, that's why you shouldn't drink by yourself on concerts," Zayn tried to settle Harry and calm him, "And you know what they say, Everybody is always a stranger; nothing is ever familiar."

Harry nodded, trying to understand it. It didn't felt like a stranger though, and it definitely felt somehow familiar.

Harry was too tired and drunkish to think, and when Zayn started playing with his curly hair, Harry slowly closed his eyes and fell asleep.
Harry woke up with nausea and headache. And that should have been about it after all the beer he had the night before but once he remembered about the stranger and the hug, he also started with the moral hangover.

He didn't wake up until almost noon and he didn't even get up from his bed.

"Ello sleepy beauty," Gemma walked in, with singing voice, "How are you doing?"

"Just give me an aspiring or something," Harry said with deep voice, "Help."

"You hangover?" Gemma said with a grin on her face, "Who would guessed it?"

"Shut up," Harry said, turning his back to her, "Leave if you're not helping me."

"Are you not going to the last day of the festival?" Gemma asked.

"Not in the mood," Harry answered, thinking about last night.

"Nick probably will be there," Gemma tried to tease.

"Nick is somewhere else," Harry didn't even remember what Zayn told him yesterday, "I didn't see him yesterday."

"No wait," Gemma said, this time sounding serious, "But I saw you yesterday with someone? You literally were slow dancing with someone yesterday."

Harry groaned at the memory and squeezed his eyes the most he could, "I don't even know who was that!"

Gemma saw his brother and lied down beside him, "It's okay brother," she said in a soothing voice, "I'll let you rest and I'll just go with Liam. Sleep and get better," she got up from the bed, but not before giving a quick kiss to Harry in his forehead.

When Gemma closed the door gently leaving the room, Harry was left alone with the thought of last night and the stranger hugging him from behind. And all of the sudden, he remembered the quote marks tattoo. He tried to placed those hands somewhere but his mind was too exhausted for it and he finally fell asleep again.

- 

"I'm going out!" Liam shouted into the house, "I'm going to the festival with Gemma! Anyone fancy coming?"
"Liam!" Eleanor shouted while she was stepping down the stairs, "You can't be serious right now!

"What?" he asked to her, "What are you talking about?"

"We came here to make business, not for you to make an edition of The Bachelor. I swear to God, you haven't done a single thing since we came here," Eleanor was right. They were supposed to be making business here but they haven't accomplished a single thing.

"Well, Louis has done some things," Liam said. It was true. That was the reason Louis had to go to London.

Just then, Louis entered the room, "Yes, I have been doing some researches," he said.

"When did you even arrived?" Eleanor asked to him.

"Yesterday," Louis said, arranging the strap of his watch.

"You arrived earlier than expected," Eleanor said, with a bit of resentment to him, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Us," Liam corrected.

"I just arrived earlier, nothing special," he said, trying to avoid the looks of both of them.

"Tell him then," Eleanor said, "Tell him he hasn't done a single thing since we arrived here."

"You haven't done a single thing since we arrived here," Louis told plainly to Liam, "And I don't think we are ever going to do a single thing here."

"What?" both of them asked in shock.

"I looked through some of the official statements this city has on the UK records and I don't think they got exactly the economy to support any of the business you want to place here."

"I'm just going to help people here, it's not like -,"

"You're wrong there," Louis interrupted Liam, "I know you want to help them out, but you will be literally in charge and they will have to pay you sooner or later but thing is, I don't think they are ever going to pay you."

"Explain yourself," Liam said more worried.

"They are literally flooding in debts," Louis explained, "The town has been in debt forever, they don't even notice anymore. That's why they are so behind on everything, because their economy has been horrible for years. The other towns around it are just as equal. We have to choose a better destination for your business."

"But - I promised to this people, I have been - offering and helping so much -,"

"Liam," Louis said, softer this time, "I know you like her very much, I get it. But you brought me here to help you out. And I'm here, doing it."

Liam nodded and try to give them a smile, but failed, "I'll figure it out then."

Liam left the house then, with a sad smile and his hopes crushed. Eleanor turned to Louis then.
"Cut the crap, what's the real reason?"

"Her family," Louis said, with a special curly haired in mind, "They are not good for him. They are not good for us."

"What do you mean?" Eleanor asked with strangeness.

"The mother has been bragging about the benefits of their relationship - everyone in town knows about it."

"And how do you even know that?"

"People hear things whenever you take a walk around," Louis said, wiggling his eyebrows.

"Oh well," Eleanor said shrugging, "I kind of liked her. You know, Gemma. She's nice."

"She's okay," Louis said, "But the mother is clearly a problem. And the entire town knows the cousin is rather... easy."

"What about Harry though?" Eleanor asked, knowing she would hit a soft spot.

"He cares about the wrong people," Louis said, not revealing too much.

Eleanor nodded, not quite sure what Louis meant but trying to understand.

And even if Louis was hurt - not because of his new tattoo, by the way - he was rather frustrated with the curly boy for believing Nick without asking him for his version of the story.

Not that it mattered now, because they were going away.

- 

"You are still thinking about that night?" Niall asked Harry.

"Of course I am," Harry said, "A stranger hugged me."

"You said it felt familiar," Niall said.

"I say a lot of things, Niall."

They were laying over the green grass of Niall's backyard. The weather was rather sunny and warm, so when Niall offered some iced tea and laying next to eh big tree on his backyard, Harry couldn't say no.

Harry was seriously enjoying the day. He was wearing short denim shorts and a white tee, hair free and wild. He hadn't seen Louis Tomlinson for a while now and even if he was starting to miss the blue of those eyes, he definitely didn't missed that rude attitude.

"So," Harry said after a while, "What's up with Ed?"

Harry could practically hear Niall's heart race at the mention of the ginger and he was trying to contain his giggles.

"Uhmm - there's nothing we just - like, I don't know," Niall was stuttering and Harry tried not to laugh for real this time.

"Mate, chill," Harry said to him, "It's not like I'm asking you to marry him."
"Of course not!" sometimes Niall's accent was the most funniest thing ever.

Harry smiled at the thought of Niall finally being happy, founding true love.

"So what's up with Gemma and Liam?" Niall asked after a few minutes.

"Well, I don't know to be honest," Harry said, "Liam is very attentive and he has been nice and charming with her. I think he really likes her."

"Yeah, duh," Niall said making it like it was obvious, "But does she like him?"

"What do you mean?" Harry asked now, furrowed eyebrows.

"I mean, few of us are secure enough to be in love without proper encouragement. Liam likes her, enormously, but if Gemma doesn't help him on, she might lose him."

"She's just shy and modest," Harry tried to defend her, "If Liam doesn't perceives the way Gemma cares for him, then he is a fool."

"We are all fools in love," Niall said at last, trying to make his point.

- 

Harry came home that afternoon not long after his little chat with Niall. They enjoyed the sun as much as they could but at the end, the sun started to hide away and the air became chill.

Once he stepped into the house, he knew something was wrong.

"What's the matter?" he asked to Zayn who was sitting motionless in the living room.

"Gemma," Zayn said simply, "She's on her room."

Harry quickly jogged upstairs to Gemma's room and stepped in the room without knocking.

"Gemma," he said, looking at her sister lying in bed, "What's wrong?"

"He's going away," she said softly as first, "He's going back to London for God knows how long."

"What?" Harry asked, not understanding.

"Liam is leaving," she said finally, sitting right at the bed, "I saw him and he was very serious and cold, you know? And I asked him if something was wrong, then he just plainly said he was going back, didn't know if he was ever going to come back and that was it."

"Just that?!" Harry asked, hugging his sister, trying to calm her down.

"Just that," Gemma said, she was sobbing faintly now, "Not even a proper goodbye, he just left."

"Well," Harry said, standing from the bed, "You should go to London then."

"What?" Gemma asked, surprised by his brother's request.

"You've been wanting to go to London and look for an internship, right? And it's summer, you should have fun. You mentioned Krystal and Aimee where there, right? You can visit them. But," Harry said, already flipping through Gemma's closet, taking out different sort of things, "Make sure he notices. Post stuff in Facebook, Twitter, Instagram. He will notice."
"You are completely mad," Gemma said, shaking her head.

"M' not mad!" Harry said defending himself, turning around to look at her, "M' serious! You are going to London and that's it. And you know, mom will like the idea and she will support me."

"Ugh, fine," Gemma said, rubbing her eyes with her fists, "Just because I know you and mom won't let me alone until I accept."

"That's it," Harry said nodding, "And you know what? Even if you don't see him there, you will have a great time. Just, take your time and think about everything, yeah?" Harry said, smiling kindly to her.

"Yeah, fine," Gemma said faintly, "Thanks H."

"Don't mention it love," he said before standing up and leaving the room.

And it's settled then. Gemma packed her things, grabbed her best stuff and travelled to London. Anne was excited of course, with the little ray of hope still there, lingering, always present - already making plans again about Liam and Gemma. Des couldn't say a word about it, not really so he just nodded along and like a good father, wished well and all the best luck to Gemma. And the lovely Harry, always so supportive and amazing as a brother, gave Gemma a farewell and all the love to her.

- 

If Harry thought the last day had been stressful, he should have waited for that day then. Ed Sheeran was finally leaving Holmes Chapel, to continue his small tour around England - with him finally making contact with Pemberly Digital and his wishes getting granted, he was getting support and he finally had a safe contract.

And really, Harry should be grateful. Ed Sheeran leaving would mean more silence and more time for yoga meditation but Harry was not happy at all. Not a single ounce.

"What do you mean you are going with him?" he asked quietly at Niall, both of them in Harry's room, not wanting to be listened by their parents.

"M' telling you, he asked if I wanted to go along and I said yes," Niall said shrugging.

"And what are you even going to do?" Harry asked, not getting any of it.

"Well, you know I can play the guitar, right? And the drums, and I know I don't sing that well but anyway," Niall said.

"I can't believe it mate," Harry said, feeling speechless, "You are going away with the bloke you shagged two nights ago."

"Hey!" Niall yelled, slapping Harry on his arm.

"Ouch! Okay, okay," Harry said, giggling, "I guess you like him too."

"Of course I like him," Niall said, defending himself, "He's different you know? He's kind and funny. He's really intelligent and like, a complete mystery to me."

"Yeah," Harry said, smiling at the look of Niall's face when he talked about Ed. It was fascinating to see how his face could radiate from just talking about the person you love.
"Well, I wish you the very well," Harry said, saying at last.

"Thanks mate, I really appreciate it," Niall said, smiling. "You're the best."

Harry just nodded and smiled. He was happy for him, really. Even if he had some doubts about their relationship going to fast because who goes to a tour with the guy you just met? But anyway, Niall was big enough to take care of himself and he was right after all - he knew how to play the guitar and Harry could see him helping Ed out on his small concerts.

"You should come and visit us one day," Niall said suddenly, "Maybe not like for the entire tour but Ed has a big concert coming up in a couple of days in Sheffield so maybe you can come? It's not that far away and you can always stay with us!"

"I'll think about it mate, but thanks," Harry said smiling.

And if Harry secretly thought about going right away to see them perform, no one had to know. Besides, now that Nick was gone, Gemma was gone and, well - Liam, Louis and Eleanor were gone - the days in Holmes Chapel were going to get bored again because Zayn didn't even count at all.

Yeah, Harry could use some days off from this town.
the party, the concert and the confession

Chapter Notes

happy xmas to all of you! hope you like this long ass chapter and all the best wishes to you xx.

And well, Harry did. After Niall left Holmes Chapel, two days passed when Harry was bored to the moon. There was nothing happening at the town. Literally nothing. Even Anne was getting bored - there were no more gossips and she felt like a fish out of the water.

So Harry decided to go and visit Niall at Sheffield. Ed was giving his most important concert there since some important people were going, probably from Pemberly Digital. Harry was sure the name was familiar now, after so many times hearing it, but he didn't quite recall from where he had heard it.

Anyway, it was an hour and a half trip by train, ten pounds at the most and the promise of good music and good friends at the end of it. Harry had nothing to lose. He packed a bunch of basic stuff into his bag and with it over his shoulder, he was gone from the little town in no time.

He arrived to Sheffield and, Niall and Ed were already waiting for him on the train station. Since they were staying in Sheffield for a few days, Ed rented a small flat near to the recording label, since Ed was going to be on meetings and stuff for the most of the time.

It was a nice flat, not really that small. It was a two bedroom flat, with a small kitchen and a decent living room. And it was furnished, so it was modern and neat. Harry liked it. Also, because Ed and Niall shared a room - the bigger one - Harry could stay in the spare one. So, really, for two days, it wasn't that bad.

"Great news!" Ed said once they were at the flat, Niall and Harry just resting on the living room, chatting about the last few days Niall had, "There's a small party from the recording label and they just invited us. It's on the office, on the auditorium - not that big, really - but it's great!"

"That's wonderful Ed," Niall said, with such fondness to the ginger lad, "Isn't that wonderful Harry?"

"Uhmm, yeah," Harry said, trying to understand.

"Don't worry Harry, it's not that fancy," Ed said, looking at the ripped black skinny jeans Harry was wearing.

"Oh-kay," Harry said, not really sure.

"It's important to him because that means he will make connections with other people. Probably more famous people or different agents or producers," Niall whispered, so Harry could understand.

"I'll try to wear something posh then," Harry said, slapping himself mentally for not taking with him a decent pair of jeans with him.
Sure thing, Harry borrowed some black skinny jeans from Niall - not ripped - and a plain white t-shirt, with a light black blazer over it. Unfortunately, nothing could be done about Harry's worn-out boots. Anyway, Harry looked decent and besides, it's not like he was there to impress. He was going there only because Niall and Ed insisted of him going - also Niall didn't want to be there alone with all the important people.

Sharp at nine, they were going from the small flat to the incredibly tall building a block from there. It was all glass windows with big letters on the front doors saying *Pemberly Digital*.

Few people was going in and out of the building, some of them dressed for the party some others just finishing work. Probably not everyone was invited to the party, so Harry was feeling kind of privileged to be there.

They got to the elevators and Ed pushed the one button to the top - kind of the penthouse. "It's the auditorium, where they get to do the most important meetings. It has glass windows and you can see the entire city from there. I can only imagine the view it's going to have now that is dark," Ed said, getting excited.

"I'm sure it will be great," Niall said, soothing him.

It was charming, really. The way they seemed like a strong contrast from each other but at the same time, balancing the relationship to the point of being comfortable. Harry thought that even though it was good a relationship like that, it felt like he needed more. He couldn't do with *comfortable*. He needed... passion, adventure and even a little danger. Or kind of.

Anyway, the elevator opened at the last floor and right there, at the entrance of the auditorium, there was a big guy with a list on hand.

"Oh shit," Harry said, getting the scene, "They are not going to let me in."

"What?" Ed said, turning at the direction Harry was looking, "No - I'll handle this, don't worry."

