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**Enemies with benefits**

by ssii8

**Summary**

Where Harry is captain of basketball team and Louis is captain of football team and they hate each other.

But somehow this doesn't stop them from having sex, tutoring each other once a week, or going to each other’s house for a night when things were too difficult at home.

And everything is perfect until they start to feel something more.
Harry Styles and Louis Tomlinson were the most popular jocks of Macinley High School. While Harry was an incredibly gifted basketball team’s captain the other boy was doing his best in soccer, also being placed as team’s captain.

School loved them, city loved them, everyone loved them and in return they loved everyone except each other. Everyone knew that Harry and Louis had been enemies since kindergarten. No one knew the reason of their endless hate for each other but there was no doubt that boys couldn’t be seated next to each other without breaking into a fight. They hated each other and they hated the fact that teams got on so well that they even shared table in cafeteria. It annoyed the hell out of them because being teams captains meant that they must stick with their team even if that meant seeing your enemy on a daily basis.

Harry hated how loud Louis was. It was beyond his knowledge how such a small thing could be so annoying. In reality Louis was just a cheeky guy that dedicated his life to football and unsolvable math problems while being as loud as possible. He kind of believed that this way he distracts attention from his tiny frame. Oh, and Louis hated Harry, always claiming that boy was just a hipster. He scrunched his nose when people described Harry as charming or cute. Even though Harry did attract attention with his tall height and his inspirational quotes from books he read, Louis still claimed that it was just pure stupidity. Like, how could someone choose basketball and literature instead of football and math?

So yeah. Boys were the polar opposites and they hated each other. But somehow it didn’t stop them from having sex, tutoring each other once a week, or going to each other’s house for a night when things were too difficult at home.

Louis called it enemies with benefits while Harry rolled his eyes and called him lame for this kind of name. Actually, Harry preferred not to talk about it at all. He was real professional at ignoring any awkwardness between them, replacing it with some moans during sex.

Oh, and of course, no one knew about their relationship. Well maybe their parents could guess something was happening but hey, they were both eighteen in their senior year and their parents didn’t actually have much time to take care of their adult kids.

Not that they minded. Everything was perfect. Until they started to develop feelings.

*  

‘What ya lookin’ at, Styles?’ Louis mocked Harry after noticing he was looking at him. Boys were having lunch in cafeteria and they were both sitting as far from each other as possible. Sadly, it made them both sit eye to eye to each other. As Harry was sitting right in front of him, so eye contact was simply unavoidable.

‘You are disgusting.’ Harry mumbled staring at Louis eating his burger greedily. Louis just rolled his eyes, not actually caring how he looked. Can you blame him for that? He was football team...
captain who had his running practice instead of the first period and he hadn’t eaten breakfast because he overslept this morning. He was starving now and in this case even cafeteria’s shitty burgers were edible. So go on and please, judge him for that, Louis didn't give a fuck about it. But that didn't mean he won't throw any insult at Harry. That would hurt his pride.

‘No one asked you, Harold. Eat your healthy granola bars, drink your tasteless smoothies and pretend to be happy with that shit while I at least feel like a human being.’ Louis commented and team started snickering or sighing. Their bickering was so normal and daily thing that it barely surprised someone.

‘Well at least I don’t look like a pig.’ Harry stated making Louis lift his middle finger at him. They ignored each other for the rest of the break picking conversations with different people.

* 

Practicing after school was something both boys loved. Maybe it was a bit annoying that they shared locker room, but it was spacious enough and teams didn't mind, so all good, right? Especially, when both captains stay a little bit longer to have a chat with their coaches only coming back to change when everyone had already left.

‘It seems that’s just us?’ Louis heard Harry’s voice and smiled after turning around.

‘Want to grab a shower together?’ He asks shaking his bum a bit making Harry roll his eyes.

‘Who the hell says grab a shower? It’s called having a shower, you are so dumb, I swear.’ He says and Louis throws his shorts at him.

‘Shut up and take me to shower, I want to bottom.’ He insists while Harry shakes his head.

‘I am not going to fuck you in showers, my back hurts.’ Taller boy whines telling sincere truth. Honestly, Harry has been having way too much problems with his back than he’s supposed to for his age. Louis came near Harry putting his hand on his shoulder tiptoeing to reach his ear.

‘How ‘bout we take warm shower together then I take you home and give you some back massage?’ Louis offered with a smile plastered on his face. Harry nodded smiling back.

* 

‘Jeez, Lou, you can go harder than that.’ Harry teased making Louis groan.

‘You are such an ungrateful bitch, honestly, fuck you, Styles.’ He mumbled hitting Harry’s back with his knuckles making taller boy underneath him to jump.
‘Oi, Jesus Christ, what is wrong with you?’ He mumbled angrily pushing the smaller boy away making him fall on the ground. Harry looked at now a bit annoyed Louis and shrugged. It was not his fault, that Louis couldn’t give him proper massage.

‘It hurt, you asshole.’ Louis stated crossing his arms and Harry somehow felt a bit guilty. After all Louis was making him feel better.

‘Reflexes,’ he said with a cheeky smile, he knew Louis loved.

‘Let me pay you off, I am better now so you can bottom.’ Harry offered and Louis jumped immediately. He loved to be the top one, making Harry a moaning mess. But more than that he loved how roughly Harry dominated him when he asked to be bottom one.

Louis eagerly started to undress himself only for Harry to put his arms on him telling him to stop. Louis looked at him quizzically asking why but Harry didn’t bother to answer. Instead he stood up pushing Louis on bed making gasp.

That was Louis kink, unexpected things someone (Harry) did to him, making him feel smaller but protected in someone’s (Harry’s) hands. Harry couldn’t say that he didn’t like to give it to Louis too.

Harry quickly took off his pants and started to kiss every new naked spot on Louis body that appeared while pulling clothes down. Louis tensed, moaned and squirmed with each move loving it all of it endlessly.

‘Stay still.’ Said Harry in low voice slapping Louis tight making him gasp. His semi-hard sock was now properly hard and Louis could feel himself blushing a little bit. Louis being so needy while he was dominated was the thing that surprised Harry every time they had sex.

Slowly and teasingly Harry removed all Louis clothes and then took his legs and pulled him closer to himself making Louis body jump a little bit.

‘I thought I told you to be still?’ He said with a smile on his face. Louis was fighting against rolling his eyes which was hard, but he succeeded. Harry winked him and grabbed a lube from his drawer. ‘You want to turn around?’ He asked Louis and after he nodded quite roughly turned him over.

‘Oi, careful, I just had my practice, muscles hurts.’ Louis complained and Harry noted not to be that rough. After all he knew the struggle and Louis already made him feel better while massaging his back.

He put lube on his fingers and started split Louis open. Louis underneath him gasped at the feeling. They haven’t had sex for a couple of days so now he was rather tight. And after so much time the feeling of Harry’s finger was oddly relaxing, like he just knew he will get what his body craved just in a few seconds.
'Harry, please, more.’ Louis moaned and Harry was happy to do oblige. He put second finger and when Louis started to move a bit seeking for a better friction he inserted the third finger starting to finger Louis properly.

Low moans from Louis filled the room and when Harry was sure that Louis was opened enough not to feel too much pain he lubed himself and looked how lovely Louis rim looked before lowering himself.

‘Harry…’ Long moan echoed through the room as Louis felt himself being filled with Harry.

‘Lou, fuck you are so tight.’ Harry grunted before starting to move. Louis just moaned and wiggled his ass waiting for Harry to go harder. And let me tell you Harry was more than willing to do so.

He slammed hard into Louis hitting his prostate and repeating it hitting hard every time. Louis cries and Harry’s low moans were mixed up together like a nice song and as Harry’s movements grew more frantic both boys came almost together. They stayed in the same position for about half a minute until both came back to reality.

‘Get off of me, you big buffoon.’ Louis said pushing Harry off of him. Harry just snorted and laid next to Louis. He took few deep breathes while looking at a ceiling.

‘It was good. God, we need to do this more often, four days off and I can’t catch my breath.’ Harry laughed and Louis smiled at him cheekily.

‘Well it was the worst that I had.’ Said Louis looking at Harry. Or maybe lied.

Because the sex with basketball team captain always blew Louis mind. Louis had has his good share of sex and he really could tell that Harry was that good in bed that he kept him even though he hated him. And that says a lot.

‘About your breath… First of all, it smells.’ He said earning a smack from Harry. ‘Secondly, it just shows that physically I am much more prepared than you are.’

‘You know what, Lou, maybe next time I will make you beg for it, like you did on Friday. Don’t you remember?’ Louis smile disappeared.

Friday night sex was something Louis loved but felt so embarrassed after it. Harry was dominating him, making him cum three times and Louis tried to assure him that coming third time in the evening is very hard and sensitive. But he still couldn’t fight the rage that build up in him when Harry made fun of it.

‘Fuck you, Styles. You are such a dick, enjoy your right hand for the rest of your life.’ Louis said standing up and grabbing his clothes. Harry just rolled his eyes.

‘You have two minutes to leave or I will throw you out.’ Was all he said to Louis.

And little lad didn’t have to be told twice. But oh he felt so good throwing Harry’s basketball ball
into his head.

‘Fucking asshole!’ Were the last words Louis heard before leaving Harry’s house and going straight to his home.
Chapter 2

There are some things Harry knows for sure.

Like he knows he hates Louis Tomlinson. Same as he knows that he and Louis always spend every lunch break in cafeteria with both teams’ players on the same table.

So now when he comes to the table and everyone is sitting but Louis is not here he grows concerned.

Could Louis actually be that angry after yesterday that he decided to ditch their lunch? Like they always mock each other about something and Louis is always here no matter what. It is like a tradition.

‘Where is Tomlinson?’ Harry asks looking at Stan. The closest boy to Louis of them all.

‘Oh, he is talking with his literature teacher. He failed on his assignment. Again.’ Stan explained and Harry frowned.

He was supposed to be Louis tutor for these kind of things. So why the hell Louis didn’t mention that he was lagging behind with his whole class?

‘Always lacking of knowledge, I see.’ Harry said as a matter of fact and everyone just laughed before moving on with their own conversations.

However, Harry couldn’t interfere in any of them. His thoughts were all about Louis. Is he going to have big problems for this? Like, is the coach of his team is going to be angry? After all the captain of football team should be smart and all.

And Harry knows that Louis is trying extra hard this year so he would get into the university of his choice. Why the hell he didn’t say anything to Harry.

Not having answers to his questions boy unlocked his phone and texted to Louis

Styleshole: ‘Heard what happened, where are you?’

Asslinson: ‘Empty classroom’

Styleshole: ‘Which one?’

Asslinson: ‘Mr. Jeffs’

Harry knew which classroom it was. He actually has given Louis the key for a place to meet up for some funny business.

The teacher was in school only for two first lessons every day and after it was always empty and locked.

Harry stood up and a bunch of people looked at him. Yeah, he completely forgot he was still in cafeteria and now he had to explain himself to everyone. Great.

‘I am off to see captain. It completely slipped my mind.’ Was all he said before turning around and walking away.
Harry didn’t even knock before entering classroom, he just opened the door and found Louis sitting on one of the desks looking at his feet. Harry knew what it meant - Louis was upset. Smaller lad always looked down at his feet when he was feeling down. It was something Harry knew about Louis since kindergarten.

‘Hey.’ He murmured walking closer to Louis. He put his backpack on the ground and sat next to Louis waiting for him to reply.

It was still silent. Louis didn’t bother to say anything.

‘I heard what happened.’ Harry tried again.

‘Yeah, that’s what you texted.’ Louis respond sounded more like a whisper. And Harry just knew that he had to hug Louis to make him feel better. So that’s exactly what he did.

He stood up in front of Louis and put his arms around him. This way he was letting the smaller boy lean into him. And Louis did so without even thinking that he could be judged for it. His pride was gone now being replaced with a need to be in someone’s arms.

‘You should have told me that you needed help.’ Was all Harry said while keeping Louis in his arms, pressed to his chest.

‘Teacher said that coach already knows.’ Louis sighed and stepped away looking up at Harry. ‘I must go talk to him but I… Don’t want to be shouted at, you know? I don’t need him to remind me that I fucked up.’

‘You didn’t,’ Harry said in a comforting voice. ‘You're good at other things. Like math. Not everyone can read Shakespeare and love it. Your coach knows it, he really does. He won’t even say anything bad to you.’

‘How can you know that?’

‘I just do. Come on, go talk to him and come later to mine, I will tutor you, okay?’ Harry offered and Louis just nodded before smiling to him.

‘Yeah, okay.’

‘Good. Now go.’ Harry ordered and here it was, Louis coming back to his senses. He stepped away with a sour face, certainly unhappy that Harry told off.

‘Don’t tell me what do, Styles.’ He said rolling his eyes. Harry showed him his middle finger and with that he was left alone in the classroom.

*

His phone buzz made him look up from his book. Of course, it was Louis.

Asslinson: ‘U r alone?’

Harry read and sighed. One of the things that really annoyed Harry was messy writing. Whether it was in essays or messages, he just hates it. And Louis knows it. That’s probably why he is writing like that.

Styleshole: ‘You’re* no surprise you are failing.’

He replied putting his phone away. But just few moments later Louis answered.
Asslinson: ‘U can sck ur own dck from now.’

Styleshole: ‘Yes, I am alone.’

And few seconds after he had pressed send there was knock on the door. Wow, Louis was rather fast.

‘You texted me when you were already here?’ He asked and Louis just hummed entering.

‘Yeah, didn’t know who was here with you. I mean, you are always alone. All this posh house only for yourself?’ Louis teased and no. That’s not what Harry could listen. That was extremely out of line.

‘Turn around.’ Harry ordered with his eyes dark. Louis gulped. Obviously not prepared for this kind of comeback.

‘What?’

‘I said turn the fuck around.’ Harry said roughly before putting his arms on Louis trying to forcefully turn him around.

‘Wow, wow, wow, calm down, what the fuck, dude.’ Louis said taking a step back. ‘I thought we were going to learn something?’

‘We will. After I will fuck some sense into you’ Harry said and no, that is not okay. Louis not down for it.

‘Fuck your right hand.’ He said with angry voice pushing Harry away.

And that was the last straw for Harry. He lunged himself at Louis to push him back and Louis didn’t even think before getting his revenge for it.

It was not the first time they were fighting.

But now no one was there to separate them.

And they didn’t even know how but thirty minutes after they were both sweaty and naked in Harry’s hall. Lubed condom from Louis jeans pocket used and both boys with few bruises around their bodies.

Louis looked at Harry and couldn’t even properly remember which one started to kiss each other first. Maybe they both did it at the same time.

‘Well, angry sex is not that bad, huh?’ Harry said with a small smile and Louis snorted.

‘Yeah, it’s good no one was there to separate us or see it.’ He added stretched. His body wasn’t very thankful for his chosen place. And he looked sadly at Harry who lay on the ground the whole time Louis was riding him. His back was going to kill him later.

‘Let’s have a shower, before I tutor you, okay?’ Harry offered with a sweet smile and Louis nodded. He could do that. He definitely could take shower with Harry. He could even feel himself getting hard again.

*  

Tutoring time was better than Louis thought it will be.
Harry was extremely patient which Louis was extremely thankful for. He helped him to analyze few Shakespeare sonnets showing him his notes and giving advices how he could use it in essay.

It was easy and quite fun. So fun that both boys lost a track of time and when Louis looked at his phone it was already after 21 o’clock. It was a bit dark outside and he groaned knowing that he had to walk few miles back home.

‘What is it?’ Harry looked up at Louis reacting to the noise boy made.

‘It’s late. And the coach made me practice extra hard today. And then Stan couldn’t take me home so I had to take bus and then walk here. And now I have to go back. Oh, by the way, it was true what you said, he wasn’t that angry.’ Louis talked without stopping and Harry just looked at him.

‘You are crazy. You should have called; I could have taken you anywhere you needed to go.’ He said with guilt in his voice.

He had a few cars in his garage so driving Louis wouldn’t have been a problem. Also, he knew that on everyday Louis started his after school training about 2 o’clock straight after his classes and finished only around 4. Considering he came here at half past six coach must have been extra rough for him.

‘You would have been my chauffeur?’ He asked with amused smile on his face and Harry laughed.

‘Of course I would have. Next time you just call, okay?’

‘Yeah, sure.’ Louis smiled and lay down on Harry’s rug. They were studying in his office room, which Louis made fun off. Actually, Louis made fun of every expensive thing in Harry’s house.

You see, Harry’s family was rarely around because of their jobs. Harry didn’t mind a lot, he loved his family. And when they were together it was perfect. It taught him how to safe these moments.

On the other hand, his parents felt guilty about it. So they gave Harry anything money could buy. Like new cars and actually half of the house.

Harry’s house was huge with few extra bedrooms and other extra things. Also with an office, wardrobe room, bedroom, gym and terrace/balcony for just Harry’s use. And he didn’t mind.

Just that it wasn’t what most of the kids would get, considering the small Louis bedroom with a bed where Harry couldn’t fit in.

‘Hey, you are with me?’ Louis waved his arm in front of him. Harry blinked and nodded.

‘Just a bit lost in my mind. Do you want to have dinner? I can make something.’ He offered standing up and stretching. Damn, his back hurt.

‘Uh, I don’t know. I will be sleepy if I don’t leave now.’ Louis answered and Harry looked at his watch. It was already half after nine.

It was a pity. He would have loved to have dinner not alone. It would be first time in two weeks.

‘Maybe tomorrow?’ Louis offered seeing Harry’s change of mood. ‘I can come right after practice and then shower here. You will make me some food and then I will leave right after using you.’

Harry laughed and nodded. He could go with that.
‘Sounds good to me. Move your ass now; I have to take you home before you droll over my precious rug.’

Louis mocked him for it all their way back to his house. And maybe if they were bickering and challenging each other for more offensive words to say Harry said goodbye with a good mood. Actually, he even went to bed with a better mood than he had been for the past two weeks.

And his last thought was what he should cook for tomorrow’s dinner to impress Louis.
Harry was racking his brains about his dinner with Louis.

He had no idea what Louis preferred to have as his dinner meal.

Well yeah, he knew that Louis wasn’t that picky with his lunch food seeing that he could swallow what they served in cafeteria. But it didn’t mean that he was going to be that much pliant with his dinner.

After all, it was Harry’s first time in two weeks when he was going to have dinner not alone. He was exited and wanted it to be as perfect as possible.

And that is how he ended up waiting for Louis by the classroom he was in. The face Louis had when he exited the classroom and saw Harry was not the happiest one.

‘It’s too early to see your annoying face.’ He mumbled without stopping, obviously thinking that Harry was standing here not for him.

Taller boy sighted and followed Louis trying to keep up with him.

‘I had a question to ask.’ Harry said and Louis stopped immediately.

He turned around and glared at Harry. The look he gave to Harry wasn’t very friendly and Harry felt himself starting playing with his fingers – it was always the proof that he didn’t feel very confident.

‘You can’t come up to me where people can see us. They will start to think I can stand you.’ He stated making Harry chuckle.

It seemed funny that such small things meant that much for Louis. He couldn’t be bothered about being seen with the captain of football team. He knew that people talked about both of them no matter what. And there was no chance that people thought one of them could stand the other one. Especially now, when Louis was having this angry and unhappy expression on his face.

‘You are being immature.’ Said Harry and Louis hit him with his backpack.

‘Go away, Styles. It’s too early to make my day shit.’

‘Just a question and you are free to go.’ Said Harry and Louis nodded with a loud sigh.

‘Bring it on.’ Louis encouraged him while looking around. He had the lesson in the other side of school and he had to hurry. Harry was in no rush because he knew that Louis was trying to escape to be on time to his Math lesson. That was the fun of it.

‘What do you want for dinner?’ Harry asked and Louis stared at him like he was insane.

‘Is that why you stopped me from getting to my class on time?!’ He shouted immediately looking taller and more intimidating that he actually was. Harry snickered. Oh how entertaining it was to annoy Louis.

‘Yes?’ Harry replied an amused smile not leaving his face.

‘You are such an asshole, Styles!’ Louis shouted pushing him into the lockers. ‘I swear to god I
will fucking choke you someday.’ He said and Harry laughed.

‘You wouldn’t reach my neck, princess.’ He teased being ready for Louis outburst. And it came. Louis jumped on him and Harry was almost sure his neck would have been left with bruises but he caught smaller lad wrists right on time.

He smiled and turned around making Louis hit the lockers. Harry laughed at that while Louis groaned more in annoyance than in pain. Harry stepped closer to Louis and lowered himself so his lips would be right next to Louis ear.

‘And maybe if you are lucky I will let you choke on my dick tonight.’ He said and squeaked as he felt Louis biting his neck. And not in a friendly way more like in a fucking painful way. People around them were definitely looking at both of them with curiosity.

Louis managed to escape Harry’s grip and kneed him. Hard. Harry groaned and pushed Louis on the ground. Louis fell but in a matter of seconds he was already back on his feet prepared to fight. During that time Harry managed to get his posture back and there was no doubt that they were waiting for one of them to strike first.

Other students lingering around were probably waiting for a scene so they could gossip about it during their lunch period. And both boys were ready to give them it. Louis was actually the first one. He stepped forward and as Harry was trapped between smaller lad and lockers he hit Harry straight to his jaw.

Harry in his defense pushed Louis to the ground and kicked him to his stomach. Louis groaned and Harry relied himself on lockers feeling quite dizzy. Louis started trying to stand up and that was when someone decided to interfere. It was Liam, Harry’s friend and team mate.

‘Everyone get lost.’ Liam commanded and helped Louis up looking at both boys disapprovingly.

‘Louis started it.’ Harry groaned through his quite strong headache. Mentioned boy threw Harry and angry look.

‘Fuck you it’s your entire fault.’ Said Louis and Liam sighed.

‘Harry go to the nurse or to your class, I will escort Louis to his lesson.’ Liam said definitely not in a mood to argue. But Harry didn’t care.

‘He can find his way himself.’ He complained and Louis glared at him.

‘I swear to god, Styles, if Liam wouldn’t hold me I would kick into your balls so hard you couldn’t even have kids. Ever.’ He said and Harry stood up straight. He might have concussion but adrenaline in his blood hold his pain down a little bit.

‘I want to see you trying it. Would be fun.’ He mocked Louis back and Liam dragged Louis few steps back from Harry.

‘Alright, we are leaving. Say your goodbyes.’ Were Liam’s last words before forcing Louis to go with him. Middle finger was the last thing both boys saw from one another.

*

Next time they saw each other was during their lunch period.

And of course whole cafeteria looked at them most probably waiting for their previous fight to continue. But no such thing happened. Louis came with his tray on their usual table while Harry
put his lunch box in front of him ready to eat. They didn’t even talk with each other neither did they looked. Or maybe they did. Maybe Louis took one or two innocent glances to see bruise that started forming on Harry’s jaw. And Harry may or may not stare at Louis a bit while he was walking and slightly limping from the few times he was pushed on the ground.

The table obviously was aware of what happened but they didn’t dare to ask any questions. But they didn’t need to. The fights between captains were not so rare that’s why it barely surprised anyone in their group.

However, the lunch period was awkward. Harry and Louis didn’t argue with each other, didn’t even mock each other and no snarky comments were thrown at each other. So all table felt like something they are used to hear was missing.

After lunch period they all separated in different ways still without any acknowledge to each other.

* * *

Louis entered his locker room and mentally groaned when he saw that basketball team was also changing into their training outfits.

‘Lou?’ Louis heard Harry’s voice and lifted his eyebrow. Since when did Harry referred to him in his name left alone nickname. He looked up and saw Harry standing next to his owned locker with a quite nervous expression.

‘What did you do?’ Louis response came out harsher than he might have intended but never mind that. His body hurt from his fight with Harry and he was a bit too tired to play nice.

‘It’s not me. It’s coaches.’ He mumbled and Louis sighed. What kind of shit did both of their teams were put into? Last time coaches did something together both teams were scheduled same time for practices and were forced to share changing room.

Not that Louis minded. It was spacious enough and afterwards he could have had some fun with Harry but it still was not the same. They lost their chance to discuss more things involving their game because two teams were always interacting and couldn’t concentrate well enough.

‘They want us to…’ Harry stopped and Louis felt uncomfortable silence in the room. He looked around and everyone was staring at him. So they already knew what it was all about and they were tensed to see Louis reaction?

It wasn’t good.

‘They want us to what?’ Louis asked curiously.

* * *

‘WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN PRACTICE TOGETHER!’ Louis shouted at his coach banging his hand into his coach table. Loud and hard. But the pain was not his main concern now.

‘Louis, calm down. It’s a new experience for both of the teams. We noticed that you and Harry are using different methods to practice and we wanted to mix it for both teams and see the result.’ His football coach Mr.Holland explained to him and Louis let out a noise which sounded like angry laugh.

‘Of course we use different methods. We need different physical strength!’ He shouted furiously and got a glare from both Harry and his coach Mr.Rodger.
‘Let me say that it’s not exactly true. Maybe we don’t need to be that prepared for running back and forth on the field but we still do a lot of training.’ Harry said and Louis glared at him.

‘Shut up, no one even asked you! Coach, I can’t work with him! We hate each other!’ Louis complained and of course Mr. Holland just rolled his eyes. What an asshole.

‘Louis, we are not asking for you to immediately change your training programme. It’s just that on Tuesday and Friday you will have your practice with basketball team. We already put tips for your teams to follow.’ Mr. Holland said making him understand that it was his last words.

Louis glared at everyone in the room and then sight. It’s not like he was left with much choices. He took the paper from his coach and scanned it.

‘Is this a joke?’ He said lifting his haze from paper to Harry. ‘What the fuck does yoga do in our schedule?’ he asked and Harry smiled.

‘We do yoga instead of stretching. It is very calming and works very well for muscles.’

‘Calming my ass. This is shit; we can do our regular stretching without making fools out or ourselves.’ Harry’s smile disappeared being replaced by a glare.

‘Well we rarely do our practising outside and we have to do running outside with you but it’s not like I am crying, huh?’ Harry said and Louis just sent his coach a very displeased glare before leaving his office.

Happily, it was only Thursday and Louis had time to prepare himself emotionally for practice change that was going to start tomorrow and maybe, if he’s lucky to talk about this with Harry in the evening.

He put all his thoughts aside while concentrating to his practice and technique while playing with his team. When he returned to locker room Harry was already left. Doubting about whether or not Harry could have changed his mind Louis texted him.

Asslinson: You didn’t wait up

Styleshole: Had to go grocery shopping so I left early.

Asslinson: Ok, Im still coming?

Styleshole: If you play nice I might let you come tonight. ;)

Asslinson: u got hit by a ball?

Styleshole: Want to come now or later?

Asslinson: later. can u pick me?

Styleshole: Okay. Be ready for 7 o'clock.

Louis checked his time it was few minutes before six and he was left alone that meant he had to go home by bus. He sighed; maybe it’s better if he takes shower at home.

* 

His phone buzzed right after he put his shoes on. Quite punctual Louis thought seeing that it was
Harry calling. He declined his call and left the house after shouting ‘bye’ to everyone that was home.

Harry was waiting for Louis in his Range Rover and he thought to himself that maybe if he acted nice enough Harry could let him drive it. Worth a try.

‘I want to drive it.’ Louis said right after opening passenger door not even taking his seat before that. Harry just looked at him like he was crazy and laughed.

‘Get in and put your seatbelt on, food is getting cold.’ Harry ordered and Louis sighed. Well at least he was trying to be polite. And before you ask, yes it was Louis type of polite when it came to Harry.

‘Did you really leave my dinner to get cold?’ Louis asked playfully.

‘Nope, I actually just chopped everything and I will cook it when we come back.’ He explained and Louis hummed.

‘So what did you do during your free time?’ He asked curious, after all Harry left too early from his practice.

‘I made dessert.’ Harry said and Louis looked at him with wide eyes.

‘You made the dessert?’ He repeated and Harry just nodded. They both didn’t talk for the rest of the ride staying in quite comfortable silence.

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‘Do you want some wine?’ Harry offered taking quick glance at Louis who was sitting on the bar stool staring how Harry maid final touches for their dinner.

‘Wine? You what have some kind of posh wine cellar were you keep wine from the 15th century?’ Louis mocked and when Harry stayed silent he scratched his neck. ‘You do, don’t you?’ He asked and Harry just hummed letting him know that the answer was positive to Louis suggestion. ‘Water is fine, Harold.’

‘If you say so, make some place and Lou… I asked you to serve the table.’ He said glancing at an empty bar table.

‘No, you asked me to make myself comfortable and so I did. Serving table would have cost my comfort. It was not worth it.’ He rambled with a cheeky smile on his face and Harry was debating whether he should hit Louis with a pan he was holding or just do it himself.

And he chose the second one, knowing that the first option probably wouldn’t work.

‘So what is on our menu?’ Louis asked right before Harry put pan in front of him.

‘Spaghetti alle vongole.’ Harry said and Louis just stared at him with poker face before bursting out in laughter.

‘Harry, what the hell?’ He said after calming himself down. Harry just sighed.

‘It’s traditional Italian dish with clams.’ Harry explained and Louis nodded taking a bite of his pasta.

For both boys surprise dinner went very smoothly. Louis liked the dish even though he called it
posh pasta and he liked it even better when Harry brought them a tiramisu for dessert.

They even managed to have a decent conversation talking about TV shows and school purposely ignoring the practice team.

Harry liked the feeling of having dinner with someone else. Being not alone in his house at this time made him happy and Louis didn’t mind. It was much better than eating mac and cheese with six screaming kids on a same table.

They didn’t even fuck after dinner. Louis just stayed a little bit longer so they could end their discussion about the upcoming avengers films they were exited.

After that Harry drove Louis home and told him to leave because he was annoying and Louis said that he will gladly do so and they both showed their middle fingers to each other and Louis said that Harry was an atrocious cook and even though both boys knew it was a lie they played it like they were offended and separated their ways without saying proper goodbye.

And no one has to know if they both had huge smiles on their faces before falling asleep.
They fell into some kind of routine after that evening.

Once or twice a week Louis would go to Harry’s for dinner and eat something very gourmet. Both of them loved this tradition but they still threw insults at one another saying they would kill each other if they got a chance.

And they still fought at school, especially now when they had practicing together on Tuesday and Friday. Louis still hated Harry’s yoga practice even and every time he is in there he remembers the first time he went there and the scene he had caused.

‘What the fuck is this?’ Louis said looking at some kind of petite rugs on the ground.

‘That’s yoga mats, Tomlinson.’ Harry replied patiently. Other boys stared at them waiting for something to happen.

‘Why do we need this shit?’ Louis asked again and Harry sighed before looking at him.

‘Do not swear when it’s time for peace and calmness.’ Harry said and Louis gaped at him as if he was crazy but managed not to say anything. And he was proud of it believing that he could do this for the rest of the day. Until some kind of annoying sound filled the room

‘Okay, everyone choose your mat. I will light up some candles and then we can begin.’ Harry said and Louis just stayed frozen in his place not being able to move.

Like how the fuck was he supposed to feel in a room filled with annoying bird chirping sounds and some smelly candles while everyone was doing some girly stretches. Yoga was for pregnant woman for god’s sake. Louis couldn’t be part of this comedy.

‘You are mental.’ He throw insult at Harry who let him add was wearing some yoga pants with shorts on top. ‘No way am I being part of this shit.’

It all finished with Louis sitting on one of the benches scrolling through his phone while others obediently followed Harry’s instructions. He was embarrassed for his team. Even though he had to admit Harry looked disturbingly good with all weird shit poses he did.

And it went on like that. Louis didn’t agree to do any yoga so he just spent one hour in room with other boys doing his homework or working on plans for his football team strategy. Harry brushed it off and pretended Louis didn’t during that time.

And Louis actually felt thankful for that. Because when he forced them to go outside during a rainy day and run around football field for almost an hour Harry didn’t complain even when the next day he had a runny nose.

So it was all good. Until one day Louis came to his lunch break and found Harry with a very sour face.
‘What happened to you?’ He asked immediately causing others to look at him. In his mind he cursed himself for forgetting that Harry couldn’t be referred to nicely. We are enemies not fuck buddies – Louis reminded it to himself.

‘Math.’ Harry mumbled and Louis lifted his brow.

‘Harry is failing math.’ Liam explained and Harry threw him an angry look.

‘Can you not go around telling everyone? Thanks.’

‘Jesus, someone got out of bed on the wrong side, huh?’ Louis mocked and Harry didn’t even say anything back. This was… Not normal.

‘Coach said he will have to suck it up if he wants to stay in his captain position.’ Liam said and now got glares not only from Harry but from other team mates too. ‘What? It’s true. I don’t see why we shouldn’t say that. Everyone knows Lou is failing literature.’

‘Liam, you are actually annoying peace of shit.’ Stan said defencing Louis and everyone looked curious. Will Harry’s and Louis’ arguing will be replaced by others? Before they got an answer out of it Louis came as a saviour to defence his pride.

‘For clarification, Payno, I am not failing. I’ve got myself a tutor and now I’m fine.’

‘Harry could get himself a tutor too.’ Said other boy from basketball team. Lou didn’t know his name, maybe something like Mat or Matthews?

‘Mind your own business.’ Was all Harry said before gathering his things and leaving cafeteria.

He was clearly upset and Louis didn’t know what to do. Should he follow him? It would be too obvious if he left now, no? He sight and pulled his phone out of his pocket.

Asslinson: u ok?

Styleshole: Not really.

Asslinson: where r u?

Styleshole: classroom.

Louis nodded to himself. He knew very well where that classroom was.

‘Shit guys, I need to go see coach, fuck. Have to go now. You can finish my food.’ He mumbled standing up and dashing away.

Louis entered classroom and found Harry standing in front of him. He was probably waiting for Lou to come here. Before smaller lad could have understood what was happening Harry was on his knees unbuttoning his jeans.

‘What are you…?’ Louis gasped as Harry’s tongue touched his soft dick that twitched and in few moments was not so soft anymore.

Louis moaned at unexpected feeling and put his hand into Harry’s hair leading him a little bit. With one hand Harry started to massage his dick and with the other he took hold of Louis hips stopping him from moving.

It was beyond Louis knowledge how the hell Harry managed to be the one in control when he
was obviously having more power in this situation. Or at least he thought so.

Harry was good at blowing Louis. He took him all gagging a little bit and it made Louis feel over the moon. Few minutes like this and Louis came hard. And without notice to Harry that’s probably why right after he swallowed he looked at Louis with his glassy eyes and Louis could see pint of annoyance in them.

‘Sorry, it happened quite… yeah…’ Louis stuttered his voice groggy and low. It made Harry smile.

‘Whatever floats your boat, Tomlinson.’ He said and stood up. His knees made noise and Louis noted not to let Harry kneel that often. He knew it could be right pain in the ass if it was mistreated.

‘So… Math?’ Louis asked and Harry nodded taking a seat on a desk. A déjà-vu feeling hit Louis and he remembered that they had already been in this position when Louis himself was in a need of a tutor.

‘Yeah, it seems that I suck at something too.’ Harry jokes and Louis rolled his eyes.

‘Not only suck at but suck it too.’ Louis said and he hissed as Harry hit his bicep.

‘Don’t be an asshole and offer yourself to me.’ Harry ordered and Louis just snorted taking a breath before replying.

‘O Harry, Harry! Wherefore art thou, Harry! I would gladly teach anyone else, but you…’ Louis said in a loud voice and Harry stared at him with wide eyes not saying a word. ‘What? You’re surprised I actually listen what ya say?’ Louis asked and Harry shook his head trying to gather his thoughts.

‘You are making fun of Shakespeare.’ He stated still not sure how he felt about Louis words.

‘I am showing progress, asshole.’ Louis said and Harry finally smiled. Putting his hands on Louis and pulling him closer.

‘Shall I hear more, or shall I turn you around?’ Harry mumbled to Louis neck. Shorter boy giggled and turned around. ‘Good boy.’ Harry praised him standing up. After all he may have blown Louis but that didn’t mean he didn’t want to get off too. And fucking Louis was the best idea he could think off.

‘I don’t have anything.’ Louis mumbled and Harry just kissed his neck trying to reach his bag that stood on a table. ‘I can take it from there, you… Ah!’ He gasped as Harry started to suck his neck. ‘Don’t leave anything.’ He ordered searching for lube and condom in Harry’s bag. He found it and handled lube to Harry.

Taller boy took it and immediately pulled Louis pants down.

‘You think you can come twice?’ He asked Louis and smaller boy just groaned a frustrated ‘yes’ moving his bum so Harry could start doing things.

Harry smiled to himself and gently pushed Louis upper body down so he would half lie on a desk. He then put lube on his fingers and slowly without any rush pushed on of them into Louis.

Louis moans filled the room as he felt being split open with one of Harry’s fingers immediately thinking how would it feel to have his cock inside. Harry started to move his finger and Louis’s groans grew louder.
‘Harry, please, more.’ He whispered with his voice trembling. Harry laughed and smacked Louis bum with his left hand.

‘You like it, don’t you? When I have you bend over, all flushed and messy just for me, huh?’ Harry said inserting second finger making Louis cry in satisfaction.

He pumped his fingers back and forth enjoying Louis moans, his cock twitched when he inserted third finger and Louis jumped as he hit his prostate. It was a view Harry loved. He penetrated Louis with his fingers being sure to hit his prostate until Louis roared at him.

‘Styles, I swear to fucking god if you don’t put your dick in me I will cut it down.’ Louis threatened in amusingly weak voice but Harry still listened. He removed his fingers and before Louis could let a complained moan he replaced it with his own cock.

Louis squeaked as first Harry’s push hit his prostate and kept it because Harry did it every time he pulled out and pushed back in.

‘Harry, I can’t… last if you do… this.’ Louis panted and Harry slowed down thinking not only about Louis but about his orgasm too. It was too soon for Harry so he slowed down and started to fuck him slowly just brushing his prostate until he felt it coming, that’s when he grabbed Louis hips and started slam into him harder and stronger than before. Louis cried in pleasure and pain from overstimulation. And not like voice cried he had actual fucking tears in his eyes.

His dick burned and he wanted to touch it so bad but he couldn’t because he had to hold on this fucking desk if he wanted not to fall down.

And finally both boys came. Harry fucked his orgasm out still in Louis and boy underneath him let more tears to fall as he came harder than he ever did before.

Boys stayed in this position for about a minute until Harry was brought back and froze as he pulled out.

‘Shit.’ He cursed and Louis looked up still not understanding what was happening.

‘Yeah, that was the best I’ve ever…’ He started but Harry didn’t let him finish.

‘I forgot a condom.’ He said and Louis eyes popped out.

‘You what?!’ He creamed standing up and gasping. He could feel it. He could feel Harry’s seed inside him. ‘No…’ He whimpered and Harry looked at him apologetically.

‘Lou, I am sorry, it completely slipped my mind.’ He said but Louis didn’t even listen as he slapped him. And fuck, Harry would have preferred to be hit not slapped, now he felt much worse.

‘I’m fucking leaking and you say sorry?! We’re in school and I don’t even know if you’re clean you fucking bastard!’ He shouted trying to jump on Harry but he couldn’t because pain in his ass was quite distracting.

Harry sighed trying to reach out for Louis hoping he would let him help but Louis jut hit his arms.

‘Stay away from me.’ He said.

‘Louis, I am really sorry, c’mon let me help you. ’ Harry pleaded but Louis just looked at him a killing look in his eyes and he stepped back noticing that he was still with his pants down. He quickly fixed it and looked back at Louis who was now buttoning his pants too.
‘It’s over.’ Louis said and Harry stared at him with questioning eyes not understanding what it meant. ‘This fucking each other thing. It’s over. Stay away from me or I will stab you.’ He said grabbing his backpack and Harry couldn’t be left like this. Even though it was his fault no way he could back down from this.

‘You can’t end something that was never a thing, Tomlinson. Though I have to admit you were a good piece of meat.’ Harry said and the hatred on Louis face was cleared than ever before.
Chapter 5

One week had gone by and boys still didn’t manage to have a proper conversation. They were fighting – more than ever before. But neither Harry nor Louis talked about what happened in that classroom.

And it made both of them frustrated. Even if they didn’t want to admit they were used to having tutoring lessons and dinner time together. Let alone having sex. They were so used to it that Harry was now almost sure his right hand will soon become bigger than the left one.

Louis wasn’t any better. His sexual frustration killed him same as the fact that his siblings were always at home and didn’t even knock as they entered his room. He was in severe case of a blue balls and he didn’t know what to do.

He went to check if he is clean and if Harry didn’t put any kind of disease on him but happily both of them were okay.

But he still didn’t want to talk with Harry.

Having sex without condom was something Louis has never done before. He always had this idea that it would be like a first time with the person he really loved, a person he was connected to. Also he ended up with a leaking sperm from his hole and had to fake being sick so he could avoid going to practice with wet underwear and that’s why he just couldn’t forgive Harry so easily.

Harry on the other hand didn’t even think to apologize. Actually he even pushed Louis over the edge.

Like he completely ignored Louis presence in their shared yoga practice for a week but then he decided that he wouldn’t back down. So here he was in a vanilla scented room grabbing Louis by his arm and pushing him to the middle of the room.

‘What the fuck you think you doing?’ Louis growled and Harry just pushed him down on a yoga mat.

‘You will stop being such a brat right now and do it like everyone else.’ Harry ordered and Louis laughed out loud.

‘The fuck I will.’ He laughed and Harry tried pushing him down. Louis was ready to take a swing and punch Harry but luckily others separated them.

‘You are such a brat, Tomlinson!’ Harry shouted at him.

‘Fuck you and your faggot yoga thing!’ He screamed losing his mind. He was too angry to think what he was saying and seeing how Harry flinched at ‘faggot’ word he wasn’t going to stop.

‘What’s next? You’ll ask us to paint our nails and wear floral blouses?! Stop spreading your faggot dusts around everyone and fix yourself!’

The silence in the room was actually torturing. Everyone stayed frozen looking from Harry to Louis back and forth.

And Louis gasped. Realization hit him. No one knew. No one fucking knew about his or Harry’s sexuality. And he just outed Harry for both of their teammates.