"Niall, they are not going to let me in," Harry said to Niall, once Ed walked all the way to the big guy.

"Let's just wait and see," Niall said, shrugging.

Ed came back after a few minutes, a lot of people going in and out, more people coming from the elevators and the stairs.

"Well, I'm on the list," Ed said, looking between Niall and Harry, "But I only have a single plus one."

"It's fine, I'll go back to the flat," Harry said, not wanting to cause any more trouble.

"No way, let's find a way to get you in," Niall said, not giving up.

"Ni, it's not going to happen," Harry said.

"He's right," Ed said to Harry, "There's gotta be a way."

"Really guys, I don't want to be a burden, I should just go and -.

"Hey," someone said from behind, interrupting Harry. And well, isn't that voice familiar.
"Louis," Harry said, turning around to see at the man in perfectly fit black suit. He was amazed by how much Louis could change with a suit on. He looked more mature and somehow, even more serious.

"Hi Harry," Louis said finally, looking at the curly boy in front of him. He looked at him somehow with a nostalgic look.

"Hey Louis," Ed said, interrupting, "Great to see you here."

"Hi Ed," Louis said now, flashing a simple smile, "M' glad you could make it."

"Sure, sure," Ed said, smiling and thanking, "We were just about to enter but - well, I only got an extra plus one."

And, oh. Louis looked at Harry, and then looked at the big guy by the door. He then walked there, to talk with him.

They all followed out of instinct.

"Hey Mark," Louis said, tapping the shoulder of the big guy on black, standing by the door, "Make sure they enter," he said, pointing at the three of them.

"Ed is on the list and he has an extra invitation but the other guy -,"

"Just put him as my extra one then," Louis interrupted him, "Let them in."

"Okay then," he said, writing some stuff down on his list, "You can get in."

"Thanks," Ed said, looking at the big guy then at Louis.

Niall followed Ed, but Harry stayed at the door.

Louis smiled at him but made no move to enter. He actually turned the other way around and went down the stairs.

Harry had no option but to enter to the party.

-

The place was great. It was the entire penthouse, all windows made of glass, just like Ed had said it, and some few dim colour-lights to set the mood of the party. It was incredible, because you could see the entire city from above, little lights travelling down the roads and some other lights turning on and off in different houses. Not only that, but you could clearly see the moon and the stars on the sky, because even if it wasn't a full moon, it looked pretty awesome just like that.

Ed and Niall had disappeared into the party, probably to make some connections, as Niall said earlier so Harry stayed at the side of one of the windows, next to the bar where they were serving the drinks. Not that he was drinking that much, but - Louis was there. He needed alcohol to relax himself before even thinking of talking with him.

"I didn't know you were going to be here," and speaking of the devil.

"Well, I needed a break from Holmes Chapel," Harry said, trying to joke, to set a certain mood into the chat, making a way to control it, "What are you doing here?"

"Oh," Louis said, turning around to see the rest of the party, "Well, this is my - uhmm, business.
I'm the CEO of Pemberly Digital."

Ohhhh, there it was.

"Oh," Harry said, shocked, "I didn't know about it."

"Yeah well, it was inherited to me when my parents died," Louis said shrugging, "It's not like I can be proud about it."

Say what? Harry would be proud about it.

"M' sorry," Harry said, correcting himself quickly, "Not about the heir part, but about your parents."

"It's fine, thanks," Louis said softly.

"Louis, there you are," a woman said, hooking her arm around Louis' one, "We have been looking for you!"

"I'm here, Anne Marie," he said, back to serious.

"Oh, who's this?" the woman said, looking up and down not subtle at all at Harry.

"This is Harry Styles, from Holmes Chapel," Louis said looking at Harry now.

"Oh right, you mentioned him before," she said, "Anne Marie, nice to meet you."

She gave out her hand to Harry, and Harry made a way to shake her hand, "Nice to meet you too," he said, politely.

"Please, join us," Anne Marie said to Harry, "Ed is over there with Tania."

She looked around to see them and sure, Ed and Niall are over the other side of the room, with a very pretty brunette next to them, probably Tania.

"Shall we go?" Anne Marie said, not even waiting for them to accept when she started walking back, dragging Louis with her and Harry just following.

There was about sixty people in the room, all of them chatting in between small groups while getting more drinks and eating small entries.

There was a small platform with a microphone stand and a few amplifiers where some guys played classical music to set the mood to the party.

"We are back," Anne Marie announced, "Tania, this is Harry Styles."

Tania smiled to Harry, with a little nod. They got back to their chat, Anne Marie getting into the talk.

"I hope your family is good, Harry?" Louis said after a while, talking only between both of them.

"Yes, they are," Harry said, taken by surprise, "Thanks," he said, "Actually, Gemma is in London. Perhaps you heard about it."

"Uhmm, not really, no," Louis said, looking at the floor.

"Can you sing Harry?" Anne Marie asked, interrupting their chat. And making everyone in their
group to turn around.

"Uhmm -,"

"Yes, he can," Niall said, answering for him.

"Really now?" Anne Marie asked, now interested.

"Not really ma'am, Niall is just being generous," Harry said, shaking his head.

"Oh," Anne Marie said, nodding, "Can you play any instrument?"

"The guitar and the piano, but very poorly," he said, giving out that uncomfortable smile.

"I guess not everyone has the chance to learn properly," she said, very derogatory.

"Not really, no," Harry said, smiling once more.

Louis made an awkward cough and Ed followed up, clapping his hands together.

"Who would like another round of drinks then?"

People started to leave not long after midnight, with the entries ending and just a few people left behind with just drinks. The group of classical music left with just the sound of voices over voices to fill the place.

The group of people that were still at the party, no more than ten, was now sitting in a small lounge near the biggest window, all of them still chatting and looking at the sky - Harry was quiet though, after the encounter with Anne Marie, just smiling and laughing at the correct times; although he could get lost between all the people there.

Louis had been talking the last few hour with a guy with long hair and funny beard; his name was Julian, or at least that's what Harry heard earlier.

They were all scattered, Anne Marie still giving an eye-side look every time Harry was talking or he laughed about a single thing. Harry had been very careful.

Ed had been singing before, a few songs of his, earning claps and cheers from the listeners. Anne Marie really liked him, she could see his real value. And even if her attitude was sometimes rude towards Harry, he could see why Ed was trying to impress her. She was important in the industry, according to what Harry had gathered during the whole party.

"That was fantastic Ed dear," Anne Marie said, clapping along to the others.

"Thank you," he said, blushing just a bit.

"Harry," she said now, turning to see the curly boy, "Would you mind playing something for us?"

"Uhmm - ma'am I'm being honest, I don't play that well -,"

"Harry, just c'me here and play with me mate," Ed said, encouraging him.

"Ed, seriously I don't even remember," Harry said, looking him with pleading eyes.

"Just do it," Ed said, looking between him and Anne Marie.
Okay then.

Harry stood up, just beside Ed, and took his guitar. It was quite different from his own, back at Holmes Chapel, but it would do the same.

He positioned himself and sat down on a chair next to Ed. Everybody was back to its own business and Ed was now talking with Niall.

"I hope Charlotte keeps practising Louis," Anne Marie told him, catching his attention.

"Yeah," Louis said, turning to her, "She's more into piano nowadays but she still likes the guitar and the violin as well."

"I always say this to everybody, without constant practice, you will never reach excellence," Anne Marie said, very proud, looking at her daughter Tania.

Harry was trying to arrange the cords when Louis approached to him.

"Are you here to see how I fail miserably?" Harry asked, with a teasing grin.

"You won't fail," Louis said, looking at Harry's fingers.

"Even if you have listened to real talent? You will be judging me, I know it," Harry said, shaking his head.

"I won't, believe me," he said, putting his hands behind his back.

"How could I? I barely know you, you don't talk that much," Harry said, teasing again, "It's like talking to a wall - a very proud wall."

"I don't have the talent of opening myself with people I barely know," Louis said, looking at the ground.

"Well, maybe you should follow Anne Marie's advice then," Harry said, going back to the strings, "And practise."

Harry started playing then, Ed finally back into position and Louis was left there, standing alone. He looked at Harry once more, before getting lost somewhere else.

The party died quickly after that, since it was getting late and everybody had a big day tomorrow, with Ed's concert and all.

Ed, Niall and Harry went back to the apartment and decided to sleep for the night.

The next day, Harry woke up to the sound of a closed door. Ed and Niall weren't in the house, and since Ed's concert was that night, he thought maybe they were out for the day, preparing everything.

Harry thought of taking a shower and eating something before calling them to ask about today's plans.

After an hour, he was clean and he was eating cereal in front of the telly, a small bowl in his hands and the Kardashians in the telly.
He took out his phone and looked through Facebook. He saw Gemma's updates, and he saw how she enjoyed some time in London's Eye. He also saw her tweets and snaps, all of them with kind of the same information. He saw some other photos with Krystal and Aimee, her friends and some others of her in some bar. Well, she was updating a lot so Harry was only praying that would help somehow for Liam to see it. But yesterday, Louis said not even him knew about Gemma going to London. Oh well.

Just when Harry was about to call Gemma, he heard a knock at the door.

Harry furrowed his eyebrows and left everything on the coffee table in front of the couch.

But he opened the door, he would never imagined to find a desperate Louis at the door.

"Louis," Harry said, not letting him in.

"Hi," Louis said, playing with his hands. Harry could see Louis was eying the inside of the apartment and he kept looking at the corridor of the building.

"Come in," Harry said, stepping aside and Louis stepped in, only a few steps though. The door was still opened and Harry didn't know what to do.

"Uhhmm," Harry said, the tension getting awkward, "Ed is not here but I'm sure he will be back soon."

Louis nodded and made no sound. He was looking at Harry intensely, from his hair to his eyes to his mouth. Harry was being attacked by Louis' stare.

"This is a lovely flat," Louis said, smiling awkwardly, "Looks cozy."

"It is, yeah," Harry agreed, smiling too.

Louis nodded and kept playing with his hands, very nervously. It was obvious he was there for a reason and Harry was starting to believe, that whatever it would be, it must be that important to make Louis Tomlinson that nervous. Though the proper situation was still not revealed.

"Would you like some tea?" Harry offered, already making his way to the kitchen.

"Please, no," Louis said, taking Harry's wrist and when he noticed it, he let it go and looked at the ground, "Thank you."

"Uhhmm, okay," Harry said, turning to see Louis.

Louis sighed and looked up, staring directly at Harry, inspecting his face but then Niall arrived to the flat.

"Oh," Niall said, looking at both of them.

"Goodbye then," Louis said, turning around and leaving the flat, "Bye Niall."

Niall waved and looked at Louis until he was no longer in the hall.

"What was that?" Niall asked, closing the door to the apartment, "Poor guy was pale as a ghost."

"I truly don't know what happened," Harry said, mouth dry.
The time for the concert arrived and they all went to the place where it would be held. Ed had been there all day for check sounds and there was a lot of people in there, making technical arrangements and just crew in general.

"Harry!" Niall shouted from some rows behind. He was walking beside another guy, both of them with a red cup in hand.

"Hey," Harry said, turning to see them.

"Here you are mate," Niall said, "I've been looking for you!"

Harry stood up from the chairs and greeted them.

"Harry, this is Stan Lucas, part of the crew. He's like the one in charge of everything," Niall tried to explain.

"Well, not everything," he said, laughing, "Nice to meet you mate."

"Nice to meet you too," Harry said, shaking his hand.

"We should go backstage to see how we can help," Niall said, and they both nodded.

Stan was a cool guy, and Harry soon discovered he was a close friend of Louis. They talked a bit, already making a good connection but Harry didn't dare to talk about Louis. It seemed like a huge risk not worth taking it.

Ed was backstage and he was nervous. Everybody was frantic, almost an hour away to start and Harry was just sitting were he wouldn't bother anyone.

Louis arrived then, talking for a few minutes with Ed, probably giving him some news, procedures and what not but Ed seemed more calmed when he came back.

Stan and Louis were talking just a few feet away from Harry and Harry was just sitting in a little couch just at the corner of the place, right beside Niall. They both were enjoying a beer and talking while everybody got ready.

The noise started to get louder and they noticed there was already a lot of people out there.

Harry couldn't even believe the amount of people he could see from the side of the scenario. He soon learnt that Ed was kind of a legend in Sheffield - since he started his career there, always playing in some pubs and bars and local people always recognized him on the streets. And to just think people back in Holmes Chapel didn't even appreciated when Ed played for them.

The showed started then, just after a small circle everybody did to give Ed good vibes and good luck. Louis was there too, just across from Harry and if their looks crossed during the time, well no one noticed.

The entire place was small compared to a real stadium, but it was big enough for Ed to feel nervous. It was like an open theatre, capable of holding about 5,000 people. And Harry was sure, the capacity was on it's maximum, because the amount of people in there was huge. Ed started then, instantly connecting with the audience. It was amazing, how Ed could manage to talk to every person individually even if he was in a scenario and the place was full. Ed played some covers first, making sure the people could hear some familiar songs and then he started to get some original songs in there. Harry could recognize some of them.

Harry was just under the scenario, right in the free place before the zone for the audience started.
Niall was somewhere backstage so he was alone for some time. Then, Stan arrived to his side and they just enjoyed Ed's songs, singing along. Then, after some songs, Ed introduced Niall to the scenario with him and they both played the guitar and sing along. It was beautiful, really.

Harry could see why they made such a nice couple. And apparently, the people loved it. They all cheered and applaud to Niall and when they started to sing together, everybody was quiet to hear them both. It was like magic.

"This is amazing," Harry said to Stan, "I never thought they would sound like this."

"I know right?" Stan said, smiling, "I thought it wouldn't work, but Louis said we should gave it a chance so I accepted it. After all, he's the one in charge."

"I wonder what it would be like when he marries," Harry said without thinking, "He will probably won't last long."

"Nah," Stan said, "That person would be a lucky one if he gets to be with Louis."

"Really?" Harry said, looking at Stan now.

"Louis is the most loyal companion," Stan said, nodding to Harry, "I heard he came to the rescue of one of his friends lately."

"What happened?" Harry asked, intrigued now.

"He saved the man from an imprudent relationship," Stan said.

"Who's the man?" Harry said, almost desperate now.

"His closest friend, Liam Payne," Stan said, looking at Harry.

Harry looked away and tried to breathe. It couldn't be, could it? No way, he - or did he?

"Did he say why he interfered?" Harry asked again, looking at Stan.

"Apparently she had some troubles," Stan said.

"What? Like her attitude? Her lack of money?" Harry asked defensive.

"No," Stan said, shaking his head, "Not her like that, but her family."

Harry froze in place, "So he separated them?"

"I believe so," Stan said, looking at Harry, "I know nothing else."

Just then, Louis was coming from backstage and he looked at Harry.

Harry turned away, and started to walk away.

How could Louis do such thing? He had no right whatsoever about Liam's or Gemma's feelings.

Who did he think he was anyway? Just because he was some sort of important lad in an important company. Harry felt heavy now, remembering how her sister was in London trying to catch Liam's attention and now he knew that Louis was the reason why she was there in the first place. And not only that, but Louis was the reason why Gemma was so hurt.

He arrived to the end of the rows, finally the sound so far somehow, not like before and Harry
was trying to catch his breathe.

He turned around and Louis was there. Right behind him.

"Harry," he said, his breathe also gone.

Harry looked at him now, and couldn't stand his apologetic face. How could he do it?

"I have struggled in vain and I can't stand it anymore," Louis said, getting closer to Harry, "These past weeks have been a torment."

Harry was not understanding a single thing. He could hear Ed and Niall singing in the background, lights and noises coming from the scenario and the people singing along.

"I came to Sheffield only to see you," Louis said, waiting for Harry to say something but he didn't, "I have fought against judgement, my friend's expectations, the inferiority of your birth, my rank as a business man. I will put them all aside and ask you to end my agony."

"I don't understand -,"

"I love you," Louis said suddenly, interrupting Harry, "Most ardently," Louis said, but Harry made no sound or intention to move, "Please do me the honour of being with me."

Harry furrowed his eyebrows and tried to process everything, "I - I really appreciate the struggle you have been through and I am very to have caused you pain," Harry said, looking at Louis, "Believe me, it was unconsciously done."

Harry looked at him now, watching his posture and face, making no effort whatsoever until Louis noticed that was it.

"That's it? That's your answer?" Louis asked, not believing it, "Are you laughing at me?"

"No," Harry said, almost bitter-sweet, "I'm not laughing at you but I'm sure that you will overcome it once you forget about it."

"What?" Louis asked, not understanding, "I just told you my feelings and you are not going to say anything?"

"Oh believe me, there's a lot of things I want to say to you," Harry answered, now angry, "You just insulted me, told me even if I was the worst thing, you would put that aside and everything. Do you actually want me to believe, that was a good thing to say? That even if I'm inferior to you because obviously I'm poor and you are rich and I have no future whatsoever and you have yours so clear, you are willing to be with me? Is that supposed to be romantic?"

"That wasn't supposed to sound like that I -,"

"And even if that was the reason, you clearly don't understand there's more to it - you probably won't ever get," Harry said, interrupting him.

"What other reasons?" Louis asked desperately.

Harry looked at him in disbelief, "Do you actually think I'm going to be with you after you ruined what has probably been the most genuine happiness my sister has ever get? Do you actually think for a second I'm going to be with you after all you did to her?" Harry said, getting closer to Louis, "You separated a young couple who loved each other just because you had better judgement, making Liam ignore his true feelings and making my sister think it was all her fault, with her
insecurities and everything, hurting her."

"It was not my intention -,"

"How could you do it?" Harry asked finally.

Louis looked incredibly pained and even though Harry didn't like the way he furrowed his eyebrows and he only wanted to erase that from his face, he also wanted Louis to know everything and for him to suffer, the same way his sister did.

Louis sighed and answered, "I believed your sister didn't care for him really; I realised his attachment was deeper than hers."

"That's because she's shy!" Harry shouted in exasperation.

"Even Liam thought she didn't love him enough," Louis tried.

"Because you suggested it!" Harry snapped again.

"I did it for his own good," Louis shouted back.

"My sister hardly shows her feelings to me," Harry said lastly, making Louis quiet.

Louis looked at the floor now, feeling bad about everything.

"And I guess the money was part of it too? The fact that Gemma isn't part of a high socialité group as Liam?" Harry suggested.

"No of course not," Louis said, quickly answering, "It wasn't that."

"So what was it then?" Harry asked, daring.

"It was clear it was an advantageous marriage."

"Did Gemma ever give that impression?!" Harry asked again, not believing it.

"No, no," Louis desperately, "Of course not! But the lack of propriety shown by your mother, your cousin and even your father."

Harry looked then at Louis, still angry for everything he had done.

"Forgive me," Louis sighed once more time, "Gemma and you must be excluded from that."

"And what about Nick then?" Harry said.

That triggered Louis.

In the background, the same song Harry heard from Ed that night back at Holmes Chapel started to play.

\textit{Settle down with me,}
\textit{Cover me up,}
\textit{Cuddle me in,}

"What's your excuse for your behaviour towards Nick?" Harry asked again.

"You take an eager interest towards him, don't you?" Louis accused him, getting closer to him.
Lie down with me,  
And hold me in your arms,

"He told me what you did to him," Harry said.

"Oh yeah, what I did to him," Louis said with sarcasm.

And your heart's against my chest, your lips pressed to my neck  
I'm falling for your eyes, but they don't know me yet

"You ruin his chances and now you are being sarcastic with me?" Harry snapped.

"I'm not being sarcastic with you," Louis said.

"You're being disrespectful," Harry said.

And with a feeling I'll forget, I'm in love now...

"Is that what you think about me then?" Louis asked, closer to Harry now, "Thank you for explaining so fully. I now understand what you think about me and our relationship then," Louis said looking at Harry, "Perhaps my offences had been strong but if it weren't for your pride -,"

"My pride?!"

"- I would be more considerate towards your circumstances," Louis finished.

"And those are the words of a man," Harry said angrily. "Since the first moment I met you, your arrogance and conceit, your selfish disdain for the feelings of others made me realise you were the last man in the world I could ever be with."

Louis froze then, still inches apart from Harry's face.

Kiss me like you wanna be loved  
You wanna be loved  
You wanna be loved  
This feels like falling in love  
Falling in love  
We're falling in love

Louis inspected Harry's face, from his green eyes to his little freckles all the way to his mouth. And Louis licked his lips. And Harry looked at Louis' lips. And Louis leaned closer. And Harry's eyes were heavy now with the pain of the tears stinging every second passing by stronger and stronger.

"Forgive me," Louis whispered, "For taking up so much of your time."

Louis stepped back then and turned around. Harry was left there, in the last rows alone, hearing the last words of the song he heard back in Holmes Chapel.

Harry came back to backstage and Louis was nowhere to be found. He didn't know if that was good or bad.

The concert came to an end then, Niall and Ed jumping off stage, joy and vibe at the top, feeling amazing after such a wonderful concert. Harry could only smile to them and hugged them.

Stan came and congratulated them for such a good show. Ed had been fantastic and Niall was
such a good support for him.

They had to go now, before it was impossible to go home without fans blocking the exit.

"Where's Louis?" Ed asked, taking all of his things, getting ready to go.

"He had to leave early," Stan said, looking at Harry, "But it's fine. Let's go!"

They went then, leaving the crew behind to gather the stuff left and the tech stuff. Harry left with them, only speaking when needed. Nobody noticed the change of his mood except Stan, but decided to comment about it. Probably he knew what happened.

And when they arrived to the flat, even after Niall suggested to go out to a bar, Harry opted to stay there and rest.

Harry just wanted some time alone to think and cry of what had happened back there.

- 

Harry woke up the next day to Niall sitting down on his bed.

"Hey you sleepy head," Niall said, playing with Harry's curls.

"Hey," he answered, his voice deeper than usual.

"So," Niall said, being gentle, "What happened yesterday?"

Harry tried to sit up on bed, squeezing his eyes.

"What are you talking about?" Harry said, trying to act normal.

"Well, Louis came earlier, to see if you were okay," Niall said, accommodating himself in bed, "Which, if you ask me, it's not common for him to do that," Niall said, wanting to read Harry's expression, "So, what happened?"

"He came earlier?" Harry said, with furrowed eyebrows.

"Yeah," Niall said, giving up, "And he left this to you."

Niall took out from behind an envelope with his name written in front. Harry took it and Niall stood up, wanting to leave Harry alone. He knew his friend could be private sometimes so he decided to just leave it for now.

When Niall exited the room and closed the door, Harry opened the envelope and started to read.

Dear Harry,

I shall not talk about my feelings which were so disgusting to you. But if I may, I will address the two offences you laid against me.

My father loved Nick as a son, as soon as he became part of the family. When my parents died after a car accident, only then we noticed he had left part of the company to Nick. Nick announced he didn't want to work, no intention whatsoever of taking orders, he wanted the equivalent of his part as money, so I bought his company's actions then. He received the money, which he gambled away within weeks. He came back after that, asking for more, but I refused to give him more after the bad attitude towards the company.
He lost all sort of communication with us until last summer, when he came back to visit us. He spent with us some days until he and Lottie started to get along better and better. At one point, he declared passionate love for my sister, whom he tried to persuade to elope with him. She's to inherit 45% of the company. When it was made clear he would never be able to received a penny of the heritage, he disappeared.

I will not try to explain the amount of Lottie's despair. She was only 18 years old.

As to the other matter of your sister and Liam, though the motives which governed me may appear insufficient, they were in service of a friend. Believe me, if I had known better, I wouldn't mind about it.

I hope this is enough for you to understand and even if I know this may not be what you expected, you will understand better my actions and the stuff I said. Again, I'm sorry for everything.

Regards,

Louis W. Tomlinson.
the trip, the dinner and the runaway

Harry came back to Holmes Chapel after that, not wanting to encounter Louis Tomlinson anymore. And if Niall and Ed were left worried, well, they shouldn't. Harry was better now, because the anticipation of seeing his family is somewhat encouraging. Also, he heard from his mother that Gemma was back from London and he needed Gemma so much.

"How was London?" Harry asked, now in his bedroom, Gemma sitting on his bed, Harry was unpacking, "Any news?"

"London is so entertaining," Gemma said smiling, "Aimee and Krystal took me to places you wouldn't even imagine they exist," she said, a small shine in her eyes, "Actually, London seems like your type of town."

"And how would you even know that?" Harry said mocking her.

"Well, I don't know," Gemma said shrugging, "For starters, London is big and nobody ever pays attention to you, so you would like that."

"Okay good point," Harry said, "What else?"

"Well, the places - they are quite enchanting. Every little place, has it's own story and every person you meet, is so different from the next one and so on."

"That actually seems like something I would like," Harry teased and Gemma pouted, "No but seriously, I'm glad you are back."

Gemma nodded once and smiled, Harry finishing to arrange all his clothes back into the drawers.

"So," Harry said, trying to touch the topic subtly, "Nothing new then?"

"Well," Gemma said, looking at her hands, fingers intertwining, "Krystal is getting married."

"What?" Harry said, shocked.

"Mitch proposed to her a month ago," Gemma said, a faint smile on her face, "They will marry in December."

"Oh," Harry said, not knowing what to say, "That's... amazing."

A moment of silence surrounded both of them until Gemma sighed.

"You know, I'm quite over him," Gemma said, trying not to care a lot, "If he passed me in the street, I would hardly notice."

Harry looked back at Gemma, not believing a thing. He knew his sister. He knew, Gemma would take long to forget Liam.

"Anyway," Gemma said, noticing Harry's look, "London is so diverting."

Harry chuckled and shook his head.

"It's true," Gemma said, standing from the bed, "And when you finally visit it, I'll be the one laughing at you for not believing me."
"Right," Harry said.

"Any news from Sheffield?" Gemma asked, by the door now.

Harry saw her and the anticipation of new gossip. But he couldn't. He couldn't tell her. He hesitated a bit, trying to forget what happened with Louis back in the concert.

"Nope," Harry said finally.

With that, Gemma exited the room and left Harry alone.

- 

Two days after Harry's arrival, Uncle Mike and Aunt Dee arrived to the Styles household. Anne was thrilled for having them there, specially because since Niall had left, she couldn't bragged about anything with Maura and that was bothering her quite much.

"I'm so glad you are here," Anne said, setting a pair of cups on the small coffee table in the living room, "We have missed you so much."

"We missed you too dear," Aunt Dee said, smiling and taking her cuppa.

"We heard Zayn was here," Uncle Mike said, taking his as well.

"Oh yeah," Anne said, her smile forced, "He has been here for a few weeks and it's been good. Trisha and Yaser went on a cruise and well - you know, Zayn has always loved to be here with Harry and Gemma."

"Yeah," Dee said, smiling.

Anne was actually worried about Zayn. He had been going out too much, always arriving late and smelling like alcohol and cigarettes. But she couldn't do a thing, she was not his mother.

Anne stood up from her spot and shouted into the hall, "Children, come and say hi to Uncle Mike and Aunt Dee."

They all appeared then, saying hi and hugging their relatives.

"Zayn, you look tired," Uncle Mike said, watching Zayn's state. He had bags under his eyes and he was still wearing PJs even if it was already noon.

"Yeah," Zayn agreed, not even paying attention.

"So Gemma," Aunt Dee said, trying to change topics, "You went to London lately?"

"Yeah," she said smiling, "It was nice."

"I can imagine," Uncle Mike said, "Very posh and everything."

"Sort of, yeah," Gemma agreed, giggling.

"And what about you Harold?" Aunt Dee said.

He hated when people called him Harold. His name was Harry. As Harry.

"Well, I went to Sheffield a couple of days ago but nothing great," he said shrugging.
"Oh well, you should come with us," Aunt Dee said.

"What?" Harry asked, not getting it.

"We are going on a little road trip and maybe it's good for you to get fresh air," Uncle Mike said.

"Oh that would be lovely," Anne said, clapping her hands. She only wanted that to brag about it later with Maura.

"Well, I don't know," Harry said, struggling to decide.

"Oh c'mon little brother," Gemma said, encouraging him, "It will be nice and we will be here when you come back."

Zayn mumbled something but Harry didn't catch it.

"Yeah, come on," Uncle Mike said, "There won't be a lot of people there but we will see the glories of nature."

"What are men compared to rocks and mountains?" Zayn said, earning a harsh glare from Anne.

"Men are either eaten up with arrogance or stupidity, that's for sure," Harry said, answering Zayn. Anne was about to burst of anger.

"That sounds like a lot of bitterness," Aunt Dee said, joking.

"More reasons for you to join us," Uncle Mike said.

Harry thought about it for a second until nodding to it.

"Okay then," Harry said, agreeing.

That night, when Harry was packing a few things into a bigger bag than the one he took to Sheffield, he felt like a strong force inside of him was keeping him from breathing.

He went to Gemma's room, she already in bed, scrolling down on her phone and smiling to Harry when she saw him.

"Come and cuddle with me," Gemma said, lifting up the duvet for Harry to get in.

Harry lied down beside Gemma then, putting an arm around her and watching her from above. Her mahogany hair with the few light strands were his mainly vision but he could also see her pointy nose and her large eyelashes. It reminded him of Louis' own, which were also very large. He cursed in his mind for remembering Louis.

"I saw Louis when I was in Sheffield," Harry said finally.

"What?" Gemma said, looking up to Harry, "Why didn't you tell me? Did he mention Liam?"

"No," Harry said, "Not really."

Gemma nodded and went back to her phone. Harry decided it was better to leave it at that.

The next day Harry said goodbye to his family and went along with Uncle Mike and Aunt Dee on
their SUV.