‘Leave.’ Harry said his voice cold and unemotional. The worse tone Louis has ever received from
‘Harry, I…’ Louis said trying to find right words to say.

‘FUCKING LEAVE!’ Harry screamed at him and for a moment Louis actually looked scared. So he did the only thing he could think of. He listened to Harry.

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Louis was standing in front of Harry’s house not sure what to do.

He had called Stan and asked how the Harry acted for the rest of the time. It appeared that few minutes after Louis left he told everyone to go home saying that if anyone wanted to say something they could stay and say it to his face. Luckily no one stayed but Louis still felt very bad.

Dealing with your sexuality can be difficult. Louis knew that from his personal experience. Because even though his mother suspected something about it he never admitted it to her.

Because it was hard.

Fear that you may be judged for it or laughed at was crushing and now he did this to Harry. This was unforgivable. Even if he hated him it didn’t mean that he had a right to do something like this.

Louis took few deep breaths and knocked. No one answered. Could Harry be somewhere else? His car, the one he usually drives everywhere, was parked outside. He rang a bell in case Harry didn’t hear him knocking before.

He heard noises on the other side and doors opened revealing Harry who looked like shit.

‘How did you go through the gates?’ He asked his voice raspy. He was probably crying too because eyes were bloodshot a bit.

‘I know the code?’ Louis suggested and Harry just looked at him not saying a word. ‘Can I come in?’ He asked and Harry blinked not sure what to say.

He wanted someone to comfort him and make him feel better but could Louis be that person? The person that made everything shit.

‘Harry, please. I brought Oreos?’ He offered showing a huge package of cookies he was holding in his arms.

‘I don’t like them.’ Harry mumbled stepping aside so Louis could walk in.

‘I know. You also avoid sugar, but I thought that maybe you could make an exception today?’ He said with a small smile trying to be as gentle as possible. Feeling guilty was not something Louis could go over. He needed to shake this feeling off.

‘What do you want, Lou?’ Harry asked in a defeated voice making Louis flinch. It was not Harry Louis was used to see.

The Harry that he knew would hit him, throw him into a wall or on the ground for what he did. But now… Now Harry was looking like a lost puppy you would want to cuddle for forever and never let go.

‘I… I thought maybe we could talk?’ Louis suggested and Harry sighed not sure what to say.
Because Harry didn’t want to talk. He wanted to go back to his oversized room into oversized bed and lay under the covers for the rest of his life without facing anyone who heard Louis words today.

And Louis saw that. He saw doubt in Harry’s eyes that were so dull and grey compared to his gorgeous green irises that his eyes were when he was happy. Louis felt a pang in his chest and small voice in his head saying ‘It’s your fault’ became louder.

‘C’mon I can make us tea and then we can cuddle or something.’ Louis offered and Harry finally nodded.

Taller lad turned around probably going back to his bedroom. Louis didn’t follow him. Instead he went to the kitchen and prepared two nice cups of tea. Thanks to Harry by the way, who bought his favorite Yorkshire tea after he mentioned that it’s the one he loved.

And only when two weirdly colored cups were filled with warm liquid did he grab Oreo’s package with his teeth and walked to the bedroom.

Harry heard Louis entering and took a peek at him from under his covers. He giggled when he saw the view in front of him. Louis was holding two huge looking cups and package of cookies that he brought was in his teeth. He scrunched his nose mumbling something to Harry. Probably asking for help. Harry smiled and took one of the cups from Louis hands noticing that cup wasn’t actually that big, it just looked bigger in Louis hands.

Louis put his own cup on one of the bedside tables together with the cookies and then took off his socks and jeans before cuddling with Harry under the blanket.

Harry immediately became the smaller spoon placing himself on top on Louis and nuzzling his face into Louis neck.

‘Hey there, curly.’ Louis said massaging his head. Harry purred at a feeling, his whole body relaxing and the tension he was feeling before disappeared. ‘Don’t drool all over me’ Louis joked and Harry poked his side for it. It made Louis squeak and then laugh.

‘I didn’t know you were so sensitive.’ Harry murmured and Louis just smiled at him not saying anything back. They stayed like this for a long time cuddling each other, Louis massaging Harry’s head while he was just purring at how good it was. Half asleep, half awake.

The darkness filled the room and they still didn’t say a word. It was comforting silence and Louis loved it. Because growing up in house full of young kids was hard.

Although, Harry that was lying next to him couldn’t stop smiling about the fact that he wasn’t alone in this huge house today. Even though it was the person he hated it didn’t matter now. Someone was holding him, making him believe that everything might be okay.

‘The tea is cold now.’ Louis mumbled more to himself than to Harry but it still brought him back from some kind of a trance.

‘I can make us a new cup?’ He offered but Louis just shook his head smiling softly at him.

‘No worries. How are you feeling?’ He asked and Harry shrugged. He didn’t know. He wasn’t feeling as bad as before, he didn’t want to hurt Louis for what he did, he was lost. And maybe a little bit horny.

‘Sexually frustrated.’ Harry mumbled and before he knew loud laugh echoed through his empty room. Louis looked at Harry with a wide grin on his face.
‘Good that I can fix it then?’ He said cheekily and Harry smiled back. They started to get closer to each other and before they knew they kissed.

The kiss was not just simple peck or something. It was a proper needy and hungry kiss that showed their lust and passion for each other.

Louis immediately took the dominating side leading Harry through their kiss that not so slowly turned out to be full snogging session.

Louis turned Harry so he would lie on his back and then took a hold of his wrists pressing them to his side.

‘Lou…’ Harry moaned bucking his hips up. Louis just smiled. It was so long since he was enjoying Harry’s warm body.

‘Shh love, it’s okay, let me make you feel good, yeah?’ He said and Harry just nodded not being able to speak because of the kisses Louis was giving him.

The boy on top took off Harry’s t-shirt and kissed his chest sucking one of the nipples. Harry squirmed in his place and tried to remove his arms so he could touch something. He was in such a need of something, anything.

And Louis was ready to give him anything he would ask.

Louis was ready to give him the best sex Harry has ever had.

Louis was ready to make Harry forget about today.

He stopped for a moment to take off his own shirt and look at Harry underneath him. The boy stopped moaning but was taking deep breaths staring at Louis curious what he was going to do next.

‘Where is lube, love?’ Louis asked gently smiling to Harry. Taller boy just turned his head to the right and Louis got the clue. He opened the drawer of a bedside table taking a condom and a lube from there. ‘Gonna make you feel so good, curly, yeah?’ He said and Harry just nodded eagerly.

Louis cock twitched at this view. Harry was so vulnerable relying himself on Louis hoping that he will show him mercy.

No such thing is going to happen. Louis was sure about that. He was going to wreck Harry. He removed his pants together with underwear and lubed his fingers.

‘Shh…should…d…I…t…t…turn..?’ Harry stammered and Louis shook his head.

‘I want to see it. I want to see your face when I put my fingers in you. I want to see how much you like it when I fuck you like this. You like it, Harry, don’t you? You like to be underneath me?’ Louis asked him slowly massaging Harry’s rim.

Harry just moaned and once more buckled his hips up showing that he needed something more.

‘Oh, Harry, Harry, Harry…’ Louis sang pushing in and out his finger watching how Harry took a hold on his blanket and bit his lip trying to muffle his moans. ‘No need to be so silent, no one is going to hear you here.’ He said inserting a second finger. ‘You can be as loud as you want.’ He added and Harry moaned loudly.

‘I need you, Lou, please.’ He pleaded Louis and smaller boy just smiled lowering himself so he
was looking straight into Harry’s hard cock. ‘It’s not leaking pre-come.’ - Louis thought to himself and smiled. ‘It’s not leaking yet.’ He thought again taking Harry in his mouth.

Loud cries filled the room as Louis sucked Harry’s cock still penetrating him in and out hitting his prostate from time to time.

‘Louis I will come!’ Harry warned him his voice in sounding like sexy type groan. And Louis smirked going harder. Few seconds later Harry’s seed filled his mouth and he swallowed backing off.

Harry looked at him straight in the eye, his pupils wide and lips red from kissing.

‘I know you can more than that, Harry.’ Louis smiled before continuing. ‘You will let me fuck you, no?’ He asked watching how Harry’s eyes widened.

‘But that means coming twice.’ He stated to Louis making him chuckle.

‘Of course it does, my love. That’s what it’s all about. It will be your best experience you will come so hard, harder than ever before, yeah?’ He asked looking straight into Harry’s eyes seeing no doubt in them. Harry was up to it.

‘Yeah.’ Harry mumbled putting his head down on a pillow.

Louis took off his remaining clothes and then came back to fingering Harry. It took a while for Harry’s cock to awake and become hard again but Louis was in no rush.

He made sure that Harry was completely prepared for it before rolling condom on his dick entering Harry.

Moan that escaped Harry’s mouth was almost unnatural. Like it was more of a scream than moan and Louis stopped for a second making sure Harry was alright.

And indeed he was. Harry was more than alright. He was in heaven. He was in torturing heaven and he didn’t want to escape it.

He felt himself being filled with Louis cock and he felt so good, so complete. He couldn’t ask any more at this moment because it was perfect.

Like, if someone let Harry choose to capture one moment he would choose this moment being so full and so complete with Louis cock in him.

It couldn’t be better. Or at least he though so before Louis started slamming into him hard and without any mercy. He was fucking hell out of Harry and making sure that his neighbors living few miles from here could hear it.

Before they both knew they were coming hard. Louis cried out in pleasure as Harry moaned his name over and over again.

Louis pulled out of Harry taking off his condom and throwing on the ground. Harry groaned trying to complain about it but he didn’t really care.

He was just happy that Louis lay next to him and cuddled him allowing him to be smaller spoon again. It was all Harry could ask for because it was the first time he felt so good and so happy. Like nothing else matters only he and Louis lying next to each.

‘I like it when you call me this.’ Whispered Harry interrupting the comfortable silence they were
in. Louis looked at him quizzically not sure what he meant. ‘Curly. You called me curly, I like it.’ He smiled and Louis smiled back kissing his forehead.

‘I could name you like this in my contacts.’ He said playfully and Harry grinned happily.

‘Please do.’ He answered snuggling into Louis again. ‘I could call name you Tommo.’ He added and felt how Louis chest vibrated probably from his giggle.

‘What’s my name now then? Tomlinson? Football god?’ He joked and Harry’s cheeks reddened from embarrassment.

‘No…’ He said looking up at Louis who was already staring at him with.

‘Then how? Somewhat offensive, I believe, no?’ He interrogated and Harry looked down too embarrassed about it. Louis noticed it and changed his position to something like half sitting. ‘Now I am curious, tell me.’ He ordered playfully.

‘If you promise you won’t laugh.’ Harry tried to bargain.

‘No such thing. C’mon, it can’t be that bad. Your name is Styleshole on mine so how bad can this get?’ He said and Harry rolled over taking a look at Louis.

‘You call me the same name you did when we were in kindergarten?!’ He gasped and Louis just shrugged.

‘You hated it then so it seemed okay.’ He explained and Harry felt weird.

Styleshole and Asslinson were their nicknames they used for one another in kindergarten. It was like the names they used to bully each other. They didn’t even know how it happened but one day they weren’t just Louis and Harry anymore they became Asslinson and Styleshole. And he reckons very well that at that time these names made them feel like the best bullies in the world.

Like the most original ones. And now… It seems that they are still using them.

‘I… Uh it’s the same on my phone.’ Harry said.

‘What? You called me Styleshole too?’ Louis mocked amused smile on his face. Harry just rolled his eyes.

‘You know what I mean. It’s Asslinson in my contacts.’ He said and Louis blinked few times before smiling brightly.

‘It’s weird but nice…’ He said and Harry nodded still not being to escape that weird feeling in his chest.

Harry didn’t reply. The sweet and calming silence was lingering between them. Harry came back to Louis arms lying there while Lou painted some kind of doodled with his finger on his back.

‘It’s late…’ Louis said looking at Harry’s bedside clock.

‘Stay, Lou.’ Harry said not moving.

‘It’s Monday, we have school tomorrow.’ Louis tried to complain but he knew there was no point. He probably wouldn’t have left anyways. He told his mother before leaving the house not to wait for him.

‘Fuck school.’ Harry mumbled and Louis giggled.
‘Yeah, fuck school.’ He said before lowering himself so he could kiss Harry.

They spent the rest of the evening watching old series of Friends on Netflix. Harry ordered pizza for their dinner too lazy to cook and they ate it in his bed laughing at some old stories they remembered from their kindergarten.

When it was too late to concentrate on the show they went to have a shower. They put shower gel on each other and Louis complained about Harry’s organic shampoo he had to use.

Harry just laughed saying he could bring his own for the next times.

Next times.

Harry’s heart skipped few beats after he said it and Louis blushed smiling and nodding to him agreeing to this idea.

They pretended they didn’t notice that weird feeling in their chests and that look on their faces. They dried each other with Harry’s fluffy towels and Louis borrowed Harry’s shirt to sleep. They fell asleep snuggled into each other not worrying about anything that happened today or what may happen tomorrow.

Both of them fell asleep with a smiles on their faces thinking that they could stay forever like this.
Chapter 6

‘Rise and Shine, Tomlinson!’

Louis groaned at unpleasant scream that startled him from his deep sleep.

He was too tired for any kind of loud noise and he didn’t want to wake up. So he just turned further from the noise hoping it would go away.

‘C’mon, you lazy piece of shit, it’s time to wake up!’ Someone again screamed at him and Louis did his best to ignore the noise.

It better goes down or God help him he will have to commit a murder.

Harry the one who knew very well that Louis was grumpy in the mornings laughed before getting on the bed starting pushing Louis back and forth so he couldn’t be able to fall asleep.

Louis opened his eyes angrily and threw his killer look at the cause of his already shitty morning. And of fucking course it was Harry. Realisation hit him as he remembered yesterday evening and how he decided to stay the night. ‘Very wise decision you’ve made, Tomlinson.’ He scolded himself trying to push Harry away.

‘What time is it?’ Louis asked with his gruff morning voice that believe him was not as sexy as someone would describe guys morning voice to be.

‘What a morning beauty you are, Tomlinson.’ Harry snorted taking a look at his watch before actually answering Louis question. ‘It’s almost seven.’ He said and Louis took few deep breaths to make sure he was calm enough not to kill the boy in front of him.

‘Why the hell would you wake me up at 7? We have school only at 9!’ Louis exclaimed angrily lying back on bed.

‘We are leaving few minutes after 8 because it’s long road to school.’ Louis sighed and started stretching hoping that this will help him to wake up. ‘Also, I’ve already been in gym and showered now it’s time for breakfasts and if you want to eat something and don’t be late then up, up, up!’ He said with too much enthusiasm.

Louis never understood how someone could be so chatty and chirpy in the early morning. As much as he reckons Harry always used to be like this. Even when they went to kindergarten Louis mother had to go on a full force to get him out of bed but there was Harry who would be probably one of the first kids to show up and Louis just didn’t understand how that is possible?

‘We took shower in the evening, why did you take one again?’ Louis asked and Harry just rolled his eyes.

‘I’ve just told you, I went to the gym, you are deaf or what?’ He mocked Louis going into his closet to search for something to give Louis to wear.

‘Stop being annoying, Styles. I don’t even understand how can you make my day shit within few minutes, has to be your secret talent, no?’ He mocked back following Harry, making sure that he was heard.

‘Shut up. Do you need to go home to take few things with ya?’ Harry questioned him but he just shook his head. Louis already brought all his books with him yesterday and his sport uniform was
left in school, so he was fine. 'Okay then, pick anything that fits, I will go start breakfasts, anything you prefer?'

‘Your dead body boiled in your own blood.’ Louis said sarcastically and Harry snorted rolling his eyes.

‘Get dressed.’ He ordered before leaving the wardrobe room.

*

Louis came down the stairs wearing his previous day jeans and Harry’s t-shirt that looked like they didn’t belong to Harry because it was just plain black shirt with no stupid floral pattern or some kind of group image. Not that Louis would have minded he just preferred if no one noticed that shirt wasn’t his.

He entered the kitchen where Harry was cooking something that smelled quite delicious.

‘I hope it’s nothing super organic and healthy? Because that shit is impossible to swallow.’ He said sitting on his usual bar stool.

‘I’m making banana oatmeal pancakes and if you don’t want to eat them you can starve for all I care.’ Harry eyed him and Louis just showed him his middle finger.

‘No, I’d rather eat it and then puke all over your glorious kitchen so you can clean it later.’ He smiled and Harry trembled at the terrible idea he just played in his head.

‘You are so disgusting.’ Was all he said before putting two plates with pancakes on the bar table. Louis took a fork and stabbed a pancake with it looking his food closely then he lifted and sniffled. It didn’t smell that bad as he thought it will.

‘Can’t you just eat it?’ Harry scolded him.

‘No I can’t. Here, take a bite so I will know that it’s not poisoned.’ He said giving a small bite of pancake to Harry.

‘Why would I poison your food?’ Harry asked chewing it. Louis just shrugged.

‘I would do that to you.’ He answered taking a bite too. And the taste took him by surprise. It tasted nice. It actually tasted very nice and even tastier then pancakes his mother sometimes made which he never thought was possible.

‘You like it?’ Harry smiled at him noticing the fond expression on Louis face.

‘It’s possible to swallow.’ Was all Louis said before taking a sip from Harry’s cup of coffee.

‘Hey!’ Harry reacted trying to get his cup back but there was no chance, Louis had already drunk the rest of it. ‘Why would you do that?’ He raged.

‘You didn’t make anything for me, that’s your own fault.’ He responded with a cheeky smile and Harry didn’t talk to him for the rest of the breakfast.

*

Louis was waiting for Harry to pack his lunch swearing at him in his mind.

He could’ve slept for about fifteen or twenty minutes more but no, stupid Harold decided that first he wants to have breakfast and only then he wants to prepare his lunch.
And when Louis complained all he said was that it’s his morning routine. Louis was fuming. His morning sleep and his sleep in general was a big thing. And the fact that he was forced to wake up too early against his own will made him grungy.

On the other hand Harry wasn’t even a bit concerned about Louis hating eyes that followed his every move. He was focused into making his mason jar salad and grilled burritos with chicken and broccoli. After he was finished putting his lunch in different containers he took the smaller one for the berries and the paper bag.

‘Are you quite finished?’ Louis finally snapped waking Harry up from his daydreaming. He just looked at Louis and nodded not very paying attention to him. After few minutes he was putting everything in his school bag and when he done that he turned around giving Louis a brown paper bag.

‘What’s this?’ Louis asked eyeing him suspiciously.

‘Lunch.’ Was all Harry said before going to the hall to get his coat and shoes.

‘Why would you give me this?’ Louis asked again and Harry just shrugged. He wasn’t even sure why he did that but also why would he need a reason? He was making one for himself so prepare a spare one to Louis was only normal, right?

Both boys took their seats in Harry’s Range rover before starting to drive.

‘Where do you want me to stop?’ Harry asked being completely sure that Louis wouldn’t like him to show up at school in a same car.

‘Near that small supermarket, you know it?’ Louis answered scrolling through his phone. Harry hummed a positive answer and they didn’t talk for the rest of the ride.

It was a peaceful ride though. Harry was listening to his music singing the words that he knew in the back of his mind while Louis was just checking his Messenger and Facebook looking if anyone had said something about the yesterday fiasco.

When Harry stopped his car he just looked around taking in the surroundings. They were in front of supermarket and it was Louis queue to leave.

‘See you, Styleshole.’ Louis said while getting out. He saw a glimpse of amuse in Harry’s eyes but closed the door before the boy in driver seat could answer.

Louis watched as Harry drove off and when his car disappeared he followed the same route to school.

He whistled the melody of the song that played in Harry’s car not thinking too much about it. He felt completely relaxed until he stopped in front of the building. That’s when his nerves kicked in.

Louis realised that he didn’t know what to expect. Yes, he may have checked his social media accounts for this but it was not the same. Someone could have let it slip and by now all school could already know what Louis did yesterday.

And they could judge him.

Or they could judge Harry.

And Louis didn’t know which thing scared him more.
Taking deep breaths he opened the door and walked in. His hands were sweating a little bit but it soon stopped because he noticed that no one was acting any different.

All girls were smiling at him because of who he was and people he knew personally waved at him with no difference expression on their face.

Just like every ordinary morning.

Everything seemed to be okay. Even when he went to his classes and met other boys from yesterday they didn’t mention anything. They greeted him and yeah, maybe Louis could feel some kind of tension between them but no one said a word.

So he was calm. Until the lunch period came.

That’s when Louis had the most difficult time to get over himself. He had almost gone to the empty classroom he had the key of but after spending five minutes in the boys bathroom having conversation with himself he convinced his own self to man up and go to cafeteria.

He entered the cafeteria taking turn to the table. When he approached it almost everyone was already here and he felt uncomfortable under the stares of everyone.

‘Tomlinson, were you staying at teacher after lesson? What are you failing now?’ He heard Harry’s mocking voice and just rolled his eyes partly thankful for what Harry was trying to do. Harry was making yesterday to be forgotten by bickering for something else.

‘Last time I checked you were failing math.’ He said to Harry but received only a smile.

‘Don’t worry I’ve got myself a tutor.’ Harry told him and Louis froze. He lifted his gaze and stared straight Harry in the eyes with a questioning look, feeling of betrayal already settling in his chest.

‘What? When teacher asked you today you said you haven’t found one yet.’ Matthew that was sitting next to Louis said and Louis looked at him before turning his glare back at Harry.

‘It’s just that we haven’t started our sessions yet.’ He shrugged smirking and then it hit Louis that Harry was talking about him because he did remember that Harry asked his help but they weren’t on good terms to start it. He turned his glare down trying to control his smile and while doing so he also took the bag with food out of his backpack.

‘Oh guys look, Louis got someone to prepare lunch for him.’ Jason, boy from his team said and he blushed a little bit as others screamed ‘Oh’s’.

‘Shut up, I could’ve made it myself.’ He said and they all laughed. Because yeah, Louis in the kitchen wasn’t the best combination someone could come up with.

‘Of course you couldn’t have, you probably bullied some kind of a kid to give it to you.’ Harry said probably trying to annoy Louis.

‘Oh, Harry, it’s probably some kind of lady trying to get Louis to herself.’ Stan laughed and received two harsh looks from both Louis and Harry. They turned away right after they noticed that reactions they had were the same. Luckily no one else noticed.

Everyone as always got carried away with their own conversations until suddenly Luke guy from Harry’s team interrupted.
‘Guys, what party are we planning for Halloween?’ He asked and everyone exchanged their looks. Every year this cafeteria table was having a party at one of the boy house.

‘Mine is out of order – too small and siblings are always home.’ Louis said and few others nodded because of the same reasons.

‘Yeah, well I can try to talk my parents into it but after last year…’ Luke trailed off and everyone giggled remembering last year party when they completely trashed Luke’s house and weren’t on time to clean it up. At the end they had scared Luke and his angry parents who even threatened to pull him out of basketball team.

‘Well there is no way my parents will leave the house, really. It could be spacious enough but they wouldn’t move their asses.’ Stan said once again getting few sighs of approval.

‘I mean… We could use my house.’ Harry offered capturing all attention. ‘It most probably will be empty and it is spacious enough.’ He finished his suggestion but no one agreed on it. Or more like no one said anything. ‘I think.’ Harry added.

‘Yeah, that could work.’ Louis shrugged. ‘You actually can come up with something useful, Styles, who could have thought.’

‘Eat your food, Tomlinson.’ Harry suggested and then smirked. ‘Who knows maybe your lovely lady spat in there.’ He added and Louis gulped looking at the wrap up Harry had prepared before. Now it didn’t look that delicious because he was hundred per cent sure Harry could spit in his food.

‘Jesus, Louis, I was joking, eat it.’ He ordered rolling his eyes but Louis just shook his head. ‘Fine, give it to me and take mine.’ Harry said taking it from Louis and giving him his own. Louis nodded this could be spit-free.

He saw Stan whispering ‘What the fuck’ to the others but he didn’t pay any attention. He was too hungry for that.

‘Anyways,’ Liam said ‘None of us have been at your place.’ He finished and Louis looked quizzically at him.

‘No?’ He asked for confirmation and when everyone shook his head he nodded. ‘Yeah, Styles, for all we know you could be living in some ugly cellar.’ He stated and Harry furrowed his eyebrows.

‘You know what, give me my food back, I changed my mind.’ He said reaching for the box in front of Louis but he was too slow. Louis grabbed it and placed it on his lap.

‘Bugger of, Styles and don’t touch my food or I will break your nose.’ He threatened.

‘So… Party at Harry’s place?’ Stan asked one again and when Harry nodded the topic was closed.

Louis could relax because now he was sure yesterday events were forgotten.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Louis and Harry finding out more things about one another families.

I hope you'll like it

So Louis did start to tutor Harry same as he was being tutored by Harry. And for their both surprise the results they have achieved were rather good.

Maybe in the beginning Harry got frustrated when not understanding Louis explanation or Louis decided that literature was not worth his time but somehow they both were one another anchors and as few weeks passed by they weren’t failing anymore.

Also, the scene Louis caused in yoga practice was long forgotten and now being replaced by plans and suggestions for the party because it was a big deal for both of the teams. All school got one week holidays at the end of October and when they came back The 2\textsuperscript{nd} of November the serious preparation started. Cause the middle of November marked the beginning of the matches with rival teams. It first kicked off in their city, then their region and lastly in whole UK.

And even Harry the one who never cared about parties felt excitement and need to relax and have a blast before getting into serious businesses. Or maybe it was just because party was going to take place in his house but anyways all of it together put him into the Halloween spirit same as it put him into the search of a costume.

At first Harry didn’t put a lot of mind on what he was going to wear until one day Louis cancelled their tutoring lessons so he could go out and find a costume for himself. After that day Harry was tossing and turning all night not being able to sleep. Because everyone was talking about the upcoming party and Harry was the host. So he wanted it to be perfect.

And even if he didn’t want to admit it he may have wanted it to be the best party someone has ever thrown. That’s why he may have ordered an event planner. Still he kept his mouth shut about it not wanting others – especially Louis – to find out.

So that’s how the days went for Harry and Louis. Both boys would meet up at Harry’s place to learn something about English literature or to solve difficult math problems.

The tradition of having a dinner at Harry’s were brought back just that now it would be almost every evening and Louis may or may not have stayed at Harry’s place a few times more than he wanted to admit.

But it didn’t change anything between them. They still hated each other with a huge passion. For example, now Louis would not only be sitting in Harry’s yoga classes but also commenting saying words like ‘Harry are you trying to seduce everyone in this room?’ or ‘Yeah, baby, stretch just like that’.

It annoyed the hell out of Harry so he made Louis paid for it. He would wake him up extra early in the mornings when he stayed at his place and as they were practising by the Louis orders he would do something completely different than asked which most of the time led to a fight.
Happily their teammates were always there to separate them but if they had a few more bruises on their bodies they knew who to blame.

‘Penny for your thoughts?’ Louis interrupted Harry’s day dreaming. They were currently having a break from all the studying they have just done.

‘I’m thinking about everything that happened in a few weeks, you know?’ Harry answered smiling softly at the smaller boy.

‘Hmm last time I checked I couldn’t read minds so no I probably don’t’ Harry grimaced at Louis stupid remark.

‘You are an awful person to have a nice talk with.’ Harry complained stretching his neck and yawning tiredness already kicking in.

‘Yeah, yeah, yeah, are we getting back to work? Because if not I should really get going.’ Louis said gathering few of the notes into his bag.

‘You are not staying?’ Harry was surprised because he kind of expected to spend the night with him. Not that he minded to be left alone. Of course not, Louis was annoying and noisy but still it was nice to be with someone by his side.

‘Sorry, curly, something happened at the hospital and mom was called for the night shift. They usually have this planned with Dan but it’s not on her timetable so his night shift is also today.’ Louis was explaining situation to Harry.

‘Okay, so why exactly do you have to go home? Empty house is such a big problem?’ He asked still not sure why Louis couldn’t stay.

‘No, my siblings are a big problem.’ Louis rolled his eyes standing up – it was clear that studying session has finished and even if he wanted to stay he couldn’t – he had promised to be home at 7.

‘Oh yeah, you have siblings. You mentioned that. I think I remember one of them no? Lottie?’ Harry asked and Louis hummed in approval. ‘So yeah, why can’t she look after your siblings?’ He asked again and okay… Maybe Harry was determined to get Louis stay at his.

‘Date night with her boyfriend and Fizzy is not that mature she’s only thirteen.’ Louis explained adding a ‘duh’ at the end of the sentence.

‘Okay… You have more than two siblings?’ Harry was lost. He himself had only one older sister Gemma and he remembers that even when she was thirteen he could take care of Harry who was four years younger.

‘What?’ Louis froze looking at Harry as if he was crazy. Harry immediately started questioning himself how his question may have sounded wrong but he really couldn’t reckon Louis mentioning something about the number of his siblings.

‘Uhm… You just never said how many you had?’ Harry explained.

‘Oh, yeah, you are probably right.’ Louis nodded without answering so Harry just kept looking at him. ‘Yeah six, I have six siblings.’ Louis added and he could swear if Harry’s eyes almost popped out of his skull.

‘Six siblings?!!’ Harry gasped surprised.
‘Yeah, Styles, and now it’s my responsibility to heat frozen food for them so get up and take me home.’ Louis ordered.

* 

‘How old are they?’ Harry questioned Louis eyes not leaving the road – it was dark and slippery so better be cautious.

‘Who?’ Louis looked at him not sure what Harry was talking about.

‘Your siblings, you idiot.’ Harry sighed shaking his head at how fast Louis forgot what they were talking about.

‘Oh, Lottie, the one you know, is sixteen but she goes to different school ‘cause of her boyfriend,’ Louis scoffed showing that he was not very fond of the boy. ‘Then there is Felicite – Fizzy so I’ve already said she’s thirteen and two sets of twins – Pho and Daisy are 9 years old, Doris and Ernest will be two on February 10th.’

‘Wow… That is a lot of frozen food.’ Was all Harry managed to say still not comprehending the amount of family members Louis had. But the boy next to him probably found his words funny because Louis laughter filled the car.

‘Yeah, that’s why I’m always at yours using you for food and roof above my head, Styles.’ Louis joked playfully.

‘I’m not sure if prostitution is legal in England, Tomlinson.’ Harry mocked him back earning a nudge from boy beside him.

‘And for one moment I actually thought you had a decent mind – hopeless.’ Sighed Louis and Harry just shook his head concentrating back on the road.

* 

‘Hypothetically talking I wouldn’t kick you out if you had decided to come in.’ that were the first words Louis said after the car stopped right in front of his house.

‘Hmm, sounds nice, maybe this way frozen dinner could be avoided?’ Harry said to Louis, who was looking at him with kind of hopeful eyes. It seemed that not only taller boy was having a hard time saying goodbye.

And Louis was already opening his mouth when suddenly he was interrupted by Harry’s phone. Harry furrowed his brows searching for the phone in his jeans pockets not sure what could be calling him – he wasn’t expecting a call from somebody. But then he checked the callers ID and smiled – it was his mother.

‘Give me a second, Lou.’ He asked before pressing the answer button. ‘Hi, mom.’ Harry greeted her pressing phone to his ear.

‘Harry, love, how good to hear your voice, you have no idea!’ His mother from the other side of the line beamed and Harry’s grin just grew bigger – it’s not that he didn’t talk with her very often but it was so nice to have her calling him.

‘Same for me mommy, how are you?’ Harry asked noticing Louis stare at him. He turned his head and arched his eyebrows but Lou just smiled innocently and leaned in trying to listen what his mother was saying.
‘Oh, I’m great, just that your father and I came home and you’re not here?’ She asked and Harry jumped on his seat. His parents were back!

‘You came back?! I didn’t expect you be home this week.’ Harry said thinking that only few weeks ago they were home – to be more exact during that period when Louis and Harry hadn’t been on good terms. It was the main reason his parents came back. Harry told them he was having a rough time so they took few days off and flew back to UK.

‘Yeah, only for a couple of days, should we expect you home today?’ She wondered and Harry heard his father yelling not to come home and have fun – he got that warm feeling in his chest knowing that he will see his so much missed family.

‘I will be home soon, yeah? Wait up for me and if you are ordering something please let’s have sushi or do you want me to go in the city and take something?’ Harry giggled to his phone.

‘Let’s order in, love. Please drive safe, love you.’

‘Love you, mommy, and byeee.’ Harry responded ending a call.

‘So frozen dinner it is after all?’ Louis mocked him hiding fondness that he felt – because Harry talked to his mother with so much love in his voice that it made him proud of the person taller lad is.

‘Sorry, I wasn’t expecting them.’ Harry looked at him with a small pout and nope – there was no way Louis could be angry– he would probably kick him out himself if he wouldn’t leave home now.

‘I understand they work from different city?’ Louis asked not able to tame his curiosity. The look on Harry’s face didn’t change but he was sure he saw a glimpse of sadness in his eyes.

‘Different country actually.’ Harry smiled and Louis was surprised – he knew that Harry spent majority of his time alone but he thought that maybe his parents were leaving to London or something like this.

‘Oh, okay…’ Louis trailed of not sure how to carry on with this topic that turned out to be awkward.

‘Yeah, I have to go now, you’ll be alright?’ He asked Louis pressing a button to unlock his car.

‘Of course, looking after five kids couldn’t be that difficult, right?’

And let Louis be damned but caring after five children was fucking impossible.

‘Doris, get back here!’ Louis screamed trying to chase the running toddler.

It was past their bedtime and Louis had made the dinner – or maybe heated few frozen pizzas but that still counts – played with Doris and Ernest, did the washing up, checked if Fizzy had done her homework, helped Pho and Daisy with their maths tasks.

He was exhausted and now one of them didn’t want to go to bed. The only thing on his side today was the fact that Lottie came back and bathed Ernest for his sleeping time. She was now upstairs reading a book to him but for some weird reason the other twin had decided to be the evil one.

Louis finally caught her while she was running around the kitchen table and carried upstairs. Sadly Doris decided to throw a tantrum startling Ernest from his calm state too. So now he had
two screaming kids and his head was starting to hurt.

‘I love them but I fucking hate them.’ Lottie mumbled nuzzling herself into Louis.

‘Yeah, do you thing it worked if I carried Doris to my room and you stayed with Ernest?’ He offered and Lottie nodded – although Louis was almost sure she would have agreed with anything to get the evil toddler away from her.

‘Okay, Doris, you are sleeping in my room tonight.’ Louis sighed grabbing her.

‘Hey, Lou?’ he heard Lottie’s voice and turned around. ‘You’ll be a good father someday.’ She smiled to him and Louis couldn’t stop himself from smiling back – already thinking that one day he will be holding his own child in his arms and will be dealing with his child tantrums in the late evenings. ‘The secret someone you are spending so much time with is lucky.’ She added and Louis felt himself blushing uncontrollably.

Feeling very embarrassed he returned to his room and only when both Doris and he were already in his bed did he check his mobile phone.

There was one message from Harry.

StyleShole: ‘Night, Tomlinson.’

He smiles at the screen and typed his answer to Harry.

Asslinson: ‘Sweet nightmares, Styles.’

After pressing send he turned on his alarm and yawned slowly drifting away.
Chapter Notes

Hey, thank's for so many hits and kudos it is so good to feel that someone is liking what I write.

Also, please leave few comments they are great push to go forward.

Thank you <3

Next morning Louis was walking down the hallways looking like a total peace of like shit. Apparently toddlers had to wear diapers during their nighttime or else they were peeing in the bed – after sharing his bed with Doris Louis knew that.

And seeing Harry looking like lit up Christmas tree didn’t help too. Basketball team captain was joking around offering everyone his lunches and singing some kind of stupid songs or whistling the melody of them.

‘Do me a favor and shut the fuck up?’ Louis finally snapped when Harry started to sing Twinkle Twinkle Little Star. The singing stopped immediately and now Harry looked at him with a small smile playing on his stupid face.

‘Tomlinson, take granola bar.’ Harry said offering him one of dozen bars he had brought with him today. ‘You are not yourself when you’re hungry.’ He added and his loud chortle filled the whole cafeteria and probably was heard from the other side of the school too.

‘Stick this shit bar where sun doesn’t shine.’ Louis scoffed being sure that some of the guys counted it as offensive thing to say because few of Harry’s and his teammates tensed.

‘Tomlinson, you can judge my liking for dick in my ass as much as you want but it won’t change the fact that you are just jealous.’ Harry wiggled his eyebrows small giggle escaping his lips and Louis groaned. Happy Harry and tired Louis was a bad combination because Louis wanted to be left alone while Harry talked and talked and talked without even stopping to take a breath. And the worst of it all was that he wanted to talk to Louis, who wished to be left the fuck alone – even when Louis said rather offensive shit to Harry’s face the taller boy just laughed shrugging it off.

‘You make me want to die.’ Was all Louis said understanding that Harry won’t argue back so it’s better to just finish this discussion and hope that he will leave him alone.

But no such luck.

‘Lou, do you think we could have practice together today?’ Harry chirped happily and how the fuck was that possible. Louis has just done everything that was in his power to tell Harry off but no – fucking asshole was acting like an overgrown child. ‘Please someone kill be’ Louis begged in his mind.

‘No.’

‘No as you don’t think or no as it’s not a good idea?’ Harry joked earning few laughs from others.
'No for doing something that involves you so please fuck off.’ Louis scoffed feeling his knuckles itching. It would be so good to have his fists banged into Harry’s jaw.

‘Oh, Lou, don’t be like this! Look, weather is so nice today! Everyone would love having time together! We can all go for a run and then do something for our muscles outside.’ He suggested and Louis saw others nodding – which was bad. They were training for fucking football not running matches.

‘Haven’t you heard that the first time? I said no.’

It was impossible to change Louis mind. He said something between ‘no’ and ‘get lost’ for the rest of the lunch and luckily by the end of it Harry actually buggered off.

*

‘You all running like little bitches with high heels! Tomlinson pass ball to Greg!’ His coach roars were heard in whole school territory. Apparently not only Louis was having a bad day.

His coach is killing them with extra hours practice and Louis lungs are burning, muscles sore and he is so tired.

‘If you want to win something you have to practice! All running like little pussies! Hilarious!’ Coach screamed and Louis swore under his breath. If only he could he would kick a ball into his face.

‘Lou, I’m begging you, tell him to stop,’ Stan panted next to him trying to catch up with this whole game. But the truth was – all boys were struggling to keep up.

For some mystical reason their coach had decided that they weren’t prepared good enough and if they wanted to beat up other teams they had to practice harder – which was shit because it was now dark and even basketball team left. Even though they tried to stay and cheer them up for about an hour.

‘I doubt that will work.’ Louis just mumbled motioning for a break. After coach whistled his blow, without more consideration he jogged to him. ‘Coach, don’t you think that today we are kind of done?’ Louis asked not intimidated by annoyed coach look.

‘Fine. But tomorrow be prepared. I can’t stand this comedy you call a game.’ He mumbled and threw his arms in the air showing that they were done.

All boys cheered throwing thankful looks Louis way. He smiled back to everyone – at last he will be able to have a warm shower and go home.

‘Tomlinson, you are not off yet, we need to talk.’ Coach turned around and Louis showed his middle finger to his back. For god’s sake it had to be around 8 p.m. and they were outside training for about 6 hours now. He had the right to be freed from this bullshit but no – go and talk with a fucking coach because they all see you are not in the mood, you feel shit so let’s all torture Louis more.

Against his own will Louis followed his coach and after they were in his cabinet he just sunk into uncomfortable chair thinking that he could fall asleep if no one interrupted. Actually he was already starting to doze off until his dizzy minds were interrupted.

‘Lou, we need to work on our strategy. It’s good what we have now but good is not enough.’
Louis stared at his coach feeling his blood boiling in his veins. The fuck does it mean good is not enough? He worked his whole summer trying to come up with best strategies, spent countless hours in front of his computer watching videos and last weeks of his holidays were wasted because he checked everything with his coach. Their strategies were perfect!

‘All summer we’ve worked on what we have now. We can’t come up with something even better in such a short notice.’ Louis answer may have come out harsher than he wanted to but never mind that. After all he was really too tired for this. Like don’t get him wrong Louis loved football. It was such a huge part of him he wouldn’t trade it for anything. But now, when he was sore, tired and hungry feeling very optimistic about it was not something he could be.

‘I guess you are right…’ Coach sighed putting his face on his hands. ‘It’s stressful. I need to find replacement for you at the end of this year but… No one we have is good enough.’ He sighed and Louis felt being proud of himself. Maybe he shouldn’t have taken it as a compliment but he couldn’t help it. It was so good to be appreciated.

‘There is no need to stress – it makes you smelly and sweaty.’ Louis smiled and both men chuckled. ‘After holidays we’re only playing with city’s teams. That will be as easy as drinking a glass of water. Plus after it we are off till the end of January.’ Louis said earning a nod from his coach.

‘Guess you are right. We have enough time to prepare’ Coach smiled at him. ‘You should go, sorry it takes so much time from you – I have to leave some time for literature.’ He teased Louis.

‘Yeah, you know Shakespeare and his sonnets are quite a nut to crack.’ They smiled at each other before saying their goodbyes and never before have Louis been so happy to take a shower.

‘Hey’ He heard a voice and screamed turning around.

‘Are you fucking mental!’ Lou shouted at Harry who stood in front of him with his underwear into their gym shower. His heart was beating fast and if he was ever to have heart attack at a young age this will be the reason of it.

‘Sorry, didn’t mean to scare you.’ Harry smiled at him and Louis questioned himself if it’s possible to be hallucinating from tiredness.

‘Am I sleeping?’ He asked and Harry just scrunched his eyebrows. ‘Don’t say anything. If it’s my dream you have to do what I want you to.’ He ordered while Harry watched him amusingly. Because here Louis was tired and naked in the showers saying he is dreaming his appearance.

‘Lou, you are mental.’ Harry chuckled taking few steps so he’d be standing in front of him. ‘I was driving from the shop when I met Greg and Stan they said they’ve only finished and you stayed here, so instead you take a bus I came here to give you a ride.’ Harry said while starting to kiss Louis neck gently.