It was nice, having the entire space in the back seat for him, and Uncle Mike and Aunt Dee were actually nice to be with. They were nothing like their parents - they were much civilized around each other and they were actually careful and nice. Nothing like Anne and Des - because Anne kept making drama about everything while Des mocked her. Like a couple of children, he could swear.

It was odd but pleasing to have decent adults around him for a change. They started off the road trip with a destination to Peak District Park. It was nice, having to stop in every little town and having a few things and then right back on the road. They didn't take too long in every city but nevertheless, Uncle Mike decided it would be nice to stay for a night in Manchester and then get back on road to reach Peak District Park. Aunt Dee agreed and Harry was left with nothing but to agree as well.

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So at the end, Peak District Park was not that great. Like sure, there was a lot to see and so much green around them. But Uncle Mike got bored after nearly two hours and even though Aunt Dee couldn't stop taking photos, Uncle Mike was tired.

Harry enjoyed it just as much as Aunt Dee though. He loved to walk around and see the greatness of it. He also loved the way the sun was kissing his skin, getting a light tan on his face and complete arms. Thank God he brought a sleeveless t-shirt for the occasion. The air was dense and hot in there and Harry loved it. Not like rainy Holmes Chapel.

"I didn't think it would be like, this much," Uncle Mike said, finally sitting in a clean rock by a large tree, offering some shade from the sun.

"It's Peak District Park Mike, you should have known," Aunt Dee said, sitting beside him, "But if you want, we can go."

Harry chuckled at their interaction and settled just a few feet from them.

"You now, we can go to Sheffield," Uncle Mike said, "It's very close from here."

"No," Aunt Dee said, "Harry just went there, remember?"

"Oh right," Uncle Mike said, "Well, let's go to Doncaster then."

"What?" Harry said, "Doncaster?"

"Oh, that would be lovely," Aunt Dee said, "I've never been there."

"Yeah, let's go there," Uncle Mike said, "Harry, do you know Louis Tomlinson?"

"What?" Harry was shocked by the question, "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I heard he was in Holmes Chapel for a few weeks and I know he is like, the richest young guy in the entire Yorkshire district. He is very known and he has his main building there. They say it's like an entire museum dedicated to music and entertainment. We should go there."

"Oh please, let's not," Harry said, shaking his head, "I don't want to meet him there."

"What? Why?" Aunt Dee asked, looking worried now.
"I just, I don't know, I don't like him a lot," Harry said, shrugging.

"Is he mean? Does all the power and money has turned him into a despicable human being?" Aunt Dee said. Okay, maybe she was a bit dramatic like Anne.

"No, not really," Harry said. Louis was not despicable at all. And he actually looked like a very normal person. Apart from his weird obsession with perfectly brewed tea. He didn't show his money that much, because Harry's sure he dressed very normal and standard even though back in Sheffield he had seen him with a very fine suit.

"Then, I don't understand why you don't want to go," Uncle Mike said, "It looks perfectly good to me so we are going."

Harry gave up and sighed.

"Don't worry love," Aunt Dee said, "M' sure he is a busy man. I heard nowadays he's always back in London."

Well, what else could Harry object to, honestly?

- 

They were now in Doncaster and Harry seemed to like the city a lot. Nothing like Holmes Chapel, that's for sure. But it had its own charming looks and it definitely looked more up to date than his home town.

Harry didn't even know where they would stop but Uncle Mike kept doing comments of greatness and wonder with every turn.

Harry tried not to think about Louis though, because what if he saw Louis there? That would be... awkward.

When they arrived though, Harry's nerves were on the edge. Uncle Mike parked in front of a big black building with Pemberly Digital on the top of the entrance, with fancy lights and everything. People were going in and out and Harry thought he would get sick in any moment.

They walked to the entrance and saw a small lobby with a girl behind the desk.

"Hi there," she said, smiling to the three of them, "How can I help you?"

"Hello," Uncle Mike said, "We wanted to see the building, have a tour or whatever. We heard it has a small museum and we would like to see it."

"Of course," the girl said smiling, "Will you just give me your names?"

Uncle Mike gave out the names of the three and the girl typed them into the computer.

"Perfect then," the girl said, "You're lucky there's not a lot of people in here today so you will be able to enjoy the tour better."

The girl took the phone at the table and Harry took the time to finally take everything in.

The lobby was spacious, really large - clean and bright. The floor was made of black and white tiles and Harry liked them already. But the walls, were white - you know, like marble white and the little details in every edge or door was amazing. Harry could see the different decorations and sets in every corner.
"Okay so," the girl said, winning Harry's attention back, "I will be the one taking you. My name is Sara by the way, so if you could please follow me."

She stood up from her chair and started walking to the hall, that would lead to some elevators.

They went to the penultimate floor of the entire building, where the museum was located.

"So we will start here, with the most interesting things and then I'll show you around the offices and areas as we go down," Sara said, when the elevator door opened.

The entire floor was an open space, again white marble over all. But now, there were a lot of paintings, photos and albums hanging from the walls. There were also some status and figures around the floor. Everything combine perfectly, which Harry found very satisfying. There were also some antiques there, like record machines and original vinyl players. It felt like the whole thing was very 80ish but with a classic touch.

Mike and Dee kept following Sara but Harry was taken aback with several items - he just could hear them all their chat.

"Does Mr. Tomlinson comes often?" Uncle Mike asked.

"Not as much as I would wish," Sara admitted, giving a faint smile.

Harry sighed at the relief, still inspecting the great artwork at one of the walls, showing some Polaroids in black and white of different artists.

"He dearly loves to be here though," Sara continued, "I think if he settled, this would be in Doncaster a lot more."

Uncle Mike and Aunt Dee nodded, following her.

Harry moved on to see one of the vinyl players he saw from the beginning, which was massive and incredibly well-conserved. It was oak wood and it looked so good that Harry thought it would be quite a pleasure to listen music there.

"He is so much like his father," Sara said, pointing to a photo hanged in the wall, "Mark Tomlinson was one of the best people in the entire United Kingdom and Louis is doing a good job following his steps - although, some people say he is more like his mother, Johannah. What a lovely woman, she was."

Harry looked at the photo and it showed a much younger Louis with his father to the right and his mother to the left, carrying a baby. Harry quickly remembered about Charlotte, Louis' sister, and smiled at the baby in the picture. Surely, she was a grown-up now.

He saw the resemble with both of his parents - sure, he had blue eyes like his father and that strong jaw but it was more obvious the resemble with his mother - the kind eyes, the light smile, the small nose and even the little crinkles by their eyes shown in the photo while they were smiling.

"You know, when I got pregnant Louis was so lovely and understanding with it," Sara said, now lost in thoughts, "He let me stayed until I couldn't take it anymore and he paid me extra for all the work I did. He even went to visit me at the hospital when I gave birth to my little one."

Harry could actually see Louis acting like that. He remembered what Stan said and he now understood why everyone thought so well of Louis.
Harry stopped in front of a big picture of Louis in black suit, perfectly fit and high quiff on Louis. He was standing in front of his office - or least that's what Harry thought and he looked very serious but somehow...

"This is he, Mr. Louis Tomlinson," Sara said, from behind, Harry noticing his relatives at his sides.

"What a handsome boy," Aunt Dee said, somehow proud, "Harry, is it a true likeness?"

Harry froze and tried to form a word before Sara, the girl, spoke up.

"Do you know Louis?" Sara asked, looking at Harry.

Harry tried to ignore her stare and nodded, "Only a little."

"Don't you think he is handsome, though?" she kept pushing.

"Yes," Harry said finally, getting lost in the blue eyes of Louis' photo, "I dare say he is."

Sara smiled and motioned to the side, "And this is his sister, Charlotte, or better known as Lottie."

Uncle Mike and Aunt Dee followed the girl but Harry stayed in place, still looking at Louis' photo.

"She plays the piano and sings all day long," Sara chuckled.

They kept going and continued with the tour but as soon as Harry woke up from his day-dream, they were gone.

Harry looked around and there was no one in sight. He decided he must continue by himself. Anyway, as Sara said, there weren't a lot of people that day.

He took the elevator, as after looking for them in the entire floor, they didn't find anyone.

Harry got in and was about to push the button to go down but decided to see the last floor. He didn't know what was there and curiosity was eating him alive so anyway, why not. He just hoped no one would caught him.

When the door opened, he didn't expect to see a hall there, but he did. A large hall, one side of it full glass as a wall and in the other side, several doors to different rooms.

Harry was mesmerized by the view from there, he could stay in that hall for his entire life and not care about it. He could only imagine what amazing view it must show at night and he suddenly felt jealous of Louis, who could actually see it.

The atmosphere around him suddenly was filled with a sweet sharp melody - and if Harry weren't so insecure about his knowledge of music, he would bet that's coming from a pianoforte. A real classic one.

Harry turned around, guided by music and got near the door where the music was coming from. It was hypnotizing, like the music invited you to come closer and Harry could only be left wanting to meet the person on the other side.

When he got to the door, he saw the door was slightly opened - hence the music was so clear - and he peeked through the small space, looking at the person playing. It was a girl, with blonde, almost platinum long hair, sitting straight in the chair, her thin arms moving quickly from one side
of the keys to the other, making the pianoforte - Harry was right - sound as the time passed by.

Harry almost forgot he was intruding, until someone, a man stood behind the girl, bending just to whisper something to the girl and then - and then turned around and squealed, launching herself over the man, laughing and smiling. Harry realized his mistake - he was being creepy after all but it all got wrong in such a short time.

Harry tried to move back and leave the place but he hit the door with his big clumsy feet and that's when the two people inside the room looked at him. It was Louis and his sister, Lottie.

Harry tried to smile but he was nervous - like, they literally caught him on the move, so he turned around and made a move to run - literally anywhere, just far away.

He took the elevator, while Louis was already out the room, shouting for him, and Harry made move to wait. He closed the elevator and was relieved for a few seconds until the elevator stopped two floors down, just in time when Louis was going down the emergency steps, which were exactly besides the elevator.

Louis saw then Harry and he was able to reach him this time.

"Harry," Louis said, trying to catch his breath, getting inside the elevator.

"Sorry," Harry said, not wanting to meet his eyes, "I thought you were in London."

"No," Louis said, searching for Harry's eyes, "I'm not."

"I'm just here with my uncle and aunt -,"

"I came back a day earlier and -,"

They both stopped talking, tripping over each other's words.

"Sorry," Harry said with rosy cheeks then.

"I came back a day earlier," Louis said.

Harry nodded and tried to smile, the awkward environment around us getting more present.

"M' staying here with my aunt and uncle for the night," Harry said, "We were just passing by."

"Oh," Louis said, his face somehow disappointed, "Are you having a pleasant trip?"

"Very pleasant," Harry said all of the sudden, not even aware of what he was saying. It all felt awkward.

They got to the lobby then, the doors of the elevator opening and a lot of people waiting for them to get off, so they could get in.

Harry was the first one to leave the elevator, followed closely by Louis.

Harry stopped and turned around, Louis was following him.

"Tomorrow we go to Leeds," Harry said, trying to make some more conversation.

"Tomorrow?" Louis said, alarmed.

Harry nodded, looking carefully at Louis expressions. Harry noticed that with every thing he said,
Louis looked either relieved or pained. Which, according to his gut, neither could be considered good.

"Where are you staying?" Louis asked, trying to make some more time.

"At the Earl of Doncaster," Harry said, avoiding Louis' look.

"Good," Louis said. Again, relieved.

The silenced came again and Harry was feeling more and more awkward for the small exchanged that happened upstairs.

"I'm so sorry to intrude," Harry said, feeling guilty, "I know they said the only part available was the penultimate floor but -;"

Louis shook his head vigorously, "It's fine, it's fine."

"I have to look for my uncle and aunt," Harry said awkwardly.

"Sure, sure," Louis said, his face showing sadness.

"Uhmm," Harry said, turning around to see if he could see his aunt or uncle but he was feeling Louis' look so, "Goodbye Louis."

"Goodbye Harry," Louis said, giving him a sided-smile.

Harry awkwardly waved to him and he exited the building, trying to escape whatever from Louis and the feeling he was starting to sense through all his body.

With no clue where his aunt and uncle would be, he decided to head back to the hotel, opting to call them from there - also because going there was such a risk and he didn't want another encounter with Louis.

He walked and walked, guided by the Maps app track until he reached the hotel.

A block away from the hotel, he decided to call Aunt Dee - they were already back in the hotel; they took a cab when they didn't find Harry and they thought he would be there. They were in the bar from the hotel, just refreshing and relaxing after such a long day.

Harry arrived to the hotel and went straight to the bar. He spotted his aunt and uncle at the other side, sitting in a little table. And after he was near enough, he noticed Louis was right there, standing up just in front of their table, talking to them.

Harry made a move to hide himself, just behind a big plant, looking through it over to the table.

Louis was talking and smiling to them. Harry was now used to the way Louis would talk using his hands, always motioning and making signs - which made Louis look more posh.

Louis talked some more and Uncle Mike smiled, nodding - which couldn't be so good for Harry - and Aunt Dee smiled politely - which looked like trouble.

Louis smiled once more, and Uncle Mike stood up to shake his hand. Aunt Dee made a move to stand up but Louis stopped her, bending down to be on her level.

Harry waited until Louis left the bar to finally get to his aunt and uncle.

"Harry!" Aunt Dee said, smiling and cheering, "There you are love!"
"You got us nervous kid," Uncle Mike said, "You got lost."

"I know, sorry," Harry said, taking a seat with them.

"Louis Tomlinson was just here," Aunt Dee said, serving some tea they had on the small kettle on their table to Harry, "We didn't know you met him earlier."

"Uhmm, yeah," Harry said.

"He was very nice," Uncle Mike said, "He came and asked to the manager of the hotel for you, and he finally came to us."

"He just wanted to invite us over to his house tomorrow," Aunt Dee said, excited, "Can you believe it?"

"What?" Harry asked, pouring some milk to the tea.

"Yeah," Uncle Mike said, "He said he was very pleased to have you here and that he wanted to invite you," Uncle Mike said, pointing at Harry, "Us, to know his place and dine with him."

"Dine with him?" Harry asked again, shocked by the news.

"You know, he was very nice," Aunt Dee said, "There's something very pleasant about his mouth when he speaks."

"You don't mind delaying the trip another day, do you?" Uncle Mike asked.

"He said he wants you to meet his sister," Aunt Dee said, arching her eyebrows, very sneaky.

"His sister?" Harry asked, to which, Aunt Dee and Uncle Mike nodded.

Harry sighed and gave up. The feeling was all over his body now.

Louis' house was situated in Bessacarr, the most luxurious part of Doncaster - which shouldn't see as a surprise because after all, it's Louis Tomlinson, the richest guy in all Yorkshire district.

It was a 8 bedroom detached house, looking clean and sharp, with dark grey rooftops and white wood on the outsides. It had a big private driveway, which would lead to the principal front of the house, with a big grey door.