Small moan escaped from Louis and it seemed that it was the only encouragement Harry needed. He pressed Louis to a wall his kiss becoming more rough and intensive.

‘Okay… Wait, you didn’t go home?’ Louis asked a bit disorientated – because why the hell would Harry come here if his family was waiting for him.

‘I did.’ Harry murmured trying not to break the kiss.

‘Don’t leave marks.’ Louis threatened gripping his bicep – dang it how muscly Harry’s arm was.
Interesting if he would be able to hold Louis? Maybe he could hold all Louis body pressed into a wall, he could be in the air and Harry could fuck him like this. Louis felt dizzy and his knees trembled – he almost fell.

Harry was quick to react and only then it hit him that Louis was already too tired for something like this.

‘Okay, no funny games for today, I see.’ He said taking a small step back. ‘Let’s wash you and I will take you home so you can sleep.’ Louis looked at him trying to comprehend what Harry just said. After few seconds he came to realization that he was not going to get any action so he pouted but didn’t mind it.

‘Why not with ur parents?’ Louis mumbled closing his eyes and leaning into Harry. The taller boy could take care of him now, Louis really didn’t care feeling way too tired to do everything on his own.

‘I was with them, drove them to the airport, stopped at the shop and was driving home when I met your teammates.’ Harry explained and Louis opened his eyes wide.

‘What do you mean your parents left? They came back yesterday!’ Louis said surprised and scared that something bad may have happened.

‘They have to work, Louis. Styles Corporation is a big deal.’ Harry smiled not showing any sadness in his eyes or voice and he really wasn’t feeling any. He’d spent remarkable evening and today morning with his parents, had so much fun so he didn’t care if they had to leave. ‘It’s not the amount of them but the quality of that time that matters, Lou.’ Harry said wisely and Lou was almost sure it was a quotation from some kind of novel.

‘But they were here so not long.’

‘I know. But its okay, I will see them next week, I am flying to spend a week with them.’ Harry smiled and Louis eyed him.

‘You can’t leave for a week. I’ve sexual needs.’ He pouted and Harry giggled placing a kiss on his forehead.

‘Maybe it will be only five days or so.’ Harry shrugged – he planned leaving on Friday evening and coming back next Friday before the party but he was sure he could change his ticket. Or buy a new one, his parents wouldn’t mind.

‘Where are you flying?’ Louis asked sighing as Harry massaged his scalp while putting shampoo on his hair.

‘New York.’ Harry answered and Louis opened his closed eyes hissing as some shampoo got into his eyes. ‘Hey, close your eyes!’ Harry told him and even if Louis hated it he had to listen to him.

‘That’s far.’ Louis mumbled and Harry snorted.

‘Yeah, just the other continent probably that’s why.’ He mocked Louis but looked at him fondly as the smaller boy nudged his ribs. ‘They work in USA for most of the time.’ Harry added and Louis just hummed not really feeling like saying much.

When Louis was not smelly anymore Harry dried him and helped him get dressed before packing his things. And Louis should feel thankful for that – he probably would if that were any other person. But it’s just Harry so he mumbled ‘slave’ and didn’t say thank you because that’s who Louis Tomlinson is.
When they were already sitting in Harry’s car Louis ordered to turn the heat on and took away Harry’s coat so he could use it as a blanket.

‘Do you want to go to my place or am I bringing you home?’ Harry asked but Louis was dead to the world and it really hurt Harry to wake him up but he had to. ‘Lou, wake up.’ Harry whispered brushing away Louis half wet hair from his face.

‘Mmm?’ Louis mumbled to Harry’s surprise not moving his face.

‘Do you want me to take you home or to my place?’ Harry repeated his question and Louis just sighed – he was too tired to think but he wanted to have a peaceful and good sleep which meant he had to sleep with Harry.

‘You.’ Was all he manages to say before putting Harry’s coat to cover his face.

When they reached Harry’s home taller boy didn’t even bother to wake Louis up. He carried him to the bedroom and took his shoes and jeans off before going to change himself.

Harry didn’t expect to do anything with Louis today. His sexual needs could wait till tomorrow morning. He took his usual spot near Louis and hugged the boy pulling him closer to himself. Sometimes Harry rather is smaller spoon but today seeing Louis so vulnerable and tired made him want to be the bigger one.

He glanced at the bed table seeing that he put Louis phone there. Sighing he reached for it and smiled seeing it didn’t require any code. He opened Louis chat box and texted to his mother.

Mom: Not coming home tonight, staying at friends. Love you, night.’ Harry wrote pressing send button. Before locking his phone he could see Styleshole in Louis contacts and it made him smile. He looked at boy lying on top of him and warm feeling filled his chest again – it’s because he isn’t alone – Harry thought locking the phone and putting on a small table.

Just like that cuddling each other both boys fell asleep into a deep and peaceful sleep. And even neither of them would admit but it really was easier to sleep when they were together in one bed. That’s probably because they’ve got used to it.

Probably so.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Larry spend part of their holidays together, prepare for a party and during the party Harry gets jealous.

Chapter Notes

Oh My God!! I've got more than 2000 hits and I am so thankful!

Really, thank you so so much for it. Also, for Kudos, Bookmarks and Comments. I've never felt so close to this fandom before.

You guys are amazing. I hope you'll like this chapter this is the longest one I've written so far.

Harry was whipped. Maybe Louis was too.

But there was no doubt that Harry was utterly, totally, absolutely whipped and twisted around Louis little finger.

Because he had to leave England on Friday and be back from NYC next Friday but instead he left on Monday and came home Thursday evening.

Why? No reason, just Louis whined how lonely and sad he was having to spent time with his teammates and Harry just couldn’t resist. Party was being held on Saturday and when Louis mentioned something like ‘Laying in sheets till the late am’ and then preparing for a party together Harry just had to change his ticket.

After all his parents had work to do so he just decided that the time he spent with them was enough so now he was watching Louis who slept right next to him looking much more peaceful than he actually is.

The same evening when Harry came back he picked Louis up from his house on his way from airport and ever since they hadn’t actually left his bedroom –unless it was for food or shower. They had sex, watched TV, discussed their upcoming matches and talked about their university applications.

University applications were quite a headache for both boys.

Originally Harry’s parents have been planning for him to study in USA and never before had Harry minded that – until he had the conversation with Lou.

* 

‘Due is December 15th, I think.’ Louis mumbled stretching his neck.
‘You need essay and teacher recommendation?’ Harry asked.

‘Two teachers actually. I am thinking to get one from Math teacher and the other one from coach.’ Louis explained and Harry nodded approvingly.

‘This way you’ll get the best recommendations. Where are you applying to?’ Harry asked interested if Louis was in the same blind spot as he was.

‘I’ve no idea.’ Shorter boy mumbled grabbing his tea cup from the breakfast tray Harry had brought before. Louis took a sip and sighed. ‘I know the universities I want to apply but not the subject.’

‘Oh?’ Harry looked up wondering did any of their choices were similar. ‘What universities?’ He asked.

‘Manchester, Uni of London, perhaps King’s college too. I’d really want to go to London.’ Louis smiled to Harry.

‘Nothing from other countries?’ Harry wondered with some hope in his voice.

‘God no. Australia or USA is too expensive for my family.’ Louis said with a shrug – because he never wondered about going somewhere else. England was always it for him. ‘How ‘bout you, Harold?’ Louis mocked him playfully.

‘I’ve never considered England before but staying in London sounds like something I would like to do too.’ Harry said his thoughts out loud.

‘Hmm maybe we could go to the same city and even university, huh?’ Louis joked and both boys giggled. However, their eyes locked as they were looking at each other seriously. ‘Could this fooling around go that far?’ Harry wondered to himself.

Question was answered few hours later when after their sexual intercourse Harry opened his laptop checking what kind of programs was being offered by few London universities.

* 

‘Louis?’ Harry whispered trying to wake sleeping boy. It was late Saturday morning and Harry had already been awake for probably more than 5 hours. He let people with decorations in, went to the gym, showered, had breakfasts, paid for decorators and admired his house looking perfect for the party.

The only thing left was getting food. And he really needed for Louis to wake up so he wouldn’t have to go alone.

‘What?’ Louis rough morning voice made him smile. Usually Louis voice was normal, not too deep or extremely manly but for some reason the first words he mumbled in the morning were in a completely different tone.

‘We have to go shopping for the party, wake up.’ Harry said watching Louis who didn’t even bother to open his eyes. ‘Please?’ He added in a sweet voice. Louis turned around and stretched – a sign that he was going to wake up in next ten minutes.

‘Tired.’ Louis mumbled turning back to look at Harry. Sleepy blue eyes were gazing at Harry letting him admire how lovely the boy tucked in his bed looked like.

‘You’re lazy, not tired.’ Harry giggled kissing his forehead. ‘I’m going to prepare you something
to eat, make yourself presentable so we can go.’

‘Mmm.’ Louis let out a noise showing that he did hear what Harry told him but was not too happy to listen.

*

‘What’s for breakfast?’ Louis questioned entering Harry’s kitchen. He was wearing his jeans and Harry’s jumper and hair still wet from the shower he has just taken.

‘Toasts with nutella?’ Harry looked at him asking if that was okay, Louis just nodded taking a seat and grabbing one of the toasts before taking a huge bite.

‘Hmmm, ’s good.’ Louis moaned and Harry shook his head.

‘Close your mouth, Jesus, where’s your manners.’

‘A what?’ Louis scrunched his nose. ‘Never heard about it, what is it?’ he joked earning a smile from Harry.

‘You are pathetic.’

‘Pathetic are you, what have you done to your house?’ Louis mocked him but as Harry’s eyes went wide he realised it might not be the right topic to joke about.

‘You don’t like it?’ Harry’s concern was so noticeable Louis felt a bit guilty for what he’s said. So he took Harry’s hand and pulled it to himself so Harry would have to walk and stand in front of him. As he did so Louis smiled and brought him to a hug, kissing his neck.

‘It looks really good, you did a good job.’ Shorter boy praised and received a dimpled smile for it.

‘Thanks!’ Harry cheered. ‘Now eat, eat, eat! We have to go!’ He screamed excited and Louis sighed taking toast with him hoping he could finish it on their way.

*

‘Remind me again, why do I have to be here with you instead of sleeping in our comfortable bed?’ Louis whined as they were entering Tesco. Why Louis told him to drive him here was beyond Harry’s knowledge. Because taller lad thought they’ll go to some restaurant and order bunch of sushi and Chinese food.

‘Because I don’t know how to do this.’ Harry mumbled not perfectly comfortable to admit it but perfectly comfortable that Louis called his bed their bed.

‘Do what? Shopping for a party?’ Louis laughed but when Harry didn’t say anything he looked at him with his eyes wide.

‘You are serious? You don’t know how to prepare for a party?’ Louis didn’t believe until Harry nodded.

‘Yeah… I’ve never thrown a party before so…” Harry trailed off feeling himself blushing. Louis giggled making Harry lower his face and getting on his tip toes so he could kiss his forehead.

‘Just buy a bunch of chips, chocolates, something from the party section where they have prepared some fancy ass shit and that’s all.’ Louis explained picking a trolley from a row.

‘It’s called crisps not chips…” Taller boy said getting an eye roll from Louis. ‘Anyways, I was
thinking about take-away?’ Harry offered thinking that this way they really could avoid going through endless Tesco’s shelves which Harry was not fan of.

‘For 200 people?’ Louis laughed shaking his head while walking to crisps and snacks section.

‘Well I don’t know how many people will come but yeah, why not?’ Harry questioned removing tomato flavour crisps from their trolley and replacing it with onion ones.

‘Because it would coast loads of money.’ Louis glared at him putting back tomato crisps.

‘That’s not a problem.’ Harry shrugged picking the tomato crisps from the trolley again.

‘Harry,’ Louis smiled in a best fake smile he had. ‘Shut the fuck up and take what I want.’ He added; smile no longer on his face. Harry just sighed and put the tomato crisps he was holding back in the trolley.

That’s how the whole shopping thing had been like – Louis picking up bunch of crisps, chocolate, already made pies or muffins for the evening while was Harry sighing and complaining how he could never eat this not-organic fat food.

And when Louis picked a tray of Tesco sushi and was asked why don’t they go and buy some from a nice restaurant he heard – ‘Because it is cheaper you stupid moron and most probably we won’t be the ones eating it so why don’t you just follow me and stop complaining on each step.’ – After smaller lad’s outburst Harry simply stopped questioning everything he did and concentrated on making some puns about the groceries Louis seems to love.

They were at the cashier when Harry noticed that Louis hadn’t picked any of the drinks.

‘Lou?’ He whispered to his ear making him jump in fright.

‘You are doing this on purpose?’ Louis eyed him but Harry just shrugged smiling happily.

‘Just curious, why haven’t you picked any of the drinks?’

‘We are going somewhere else.’ Louis explained and Harry was about to ask where but was interrupted by cashier asking to pay. Harry did so without any complains and even glared at Louis when the boy asked if Harry didn’t want to share the cheque.

‘Just trying to be nice you fucker, but alright, be my sugar daddy, I don’t mind.’ Louis mocked him and Harry literally grabbed him by his waist and spun around while they were walking to his car.

When boys finally took all their bags into Harry’s car – which is not exactly true because Louis just stood there unpacking his box of ice cream while Harry did all the work – Harry started driving to Louis given directions and only when they were driving for about ten minutes Harry asked where exactly they were heading to.

‘To magic place where they sell alcohol for underage kids.’ Louis explained surprising Harry because he didn’t think they needed to get some.

‘I have enough of alcohol at home, no?’ Harry wondered but Louis just shook his head.

‘Your wine cellar is not the exact alcohol we need. Bear, vodka and Tequila is what we are ‘bout to get.’ He wiggled his eyebrows and Harry sighed knowing that it was not worth to fight.
They came back home after few hours and Harry didn’t actually feel very tired as he usually did after shopping.

Maybe it was because doing this with Louis was kind of fun?

Because yes they fought about what should they take or not but it still was kind of fun doing something like this together. Driving from destination A to B while Louis ate ice cream and told him where to turn and when.

‘Shouldn’t we unpack?’ Harry shouted to him as Louis started heading to the 2nd floor where Harry’s bedroom was.

‘We have enough time! C’mon get your little ass here and we can have some fun.’ Louis sang the last word causing Harry to actually leave plastic bags on the floor as he followed him.

‘My ass is not small.’ Harry whined watching Louis who was already starting to undress himself.

‘Well…’ Louis trailed off giving him one of his cheeky smiles that made his eyes wrinkle.

‘You are impossible.’ Harry rolled his eyes feeling quite fond of the boy. He watched as Louis took off his pants and socks and stopped him when he started to go on Harry’s jumper.

‘Leave it.’ He ordered ‘Please’ He quickly added after seeing Louis challenging look. For some reason Louis didn’t like to listen his orders until he was very sexually frustrated. It was rather amusing to Harry because once Louis was underneath his body smaller boy became very submissive and vulnerable.

‘Why would I do that?’ Louis asked crossing his arms on his chest but not removing the jumper.

‘Because I want to fuck you while you are wearing my piece of clothing.’ Harry said looking straight into Louis eyes. Smaller boy gulped and nodded.

‘Yeah. Yeah, okay.’ Louis stuttered removing his arms from his chest. Harry could see his arms trembling and his prick being semi hard.

He unbuttoned his shirt and took them off before getting to Louis. When they both were standing in front of each other Harry gripped Louis hips and pulled them to himself closing the space between them.

Small moan escaped Louis lips as he could feel both of their dicks touching. He started to move his hips searching for better friction until he was roughly stopped by Harry who put his arms on his hips to prevent him from moving.

‘How do you want me to fuck you, baby?’ Harry’s sweet voice tingled his neck and Louis shuddered leaning into the taller boy.

‘I want you to ride me.’ Louis mumbled and Harry took a step back looking surprised.

‘You don’t want to be underneath?’ Harry questioned feeling deceived because just seconds ago Louis was acting the way he always did when he wanted to be roughed up and rely himself only on Harry.
‘I want you to handcuff me and then I want you to ride me.’ Louis looked up his piercing blue eyes. His pupils were dilated, lust visible in his eyes.

‘You want me to go easy on you?’ Harry asked lifting Louis chin so he could kiss him.

‘No. Just want you to ride me.’ Louis repeated getting on his tiptoes so he could kiss Harry. They were kissing each other passionately while still standing until Harry broke off the kiss and pushed Louis back so he would fall on his bed.

Surprised squeak came from Louis mouth as he landed on the bed. Harry felt concerned for about a second until he heard a giggle.

‘Y’alright?’ Harry questioned taking handcuffs from his bedside table drawer. Louis just hummed and lifted his arms so Harry could handcuff them. ‘Are you sure it’s what you want? I’ve never done something like this.’ Harry mentioned really concerned because riding Louis while the smaller boy couldn’t use his hands didn’t seem an easy task.

‘I just really want you to ride me.’ Louis mumbled and Harry put the handcuffs aside getting a whine from Louis.

‘I will ride you.’ He said in a demanding tone making Louis stop whining and look at him attentively. ‘Then I will handcuff you and fuck you so good you’ll be screaming my name.’ He finished and Louis nodded eagerly.

*

Both boys were slightly snoring lying in each other arms. Louis was looking flushed and satisfied being cuddled by Harry.

Harry was the first one to open his eyes and look at the time noting that they still had more than enough to get ready, however he was not sure what Louis was planning to do because he couldn’t reckon him bringing his costume to his place.

‘Louis?’ Harry mumbled kissing the forehead of a boy laying on him. Louis blinked a few times before actually opening them to stare at Harry.

‘Hi…’ He trailed off smiling softly.

‘Hey, sleep well?’ Harry asked and Louis nodded. ‘Good. Drooled all over me.’ He complained and giggled when Louis poked his side angrily.

‘You should feel honoured.’ Louis said and Harry snorted.

‘Anyways, do you need to come home for your costume?’ He questioned and Louis sat up.

‘Shit, I knew I forgot something.’ He sighed. ‘You want to drive me home? Be my chauffeur?’ Louis questioned already searching for Harry’s jumper he threw away at some time when they had sex and he got extremely warm – because Harry didn’t let him to take it off till the last second and Louis wondered maybe the taller boy had some kind of kink.

‘I would be honoured to drive you anywhere you want, my princess.’ Harry gave him dimpled smile and Louis threw small pillow to his face.

‘I am your king, you peace of shit.’ Louis stated and screamed when Harry’s long arms grabbed his waist and pulled back to bed. ‘You need to stop taking advantage of my unpreparedness.’ Louis mumbled and Harry laughed.
‘Babe, I doubt it’s even a word.’ Harry was still smiling bright taking in the view he was offered. Naked Louis lying next to him and not being a brat was quite a view.

‘Of course it’s a word. I’ve invented it so now I’m inventor.’

‘Yeah, yeah, yeah you can put it in your application essay, they’ll be impressed.’ Harry snorted pulling underwear he grabbed from the floor.

‘These are mine.’ Louis declared lifting one eyebrow which Harry didn’t knew he could do.

‘Well do you mind?’ Harry inquired smiling innocently not even planning to take them off.

‘No of course not, you can have my dirty underwear any time you like. What else do you prefer? Maybe dirty socks?’ Louis offered and Harry just rolled his eyes.

‘There are not dirty, you put them on in the morning.’ Harry shrugged and stood up going into his closet to find some pants.

‘Maybe I peed in them?!’ He heard Louis shout back from the bedroom and chuckled thinking how spending part of his holidays with Louis had been the best part so far.

* 

Driving to Louis place was nice thing to do. Both of them managed to have decent conversation without threatening to kill each other. Or maybe just a few times like when Louis changed Harry’s favourite radio station and was threatened to be thrown out of the car.

But nothing like this happened and both boys came back to Harry’s alive and unharmed.

No funny businesses when they came back though because bunch of things were waiting to be done. Like Harry was unloading the bags with groceries while Louis put everything into bowls. After that both of them went to get into their costumes. Louis was surprised when he saw Harry wearing kangaroo onesie laughing for a straight ten minutes not being able to stop.

‘It’s even worse than the Scooby doo you’ve worn few years back.’ He laughed and Harry just rolled his eyes not complimenting Louis Jack from Nightmare Before Christmas costume – even though Louis did look quite nice and into character.

* 

First time Harry’s doorbell rang when it was about 7 o’clock. Perfectly on time just like they were asked to show up.

Opening the door Harry revealed around ten boys waiting by his doorstep. They were the first ones to come and they were from both football and basketball teams.

‘Jesus Christ, is this your house?!’ Greg gaped looking around with wide eyes and Harry shrugged. He kind of expected for people to be a little bit surprised. Generally they did know that Harry’s parents were business people and that they were quite rich but the exact ‘how rich’ topic never reached his school friends.

‘Dude, this is sick.’ Stan nodded taking steps in. ‘Here we brought some shit, where should we place it?’ He asked handling few bottles of alcohol and packs of crisps to Harry.

‘Actually it doesn’t matter place it wherever you want.’ He said and chuckled when he heard ‘Guys get over here it’s fucking awesome!’ being screamed by Greg. He didn’t have time to get to
them and talk about all the decorations because more and more people just started coming in with no stop.

Harry really didn’t expect so much people to show up but here he was after twenty minutes still standing in the same place by the doorstep having a small talk with everyone who showed up until he decided it was enough and excused himself to the living room – after all people could come in without his help.

On his way to the living room Harry examined his surroundings – everything seemed to be okay. No decorations were out of their places and people really looked like they were enjoying themselves. Few of them maybe too much knowing that they were here for less than twenty minutes but already not completely sober. But whatever, who was Harry to judge anyways?

So yeah everything was okay and Harry was happy about his already successful party until saw something that made him stop right in his tracks.

On his way to the living room there were Louis and some kind of bitch who was talking with him and laughing about something.

But that was not the biggest problem. This fucking bitch was touching Louis arm, smiling flirtatiously and only over Harry’s dead ass will he let this shit happen in front of his eyes. He felt his blood boil and in a matter of seconds he decided to interrupt Louis conversation so this slutty bitch could get lost.

‘Tomlinson! You came, who could have guessed that my dearest enemy wouldn’t be scared to step his foot in my territory.’ Harry said loudly smirking happily when girl took small step back. He noticed that the whole room was now looking eagerly at the scene Harry had just caused. Not that Harry minded. He was sure that everyone by experience knew how the next words coming from Louis mouth will show the further turn of events.

‘Oh, don’t flatter yourself, Styles. It’s just a party, place doesn’t matter.’ Louis laughed clearly annoyed although some confusion was seen in his eyes – because he didn’t expect Harry to cause a scene. He didn’t even expect Harry talk to him or acknowledge him.

‘Whatever floats your boat, Tomlinson.’ Harry let out a sarcastic laugh and Louis tensed. Because even though he was a very patient man (which he wasn’t but let him believe that) he had his boundaries and what the fuck did Harry wanted from him causing a scene like this.

Louis excused himself from the girl he was talking to and walked to Harry who was eyeing him closely.

‘What the fuck are you doing?’ He whispered not sure what was happening.

‘Stop being a slut.’ Harry whispered him back angrily and Louis was taken back. And not only taken back but he was offended too.

‘You should watch your mouth before we actually start a fight here in front of this entire room.’ Louis threatened and Harry grabbed his wrist pulling Louis closer to him. Smaller boy noticed how dark Harry’s eyes were and it made him wonder was Harry horny at the moment? Or what the hell was he feeling that it made his eyes turn so dark?

‘You should watch what you are doing. You belong to me and if you let her touch your arm like that again I will kick her bitchy ass out of my house and believe me I will cause such kind of scene that everyone will be having it in their minds for forever thinking that rough gay porn they can find on the internet is just a basket of daisies. Are we clear?’ Harry whispered shouted to him.
making Louis heart beat much faster from the tone he was using but also small smile spread on his face. Harry was jealous – that’s what the look in his eyes meant.

Harry was so fucking jealous just because some kind of girl, Louis didn’t even know her name, touched him and joked about how this house looks like from a real horror film. And what was more ridiculous is that Louis didn’t even like girls. Maybe he could sleep and fool around with them but it was nothing compared to what Harry or some other men but mostly Harry had to offer.

From the other side of the room Liam and Stan were watching them carefully the conversation they just had simply forgotten.

‘Do you think they will start a fight?’ Stan questioned not sure how to interpret what he was seeing – because both captains really did look like they were having an angry and intense conversation about something which could lead to a huge fight between both boys. And question whether or not should day interfere before the fight broke off lingered in his mind.

‘I really have no idea. I thought they’ll be decent at least for one evening but it seems that they just can’t hold their temper.’ Liam mumbled downing the bottle of beer he was holding.

So that’s how they looked for the others. Like a real enemies, while in reality Harry was just throwing a tantrum because of his jealousy.

Louis finally nodded to answer Harry’s question and was left alone.

They didn’t interact for the rest of the evening though Harry was always in the same room watching carefully what Louis was doing never turning his back to the smaller boy. And Louis really made sure he wasn’t touching anyone or letting someone to flirt with him.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Hungover Larry spending their day together.

Chapter Notes

Okay, so I'm updating much sooner than I thought I will but my day was unexpectedly an easy one.

I hope you'll like it.

Thank you so much for your support it put me in a very good and creative mood today.

Thank's to my best friend too, she helped me to figure out some sentences - she's amazing.

Okay, so maybe the whole party could be divided into two parts – before alcohol intake and after alcohol intake.

Because before they were drunk Harry and Louis were eyeing each other from different parts of the rooms they were in. Harry making sure Louis was not interacting with someone in inappropriate way and Louis did that just because it was nice to catch Harry staring.

Until alcohol.

After it – everything Louis did was actually quite a blur to him. He remembered drinking beers and different cocktails that didn’t affect him much. But at some point he exchanged it into tequila shots and that’s probably when it started.

Louis reckons hugging every member of his team talking how nice and perfectly fit they were saying that still they didn’t were as fit as Harry was – then he remembers taking off his shirt and dancing in the middle of Harry’s enormously big lounge room who was supposed to be a dance floor in his twisted mind.

He knows that after that he drank even more and… And then it’s all blank. Well, if he is not mistaken he did some embarrassing shit which consisted of talking some weird things with Harry but Louis really cannot remember what kind of.

Harry was no better. Although he did know what he did and the amount of alcohol he drank was no way near Louis – he still made a fool of himself.

How did he know?

Well, the video where he was trying to twerk was being put on Facebook by some stupid girl from
their school. And Harry couldn’t figure out which was worse – him twerking in a very ugly way or Louis standing right beside him cheering him up with words ‘Go babe’ and ‘You are so hot!’.

And it was not only them. Everyone who stayed over the midnight – which was about 50 people, had a really good time – dancing, drinking, eating and doing some weird ass shit that of course had to be recorded and put on their Instagram or Snapchat stories (which Harry was proud of because it meant that his party was really good if people enjoyed it so much).

But the real problem occurred in the morning, when everyone woke up looking and feeling like shit. Harry’s house was no exception because it really looked like shit too. Remaining bits of food scattered all around the 1st floor, bottles of alcohol littering in every corner of his house and of course his favorite white rug in his living room was no longer white. Harry didn’t even want to know if any of his furniture was in their right shape or not.

Same as he didn’t want to know why the hell was he sleeping on a sofa in his lounge room and who had taken his bed. Almost all those fifty people who had stayed in his house after the midnight slept over and if some kind of couple decided to have some funny businesses in his bedroom he really could live without this information.

Someone from the next sofa groaned and Harry looked over seeing Greg cuddled with the girl from Harry’s literature class. If he was not mistaken her name was Jenny or Jenifer – something with J for sure.

Seeing Greg lying in his living room caused Harry to look around. He noticed that at least five more bodies were fast asleep in his living room. And it didn’t look comfortable because they had coats or pillows for their support and that’s all so maybe Harry sleeping on a couch wasn’t the worst scenario.

He heard voices coming from the kitchen and sat down taking deep breaths while his head was spinning around. After it stopped he stood up and made his way following the source of voices.

And Harry has to admit he was quite surprised to see Louis sitting on one of the bar stools sipping something from a cup. He was not alone too. Liam, Stan, Luke Matthew and few girls Harry didn’t know were there too.

‘Morning.’ He greeted, his own voice making him wince. It sounded like he had drank boiling lava straight from a volcano and now had a dead, sore and groggy throat. But he could reckon the reason. And the reason was sitting right in front of him. Louis with his pale face stared at him corners of his lips going up as he heard Harry’s voice. It was ‘Louis fucked my throat with his dick last night’ voice. And dang it how good did it sound.

‘Hey.’ Liam smiled at him looking best of them all. Because of fucking course Liam wasn’t drinking last night – lucky bastard always sober and innocent.

‘Where did you sleep?’ Harry eyed Louis. Other boys looked at each other mouthing ‘what the fuck’. And there was a reason behind it. At night both boys looked rather close to each other. Especially if you count the moments where they danced together or when Louis grabbed Harry by his wrist leading them both from living room to somewhere else.

‘None of your business.’ Louis mumbled placing his head on the cool table surface groaning at the intense pain that wasn’t disappearing even after two pills of aspirin. Harry let out a chortle – sarcastic and aggressive one filling room with an awkward tension ‘cause no one in the room was quite sure about what was happening.

Two sweared enemies were having a weird kind of bicker not about their principles or something
like that but about where one of them was spending the night.

‘You really don’t want me to repeat that.’ Harry threatened making Louis tense after understanding that they weren’t by themselves in the kitchen.

‘In bedroom.’ Louis said lifting his head just to see that Harry was still looking at him attentively. Jesus Christ, jealous much? ‘Alone, I’ve even locked the door so your drunken gay ass wouldn’t get in and rape me.’ Louis rolled his eyes and Harry just snorted starting to remember how Louis really did lock the door claiming he was going to spend the night alone because Harry was getting too touchy and all he wanted was to cuddle.

‘Like I would like to get my precious dick somewhere near your ugly body.’ Harry replied opening a cupboard so he could get some medicines too. Everyone else in the room seemed to be even more confused than they were before.

‘Are they always like this?’ One of the girl asked Matthew and Louis glared at them. They could have had the sweetest one night stand for all he cared but if Matthew’s girlfriend was that nosy he should really ask Harry to throw her out.

‘You do understand we are in the same room?’ Harry stated Louis minds out loud and girl just blushed not daring to say anything back.

* 

Everyone started leaving in about an hour when all edible leftovers were eaten. A lot of them asked whether or not Harry wanted them to help cleaning the house but Harry just shook his head saying it was fine.

‘If you think that saying no to everyone about cleaning is going to make me help you – you are even stupider than I thought.’ Louis mumbled when the last people – Liam and Luke had left exchanging curious looks why the hell Louis didn’t even move from his place.

‘More stupid.’ Harry fixed him.

‘No way it’s two-syllable word.’ Louis argued and Harry sighed.

‘I know it is, just that stupider sounds lame.’ He shrugged and Louis threw him an angry look before focusing on a view through his window. ‘And no, I am not going to ask for your help – that would be waste of my time. Matilda is going to do it.’ Harry explained.

‘Who the hell is Matilda?’ Louis eyes were back on Harry in a matter of seconds making his head throb in complain, view through the window long forgotten.

‘Matilda is my house keeper.’

‘I’ve never seen her.’ Louis complained and Harry shrugged.

‘She doesn’t live here and she come here to clean when I’m at school. I’ve informed her about the party and that I’ll need her to do the cleaning up next day.’

‘So you expect one woman to clean all these pigs mess?’ Louis questioned angrily surprising Harry who hadn’t seen such a rightful part of his personality before.

‘No, I expect her to bring a brigade. She found a firm that will help her, no big deal.’

‘Mhm.’ Louis hummed before small smile spread on his face. And Harry was almost completely
sure it meant that Louis wanted something from him. ‘What’s for breakfast?’ Louis blinked a few times playing a sweet person, which Harry knew by his heart he wasn’t.

‘You’ve just had leftover pizza.’ Harry looked at him in disbelief – Louis had just eaten at least seven slices of pizza how could he be hungry again?

‘So what? I have bad hangovers and I always eat like a horse in this state.’

‘Then go home and eat there?’ Harry offered already opening fridge to see what he could make.

‘Can you drive?’ Louis questioned his eyes following Harry’s moving body.

‘No.’ Harry admitted. He was not fit enough to take a driver seat till the evening. Or maybe even for a whole day.

‘Then I want some scrambled eggs and pancakes.’ Louis stated. Harry turned around to show him his middle finger. ‘And one more cup of coffee.’ Lou added not even a bit affected by Harry’s annoyed face.

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‘You know I should make this sex thing between us long term. It’s worth keeping you if every morning I can get breakfasts like that…’ Louis trailed off and laughed when he saw that Harry clearly wasn’t pleased with his statement.

‘You know you should enjoy this moment – after tomorrow our holidays will be over and you won’t be staying at mine’s so often.’ He threatened to Louis even though he knew that wasn’t true. Louis quite often stayed at his place no matter if they had school in the morning.

‘That’s actually true.’ Louis sighed stealing a bite from Harry’s plate. ‘My mother is digging around trying to find out where I’m for most of the time so this sleepover thing will have to stop or she’ll seriously follow me to your place.’ Louis complained and Harry frowned.

‘You didn’t tell her where you are staying?’ Never before had it crossed Harry’s mind that Louis mother let him go out so irresponsibly.

‘Uhm, because I hate you and she knows it?’

‘Yeah, so you couldn’t tell her you were spending time at some boy’s house?’

‘She doesn’t know I’m gay.’ Louis blurted out looking down suddenly finding his lap to be quite interesting. But Harry knew better – Louis was upset.

‘Why?’ Harry questioned but before Louis got a chance to answer someone knocked at the door.

‘You go answer it, I… I’ll clean the table.’ Louis mumbled and Harry moved to the door hardly accepting the fact that Lou was not going to talk about it.

It was Matilda by his doorstep ready to clean the house so Harry just let her in and shushed
himself and Louis to the 2nd floor.

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Louis and Harry spent the rest of the day together. However, both boys weren’t too fond of each other – feeling too tired to have a decent conversation nor did they try either.

Although it’s fair to say that Harry was quite surprised to develop really tired side of Louis – the part which he didn’t think Louis had – because shorter boy didn’t mock or laugh at Harry at all. He just spent his day preparing his homework and checking his strategies while Harry did almost the same – he read the book and did some adjustments for his team strategy too.

‘Do you want me to take you home today?’ Harry asked wondering if he was actually fit enough to drive.

‘Maybe tomorrow? I’m not sure you can drive.’ Louis answered, his blue eyes gazing into Harry’s green ones. And can someone explain to Harry how the hell this boy could look so good when he was having hangovers and puked at least two times today.

‘Yeah, okay.’ Harry nodded. Louis turned his attention back to the strategies but Harry still wanted something more. Like, he wanted Louis to give him attention, to acknowledge him. Because what’s the point of not being alone if you’re bored. ‘So, are you ready to start your season?’ He questioned standing up from the ground where he was seated and placing himself on a sofa where Louis laid. Shorter boy put his legs into Harry’s lap wiggling his toes into Harry’s thigh.

‘It’s not exactly a season opening – just playing with our city schools for November and then we’ll be back in the middle of February.’ Louis shrugged – footballers had a bit different timetables than basketball teams – because while for football they had to play outside it was never an issue for basketball teams.

‘I know but still, some of the teams can be a hard nut to crack.’

‘You doubt my abilities, Styles?’ Louis gasped as his toes poked Harry’s very personal place.

‘Louis!’ Harry jumped giggle escaping his lips. ‘That’s not what I meant and don’t do this.’ He threatened playfully.

‘No? And what could stop me?’ Louis asked poking his crotch again and before he could react Harry grabbed him by his ankles and pulled his whole body closer to his. Louis screamed and laughed uncontrollably filling the room with his joy.

Harry smiled brightly at that. Seeing Louis looking so relaxed, happy and even innocent hit his soft spot.

‘Can I kiss you?’ Harry blurted out.

‘No, you smell gross.’ Louis snickered pursing his lips. Not that Harry minded that. He lowered himself and licked corners of Louis mouth. ‘Stop!’ Louis wiggled trying to escape but there was no chance. Harry was holding him tight.

‘Give me a kiss!’ He demanded but Louis just shook his head trying to contain his laughter. ‘Do
it!’ Harry ordered again but Louis just nuzzled himself into Harry hiding his face completely.

Harry found a way soon – Louis neck stayed available spot so he started to kiss it.

‘It tingles!’ Louis screamed giggling like a little girl.

‘You are impossible.’ Harry rolled his eyes backing off almost dropping Louis. ‘Oops!’ He shouted grabbing Louis and placing him firmly in his lap.

‘Hi.’ Louis smiled piercing blue eyes almost shining in bright happy blue shades. ‘We’ve never done it on this sofa though…’ Louis trailed off and Harry took the hint immediately starting to kiss Louis.

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‘I could stay like this forever…’ Harry trailed off smiling as Louis fingers were painting ornaments on his chest.

‘Yeah… Will you come to my matches?’ He questioned smiling softly ignoring small sting in his bum.

‘I always do.’ Harry answered kissing Louis finger that was painting weird moustaches on his face.

‘I know you do.’ Louis blinked taking a moment for himself. ‘I will come to yours too. It’s almost every Saturday.’ He added and Harry nodded already knowing when his matches were on.

‘It’s good thing that yours is always on Friday.’

‘Yeah, yeah it is.’ Louis answered giving an eskimo kiss to Harry.

Later on they changed their location going from Harry’s office room to his bedroom still having weirdly cute conversations about upcoming games and how they were assured one another that they were going to smash all opponent teams.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Louis game night

Chapter Notes

So here is a new chapter!

I hope you'll like it. Let me know what you think.

And I must notice that there is a tiny bit of BDSM kind of talk and Harry acts quite rough. So please be cautious.

The first week after holidays was hectic.

Between endless hours of practicing and trying to convince his mother he was not in relationship with someone Louis completely lost his mind – such things as spending nights at Harry’s or fooling around after practicing wasn’t on his ‘to do’ list.

Needless to say Harry wasn’t happy about it. He didn’t understand why Louis was so stubborn about this whole thing with his mother. He did understand that practising took a lot of energy from Louis – it did the same to him. Both teams crossed out practising together out of their schedules and replaced it by extra hours to prepare for the upcoming games.

But if Harry still had a whole evening for himself it meant that Louis did too. It wasn’t like his coach holds them longer than Harry’s coach did because most of the time they left school together – Harry even drove Louis home for most of the evenings.

Last straw was on Thursday evening. Everyone had already left leaving them alone in their locker room. Both of them were getting dressed after shower when Harry softly reminded that they hadn’t had dinner together at his place not once.

‘Lou, do you want to come for dinner tonight?’ He questioned almost completely sure that Louis will say no. And he did.

‘I can’t.’ Louis mumbled putting his shirt on not paying a spare glance to Harry.

‘You can’t or you don’t want to?’ Harry asked crossing his arms ready to start a fight.

Louis turned around and stared at Harry hoping that he would look down letting Louis leave his question unanswered. But no such luck. Harry was having a quite demanding posture showing him that there was no chance he would let it slip.

‘I have to get enough sleep for tomorrow.’ Louis stated.
Harry snorted looking at him with a questioning expression if asking whether Louis was serious or just kidding. It seemed that indeed shorter boy was completely serious about what he has just said.

‘You never suffered from deprivation when staying at mine.’ Harry told Louis knowing his statement was more than right.

Never before had Louis looked as tired as he did now and that must be the same reason as it was for Harry – it was too hard to sleep alone when they were used to spending nights together.

‘Bugger off.’ Louis whined angrily putting on last piece of clothing so he was good to go.

‘No, Louis, I’m right. We always have dinner at least once a week it’s our tradition!’ Harry stated angrily not letting Louis leave by blocking the door with his body.

‘I don’t have time for that!’ Louis screamed back trying to push Harry to move him.

‘It was never a problem before!’ Harry said grabbing Louis hands so he wouldn’t lose balance.

‘Harry, I don’t have time for that. Please let me go.’ Louis pleaded suddenly calm – the argument they’ve had long forgotten. And he even sounded more tired and vulnerable than before. It worried Harry.

‘Are you alright?’ He asked looking Louis into eyes.

Sky blue eyes looked back and he could see them tearing up. Something was clearly not okay and Harry was angry at himself for not being able to help him whatever it was.

Louis shook his head getting closer to Harry and taller boy was more than happy to spread his arms and offer a hug. They stood like this for a few minutes, Louis silently tearing up, few drops landing on Harry’s shirt making them wet. Not that it mattered.

Louis was looking so tiny in his arms – even though Louis himself would never admit it he really did need someone to hold him. And that someone was no other but Harry.

‘Mum is making me to watch my siblings again.’ Louis mumbled not lifting his face from Harry’s chest. ‘Her hospital is having hard time so she’s working two shifts and now I’m forced to deal with them by myself. It’s too stressful.’ Louis whined.

Harry cursed himself. Of course he had to be a dick while Louis was having a hard time.

‘Do you want me to help?’ Harry offered not knowing what else he could say.

‘No, I don’t want anyone to know I’m spending time with you.’

‘Why not?’

‘I…’ Louis tried to find a proper explanation but he didn’t have one. All he knew was that it was not something he wanted to happen. ‘I just don’t.’ He finished lifting his eyes to look at Harry.

‘Okay.’ Harry agreed not being able to argue with Louis blue eyes staring into him so sadly. ‘Let me take you home?’ He offered and Louis nodded.

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‘So… Are you ready for tomorrow?’ Harry asked after starting his car’s engine. Louis was sitting next to him, his sports bag placed on his lap.
‘I guess so.’ Louis shrugged his walls back on with no sadness in his voice. ‘You still come, right?’ He inquired.

‘Of course I will. Wouldn’t miss it.’ Harry smiled taking Louis hand with his right one.

‘Keep your both hands on the wheel. Your life may not be so important but mine is.’ Louis complained and Harry chuckled shaking his head but doing what he was asked.

It went like this for the whole ride. Louis making fun of almost everything Harry said. Not that Harry minded – it seemed to put Louis in a better mood.

However, it was hard to say goodbye. He saw in Louis eyes that he really wanted to invite him over and of course he himself wanted him to do so. But Louis knew better. Or at least he thought so.

‘See you tomorrow?’ He smiled opening the door.

‘Yeah, sleep tight, beauty queen.’ Harry giggled flirtatiously but Louis just rolled his eyes.

‘Don’t tell me what to do, Styles.’

‘If I tell you not to kiss me will you do it?’ Harry questioned still not quitting his flirt.

‘Out of principle.’ Louis nodded smiling playfully.

‘Then don’t kiss me, Tomlinson.’ Harry said in his most demanding tone and it made Louis react immediately – he jumped on Harry giving him the most passionate and deep kiss he had given this week. Though it was the first time they kissed since school began so seeing it as the first kiss this week it was not completely logical statement but whatever.

‘Get lost, Styles.’ Louis smiled after he pulled back.

‘Gladly, get your fat ass out of my car.’ Harry smiled back.

And Louis did listen to Harry this time. He opened the door and waved as he closed them then turned around and went home.

And if Harry have stayed until Louis was completely inside home eyeing his ass moving thinking how good he looked no one had to know about it.

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Cold wind was making Harry shiver in his too thin jacket but it was not important enough to make him care – because now in the middle of the pitch Louis was running having a ball under his control.

Harry was holding his fingers crossed for football captain to succeed and get a goal in.

‘H, you’re way too tense today.’ Liam commented offering him one of many cheap snacks he had bought from the kiosk that worked on a game nights.

Harry shook his head declining greasy food that could upset his stomach making the situation even worse. He already was nauseous from the nerves he was feeling during the game.

‘I just want them to win.’ Harry mumbled to Liam.

Liam just eyed him not saying a word though he wanted to. Harry never was the kind of person
who loved football too much. Well yes he did watch games and went to all their teams matches to cheer them up but biting his nails, cursing at opposition team when they had taken a ball from their team? That was not Harry.

And not only Liam had noticed it. All basketball team’s members were confounded by their captain behaviour, which was always calm and collected.

‘What son of a bitch!’ Harry suddenly screamed standing up from his seat.

Because an asshole from the opposite team had taken the ball before Louis could have goaled. And that was not the worst part. Louis almost fell - which was actually not such a big deal to Louis. Who gained his posture back in a matter of seconds and started to run trying to get the ball taken away.

Louis was on top of the mountain for this game. He managed to have a decent sleep last night and had great lunch – thanks to Harry who brought enough for them both.

Also, his team was holding so good today. Everyone playing just like they had practiced giving no doubt that they were ready for this season.

Opposite team was being crushed. Already losing 1-0 and they didn’t have much time left, only about 10 minutes before the game was over.

Louis was breathing heavily trying not to relax and not give other team chance to attack. He could do very well without any added time today.

He looked over to the tribunes and smiled after seeing Harry who followed every movement of his body with his green eyes. It made Louis feel proud and motivational. He started heading to the ball hoping that Jason who was trying to win it over will succeed and pass it to him.

And Louis sixth sense worked because it did happen. He got the ball and started to run. He felt adrenaline in his veins making him run even faster than he ever did during the time of his practice.

He couldn’t see it from the side but Harry could. And he was amazed how Louis managed to get a ball and take off running like a bolt getting a free kick. Keeper who was supposed to stop him didn’t even know which way to turn.

And they were done.

Just like that.

Louis screamed and everyone around him screamed getting in a one huge hug.

‘Tommo, I love you so much.’ Stan shouted laughing uncontrollably.

Whole team was like on a ninth cloud.

They had to go through some of the formalities like shaking one another hands with opposite team and all but it didn’t matter to Louis. He was way too happy about it.

Even though it was just the beginning and the match was an easy nut to crack not requiring too much energy or nerves it still felt so good to be the ones that won.

Louis had missed this feeling so much. And he looked up to find Harry already staring at him smiling proudly. He smiled widely thinking his cheekbones could break and destructor his whole face – but he just couldn’t stop.
‘You did good kid.’ His coach said proudly.

‘Nothing like this had happened without you.’ He thanked his coach hugging him – it was a good man after all. Sometimes he may stress too much but it was reasonable.

Coach just smiled giving a small positivity talk to the whole team praising them for the job they did but also reminding how much was left to do.

‘Okay, get your smelly asses into the shower!’ Louis ordered after their coach was done with his small talk.

‘Are you joining us today?’ Greg asked while entering the showers. His questioned caused others to pay attention - because Louis as a captain of a team was kind of forced to be with them after games.

‘You’re stupid if you think I won’t.’ Louis laughed feeling uncomfortable in showers with so many other guys. Like, could he stare at them? Or would that be like cheating? How does Harry do that every time? Does he stare at others asses? – Last question made Louis skin crawl. So instead of putting himself in a sour mood he showered as fast as he could and got changed to his fresh clothes taking off to the party.

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Party was overcrowded. Louis noticed that not even five minutes after he step his foot inside the building it was being held at.

People were already drunk and getting more drunk when the team entered screaming that it was their beginning of the successful season, singing victorious songs and dancing to them. But it was not what Louis tired body wanted.

Well yeah, it was kind of necessity to be with his teammates and Louis didn’t mind it – he loved it, actually. Lads were nice and surprisingly they even stick together none of them thinking that it would be nice to disappear with some girl (or boy).

The problem was that Louis really did know the better alternative of what he could be doing now, for example, hearing Harry praising him. And speaking of him, where the hell he was?

‘Where are others?’ Louis questioned Jason.

Asked boy looked up not even asking what Louis was talking about. ‘Others’ already were understandable addressing to basketball team – because while they weren’t in the same team they still celebrated together almost with no exceptions.

‘They’re on their way.’ Jason smiled throwing his arm over Louis shoulder. ‘To the best captain of ours Louis Tomlinson!’ He shouted lifting his arm in the air. Everyone cheered and huge grin creped on Louis face most probably to stay there for whole evening.

Basketball team came not very long after. All ten guys entered the house with loud applauses and shouts screaming how much they loved their football team.

Louis laughed and scanned the newcomers searching for one with long curly hair. And he spotted him. Harry was smiling already looking at Louis noticing him before.

He mouthed ‘congratulations’ to Louis and winked cheekily. Louis tried not to blush but no such
luck. His face coloured in crimson red probably affected by the beer Louis was drinking – because no other way Louis could react to Harry this way.

Thirty minutes later Louis was starting to feel like a fool. He had drunk only one beer BUT he was blushing furiously any time he caught Harry looking at him. And Harry, that angled faced devil, could probably see that because he made sure not to look away and always keep his gaze on Louis.

‘I’m going to refill my cup.’ Louis mumbled feeling that he had enough.

He turned around trying to exit the room he was in now hoping to find calmer place in this house. Also, he noticed that in his hand he was holding a bottle of beer not a cup. So great! He made a fool of himself with that ‘refill cup’ thing. Louis scowled himself in his mind not giving a care to a world until a very sweet voice brought him back.

‘You did very well.’ Harry’s raspy voice praised him and Louis smiled turning around with already red face.

‘I knew I will.’ Louis sassed.

Harry giggled from the doorstep of the room. Louis only now noticed that he was in abandoned room – probably library or office room that wasn’t being used for the party.

It was a very interesting room. With a desk. Louis thought to himself that it would be very nice to try this desk for… God damn it! This fucking blushing thing was the worst!

‘I knew you’ll too.’ Harry entered the room closing door behind him.

‘Yeah…’ Louis trailed off hoping for the boy in front of him to do something.

And his wishes were heard. Harry came to stand in front of him. Not saying a word he put his arm on Louis waist and pulled him closer.

Louis felt like some fireworks were exploding in his stomach. He melted into Harry’s embrace only now noticing how tense he was.

‘You did so good, baby, I am so freaking proud of you.’ Harry kept praising him and Louis hummed trying to get closer to Harry – though there was no space left between them. ‘I’m so lucky, Louis.’ Harry continued. ‘I am so lucky to call you mine, aren’t I?’ He questioned and Louis knees felt like jelly. ‘You are, Lou, yeah? You’re mine?’ He encouraged Louis to answer.

‘Yea… Yes, yes you… and yours. Me… Am yours.’ Louis stammered the exhaustion hitting him.

‘Let’s go to mine, baby.’ Harry offered and Louis just nodded eagerly hoping that Harry would carry him. At the moment he really wasn’t sure that he’ll be able to walk if Harry stepped away. Luckily, Harry didn’t do it. He kept Louis close to him offering to leave through back door.

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‘Harry!’ Louis’ scream was loud and almost could be mistaken for a painful one.
But Harry knew better. He was hundred per cent sure it was just Louis reaction for his fingers brushing his prostate while fingerling him.

‘You want me to stop?’ Harry asked for clarification.

‘Don’t you dare to stop.’ Louis growled suddenly annoyed by the thought Harry wanted to stop it all.

‘Got it. Calm down now, baby, and let me take care of you.’ Harry smiled hitting Louis bum with his other hand that wasn’t buried into Louis warm hole.

Boy under him moaned loudly squirming a bit. Harry’s pride was having a time of her life. He swore to himself that he will make Louis a moaning mess tonight and as the mentioned boy was now handcuffed and being finger fucked by Harry – he was just proud.

Louis didn’t mind it too. He liked how he could just lay down completely giving himself to Harry. He was feeling so good right now. Owned and protected being sure Harry will do anything he can to make him feel like on a ninth cloud.

‘I think you’re ready for my dick now? Aren’t you, love?’ Harry teased pressing a kiss on Louis legs.

‘Please.’ It was all Louis managed to mumble his body moving unwillingly to follow every Harry’s brush against his skin.

Harry was searching for some extra lube and condom in his drawer as he watched Louis rocking against his mattress seeking for a friction.

‘I should get you a cock ring.’ Harry wondered loudly and was suddenly surprised by how it had affected Louis. Boy stopped his rocking and froze, only seconds later to be coming hard.

Harry gaped at him his eyes wide in shock not knowing what to do. Like just moments ago Louis seemed perfectly fine but managed to come untouched the minute Harry mentioned a cock ring.

‘Shit.’ Louis cursed lifting his eyes.

Harry was debating should he be concerned that Louis already came and won’t be able to do it again or should he really get into role that seemed to affect Louis that much?

Few moments ago he slapped Louis but hard.

‘The fuck you think you’re doing coming like that?!’ He growled eyeing Louis prick being semi-hard again. It seemed to work. This whole rough thing that Harry decided to pick on. After all Louis had come more than once at a time before so if he decided he didn’t like it he could just tell.

‘Sorry, please, I’m sorry.’ Louis whimpered his hips rocking to Harry’s hips.

‘I think I should stop. You already came once, so how ‘bout I stop and we go to sleep?’ Harry partly demanded partly teased Louis in reality just worried whether or not Lou was actually okay.

‘No! Please no! I’ll be good!’ Louis shouted almost begging. ‘I’ll be good, please, I swear, I’m yours.’ He was babbling pathetically pressing himself to Harry.

‘Shhhhh…’ Harry calmed him. ‘It’s okay, I’ll give you everything you want, baby.’ He smiled caressing Louis back. ‘Just get on your hands and knees, love, let me make you scream?’ He added and watched as Louis jumped to follow his request.
Harry watched Louis trying to stay still but not succeeding his eyes always on Harry to see if he’s really going to do something.

It rushed Harry to take action. Be placed himself behind Louis and felt his dick tingle as he touched Louis entrance.

He made sure Louis was completely okay before slamming himself deep into Louis. Both boys moaned together at how good it felt. It took Harry few moments to get himself back together and then he started fucking Louis like there is no tomorrow.

Boys came almost at the same time, Louis cried out in pleasure mixed with pain as he was doing this 2nd time and Harry just thought how he was so lucky to have Louis with him tonight.

They cuddled each other not paying any attention to how sweaty and dirty with cum they were.

‘I’m so proud of you, Lou.’ Harry told for a hundredth time this evening.

‘Yeah…’ Louis hummed kissing Harry’s chest he was laying on. ‘It’s yours tomorrow.’ He added lifting his eyes to see Harry’s. His green eyes were almost few shades darker, his pupils dilated.

‘You’ll come?’

‘I just did.’ Louis noticed.

Harry’s laughter filled the room as he hugged boy closer to himself.

‘Stay tonight?’ Harry asked ready to beg if Louis said no. But smaller boy just nodded as he yawned and nuzzled himself into Harry.

That’s how they fell asleep. Cuddling each other and trying to get as close to each other as possible. Louis ended up lying on top of Harry and for the first time that week both of them had a proper and decent sleep.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Harry's game night and quality time for Louis and his mother.

Chapter Notes

So... I was updating yesterday when the page crashed but happily I was having everything in word.

Thank you for Comments you've left- it really made me feel more motivated and try to write good chapter so you won't disappoint.

Also, huge THANK YOU for my best friend - she's really the best. I give her to read the first version always asking for opinion and she's too kind not to brush me off. <3

I hope you'll like this chapter and if you do let my know by leaving Kudos or Comments ♥

The thing that startled Louis from his sleep was heat. He couldn’t tell where he was being at but perhaps it was some kind of sauna? ‘Cause it was really too hot for him.

He tried to roll away hoping he will be able to escape from the heat source but he winced when he felt he was glued to something. And not metaphorically glued but it felt like his skin was pressed to some kind of a leather for so long it was a bit painful to get away from it.

Annoyed he opened his eyes and oh… Oh… It was not the source of leather it was just Harry’s body that he was laying on top at.

Boy underneath him was snoring dead to the world not even a little bothered by the inconvenience Louis was facing now – which was strange because Harry is always the first one to wake up and Louis is always the one to feel cold.

Despite his annoyance for early awaking Louis took his time to admire sleeping Harry. Though he was not sure that his long messy curls, snoring sounds and drools falling from his mouth could be something to admire Louis still liked to look at it. Somehow it represented Harry so well.

For everybody Harry was just a captain of a basketball team that owns extremely expensive car and that’s why it would be so cool to date him or to be friends with him. But there was much more.

Like now, those messy curls showed the cuteness of Harry, which not a lot of people noticed, because they preferred to observe his height and physical appearance labeling him as ‘hot’. And same with those snoring sounds and drools. It just showed how simple and natural Harry was.

It changed something in Louis – this staring thing. It was actually the first time he wondered how
difficult Harry’s life was. Like, he loved his family and his family loved him back but they were always away trying to pay it off with money. People at school were no better. No one except their teams knew Harry’s sexuality so bunch of girls were throwing themselves at him.

Who could blame them? He was really good looking, tall, with long curly hair, muscly, more than few tattoos and rich. But the price of this was huge. Harry was always referred as ‘nice to have’ or ‘the best piece of cake’ since he was like 12. And how can you call someone bet piece of cake? It’s like calling that person some kind of furniture or thing without seeing his personality.

And that’s how Harry had it. No one else were looked upon like this, nobody else from the teams not even Louis. He lacked few qualities – he wasn’t that much tall or rich. He was always acting sassy and himself while Harry just managed to become friends with everyone. He was very popular before he became the captain of always winning basketball team.

Louis wondered how many people really tried to get to know Harry? How many people tried to understand him?

Louis remembers first time Harry started to date. His first date was a blonde girl Taylor. They dated for like two weeks and Harry was being so nice, he was still in fourth form of secondary school and she was one year older. She started dragging him to parties wanting to show off with the sexy guy she caught denying all the cute dates Harry offered.

How Louis remembers that? He demanded Harry to leave her after he found him crying in school’s toilets. They were still enemies who hated each other with passion but Louis was raging when Harry sobbed right in front of him revealing his feelings. That time Louis helped him, found that Taylor bitch and stood right next to Harry as he dumped her.

It was probably the first time they were being decently nice to each other without offensive words and all. After that time they stopped being one another bullies that tried to make each other life miserable and just became enemies. Shared friends became a possibility and even though they were insulting each other they didn’t mind to share a table in cafeteria.

‘Staring much?’ Louis thoughts were interrupted by Harry’s voice making him flinch at unexpected sound.

Harry chuckled and stretched himself at the same time noticing how they were glued to each other.

‘Yeah…’ Louis nodded trying to retreat from him very slowly.

‘We should’ve worn some t-shirts.’ Harry said.

‘On of us should’ve. And it would be me, because you always sleep with all your glory to the world.’ Louis scoffed making Harry laugh.

‘That’s true… But it’s alright, I don’t mind, quite comfortable, actually.’ He shrugged and Louis stared at him as if he was crazy.

They finally get drawn back from each other and that’s when Louis realizes that it was really comfortable to be lying on top of Harry. But he didn’t mind much because few seconds later he was already in Harry’s spacious shower happily putting his brought shower gel to wash his body. Best of it all was that Harry was in the same shower too.

‘Are you nervous?’ Louis asked curiously. He knew that taller boy was never as much stressed
before games as he was but still.

‘Well… Not really.’ Harry shrugged smiling widely and answering just the way Louis knew he will.

Louis was not sure how the hell someone from such an early morning could be so beautiful. Like all it took for Harry was smile and his dimples made his knees tremble. It was not fair.

‘You know you’re staring?’ Harry smiled brushing his hand against Louis cheek.

Louis just hummed instead of actually answering and started to touch Harry’s tattoos. He began with butterfly on his stomach then went up to the birds but was stopped by Harry’s hand gripping his wrist.

‘What?’ Louis looked up to find Harry already staring at him.

‘You never touched me like this before.’ Harry whispered clearly lost.

Louis blinked few times trying to think of a sassy remark but he couldn’t. What Harry said was actually truth. Never before did he touch Harry like this in a shower or somewhere else for that matter. Maybe if it happened once or twice it’s only after their sex session. In showers it was only drawn by lust and need of physical things or when Louis decided to wash Harry’s hair.

Harry on the other hand was feeling very weird. Louis was practically staring and caressing him with no logical explanation. Not that Harry minded of course but it was just so strange… He wondered whether he should say something else to bring Louis back from his thoughts but finally he decided to let him be.

He ignored weird Louis behavior taking more shampoo for his head.

‘Here, let me.’ Louis suddenly said starting to massage Harry’s head. Harry moaned at a feeling – it was relaxing. His all body felt weightless but not in a bad way. He was so happy that Louis was touching him even thought his touch wasn’t something sexual.

And was that even possible? They were together only for their sexual needs so it’s not how Harry should feel?

Because it’s like when after long day you go to your mother for comfort and love when she hugs you and all. And now it’s kind of same with Louis. He just wants to be with him, have his attention but not fuck him in the showers – and what the hell?

Both boys didn’t talk at all during their shower. They were lost in their thoughts both wondering why they are feeling different kind of attraction and what should it mean.

Only when they were in the kitchen and Harry started to search food for breakfasts did they came back to reality and started to talk in their usual manner.

~

‘Make me some pancakes.’ Louis demanded sitting on a bar stool.

Harry glared at him and crossed his arms. He was not Louis servant and that little asshole could at least get his ass up and do something himself.

‘Do it yourself.’ He said drily.
Louis sighed. He really wanted pancakes and he was too lazy and too ungifted with cooking abilities to do it himself.

‘But, Harry…’ He pouted hoping this would work.

‘No! I don’t want pancakes for breakfasts. I won’t something that’s not sweet like egg salad with a toast.’

Louis stood up and came up to taller boy to hug him. Harry shook his head trying to push Louis away so he wouldn’t give in.

‘But please? You can make both. After yesterday no one fed me properly at that party and now I’m starving.’ Louis whined and it worked.

Harry grabbed his shoulders and observed him looking a bit intimidating.

‘You need to eat, Louis. You must have healthy and nutritious diet.’ Harry said and for god’s sake he sounded like Louis mother.

‘I know I do. It’s your duty to feed me.’ Louis blinked hoping his puppy eyes were having at least half of the affect that actual puppy eyes had.

And it probably didn’t or wouldn’t have had for a normal person, who didn’t have a soft spot for Louis. Harry tried to be one of those but he was simply lying to himself. So he just sighed and nodded.

‘Right. Pancakes it is then.’ He smiled as Louis cheered and turned around to prepare the meal he didn’t want to eat. But it’s alright because Louis was happily humming to the songs playing through speakers in his kitchen.

*

So Louis didn’t come back home after breakfasts. And when their ‘after breakfast’ sex session ended he didn’t go home either. When lunch time came around Harry didn’t even question it. He just prepared meal for both of them and when he had to go to the place where the game’s was at he dropped Louis in front of his house.

‘See you there?’ Harry asked and Louis nodded eagerly before giving him passionate good luck kiss and turned around to go home.

*

‘Mind to tell me where you’ve been?’ Louis stopped dead in his tracks. His mother was standing right in front of him, arms crossed and he couldn’t tell if the expression she was having was angry or amused – maybe something in between.

‘Uhm…’ Louis trailed off completely sure he won’t have an answer figured out anytime soon.

‘Yeah?’ She lifted her eyebrows.

‘At Stan’s?’ Louis mumbled first thing that came to his mind already scoffing at himself.

‘Oh? So he called me half an hour ago because your phone was off while you were at his place? And then he bought a brand new car and took you home?’ His mother was clearly annoyed.

‘I had a game last night then went to a party.’ He shrugged off walking passed her to the kitchen.
'Where did you stay?' Of course, she followed him.

'At my friend’s house.' Louis opened the fridge trying to act like he is actually doing something.

'What friend’s?' She immediately questioned.

'You don’t know him.' Louis stated angrily.

'Him?' His mother sounded surprised. 'Not her?' Louis froze.

He was facing fridge and he had to turn around to face his mother but he wasn’t sure he could do it. How will his mom react if he told her he was gay? He didn’t want to know.

'Okay, got me there.' Louis smiled the best fake smile he could and looked his mother in the eyes feeling like he was ‘bout to cry.

'Really?' His mother didn’t sound convinced at all.

'Yup, have to go now, though. Need to charge my phone and call Stan, basketball team is playing tonight.’ Louis fake smile stayed glued on his face until he exited the kitchen and then he escaped to his room.

It seemed that this whole situation was getting more and more shit within seconds.

Tommo: Yo, when r we goin’?

Stan: u with us?

Tommo: duuh

Stan: Be ready in 20 mins

Tommo: Donkey okay

Louis quickly changed into decent clothing – jeans and cozy sweater (he was wearing his sweatpants and Harry’s jumper). Then he put on his vans and when he was actually ready to go his phone buzzed announcing Stan was already waiting for him.

'Leaving?' His mother appeared from the kitchen and Louis nodded kissing her forehead.

'Yeah, I’ll be back, I promise.’ He smiled hugging her. ‘We can have some time together, yeah?’ He questioned already feeling guilty that he spent so less time with his mother – between her job and taking care of bunch of young kids and Louis learning, practicing or spending time at Harry’s – they didn’t spend enough time together.

'Sure thing, you look nice by the way.’ She said, hugging him back.

'Thanks mom.’ Louis kissed her forehead and turned around walking through the door.

‘But I liked that Harry’s jumper on you too.’ She added before closing the door. Louis froze and turned around only to face already closed doors.

He was about to knock and come back in for a talk but Stan was waiting and Louis knew the boys well enough to know that they weren’t the patient ones.

So he sat in one of three cars they were driving in. They usually had Stan, Austin and Logan to
drive other team members’ places because they were the only ones that owned cars. Not very nice ones like Harry’s but still it was better than going places by bus.

Louis ended up in his usual place next to driver seat in Stan’s car. He greeted everyone and joined the conversation about what to expect from today’s game. His mother words were actually almost forgotten and Louis wasn’t even sure she said it. Maybe it was just his mind betraying him. He must be hallucinating. No way could his mother tell it was Harry’s sweater because she knew with how much passion he hated the said boy.

* 

Louis yawned trying to hide his boredom covering it with his sweater sleeve. And don’t you dare to blame him.

Whole 11 boys were sitting in front rows watching games and yeah, Louis felt the buzz of excitement for the first half of an hour. After that? Not so much, because there were no chances for the other team to win.

The result now was 95-43 and Louis didn’t know if he found it funny or annoying.

‘Styles is so good at this. Those little shits are such a losers.’ James – Louis team’s left midfielder laughed saying this to Louis standing next to him. And Louis didn’t have any choice but to smile politely, when in reality he wanted to roll his eyes and tell him to shut up. Like who even say ‘such a losers’ - that’s basic grammar thing and because James was probably the only guy from his team Louis actually hated.

Well yeah, he was kind of a decent player on a pitch and nice to everyone but Louis just couldn’t shake off the feeling that James was a two faced bastard. He always was unnaturally nice to Harry trying to act like his best friend, always agreeing on everything. At first Louis thought James fancied Harry but then that boy got himself a girlfriend so this theory didn’t confirm. So Louis came to conclusion that he wanted something and it wasn’t hard to figure out what – he wanted to be cool and have a certain reputation.

Not once Louis noticed how rude James was for everybody and how he acted nice only with a certain group of people. And he didn’t want to have James in his team but this fucker was good at football and coach didn’t negotiate with him even when Louis begged him to.

The fact that on the other side of him was Matthews that brought same girl from party at Harry’s didn’t make it better either. They were talking to each other not paying a spare glance to Louis who was bored out of his mind.

The game finally ended with Harry’s team win 105-45 and the saddest part of it all was that Harry wasn’t even trying to win. But that was expected because playing with teams from other city schools always ended up with same results.

They went through polite formalities with the lost team, talked with coach about the game and how could they fix few misunderstandings that occurred during their game.

No one was in a mood for a party, feeling too tired for it.

So Harry saw it as opportunity to text Louis and asks if he wanted to spend time with him.

**Styleshole: Hi, Louis, would you like to hang out?**

**Asslinson: cant promisd mum to be with her**
Harry corrected Louis and was not surprised when Louis answered him with few middle finger emojis.

They didn’t text to each other that evening. Harry went straight home declining any offers to go somewhere – he had a book waiting for him at home.

Louis was dropped home by Stan. He came home to his mother waiting for him with a cup of tea.

‘I knew that Stan’s car was not that fancy vehicle Harry’s driving.’ She smirked and Louis just shrugged saying he was not ready to talk about it.

And they didn’t.

They both watched Grease while drinking the tea and eating popcorns. Dan was working that evening, his sisters at Mark’s home, Ernest and Doris already asleep.

He was thankful for it. He was thankful that his mother didn’t push for answers and just hugged him tightly as Louis talked about yesterday match Harry’s success today.

She didn’t ask but her eyes were watching Louis wisely almost leaving no doubt that she knew. She knew that there was something between him and Harry and he felt happy because she didn’t look judging or angry. She just smiled and said the nicest words mother can tell to his child.

‘I’m happy as long as you are, Lou.’

It was the only words his mother said about this topic and he was sure that she was an angel in a shape of his mum.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Louis meets Harry's parents, Harry develops a kink

Chapter Notes

So... In one of the chapters I wrote that Harry's parents are the owners of Styles corporation so in this story there is only Anne and Desmond (Des) that are married.

Anyways this is an update - I really had a lot of inspiration for this one so I really hope you'll like it.

Love you all ♥

If Harry had to choose one word to describe November he’d call it shitty.

He thought that the night after Louis’ first game he broke the ice between them but it turned out that he was just imagining it.

Because he was still spending his evenings alone as Louis was forced to look after his siblings. And Harry was not okay with it – he daydreamed about the times when Louis practically lived at his place, had dinner with him and most important helped him not to feel so alone.

On the other hand it wasn’t much easier for Louis too. Even though he really loved his family he hated that he had to look after kids when he came home tired after practicing for long hours.

He argued with both – Dan and his mother only to be promised that it’ll be better next month. And he did feel shitty for his outbursts when he saw them sorting out their shifts though he couldn’t really help it – thinking that he could be in Harry’s bed instead of heating frozen food, making sure kids did their homework and were entertained took a toll on Louis.

Also, it was still affecting his sleep. It was never a problem for Louis to sleep alone or at least he thought so. Because now he just couldn’t understand how was he so tired and moody all the time – he went to bed at a decent time but he just couldn’t fall asleep always imagining that before drifting off he could be fucked by Harry and cuddled afterwards.

Their sexual life was at its crisis too. Quick blowjobs in the empty classroom simply weren’t enough and shower sex was not an option as they left their practices not at the same time.

It had gone like this for three weeks and really turned them into impulsive personas that couldn’t even walk past each other in hallways without saying something offensive just to get reaction.

Just a tiny bit of attention.

And it wasn’t good. It wasn’t what they were used to have.
Lunch time was a nightmare too. It was like they were too angry at each other. Harry for not having Louis to himself and Louis was angry for the situation as a whole and when Harry pushed him over the edge he decided that it was alright to get it out on him.

Their friends were surprised though. Everyone was already thinking that both captains could now be addressed as acquaintances instead of enemies but once again they were proved wrong.

Happily, they didn’t have their A levels together with their courses being completely different. No doubt they would have gotten physical (not in a good way) with each other in the same classroom after more than 15 minutes.

Or at least they couldn’t do it in that empty classroom they used. More than ten minutes and they were at each other throats.

The only source of positivity in November could be their games. They aced it. Louis already knew that they were going to region as they won against other city teams with at least two scores ahead. And it was same for basketball team, who was crushing any team that came in their way.

But both Harry and Louis would have exchanged it just to get a week for them, so they could stay in bed and have sex for forever.

* * *

‘You know that basketball team will be having their schedule changed for the December?’ Out of nowhere James appeared next to Louis and please someone kill this guy, why was he always so glued to him? He came with bunch of gossips to Louis trying to befriend him.

‘They do that every year.’ Louis answered dryly.

He knew that they were going to move into school’s gym after November because of the weather and that’s the reason why Harry’s schedule was changed every year. But of course James didn’t know that – he was in his 2nd high school year. He was transferred this year and was immediately accepted into the team as they were struggling to find a good player and James was pretty decent, though Louis didn’t want to admit it.

‘Yeah? Luke mentioned that it’s the first time were going to have our practices together.’ And with that Louis stopped walking.

‘That’s because we don’t.’ Louis clarified clearly lost. And he didn’t like it. He was the captain of their team not James. He had to know the news like this before the boy in front of him.

‘But we really do. I thought you knew just were waiting the right time to tell us. Harry had to give you knew schedule and all. They’ve got it on Monday and its Wednesday now…’ He trailed off.

Louis fingers tingled. He wanted to find that tall curly fucker just to punch him straight in that fucking sharp jaw. Because he was sure Harry must be doing this purposely.

‘Yeah, well me and Styles aren’t on good terms.’ Louis shrugged sarcastically. It looked like that was the thing James wanted to hear. He changed his posture and the expression on his face was different than before.

‘Yeah, well and Styles aren’t on good terms.’ Louis shrugged sarcastically. It looked like that was the thing James wanted to hear. He changed his posture and the expression on his face was different than before.

‘But he’s really nice, Lou.’ James came to Harry’s defense.

‘He’s an asshole, that’s all about him.’ Louis said still annoyed about the fact Harry didn’t update him with changes. Though even if Harry had done that Louis most probably would still have said
That’s not true!’ James shouted almost offended and Louis eyed him. ‘He’s really handsome, friendly and I think I want to ask him out.’ James finished crossing his arms on his chest.

‘You what?!’ Now it was Louis time to scream. Who the fuck this kid thinks he is?

‘Yeah. He offered me a ride the other day and we had a nice conversation and it’s just… Why not? It’s not that I’m much of a gay and all just would be cool to have something like Styles by your side.’

And if Louis would have listened every word James said he would have screamed at him, called him asshole for thinking about Harry like a prize or something. But his mind went completely blank after the first sentence. Harry gave ride to James?! First, he makes Louis look like a fool who doesn’t know changes for the teams and then he decides that it’s okay to give a ride to a fucking James?

Okay, Styles. This game can be played by two.

And that is how Louis came to their lunch table with a girl by his side.

Before any of you thinks that Louis is an asshole who picked a random girl to play with for his own good you’re wrong. He was raised better than that. It just happened that he was paired up with her for literature presentation and they agreed to do it during their lunch break as Louis was always busy with football. Though he didn’t have to go up to their cafeteria table and say that he was going to spend time with her but the whole thing was set up for Harry to see that Louis could act just like Harry did.

The expression on Harry’s face was so satisfying. He looked like he was kicked right in his stomach, face angry and threatening like he was saying to Louis he will be sorry for this. But Louis just smiled innocently before walking out of the cafeteria.

The girl was very nice though. Her name was Jessica and she didn’t even mind that they couldn’t finish the whole task offering to do it herself at home. Louis being the gentlemen that he is turned her down saying that they will divide the work in half so they’d be putting equal amount of work. Girl was clearly surprised by Louis decision but didn’t mind. They agreed on it and said their goodbyes probably not going to talk with each other ever again. Not that Louis minded he got what he wanted anyways.

* *

The thing about practicing was that it ended up too late. It was no problem on spring or at the beginning of the autumn but now on first week of December when Louis left the school it was already dark and he wondered if he could catch a bus. The timetable showed that he had to wait for 20 minutes because he just missed it and after doing the counting in his head he decided that it’s better to just walk.

Louis was strolling down the street minding his own business when car stopped in front of him giving him a small heart attack. He recognized whose car it was before the driver rolled down the window and revealed himself. Small scratches from the time Louis threw a can of coke at Harry’s car and that one time Harry actually got into an accident (not his fault) betrayed that it was Harry who was driving it.

‘Get in the car.’ Harry ordered him right after the window went down and they could see each other.
Louis pride was at its highest. No way could he do what he was asked without putting up a fight.

‘I will not.’ He answered sassily crossing his arms on his chest.

What surprised him though was that Harry didn’t even get annoyed. He barked a laugh – the one that went down Louis spine making him shiver. Not in a good way may he add.

‘You should know better, Louis.’ Harry smiled and it was beyond Louis how the boy who cooked him meals and danced to Disney movies songs could scare Louis more than his own mother when she was furious.

Louis debated with himself what should he do. It’s not like he had much choice anyways. He didn’t doubt that Harry would get him in a car even if he had to do it himself. So the shorter boy just sighed and opened the door of a vehicle. He noticed that Harry’s sports bag was being placed in the back of the car where Louis threw his own. Harry never left his gym bag in his car so it meant he was waiting for Louis to finish with football.

The realization made him look at Harry. Boy in the driver seat was holding steering-wheel so hard his knuckles were white. And Louis knew him good enough to understand that Harry was jealous.

‘You didn’t tell me about new schedule.’ Louis complained not even sure what he was hoping for.

‘Shut up.’ Harry groaned leaving Louis surprised. He definitely was not expecting that

He didn’t dare to say anything else for the rest of the ride – until they stopped in front of the gates of Harry’s house.

‘I really can’t stay…’ Louis trailed off sounding gentle? He scrunched his nose at how it came out.

‘I don’t give a fuck! Enough of this bullshit Louis!’ Harry screamed looking like he was losing it.

He stopped the car and let Louis inside of the house. They took their coats and shoes off then walked into the kitchen.

The fight was about to start – tension was so clear that if the person would to walk in he’d decide to leave for his own safety.

It was Louis who said the first words.

‘You are being unreasonable.’ He stated. Harry laughed.

‘I am?! You bring some kind of a slut and disappear for a whole hour and I am being UNREASONABLE?!’ He screamed raging. ‘Where did you bring her, huh? You weren’t in the classroom. Spent whole break in there but you didn’t show up.’

‘Well for sure I didn’t offer her a ride to have a nice chit chat.’ Louis was not about to give up.

‘What are you talking about?’

‘Don’t play stupid. You offered James’ a fucking ride!’ Louis screamed.

‘It was just a ride! Nothing happened!’ Harry came to his defense and Louis was not the one to back off.

‘It was just a break, nothing happened either.’ He said smug look on his face already seeing on Harry’s face that he pushed it a bit too far.
Taller lad came to Louis and trapped him between himself and the wall. Fuck that height difference, Louis thought as Harry lifted his face to look him right in the eyes. And he was looking intimidating, which Louis found extremely sexy.

‘Tell me Louis, can you recall what I said that time during the party? When I saw you with that bitch?’ Harry said slowly, his voice low and dang it, how did Louis get turned on by this? It’s not normal. He’s supposed to be angry. ‘Answer me.’ Harry demanded and Louis cock twitched.

‘Yeah…’ He whispered his body betraying him.

‘Then say it. Say it out loud because I don’t think you got it right.’ Harry ordered. Louis hips bucked and Harry must have noticed as one of his hands went down hugging Louis hips to pull them closer.

‘S…Said you’ll fuck me…’ Louis tried his best not to stutter. Harry smiled.

‘I did, didn’t I? It’s good think I am a man of my word, no?’ He asked and Louis nodded eagerly. He could probably agree to anything now. He wanted Harry so much.

* 

If you think that they had a rough sex where Harry made Louis a moaning mess, making him scream his name you’re completely wrong.

Harry wrecked Louis. He put Louis in a state where boy couldn’t even scream – because anything Harry did felt so good, each push into Louis made him feel so full, every hit to his prostate, every hair pulling and every word.

None of them could actually tell – was it really as perfect as they thought or was it just because they did it after a long time.

And when after three rounds of sex Louis was laying on top of Harry he really couldn’t find any reasons why it have been a bad decision.

‘James came to me saying that he’d like to ask you out. That’s why I came with Jessica during the lunch.’ Louis confessed. ‘We’re paired up for a literature’s project and we spent all the time in library but I just wanted to make you jealous because of what you did.’ He felt himself blushing. He was explaining himself to Harry even though they weren’t a couple. It’s not like they were in commitment – they were just having sex for their own good. But somehow Louis felt like he betrayed Harry with his actions.

‘I know. It was just the last straw.’ Harry said kissing his neck. It was like the hundredth kiss Harry placed there and Louis really didn’t want to know how his neck looked like. He just hoped it wasn’t very bad.

‘Don’t that thing with James again.’ Louis mumbled lifting his eyes to Harry’s. They gazed at each other for a couple of moments. Affected by that Louis blushed and grin spread on his face – he couldn’t even remember what he said.

‘I won’t.’ Harry nodded blinking few times before giving him a dimply smile. ‘I promise I won’t.’ Louis nodded.

They didn’t talk about it anymore. Harry started talking about all the books he read and Louis told him bunch of funny things about his siblings. He even admitted how he brought a peeing toddler in his bed making Harry laugh and then give him a ‘sorry ‘bout that’ kiss.
Idea that he must be home for the evening didn’t even bother Louis. It was just the two of them in the whole world. Harry’s bedroom became a safe heaven, perhaps even a different country. Louis’ and Harry’s country, where they stayed in each other arms talking about everything but nothing at the same time.

They fell asleep like this. Telling stories they wanted to tell long time ago but didn’t get a chance. At the end they just mumbled short sentences not being able to hold their tiredness until finally the voices stopped and they went into peaceful slumber still pressed to each other.

*

Louis opened his eyes as bright sunbeams were attacking his eyes, making it hard to stay asleep. Louis rolled over trying to escape it, ready to groan out of tiredness. But then he noticed that wasn’t tired – quite the opposite actually.

Surprised he opened his eyes and saw that it wasn’t his bedroom. He remembered that stayed at Harry’s place. And talking about Harry the boy was nowhere to be seen. Louis figured out he was either in a gym or making breakfasts. Louis rolled out of bed ignoring that the clock on bedside table showed it was way too late for them to get to school.

Knowing Harry he must have solved this problem, maybe even called in sick for both of them.

Debating whether or not he should get into shower he picked Harry’s sweater and his jeans he had left once he was staying at Harry’s. The sweater most probably will look ridiculous on him but Louis didn’t mind. He really wanted to wear something fluffy and comfortable. And maybe something that belonged to Harry too.

He got into the shower thinking that Harry could have taken one without him and after last night he didn’t want to walk around smelling like sweat.

Louis didn’t even look into the mirror he just went straight into the spacious Harry’s shower smiling widely when he saw that his shampoo and shower gel were neatly in their place right next to Harry’s – just like he had left it when he stayed here last time.

Rushing to find Harry Louis wasted no time to relax in the shower. He was bouncy, happy and full with energy. He stepped out of shower, dried himself with Harry’s towel and then put the clothes on. Still not taking a glance in the mirror he brushed his teeth and scurried downstairs because knowing the time Harry should be in the kitchen.

Harry wasn’t there. Louis tried to shout for him but heard no answer. He shrugged it off deciding to boil some water for his morning tea and then heard front door closing with a sound letting him know that Harry came inside from wherever he was at.

‘You left without making me breakfasts?!’ Louis accused jokingly though the smile on his face disappeared as a woman entered a kitchen. There was no doubt she was Harry’s mother and immediately Louis hands started to tremble.

Because shit, what was he supposed to do? It was obvious that woman in front of him didn’t expect to see him either. Her eyes grew wide as she starred at Louis. And she was the first one to break the silence.

‘Who are you?’ She asked suspiciously and Louis could feel his heart falling to his stomach. He was praying for the floor underneath him to open up and swallow him. He could go straight to hell – which sounded better than staying here.
‘Louis. I… um my name’s Louis ma’am.’ He could spare a slap for himself now for making this great first impression. Boy wearing her son’s sweater, stuttering mess and shit he didn’t even know how he looked like.

‘Des?!’ The woman screamed and Louis flinched. ‘He’s outside getting the bags.’ Woman pointed out and Louis was scared.

‘No need, I was leaving, really. No need.’ He assured her ready to jump out of the window and run. It could really be the run for his life because he didn’t want to meet any kind of Des who could make Louis into a dead pancake.

He turned around and had managed to bump into something.

‘Oh, hi.’ Harry’s voice came out surprised. And yeah fuck you, Styles with that surprise in your voice. Harry didn’t have a right to sound surprised when his parents were about to kill Louis.

‘Yeah?’ One more voice appeared and please let the war start now and let some kind of country throw a bomb on this house so Louis could happily die and escape from this torture.

‘Des, come here! You have to see this!’ Harry’s mom shouted and Louis squirmed.

‘I should really leave time to go for me, yup. Was ‘bout to do that. So ugh… I’ll just go, yeah?’ He was babbling and he knew that. He wasn’t even wearing any shoes but fuck that he could go bare foot into freezing December morning. It would be early birthday present for him. Please let him do that.

‘Nonsense!’ Harry’s mother screamed. ‘You stay right here.’ She told to Louis and Louis looked up to Harry asking for help.