Harry could see the outsides of the house and every detail of it. In general, it looked just like a modern house, but once Harry paid attention to the windows, the little details in the door and every corner of it, he noticed little classical touches.

And when he entered the house, he noticed inside was the other way around. The infrastructure was modern, but all the furniture and decorations were vintage - almost classical. From white marble, to light wood, everything suited perfectly. Black and white contrasting in such a good aesthetic taste, that Harry was almost proud of Louis. Until he realized, he probably didn't do it himself - he could have hired someone to do it.

They got to the principal receiving room and music could be heard, again.

Harry recognized the same song from yesterday, from the same instrument. He turned to his right, and right there, in the living room, laid a pianoforte, this time, totally white with some details in
gold and Lottie was playing it. Louis was just beside her, looking at the way she played.

Harry and his aunt and uncle came closer, entering now the living room, followed by the maid that opened the door for them.

Just then, Lottie saw Harry from the corner of her eye and literally jumped to receive them.

"They are here!" Lottie said, standing up from the piano and quickly arranging her baby blue dress, which made her eyes bright even more. Lottie ran a little to come and met them all halfway.

Louis turned around and saw them, smiling, "This is my sister, Charlotte," he said, getting closer too.

"Please, call me Lottie," she said, shaking hands with Uncle Mike and Aunt Dee.

"Hi," Harry said, wanting to give his hand by instead received a hug.

"Harry Styles," Lottie said, still hugging him, "My brother has told me so much about you."

"I hope good things then," Harry said, smiling awkwardly, his cheeks turning a bit red.

"Oh believe me, they were good," Lottie said, smirking lightly and Louis had to shake his head, rolling his eyes.

"What a beautiful pianoforte," Harry said.

"Oh," Lottie said, "Louis gave it to me last Christmas - he shouldn't have though."

"I should have," Louis said quickly, smiling to her.

It was obvious they had a close relationship and even though Lottie's face looked young, you could see how mature she was by the way she spoke so correctly.

"Very well then," Lottie said, smiling.

"Easily persuaded, is she not?" Louis said, smiling to Harry.

Harry nodded, feeling light for a second by Louis' smile.

"Your brother had to put up with my singing once," Harry said, trying to joke around.

"But he says you sing so well!" Lottie said, turning to see Louis.

"Did you now?" Harry said, teasingly to Louis.

"Well, I said you played quite well," Louis said, smirking.

"Quite well is not very well," Harry said, grinning now.

Louis laughed at that and Harry giggled but they suddenly realized the rest was watching very close to their little exchange.

Lottie was smirking to Louis, like she knew what was up and Aunt Dee and Uncle Mike were surprised by the sudden mood towards Louis by Harry.

"Mr. Selley, do you like golf?" Louis asked, trying to change the subject.
"I do, very much," Uncle Mike said, nodding.

"Would you like to play on the mini-golf we got on the back? M' a lil rusted but I'm sure we will be okay," Louis said.

"I will be delighted," Uncle Mike said, smiling.

"Very well then," Louis said, looking at Harry.

They were now eating dinner, all of them in the elegant dinning room in Louis' house. It's incredibly huge, with high ceiling and dim white lights. And the table, it's marble - as a lot of things in the house, Harry has learned - and the chairs, all made out of white wood. It's incredible, the amazing taste Louis has, considering he is somewhat young and he sometimes dresses like an eighteen year old.

Uncle Mike and Aunt Dee had been amazing the whole time, asking proper questions and making small conversation - good enough to made Louis laugh but decent enough so he thought good of them. He still remembered what Louis said about his family back in Sheffield but he decides to leave it aside and enjoy this... new Louis. Because sure he looked more relaxed and more friendly.

Maybe it's because Lottie is here. Which, by the way, Lottie was enchanted to meet Harry. Apparently, they had a lot in common. From liking music, to poetry and literature to dancing and enjoying a good beat. Harry couldn't understand how Lottie could be so carefree and happy with a brother like Louis. Or maybe, Louis' moody character was just a façade so society fears him. Probably.

But anyway, Harry enjoyed the entire time, being with Lottie while Louis had been golfing with Uncle Mike and Aunt Dee. It had been perfect. And now, now they are eating dinner.

"Wow, the chicken is so good," Aunt Dee said, taking one more bite, "What did you say it was?"

"Chicken wrapped in parma ham stuffed with mozzarella," Lottie answered, "It's Louis favourite."

"Well, it's certainly my favourite now too," Uncle Mike said.

Louis laughed at that, eating some more, looking around. Until he was met with Harry's eyes. Louis knew there was a huge space between where Harry was with his emotions towards him, to all the way where Louis wanted to be. But it's okay. Because little by little, Louis was fixing every single detail.

"It's amazing," Harry said, giving a small smile to Louis, "So delicious."

Once the dinner was over, Louis invited them to go to the tea room, and have a cup of tea with them. Lottie liked the idea, convincing Harry to stay just a little bit more so yeah, Harry agreed.

Now on the room, Aunt Dee started talking to Lottie, finally leaving Harry alone for a second.

"My sister has been by your side all day," Louis said, getting near Harry, where he is preparing his tea, "I'm deeply sorry for it."

"What? No," Harry said, taking the milk, "It's fine," he said, dismissing it with his hand, "Besides, she's amazing. She has great skills and such a big heart."
"Well, thank you," Louis said, looking at the floor, "It's been difficult, only the two of us but I couldn't do less - she deserves more than what has happened to her."

And Harry remembered what Louis said about Nick, but he remembers now that Louis lost both of his parents and Lottie was probably very young.

Harry finished preparing his tea and Louis had seen the entire process. Just exactly how he liked it.

"You don't put sugar in your tea," it wasn't a question.

"Uhhh," Harry hesitated, remembering that time back in Holmes Chapel with Liam, "No, I don't."

"And you like your tea with milk," Louis said, "Just a splash."

"Yeah," Harry said, nodding. What was the point, now they both knew they liked their tea the same way.

"Yeah," Louis repeated, smiling to himself.

"Harry," Uncle Mike interrupted, "Harry I just received a call, it was your mother."

Harry rolled his eyes and turned around, "What does she want now?"

"It's Zayn," Uncle Mike said, apologetic, "They don't find Zayn. They think he might have escaped."
"Harry," Uncle Mike interrupted, "Harry I just received a call, it was your mother."

Harry rolled his eyes and turned around, "What does she want now?"

"It's Zayn," Uncle Mike said, apologetic, "They don't find Zayn. They think he might have escaped."

"What now?" Harry said, maybe his ears didn't listen right, "Zayn, escaped?"

"You should talk to her," Uncle Mike said, handing the phone to Harry.

Harry took it and turned to see Louis - he looked back at Harry with an apologetic smile.

Harry dialled his mom's number and waited for her to pick up.

"Mike? Oh Mike, thank God you called back, I'm -,"

"Mom, it's me," Harry spoke up, "What happened?" His mom did sound hysterical and Harry could only imagine what Gemma must be going through.

"Oh dear," Anne said to the phone, almost sobbing, "Zayn is gone. We wake up today and he was gone. We thought he would be out all day like always, you know? But then Gemma entered Zayn's room and notice his clothes were gone and all of the things too. What are we going to do? Trisha and Yaser are still on vacations and I was responsible for him," Anne is now crying, "They are going to kill me, they are!"

"Mom," Harry said, pinching the bridge of his nose, "Calm down. We will return to Holmes Chapel immediately just, please keep calm. How's dad?"

"He is hysterical," Anne said, "He has been out all day with Bobby Horan and others trying to look for him," Anne sighs, trying to control her sobs, "Harry, we believe he ran away with Nick."

"What? Nick Grimshaw?" Harry said, looking at Louis now,

"Yes," she said crying, "The last time they see him was with Nick and other guy," Anne said.

"Mom, we are on our way, just hang on."

"Thank you dear," Anne said, sobbing again and hanging up.

"What did she said?" Aunt Dee is now by their side, looking concerned.

"Apparently Zayn ran away with Nick Grimshaw," Harry said, first noticing Lottie is not around anymore. Well, thank God.

"This is all my fault," Louis said suddenly, "If only I had exposed Grimshaw when I should."

"No," Harry said, "No, this is my fault. I trusted him and - and all of his would have been prevented if I had been opened with Gemma and Zayn about what you said to me."
"Well, has anything been done to track him down?" Aunt Dee asks.

"Yeah, dad and Bobby Horan are looking for them but we have to go now," Harry said, looking at Louis.

"We should get going then," Uncle Mike said, "Thank you so much Louis for the lovely evening but we have to go."

"Yeah, of course," Louis said, his fists tense beside his body, "If there's anything I can do to help, please let me know."

"Thank you," Aunt Dee said, smiling.

Uncle Mike and Aunt Dee took their things and exited the room, leaving Harry and Louis alone.

"Harry," Louis whispered to him now, "I'm so sorry."

"It's not your fault," Harry said, shaking his head.

Harry made a move to go but Louis stopped him, taking his arm.

"Harry," Louis whispered again.

"I have to go now," Harry said, releasing his arm from Louis' grip.

Harry went then, leaving Louis alone to think. Louis had to do something.

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"I can't believe Zayn would do this to us," Anne said, pacing around the living room, "God knows what your father is doing right now," Anne said, looking at both Gemma and Harry, "Imagine what others would say! Zayn as a groupie - the whore of the band!"

"Mom, don't say that!" Harry said, looking concerned.

"Mom, would you please sit down and calm down? Dad knows what he is doing," Gemma said, typing into her phone, "And we are doing everything we can too, you know? We've been posting on Facebook and Twitter."

"Yes because Zayn doesn't answer any messages or calls," Harry said, typing into his phone too.

"Did you hit your head with something? What if Trisha or Yaser see all of the posts? Delete them!" Anne shouted, losing control and bursting again.

"Okay," Gemma said, shrugging and standing up from the sofa, "Mom, you seriously need to chill. Zayn is big enough to know what he is doing."

"But we were supposed to take care of him while Trisha and Yaser were gone," Anne said, crying now, holding on to Gemma, "They are going to hate us."

"No mom, they won't," Harry said standing up as well and give their mother a small hug.

Just then, Des arrived.

"Father," Harry said, "What happened?"

"We haven't found anything," Des said, taking his coat off, "It's like the kid really ran away."
The phone rang then.

"Yes?" Gemma answered, "Sure," she said, "Dad, it's for you."

Des turned around and took the phone, "Hello?"

"Who was it?" Harry whispered to Gemma.

"Paul, from London," she said.

"From London?" Harry asked.

"That's what he said," Gemma said, shrugging.

"Okay well, thank you very much," Des said to the phone, hanging up.

"What happened?"

"They found Zayn," Des said, sighing, "He was in Brighton with that jerk Nicholas Grimshaw."

"They found him?" Gemma asked louder, "That's great!"

"Yeah well, sort of. We found him but he's staying there. Apparently Nicholas promised to take him touring, a great deal if you ask me."

"A deal?" Gemma asked, "So Zayn is now touring with Nick?"

"Yes so," Des said, "If you excuse me, I need a strong cup of tea now."

"Isn't it weird? Touring like a DJ without experience?" Gemma turned around to ask Harry.

"Paul must've made a great deal with Nick in order to let Zayn DJ and collaborate with him."

"Zayn touring? Like a DJ?" Anne said, smiling now, "Oh how wonderful!"

"What?" Harry asked.

"He's going to be a great star and Trisha will love it!" Anne said, standing from the sofa, "Wait till I tell Maura, she will get jealous."

"Don't you understand mom? This is not something to be proud of!" Harry said, angry now.

"Listen to me Harry," Anne said, turning around, "There will come a day when you will have to make yourself interesting before you get to the void of nobodies and then, you will understand the need I have to make myself the centre of attention."

The next day, Zayn came to visit, along with Nick Grimshaw. So imagine the awkwardness of the environment - because Gemma and Harry knew about Nick's interests.

They all had dinner and Anne was thrilled to see Zayn. At least she knew now that he was safe and happy. Or something like that.

"You wouldn't imagine the amazing people and crowd you see dancing to your mixes!" Zayn
said, taking the glass in front of him, "It's like you can feel the music through your entire body and feel what others are feeling right that moment!"

Gemma hummed along, just playing nice but Harry couldn't stop glaring Nick and hate the way Zayn is talking like he hasn't done anything wrong.

"We were just walking around in Brighton when I found Paul, and he gave me the horrid speech," Zayn said giggling.

"And you don't know why? Not even think you deserve it?" Harry asked, but Zayn only brushed the questions off.

"But anyway, that night we were supposed to have a gig at a small club but we were having troubles," Zayn said, taking a bite to his meal, "Luckily, Aiden could solve everything because if not, we would have had to ask Louis to help us out."

"Louis? As, Louis Tomlinson?" Harry asked, surprised.

"Oh my, I forgot," Zayn said, giggling and hiding his mouth with the palm of his hand, "You still hate him?"

"Louis was there? In Brighton?" Harry asked again, not paying attention to Zayn's last question.

"Well, yeah," Zayn said, "He was the one that discovered us. I probably shouldn't say a thing but he was the one that got us the touring deal as well. And he is willing to pay for our expenses and stuff, so we are safe and everything."

Harry was baffled. He couldn't believe the fact that Louis would do such a thing... such a generous thing.

"But he told me not to tell, so you should just zip it!" Zayn said, serious now.

"So Louis...," Harry trailed off, thinking.

"I swear to God, he is not such a bad person Harry," Zayn said, taking another bite.

Harry kept thinking about it. A deal for Zayn and Nick, from Pemberly Digital? And to cover expenses, of all of them? Specially after the situation he and Nick had from the past.

Well, Harry was sure that if Louis wasn't mad, at least he was trying so hard to mend everything.

-  

It was time for Zayn and Nick to go, and even if Nick made an attempt to talk to Harry, Harry would ignore him or run away from him. He didn't need anymore lies. He didn't need anymore thoughts on his head. He needed to calm down and process everything.

Zayn said goodbye and promised to talk to his parents once he was back at Brighton. Which, Anne agreed he should do, because for one, she would absolutely tell Trisha and Yaser about this, so Zayn better be honest.

-  

The next few days were more calm. For once in about a month, Anne came home angry because she didn't have any news for Maura Horan, which was horrible because apparently Maura couldn't stop talking about Niall and Ed touring.
With the summer almost ending, Harry was about to go back to university and Gemma was looking for a job. She was in her last year of university, which meant she needed some experience. Harry was happy for her, truly. Harry knew how difficult the summer had been for Gemma and he only hoped the best for her. And Gemma, well she was coping with everything just right. Like, too right to be good. She didn't cry once - at least Harry didn't notice - and she was mainly happy. She got her times sure, where she would get lost in thoughts with a sad smile and Harry knew she would be thinking of Liam.

So, Harry did the only thing he was able to do - support for her and find her a new job. She looked through several offers but it's like she didn't like any of them.