‘Mom, you are scaring him.’ Harry sighed throwing his arm around Louis shoulders to welcome him in a hug. And that was not what Louis wanted! He wanted harry to help him disappear before that Des guy came in and killed Louis.

‘Well, sorry I’m just excited to see your boyfriend!’ She cheered.

Why did she cheer? And why did she call Louis Harry’s boyfriend?

‘For the love of God, Desmond!’ She shouted again and hooray Harry’s father showed up. Nope, Louis was not going to see his mother ever again. He should’ve called her last night to say his goodbyes, because he was now a dead man.

Harry’s father was not tall – that’s what Louis noticed immediately. He was actually shorter than his son but still much taller than Louis - tall enough to get him dead.

Des looked curious especially when he noticed Louis standing under the Harry’s wing.

‘Oh my, you’re that Louis guy?’ He questioned his voice higher than before when he said ‘yeah’ and Louis couldn’t understand was he angry, happy or excited. This whole thing felt like a spectacle. He had just woken up imagining that he’ll have a perfect morning with Harry and now look how well did it go.

‘Uhm, yes sir, that’s me.’ Louis was barely holding on. His voice was trembling and his arms were shaking really bad. He wouldn’t even be surprised if he had a panic attack.

‘I’m Desmond, Harry’s father, but just call me Des!’ Man cheered as he smiled. ‘Wow, didn’t
expect to come home to find you with your boyfriend at home on a school’s day.’ He scolded Harry looking at his son playfully.

‘You should’ve called.’ Harry shrugged. It seemed that he was the only one not affected by this whole situation. But oh he was going to pay for that. Louis pinched his side roughly after he heard the word ‘boyfriend’. He made sure it was painful but could go unnoticed by his parents.

‘Uhm, we should go, though.’ Anne interrupted. ‘You know, have lunch in the city as a small date.’ Des looked at her quizzically. ‘Des, let’s go, love. Let Harry finish up with Louis and… Ugh Lou, was nice to see you, maybe you’ll be here when we come back? We can have dinner.’ She smiled to him nicely and Louis nodded. But only out of politeness because in reality he will get out of this place right after he will kill Harry.

‘Lou, what happened to your neck?’ Des asked and Harry who was standing next to him tensed. Louis looked up just to see him shaking his head.

‘Desmond, we are leaving. Now.’ Anne suddenly ordered leaving the kitchen practically running. Des gaped at them as he’d just realized something and blushed noticeably.

‘Oh my god! We… are sorry. Bye!’ He half stuttered half screamed following his wife.

The second they disappeared from the kitchen Louis turned around and pushed Harry away from himself.

‘A boyfriend?!’ He screamed crossing his arms so he wouldn’t pick up something to throw at Harry.

‘My housekeeper asked questions! What could I say? It sounded logical.’ Harry defended himself but fuck no.

For all Louis knew he could be living here and parading naked like he owned this place (he sometimes did that) Harry still had no right to call him his boyfriend!

‘You could’ve said I’m your friend, you asshole!’

‘Yeah, a friend that practically lives here and has sex with me on a daily basis!’ Harry snorted which was a mistake. And Harry realized that the second he said it. ‘Lou, please don’t.’ He said but it was too late. A ceramic cup was already flying at him. Of course, he had no problem dodging it by stepping away but still it was his favorite cup! And seeing Louis smug expression the shorter boy knew that. That’s probably why he did that.

‘Give me your phone.’ Louis demanded reaching to Harry’s jeans pocket.

‘Why?’

‘I want to see what’s wrong with my neck.’ He replied angrily though now he was finding the situation quite comical.

‘Uh, you don’t have to see it.’ Harry suddenly mumbled stepping away so Louis couldn’t get his phone.

That made Louis suspicious. He eyed Harry and as the taller boy looked everywhere but not Louis in the eye he knew that something was wrong.

‘Give me the phone now.’ He demanded again, only now it sounded more like a threat.
Harry sighed and pulled out phone out of his pocket before giving it to Louis, who immediately
opened the front camera and half screamed half cried when he saw himself.

His whole neck was full of hickeys. And they were very vivid colored ones.

‘You marked me!’ Louis screamed.

Harry smiled. Even though he knew that could get Louis on a whole new level of angry he
couldn’t help it. He knew what he was doing when he sucked Louis neck during those three
rounds of sex last night. And he was fucking proud of it.

‘Yes I did.’ He replied getting to the fridge and then turning around to look if Louis wanted to say
something more. He knew he was playing with fire because it could really set Louis off but even
if it happened what was the worst he could do? It’s not like he wasn’t stronger than Louis (though
they were somehow equal with the strength just that Harry’s height made it all different). And
that’s when Harry noticed.

Louis was fucking small. He was like 5’8 max while Harry was standing in his whole 6’3 glory.
And Harry wasn’t even the tallest guy in their school so it made Louis… Tiny? He looked closer
and it really did. Louis was short and quite skinny. Even though he was muscly and strong he had
girly features. Round thighs, ass worth dying for and… Jesus, how did Harry not notice this
before?

‘Why?!’ Louis brought him back with his question. ‘I look like a slut now!’ He complained and
Harry felt a need to comfort that petite creature standing in front of him.

So he walked to him and gently hugged him. Louis responded to the hug nuzzling himself into
Harry making him look like a tiny kitten seeking for comfort.

‘Baby, don’t you dare to say that.’ Harry murmured to Louis ear still in a gaze of his new finding.
‘You’re the most gorgeous creature walking on this earth and now I claimed you as mine.’ He
finished off and Louis looked up.

Louis even had to look up to Harry because he was THAT tiny.

‘Are you mocking me?’ Louis growled as if he was threatening Harry. The taller boy just couldn’t
help but smile. He always found it annoying when Louis was angry and threatened to him that
he’ll beat Harry or something like this but now… Now he looked so cute. Harry took Louis face
in his hands smiling how small it looked in his arms. It was fucking tiny and Harry completely lost
control.

He lowered himself to kiss Louis and fuck this kiss felt so good.

Louis moaned and Harry mumbled him to jump which Louis gladly did. He carried Louis and
placed him on a bar so that Louis would be sitting on a table as he positioned himself between his
thighs.

‘Harry…’ Louis moaned making Harry to start kissing him with more eager. ‘Harry stop…’ Louis
whined though Harry had no intensions to listen to him. He was not sure what to do with his new
development and he wanted to find out. Could he give Louis a crushing hug? Could he lie on top
of him? It could crush Louis. He wanted to find out. ‘I’m hungry, feed me.’ Louis ordered trying
his best to pull away though Harry’s grip was holding him quite strong.

Harry snapped from his daydreaming and pulled away just to eye Louis small body. Then he
remembered that he was asked for food. And could Harry turn down any request from his tiny
Louis?
‘Yeah, anything you want. What do you want?’ He asked and Louis just eyed him looking like a mean kitten. Harry wasn’t sure he could do this. He wanted to have Louis in his arms for forever and never let him go.

‘Can I have pizza?’ Louis questioned and Harry laughed.

‘Pizza for breakfasts? I don’t think so.’

‘But you said anything I want!’ Louis pouted and fuck, is it scientifically possible that Harry’s dick twitched at that?

So that’s how Harry ended up making a pizza for breakfasts. Though, according to the clock it was more of a lunch time anyways.

‘Will I get in trouble for skipping?’ Louis asked sitting on a stool sipping his orange juice as Harry was doing all the work.

‘No, I called and announced that you were sick.’ Harry replied thinking that he did that for Louis. He took care of him. And that must have been some kind of a kink because he could swear he never felt better about doing anything. Not even after winning a game or something.

‘I knew you will.’ Louis gave him a smile and Harry melted under Louis compliment, even if it wasn’t one.

* 

After all they didn’t have dinner with Harry’s family. Louis claiming he was not ready to me humiliated like this again and Harry just being a weirdo and actually completing any of his requests (Louis couldn’t put a mind on what may have happened but figured it could be because of his parents).

So as Louis said he really minds to spend the night with Harry’s parents and he didn’t want to stay over Harry was devastated but agreed to take him home none the less.

‘You know I could’ve taken a bus.’ Louis said as they were driving to his. He actually felt a little bit bad about this because as they were leaving Harry’s parents came home asking for their son to watch a film and catch up.

‘You’re crazy if you think I’d let you do something like this.’ Harry chuckled placing a hand on Louis thigh.

‘Why not?’ Louis shrugged. It’s not like he never took a bus to get somewhere he wanted to. He had a driver license though. He just never used it as the only car the family owned was always taken by his mother or stepfather.

‘Because I can get you places.’ Harry answered stopping in front of Louis house.

Time really flied when they didn’t want to say goodbye.

‘I’ll see you tomorrow?’ Louis questioned leaning to kiss Harry.

‘I can take you to school.’ Harry offered pressing his lips to Louis.

Louis just moaned deepening the kiss wondering why they never had sex in Harry’s car. He understood that he said it out loud as Harry pulled away clearly shocked by what he just heard.
Louis blushed deeply not even knowing why his body was betraying him like this. Not like he hadn’t had dirty talk with Harry before.

‘Sorry, I uh… yeah.’ He was still blushing. Fucking great. ‘Anyways, you don’t have to do this in the morning, you live on the other side of the city. Plus, my parents drops me off or even Stan.’ He said and okay maybe he mentioned Stan just because he knew Harry will get jealous.

‘I’ll be there tomorrow.’ Harry said as he licked his lips. ‘Be ready. If we have extra time we’ll be able to explore the backseat of my car.’

*

And if later Louis got himself off thinking about tomorrow morning or Harry did the same, driven by the idea of Louis tiny hands around his cock no one had to know.

It was no one’s business because they were just enemies that had sex for fun.

Right?
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Car sex, school drama (?) kind of.

Chapter Notes

Sooo... I'm updating!

Sorry this took quite a while, but I really hope you'll like it.

I'm on holidays this week so I hope to get some rest and write a bit more.

Pleasantly surprised at all the comments and kudos you left. WOW. Really amazing.
Thank you so so so much ♥♥♥

Louis was eating his breakfasts in a flash speed.

He had been jumpy all morning while waiting for Harry to show up and give him that backseat exploration Louis was offered last night.

Of course, being as clumsy as Louis is he spilled part of his cereals on the table. His mother would have scolded him for that but Dan just looked up from his plate and sighed.

‘I don’t even know if I want to ask…’ He trailed off and Louis could only answer with a goofy smile that made him look like a fool.

‘He’s in love.’ Lottie rolled her eyes and Louis choked on his cereal.

‘Are you crazy?’ He asked swallowing the last bite.

‘Oh, Am I wrong? What about this high neck then?’ She asked in an annoying high pitched voice obviously making fun of him and Louis couldn’t help but blush.

You see – Harry fucking asshole Styles had decided to mark Louis. And he did that pretty roughly which ended up with Louis having an awfully bad looking neck and collarbones as they were roughly bruised and even managed to change the color from light blue to vivid blue and purple.

So in order to avoid too many stares Louis decided to wear the clothing that could cover the hickeys. It was a red jumper with a high neck, who did good job masking his collarbones and small part of the neck. But still a lot of his neck skin was left open to the whole world to see and yeah… It was really obvious that they were gotten from heated make out session with rather possessive person.

‘Lottie, fuck off.’ Louis smiled getting up from a table ignoring the look Dan threw at him. The guy was too nice to say something to him. Sometimes it surprised with how much shit Louis
managed to get away from his stepfather.

‘You want to leave early?’ Dan asked standing up and Louis remembered that he took Lottie and him to school. (Felicite and the older set of twins went to school by bus while younger set of twins stayed at home with the parent that had day off or were dropped at kindergarten.)

‘Ugh… No? I’m actually driving with a friend today.’ He admitted as Lottie snorted but luckily didn’t say anything because Louis would have really come to his defense.

But he didn’t have time as he felt his phone buzzing in his pocket. He glanced at the caller ID and saw ‘Styleshole’ written on it which was a sign that Harry already came and was waiting for him.

Louis really needed a new name for Harry on his mobile phone he thought as he put the shoes on.

‘Don’t wait up for me!’ He shouted and heard Lottie groan. Apparently, the day he decided to stay at Harry’s Lottie was forced to take care of twins by herself. No one even listened for her complaints as she spent most of the days with her boyfriend leaving him alone. And Louis was definitely going to take advantage of that.

Hating the cold December fog that surrounded him the second he stepped out of the house Louis quickly jogged to Harry’s Range Rover and opened the door jumping in.

‘Whoa, aren’t you full of energy.’ Harry smiled leaning in to give him a kiss. Louis responded immediately placing on of his hands on Harry’s thigh. Harry pulled back and smiled at it.

‘Someone is eager.’ he teased and Louis just rolled his eyes.

‘Well… Never been in a backseat – wondering how it looks like and all.’ Louis was completely aware that he had just flirted with Harry. But the taller boy didn’t seem to mind as he licked his lips while scanning Louis body.

For Harry the realization about Louis height hadn’t disappeared over the night. If so it just grew stronger. The moment he saw small boy leaving the house and running to his car he just knew that his day had gotten 100 times better. Also, he noticed that Louis had much more trouble getting in a vehicle than he ever did. Harry never had to buckle his knee that much just to get in. And Louis did.

‘I’m happy to be your companion while discovering advantages of this car backseat.’ Harry flirted back starting to drive, having a place where he was going in mind.

‘What if we’ll be caught?’ Small whisper came from Louis and please someone explain to Harry how he hadn’t noticed all this beauty before.

He took Louis small hand with his own that looked enormously huge now and kissed it hoping to calm down the boy sitting in a seat next to him. It worked. Louis seemed to get more comfortable in his seat after this. But Harry still never let go of Louis hand. He was still holding it as he took few turns before stopping in front of an abandoned building that had quite a spacious parking lot.

‘If we’ll get caught I will bail us out with my last name.’ Harry wiggled his eyebrows and Louis giggled.

Though Harry knew there was no chance he will get caught. This place had been recently bought by his parents. They wanted to start reconstruction and build some kind of a holiday or something like that. Harry really didn’t care, he was just happy that now he could use it for his own matters.
‘Now, love, wouldn’t be a gentleman if I didn’t let you go first?’ Harry smiled and slapped Louis ass as the boy was making his way to the back of the car.

Louis let out a surprised squeak and laughed. Louis himself couldn’t explain why he was acting this way. Usually he would’ve threatened to break Harry’s arm or something but now he was happily waiting for Harry to get in the backseat next to him.

The truth was – Harry was having much more problem with it than Louis had. First he banged his head to the roof then one of his legs got stuck. But in the end both boys were sitting in the back of the car kissing each other eagerly.

‘I’ll ride you.’ Louis mumbled partly taking the lead role. Witch humored Harry. The little boy being above him had just as much power as he would have underneath him with his wrists handcuffed – mainly because Harry could still hold him and turn around in matter of seconds. Though, he didn’t voice it out loud thinking that it was a safest way to go.

Instead he nodded taking the lube and condom he had carried with himself today from his pocket. He wondered if he should ask Louis going without a condom but decided against it. After all they had to go to school and he knew from the last time that Louis hated leaking.

‘Let me prep you?’ He questioned Louis and moaned when Louis turned around brushing his ass into his lap. Louis got into awkward hands and knees position because now he was facing Harry’s weird glittery shoes he wore today though he didn’t have much time to pay more thought for it because Harry had taken his pants off and put one lubed finger inside.

Lou let out a satisfied moan bucking his hips to respond to Harry’s action. He waited for Harry to move his finger but it didn’t happen.

‘Styles do something.’ Louis threatened and Harry chuckled thinking Louis was really not in a place to demand something.

He complied anyways, adding a second finger and moving them until he made sure it wouldn’t hurt Louis if he scissor them. He did that and Louis cursed under his breath that’s how good it felt. Also, he made a note to prep himself next time so it wouldn’t take so long with Harry who preferred to do it slowly and teasingly.

‘You okay, babe?’ Harry slapped Louis but cheek unexpectedly. Louis arched his back at the feeling.

‘Yes. Yes, please, Harry.’ Harry smiled. He knew it didn’t take long for Louis to become very needy and when it happened – that boy could do anything even beg for it.

‘Sure thing, love.’ Harry answered getting his pants off and lubing his dick. He had to admit though that it wasn’t the most comfortable thing to do – it was way too cold even though he had put the heating on and different from Louis Harry couldn’t fit very well in the back of the car. Small whimper came from Louis and it made Harry to take some action. ‘Okay, sit on me Lou.’ Harry ordered knowing that it may be a little bit too much for the smaller guy.

But Louis didn’t seem to mind doing it. He happily changed his position spreading his legs so he could sit on Harry. The only problem was that he wasn’t facing Harry. And when Harry grabbed his waist and tried to turn him around he understood that Harry wanted to face him just as much as he did.

So he turned around and smiled when he saw green eyes following even the slightest move of his body.
‘Admiring the view, Styles?’ Louis teased trying to stop his hips from making frantic and needy moves.

‘You have no idea.’ Harry replied and pulled Louis to himself. Smaller boy wasn’t expecting that – he completely lost the balance and fell on Harry.

‘You’re such an asshole!’ Louis blamed Harry for it, mean look on his face affecting Harry. He wanted to coo the boy and kiss that small pout away.

‘I’m sorry, you’re not hurt?’ Harry’s voice showed a tiny bit of concern.

‘No ‘m not. But you will be if you don’t give me what I want.’ Louis answered sitting back and waiting for Harry to take the lead. He looked like a small pouty kitten or an adorably cute puppy.

And Harry didn’t have a heart not to listen. So of course he did listen. He settled back on the seats and reached for lube to cover his cock with it. After he had done it he reached for Louis to help him slide on his dick.

Louis hissed and the feeling of Harry’s dick filling him. He took few moments to adjust and then nodded for Harry who looked at him with a worried expression on his face.

When Harry got the confirmation he just smiled and moved his hips. Louis moaned at the sudden feeling as his arse cheeks pressed on Harry’s hips. It was brushing his prostate and just felt so good. Harry was sure to take a grip of Louis’ hips so he wouldn’t move and Louis didn’t know was it more painful or pleasurable.

‘Please, Harry…’ Louis hissed squirming at the sensitive feeling. Harry’s dick was roughly violating his prostate and he wanted something he couldn’t even voice out what.

But Harry knew. He moved his hips so he would let Louis relax and then come back with the same force. It was the description of perfection. Their minds were clouded as they continually moaned affected by the penetration.

Louis rocked his hips in small circles feeling the orgasm already building up. Harry was close too. He grabbed Louis by his waist and sat up so he would be hugging him. Louis leaned in and their moves became more frantic. Not long after they were both screaming one another’s name while coming.

‘I had shower in the morning for no reason.’ Harry chuckled admiring Louis, who looked rather comfortable lying on his chest.

Louis didn’t reply. He didn’t feel a need to have talk – what he wanted now was to stay like this for forever and forget all the responsibilities he had to deal with. No practicing for football, no upcoming games, no hiding, no annoying siblings to take care of, no school assignments, no reputation to keep.

Harry on the other hand didn’t even mind Louis lack of talk. He even agreed to stay in the same position only because Louis whined when he tried to move. But after few minutes it became too uncomfortable – he wasn’t as small as Louis was so he couldn’t fit in the backseat so well.

‘Lou, babe, we’ve to get up and go to school.’ Harry sighed touching Louis hair. They seemed so soft… Actually everything about Louis was soft excluding his character.

‘You’ve to get up to get to school. I can stay here.’ Louis pointed out and giggled at the frown on Harry’s face.
Harry gaped at him thinking that he should push him away but that cute giggle Louis let out… Harry melted at it and just smiled sweetly grabbing few tissues to clean them up. After doing it he separated his clothes from Louis’ so they wouldn’t get mixed up. What he didn’t expect was for Louis to mind that.

‘Why are you taking this away from me?’ Louis pouted as Harry grabbed his sweater from Louis’ hands.

‘Uhm…’ Harry trailed of clearly caught off guard by Louis question. ‘You want to wear it?’ He asked and Louis nodded eagerly.

Harry smiled and without any seconds to rethink his movements he was helping Louis to put it on – the fact that now he will be walking with short sleeved t-shirt’s all day and most probably will get cold not bothering him in the slightest.

‘Thank you.’ Louis whispered and Harry grabbed his wrists pulling him to fall on him. ‘Oi! Let me go!’ Louis screamed and squirmed but still let out a laugh.

‘I’ll not.’ Harry answered only pulling Louis closer.

‘I’ll bite you and you’ll bleed to death.’ Louis tried to intimidate Harry while softly biting Harry’s neck.

‘Of course you would.’ Harry rolled his eyes and gasped as Louis bit more harshly. ‘You fucker!’ He reacted jumping out of reflex.

‘Don’t test me, Styles.’ Louis sassed getting to the front of the car. Harry didn’t dare to hit his ass now. Though he doubted Louis could hurt him if he didn’t let him to.

Few moments later Harry managed to get back to his driver seat. Louis was already making a mess of his CD’s stock trying to find something he wanted to listen.

‘You don’t have good music.’ He blamed Harry, who just shrugged.

‘It’s not my fault your taste in music is shitty.’

Louis didn’t reply. He simply ignored Harry as he rolled down the window. Harry was not quick enough to react as the whole stack of CD’s was thrown out of the window. He pressed breaks not giving a fuck when Louis almost hit the window in front of him.

‘Are you insane?!’ Harry shouted and Louis looked at him – eyebrows arched and small smile playing on his face.

‘What? You had a problem – I dealt with it. Now you can go and by new ones that I’ll actually like.’

Harry opened his mouth but no words came out. He wanted to throw Louis out of his car so bad but at the same time he just wanted to laugh and go to the nearest supermarket so he could buy the CD’s Louis could listen too. In the end he decided to ignore the boy sitting next to him,

‘No need to thank me, love. Louis is always here to help.’ Louis added sassily and Harry just shook his head reaching out for Louis hair so he could make a mess from his soft fringe.

* 

‘I actually thought you’ll throw me out of your car not bring me to school.’ Louis admitted as they
stopped in front of the building.

‘Well, everyone will see that I dropped you off and your reputation will be ruined.’ He shrugged though it wasn’t true because it was raining heavily outside and even if some students were in the parking lot they were rushing inside paying no glance to Harry’s car.

‘Oh, I’m sure that’s why.’ Louis snorted at the same time thinking that he usually forced Harry to drop him off at the supermarket near school.

‘Mhm, grab your bag and go.’ Harry said but none of the boys moved. ‘What do you have first?’ Harry questioned noticing that they still had time before lessons had started.

‘I’ve practice. Extra running and all.’ Louis shrugged and Harry nodded – he knew that Louis as a captain of the team was practicing more hours than anyone else. Harry did that at home because he had a gym and he worked more on muscles and body building as he didn’t need that much cardio as Louis did.

‘How does it work, though?’ Harry asked the only thing he didn’t know. ‘It’s like coach is giving you more time or you do it on your own?’

‘It’s not like I need much help while running laps, Harry. But yeah, he stays with some kids that have gym as first lesson. Probably freshers? I don’t know them.’ Louis shrugged he never paid attention to things like that.

Harry nodded and grabbed his bag. Even if they wanted to stay and talk they had classes. So he opened the door for himself and turned around to close them only to see that Louis was already few steps ahead – Harry’s blue sweater looking cute and oversized on him.

He didn’t chase Louis though. After all he didn’t want to start any gossiping and the students in this school sometimes could start imagining things if you give just a tiny drop of material to work with.

Instead he locked his car and went to his most hated subject in the world – math. He made a mental note to remind Louis that he still needed all that tutoring if he wanted to pass and after shuddering from cold he also noted to always have extra sweater or jumper with him. In case Louis decided to steal from him again.

*  

‘Mister Tomlinson, I should say I’m still quite surprised at the results of your test but from the previous ones I know that you can do better.’ His literature teacher Miss Peterson said returning his test answers. ‘Maybe you could concentrate on it more? Instead of doing other things...’ She remarked glancing at his neck.

Louis ignored he words, though he did feel embarrassed. He didn’t consider the fact that Harry’s sweater will be much bigger and revealing on him until Stan didn’t laugh and commented his appearance. Louis sighed trying to forget about it while taking the paper.

Red C was written on it. He drew two dots so now it looked like a sad face. And it really expressed how he felt. Because getting C instead of his usual D or even F was better but still not good enough like that time when he got few B’s.

‘Hey, your tutor is getting lazy or is she just concentrating on other things?’ Stan snickered next to him and Louis snorted ignoring the ‘her’ parts in Stan’s words.

‘I see you can talk with your happy D, no?’ Louis smirked when Stan rushed to hide his paper
When the bell signaling that the lesson was over rang Louis got up and waited up for Stan so they could get to cafeteria together.

‘Hey, forgot to ask, you feel better today?’ Stan suddenly asked.

Louis arched a brow not sure why he was asked this. ‘Uhm, yeah why?’

‘Well couch told us you called in sick so…’ Stan trailed of and Louis remembered that he faked a sick day.

‘Oh yeah! Yeah, right. It was just a small stomach bug, nothing to worry about.’ Louis smiled getting back on track with his fake news.

‘Good then. Styles didn’t come yesterday too.’ Stan mentioned and Louis heart started beating faster.

‘Huh? Do you know why?’

‘No idea. But guess what!’ Stan snorted opening door to cafeteria. ‘James got crazy idea like you and Harry ditched together or something. I swear that guy is crazy.’ Stan laughed – he was one of the guys that didn’t like James presence too. Though, Louis didn’t care about that now. He was busy blushing like an idiot while Stan completely lost his interests in Louis as he went to the table where everyone was already seated.

Harry was there too. It looked like he was having kind of a heated discussion with Liam and Jason. He was talking loudly and motioning his hands a lot. Louis took a second to admire the curly haired lad who he hadn’t seen since he left the car – the perks of having completely different A levels.

‘And the party can begin the king is here!’ Louis shouted sliding on the bench to take a seat right next to Luke.

It seemed to capture Harry’s attention as the boy immediately shut his mouth and turned his head to look at Louis. Or more like admire.

Harry took in how good Louis looked in his sweater which was actually very loose on him – it made all his body parts that Louis wanted to hide open for the world to see. His neck and even part of collarbones were unclothed and all hickeys really caught everyone’s eyes. It was completely worth it to walk in his jersey all day if he got to see Louis wearing his sweater in public.

Harry wondered how many people had noticed and if they did how many of them had said something. Knowing Louis probably not much because he wouldn’t be in such a good mood if they did.

‘Here, Lou, me, Harry and Mat are having a discussion about…’ Liam started but was quickly interrupted by Harry.

‘It’s Harry, Mat and I, Liam.’ He sighed taking a bite of his homemade sandwich.

‘What a goody two shoes you are, Styles.’ Louis snickered mocking him and without paying a spare mind Harry reached to mess his hair. He didn’t even think about his action until he pulled his hand off and noticed whole table staring at them dead silent.
‘So what’s the discussion about?’ Louis wondered not noticing the others reaction. Or blocking it pretty well.

‘Hmm… It’s about healthy eating.’ Harry broke the silence smiling widely, completely ignoring all the awkwardness that set on the table.

‘Oh, you must know everything about it, don’t you?’ Louis snickered grabbing his bag to search for a wallet. He was starving and ready to eat anything this school offered. Healthy or not.

‘Well, different from others I actually do care about my health.’ Harry sassed back but it didn’t catch Louis attention, which was now franticly going through his backpack searching for money. He scrunched his nose as he realized that must have forgotten it at home. It totally slipped his mind this morning as he was rushing to get ready. Louis was always keeping his wallet in his denim jacket that was now hanging in his wardrobe at home.

And well… Shit… It was not the first time though. Louis had the tendency to forget to bring money for lunch to school. Usually it ended up with him starving all day until the practicing was over or asking Stan to cover up for him. Considering how hungry he felt he rather asked for Stan to do that again.

‘Stan, forgot my wallet, can you buy me lunch? I’ll buy one for you tomorrow.’ Louis asked looking up.

‘I can do that.’ Harry rushed to answer before Stan could even react to it.

And okay… Louis should have expected that considering how possessive Harry was. But he really didn’t expect for Harry to act like that in front of the teams. Because maybe for both of them it was utterly normal that Harry acted like this but not for others. They saw them as enemies. The guys who hated each other (which was true, they really did hate on another).

So Louis just crossed his arms and scrunched his nose. ‘I’d rather starve.’ He sasses and yeah… It was predictable for Harry not to back off.

‘Then starve.’ Harry shot back not breaking their eye contact. And his look was much more intimidating that Louis had ever been. But Louis had pride.

‘Then I will.’ He sassed back declining any bite of food someone offered him during the break.

The tension and awkwardness was felt over the same break too. And both Harry and Louis were aware that it’s only because of the small spectacle they created in the beginning.

But it wasn’t like Harry could help it. He just couldn’t wrap his head around the fact that Stan would buy Louis lunch while Harry didn’t. He was possessive like that.

Which turned out to be a bad thing.

First of all he didn’t expect for Louis to be that stubborn. And secondly he really didn’t think he will be that concerned of the small boy well-being.

In the beginning Harry just saw it as a must to prove his point but as the time kept going he grew concerned that Louis will stay hungry for a whole day. Rumbling Louis stomach didn’t help the situation at all. As the football team’s captain just arched a brow and stared at Harry blaming him for it.

When the bell signaled telling students that the break was coming to an end it was surprising how fast everyone left the table. But was it really? The tension that lingered during whole break was
settling on everyone’s shoulders and even if neither Louis or Harry wanted to admit that they kind of made fools out of ourselves and not in the way they had done it before.

Somehow they just brought it to a whole new level where it was obvious that something more was going on between them.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

After the scene in cafeteria Harry does not give up and feeds Louis. Harry visits Louis house for the first time. Oh, and he meets someone there :)

Chapter Notes

Wow look at this my lazy ass is actually updating!
All I can say is that I'm really sorry you had to wait for so long but for my defense it's pretty long chapter? 12 word pages...

I hope you'll like it and... OH MY GOD have you all seen SNL?? It was sooo amazing. This whole week was me legit freaking about Harry and his appearance everywhere.
So... Yeah...
Love you all, hope you'll like the update and if you do please let me know with Kudos and especially Comments. These somehow keeps me very much motivated and kind of reassure me I'm going the right way... ♥♥♥

‘Here.’ Harry mumbled giving Louis some kind of food to go container.

And that was not what Louis was expecting when Harry messaged him asking to meet up in the empty classroom instead of going to the 5th lesson which was further mathematics course to Louis. Or maybe he did. He kind of hoped that Harry will try to take care of him and won’t leave him starve to death.

But it didn’t mean Louis was not going to fight and decline the offer. He was annoyed by Harry’s behaviour in the cafeteria, though he wasn’t sure was it because Harry acted so possessive or because Harry didn’t push further. Because bigger part of Louis had actually wanted for Harry to kind of buy food and shove it into Louis mouth. Not that Louis could admit it to someone, even to himself.

‘Why should I eat it?’ Louis asked placing the box on a desk between them.

Harry sighed looking kind of sad, which he rarely did. Being vulnerable and small was Louis part of their strange relationship. ‘I ditched my literature lesson to go and get you some pasta from nice Italian restaurant?’ Harry offered and Louis blushed.

His face was probably now coloured in a shade of red tomato and that’s not cute if you ask him. But Harry must have thought completely otherwise as his whole sad posture disappeared and was replaced by wide grin.

‘What if I don’t like it?’ Louis tried to play it cool. And word ‘tried’ pretty much describes how he didn’t manage to do that. His remark came out more like a girly squeak full of happiness and
sparkling rainbows that coloured the room in shining unicorns making Louis look like a fucking princess that was taken care of by her prince. And in Louis opinion neither of the boys fit the character. Especially him.

‘Oh, I made sure to pick your favourite, babe.’ Harry said in that fucking deep voice he had making Louis knees go weak.

Louis cleared his throat so that disaster of a voice wouldn’t betray him like this again.

‘Alright,’ he relaxed as it came out better than before. ‘Thank you.’ He finished looking up at Harry.

‘Mhm…’ Harry hummed burying his face into Louis neck sending shivers through all Louis body. ‘Eat it.’ He ordered stepping away and Louis really considered fighting with Harry. He considered saying something rude ant throwing box with pasta into Harry’s face telling him to fuck off and all of that. But he simply didn’t see a point because he quite liked the position he was in. He liked to be taken care of in a way no one else did before. Because growing in a home where you have six younger siblings really makes you more mature and responsible. Such thing as having someone constantly worrying about your well-being isn’t what Louis gets often. So now receiving this much care from Harry feels really good.

And yes, he would find it very humiliating in public. But he loved it now. That’s why he sat on top of the desk and opened the box taking deep breath of the heavenly pasta smell. God, he was starving.

* 

Louis was finishing his pasta (which was actually very good and made him question himself why doesn’t he spend more time with Harry only for a lunch like this) when Harry brought up the whole practicing thing.

It had taken a lot of courage for him to do so, because as Louis looked to be put in a good mood Harry didn’t want to be the one who made him angry again.

‘Do you want to see the changes they made for us?’ Harry asked the second Louis closed the box.

Smaller boy just looks at him curiously not understanding what he was asked.

‘About practicing? Now when it’s winter season you’re moving inside and next week…’ Harry trailed of not daring to say that next week they start to train half of their teams’ course together.

Louis sighed realizing what Harry was talking about and nodded.

He didn’t have any other choice. There was no turning back from their coaches’ decision and the best he could do was to understand everything himself so his team wouldn’t get lost in the middle of everything.

So they started getting through the new timetable and it appeared to be much better than he thought it will be.

He still had the running practice he did alone in the mornings and of course the technique things like handling the ball or kicking the ball were left separated too, which was kind of expected to happen.

However the mutual things still annoyed the hell out of Louis.
Yoga shit was back and Harry gave him the look which said that he was hoping Louis to attend it and participate in it (not going to happen).

Also, the running outside no matter the weather was forces on basketball team too. The amount was different like if football team was running for hour the basketball team was running only for half an hour. The other way around was with weight lifting. If basketball team is going for an hour – the football team is going only for half an hour.

All in all it was reasonable to make them practice together and even Louis had to admit that it was a thoughtful decision.

‘It’s not that bad.’ Louis finally stated out loud and Harry smiled kissing shorter boy’s forehead. Louis nudged his shoulder for it. ‘Don’t get too clingy just because I approve this. If I knew that coach would listen to me I wouldn’t agree to do this.’ He added but Harry wasn’t listening, he was too concentrated into kissing Louis.

And yeah maybe Louis was a bit edgy about this whole practicing thing but he was just a man… So it really didn’t take long for him to give in.

* \n
‘Stop smiling like an idiot.’ Louis snapped while putting his pants on.

But Harry couldn’t help it. He wasn’t even doing it on purpose. He tried stopping but it he smiled again just more widely than before.

And Louis could glare, snap and hit him for it but Harry didn’t think that could change his expression like that. Why?

Well, as both boys started their snogging session and started to remove one another’s clothes Louis turned around without any consideration which one was going to bottom.

And Harry was really surprised. He even questioned Louis if he was alright with that and didn’t want to be on top but the shorter boy just whined and said that this way was much better.

‘Harry, I swear to god you will be on celibate if you don’t stop.’ Louis growled feeling more embarrassed than angry.

‘I am not doing anything.’ Harry laughed knowing exactly what he was doing. But still he was surprised when Louis grabbed Harry’s bag and literally threw it at him.

It hit his stomach falling on the ground with a bang. Harry immediately felt the air removing from his lungs and even he had to admit that Louis was quite well-aimed. It took few seconds for him to get his posture back and then he gaped at Louis ignoring the pain he felt.

‘As a basketball player you’re really awful at catching things…’ Louis trailed off his eyes following every movement of Harry’s body and heart is beating a bit faster than normal.

For some unexplainable reason he felt a bit of a dick for throwing Harry’s back at him and it made Louis feel awkward. Because please, it’s Harry we’re talking about. Louis has thrown much more awful things at the taller lad never paying second mind about it.

‘I have no words…’ Harry answered looking at Louis. ‘I literally have no idea how I should react to this.’ He added telling sincere truth.

‘Well at least you are not smiling now.’ Louis offered and smiled cheekily making Harry smile.
Yeah, Louis was cute like that.

That’s why Harry decided to drop it. He calmly picked up his bag and threw it over his shoulder.

‘Period is about to end hurry up.’ Harry said opening the door for Louis to go first. Neither of them dared to question out loud why he was acting such a gentleman with Louis.

‘So… Bye?’ Louis offered as they had to separate their ways. Harry looked around before nodding and leaning in to kiss Louis forehead.

‘I’ll wait up to drive you home.’ Harry said when he pulled away from blushing Louis. ‘Or somewhere else.’ Harry added smiling and Louis blushed even brighter shade of red. God, this boy was the death for him.

‘Okay.’ Louis mumbled leaning in for a hug. Harry happily took him into his arms and pressed to his chest placing hands on Louis back, pulling him closer.

‘See you, babe.’ Harry whispered into Louis ear then both of them pulled away going separate ways.

The weird feeling in both of their chests made them giggle like idiots while remembering extremely weird goodbye exchanging they had.

* 

Louis literally had no idea how he would drag his body home if not Harry who was sitting in his car waiting for him. So Louis just went straight to the vehicle and opened the door hoping in angrily.

‘I don’t understand!’ He shouted relaxing into a seat while getting curious look from Harry. ‘We don’t even have games now! And he still gets us to practice much more than you do! That’s not fair! I’m sore and tired and fucking drained and fuck you, why are you laughing!’ Louis screamed hitting Harry with his small paws (or at least that’s how they appeared for Harry).

However his hits were rather rough and even if it amused Harry, how cute Louis looked when angry he preferred to be bruises-free. It was more for Louis character considering all these bright hickeys he had on his neck anyways.

‘Lou…’ Harry gasped as he saw few tears in Louis eyes. He wasted no time for unnecessary talk unbuttoning his seat belt and getting his hands on Louis, who looked like he was about to completely loose it. ‘Babe, you love football.’ Harry reminded him softly trying to pull the smaller boy closer while scoffing at the gear shift that was in the way.

‘But I’m tired.’ Louis muttered sadness filling his voice. ‘I am too tired to come back home and take care of those little bastards, I am tired of all this university applications shit and I just want to have time for myself.’ Louis finished catching his breath, blue eyes gazing into Harry’s green ones with some kind of unsaid hope and request for Harry to do something.

‘Hey, hey it’s alright.’ Harry whispered gently, all his attention on Louis and everything he was thinking before long forgotten. He had his proprieties and Louis was number one. ‘How about we take a break? Let me take you somewhere for dinner, then we can make some decisions together, yeah?’

Louis yawned and blinked a few times placing his head onto Harry’s arm that was touching his shoulder. It was a strange position – yes, but it was comfortable.
'Can’t, have to take care of those fuckers…’ Louis mumbled miserably and it made Harry’s heart break. He knew how much Louis loved his family and his siblings – whenever he talked about them it was like sunshine lighting the room. That’s how devoted Louis was to them. And now hearing him feeling so fed up was really heart-breaking because that’s not who the real Louis is. This is exhausted and drained version of him.

‘Alright, were you to let me help I’d make them dinner and all.’ Harry suggested slowly stroking Louis cheek.

‘Will you do the chores?’ Louis lifted his gaze to look at Harry, blue eyes filled with hope and innocence making Harry to forget what he was asked. For all he knew Louis could’ve asked him to jump off the roof but even in that case it didn’t matter. Because as long as those eyes were gaping at him Harry had no other way but nod and agree with what he was asked.

* 

‘It’s not the same as yours, you know. Much smaller but you will like it. You must. And there isn’t much food in the fridge too but as for Friday evening we could nag my mother and negotiate to let us order pizza. We could even force the others to put few coins from their pocket money.’ Louis was chattering without a stop taking small breaths between the sentences. Harry was beaming absorbing every word coming out of Louis mouth while driving to the well-known route.

‘I can pay for pizza, I don’t mind.’ Harry hinted while Louis was taking a small pause just to start with his monologue again.

‘Nah, it’s not a problem. Just make sure you don’t let twins get too playful especially the youngsters because it can get awful! They tend to go completely mad if you’re not serious enough with them. So yeah, oh! And look where you put your feet! There are toys everywhere.’ Louis chirped slightly bouncing in his seat.

‘I thought you were tired?’ Harry teased as he was parking the car in front of Louis house.

He couldn’t tell why exactly Louis was so bouncy, although he wanted to give some credit for himself. Maybe it’s because he was visiting for the first time Louis was so excited.

‘I was but now I’m nervous and when I’m nervous I just talk and talk and talk!’ Louis smiled acting completely different from how Harry was used to see him. He opened car door and climbed out grabbing his bags and dragging them with himself. Harry reached for help taking them from petite boy, who was still babbling some nonsense.

‘Your favourite brother is here!’ Louis shouted opening the door. Harry followed looking around eagerly. Louis house was nice – smaller than his but much homier with bright walls and bunch of framed pictures on them. He noted to check them out later wondering if he could see young Louis in them.

In front of Harry there were small stairs leading to the 2nd floor then on his left there was opened door and he could see that there is one more room and on the right side was probably a room too but it was a bit too far to see as an entryway was blocking it.

‘Even if Ernest was puking, shitting and crying at the same time I’d still prefer him.’ Said the voice of a girl and soon she appeared from the room on the left. Harry knew her – it was the oldest sister of Louis. She stopped dead in her tracks when she saw Harry.

‘Hi, I’m Harry.’ He introduced himself offering her a small smile.
‘I know who you are.’ She said staring at him.

‘Uhm… Well it’s Lottie, the oldest one.’ Louis explained throwing one arm over his sister’s shoulders.

‘Don’t touch me I’m going on a date and you have tendency to ruin everything you touch.’ She ordered reaching for her coat. Harry took a moment to eye her noticing that indeed she was wearing make-up and nicely dressed.

‘Of course you go on a date while I’m left to feed them on Friday night.’ Louis complained giving his sister a hug nonetheless. Lottie just giggled and shouted ‘bye’ while going through the door.

Harry gave her a small wave admiring the similarities Lottie and Louis shared. They were both similar looking – with blue eyes and even some face features were the same. But besides that even within few minutes Harry noticed how sassy and cheeky both siblings were. It only made him wonder whether the others were like this.