"Why don't you open your search? You know, something outside Holmes Chapel and Chester?" Harry suggested then, trying to help his sister, which was on the verge of exploding.

"I don't think it would be good," Gemma said, shaking his head slowly, "It would mean to be far from you and our parents."

"It would mean you're free," Harry said smiling, "No but really, don't think about us. For once, try ti put your happiness above ours."

Gemma chuckled tiredly at that, "I'll try."

Harry left Gemma's room and went to the kitchen. His father was there, a book on his hands.

"Hey dad," Harry said.

"Hey kiddo," Des said, giving his a small soft smile, "You want a cuppa?"

Harry nodded and smiled, "Thanks."

Des took another cup off the shelf and poured some tea on it, "There you go."

Harry took it and went to the fridge, reaching the milk.

When he noticed what he was doing he stopped in his tracks.

"Dad, can I ask you something?" Harry said, leaving the cup and the milk on the table.

"Sure, sure," Des said, only sitting and leaving his cup and the book on the table.

"How did you know mom was the one? I mean, I'm sure you had girlfriends before her but like, what made her different?" Harry asked.

"Well, you know there's this theory right, from scientist and everything," Des said, looking at Harry, "Where the things you love about your partner are finelly the ones that make you loose them. For example, their spontaneity is now reckless behaviour and their playful side is just immaturity. And you know, for those people, love was just a feeling - what they were feeling that moment that made them fall out of love. You see Harry," Des said now, soft and calm, like he never had been.

"Love is a choice, it's not a feeling. Love is accepting that you are going to change, accepting that you have bad habits, accepting that you won't always want to spend every second of every minute next to that person. And when I met your mother, I knew she was going to be tough to be with but she was fascinating. She didn't stop changing through our four years of relationship and when I proposed to her, she became even more herself. We started to knew each other deeply and our real selves were now out of the bag and I still wanted to marry her. I decided that was the woman I
wanted for the rest of my life. And even now, after almost 26 years later, I still love her - despite her being incredibly whiny, melodramatic and hysterical. I love her."

Harry nodded, processing everything. He knew love should start with a feeling, sure but afterwards, well his father was right. It was a choice and it would take dedication.

"Thanks dad," Harry said standing up.

"Aren't you going to add milk to your tea?" Des asked.

Harry turned and nodded, with a light smile on his face, "Yes, yes I am."

The next day, Harry was watching tv when Gemma came to his side.

"Hey," Harry said, mindlessly.

"I got a job," Gemma said lightly.

"What?" Harry sat up, smiling, "So fast?"

"Yeah," Gemma said smiling, "It was weird because they contacted me. I guess they took my name from the great data base of people looking for job but I don't know. Whatever," Gemma said, excited now, "They are offering me a job!"

"That's so great," Harry said smiling - it was still weird.

"Yeah," Gemma said nodding, "I start next Monday."

"Wow, that is fast," Harry said, still happy for her.

"It's in London," Gemma said finally.

London.

"Wow, that's," Harry tried to make a word, "Amazing."

"I haven't told our parents but I wanted to know if you want to go there with me tomorrow and check out some flats," Gemma said, looking at Harry expectantly.

Everything was going so fast, Harry had to stop for a second to remember what day was. Right, Friday.

"Sure, sure," Harry said nodding, "But like, how did it happen? Where are you working?"

"Well, the moment you told me to open my options, I did," Gemma said explaining, "I uploaded my résumé into a big data base that matches you with possible offerings. I didn't match any of them so I was like, anyway I should wait, but then I got a few hours later I got a mail."

"I thought we were the ones that were supposed to contact them but whatever. They said they liked my CV and that they wanted to Skype with me. So I did. Their name is The Book Agency, they work along with The Digi Fairy and they are part of a big corporation. They said they were looking for an assistant with a possible in helping front end web designs and some social media management."

"The Book Agency?" Harry asked, "I think I have heard of it."
"Really? They are small," Gemma said, "Like I told you, they are like a sub-part from this big company. Anyway," Gemma said, "The pay is really good and there's possibilities to higher positions so yeah."

"That's amazing Gemma," Harry said smiling, "I'm so proud of you."

"Thanks for all the support brother," Gemma said, "I don't know what I would do without you."

Harry hugged her and they stayed like that for a while.

Yes, Harry would miss Gemma so much.

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After what seemed like the World War Three in the Styles home with Gemma's news, Anne accepted the fact that Gemma was going to leave and that she wouldn't be able to do a thing. Also, Des was there to help Gemma since he was truly delighted and proud of his daughter.

And if that wasn't enough, Des decided to give Harry and Gemma his truck in order so they could take all of Gemma's belonging without any problem. It was only a three hour drive anyway, not so long, so they would be able to make it. Besides, Google Maps exists now so.

Gemma had searched for some offers in London from Holmes Chapel but of course, they needed to check by themselves and see if Gemma would like it. Obviously, since Gemma was just going to start working, Des and Anne would help her with the first two pay rents - and then she would have to take care. With that in mind, they went to London.

And so, they arrived, first to a cheap hotel where hopefully, they would stay only a night if everything went right with the first viewings Gemma had planned to see the flats she found online. She mainly focused on Brixton, because it's not that expensive and it's decent enough. Harry went along with her, viewing each flat and supporting Gemma with each decision - because that's what siblings are there for.

And by the time of the day, Gemma finally had a small studio flat with one bedroom with full bathroom, a nice cozy living room and small kitchen. Which it was fine, because it was going to be only her and it was not that expensive and the WiFi and the signal was great. It was perfect.

But they decided since they had already paid for the hotel room for the night, to go back and rest so they could move in all of Gemma's stuff tomorrow morning.

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"Ugh, it's so heavy," Harry said, leaving on the floor the last box. They were in Gemma's new studio flat, just brought all the stuff upstairs and Harry's back is hurting like a bitch.

"Thank you," Gemma said, already unpacking things, giving some life to the new place.

"You know," Harry said, sitting on the floor, no furnish yet, "You will have to sleep on the floor tonight."

"As you will too," Gemma said, backfiring.

"Nuh-uh," he said, shaking his head, "I'm going back to the hotel."

"You wouldn't," Gemma said, faking surprise.
"I will," Harry said, closing his eyes. He was tired and it wasn't even noon.

"Krystal is coming later with Mitch," Gemma said, now putting some stuff in the kitchen, "They will bring some stuff they don't need anymore - such as an individual bed and some sofas."

"What? Why?" Harry said, opening his eyes.

"Well, Krystal moved with Mitch - since you know, they are getting married - and they sleep together now, in Mitch's king size bed so Krystal doesn't need hers anymore and there's some other stuff they decided to give me since Mitch's flat is not that big."

"Well, that's amazing," Harry said smiling, "Very nice of them."

"Yeah, I know," Gemma said smiling.

She got lost in her thoughts and then the sad smile disappeared.

Harry was staring at her and he sighed. He knew Gemma still think of Liam. And now, being in London, it was even more obvious, since the chances of meeting with him - even if they were tinny - were greater than being in Holmes Chapel.

"So tell me more about your job," Harry said, trying to distract Gemma, "Is it too far from here?"

"Not really, no," Gemma said, turning to him, her daily brightness back on her face, "The offices are inside a big building," she said, back to accommodating things, "You know how I told you they were part of like, a bigger company? Well, they are inside the same building, Pemberly Digital."

"What?" Harry said, his jaw dropping.

"Pemberly Digital," Gemma repeated, not looking at his brother, "It's like this massive company that manages music, entertainment and media."

"I know," Harry breathed.

He couldn't believe Gemma would be working at Louis' company. Like, what are the odds of Gemma finding - no, someone offering Gemma a job in the same company - or, sort of. Seriously, what are the odds?

"Are you going to help me or what?" Gemma said, teasing him.

"Oh, right," Harry said, coming back from his thoughts and standing up, "Sorry."

A few days passed, and Gemma has completely settled. Harry helped her, of course. They went to shop groceries and some other stuff. Krystal and Mitch did go to Gemma's flat and left some things - an individual bed, one sofa and a couch - which would be Harry's temporal bed - some kitchen stuff, and of course, a bottle of champagne to celebrate. Cheap champagne. So Saturday went like that, becoming late really fast in a blurry of images, with champagne running through Harry's veins and the thought of Louis constantly on his mind.

It was now Wednesday and Gemma had been working for three days and every time she came to the flat, she would come happy and there was always new things to tell Harry. Whether she learned new things or she met new people. She was becoming very fond of her co-worker, Ellie Harry which was, according to Gemma, a very nice pixie blonde with heavy sarcasm levels on her
"Oh, by the way," Gemma said, eating from her cereal bowl, Harry and her on the living room, the computer connected to the medium flat TV, watching Netflix, "There's going to be a party tomorrow, you want to come?"

"A party?" Harry said, eating from his own bowl, "What's the party for?"

"Well, not like a party," Gemma said, "More like, the official Happy Hour every Thursday on the office. It's just after the work is over and every goes and have fun. You should come."

"I don't think I should," Harry said, "I don't even work there."

"But we are allowed to bring people! And besides, you have to go out," Gemma said, looking at Harry, "Ever since Saturday, you have been glued to the couch, watching Netflix all day."

"Ugh, fine," Harry agreed, "Only because I know they will be free."

"They will," Gemma nodded, smiling.

So, Thursday came quick, Gemma went to work early in the morning - more like, 6:45am because she didn't want to catch the tube full so - and Harry wake up after eleven. As always. He was becoming kind of lazy in London, but lately, he hadn't been able to sleep well. And no, Louis Tomlinson had nothing to do with the lack of sleep. Or probably he had. Anyway.

Gemma and Harry had agreed to meet there, because there was no point of Gemma coming back to the flat and then go back to the Happy Hour. Harry had to take a shower and dress neatly in order to go there. Also, he had to eat something before arriving because he didn't want to get tipsy so quick; which can happen if you arrive with an empty belly.

Harry walked down the street like two blocks until he found a place where he got a kebab. A really nice one. He ate, while looking at the other people. He was starting to regret all the lost time he had been spending inside the flat. But to be honest, he didn't want to fall more in love with this city. He knew he had to get back Sunday morning and even if he was going to miss Gemma, Harry had a life back in Holmes Chapel. Which, after this summer, didn't look so appealing. But, what else could he do?

It was now five o'clock and Gemma must be getting out of work right now. Or, getting out of her office. And Harry was right in time to arrive just a bit late.

Gemma had texted Harry earlier, telling him that there was a big room in the sixth floor were the Happy Hour would occurred. So, when Harry arrived to the big building that was Pemberly Digital, he couldn't stop thinking about the similarities of the building with the one in Doncaster.

And it's like his mind was filled with memories of Louis Tomlinson and he suddenly feels nostalgic. He missed him, some way. Harry knew Louis was bad at the beginning - he knew Louis was technically a jerk. But, like he had changed. And just like his father said, people change. And then you just choose. Love is a choice.

Wait no. He didn't love Louis Tomlinson. He just... missed his perky attitude. And now, being in one of his buildings, was just messing with Harry's head.

He arrived to the sixth floor and it was much like the one where the party happened back at Doncaster. This time, there was no bodyguard at the entrance and this time, there was a lot of young care-free people. He quickly spotted Gemma, near the bar with what looked like Ellie and another blonde girl.
Harry approached them shyly, with some people watching him as he went. He didn't know if it was because they knew he didn't work there or because the choice of his clothes. Everybody was casual, seriously just the clothes of their work. But Harry was wearing skinny black jeans and a navy blue button-up with little white hearts all over it. It was a gift from his Aunt and Uncle and he liked it a lot. Probably it was too much. But he brushed it off and joined Gemma.

"Hey little bro," Gemma cheered up when she saw him, "Nice to join us!"

Gemma introduced him to the other two girls; as he thought, one of them was Ellie Harry and the other one was called Katie Ling.

"You can ask for anything at the bar kid," Ellie said, "Suit yourself."

"Thanks," Harry said, smiling to them.

He opted to go and ask for something, since everyone seemed to have something on their hand. He arrived to the bar and the guy behind it was... well, really handsome.

"Hey there," the brunette guy said to Harry, "What would you like me to give you?" He said with a mischievous smile.

"Uhhh, just a Tequila Sunrise, please," Harry said, blushing just a little bit.

"Coming up then," he said giving Harry a little wink.

Harry tried to avoid the guy and turned to look at the rest of the people. Everybody was on their own group, probably speaking about work and Harry could see the differences between every group.

And then, he appeared.

Liam Payne was entering the room. And it all was a bit confusing.

Harry turned to see Gemma, which was still oblivious to Liam. And then Harry turned to see Liam, which was staring him. Oh shit, he got caught.

Harry tried to smile politely but Liam froze. And then Liam started to scan the whole room until he spotted Gemma.

And then Liam smiled. Which quickly turned into a sad smile. But then.

Then Louis Tomlinson appeared.

And Harry was weak to his knees.

"Here's your drink," the guy said, pushing the tall glass to Harry. "Enjoy!"

Harry was taken aback from the little moment going around and he has to turned around to take his glass.

And when he turned around to see the scene again, Liam and Louis were walking to their direction.

And shit.

Harry hurried to Gemma's side, "Gemma," Harry said, squeezing her arm and pulling her for her
to see.

"What's up?" she said, turning to see Harry, which made her see Liam and Louis. She froze and her smile was gone.

Liam looked directly at her and his face became pale. It was obvious both of them didn't expected themselves. But Louis... Louis had a small smile on his face and he was talking to Liam's ear, almost as he was encouraging him.

And then, Louis saw Harry. And Harry's heart skipped a beat.

Louis then said one final thing to Liam and he turned around, not after pushing Liam for the final step to face Gemma directly. Harry was too busy with Ellie and Katie asking what was going on and Liam trying to form a proper sentence that he wasn't able to see where Louis went. He lost him.

"Hi," Liam said finally, after what seemed like three hours but where only thirty seconds. His cheeks were incredibly red, even with the dim lighting, Harry could see how hard he was blushing.

Gemma only smiled gently, not sure what to say.

"I - you - uhmm," Liam said, trying to form words, "How are you?"

"Good," Gemma said, her smile now kind of sad and she was blushing too.

Harry knew Gemma didn't notice how hard was for Liam to form a sentence and they were both so shy. But - but this was so cute.

"I was wondering," Liam said, "I mean - I know you are here in London now - I mean, no - it's not like I have been stalking or anything - I mean, you know, Louis said -,"

"Liam, how are you mate?" Harry had to interrupt. If he let Liam keep talking, it was going to be a mess.

"Harry!" Liam said, happy for once - and then he turned around, like expecting something from someone but, "Good, thanks."

Harry ignored Liam's furrowed eyebrows, "That's amazing mate. Did you know Gemma is working here now? It's amazing, she got her own flat and everything. And she looks amazing, isn't she?"

Now, that's the way to help Liam out.

"Amazing, yes," Liam said, with a sheepish smile, nodding like a poor puppy, "Beautiful."

Gemma was now smiling so shyly and and her cheeks were more red - if that was even possible.

"Thank you," Gemma said, smiling.

And now Harry made his part. He turned around and sipped from his glass. Oh shit, it was tequila. Too fast, too fast.

Liam and Gemma quickly started a conversation and soon, they were back to normal. Liam was talking with his eternal puppy happy face and Gemma was there smiling with full dimples and big smile.
It was a very endearing scene and Harry was in peace now. Or sort of. At least he wouldn't be worrying about Gemma when he would have to go. He kept drinking and Ellie and Katie quickly start a conversation with him. They can't believe Harry is only twenty-one years old and they are quickly saying that Gemma is by far one of the greatest assistants they had ever had.

They kept chatting and Harry had been checking on Liam and Gemma. He was on his four Tequila Sunrise when he started dancing with Ellie and Katie. And everybody was tipsy now, which - okay, so much for a Happy Hour. But it was like the alcohol was infinite and the music was good and people was starting to dance and Harry literally needed some fun.

He was dancing when Gemma returned to his side, "Hey H," she said smiling, "Liam went to the bathroom."

"Ohhh he-yooo," Harry said, the alcohol clearly on his system, "How is it going?"

"Harry, can you die of happiness?" Gemma asked genuinely.

Harry stopped and turned to her, "Oh Gemma."

"Harry, I'm so happy right now," Gemma said, her cheeks flushed and dimples out.

"Gemma," Harry said, "I - I have to tell you something."

"What's the matter?" Gemma asked.

"I've been so fool Gemma, I've been, denying this feeling but - but there's something I need to tell you -,"

"Hey," Liam arrived and hugged her lightly, "Harry, hey. We are going to have some dinner, want to come?"

"Oh, no thank you," Harry said, "I think I'll stay here just a little bit and then I'll hit home."

"Oh, okay," Liam said, "Ready to go, Gems?"

"Sure," she said smiling, "Oh wait," she stopped and turned around to face Harry, "Was there something you wanted to tell me?"

"Oh," Harry remembered, "No, no it's fine. You go."

"Well, okay then," Gemma said smiling, "I'll see you at the flat."

"Sure, sure," Harry said dismissing them.

Gemma and Liam left and it was getting late and Harry was feeling lonely so, it was really time to go.

And if Harry kept thinking about Louis' beautiful presence during the Happy Hour and the way he looked briefly to Harry - well then, Harry had every right to do it. Because, well because - OKAY, Harry was falling for Louis. Or he fell long ago and he was now realizing. And Harry has accepted it.

But, he was not sure Louis was still feeling the same way and he certainly didn't expect, not after Harry rejected him that way. But then - then Louis invited them to his own house and he had flirted - or that's what Harry thought - and it was becoming so much.
And as Harry was leaving the building, Louis was watching from the car, looking the way the lanky boy walked to his house very drunk.

Chapter End Notes

next chapter is the last one and I hope you enjoyed the story because I did. anyway, I love every single one of you for being here and reading. you are all amazing.
Harry woke up the next day completely restless. He couldn't sleep well, thinking about well, Louis Tomlinson. It was clear now, that Harry loved Louis. And it was a torture.

He practically ruined all his chances with the boy and there was nothing else to do except try to forget Louis. Although, now that Gemma and Liam were back together - or that's what it seemed last night - it would be more difficult.

Harry walked to the kitchen only on his pants, looking desperately for a cup. He needed tea, as soon as possible.

"Good morning," Gemma said from the aisle, her own cup of tea on her hands and a bowl of oatmeal in front of her.

"Hey," Harry answered, not that eager.

"Hangover?" Gemma asked, noticing Harry's mood.

"Not really, no," Harry said, sighing and taking a tea bag from the box on the shelf.

"I just made tea, so the water on the kettle must be still warm," Gemma said in advance, and Harry nodded to the sentiment.

Gemma sipped from her mug, slowly watching Harry's every move.

"You know," Gemma said, taking the spoon from her oatmeal, "Liam didn't know I was in London. You know, weeks ago."

"Really?" Harry asked, now remembering what Louis said when he was asked about Gemma being in London.

"Yeah," Gemma said, with a light smile, "He was pretty busy and he is doesn't get any of social media - he barely has a Facebook and a Twitter account, but he doesn't use them that much."

"Ohh," Harry said, understanding.

"He also confessed that he thought that I didn't like him, back in Holmes Chapel," Gemma said, her eyebrows furrowed now, "He said he didn't feel like I was into him."

"That's stupid," Harry said, defending her, "You obviously weren't going to throw yourself at him."

"I know," Gemma said, "But anyway. I guess he was bad influenced by Eleanor too so," Gemma said, sipping from her cup, "That bitch."

"My oh my," Harry said, his day suddenly better, "Is it hostility I hear? You are actually talking bad about someone? Well, that's new."

"Yeah well," Gemma said, leaving her cup, "Life is hard - I had to learn."

"Indeed sister, indeed," Harry said, nodding.

"But luckily, Eleanor is going to do some fashion courses for a year to Los Angeles so," Gemma
said, grinning, "I won't be seeing her that much."

"That's amazing!" Harry said, truly happy for her. He could see Gemma was moving on, luckily with someone like Liam, that would help her. And yet, Harry had to come back to Holmes Chapel and try to mend his heart because he loved Louis Tomlinson and he didn't have a chance.

"H, if I could only see you happy like me," Gemma said, looking at her brother think after a few seconds, "If only there was such a man for you."

Harry smiled and shook his head, dismissing her. He yet had to tell Gemma about Louis but there was no point now. Harry was leaving in two days and it was too late now. Louis didn't even look at him yesterday and Harry only found out about his feelings after a drunk night out. He was doomed.

Gemma finished her oatmeal and her cuppa before quickly grabbing her things and excusing herself - she was late to work. But Harry thought that maybe everyone at the office was going to be late now, since the Happy Hour party ended pretty late last night.

Harry continued with his day then - after a pretty simple breakfast, he decided to clean the flat a bit and then take a shower.

He was content by the time all of that was done and he was only on his black jeans, leaving his bare chest out, deciding to rest in the sofa.

A few minutes passed before there were some knocks on the door's flat.

Harry groaned, his back cracking and standing up from the sofa. He looked through the hole and he saw Anne Marie behind the door. Anne Marie? What was she doing there?

He quickly opened the door and it was only in the meantime he remembered he was only wearing his black jeans. Fuck him.

"Hello," Harry saluted, trying to be nice, "Uhmm."

Anne Marie scanned Harry from head to toe and rolled her eyes, "Hello," she said coldly.

Harry waited there expecting something else from Anne Marie but since she didn't, "Please, come in."

Anne Marie entered the flat without saying a thing. She stared at every corner of the flat - or the small bits that could be seen - and Harry was about to explode. She was there, standing in the middle of the living room like she hated every single particle and still, she hadn't explained what the hell she was doing there.

"I'm here to talk to you about something important," Anne Marie said, turning to see Harry, "And it must be quick."

"Oh, okay," Harry said, playing with his fingers, "Do you want to sit or -,"

"Are you having a love affair with Louis?" Anne Marie interrupted, coming quite rude.

"What?" Harry asked surprised.

"Just answer the question," Anne Marie said, harsh with her tone.

"You can't expect me to answer you a question about my private life," Harry said, trying to defend
himself.

"Are you trying to evade the question?" Anne Marie asked.

"No," Harry answered, "But I don't understand why I have to answer you."

"Because I'm asking, and you shall obey," Anne Marie said.

"I'm not one of your puppets for you to make me obey you," Harry said.

"Puppets?" Anne Marie said angry now.

"You think because you have money and power you can do whatever you want? Well, you can't."

"Oh please boy," Anne Marie laughed cynically, "Don't tell me you live in a pink world."

"I don't," Harry said frustrated, "But I know I'm not related to you so you can't come and expect something from me."

"You don't understand," Anne Marie said, "This is far beyond you and your stupid pink world. This has to do with business and money and I need you to answer me right now."

"Is that so then? Tell, please enlighten me because I seriously don't see how my private life would have anything to do with your businesses."

"You are the reason why Louis has been disconnected. You are the reason he suddenly wants to make changes and take new paths. I don't know what you did to him back in your small pathetic city but this will end now!"

"How dare you come here and talk like that about me and my home?" Harry was angry now and he was having none of this shit.

"Are you seriously going to defend your city? You have barely been there all summer and now you want me to expect you actually love it?" Anne Marie said, rolling her eyes, "Please. It just like with your family. They are nothing but a disgrace to this country and I can't even imagine why Louis or Liam would want anything with you or your sister."

And that was for Harry.

"You know what? You can insult me and say whatever you want about me and my private life but don't ever, ever talk like that about my sister, ever again, you understand?"

Harry's fists were squeezing shut very hard and if it weren't because Anne Marie was a woman, he would have hit her by now.

Anne Marie had her cynical smirk and she nodded then, "Okay then, but you shall know that your purposes to steal Louis away won't ever work. You know, he's going to marry my daughter in the future, so the company and the business develop correctly. And you," Anne Marie pointed at him, "You are not going to be between that."

"How do you even know what Louis wants?" Harry said, trying to defend him.

"I surely know he doesn't want you," Anne Marie said, "Or at least he shouldn't want you. Do you know how bad would it be to the company if he were to be gay?"

She said it with such a harsh tone that Harry had to stop for a while. He was handling a
"I don't have an affair with Louis and I won't ever have one, understood?" Harry said harshly.

"Good," Anne Marie said, "I don't want you to spread your gay feelings to Louis."

"That's it!" Harry said, taking Anne Marie from her arm and dragging her to the door, "Leave now."

"Don't touch me!" Anne shouted, "Don't you dare to touch me ever again! Or else, I'm ending you!"

Harry let her go and opened the door, "Leave."

"I have never in my life been treated like this," Anne Marie said, going outside, "Just know this Harry Styles," Anne Marie said, turning to see him one more time, "This is not only about you or me. It's about a complete empire and it's future. Thousands of people and their jobs. Your sister's included. So, do the best for all of us."

She left like that, leaving Harry in the door with a thousand of things to think about.

Well, Anne Marie had a point. Even if things have changed over time, they still live in a world pretty judgemental. And truth was, the music/media industry still had issues over stuff like that. Not like everybody was an homophobe but still, Harry could see what Anne Marie wanted to say.

So the truth was, even if Harry loved Louis, there were even more excuses for him to forget about Louis because 1) he wasn't sure Louis still had feelings for him because 2) Harry had treated Louis so badly and 3) now Harry didn't want to risk Louis' future.

Oh shit. Harry had to leave London tonight. He couldn't be here anymore and he needed to get back to Holmes Chapel. Gemma was fully installed now and she was making her own life. She didn't need Harry anymore.

Harry stood up then and went to the kitchen, looking for a bottle of wine. He was sure he had seen one earlier and it must be somewhere - there it was.

Harry opened it and didn't even care for a glass. He needed to drown his sorrows and wine was pretty good on doing the job. He turned on the TV and for his incredible luck, Sense and Sensibility was on. Fuck him.

He wished things were like movies, where at the end, the hopeless guy, in this case Colonel Brandon gets to marry the pretty girl, Marianne. Although to be honest, Harry hated Marianne. All the movie she kept making fun of the Colonel Brandon and despising his love for her. On the other hand, Hugh Grant made a perfect Edward Ferrars and so he enjoyed the movie.

Two bottles of red wine and one pint of ice-cream later, Harry was done.

He stood up from the sofa and reached to his belongings. He had two hours before Gemma would come from work and he intended to be gone by the time she arrived. He couldn't stay any longer and he seriously needed to go back and start fixing the mess in his head.

He got all his things in the suitcase he brought and closed it with a hard push. He didn't have any time, so all the clothes were wrinkled and definitely not folded.

Soon, he was all packed and ready to go. He took his suitcase out of the flat and with his spare
key, he closed the door behind. He was actually doing it.

He was a bit drunk and hungry but he was doing it. He needed it. He had been living in a fairy tale for such a long time and it was time to go back to reality.

The suitcase was a bit heavy, that normally wouldn't be a problem for Harry. But apparently red wine was strong and you definitely shouldn't drink two bottles by yourself so, it took a lot of time to get to the lobby of the building. It was just a small hall with two pots and the spaces for mail, not really big. Harry rested there for a few seconds before taking the suitcase outside and closing the door to the building. That's it, he would need to take a cab.

He left the suitcase on the floor so he could reach the phone on his back pocket. He was even too drunk to unlock his phone and he was sure people passing by could smell the wine on the air.

"What are you doing?" a familiar voice said behind him.

A really familiar voice. A voice he was trying to run away from. A voice that haunted his dreams.

"What are you doing?" Harry snapped, turning around.

And there, in front of him, was Louis Tomlinson.

Harry tried not to stare too much but he didn't really trust himself with the wine on his system.

"I asked first," Louis said.

And if Harry's mind weren't so full of louislouislouis, he would answered back sassily.

"I'm leaving," Harry said, but instantly regretted when Louis' face changed.

It was like it suddenly make sense to him, with the suitcase and everything.

"I need to leave now," Harry tried to explain, "I can't be here anymore. I'm not good."

He probably sounded like a stubborn child right now, because damn it wine, but it was the best he could do.

"Harry," Louis said, coming closer, "Don't say that."

"It's true," Harry said, "She said it and it's true."

Louis' face was now a confused one and it took Harry a few seconds before remembering Louis couldn't read his mind.

"Anne Marie visited me earlier and she explained," Harry hiccuped - he actually did, "Sorry - she explained that I'm not good for you or the company. And you're engaged. Sort of. And you don't want me. You shouldn't want me."

"Harry," Louis said again, grabbing his arms with both of his small hands, "Did you drink?" Louis asked now, probably because of the smell.

"Sort of. A small amount," Harry said, trying to sound the most sober he could.

"A small amount? How much amount?" Louis said, bringing Harry closer.

"Two bottles?" Harry didn't intend to make it a question but having Louis so close.
"Harry," Louis said again. And it was becoming Harry's favourite part of this conversation. He loved how his name sounded every time it left Louis' lips.

"Need to go. Now," Harry said, but obviously didn't move. He couldn't. Louis had him grabbed. It was like Louis was holding him. Because having Louis that close, Harry's knees weren't even functioning.

"You can't go like this," Louis said, grabbing him firmer, "Please, explain everything to me."

"I just," Harry stopped, only to look into his eyes, "I just want the best for you."

"You are the best for me," Louis said.

"But," Harry said, trying to think straight, "But I have only caused you trouble. Anne Marie said you have been changing at work and that you want new things which are bad for company. Not to mention," Harry said remembering, "You have done so much for me, for my family - for Gemma."

"How can I stay here knowing I will be bad for you? How can I stay here knowing I can end your career and after you have done so much for me," Harry said, his hands trembling.