‘Okay, ready? It’s about to get bad.’ Louis sighed turning left and the room he was entering appeared to be a living room. Four kids were seated on two coaches playing with fluffy toys, TV in front of them showing some kind of childish movie Harry didn’t know of, and the oldest girl was sitting in the armchair.

‘Louis!’ Harry gaped at a sight.

Two small girls ran to hug Louis waist and two toddlers followed them wrapping their small hands around Louis legs making him to hold onto Harry to keep his balance.

‘Hey little cheeky things, missed you so, so much!’ Louis laughed hugging each of them back. Harry noticed the older girl – probably Fizzy only looking up from her mobile phone and eyeing Harry before looking down.

‘Teenagers’ Louis whispered to him shrugging off her behaviour. He was now preoccupied by four kids demanding for his attention.

‘Hey, loves, look what we have here, this is Harry.’ Louis introduced him and as two toddlers immediately shied away burying their faces into Louis’ legs the girls looked up curiously.

‘You’re human skyscraper.’ One of them said and Harry blushed when Louis let out a loud laugh.

‘It’s skyscraper, Daisy.’ He corrected the girl giggling softly.

‘Lou, can we show him our Barbies collection?’ Phoebe, if Harry remembers right from the conversation he once had with Lou, asked and Harry shrugged ready to agree. He really didn’t mind that but the look on Louis face stopped him leaving him there with his mouth opened.

‘Sorry, Pho but me and Harry have things to do first, how about you stay with Ernest and Doris, choose a movie while we might order some pizza.’ Louis giggled as twins nodded eagerly, dragging smaller set of twins away. ‘And no fighting! We still have some frozen food in the freezer!’ Louis threatened. ‘Alright you follow me.’ Louis addressed to Harry who was still staring at twins rather fondly taking in every movement the kids did. So Louis just grabbed his arm and dragged him with himself to the kitchen. Harry figured out that it was the room on the left – the one he couldn’t see before. It was rather spacious kitchen/dining room with no bar but a large wooden table with two benches.

‘They are very…’ Harry stopped searching for a right word. ‘Active?’ He finally offered and Louis nodded smiling at him.
‘They are. On weekends Fizzy, Pho and Daisy usually stays at Mark’s house but he’ll take them tomorrow in the morning…’ He stopped explaining as a loud bang echoed through the house followed by loud cries.

Louis groaned already on his feet to go and check what happened.

‘Order some pizza, please.’ He added leaving Harry standing in the kitchen alone not sure what to do.

* 

Harry was developing a headache.

In the beginning the whole conception of spending time with a lot of young kids sounded fun but when Harry spent more than few hours playing bunch of various games with them he felt tired.

Louis was no help either. The boy scoffed at Harry, blaming him for it, because he told Harry not to be too loose with the kids. Of course, Harry didn’t listen and now they had four kids screaming over each other while running all around the house.

‘Louis, please…?’ Harry kneeled in front of a sofa where Louis was sitting successfully ignoring the child screams. He had immunity for that and also it was amusing watching how Harry couldn’t say no to bunch of kids.

‘Aren’t so tough now, huh?’ He teased laughing at Harry’s sour expression when Doris jumped on him screaming loudly into his ear. Ernest followed not soon after and they both captured Harry’s attention.

Louis had to admit it was lovely sight for his eyes. Harry was much more relaxed with them than Louis could ever be. Harry didn’t say no to them and played all the stupid games kids offered – even hide and seek which forced him to hide his lanky body in this small house.

What surprised Louis even more was that he actually managed to drain them. Maybe Harry did have a headache afterwards but Pho and Daisy went to their beds at a reasonable time which was not usual for Friday nights and toddlers were slightly snoring on the sofa between him and Harry.

‘I have to admit, it’s the first time they’ll go to bed without putting a fight.’ Louis admitted laughing when Harry smiled proudly.

Older boys were sitting rather close to each other handling one kid snoring in their laps. Doris was comfortable in Louis arms while Ernest relied himself on Harry. And it made Louis feel weird.

Late conversation with Harry when two kids are sleeping soundly in their arms made him wonder would Harry be like this in a family of his own.

Harry had more feelings about it. He felt happy and relaxed – yes he did get tired playing with so many kids but still he had more fun than he did at his house in few years. And as he sat next to Louis holding kid in his arms he thought that he wouldn’t mind to be in the same place five or ten years later only if the kids were to be his and Louis.

And this wish scared the hell out of him. Because it would mean that he wanted to spend his life with Louis. And wanting to spend your life with person means you’re in love with him, which was not possible. It was Louis, the boy Harry hated and used only for sex. In order to change his mind track he started talking with Louis.
‘So… Want to have that talk about universities?’ Harry asked hugging Louis with his free arm cuddling him closer. This way everyone was kind of lying on Harry but he didn’t mind – quite the opposite actually.

‘No…’ Louis trailed of letting out a sad laugh. ‘But I guess I don’t have a choice. If I want to get it off my chest I better talk with someone, no?’ He wondered making Harry smile because Louis chose him as the person to talk to about his problems.

‘I suppose so.’

‘Yeah… Well… I have no idea what I want to study.’ Louis finally admitted though Harry already knew that. ‘I mean… I know I want it to be connected with math but I don’t know what exactly.’

‘Maybe you just overthink it?’ Harry smiled kissing Louis forehead. ‘I mean, most of the modules will be the same so I’d rather you choose subject you’ll actually understand.’

‘What do you mean?’ Louis looked up, curious about Harry’s advice.

‘Well, it’s rather simple, just ask yourself a question – what does it have to be about?’ He looked down at Louis and shorter men quirked his eyebrow looking back quizzically. ‘For you it’s math.’ Harry explained adding a ‘duh’ at the end.

‘Don’t you act so cool or I’ll bite you.’ Louis threatened but listened nonetheless.

‘Mhm, okay, so moving on ask yourself with who you want to get involved – physics…’

‘Hell no.’ Louis interrupted. ‘No physics, chemistry and not even programming.’ He shuddered even when thinking about it.

‘Alright, well then do you want to teach mathematics or work with business? Like finances or statistics?’ Harry continued with his interrogation partly because he was curious if he could help Louis decide what exactly to choose.

‘What is the difference besides finances and statistics?’ Louis wondered out loud.

‘Uhm, I’m not completely sure but statistics means working with data and all while finances could be with money? I believe it’s something like this. But I could ask my father to tell you more, his knowledge’s much better than mine.’ Harry offered gently partly hoping that Louis would agree on that.

Shorter boy snorted.

‘You’re funny.’ He said sarcastically. ‘No hilarious real comedian. Wow…’ Louis snorted again glancing at the twins to see if they haven’t startled up from their voices. No such thing. Little devils were heavily sleeping.

‘I was being nice.’ Harry rolled his eyes.

‘Not the talent of yours, obviously.’ Louis sassed starting to move from Harry’s embrace.

‘What are you doing?’ One of Harry’s arms went on Louis waist hugging it protectively stopping from moving.

‘Trying to stand up and put these to bed.’ Louis motioned at the twins. And Harry agreed on that only if he could help. Louis so no reason to decline this and that’s how they ended up carrying
both kids upstairs.

When the job was done they stood outside the twins’ bedroom, doors closed and the light downstairs turned off. It meant only thing – Harry had to leave or…

‘My bed is twin-sized.’ Louis quickly said as a matter of fact.

‘I don’t mind sharing.’ Harry whispered his voice low and somehow with these words sexual tension sparkled between them.

‘Hoped you won’t.’ Louis smiled shyly while looking down at his feet. And Harry wouldn’t be himself if he hadn’t taken a moment to admire the view. As he followed the boy into his room he appreciated the small height and wonderful body moving so gently.

They stopped in front of a door looking not much different from others. They were personalized a little bit – the sign ‘knock or run’ was put on and Harry wanted to laugh at how well it represented Louis character.

‘So… It’s not much, yeah?’ Louis mumbled suddenly not very comfortable with his childish room that has been the same since he was 10 years old when they re-decorated it.

‘Everything about you is more than enough.’ Harry replied before playing his words in his mind. And if that wasn’t extreme flirting that made Louis blush furiously he didn’t know how to call it.

‘Alright then hello MTV and welcome to my crib.’ Louis giggled clearly still affected from Harry’s words as he opened the door.

Harry looked around taking every corner of the room into his head.

It was a nice very boyish room if he were to tell himself. Walls were both wallpapered with some childish pictured and painted blue. Desk was spacious with shelve on top and some armoires he guessed to be where Louis has his clothes. And of course in one corner of the room there was a small bed.

Though for Louis it was an average bed, Harry was used to his king-sized bed so seeing this twin-sized bed with blue mattress made him wonder how the hell was he going to fit on that. With Louis.

‘If you want to take a shower I can get you some towels?’ Louis broke the silence not sure what else to do because Harry was staring.

‘Uhm, no it’s fine. I’ve taken one after the practice.’ Harry’s eyes moved from analysing his room to analysing Louis in front of him.

‘Me too.’ Shorter boy smiled.

‘Yeah… We should go to bed then?’ Harry offered while starting to unbutton his jeans. However he didn’t have time to remove them as Louis started throwing questions at him.

‘Do you want some shirt? I could also get you a separate blanket? Extra pillow?’ Louis asked questions at him faster than he could actually answer them.

‘It is fine, Louis. Everything is okay.’ Harry smiled sitting on the corner of the bed spreading his legs so Louis could stand in the empty space. Which the smaller boy happily did.

He stood right in front of sitting Harry putting boy’s hands on his hips motioning him to go up and
undress him. He had to lower himself a bit when Harry wanted to take his shirt off and then lift his legs as he took the pants off but it was not a big deal as Harry put kissed on his body while doing so.

‘Now I fell underdressed.’ Louis joked when he was standing in front of Harry only with his underwear on. Curly boy chuckled and stood up to undress himself too. And he wasn’t gracious with that as he almost fell while putting his pants off. It give Louis quite a laugh who was now getting comfortable under the blanket.

‘What if I wanted to sleep next to a wall?’ Harry teased getting under the blanket leaving the table light on the desk which corner looked like bed site table on.

‘Who knows maybe at night one of us would fall out of bed and be honest to yourself, would you rather it be me or you?’ Louis giggled hugging Harry closer to himself already feeling cold.

‘Me.’ Harry admitted answering a cuddle Louis was offering by pulling boy on himself. Louis squeaked and giggled out of surprise. He stopped when he saw Harry crunching his nose.

‘What’s wrong?’

‘I don’t fit.’ Harry mumbled and Louis sat up looking what he was on about. And Indeed Harry’s feet were not fitting into Louis bed as they were left hanging in the air.

‘Buckle your knees then.’ Louis shrugged giggling happily.

‘Such a genius you are Tommo.’ Harry smiled not even a bit angry about it. How could he be when Louis was acting so cute?

‘Surprised you know what this word means.’ Louis sassed reaching over Harry for the light. And Harry wanted to grab his waist and pull the boy down then suck his nipples off. But as he was about to do so the room went dark. Louis turned the light off. ‘I cannot see anything.’ Boy mumbled putting his hand on Harry’s bicep and then getting all his weight on that arm to get back to his place.

Harry groaned at the unpleasant feeling which tuned to a very turned on feeling the moment his brain’s realized it was Louis doing it.

It was silent for about five minutes both boys almost on top of each other in this small bed but not daring to turn around facing the ceiling while lying on their backs.

‘Harry?’ Small whisper echoed through the room.

‘Yeah?’ The answer came signalling that Harry was not asleep yet.

‘What about you? What and where you are going study?’ Louis wondered voicing out his biggest fear – the end of what they have now.

‘I…’ Harry trailed off blinking few times then turning around to look at Louis. Said boy was already staring at him and even if it was completely dark Harry could see his eyes being so beautiful shade of blue. Or he could imagine. But never mind that because it still made him feel complete and happy to be where he is. ‘I want to study architecture, actually.’ He finished.

‘You can?’ Louis reaction took Harry by surprise.

‘What do you mean I can?’
‘Well… Your parents are… Quite the people?’ Louis said not sure how he should voice that. Harry nodded him to carry on so he did. ‘Won’t they be like… forcing you to study something with business so you could… I don’t know… Take over?’

Harry’s eyes went wide surprised with the thing he had just heard. Curly boy had had this conversation with parents few years ago when he wondered about his A levels but it was a history.

‘I doubt that they would want me to do something I don’t want to.’ Harry concluded. ‘I mean all this ‘Style’s corporation’ thing they have achieved is their own trophy not mine, yeah?’ He stopped for a second so Louis could nod. ‘Yeah, so it’s only right that I want to achieve something on my own, not just carry on with something that does not belong to me.’

‘Well… When you put it that way…’ Louis trailed off ignoring the bang in his chest when Harry didn’t even touch the ‘where’ topic.

Harry didn’t reply. He hugged Louis closer to him and stayed in silence for awhile not being able to fall asleep, dreaming about the university he could find in London to study architecture.

Harry’s minds completely escaped from a leash painting beautiful images in his head of what could be’s. He imagined the spacious but homey flat he and Louis could share, he dreamed about plenty of evening spent in front of TV or fireplace while talking about their days and sharing their stories. Harry was almost completely sure that he could tell Louis about his feelings somewhere in between but he was not meant to dream about this tonight because Louis voice brought him back.

‘Harry?’ Louis once again asked for him and Harry rolled his eyes playfully before answering.

‘What?’ It was quiet for a few moments.

‘Ugh… Do you want to have sex?’ Louis answer was so gentle and soft that it made Harry groan.

‘Hell yes.’ He answered eagerly and rolled over so he’d be on top of Louis.

The night has just begun.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

They are going on holidays together?!

Chapter Notes

I'm trying to update as soon as possible now, partly because I feel guilty for my last update taking so long.

And I'm not sure when I'll be able to post again. It could take me this whole week and maybe the weekend? I hope not but high school is shit and sometimes you have to do what you have to do.

Anyways, please let me know if you like it by commenting it. I just want to know if it's not going too fast and if it's not too much fluff?

Louis was doing test after test and now it was starting to get more ridiculous than embarrassing.

It all began with short articles on girly websites where he read whether or not he’s in love but then he found those tests that claim they can actually tell you the truth and… And there is no coming back from there. It’s like you enter it leaving the door’s opened but when you turn around they are closed and you are stuck searching for more and more.

Because if Louis does the test ‘Am I in love?’ for a day, then next day he’s searching for tests ‘Is he in love with me?’ and there is no ending. It seems that the moment he kind of assures himself one of his questions is answered he gets bunch of others and after searching for answers it just leaves more confused than before.

Harry fucking Styles was no help either.

Ever since that evening at Louis house couple weeks ago boy was acting affectionate towards Louis. He helped Louis with his bags, prepared him lunch to school, hung out in the empty classroom, took him home after practicing or brought them to some kind of restaurant to have dinner. Oh, and of course they made love to Louis. Or at least that’s how shorter boy wanted to call it. In reality it most probably was just fucking each other or simply having sex but Harry made sure to make Louis feel so good and their interaction was making him feel some kind of connection he just let himself daydream and call it that way.

Their teammates found it very weird that both captains were not at the table very often and together at once but they believed the lies that Louis was learning with his literature tutor while Harry was practicing because he wanted to be in good shape when playing in matches.

So yeah, Louis was swimming in a sea of Harry’s attention enjoying every single bit of it and getting more attached to the basketball captain in return.
No evenings were spent separately now. Even when Louis mother was at home the boy didn’t think twice when bringing Harry, claiming it was just for tutoring each other. And also Louis made sure not to miss any matches Harry had. Not that he did before but now he could be easily nominated number one cheerleader.

This brings us to now.

Louis just came back from one of Harry’s Saturday night matches and while waiting for Harry to shower, get ready, come pick him up and take somewhere he was doing test that supposed to answer his question of the day ‘Does he share his things with you willingly?’

Because Harry never minded to share his things with Louis, sometimes even encouraged the smaller lad to do so, however, Louis knew that Harry didn’t disagree when others asked to borrow his things. And that’s why he was now searching for an answer ‘should or should he not feel special about it?’

The answer was unknown as after thirty minutes of searching Louis came up with nothing but some shitty arguments like ‘If he does that to everyone than no’ and ‘if you don’t have to ask for it then yes’.

So to figure it out Louis came up with amazing idea and he was completely sure he’ll get his answer by the end of the day.

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“Are you out of your mind?” Harry scoffed the moment Louis hoped in into a passenger seat next to him.

Louis blushed looking down at his jeans, sneakers and maybe just a bit too thin denim jacket he wore.

“Uhm… Why?” He trailed off already knowing what Harry was on about.

“What do you mean why? It’s December, Lou! You cannot go out dressed like its summer.” Harry now almost growl and Louis rolled his eyes.

“Fine, if I look that bad I can go and change!” Little boy exclaimed angrily leaving Harry with his mouth opened staring at him dumbfounded.

“I really don’t understand why you are acting this way,” Harry sighed confused. As far as he knew the emotional storms were for the girls on their period things. “You’ll simply get cold, babe.” He tried to ease Louis burst out.

“I know.” Louis huffed crossing his arms on his chest.

“Alright…” Harry smiled now finding the scene in front of them funny. “Okay, I’ll put the heat on then.” He decided turning the car’s engine on and call Louis stupid but he was disappointed – he expected to get Harry’s coat or at least to be offered Harry’s coat.

“Where’re we going?” Louis asked shyly now feeling very much embarrassed for the way he acted.

“My place, I thought we could have some time to ourselves.” Harry smiled and put one of his hands on Louis thigh making the smaller boy to scoot a little closer.

*
Louis let out a loud moan coming hard enough to see the stars, maybe even literally.

He slumped on bed not minding that his cum will get the mattress dirty. He was too drained for his head to work that much.

Harry on the other hand (or on the top) was much more conscious with the things he was doing. That’s why he stayed in his place frozen for a couple of moments before pulling out slowly and then lying down next to Louis.

“We need to get cleaned up.” He mumbled caressing Louis naked body sprawled right next to him. Smaller boy huffed in acknowledgment but was no willing to move an inch. Maybe only a half of the inch so he could be a bit closer to Harry’s soft fingertips.

Harry gave him time with that for about five minutes before he nudged Louis shoulder again.

“Alright, up we get.” He mumbled now sitting up. Louis was still not showing any signs of complying, so Harry picked him up gently then carried to the bathroom.

“You could’ve prepared me a bath and then got me into the warm water instead of forcing to go and stand in a shower.” Louis whined.

Then he took a deep breath when Harry suddenly turned around getting back to the bedroom. He wanted to ask what was going on but then he was laid back on the huge bed Harry right above him, curls messy and green eyes looking at him fondly.

“I’ll be right back.” He said kissing Louis’ forehead then went back to the bathroom to actually run a bath using his favourite Lush products.

* 

Louis was floating in Harry’s oversized tub which he rather called Jacuzzi. Or maybe he rightly called it Jacuzzi as he was almost completely sure it was how these types of things were called.

He inhaled taking the relaxing lavender aroma into his lungs. Apparently Harry used his bath bomb to their bath and then lit up some candles which were also lavender scented.

“Do you like it?” soft whisper mixed in with calming music Harry played through his bathroom speakers completing the atmosphere.

“I love it, thank you.” Louis looked up to kiss Harry. And it wouldn’t be them if the kiss hadn’t been passionate and eager, kind of asking for another sex session.

Louis finally pulled away to breath.

“Go skiing with me.” Harry suddenly said taking Louis completely by surprise. The smaller boy gaped at green eyed boy for a couple of seconds than blinked a few times and then shook his head.

“Sorry?” Small whisper was all he managed to let out as he was taken off-guard and didn’t know if he even heard it right the first time.

“I’m going to spend part of the holidays skiing.” Harry explained and alright then it means Louis got it right the first time. “I would buy you a ticket and equipment if you need? Like, all costs covered. It could be your birthday present for me?” Harry offered and Louis snorted.

“Aren’t you my lovely sugar daddy?” Louis laughed deliberately ignoring the boner Harry had
produced in a matter of seconds after he said that.

“I’m serious.” Harry rolled his eyes hugging Louis closer.

“You’re hilarious, Styles, really.” Louis proclaimed and Harry put a serious face worried that his offer will be declined.

“Lou, it’s not a joke. I want you to come skiing with me, I really do. You have no idea how much I would like that and I cannot think of better company than yours.” He confessed and Louis pretended that his cheeks heated up because of the warm water.

Louis looked down only few moments later to look up into Harry’s pleading green eyes.

“Harry…” He trailed off looking away again.

“Harry what? Come on, you know your mother wouldn’t say no.” Harry added as he started kissing Louis neck searching for sensitive spot so the boy gave in.

“No…” Louis moaned arching his back when Harry had finally succeeded.

“Agree.” He ordered going down Louis body with one of his hands and then squeezing boy’s dick hard making him moan even louder.

“Harry… Uh, uh, Harry, please…” Louis pleaded.

“Please what baby? You just have to agree to go skiing with me and then everything you want will be yours.” And Louis’ clouded minds weren’t able to fight this. They weren’t built for this Harry Styles charm so Louis did what he was asked.

“Ohkay, yeah, I’ll do it.” Louis nodded frantically.

* 

As it was predicted Louis mother didn’t say no. Quite the opposite, actually – she encouraged Louis to take Harry’s offer and go have fun. After all she felt guilty for all those evenings her son had to spend babysitting.

So as the trip was allowed by the parents Harry completely escaped from the leash starting to organize and plan everything to the perfection. Even if that meant that the next day he started packing his things.

“You do know that we have one week of school before we have holidays?” Louis mocked him while lying down in one of the armchairs in Harry’s wardrobe room. Taller boy was asking his opinion for every single piece he picked and Louis was lazily staying in one place humming in agreement or scrunching his nose when he didn’t like Harry’s choice.

“You can never be too ready, Tomlinson.” Harry rolled his eyes but feeling a bit self-conscious about his excitement.

Louis laughed at that and sighed. “What will we tell for others if they ask how we spent our holidays? I can’t tell you it was with you – that would be social suicide.” Lazy boy voiced out his concern giggling lightly when Harry threw him an annoyed look.

“You can tell them that you stayed alone in your bedroom for a whole week because no one wanted to be with you.” Harry tried to bite back.
“That would be representing you if not for me tagging along.” Louis clarified getting off Harry’s sock that was thrown at him after his words. Smaller boy gagged scrunching his nose more for drama purpose than for real but still. “Styles, you’re such a disgrace to this world.” Louis concluded picking up the sock with his two fingers looking at it with disgust before throwing it away.

“Don’t pretend you didn’t like it.” Harry wiggled his eyebrows motioning to the sock.

“Oh yeah, of course I did, for a second thought that I could even puke from such strong aroma of yours.” Louis was quite aware that they were walking on thin line somewhere between teasing and bickering with one another.

But thinking about this and looking back they were always like this – annoyingly pulling one another’s legs ending up with others trying to separate them or things beings thrown at each other. Maybe only when they were maturing the things were replaced by fists but somehow without changing their habits they managed to still annoy each other but it was now accepted more as a joke than it used to be before.

“Hey, Tomlinson?” Harry referred to him bringing back to reality. Louis turned his gaze to stare at Harry with a questioning expression. “Uhm, do you have a passport? You know the one that lasts longer than three months?

“Yeah, I had it done last year when I’ve flown to France, why? Does it matter?” He asked dumfounded almost one hundred per cent sure that flying anywhere in this continent didn’t require the exact time. Unless… Unless Harry was taking him somewhere outside the Europe. “Wait… Where exactly are we going again?”

Harry bit his lip and looked around his eyes looking everywhere but not at the boy in front of him. Louis cleared his throat a few times staring at Harry demandingly.

“Well…” Harry finally grew balls to answer. “Uhm… It’s in my parent’s winter house.”

“Which is in…?” Louis trailed of his patience running out.

“Aspen.” Harry mumbled turning around to face the shelves filled with his clothes.

“Aspen as that Aspen, who’s in America?” Louis asked confused. Because Harry wouldn’t dare to take him somewhere THAT far, right? He wouldn’t ask for Louis to come to a ten or more hour’s flight without informing him about it?

“Well, do you know any other Aspens, Louis?” Harry sassed and fuck no, he doesn’t get to sass when he secretly trapped Louis into a such a long trip making him believe that they are going somewhere in England or France if the furthest.

“Well do you want to find out how hard I can throw this perfume bottle next to me?” Small boy threatened taking a hold of Harry’s Yves Saint Laurent perfume bottle. Harry immediately came up to him trying to get it back and no it’s not childish to fight over a bottle of perfume. Not for them at least.

“Let go!” Harry ordered trying to get it out of Louis paws but the tiny boy was strong and he squirmed and he kicked Harry more than few times managing to get away.

“If you ready come and get it!” Louis shouted/singed running away screaming “nananana” imitating a Selena’s song.

“Aren’t you a marvelous singer? Terrific.” Harry mumbled sarcastically chasing Louis all over the
The boys were running through all three floors from one room to another, screaming words at each other. Somewhere in the middle of this Louis placed the bottle on the kitchen counter so he would have better coordination and this chasing thing lasted for quite a long period of time until Harry finally caught him, taming the boy under his body, pressing dozen of kisses on Louis face.

“Stop!” Louis was giggling profoundly but didn’t move or tried to get away. The opposite actually – smaller boy wrapped his arms around Harry’s waist getting closer to the taller boy who was kissing him like there was no tomorrow.

“I…” Kiss “Will…” Kiss “Not…” Kiss again now much affective as Harry also started to suck Louis skin, probably marking him again.

“No marks.” Louis warned him and Harry just hummed.

* * *

“Hey, Tommo, who’s your possessive lover, again?” Luke asked and whole table burst out laughing while Louis covered his neck with his hand throwing Harry an angry look.

“It’s allergy.” Louis tried to defense himself only to make it funnier for others.

“Oh? What kind of? Saliva and neck kisses?” Stan laughed at his own joke high fiving Luke and few others while Louis just rolled his eyes. Even being adults these boys were far from mature people.

“Yeah, you probably have not heard of it as you don’t have such kind of experience?” The voice cut in standing up for Louis. And when the tall boy with brown curls sat on the bench it was quite obvious he was the one, who stood up for Louis.

And over Louis’ dead body will he let his pride to be humiliated like this. Getting help from Styles to stand up for himself? Hell no.

“Shut up, you idiot, no one asked your opinion.” Louis grumbled unhappy.

Harry smirked, probably cheering that he made Louis so annoyed. For what else could be this stupid smug on his face?

“At least I’m not slutty little boy. Or how do they call them? Fuck boys?” Harry chuckled at the middle finger Louis threw at him.

“I swear you cannot even be decent with each other for a break.” Liam complained.

“A break? Payno, what are you talking about? It’s like five minutes and they’re ready to kill each other.” Stan added and Louis blinked taking it as offensive thing. Because, ok, what? He and Harry were literally sitting right next to them.

Doesn’t matter that few months ago Louis would have smiled brightly at that taking it as a compliment. No. It was past. No he wanted the progress he and Harry had made to be acknowledged. Because they did, right?

Well, Louis had next week to figure it out.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Larry's trip, Harry develops some feelings?

Chapter Notes

Well... Here goes my update.

I hope you'll like it. I personally find it extremely fluffy and cute.

Let me know what you think about it my commenting and don't forget to leave Kudos if you like it! ♥♥♥

When Louis agreed to go skiing with Harry he didn’t know that he’ll be forced to waste thirteen hours of his life by flying. Well, technically it’s about eleven hours as they have one stop in Chicago but still, if he had known than he would have... No, he would have agreed on this anyways.

But the thing is that it’s really not that cool to be sitting in private (?) jet or in extremely empty first class seats only with Harry to entertain himself. And the main reason was that Louis’ got in an argument with Harry (without Harry even doing something).

“Louis, can you please tell me what did I do?” Harry sighed, unhappy that he spent two hours of this flight in uncomfortable silence without any idea why smaller lad was so angry.

Louis eyed him still in the same clothes he wore to school as their flight was right after the lessons.

“I was scolded by coach because of you.” Louis mumbled crossing his eyes and Harry froze. He couldn’t reckon any bad words he had said about Louis to any of the coaches nor teachers. Louis, sitting in front of him obviously saw the confusion in his face as he kept on talking. “He was angry that I won’t be able to train during holidays.” Now it was clear to Harry what was going on.

Taller boy undid his belt while taking a kneeling on the ground in front of Louis. If any of the cabin crew would see him now he could be scolded. Or maybe not as he they were nice in such long duration flights.

He took Louis small paws into his and kissed his knuckles. It had to be a romantic gesture for Louis but the said boy just rolled his eyes, not moving his hands from Harry’s.

“Lou, you know that none of us is to blame.” Harry smiled leaning in for a kiss. Louis sighed accepting the kiss. Now, normally he wouldn’t do this but now he was really bored so getting over it was better than staying in this awful silence for more hours.

“Alright, whatever.” He nodded looking down and in this case Louis was like an opened book to Harry. The taller boy noticed that it was nowhere near alright so he started the ‘trust’ talk thing he
knew Louis adored though never admitted.

“Babe, I’m serious. You are not aiming for a professional footballer career now, do you?” Harry nudged Louis shoulder gently getting a small smile from him. “You are more than great at football and I’m like hundred per cent sure that some leagues would take you in, if you wanted it.”

“But I don’t.” Louis interrupted and Harry nodded. He knew that Louis was always dreaming about going to university.

“And it’s okay that you don’t. What’s not okay is for your coach to act the way he did. You won plenty of matches kicking that ball with your pretty feet and you’ll plenty more again.” Harry now was kneeling in the gap between Louis thighs, stroking them while comforting the blue eyed beauty in front of him. Louis was no doubt happy with the words Harry said as he blushed more with every praise Harry voiced out. So he continued. “Coach made irrational decision telling you anything he did. Love, you are…” Harry was unexpectedly cut off by Louis lips.

Curly guy had no idea what he did to deserve this kiss when Louis ignored him for so long but he answered the kiss eagerly. Closing his eyes tightly he straightened himself and smirked when noticed that this way he was a bit taller than Louis who was sitting in his seat.

In the sitting boy’s head the things were messy. He didn’t know what was happening – his stomach was churning, palms sweating and when Harry referred to him as ‘love’ heart skipped a beat or maybe stopped for a second, or maybe both.

* 

“I really hate you for dragging me all this way to fucking skiing resort. Is it even winter season there?” Louis was being annoying self while following Harry to their gate’s where they had to depart from after their stop.

On Louis defence he was just being his bitchy self and it was not his fault that both of them were rather antsy after almost nine hours of flight. They had one hour for themselves and then they had one more three hours flight and if Harry was throwing him annoying glares he didn’t have to stop.

“I don’t know, it should be, seeing as its skiing resort?” Harry finally snapped looking at the gate’s number. According to their tickets it was the right one.

“Well it can be summer time.” Louis rolled his eyes adding a stupid ‘duh’.

“Summer time is in the middle of December? Aren’t you a genius of our generation?” Harry laughed stretching himself. Even though the boys had some exercise during the flight (small blowjobs so no one could see and maybe just a quickie in plane’s toilet) he still felt like his body was broken and to be fair his back was betraying him.

“I will kick you in the balls.” Louis threatened and now Harry laughter out loud throwing one arm around Louis shoulders bringing him closer for a hug.

“Don’t increase the probability of me being soft all week.” Harry chuckled and it really did hurt when Louis punched you.

“Increase?!” Shorter boy shouted offensively. “Fucking asshole, you are staying with me, what do you mean soft?” Louis growled and Harry tried not to grin at the pouty looking boy. Jesus, he was just like an angry kitten or maybe very small puppy who’s growling when not getting his toy.

“It was just a joke, love.” Harry smiled suggestively and was surprised when Louis melted in his embrace, blushing furiously and not looking at Harry anymore. “Okay…” Harry trailed of not
sure what it was all about. “You want to eat something?” He motioned to the airport café trying to reduce the awkwardness that settled on them.

“Yes, please.” Louis answered softly. He lifted his face, blue eyes gazing into Harry’s green ones and all taller boy could do was brings this unrealistic beauty closer to himself.

* 

‘Oh my god, this is soo much better than in cafeteria.” Louis moaned and Harry gagged looking how disgustingly the boy ate packed sandwiches they sold here. “Oh shut up, you literally are eating granola bar.” Louis defended himself while taking another huge bite. He was really starving.

“I could’ve bought you something healthier? Or more edible.” Harry scrunched his nose but froze when noticed that he wasn’t getting any attention from Louis. The boy was now staring somewhere distant with unhappy expression on his face. “What’s wrong?” Harry asked turning around.

“Don’t.” Louis quickly stopped him. Harry lifted his brow looking confused and more curious than before. “Don’t look over, but few girls are fucking goggling and I don’t like it.” Louis growled looking at the distance again now with his eyebrows rose and his eyes challenging.

Harry found it extremely hilarious and giggled into his hand trying not to be so obvious. But of course it didn’t go unnoticed by Louis. Small boy growled and punched Harry’s arm making taller boy laugh out loud.

“Stop!” Louis whined blushing as Harry couldn’t contain his laughter, stopping only for a seconds bursting out loud again. “You are so annoying I don’t understand why I even agreed going somewhere with you.” Louis complained playfully, staring girls long forgotten.

* 

Flying the remaining three hours was much easier as both of them were soundly asleep and even when they started to take off Harry was the one to wake up while Louis remained dead to the world.

So being so nice that he is Harry carried Louis out of the plane and he not falling down was a miracle. Louis stirred when they were already in a car driving to the house. Boy opened his eyes and looked around noticing Harry’s strong arms holding him protectively.

“Hey…” Louis crooked and immediately flinched at his voice, it seemed Harry was not affected by this awful sound as he offered Louis a smile giving small kiss to his nose and explaining that they’ll be there in less than twenty minutes. Louis fell asleep after that again.

And only when they had to climb out of the car and take their baggage did Harry woke him up. Louis followed Harry, the one who actually carried all of the bags and snorted when he saw the house.

“Yeah, you’re good at giving descriptions.” Louis mocked him eyeing the huge house in front of him. When Harry said they were going to his family winter house he described it like a very cosy cabin with fireplace. But it was complete opposite. It was more of a mansion than a cabin and Louis could swear this place had at least three fireplaces. Not cosy, fancy more like it was.

“What?” Harry sounded genuinely surprised “If you don’t find it homey then you have to be crazy.” He said putting the bags down to unlock the front door.
“Thank you, my slave.” Louis sassed going in first and Harry smacked his bum in return. Louis squeaked and ran away making Harry chuckle and hurry inside. It was winter after all and he was freezing.

*

Louis took the warm cup he was handed with a grateful smile and sighed as he felt the warmness of it go through his whole body. It was exactly what he needed after today.

Today was the first day in Aspen as last night they came here too late to actually go somewhere and also they were too much attracted to one another to even want it. So in the late morning they got ready and left. And only when they were already there and Louis saw that Harry had snowboard instead of skis he insisted that skiing was too boring and if Harry knew how to snowboard he wanted to know it too.

After hearing it Harry just rolled his eyes at that and Louis shot him a challenging look but the curly boy knew better than to actually fight it. Although he found it completely stupid, that Louis picked on to learn how to use snowboard when he knew nothing about it.

Though, he was a little bit happy about it as he got a chance to teach Louis. But it turned out that the tiny boy was not capable to learn and didn’t even want to? Harry thought it was the 2nd one as any time when he tried to show Louis something both boys fell down into the snow.

And that brings us to now, when both boys are back in the house, out of their skiing clothes and Harry is really concerned because Louis fingertips are almost blue and small boy is trembling from cold. So he made the tastiest and biggest hot chocolate cup to give it to Louis and then put the fire in fireplace on so they could warm up.

“Did you know that if two bodies stay close to each other they get warmer?” Louis bat his eyes as Harry was wrapping him up in one more blanket.

“Did you know that if I spank you you’ll get warmer too?” Louis cheeks rose up. Harry was pissed at him after being so careless and for some weird reason was acting very protectively and a bit possessively? Though, now when Louis thought about it more in private part of their relationship it had been like this for actually a while. Like, in the beginning of school year Louis was ready to punch Harry if he slapped his bum or act like he was smaller until he was very very very sexually frustrated but now… Now he actually liked it and he noticed that closer they get more different the dynamic of their relationship becomes. “Alright,” Harry said pushing the loveseat with Louis on it closer to the fire. “Do you want some marshmallows?” He questioned, they already ate in the city so he was sure Louis wasn’t hungry yet, though some desert would be lovely.

“Mmm.” Louis hummed sipping his hot chocolate and so Harry went to the kitchen to get the bag of delicious delight.

“Harry?!” Voice back from the living room shouted.

“What?!” Harry shouted back and he heard a loud thud – probably Louis fell off of the couch.

“The cup is safe!” Louis shouted few seconds later appearing in the kitchen. Indeed the hot chocolate cup was secured in his tiny paws but the two blankets Harry wrapped Louis in were not with him.

“Why did you come here?” Harry asked and Louis smiled hugging his waist, burying his face into Harry’s chest.
“Missed you,” Smaller boy mumbled. “And I want some desert pizza with chocolate.” He added looking up with a cheeky smile on his face. Louis watched how Harry’s face froze for a second before he sighed and nodded. It seemed that almost everything Louis asked these days were given by Harry.

So that’s basically how their time in Aspen was. After getting a serious scolding from Harry Louis actually went back on skis but only for an hour until he changed his mind causing Harry an actual headache. The remaining time when they were not in the mountains they went to lovely restaurants or cafes. Harry showed Louis all best places he knew and maybe picked few of them from a tourist guide (Louis laughed all day when he found out). But it was the best winter holidays both boys remember to have.

The last day of the trip was not waited but it still came. And Harry knew that two days after was Louis birthday decided to have an early celebration.

He woke up early to make fabulous breakfast, ordering part of it from local bakery. Of course he also had some presents for Louis but he felt edgy about them. First of all, the trip was kind of the present and he was afraid that Louis would think it’s too much, secondly, he really didn’t know if it was appropriate to give Louis one of his presents.

“Did you do something bad?” Louis was already awake when Harry stormed into their bedroom and he carefully eyed the tray with food.

“It’s surprise, you have to play asleep!” Harry complained and Louis snorted lying back down. He also started to make loud snoring sounds and stopped only when he heard the sound of picture being taken.

“Hey!” He complained opening his eyes. Harry was standing above him with his pink mobile in his hands, smiling like a fool. He also was wearing only pyjama pants and Louis admired the naked torso view.

“Sleep.” Harry put fingers on his eyes so Louis was forced to close them. It continued for a few times whenever Louis tried to open his eyes until he quit it and stayed with them closed.

“Perfect.” Harry whispered next to his ear and then he did something that forced Louis to jump almost knocking off the tray. From the bottom of his lungs Harry shouted “HAPPY EARLY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!” right next to Louis’ ear and poor guy almost had a heart attack.

“You’re an ass, Styles!” Louis roared trying to fight the taller boy but there was no use. Harry pinned him down holding his wrists above his head. “Uhm, Harry if you want to eat now then go away.” Louis whispered having almost no control over his body, who was shamelessly responding to Harry’s every breath and movement.

“We can eat it cold.” Harry mumbled his lips brushing Louis’. “No, wait.” He backed away remembering something.

“I don’t want to wait.” Louis pouted and Harry leaned in to kiss it away. Louis giggled at messy curls getting in the way.

“I have few things to you.” Harry smiled putting two books from under the bed. Louis gasped at the nicely presented things.

“I have something to you too!” He jumped out of bed and went to find his suitcase while Harry looked lost. Why the hell would Louis get something to him? “It’s for you as Christmas present!” A shout came from the dressing room and not soon after Louis appeared with a ridiculous looking
It was complete opposite from Harry’s – While Harry’s was well decorated Louis looked like he just put sketches of paper here and there and then glued it with tape (which was actually the truth).

“Well…” Harry trailed off when Louis came back to sit on bed.

“Well open it! It’s nothing much but your hipster ass should like it.” Louis encouraged, mocking him and Harry took the box ripping it away carefully. When he opened it wide smile spread on his face and he laughed out loud. Inside of a box there were three pairs of socks – very colourful ones. One pair was blue with yellow bananas on it and the other two were with Da Vinci paintings on it. And of course Louis got him a cup with his face on it.


“Great! Now it’s my turn! Give it to me!” Louis grabbed the boxes and ripped off the paper. Harry tried not to scoff at that. Louis giggled when he opened the first one it was a card for indoor skydiving and he remembered how he whined for Harry wanting to go try it.

“Uhm… It’s for two, so you know…”

“So we could go together.” Louis finished happily and Harry nodded.

“Yeah, and the other one…” He trailed off blushing and Louis became serious. Because no matter what Harry never blushed! Or rarely blushed, almost never. “The other one is just something I wanted to try? And I mentioned it once and got kind of positive reaction from you?”

“Okay…?” Louis encouraged him when he stopped talking.

“Okay, so if you don’t like it, we can throw it away and forget about it.” He finished putting the box into Louis hands looking very embarrassed while doing so.

Louis now carefully removed the wrapping paper and opened the box letting out a loud gasp. His stomach churned and his cheeks turned widely read. He didn’t even know if he could look up to stare Harry in the eyes.

“It’s a cock ring.” Louis choked so many emotions happening in his minds he couldn’t understand a thing around him.

“Is it too much?” Harry almost whispered. His voice sound very scared and Louis was so concerned about breathing steadily he could just shook his head not trusting his voice. “Alright… You okay?” He asked putting a hand on Louis thigh and smaller boy flinched. Harry suddenly removed his hand looking a bit scared.

“Can… Can… we us… se… it… t..?” Louis stuttered and Harry wasn’t sure if he should say yes when Louis was looking not very stable.

“Are you certain you want to do that?” Harry asked for clarification taking the ring from the box. He already knew how to use it after googling it and watching few embarrassing or frustrating videos.

“Please…” Louis whimpered and Harry had to physically lift Louis face so he could look boy in the eyes and it took him by surprise.

No matter how much times they had sexual intercourse, no matter how many times Louis went
under and begged for Harry to do something, the taller lad had never seen this boy so submissive and so small.