"You must know," Louis said, his eyes going to Harry's eyes to his lips, "Surely you must know it was all for you."

Harry looked at him and tried to free himself, but Louis got him closer to him. No, Louis wasn't going to lose another opportunity.

"If your feelings are still what they were three weeks ago, tell me so at once," Louis said, looking at Harry's lips, "My affections and wishes have not changed; but one word from you will silence me forever."

Harry kept looking at Louis' beautiful pink cheeks, and he never noticed the set of freckles beside the left corner of his mouth. They made a lovely triangle and Harry wanted to touch every dot.

"If, however, your feelings have changed," Louis said, looking more relief, because Harry was looking soft and beautiful and there was just a small bit of power inside of Louis holding him so he didn't kiss Harry, "I would have to tell you, you have bewitched me, body and soul, and I love," Louis said, stopping, his words too sweet, "I love you. I don't want to leave your side ever again because these last days have been misery for me. I didn't know I could miss someone so much and have my heart ache."

Harry was done. Utterly done. And maybe it was the wine, because he was sure before the two bottles he would never have done it, decided that it was stupid and reckless but - but he did it. He leaned and kissed Louis. It was sweet, soft and almost invisible but it was a kiss. And they broke apart and Louis was smiling. And Harry was smiling. And the world was smiling.

Louis released him then, and looked down, to shy to keep looking at Harry now, with his cheeks all pink and his eyes crinkling, so adorable.

Harry took one of Louis' hands with both his hands; he caressed it and then slowly brought it to his mouth, only to kiss his knuckles. That made Louis look up and smile softly at Harry, getting closer to him. And it was funny, really because Louis was shorter but somehow, Harry felt tiny and even if Louis had to, he stood on the tip of his toes and kissed Harry's forehead sweetly.

"Well then," Harry said, smiling softly to Louis, caressing the knuckles, still near his face, "Your hands are cold."
Louis chuckled and shook his head. But then his face became calm and his hand opened, only to caress Harry's cheek. And suddenly, he was cupping his cheek, getting close to each other. And Harry spotted a tattoo, a little one - it was a rope on his wrist and Harry remembered it. And it was all it took for Harry to close the space between them and make their lips touch once and for all. For real this time.

It was delicate and soft at first, Louis put his hands in Harry's waist and Harry put his hands around Louis' neck. It was sweet and what they were waiting for. People were passing beside them on the street and Harry only noticed after a few seconds after, which made him giggle and separate.

"Hey," Harry said to Louis, his eyes still closed, "There's people watching."

Louis groaned and shook his head, "They can keep watching, I don't care."

"Come on," Harry pushed him friendly, "Help me get this stuff upstairs."

"So you're not leaving now?" Louis said, obviously teasing him.

"No, not yet," Harry said, taking his bag.

Louis took the big suitcase and waited behind Harry to open the door. They kept looking at each other and sending secret smiles until they arrived to Gemma's flat.

"So you pretended to go without telling Gemma?" Louis said once he noticed the flat was empty.

"Well," Harry said, sober now, leaving the keys on the small coffee table on the living room, "I wanted to leave without anyone noticing, it would have been easier."

"Easier for who? For us or for you?" Louis said, suddenly trying to fight. Again.

"Louis, listen," Harry said, approaching him, "I just thought it would be easier since Gemma had Liam now and well, you had your company and a lot of stuff to do in the future."

"Harry, I told you," Louis said, soft now, "I want you here with me."

"You want me here in London?" Harry asked, not getting it.

"I want you wherever you want to be," Louis said kissing his cheek, "London," he kissed again, "Holmes Chapel," he kissed again, "Sheffield or Doncaster," and then he kissed Harry's lips.

"And if I want to go to New York?" Harry asked, trying him.

"We will go to New York," Louis said, kissing his neck now.

"And if I want to go to Seoul?" Harry asked him again.

"I can learn Korean right away," Louis said, his hands on Harry's waist, gripping tightly.

"And what about Mexico?" Harry teased once more, smiling.

"I love enchiladas," Louis answered, kissing Harry's jaw.

"Well then," Harry said, giggling.

Harry took Louis face to line up with his and kissed him directly. The kiss was hot and steamy,
tongues fighting for dominance until Louis had to bite Harry's thick bottom lip, making them more pink. It had been barely thirty minutes since he first kissed Louis Tomlinson and he couldn't stop now. And now, being so close to each other, and Louis being so attentive and affectionate... well, Harry seriously couldn't waste an opportunity like this.

Then everything became so rough at once - Harry pulled Louis' hair a bit when they were kissing and that made Louis groaned a bit, which made Harry grind. Then Louis' hands travelled down to Harry's butt and he squeezed them making Harry squealed.

"Hey," Louis said with his voice deeper.

"Hey," Harry answered with a smirk, his state almost the same.

"I want you," Louis said, looking Harry's lips hungrily, "I need you."

"Ohh - okay," Harry nodded quickly, clearly wanting the same.

Louis pushed Harry to the sofa and put himself on top of him.

"I've been wanting you ever since I saw you at our place in Holmes Chapel," Louis said, getting down to peck his lips, "Remember? I brought you some clothes to your room and you were shirtless," Louis said, tracing his hand all over Harry's chest, "Ever since I have been wanting you."

Harry's mouth went dry then and he had to close his eyes to remember. Meanwhile, Louis was playing with the hem of Harry's shirt, occasionally ghosting his fingers over the tender skin of his stomach.

"I remember," Harry said, his voice trembling. Harry could feel Louis' smirk on his neck.

Louis took Harry's shirt finally and brought him up with him, to take it off.

"You are so fit," Louis said, tracing his slim fingers through Harry's chest, "After that night I couldn't stand the way you were with Nick. I couldn't even live with the thought of him seeing you because he doesn't deserve you."

Harry was now enjoying Louis' trace and he was becoming numb to all his senses except everything that had to do with Louis because louislouislouis.

"Do you have any stuff?" Louis asked, kissing Harry down again, all over his chest and nipples.

"Uhhh - uhm, stuff?" Harry asked, he couldn't even think straight.

"Condoms? Lube?" Louis asked, stopping now and looking at Harry.

"Not condoms, just lube," Harry said, blushing, "I hadn't need condoms until now."

"But you needed lube?" Louis asked, not getting it at first. But the he saw Harry's red face and Louis got it.

"Okay then, let's use the lube, yeah?" Louis said, cheeky now, kissing Harry's lip once more.

"What if Gemma arrives?" Harry asked, getting flushed.

"We will invite her over," Louis said, not stopping.

"What?" Harry asked surprised.
"Just kidding babe," Louis said laughing, "Just relax and please," Louis said now, getting close to Harry, "Let me do my job."

Harry hissed and nodded, very enthusiastic about whatever Louis would do to him.

Louis stood up, letting Harry stand up as well, and started to get naked. They did it quickly, because of the need to feel and see each other but also because Gemma could come in any minute.

"Fuck," Louis said, watching Harry's figure stand lazily before him, "You are going to be the death of me."

Harry smiled at that and came back to the couch, lying on his back.

"M' gonna suck you off, yeah?" Louis said, watching Harry's big thick dick, "I need to suck you off."

"Ohh - okay," Harry said, nervous.

Louis nodded and started to kiss Harry, all the way from his pinky pouty mouth to his neck and then his chest. He paid special attention to Harry's nipples and even played with them with his tongue. Louis' job was to make Harry feel good and he was doing a pretty good job.

Harry's dick twitched between both of them and Louis took it. Harry gasped at the motion and tried to jerked up but Louis stopped him.

"Easy baby," Louis said, kissing him once more, "I'm on my way there."

Harry whined but Louis only smirked, loving the way Harry was answering.

Louis kept kissing Harry's chest and nipples but started to move his hand up and down Harry's shaft.

"Ugghhh," Harry moaned, closing his eyes and arching his back.

Louis stopped kissing Harry and decided to start with the real stuff, so he travelled all the way down to put the base of Harry's cock on his mouth. And with his tongue out, he started to lick the part, making Harry hiss the entire time.

With that, Louis started to take everything further and further until Harry's dick was entirely on his mouth. And Louis was bobbing up and down, making Harry cry.

"Louis," Harry moaned, trying to make sense, "I'm - m' close."

At that, Louis stopped with an almost obscene pop, letting Harry's dick stumble back to Harry's stomach. Harry whined at the lack of sensation but Louis quickly started kissing Harry's thighs.

"Louis," Harry whined, taking him by his hair, pushing him further.

"Turn around love," Harry said, "I want to eat you out."

Harry froze in place but he was instantly turning around, eager at the proposal.

Louis laughed at that but with such an affection and endearing.

Harry was in four, letting his arms and head rest in the arm of the couch, and his knees bending
just a bit so Louis could have more easy access.

"You do have a lovely ass" Louis said, admiring Harry from behind.

"Shut up," Harry said, trying not to giggle.

Louis leaned closer and took both Harry's cheeks with his hands, "Nice little body."

Harry tried to reach for his dick to start pumping but Louis stopped him.

"No baby," Louis said behind his ear, "I want you to come only by eating you."

"Oh fuck," Harry said, "Okay, yes. Yes."

Harry was so eager and Louis was so bossy that Harry actually liked it this way. It was like the bossy Louis' way was always the one that Harry liked the most.

Louis went down and with both his hands, parted Harry's cheeks. He blew a bit of air into Harry's hole and made Harry had goosebumps.

"So pretty hole," Louis said, coming closer to it, "All pink and shaved."

"I like it that way so it's easier when I finger myself," Harry admitted almost shyly. There was no point on lying now, so why not admit the whole thing now?

"So pretty my lovely boy," Louis said, Harry feeling every time Louis spoke up hitting his entrance.

"Do something now," Harry whined, trying to move but Louis' force on his cheeks didn't let him.

Louis came closer now, his lips kissing the spot. Harry moaned, arching his back and Louis continued.

He kissed and kissed, sometimes sucking the spot, making Harry's sounds even higher. And then Louis' tongue started to play too, which made Harry crazy in the place.

It was an entire experience, the way Harry was responding to the whole thing. Louis wanted to keep Harry like this forever. But he knew Harry wanted to come and Louis was hard too, and he needed to start pumping his own cock.

"Tell you what love," Louis said, stopping, "You get in charge of separating your cheeks so I keep eating you out and I'll wank both of us, yeah?"

Harry nodded quickly, letting his head press against the arm of the couch. His eyes were close and his eyes were furrowed. It was too much the pleasure he was feeling but he knew it was going to be even better once he came.

Harry then took both of his own cheeks and Louis grabbed Harry's dick with one hand and his own dick with his other one.

"Okay love," Louis said, starting to pump both of them and leaning closer to Harry's hole. It was like heaven. Harry felt like he was on the seventh cloud but he wanted to wait until Louis was ready to come too.

Louis started to pump faster and now his tongue was in full charge on Harry's hole. Harry was whining heavenly and arching his back so beautifully that Louis thought it was the most perfect thing he had ever seen.
"Louis," Harry cried when Louis stopped wanking himself only to introduce one finger to Harry's butt.

"So precious," Louis said, kissing and fingering Harry. Louis decided he was going to make Harry come and then he would take care of him afterwards.

He kept fingering Harry, this time faster and his tongue got in there too, making Harry moan and cry so beautifully. Just the sounds were taking Louis to the edge.

"Fuck," Harry started to move back and forth making Louis' finger and tongue hit deeper and that made everything better.

"So eager my baby," Louis whispered into him.

And then Louis hit the spot.

"Ughhh," Harry groaned, "There, there!

Louis hit the same spot again, and again, and faster, and again, his tongue couldn't stop and he wanted to add another finger but he hadn't used any lube to he concentrated on hitting the spot once more and once more and then pumping Harry's dick and pumping until Harry came whining with a high pitched cry and his back arched.

Louis took his finger out and just continued kissing, going back to his own dick. Which, with only a few second, he came too, coming all over his hand and part of the couch. Which, oops.

Louis would have to buy Gemma a new couch.

Harry turned, lying on his back just when Louis was finishing with his own orgasm. And Harry smiled at the sight of Louis because it was perfect. The way his mouth hang opened and his furrowed closed eyes, enjoying the orgasm.

Louis took a few second to come down from his high state and then he watched Harry, looking at him.

"It was amazing," Harry said, opening his arms. Louis gave in and rest in Harry's arms.

"Yeah but I must buy a new couch to your sister," Louis said, making Harry laughed at the state.

"Right, you are right," Harry said, happy at once.

"And we should probably get dressed," Louis said, kissing Harry's chest, "In case she comes home."

"And you're right again," Harry said, "Let me just get us a cloth to clean ourselves."

- 

And just an hour after that, Gemma came home. She was surprised to see Harry and Louis cuddling on the couch of the living room, watching How I Met Your Mother with a bowl of popcorn.

"Hey," Gemma said, leaving her keys on the table in front of the door.

"Oh, hey Gems," Harry said, turning to see her, "You're back."
"Yeah," she said, dragging the word, "Harry, uhmm - can I talk to you for a minute? Alone?"

"Sure," Harry said, Louis opening his arms to let Harry stand up, "I'll be back."

"It's okay," Louis said smiling.

Harry went to the kitchen where Gemma was waiting for him.

"What's wrong?" Harry said, like he didn't know she was going to ask for full details.

"What's wrong? Okay, first of all, what is Louis Tomlinson doing in my apartment? But no, that's not important - what is Louis Tomlinson doing with you? Were you actually cuddling? What is happening?"

"Gemma, I - I like him," Harry said, trying to explain. Gemma looked confused and dubious but Harry was trying to show his sincere intentions.

And that's when he explained everything. From the first day he met Louis, to the encounter they had on Liam's house, the night at the concert, the travel he made to see Niall and Ed, and then the travel he made with his aunt and uncle all through this day.

"I truly like him," Harry said, "It's like I have been waiting for someone like him all along and I was so blind to see the true him, blinded by so many things. And now, it's all different."

"But, will that make you happy?" Gemma said.

"You see, he and I," Harry stopped, chuckling and his dimples are out now, "He and I are so similar. We were both so stubborn."

Gemma chuckled too, looking Harry with such an endearing look, "You really love him, don't you?"

"Very much," Harry nodded with a soft smile.

"Very well then," Gemma said, smiling to him, "Go on."

Harry smiled once more to Gemma, giving her a small hug, only to turn around and open the door.

And Louis was waiting for him just outside, probably listened the whole thing but Harry didn't mind. He jumped and hugged Louis, making them embrace each other, with Harry's face in Louis' neck and Louis' arms holding Harry up against his waist. And they were just breathing each other, smiling and holding tight.

Harry finally was finally on the floor and he stumbled awkwardly making Louis hold him tight.

"Oops," Harry said, giggling, very close to Louis' face.

"Hi," Louis said, smiling as well. He leaned closer and kissed Harry again, because neither their pride or their prejudice, was going to stop them now.

THE END
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