The moment Louis looked him in the eyes with those blue, innocent irises looking shyly through eyelashes something new was born in Harry. The eagerness to make this boy his was unexplainable. Yes, he wanted Louis to depend on him before, to give himself to Harry but now… Now Harry wanted nothing but to have complete control and to make Louis feel so good like he never did before. He saw small beauty in his arms and he wanted this beauty to trust him. To put himself in Harry’s arms, depending only on his will so Harry could show him over and over again how precious he was for him.

It was not something explainable and it was not something you can define with words. He felt like he could live without the sun and blue summer sky – Louis’ beautiful blue eyes would brighten his day even better. He could also live without flowers as Louis was prettier than all of them together and the list was endless. When Harry put his arms on Louis laying him down he admired how beautiful he looked. His hands went down removing Louis underwear and he pressed kisses on Louis stomach making the boy moan. It was the best sound Harry’s ears have ever heard – thousand times better than Beethoven’s sonatas and Vivaldi’s „Le quattro stagioni” together.

Harry starter putting kisses on Louis semi hard cock, making it not so semi and the boy flinched asking for more.

“Be patient, my love.” Harry’s voice was unfamiliar even for him. It was low and fond at the same time. Louis buckled his hips to answer that and Harry grabbed his wrists pinning them down. He got up to be above Louis and kissed him eagerly.

Louis moaned at the feeling hugging Harry’s waist with his legs and buckling his hips even more eagerly when he felt the cocks brushing against each other.

“Okay, that’s enough go on your hands and knees!” Harry commanded and never before had he seen Louis moving so fast. The petite boy jumped rolling over positioning himself like he was asked.

Harry opened the drawer to get the lube so he could get Louis prepped. Needless to say Louis was eager to be done with it. Harry had given him few spanks just to calm him down and was surprised when didn’t receive any threats from Louis just a shy ‘sorry’ and ‘please’.

And when he decided that Louis was finally ready he slipped the cock ring on boy’s dick.

Louis squealed at the new feeling and his hands betrayed him leaving him going down on bed. Harry was quick to react and helped to position the boy back up, watching how the thighs and arms were shaking furiously. He hadn’t even started it but Louis was already overly excited, driven by idea of the cock ring and depending on Harry.

“Love, tell me, are you alright?” Harry asked for confirmation very worried about Louis’ state. “Louis… Please, I need to know if you’re sure about it.” He asked again and was taken back when Louis shouted ‘yes’.

From Louis point of view everything was unclear. His head was spinning and he couldn’t even understand where he was. Pressure in his cock and Harry’s touches were everything.

When Louis felt Harry’s dick entering him, brushing the walls of his hole he let out a long moan his body moving without his control. He could hear Harry praising him, could feel his touches and he felt so good. He felt complete and he wanted to cry. He heard Harry coming and he wanted to do that too but he couldn’t and he had to wait until Harry allowed him this and he reached the god
damn nirvana. He came loud and strong, shouting Harry’s name in his cries.

* 

“You know it’s ridiculous?” Louis asked as they were standing in Chicago airport. Sadly, now they were coming back to England.

“But it’s not.” Harry smiled hugging the smaller boy closer. It was something he started to do after yesterday morning. He made sure to always be close to Louis and if Louis was truthful to himself he loved it.

“Harry you’re only flying to England so I wouldn’t have to go alone and then you are flying back.” Louis crossed his arms but even if he didn’t admit it loud he loved it.

“Not exactly, I’m flying back to New York which is not the same.” Harry laughed at his own lame argument but he didn’t care. He could let Louis go alone it wasn’t the issue. He just wanted spend more time with him and flying nine hours together seemed a good choice. Even if it cost eight hours more on a plane back.

“You are stupid.” Louis stated standing on his tip toes so he could reach Harry’s lips.

I’m stupid for you. Harry wanted to say but he was too busy kissing Louis back. And the question popped up in his head – “Is that how true love feels like?”
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

New Year's celebration.

Chapter Notes

This is one of the shortest I've ever written but... It's very soon and I wanted to give it to you!

I hope you'll like it. And THANK YOU for more than 5000 hits!! Because it's crazy!! ME? 5000??!! It seems like I've started writing it yesterday my hands shaking not sure what I'm doing.
But the support I received from you was amazing ♥ you all are the very best readers and thank you all.

And I really do hope you'll like the new chapter. Let me know what you think ♥♥♥

Louis pressed the ‘answer with camera’ button and scoffed when he saw Harry’s face.

“Stop calling me, I don’t even know you.” He pouted but suddenly broke down and smiled widely answering to Harry’s happy grin.

“I’m at the airport now!” Harry beamed. The curly boy from the other side of the screen was finally returning home from New York. It was midday there and evening in England so he should be here early in the morning after spending night on plane. Louis felt a bit sorry for him but on the other hand he didn’t really care. He wanted Harry to be by his side as soon as possible because spending Christmas days without him was tougher than Louis wanted to admit.

“Well that’s good to hear, when is your flight?” Louis questioned moving from his desk chair onto his bed, where he spent most of the evenings while talking with Harry. Honestly, even since they separated boys had been skyping each other non-stop. Louis declined to agree with his mother who claimed that they were too attached but deep inside he knew it was truth.

“Few hours later, I should be home about seven or eight in the morning.” Harry shrugged taking a seat losing his earphones in the process. Louis giggled.

“Loser.” He laughed when Harry fished them and put back in.

“Fuck you, Tomlinson.” Harry smiled playfully. Ignoring the look old lady threw at him.

“You can fuck me all you want baby, just come back first.” Louis said cheekily not paying attention at his blushing cheeks. He has almost accepted his embarrassing fate to blush in any kind of life situation that consisted of him and Harry.

Harry groaned “Tomorrow.” He promised and Louis nodded.
“Yeah, tomorrow.” they smiled at each other and if someone ever said that you cannot feel connection through the distance were a fool. However, they were not mistaken by saying that distance sucks. “Hey, we could also go somewhere for breakfasts?” Louis offered having a place in mind.

“Are you inviting me to a date?” Harry smirked and Louis showed him his middle finger. Though Harry was almost correct as the place Louis wanted to go was marked as suitable for couples.

“I’d rather die alone then go on a date with you.” Louis smiled sarcastically his heart beating faster as he already dreamed of him and Harry tomorrow going for a walk in the city.

* 

“I don’t even know if I want to cry or laugh.” Louis mocked Harry staring at the boy’s green tea latte he had ordered previously and was now drinking making Louis scrunch his nose in disgust. “It stinks, like some fish.”

“Why don’t you eat your muffin and then we can go home.” Harry groaned taking a sip of his drink. Louis gagged and Harry punched him playfully. Boys were now sitting in that Louis preferred café having breakfasts.

“I wanted to go for a walk, though.” Louis pouted crossing his arms and Harry didn’t want to go for a walk. He had a shit sleep at the plane even though it was 1st class someone watched films all flight without fucking earphones in. Also, it was cold outside and Harry didn’t even want to stare through the window leave alone freeze his butt off by going outside.

“Of course we can go for a walk.” Harry smiled swallowing the need to disagree. Louis smiled brightly and Harry could freeze his dick off for all he cared. As long as this boy was smiling he was staying outside.

* 

It was probably unhealthy physically and psychologically that Harry removed his scarf and gloves to put it on Louis, when smaller boy mentioned he was a little bit cold. Boys were walking down the street close to each other, touching each other sides but not holding hands yet. Louis was wrapped in Harry’s warm and probably very expensive scarf happily telling him stories from Christmas morning, when twins opened their presents.

Harry was listening carefully and attentively trying to memorize every small piece of Louis talk. A cute couple was walking in front of them going the other direction didn’t even capture their attention until the boy, who was now not holding the girls hand, attacked Louis pushing him roughly to the side. There is no doubt he would have fallen down and quite painfully if not for Harry who reacted very fast catching Louis by his waist.

“Watch where you going.” The boy growled and Harry took one glance to the boy immediately recalling who he was. His name was Ethan and he was on the opposite football team always losing for Louis. But that was not important. Important was Louis who was mistreated.

Harry felt his blood boiling, no one had a fucking right to go around pushing Louis. “Hey, shut your mouth, you pushed him.” Harry argued and it most probably would have ended up like this but the girl was watching critically like waiting for Ethan guy to start a fight.

“Well the scum of the earth was walking the wrong way.” Ethan laughed coldly and Harry straightened himself. Now, he could laugh at Louis and call him names as much as he wanted but no one had a right to come to the boy and offend him like this.
“Hey, how does it happen that the scum of the earth still does better in football than your ugly fat ass?” Louis sassed looking at the couple in front of them as if they were a joke.

And of course it captured attention causing Ethan to attack again. Luckily Harry was quick to react, moving Louis out of the way making sure he was alright before turning around and pushing that Ethan guy back. He didn’t fall though.

“I suggest you fucking leave before start actually happen and you end up fucking dead.” Harry threatened standing in his all intimidating height. And maybe if he wasn’t the tallest one in his school’s basketball team, he was far from average height which made him look quite intimidating now. Louis stood next to him mortified not capable of moving. The girl Ethan got with himself mumbled something under her breath, waking Louis from his gaze.

“C’mon, we have to go.” He said to Harry pulling the boy with him (which was fucking hard and Louis had to stand between them to actually get Harry away).

It was only when they were walking back to the parking lot where they left car Louis started to talk. “I didn’t know you could be angry.” Louis breathed saying sincere truth. Harry was nothing but angry. Well yeah he used to get annoyed, jealous, possessive but NOT intimidating and aggressive. He was tall lanky boy with a dimply smile. Sudden reaction and fighting was more Louis thing.

“I would’ve fucking killed him.” Harry was still fuming looking back now and then ready to turn around and make sure he got what he deserved.

“People were watching, Harry, you would have got reported so its okay we ended up like this.” Louis sighed feeling weird being the rational one.

“Don’t give a fuck about reported. I cannot believe he pushed you.” Harry stated unlocking his car’s door and opening the door for Louis.

The drive back to the house was rather awkward. Harry was still gripping his wheel angrily his knuckles white and Louis was still confused not sure if he was happy Harry stood up for him or offended that he didn’t do it himself. In the end he couldn’t fool himself and admitted that it was very hot when Harry did that. Who could have known? That peaceful, hipster guy would be losing his shit over a boy. At the end Louis was happy about it and the moment they entered the house he got on his knees wanting show Harry how thankful he was.

Taller boy didn’t even have time to question it as he received a pleasure given by Louis. He stopped it though. In the middle of it all he stopped Louis and then carried the boy upstairs wanting for some penetration that put both of them on a cloud nine.

“I would protect you no matter what.” Were Harry’s words when he was coming inside of Louis.

* 

“Lou?” Harry whispered and Louis looked at him hissing angrily. He was watching his favourite TV show and Harry had no right to interfere. “Would you like to go somewhere to celebrate New Year’s?”

“Have you got invited to bunch of parties too?” Louis asked and Harry looked away. He was talking about different type of getaway. “I guess we could go.” Louis shrugged. Would it be very awkward if he and Harry were to attend party together? He didn’t know but he didn’t mind to find it out. Actually, he didn’t even care.
“Uhm, well… Not exactly..?” And that captured Louis attention completely. It was the episode he had already seen so he could skip a tiny bit of that.


“If I knew you’d agree…?” Harry trailed off and awkward silence filled the room. The only source of sound was the TV.

It took a while for Louis to understand Harry was dead serious. Boy gaped and punched Harry’s arm with his knuckles. “Fuck no I’m not going to Maldives with you! You are crazy!”

“I was thinking about Paris?” Harry offered and Louis threw him a murderous look.

“Fuck you Harry. Only if you kill me and drag me somewhere! It’s the only way to get me go there with you!” He finished crossing his arms. “And don’t even try to talk me into this. No. That’s final.”

* 

“Go ask that couple if they can take picture of us.” Louis ordered showing at a cute couple.

“Why is it me?” Harry asked getting his camera ready.

“Well you are the one who knows French, no?” Louis answered pushing him forward. “Go and use your charm francaise or whatever it’s called.” Louis had a grin on his face all time he watched Harry communicating with a couple. He noticed that indeed Harry was good at speaking French.

“They are from England.” Harry informed Louis when he came back and Louis barked out a laugh. “It’s not funny they looked at me as if I were idiot.” Harry pouted motioning for a couple to get ready and putting his arms on Louis waist.

“I look at you like this every day, you are used to it.” Louis smiled and giggled when Harry flipped him over so he would be kind of touching the ground with his feet but half lying in Harry’s arms. Then he leaned in to kiss him. It was not a French kiss, just a lovely peck and when they heard a snap they pulled away blushing happily.

“Let’s check it out?” Harry offered after thanking a couple bringing camera closer for Louis to see. “We are properly lovely.” Harry smiled and Louis had to lie if he wanted to disagree. They looked really cute. Like the coupled from fancy magazines – Louis was noticeably smaller in Harry’s arms being kissed passionately and it was a good picture. Harry had a professional camera and the guy who took it was not very bad at taking proper snaps.

“I like it.” Louis smiled kissing Harry’s cheek.

“No…” Harry whined playfully. “You have to love it – it’s the city of love. You can’t just like it.”

“City of love you say?” Louis smiled looking up at the Eiffel tower they had just had picture with. “What will I do if you’ll fall in love with some beautiful French guy and abandon me, huh?” Louis questioned and Harry smiled.

“It’s a little bit too late for that, I think.” Harry mentioned and silence lingered between them. Both boys were avoiding each other’s eyes as their cheeks rose up. And it was not a from a winter cold.

*
The midnight counting happened near the same Eiffel tower. They didn’t move far from there. Harry ordered table at some fancy place, Louis didn’t know name of and they ate gourmet things, drinking wine and giggling stupidly when they got a bit drunk.

When the time came they went on the upper floor of the restaurant so they could see the fireworks at the Eiffel Tower.

Harry showed his dimples smiling widely when number ‘Dix’ was shouted, meaning ten and so the counting went down. At one they kissed.

Neither of them knew who was the initiator of the kiss, but for those who stood next to them it was quite obvious that both boys moved their heads synchronically getting closer to one another.

The kiss was long, passionate and perfectly French. It would be embarrassing if someone they knew would have seen as it was very eager and full of emotions.

“Happy New Year.” Louis wished licking his lips.

“Thank you, love. You know how they say? The new year’s kiss means you won’t be lonely.” Harry smiled and Louis nodded.

“I’m not. Not now at least.” He smiled and Harry kissed his forehead wrapping his arms around Louis.

*

Their trip to Paris was very much unplanned and very short. Three days and two nights were spent in Paris by visiting museums, getting lost in endless rows of architecturally rich streets and eating all types of French cuisine they knew. Later on, when sitting in the airport they admitted to one another that trip’s length wasn’t near enough. But sadly they had school tomorrow which meant having to come out of their bubble to not so beautiful reality.

Louis felt a small heartbreak when he remembered all the responsibilities and upcoming exams. His heart ached even more when he remembered all universities thing and how Harry must have already applied to USA. Probably some fancy New York University for architecture. And it was shit. After two weeks of living a perfect dream it was all going down. It was few weeks left to apply to UK Universities before the deadline.

And there was no way fucking Harry would go to London with Louis. No way would he feel what Louis feels. Even though some hope sparkled in front of Eiffel tower but what? It was all temporary because Harry will eventually leave him. And Louis knew that he was in love with Harry. When he looked at the ceilings of his room he knew that he was head over heels for a certain curly boy with green eyes, who took him places and listened to his childish commandos and took care of him in all aspects.

He wanted to have a life with Harry, finish their sixth form together, go to London together, create a bright and happy future but there was no fucking way that Harry would stay for that. They were just enemies who started having sex because it was beneficial.

Louis went to sleep with tears in his eyes that night, thinking how he was already a prisoner of his heart and how heartbroken he was going to be very soon. What should he do was the question he couldn’t find an answer to. Pushing Harry away was probably not an option as he wouldn’t be able to handle it himself. But going along for a ride? Hoping for something more when he knew for sure that he was going to get burnt in the process? Could he handle the heartbreak?

The answer was no. But it was the only option for him.
Louis woke up to a throbbing pain and groaned. That’s what you get for crying before sleep. He turned around and looked at his mobile screen. It was a bit after 6 a.m. and it was fucking unfair.

He came back home late after long (not very but still) flight from Paris and now it appears that he barely slept? Well, wasn’t this day going shit already.

After an hour of turning in bed Louis made sure he was not going to get back to sleep so he woke up feeling ready to make others unhappy. It wasn’t like he was going to let people stay cheery when he himself was feeling like shit.

Louis yawned and winced when he felt his throat being sore and maybe he was mistaken but you don’t get sore throat just because you haven’t slept enough or cried.

Ignoring the dizziness in his head Louis went down to kitchen hugging his mother the moment he saw her.

“Uhm, honey, are you alright?” She asked clearly surprised.

“I’m not honey, I’m sugar, mom. Why can’t you accept that?” Louis said dramatically his sore throat making his voice sound like a zombie’s groans. His mother smiled at his remark clearly amused but then she took one glance at Louis and her smile disappeared.

“You’re sick.” She stated and Louis rolled his eyes taking a seat on bench where Louis and Daisy were already seated munching on theirs cereals.

“Maybe he’s just ugly?” Lottie offered and Louis smiled at her lifting his middle finger.

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“Lou!” Daisy shouted laughing loudly, founding his and Lottie’s daily teasing funny.

“Shh, don’t wake the babies.” Their mother ordered giving Louis a cup of tea and thermometer.
“Here, let me know if you have some temperature.” She added while Louis took the device into his hands turning it on.

“He probably will as he not dead, no?” Lottie sassed and Louis smiled already thinking of the same remark for his mother.

“Shush you two,” their mother laughed seating herself next to Louis, taking a sip from her cup of coffee. “Will you go to school with Harry?” She asked innocently and Louis choked on his tea. “What?” She laughed and Louis froze when Lottie followed her.

“Stop it.” He groaned and turned his attention to the device peeping annoyingly.

“So?” His mother leaned in and sighed at the numbers. It wasn’t bad but it was showing that he might have a fever coming up. “It’s up to you, honey.” She mumbled letting him know that Louis can stay home. When he really cannot because staying at home after two weeks of holidays when the coach is already angry about him missing on two weeks is not an option.

* 

“Good morning, love!” Harry cheered when Louis opened his house door. Of course Harry couldn’t wait in his car and had to knock on the door. Louis rolled his eyes at the smiling boy but leaned in for the hug nevertheless.

“Oh, hi, Harry.” Louis mother greeted him and Louis stepped away his cheeks colouring in rough shade of red.

“Hello, I came to pick Louis up.” Harry informed her and she nodded her head. Louis put on his jacket as the two picked on a small chit chat about the weather and holidays. Harry was getting on Jay’s good side being his charming self and of course bringing her some accessories back from Paris. Louis would think he was doing this on purpose but he had been next to Harry all the time and he remembered how sincere Harry was while picking the presents.

“That’s enough, we’re leaving. Say your goodbyes.” Louis ordered when finally being completely dressed. He grabbed Harry’s wrist and dragging him away closing the door after them.

Harry was slowly walking behind him (he couldn’t go faster as his long legs made his steps bigger than Louis’) admiring the figure in front of himself. Today Louis was wearing a bit tight sport pants probably ready for his morning run and Harry couldn’t help but to think how much he wanted to grip his arse and make Louis a moaning mess. This morning was rough for him. During two weeks of holidays he woke up next to Louis and he was so used to it that in the morning he automatically reached for the boy that wasn’t there.

When they reached Harry’s car (today it was his silver Audi) he unlocked it opening door for Louis then climbing in driver seat setting the engine on. The clock on his satnav showed that sadly they didn’t have any time for backseat exploration.

“Did you sleep alright?” Harry started the conversation same time started to drive.

“No, did you?” Louis answered and Harry turned his head absorbing Louis face and indeed boy looked a bit pale and had dark bags under his eyes. Harry immediately felt bad and reached for Louis hand taking to show him support.

“You look a bit pale actually, would you like me to stop at drive thru and get you some coffee or tea?” He offered and Louis smiled nodding happily his stomach filling with butterflies.

*
Louis was taking small sips of his drink moaning at how good it was and how worked up Harry was getting from that.

“You know we could stop for like five minutes quickie and maybe still be on time?” Louis offered ignoring the intense headache he was developing. The pill of paracetamol he took before didn’t help at all and he could only hope that it would fade away during the day.

“No, babe, it’s alright. We can go to the classroom during the lunch period instead.” Harry smiled stopping in school’s parking lot.

“Yeah, we can do that,” Louis nodded in agreement. “Text me?” He asked and pecked Harry’s lips before exiting the car.

* 

Wise Louis advice - if you ever feel feverish don’t run dozen of laps. Don’t fucking do this, otherwise you’ll end up like Louis – with a killing headache making you want to commit suicide just to make it stop. And if that’s not enough Louis has constant chills and hit flashes making him curse.

Bunch of idiots staring and gossiping how Louis Tomlinson is sick doesn’t help at all same as all his friends greetings and conversations Louis’s forced to participate in because of ‘catching up’.

By the time lunch break comes he is feeling angry that he didn’t stay at home like his mother suggested. Feeling and probably looking like a zombie he walks down the hallways stopping in the toilets just to wash his face with cold water and down one more pill of aspirin. It’s probably not good as his breakfasts consisted of bunch of hot beverages but he cannot find power to care about it. He also can feel his phone buzzing in his pocket but his sight is too blurry and he doesn’t care that much too. Besides he is sure that it’s Harry asking for him if he wants to go to the classroom.

After doing math in his head he decides that classroom is much closer and Harry must be in there waiting for him already. So he turns that way. When he reaches the room he already feels nauseous and he wouldn’t be surprised if he actually passed out. Opening the door he steps in and goes straight to Harry falling into his embrace.

“Wow,” Surprised boy mumbles cooing Louis into his arms. “Hey, are you alright?” He asks helping Louis to sit down, then he takes his bottle of water and gives it to him.

“I’m dying.” Louis crooks unhappily closing his eyes.

“Well you do feel a bit warm... Maybe you have a fever.” Harry concludes wisely after putting his lips on Louis forehead. If Louis felt any better he would throw him an angry look. But he doesn’t and they remain silent, few noises such as tickling clock and Louis gulps filling the room.

He actually feels better when he downs about half of the bottle. Nauseous feeling is gone but the headache not, so Louis groans and puts his head on the table.

“Do you want me to take you to the nurse?” Harry offers not sure how to act. He has never been in the situation like this, when someone is sick, so he doesn’t understand this feeling. It’s like he wants to take Louis home making sure he’s in good hands (which means in Harry’s).

“No. I have practice in few hours.” Louis groans and Harry stares at him. Like, he literally stares at Louis trying his best to not raise his voice.
“You are going home.” He says and Louis looks up.

“No, I have yoga with you and then we have practising with my team.” Louis declares and Harry raises an eyebrow because if anyone doesn’t give a fuck about yoga it’s Louis, who doesn’t even do it.

“You are not having any practicing today, I am taking you home.” Harry only states it as a fact and okay… Louis maybe should put on a fight, or should go to the nurse first but maybe because of the mood he’s in now or he feels like he has nothing to lose he asks a question that leaves his heart beating ten times faster than it should.

“Will you apply here to Uni?” He asks looking into Harry’s eyes and the curly boy’s expression is a gem. He goes from annoyed to surprised and then to confused.

“Uhm, what?” Harry asks taking off of guard.

“In England, will you?” Louis crosses his arms and it looks ridiculous. Small boy can hardly stand on his two feet steadily but tries to argue. And Harry would laugh at that, if he wouldn’t be so uncomfortable right now. He doesn’t know how to answer Louis’ question. He already did apply to a few universities in London and one in Manchester but he doesn’t know if he’s already accepted and he doesn’t know if he wants Louis to know about it.

“You are changing a topic.” Harry blames him, being the one who actually does that. “I need to take you to the nurse.” He adds stupidly and maybe he suspected Louis to react not well to this, but he didn’t think it will be this bad.

“Don’t you fucking touch me.” Louis threatens taking step from Harry and almost falling. Luckily there was a desk to support him. Harry watches him, not daring to open his mouth. “You’re fucking changing the topic!” Louis shouts and he feels his head spinning.

Harry sees it and he reacts immediately. “Yes, yes I am. We’ll talk about it later. First I am taking you home.” Surprisingly Louis doesn’t fight.

“Talk with my coach.” Is all smaller boy says griping on Harry as he leads him to their lockers for jackets and then to the car.

* 

It’s hard to say if the coach was more concerned or angry about Louis sickness. But Harry thinks it’s both as he’s going to his car where Louis is waiting.

On his way Harry is having an intense conversation with himself. Of course, he called Louis’ mother to inform her that he’s taking Louis to his because her son is sick and of fucking course she said that Louis was already feeling bad in the morning. The fact that Louis didn’t even bother to tell him this disappointed Harry and annoyed the hell out of him.

The first thing he wanted to do when he opened the door was to scream at Louis for being so careless but there was no point as the blue eyed boy was asleep, holding Harry’s sweater as a blanket. Harry’s heart warmed up at the view and he leant in to kiss Louis forehead. Sleeping boy hummed and Harry sighed pulling away.

Louis was going to be the death for him. Harry was ready to do anything for this boy now and he doesn’t even know how to deal with that protective and possessive side of himself.

*
Louis woke up just this time it was to almost non-existing headache and he could swear he had it before. Or maybe he had a dream about it? He huffed and rolled around looking at the ceiling. It took few moments for him to realize that it’s not his room ceiling. It was Harry’s.

And then all memories came back to Louis. The classroom, his question about universities and fuck… Harry didn’t answer Louis’ question. He avoided it which only confirmed Louis speculation that Harry was going to leave him behind when he finishes with school.

His eyes started to tear up and Louis swore. It was not the right time. Harry was about to walk into this room any moment and Louis couldn’t be crying like a baby. But he didn’t have such control over his body and few moments later he was an ugly sobbing mess – perfect time for Harry to walk in.

“Lou?” The curly boy’s voice was filled with worry and Louis looked down feeling too embarrassed for being caught. It took seconds for Harry to be kneeling in front of him, cuddling him while stroking his back which made Louis cry even harder. “Love, hey, shhh, hey…” Harry was comforting him patiently staying by his side until it stopped.

Louis felt ugly. He was a fucking cry baby and he let that happen in front of a fucking Harry.

“Hey, love, better?” Harry asked gently and Louis just buried his face deeper into Harry’s shirt that was now wet from all this sobbing. “Lou, what’s wrong?” Harry finally asked and Louis just shook his head. “No, Lou. Don’t even try. I come here to find you in a full cry and I’d better die then leave it like this.” Harry’s voice was authoritative and Louis shoulders slumped in defeat. He knew Harry well enough and he was not going to budge. Louis had to leave.

He backed away from Harry standing up searching for his clothes as he was only left in underwear.

“I need to go.” He mumbled not looking up and alright, maybe it was expected for Harry to overreact but it still surprised Louis when he was pushed (not painfully) into the wall being trapped between said wall and Harry.

“The fuck do you mean you need to go?” Harry almost growled lifting Louis chin so their eyes would meet. Louis gasped when he saw tortured green irises looking into his puffy read eyes. He tried to look down but Harry just lifted his chin again. Louis heart start to beat faster and he was becoming more and more upset. “Louis, tell me what’s going on.” Harry demanded and Louis didn’t see any point in fighting with him. It’s better to get over it now.

“I mean, I need to get away from you.” Louis voice sounded harsher than he intended and the twinge in Harry’s eyes made him look down again.

“Why? What did I do?” Harry asked in defeat but still not losing his grip on Louis.

“Nothing.” Louis looked down. His harsh demeanour was fading and he was becoming more and more vulnerable. “But you will.” He added small sobs starting again.

“What are you talking about? Louis?” Harry breathed sounding annoyed and hurt.

“I am talking about that you’ll leave me.” Louis finally snapped trying to push Harry away from him. He didn’t succeed and it made him angrier. “You will leave to fucking USA the moment you finish high school and what’s then? Huh? It’s not even real to you! It’s just convenient, no? You can fuck me and then leave to fucking America to study in fucking university while I’ll be here feeling like shit!” Louis was shouting now, squirming in Harry’s grip, sobbing again.

Harry was feeling like floor was starting to disappear underneath him, his legs felt like jelly and he
was scared that if he moved he could lose balance. He probably would have stayed like this for a long time if not Louis who was not in the best state right now.

“I won’t leave you.” Harry said slowly thinking about every word leaving his mouth.

“Y…You… W…wwill…ll.” Louis stuttered between hiccups, his small body shaking.

“I won’t. Babe, I swear I won’t. I already sent requests for few universities in here.” Harry tried to pick Louis up or to hug him but boy glued himself to a wall still shaking uncontrollably, worrying the hell out of Harry. “Louis, please, calm down.” Harry requested nicely. He had no idea what caused Louis to act like this but it must have been building up for a long time as the boy was so sensitive about it now.

He tried to reach for Louis again and this time it turned out okay. Louis took his hand and hugged Harry’s neck with the other one, losing his balance. Harry carried him to the bed and laid Louis on top of himself stroking his hair or face.

The silence was crushing for Harry so he decided to start talking. “I enrolled to one university in Manchester and others are on London.” He started noticing how Louis breathing calmed down. “Don’t have the answers yet so didn’t want to tell anything to you. In case I screwed up. But I will stay in England, I promise this.” Harry kept on with his talking adding new details about the places he applied to, every five minutes assuring Louis that it’s not going to be in America or some other country.

Louis stayed silent the whole time and for a moment Harry thought he was asleep but when he looked down blue eyes were looking up at him. Harry smiled and Louis nuzzled his face into Harry’s shoulder making the curly boy chuckle and bring Louis closer to his body.

*  

“I’m sorry for overreacting.” Louis mumbled taking Harry by surprise. They had been in silence for couple of hours. In the beginning Harry was talking but then he got bored and they just stayed in silence. Even though the same position was killing Harry’s arms.

“You didn’t.” He assured Louis changing his position to sit. Looking around Harry noticed the thermometer that he drooped on a bedside table when he came in earlier. “Here.” He handed it to Louis. “I still need to know if you’re better.” He explained to the boy with a questioning look on his face.

“Yeah, okay.” Louis sighed and put it in to wait. While waiting Harry checked Louis’ forehead by placing kisses on it and was almost sure Louis was going to be put on bed rest for the next few days. Device beeped few moments only confirming Harry’s thoughts as Louis temperature was a bit above 37. “Maybe I’ll feel better tomorrow?” Louis guessed and was silenced by Harry’s glare.

“I’ll fucking spank you.” He threatened and Louis blushed hiding his cock that twitched at Harry’s words. The taller boy arched his eyebrow quite surprised getting this type of reaction. The closer boys were becoming the more different was Louis acting. Never before had he agreed on something like this leave alone reacting to this type of offer positively.

“Sorry.” Louis apology came out almost like a whisper and if before Harry wasn’t sure now he could swear that Louis had some kind of kink where the boy himself was smaller. And some questions popped up in Harry’s head. Did Louis was in BDSM or that sub/dom thing? Would he like all those things Harry would love to do to him or just call him crazy?
“You can be sorry all you want but you never,” Harry breathed getting closer to Louis. “I repeat never hide things like that from me.” Louis whimpered scooting closer to Harry for comfort. But hell no, Harry was not going to give it to him until he finished his talk. “Stop it.” He sighed pulling away. “Now you are sick because of your reckless behaviour in the morning, Lou! And when I asked if you were alright, what did you say?” Louis mumbled something under his breath but Harry couldn’t hear that. “Louis, tell me, what. Did. You. Say?”

“I said I was fine.” Louis whimpered his hands playing with the corner of grey blanket.

“So you lied to me.” Harry concluded crossing his arms letting Louis’ know he was angry. Small sniffle eased him and uncrossing his arms he took one Louis hand putting gentle kiss on it. “I’m sorry. Please, don’t be mad.” Louis pleaded.

“Alright, we can talk about it later, okay?” Harry finally gave in and brought Louis into his embrace. After all he could punish him later. Wait, what? Punish?! Harry wanted to punish Louis? Since when was he even… Okay, Shit. Well it seemed that not only Louis had worries about their relationship now.

“Will I have to go home?” Louis looked up again, innocent blue eyes digging into Harry’s green one and in reality Louis was everything but innocent. This boy was a brat, acting rude and sometimes laughing at others just for fun. He wasn’t the one to be smaller spoon and that surprised Harry more than anything else in the world. Even the most difficult math problems seemed to be more explainable than the fact that Louis Tomlinson just went under for Harry and kept doing it.

“In the morning I’ll drop you at home before going to school.” Harry told him and Louis pouted looking like the cutest little boy in the world. Harry laughed warmly at the perfection of Louis. “Sorry, baby. I’ve already talked with your mother and we decided that it’s the best.” He explained and Louis hid his body under the duvet only his head poking out.

“Then let’s sleep.” He yawned looking so cute that it was unforgivable for Harry not to kiss him. “Harry!” Louis giggled loudly, hiding his face by nuzzling it into Harry’s chest.

“Sleep tight, my love.” Harry wished turning the lights down and looking at the ceiling.

Smile crept on his face and he adverted his eyes to sleeping Louis, who looked like a cute kitten. Harry’s kitten. Oh my god, he almost groaned at the view of Louis being under him while wearing one of Harry’s oversized sweaters or maybe even panties. Could Harry ask Louis for that? Most probably he would be offered to put those panties where the sun doesn’t shine, but hey, only few weeks ago he lay in the same position making himself believe that it was not possible that Louis feel something for Harry and look how it turned out to be.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Smut Larry

Chapter Notes

Hello my loves and welcome to my update.

I feel like this one is the best I've written so far and I spent so much time editing it hoping it'll really affect you like I want it to.

Oh, and I believe this is one of my longest chapters too. Kind of repaying for the previous one that was actually written on a whim.

Anyways, let me know how you will like it by leaving Kudos and Comments.

Love you ♥♥♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Thanks to stupid doctor’s decision Louis had to stay home for two days. Two fucking days! And here is why it’s impossibly annoying – First of all, if you are sick like Louis was it means you’re put on bed rest, which is a bit easier when you’re 18 because you can actually stand up and go to the kitchen or order a pizza but it’s still very frustrating. Also, it means that you are bored out of your mind. You see, it would be cool if watching TV would be possible thing to do but no, Louis gets a stupid headache from it and he also cannot read or do any homework as his brain completely shut down. So technically he has to lie on his bed doing god knows what.

Harry is not much of a help either. Despite the fact that Louis is not available to have sex because of his sickness, he can’t even spend his time with Harry as boy can only come and stay at Louis’ for the evenings. His practicing is requiring a lot of time and Louis almost cries when he hears his mother’s and Harry’s verdict that he cannot go to basketball match and cheer on their school’s team.

“Baby, I know you want to be there but you have to be healthy and…” Harry tried being reasonable with him but he didn’t get any positive comeback.

“Don’t tell me what to do! I’m older than you!” Louis snapped, stumping his feet NOT LIKE A CHILD, okay?

“You can’t come. That’s final.” Harry cut their discussion off that actually wasn’t even a discussion as he made decision himself. Louis pouted not talking with Harry for whole thirty seconds.

“But I’ll be coming back to school tomorrow so why can’t I go to see you playing?” Louis pouted gazing into Harry’s eyes knowing he was very close to getting what he wanted.
“Lou…” Harry trailed off not daring to say no to Louis puppy eyes. “Love, you know that it’s only because I care about your well-being. I don’t mind you going, that’s not why I’m saying no. But it’s much better if I bring you to mine after match and we have some quality time, no?”

“You mean we can have sex?” Louis arched a brow and Harry reached to slap his arse cheek. It’s something he had been doing constantly for these two days not that Louis minded.

“Stop acting sassy, I still remember that I have to punish you for not telling me that you were sick.” Harry stated looking a bit more serious and Louis looked down blushing. For some unexplainable reason he found punishment to be hot and sexy.

“Okay.” He nodded shyly and Harry’s fingertips went under his jaw to lift it up.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Curly boy asked looking worriedly at Louis. Silent was like a confirmation so he pulled Louis on his lap kissing his cheek. “You can talk to me, you know?” Harry joked and Louis actually giggled at that was a small sound that soon faded away.

“It just worries me.” Louis admitted and Harry frowned. Letting Louis to feel worried was a crime and Harry’s goal was to solve this problem.

“You have nothing to worry about, baby.” Gentle voice assured Louis making him feel comfortable with the way he felt about it. “I am here to take care of everything, you have to know that.”

Louis nodded in agreement. Harry was actually taking care of him very well. He brought Louis any kind of foods he was craving, made sure he took his medicines and once when Louis complained about sweating too much Harry didn’t fight when he was asked to change the mattress. However, they hadn’t been to school since their honest conversation after which they had decided going to study in the same city. “What about school?”

“What’s about it?”

“Well… What do I have to act like? Do… I… You know… Do you want me to be like…ugh… You know, next to you?” Louis finally finished his long question finding difficult not to look down but keep his face straight staring Harry in the eyes.

“Love,” Harry started his voice full of fondness. “I will be more than happy to have you by my side doesn’t matter the place or the time.” He finished smiled lovingly, ready to comfort the smaller boy if he saw it necessary.

“Even in school?”

“Anywhere you want.” Harry nodded. “But only if you are completely sure it is what you want.” He added and just like predicted Louis shoulders slumped.

“I don’t know yet.” Little boy admitted biting his lip. Harry groaned thinking how he would like to bite that lip and suck on it. Sadly, he couldn’t do that because Louis was sick and the result of even a small peck could be very unwelcome.

“It’s okay, baby, you don’t have to know it, we can take it slow and in school we can act like we did before.” He assured Louis and, God help him to keep a healthy mind with this beautiful creature in his minds.

*
Okay, when you have spent almost two weeks with the person who acts the certain way it’s quite normal to feel lost when he starts to do the complete opposite, right? Right?? Please someone give an answer to Harry, who has no reply to this question lingering in his mind.

It was Friday – the first day of Louis comeback to school and just this morning small boy was being his usual cute self, asking things from Harry and letting him carry his back. These were the things green eyed boy accepted as their normal thing, that’s how their relationship worked. And he was so used to it that such thing as getting an angry glare from Louis for opening door for him in front of a school made him confused.

But it’s not like Harry was confused in a bad way. It was quite amusing to watch little boy shouting and being something completely different than Harry would get in private.

Besides the little change in front of school’s building Harry didn’t get a chance to be with Louis and see more as they had different classes but when they met in cafeteria during their lunch break Harry watched his little boy’s behaviour as if it was an episode from comedy.

When Harry entered the school’s dining the first thing he heard was loud voice that he knew belonged to Louis.

After reaching the table he almost laughed out loud at the view. Louis was eagerly explaining something to Liam and Luke while others just stayed silent not daring to interrupt. And wasn’t that quite a view? The boy that uses Harry’s shoulder to cry on, who likes to be cuddled or manhandled and heights only 5’7 stands in front of one of the tallest Harry’s teammates (that are a bit less high than Harry’s 6’3) shouting something at them not bugging from his beliefs.

“Tomlinson, why are you screaming?” Harry asks taking his usual seat in front of Louis. Boy suddenly shut ups and sighs.

“These two idiots,” He shows at Liam and Luke, Harry can’t help but snort but nods for Louis to carry on. “Think that literature is much more interesting than math!” He finished crossing his arms and stares at Harry as if saying ‘Do something’.

Harry just sits there dumfounded. “Uh, what?”

“Oh my god, are you stupid?” Louis whines clearly unhappy. And alright, Harry should be reacting to this with a snarky remark, he should feel offensive but he cannot help as he bursts out laughing.

He reckons everyone staring at him but he just cannot stop laughing at the cuteness of Louis, when he finally manages to stop Louis stares at him angrily, looking like a sad puppy. “Sorry, but that’s just hilarious… Math? Is better than literature?” Harry chuckles again and Louis looks like he’s ready to kill, which Harry has to admit is quite a change from the usual Louis he’s used to see.

“Harry, don’t you dare to disagree with me.” Little boy almost growls and Harry smiles, this tiny creature is just a bit above Harry’s chest but acts completely opposite.

“I mean…” Harry clears his throat sighing under Louis intense stare. Fuck it. It’s better to agree with Louis than to actually make him sad. “Math is much more logical and difficult to understand so not for everyone it can be that interesting.”

“Yes, and literature is for dummies.” Louis nods like a child and Harry beams. If Louis asked he could agree that cats are worse than dogs. It’s actually interesting, what would he not agree to do for Louis?
“Harry, you can’t be serious.” Liam complains.

“Shut up, Liam.” Harry rolls his eyes at Louis snarky remark but participates in it nonetheless.

“Yeah, shut up, Liam.” He says to accompany Louis and if that smile on blue eyed boy is from Harry’s words, he would repeat it over and over again.

Despite the clear amuse from others mixed with confusion lunch period is pretty great. It’s nice to have Louis back even though he acts a bit like a brat (not to Harry) and talks much louder than Harry knows he can but he doesn’t dare to interrupt as the boy feels completely in his element.

The only contact that Harry and Louis have during this break is only when Harry shared his lunch ignoring the looks from other teammates and shy smile from Louis.

When it’s time to say their goodbyes Harry leaves together with Louis, explaining to others that they’ll be discussing their schedule. He doesn’t know if others believe him but they really shouldn’t as they don’t even have any intensions to talk about that.

“Did you talk to your coach?” Harry asks as they walk down the hallways ignoring stares few students throw at them. Harry notices that Louis glares at each of them forcing to look down even the bravest boys.

“I did. Off till Monday and then I won’t have to run in the mornings for two weeks.” Louis shrugged as it was not a big deal but Harry knew that he was disappointed. Louis took extra practicing as the thing he must do as a team captain so it’s understandable that he felt a bit too ordinary.

“I think it’s better this way. I mean, it’s better to be perfectly healthy than relapse, no?” Harry suggested stopping in front of Louis locker so the boy could change his books.

Harry watched Louis as he tiptoed trying to reach something on a higher shelve. Without much difficulties Harry just lifted his arm taking something Louis couldn’t reach.

“Thanks.” Louis blushed slightly closing his locker’s door.

“No problem, babe.” Harry smiled as it was normal thing to say. Only when silence between them felt awkward he thought that maybe it was normal thing outside of school. “Do you mind if I stop to leave my lunch box in there?” Harry asked and Louis nodded taking turn to the right in the hallway.

“When does your match starts today?” Question was shy and reminded Harry of the Louis he knew so well.

“At five, I can still drive you home, though.” Harry shrugged unlocking his locker and opening it. “Your practice ends around 4 so others would have time to get ready and my coach can let me go for a few minutes.” Harry finished hoping for Louis to start his cry that he couldn’t come. But when he met with silence he looked over his shoulder only to see Louis staring at something on his locker not paying attention to him.

He tried to follow Louis stare and felt smile creeping on his face when he saw what it was. The picture from Paris, where he and Louis were kissing – he put it on his locker.

“I… It’s…” Louis was clearly at a loss of words.

“It’s us.” Harry finished. “You like it?”
“Yeah…” Louis breathed blushing furiously. Harry smiled and looked around to see if there weren’t anyone before leaning in to kiss him.

*

Louis ran down the stairs not thinking twice about falling down, which is probably the main reason why it happened. But it was worth it because Harry and his mother stopped talking turning their attention to him. And technically that was Louis intention – for them to stop talking. Sure, he didn’t plan falling down but that’s just bonus seeing as Harry was in front of him in matter of seconds, picking him up.

“I’m fine, I’m alright.” Louis assured him and scrunched his nose smelling Harry. He certainly didn’t have a shower when he finished the match. “Did you win?” Louis asked and smiled when Harry nodded a yes.

“Alright, be cute somewhere else.” Jay laughed watching the boys interacting.

“We’re not cute mom, we’re just being nice to each other, and I’m going to learn at Harry’s. Be back tomorrow.” Louis sighed going up again to get his bag.

“You are together.” Jay concluded. Harry sighed looking at her. What did she want him to say? Of course he and Louis were together, it was so obvious you had to be blind not to see this. But according to Louis his mother didn’t know about his sexuality and he didn’t want her to find out. The logic of this explanation was beyond Harry’s knowledge. “It’s okay, you don’t have to answer. I know how he’s like.” She shrugged when he heard Louis coming down the stairs again.

“I’m ready.” He announced throwing his bag at Harry and walking away to his car.

“Goodbye, Jay. I’ll bring him back tomorrow or… later?” Harry asked for her confirmation that it was still alright.

“It’s okay he can stay at yours as long as you are patient enough. Just keep me updated, yeah?” She asked and Harry smiled leaning in to hug her before leaving.

“Can you be any slower?! I’m freezing out here.” Louis shouted.

“It’s unlocked.”

“So? The door ain’t gonna open themselves.” Louis sassed and Harry almost slapped him before opening the door. But in case Jay was watching over the window (which she was) he better didn’t make it embarrassing.

*

“Can you please stop in Macdonald’s drive thru? I want something.” Louis pleaded when they were in front of Harry’s house gates.

“Are you kidding me?” Was the answer he got from Harry who thought it must be a joke.

“Please?” Louis moved from his seat placing his head on Harry’s arm looking through his eyelashes into his eyes. Blue eyed boy blinked a few times and Harry sighed.

“But why can’t we order something for delivery?” Harry offered still waiting to press button for gates to open.

“Fine.” Louis huffed, completely unsatisfied and leaned back watching Harry turning his car and
When they returned from fast food place Harry honestly hated, Louis was happily munching on chicken nuggets and drinking his large size cola. Originally the drink was requested by Harry but the smaller boy decided that he wanted it and so it turned out to be Louis’.

Harry watched every motion of Louis fondly and when he stopped in front of the house he rushed to open the door for him taking a bag Louis brought with himself.

“You know that I actually can do it myself?” Louis offered feeling a bit rude although it was some kind of dynamic of their relationship.

“You can walk in front of me so I can watch that beautiful body.” Harry offered and Louis blushed walking faster to be in front of the taller boy. He had to step away when they reached the door so Harry could unlock them. “I think I should make you a key?” Harry wondered loudly and Louis choked on his drink.

“Why?” He asked after clearing his throat.

“Because you almost live here and I don’t know, it just sounds right.” Harry shrugged letting Louis walk in first and then following, placing bag on an armchair and unbuttoning his coat while at the same time opening door to the room where all coats were placed. “Let me take yours.” He addressed to Louis and gasped when the little boy threw his jacket at him.

“I am really curious how you can manage to win your game…” Louis sighed and giggled at Harry’s expression.

“Stop mocking me.” Harry threatened playfully. “I’m going to take a shower if you want you can join me?” He offered and Louis shook his head.

“I’m not smelly, like you. I can make us tea though?” He offered nicely and went to do it as Harry nodded and ran upstairs.

Louis didn’t bring the cups upstairs. He figured that it would be better to stay downstairs, maybe watch a film. If he was being honest to himself it was just because bedroom caused a bit of an awkward tension. You see, while Louis was sick both boys even if they wanted to they couldn’t have had sex. So now their bodies or at least Louis body was aching with need. Oh, and also he knew about the punishment Harry wanted him to receive. And even if he was eager for that to happen he didn’t know how to act and ask for it. So he decided to depend on Harry’s actions with this.

Scrolling through his Instagram feed he sipped his warm tea and hearted pictures he thought to be interesting or worthy to like. Unconsciously he started looking for any posts that might be Harry’s and soon enough he was stalking Harry’s profile.

Now, even Louis had to admit that Harry was quite talented when it came to photography. Also, the curly boy was very passionate about posting his best snaps as he got a lot of appreciation for it. But what else was to be expected?

Harry’s pictures were from all over the world showing rather luxurious lifestyle like gorgeous places from Aspen, Paris, New York and so on. Louis smiled to himself when he saw pictures he posted from the places they had been together to. One of them was from the café they went that
day when Louis was attacked. Louis counted all pictures they had together and around thirty snaps were from the times they spent together and Louis felt fond.

He probably would have gone down to older posts but the steps coming to the kitchen stopped him. He looked up to smile at Harry but his smile disappeared when he saw that boy was not wearing anything else just underwear and looked quite intimidating with his serious expression on his face.

“Harry?” Louis questioned putting his phone away.

Harry came up to stand in front of him making Louis feel so small while sitting on a bar stool. “Tell me Louis,” He started talking, voice low and intimidating. “Do you remember why I was angry at you few days ago?” Harry asked and Louis felt dizzy.

“Yeah…” He whispered breathing faster than he should, the smell of Harry’s cologne making him shudder in need.

“Tell me why.” Harry ordered and Louis leaned in hoping for Harry to touch him. He was craving for Harry’s touch, for his fingertips brushing against his golden skin.

“I lied…” Louis whined, unsatisfied that Harry didn’t do what he expected him to. Sudden grip on Louis arm pulled him forcing to stand up and he almost fell. Luckily, Harry was strong enough to balance them both. And that was so hot Louis knees went weak.

“You lied to me and I was so disappointed, Louis.” Harry stated. “It made me so angry and I wanted to teach you a lesson so you’d never do that again. Do you think I’m right?” Harry asked and it was the final moment. He was asking Louis to allow his actions that were going to fuck him up.

The tiny boy in tight grip knew he had the power to stop this before it took a turn and became sexual but he didn’t want to. He actually dreamed about this moment and that’s why he nodded eagerly mumbling a soft “yes”, his dick already starting to harden even at the thought of having rough sex session with Harry.

“I hoped to find you upstairs when I came from shower.” Harry now growled his large hand landing on Louis’ ass gripping it roughly. It felt like heaven to Louis. The slight pain mixed with pleasure that showed him how much Harry wanted him. “But it looks like you don’t know what to do so now I’ll have to fucking drag you there.” He finished and fuck it was so hot to being actually forced to run to keep up with the pulling of his arm that was still in Harry’s strong grip. It was so good to feel like you depend on someone, that you can actually fall and be carried in someone’s arms.

When they entered the bedroom Louis was thrown on bed and let out a surprised gasp as air was pushed out from his lungs. He wiggled his hips but stopped when Harry hissed him to stop.

“Strip.” Voice that belonged to Harry ordered and when Louis looked up he saw him sitting on bench at the bottom of the bed following every movement of Louis body passionately. Ignoring the fear that his trembling legs will disappoint him Louis stood up and started to comply. It was amusing how his fingers were shaking uncontrollably and he was surprised when he managed to unbutton his jeans.

When he was done and completely naked he looked up at curly boy as if asking what he should do next. For a moment Louis felt extremely exposed, even though the only difference was that Harry was wearing his briefs. But something about Harry’s demeanour made Louis feel smaller, vulnerable and most of all excited.
“Now, lay on your hands and knees, I have to prep you.” Harry told him as he started standing up. Almost falling down Louis crawled back to bed and took the position dick now painfully hard.

The sound of loud smack was heard before Louis felt it. Stinging pain on one of his butt cheeks made him moan and lose balance. His arms betrayed him and he fell down leaving only his arse in the air.

“ Aren’t you quite a view baby?” Louis could imagine Harry smirking. Suddenly, without any notice the action was repeated. Harry’s dick was twitching every time Louis let out a whimper and wiggled his arse eagerly. “So needy for my touch.” Harry smiled leaning in to kiss red handprints he had left.

“Please… Harry, please…” Louis whined making the boy above him laugh quietly. Harry couldn’t deny himself feeling proud for the power he had over the little boy. However, he was getting frustrated from how eagerly Louis buckled his hips. Last straw was when Louis started rubbing himself into the mattress.

“Stay still or it stops now.” Harry warned. The movements completely stopped and Harry took his time to get his fingers lubed. When he was sure they weren’t going to cause pain for Louis he started inserting one at a time.

But he couldn’t wait to start the real action seeing how Louis reacted when he used only his fingers. He wanted to teach Louis that punishment was serious thing, that’s why Harry was careful not to hit Louis prostate with his fingers and when he removed them loud cry filled the room. It was Louis showing his annoyance.

Loud slap echoed through the room making Louis flinch because of the pain and then moan because of the pleasure. “I’ll tie you down and gag you if you don’t stop acting like a brat.” Harry growled his dominant side coming through stronger than usual. But can you blame him? Seeing such view in under him was definitely making Harry exasperated.

When Louis finally calmed down Harry placed his thumbs on the dimples of Louis’ spine and curled his fingers around Louis side pressing them a bit tightly. Admiring how small Louis waist looked between his hands he leaned forward to kiss his neck alarming that he was about to start. He stood up and brought Louis to the corner of the bed.

“Beg for it, Louis.” Harry ordered and smiled when Louis voice came in loud howls and pleaded cries. He watched how smaller boy tried not to buckle his hips without much success.

“I will go in without condom,” Harry told him and smiled at Louis loud moan. “Then I will cum inside you and plug you so you’ll be full of me.” He finished and it was shameful how Louis moved his hips most probably seeking friction.

“Please…” Louis whispered and gasped when Harry brought him closer to the edge of bed by his ankles. Feeling of his dick brushing into the mattress was intensive enough to make him moan.

Harry lubed himself and then pressed the tip of his cock onto Louis entrance. He put his hands on Louis back roughly pushing him into the mattress and then slid in groaning at the tightness of Louis velvet walls. Loud moan from boy confirmed that Harry’s tip was definitely stimulating his prostate.

“C’mon.” Harry breathed, getting deeper while Louis moans grew louder. But it was not for the smaller boy’s pleasure. Or well it partly was but firstly it was for him to be violated and to learn the lesson and take the punishment.
So Harry pulled out smiling when Louis let out a whine.

“Patience, little boy.” Harry warned and once again brought Louis closer to the edge of the bed. His feet were now touching the ground and that was perfectly how Harry wanted. “Stay on both feet.” He ordered when Louis tried to get back onto the bed. “On both feet.” He repeated before he forced his cock back into Louis hitting his prostate so painfully Louis actually screamed trying to scoot away from Harry’s grip.

“Fuck!” Louis cursed and Harry slapped him. Hard, harder than he had before, or maybe it just felt like it was harder as Louis skin was already slapped many times before and became sensitive.

“I said stay on both fucking feet!” He growled forcing Louis back in the previous position. Louis turned his head down and tried to calm down so he could be still when Harry repeated that.

But when the second thrust came in and it was even harder and rougher than the previous one Louis couldn’t help when his body tried to move away. Loud curses from Harry made him tear up and the need to pleasure the taller boy took over Louis other needs such as getting away from the overly stimulating source of pleasure and pain.

After Harry positioned him like this for the third time Louis gripped the sheet and Harry took his shoulders pushing them into bed. Knowing the strength Harry had, Louis was most definitely trapped now with no chance to get away.

The painful scream Louis let out when Harry forced himself in again made few tears to escape, they rolled down his cheeks and Louis snuggled his face into the mattress to muffle his screams. It so painful and pleasurable that Louis thought he was going to lose his mind. He hadn’t felt something like this before. The combination of these things made him thing that he couldn’t handle it, he couldn’t bare this kind of stimulation but the submissiveness in him made him think that he had to.

So, Harry proceeded to pound restlessly into Louis’ tight heat and smaller boy found it to be more and more intoxicating every time. Although the overstimulation he got from the rough hits to his prostate were near torturing.

The small tears he had in the beginning were nothing compared to the sobs he was letting out now. Harry on top of him was actually worried for a second but decided that he won’t stop it unless Louis’ would scream him to do so (which never happened, Louis didn’t even ask him to slow down).

After about half an hour of rough pounding Harry came filling Louis with his seed. Boy underneath him moaned and was about to come too but Harry reacted fast enough to put a cock ring on.

“No!” Louis screamed and tried to scoot away from Harry’s grip.

“Stay still.” Harry growled and surprisingly Louis listened. He completely froze and waited patiently while Harry plugged him. “Done, you can move now.” Harry said and smiled when Louis turned around looking at him pleadingly.

“Harry please, I need to…” He begged fat tears rolling down his cheeks.

“You need to come?” Harry asked and Louis nodded eagerly. “But baby, only good boys are allowed to come.” Harry shrugged and watched how Louis expression changed to horrified.

“But…”
“But what...?” Harry interrupted touching the frustrated Louis dick. The tortured moan escaped Louis mouth. “You think you didn’t deserve this kind of treatment? You can’t take it?” Harry questioned and Louis looked down.

Harry watched how his skinny shoulders were shaking and sighed before reaching to remove the cock ring.

“No!” Louis suddenly stopped him. “Leave it.” He whimpered burying his face into Harry’s chest. “I can take it. I can.” He promised and Harry placed a kiss on his temple. Maybe he didn’t voice it out loud but he was so happy of Louis behaviour.

Bringing his arms around Louis tight waist he pulled boy closer to himself, kissing his lips softly “Let’s go to sleep then. Goodnight baby.”

“Goodnight.” Louis whispered back lying on top of Harry trying his best to ignore the tension in his abdomen.

* 

During the night Harry was awakened six times by silent Louis cries and whimpers. Each time he asked if Louis wanted him to remove the cock ring but he was always met with the same answer “I can take it”.

In the end he almost regretted his decision to leave it like this as he was almost certain Louis didn’t sleep much that night.

And he wasn’t completely mistaken.

At most Louis got about four hours of sleep and the constant frustration made him lose his mind but the need to be praised and to know that he did what he was asked was stronger than that.

So only when Harry woke up around six in the morning for his usual early morning routine did Louis agreed for him to remove the cock ring.

And when the pressure was removed Louis saw the stars. Harry stroked him twice until Louis came screaming his name and crying from the intense feeling. It was better than any orgasm he had ever had. It left him completely powerless and drained but the praise from Harry was worth it and Louis went to peaceful sleep happily.

The next time he woke up Harry was sitting next to him reading a book. It must’ve been interesting as the boy didn’t even notice Louis turning on his side of the bed.

“Hey...” Louis whispered putting his finger on Harry’s arm. It caused an immediate reaction. Harry snapped from his daze looking at Louis with loving green eyes.

“Morning love, how are you feeling?” Harry worried leaning in to kiss Louis.

“Thirsty.” Louis laughed when Harry jumped to get him a bottle of water. “Thank you.” he whispered thankfully before starting drinking it.

“Sure, you are not in pain though?” Harry asked again and the concern for him made the smaller boy’s cheeks dwell. Harry wanted to take care of him and it was all Louis desired and dreamed to happen.

“I’m fine. Last night was perfect, thank you.” Louis blushed as Harry leaned to kiss him. It was a very gentle kiss and Louis felt so tiny and loved he could repeat last night’s actions again if it got
him this in result.

“Don’t thank me. You are the most perfect human being and I’m so lucky to be able to call you mine.” Green eyes looked seriously and Louis giggled blushing from the praise. “Alright, let’s have a shower, shall we?” Harry offered picking Louis up and carrying to the bathroom.

“But you already had one, you hair’s still wet.” Louis commented when few wet curls brushed against his face.

“I want to have another one with you.” Harry shrugged and put Louis down on the tiles in the shower. It was the first time Louis actually stood up after their session and was surprised when sudden pain left him without balance. “Hey!” Harry shouted scared and hurried to stop Louis from falling.

“Ouch?” Louis offered and it isn’t very surprising that Harry prepared a bath for them so Louis could lie in bubbly water, his muscles relaxing while he lied.

*

Harry carried him downstairs and placed on the bar stool. Louis whined as it wasn’t very comfortable and from the look Harry threw at him was almost sure that the taller boy wanted to move him to the living room and force to lie down.

“I am fine, Harry. Don’t stress your curly head over it, I can stand perfectly.” Louis shrugged jumping from the chair standing up. The pain he received from this action was not a pleasant one but bearable.

Harry looked sceptical but sighed and nodded deciding it was not worth fighting for. “If you get any kind of need to lie down or if you want something please tell me.” He kissed Louis temple before moving to the fridge.

He looked over at Louis waiting for little boy to command what they were going to eat this morning. Usually Harry would start doing something waiting for Louis to shout his preference and then complained a bit before agreeing.

Today though it was not like that. Harry wanted to assure Louis that he’ll get anything, literally anything he will want for breakfast. Even if that meant spending three hours in the kitchen cooking the most gourmet dishes for Louis.

“Can I have milkshake?” It was Louis first call and Harry already made the counting in his head about how many carbs and calories the milkshake had.

“Can it be strawberry milkshake?” Harry offered as if strawberry milkshake was oh so much healthier than vanilla one.

“No. I want it to be with peanut butter, Reese’s and with nutella and with chocolate ice cream.” Louis crossed his arms and Harry’s eyes widened. That was even more unnecessary fat (not that Louis was fat, God no, he was perfect, maybe even too skinny. Harry was just health freak and he preferred healthy diet).

“But I can make very delicious smoothies?” Harry tried to change Louis mind and was punched in the arm. “Okay, got it. Shake with unhealthy candies, chocolate and all that. Whipped cream on top?”

“Oh you know me so well, Styles.”
Louis was waddling. He simply could not walk. Harry didn’t notice it at first as Louis was always the one who couldn’t keep up with Harry’s giant steps but when they were moving from kitchen to the living room Harry noticed that Louis was being slower while following him than usually and when he turned around he saw Louis waddling.

And if that wasn’t a reason to get aroused than Harry didn’t give a fuck.

“I don’t think that my body was prepared for that…” Louis laughed when the sexual need caused by the way Louis walked was reduced. Boy lying on top of Harry felt his prostate being bruised if that’s even possible. However, it was only few minutes after they both came so this could be the reason.

“Do you need something?” The concern in Harry’s voice was welcoming and comforting. The taller boy stressed over the situation and Louis well-being more than Louis himself and it made Louis feel something more than just thankfulness.

“Harry, you act like some kind of overprotective dad. I could even call you daddy.” Louis snickered and then froze feeling his heart starting to beat faster. ‘This was not meant to be said out loud!’ ringed in his mind as he found himself lowering in submission once again.

It was very hard to look up and see how Harry reacted to this but Louis could already see curly’s dick getting hard again. When he finally did look up he saw Harry’s eyes were full of lust.

“Repeat that.” The voice that came from Harry’s mouth but didn’t belong to Harry as it was too low and too manly even for Harry.

“I… Daddy…” Louis whispered and his lips were attacked by Harry’s.

“Shit.” Curly boy cursed grabbing Louis hips pulling them closer to his dick. They moaned synchronically. “Baby, you’re so hot.” Harry groaned and Louis giggled not minding to be called like that at all. The names like ‘baby’ or ‘love’ caused him to act smaller or want to feel smaller in Harry’s embrace. It was like some kind of kink.

And it seemed that Harry had one himself.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget leaving Comments about this chapter this way you might make some changes for the future.
Love you ♥
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Harry's birthday party and they admit something(???) ;)

Chapter Notes

Hello my lovely readers.

Here I am with my new update and hope that you'll like it hahah.

I had a little trouble writing the smut part but I'm always struggling with that so if you find it not very informative or with repeating words now and then sorry...

Anyways, let me know how you'll like it by leaving Kudos and Comments and please check the note at the end of my update.

Love you ♥♥♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Louis life was going perfect. January could be called the best month of his life as practically anything he did was oh so satisfying.

To educate all of you – nothing changed in Louis life. He didn’t become famous neither did he get a car to drive (thanks to his mother) but… But he had Harry, who made daily routine exciting, filling it with bunch of sex, dates (?) and sweet moments.

Sex life was better than it had been before, even though had you asked Louis about it few months ago he would have said that it was already great and he couldn’t expect something more. So now he was certain he was living a dream. Somehow Harry and Louis managed to combine both of their kinks and the result that came out from all of this was unimaginably good.

Also, Harry started to take him out. Louis wasn’t sure if they were dates as neither of them voiced it out but he predicted that it kinda was. Because everything that coupled do they did as well and for sure if anyone that didn’t know them were to see them they would have said they’re a couple. For example, they went ice skating (Harry tried to teach Louis and thank god for his patience with Louis), had gone to cinema a few times and went out to eat.

But it was still hard to figure out the meaning of these going outs. Even before admitting that they were more attached to one another than just enemies with benefits should they were already going somewhere to eat. Or go to drive thru, so it wasn’t something new. The same was with that cinema thing. Harry didn’t invite him, Louis simply said that he wanted to go to cinema and see that new Avengers movie and it was up to Harry weather he wanted to join or leave Louis to find someone else to accompany him.

Of course, Harry being the possessive as he is growled at the image of who someone else could be
and brought both of them to the cinema. And Louis offered to pay, or buy snacks if Harry bought tickets but Harry shut him up with angry look on his face paying for everything, which was also nothing new as he was always doing that.

And on top of that everything was overly cute and sweet (not that any of them minded). Anyways, Louis wasn’t a fool to notice it himself. He simply had to look at all the selfies he and Harry had taken or all the pictures Harry posted on his Instagram that didn’t show Louis face or body but still give everyone the idea that Harry was spending a lot of time with special someone having bunch of cute dates.

The cafeteria’s table speculated and tried to interrogate Harry who it was but the curly head boy stayed silent just like Louis asked him, when he mentioned that he wasn’t ready for that.

Louis didn’t mind that. It was actually quite amusing to watch that frown on James face, who wished to invite Harry to a date. Well, guess what, James? It’s Louis Tomlinson that owns Harry so get your filthy hands away from him.

“Louis?” Harry mumbled to boy’s ear making him shudder in return.

They were currently doing their homework in Harry’s office room and maybe Louis was not concentrating enough on his book. But really, can you blame him for fantasizing about Harry instead?

“Well, it’s my name, yeah.” Louis nodded giggling softly when Harry nudged his side.

“Don’t be so sassy, baby.” The threat was innocent but Louis knew well enough that there was a thin line between innocence and seriousness.

“Sorry.” Louis looked away suddenly shy. Harry looked at the boy lovingly before cupping his face in one hand bringing him closer to kiss him.

“Aren’t you the sweetest little thing?” Harry coos and Louis can hardly be called that after kicking all his teammates’ buts on field today but he’s in Harry’s lap now and that makes him to be more soft and vulnerable that he had ever imagined himself to be.

Louis reaches for a kiss from Harry as it’s the only response he can give to his rhetorical question. It’s deep and passionate just like always and when they pull away they are taking deep breaths. However, the change in Harry’s eyes gets Louis attention. It’s way too fast for this boy to go from lust to seriousness and it can only mean that Harry really wants to talk about something important.

Louis can’t even control it when his heart starts beating much faster, he knows something is about to come up and by the look on Harry’s face it can’t be very pleasant.

“You want to tell me something.” He finally whispers, voice sounding better than he felt.

“Yeah…” Harry nods. “So, you know that my birthday is coming up?” Louis carefully nods. Yes, he is perfectly aware of that and he has already planned whole day for them in order to celebrate. “Okay, so it’s my 18th birthday,” Harry shrugs and Louis almost snorts. He fights with himself not to punch Harry for being such slow talker. “Which is why my parents want to have a party, like a family reunion and all that.” Louis eyes widened, he knew what it meant.

“You want me to join?” Louis concluded praying for Harry to say no, which he had to admit was waste of time.

“Yes.”
“I…” He was at loss of words. He couldn’t say no to Harry but it didn’t make easier to say yes either.

“My parents know you and they want to get to know you better, Gemma obviously wants to meet you and my grandparents are eager too.” Harry was obviously trying to persuade him and that wasn’t working. With one more person added on the guests list Louis wanted to go there less and less.

“Wow, only grandparents? Why don’t you invite aunts and uncles too? Don’t make it easy for me.” He was fuming and throwing daggers at Harry, who had no right to ask something like this from Louis.

“I don’t understand why it’s such a big deal for you.” Harry sighed not quitting his position. Louis knew that if since now Harry didn’t change his mind there was no chance he will. Or maybe he could if Louis tried manipulating by his sad self but he was too angry to pretend or actually be sad.

“Because I don’t want it, I don’t know how to talk with them and I don’t know what to do for people to like me! I’m not you and I don’t know how to act in social situations!” Louis screamed freaking out and Harry hugged him closer to comfort him. Okay, so maybe Louis didn’t have to be his sad self to make Harry attentive towards him.

“Baby, you are the most amazing person in the world and they are actually begging me to introduce them to the person I love so much.” And oh. OH. Alright, that’s not what Louis was talking about when he wanted to be calmed down.

“Y-y… you… W-w… what-a…what?” Louis stuttered feeling dizzy. Before you ask, no it’s not the feeling when you’re about to pass out. No. It’s completely different, when you are completely fine, not dying, not feeling bad or ill but you just look person in the eyes, in those beautiful green irises and you cannot concentrate on it. Your heart is beating so fast you don’t actually get it what to do.

“I love you.” Harry repeated seriously and please don’t let this all be a joke.

“You’re not kidding me, right?” Louis whispered, not stuttering but voice still trembling.

“Are you out of your mind?” Harry looked a bit offended. “I wouldn’t joke about it, plus it’s pretty obvious that I’m head over heels for you, no?” Louis could only nod. “Uhm, well it would be nice if you said it back?” Harry joked not feeling so sure about his words now.

“I love you too.” Louis complied burying his face in Harry’s collarbones to mask his blushing.

“That’s settled then, Saturday at 6 o’clock.”

“Where?” Louis mumbled unhappily.

“Dining room, I counted that if I add few chairs it will have enough place.” And that caused Louis to pay attention again. He had been in the dining room once as it’s separated from kitchen but he still remembers that it can fit fourteen people. Harry didn’t have that many grandparents. He couldn’t.

“For nine people?”

“Well, some aunts or uncles might come over too.”

“I hate you.”
“You said you love me.”

“I changed my mind. Fuck you.”

“Well, if you ask nicely I will fuck you.”

“…Please.”

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“Oh, Louis it’s lovely seeing you again.” The face that appeared when the doors opened said to him and of course it had to belong to Harry’s mother. There is high probability that Harry set him up asking his mother to open the door purposely.

Louis smiled ignoring the awkwardness he felt. “Hello.” He smiled playing nice, ignoring the unpleasant churning in his guts.

“Well come on in!” She cheered stepping away letting Louis in. Being inside of the house was always comforting for Louis but now with Harry’s mother by his side he couldn’t help but feel a bit of an intruder. It’s always just him and Harry here, like they own this place. And of course it shouldn’t be like this in normal family but Harry was mature enough for that.

“Everyone is already here we were just waiting for you, Harry is somewhere. Sorry he couldn’t come to get you, my parents came earlier than expected and forced him to stay. We offered Gemma to go and bring you but he said you wouldn’t like it.” Harry’s mother was talking non-stop and Louis was feeling lucky as the woman didn’t expect him to answer although he couldn’t help his face going sour when Harry mentioned things like that to everyone. Did he say that Louis was forced to be there too? That wouldn’t help for his image at all.

“Mom? Is he already here?” Louis heard Harry’s voice first before the boy appeared but when he did Louis didn’t stop himself from checking him out. Harry was wearing black skinny jeans and white shirt, which meant that Louis was not underdressed as he feared to be with his tight blue jeans and white sweater.

Louis was about to greet Harry when he collided with the curly head’s chest. Ready to object he opened his mouth but closed it when strong arms pulled him closer. He hugged Harry back ignoring Anne standing right next to them.

“Hi, baby.” Harry’s voice was full of love and Louis couldn’t help blushing.

“Hi.” He almost whispered and thanked when Harry took his coat. He knew he was acting very shy but he couldn’t help it when he knew Harry’s mother was following their moves with a huge grin on her face.

“I need to take picture of you!” She cheered taking her phone out.

“You really don’t have to.” Louis mumbled not daring to actually tell her away.

“Mom, why don’t you go to announce that Louis is here and let us have a moment for ourselves?” Harry offered to her and Louis never felt more grateful. When woman disappeared he looked up and punched Harry’s side. “Oh! What was that for?”

“I wanted to slap you but that may leave some marks.” Louis shrugged.

“No worries, I’ll slap your arse so hard for this that it’ll definitely leave marks. You can have my words on that.” Harry threatened and Louis gulped. “Alright, calm down, Lou, you’re shaking.”
Harry sighed kissing him to calm down. The state Louis was in seemed a bit pathetic to Harry and he just hoped that small kiss would calm Louis down.

It worked. Louis relaxed and leaned in for another hug. “I still hate you for making me do this.” He sighed before following Harry to the dining room.

The grand entrance of the boys was quite funny to watch. Harry walked in first and Louis followed behind him and just like he wished no one could see him as Harry’s height and broad shoulders masked him pretty well.

He finally stepped to the side and took in the view. It was shocking how well Harry described this gathering. The grandparents and sister he told him about consisted of around 18 people and made Louis feel very self-conscious.

“Everybody, this is Louis. Love, this is my family.” Harry beamed and despite wanting to punch Harry he smiled nicely.

“Louis! We heard so much about you!” The first to talk was one of the grandfathers. He got on his feet and came to hug Louis taking him completely off guard.

It went on like this, hugging most of the people in the room and trying to remember they names. Louis thought it was pointless but he tried anyways. By the end of all weird introductions he took a seat next to Harry smiling to Gemma sitting next to him. Louis smiled at her but his heart skipped a beat when he received a glare instead. It also didn’t go unnoticed that she didn’t greet Louis. She didn’t even say hi.

So in return Louis ignored her scooting closer to Harry’s side and taking part of a lot of conversations that were mostly about their relationship.

It was weird how curious everyone was about their tips to Aspen and Paris, their applications to Universities and other future plans. Louis blushed when everyone congratulated them for applying in the same cities and when Harry kissed his temple he wanted for ground to open up and swallow him.

All in all he was surprisingly happy to have joined Harry’s dinner party. It was very simple and well dined. Also, he had great time and overstepped some barriers that seemed to be triggering before. Louis was proud that he managed to be part of conversations and was liked by people that mean a lot to Harry. However, the sister was a bit of a question to Louis. She didn’t participate in any conversations with Louis and seemed to be rather sceptical.

Finally around 9 p.m. everyone said their goodbyes and the house became much quieter as only the parents, Louis, Harry and Gemma were left. Louis was offered to stay over, which was a bit amusing because it was Harry’s mother offering him that but he still agreed. It was his plan from beginning.

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They said goodnight almost immediately after agreeing that Louis is staying and went upstairs to have a shower.

Louis was leaning on the wall looking up at Harry, giggling slightly at the boy’s intention to wash Louis hair.

“Babe, please stop squirming.” Harry sighed but Louis once again started to shake his head eagerly making it nearly impossible. “Louis! For God’s sake.” Harry huffed and Louis stopped his movements for a second only to attack Harry with his lips.
Taller boy almost fell at the sudden weight crashing into him but managed to balance himself by picking up his lover and pressing him to the wall.

Louis let out a needy whine and squeaked when Harry pinched his arse cheek.

“It hurts.” He complained and didn’t mind when Harry put him down.

“Well I believe I have warned you what you’ll get for that punch, didn’t I?” Harry was talking slowly and intimidating and Louis posture immediately changed. He made himself look smaller and nodded looking down. “Let’s use our words, alright, baby?” Harry asked tracing his fingertips under Louis chin lifting it up.

Louis shuddered when their eyes met and gulped, “Yeah.” He mumbled shyly.

Harry hummed in acknowledgment and carried on with washing Louis, which was now much easier as the tiny boy didn’t dare to move.

When they were done Harry put a huge fluffy towel around Louis shoulders, drying him with other one. Louis couldn’t help but moan when his dick was touched by towel’s material.

“Alright, baby, now… As it’s my birthday I’ve picked something that I want you to wear,” Harry started and Louis could actually fell his blood rushing to his prick. How did Harry manage to sound so seductive with only few words? “Do you think you would like that?”

“Yes.” Louis nodded shuddering when towel was removed from his now dry body and cold air surrounded his body.

“Okay, so now, let me give you this box.” Harry whispered putting black box in Louis hands it was black and looked very elegant. And it was too big for some kind of jewellery and too thin for a toy. “I want you to put on what’s in this box and come to me. Can you do that?” Harry asked.

Louis looked up at him quizzically as if asking whether or not he could open the box now so he could decide if he can do it. Harry nodded and Louis removed the top of the box gasping at the blue silky material he saw lying in there.

There was no doubt what it was. Blue lacy panties were right on front of Louis and Harry wanted him to wear that.

“Only if that’s what you want.” Harry whispered bringing Louis closer for a hug.

“I do.” Louis nodded eagerly ready to push Harry from the bathroom. He shouldn’t feel like this. Hell, he shouldn’t be like this but fuck it. He wants it. He wants Harry and yes maybe he never saw it coming but panties was a new thing and Louis was all for experimenting.

“I’ll be waiting.” Harry smiled giving him a comforting kiss before leaving. Louis acted quickly almost falling over his feet he put on the panties and looked at the mirror. It was right to say that he was almost unrecognizable. Louis Tomlinson, the captain of the best football team in high school’s category, the kind of sass was now being aroused and wearing panties for the men he hated all his life.

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When Louis came to bedroom Harry almost choked on air. The tiny creature he fell in love with was looking so beautiful it almost hurt to wash. Louis looked a bit lost and not sure what to do so Harry lifted his arm offering him a hand.
Louis took it and within seconds Harry brought him to his lap.

“You know what you’ll be spanked for?” He asked his voice dangerously low. Louis closed his eyes and nodded before opening them again.

“For punching you…” Small whimper was heard from Louis.

“Well then, bend over I want to spank you with these beautiful panties.” Louis moaned complying Harry’s demand getting comfortable in this new position.

Harry starts stroking his arse and Louis almost hums at how eager he is for a slap. And when it comes it’s completely unpredictable. But when the loud smack echoes through the room Louis moans because it feels so good and he wants much more of those. He’s so turned on he can barely see straight.

He’s not completely sure how many slaps after Harry stops. He can only be happy that he wasn’t made to count them as Louis couldn’t form any sentences only whines and moans asking Harry for more.

It was good. It was so freaking good and he if it was some kind of punishment Louis could get them every time.

“Hey, here, let’s get you sitting.” Comforting Harry’s voice reached his ears and Louis sighed unhappy that it ended. He could’ve come. He would’ve. “Let me know if you are alright, baby.” Louis hummed and then mumbled something similar to yes nuzzling himself into Harry’s chest.

He wasn’t sure what words came out from Harry’s mouth but he knew that it was not over when slick finger entered Louis. He groaned at a feeling his body moving to the rhythm of the finger moving.

Louis could feel Harry adding other fingers, prepping him. He breathed harshly to the stimulation enjoying the feeling. It was heavenly good but no way better than when he felt Harry’s dick in touching his whole.

Harry is kissing his cheek, wrapping his hands around Louis stomach pulling him to position him the way he wants to end enters him.

Louis sees clarity. All seems to make sense right now. Them being together, connected – it’s perfect and it’s how it supposed to be, Louis thinks.

“Haarry…” He manages to cry out. The stretch is insane and Harry pauses to get more lube before continuing. He takes it all. Louis, arching his back, moaning so loud his parents and sister might be able to hear it too.

He knows he’s about to come. He brings his hand to Louis cock stroking it a few times and then both boys are coming at the same time groaning and screaming each other’s name.

“I love you.” Louis whispers when he is lying on top of Harry, letting the curly boy touch the silky material of his panties.

“I love you too, baby. You’ve been so good for me, so pretty.” Harry smiles showering Louis with small kisses. “Will you wear them for me?” Harry asks and Louis doesn’t even have to think before he nods.

They drift off in the same position. Louis on top of Harry being hugged tightly while one of Harry’s hands rest on his ass covered with panties.
Chapter End Notes

So, I'm struggling and I hope you'd help me out.
I'm thinking for Louis to start calling Harry daddy (in bedroom only) and after my last chapter I've got some requests not to do that and to do that so if you can please let me know how you prefer it or maybe what other names you want.

I will decide my the number of comments for and against.

Thank you!
Next morning Louis woke up without Harry by his side. Unhappy he looked around pouting when he hadn’t seen him nowhere around the bedroom either.

He grabbed his phone from the bedside table replying his mother that he was doing alright and he doesn’t know if he will come home tonight. He would be sure that he won’t if Harry’s parents weren’t there. And shit. Harry’s parents were here.

The realization hit him and Louis cursed under his breath. Fucking Harry always leaving Louis alone. He rolled out of bed wanting to go to the bathroom. He blushed when he saw his reflection in the mirror and the memories of the last night came back.

With his eyes not leaving the mirror he brushed his teeth and put on Harry’s sweater that was thrown on the ground last night. Then he left the bedroom going on expedition ‘to find Harry’.

Louis first went to his office room but the boy wasn’t there and Louis swore to himself that Harry will be murdered if he won’t find him in gym.

But Harry was in gym.

Doing only God knows what with one of his legs on the ground other up in the air and kind arms raised in front of him.

“You’re actually mental.” Louis stated snorting at the view. Harry glanced at him before taking deep breath and bringing himself back on both feet. Louis rolled his eyes. Of course the weird orchestra was Harry’s choice of music. How typical.

“It’s called yoga, Louis.” Harry breathed speaking slowly.
“It’s called torturing your body while standing on extra small rug doing some weird ass shit.” Louis sighed taking a seat on what’s supposed to be abdominal bench.

“You judge it because you never tried it.” Harry shrugged and yes he was reasonable. Louis said no to yoga so many times that at some point Harry just quit trying to persuade him otherwise. “Plus, these ‘rugs’ are called mats, when will you learn that?”

“When will you learn that I don’t give a fuck how it’s called?” Louis answered Harry’s question with another one, and the loving look Harry gave him was really not reasonable.

“Have you already had a shower?” Louis shook his head happily as he knew Harry was going to offer him to do that. He always did. “Come on then.” Harry rushed him to go first through the door. What a gentleman.

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“You don’t have to dress like this, pyjama is fine.” Harry suggested when Louis grabbed his jeans.

Louis scoffed while pulling his pants on. “Well, I wouldn’t dress at all but your parents are here and I think it would look weird if I parade around naked.”

“I wouldn’t mind.” Harry laughed and Louis just rolled his eyes grabbing Harry’s sweater to put on.

“Of course you wouldn’t, do I look alright?” Louis asked trying to fix his hair while standing in front of the mirror. Jeans made him look presentable and baggy Harry’s sweater that ended up covering his arse showed that he wasn’t trying too much.

“You look beautiful but really, it’s too much trying, they will probably still be in their pyjamas.” Harry smiled flirtatiously offering Louis a kiss.

And wasn’t that flirty asshole a perfect liar.

No one was in stupid pyjamas. Louis thanked God for his decision for not listening to that fucker and smiled when he entered the kitchen where the remaining family members already sat.

“Good morning.” Louis waved awkwardly. It was a bit funny to watch the reaction of them. Or to be more specific to watch how fast Harry’s mother jumped from her seat.

“Morning, boys!” She greeted. “How are you? Want something? We haven’t eaten anything yet, waited for you.” She cheered obviously happy with her decision. Louis wondered how the hell they were all awake and already in good mood at this time on weekend.

“Oh, you really shouldn’t have.” Louis giggled trying to contain his sarcasm. Harry laughed at him seeing it through but his mother didn’t seem to notice as she chirped how she had food from yesterday putting everything from the fridge on the table.

Louis took a seat next to Harry, in front of Harry’s father and his sister but next to Harry’s mother throwing Harry a killing look because he was going to kill him if he escaped from this alive.

“Oh, come on, don’t be shy, Louis!” Harry’s father now encouraged him to eat something and he was not going to scoff. He was not going to scoff.

“Oh, yeah, can you get me cereals? Or I can get it myself?” He smiled to Harry’s mother, who nodded telling him not to stand up.
“We have Granola only, if that’s okay?” She smiled showing him the box. Louis scrunched his nose at it and shook his head.

“It’s alright there should be cinnamon toast crunch somewhere. I brought the box with myself few days ago.” Louis shrugged standing up, maybe she didn’t see it. Louis brought that box for himself so he could avoid bunch of weird recipes Harry sometimes decided to try.

“It’s not there.” Harry’s voice made Louis freeze.

“What do you mean it’s not there? I got it myself even put it on shelve so you wouldn’t complain.” And he really did. He can remember going to grocery shop during his free lesson and buying his favourite cereals. They must be here unless they had magically disappeared. “Harry…”

“Well… They had a lot of sugar in there?” Harry suggested and Louis raised his eyebrows.

“So you decided to what? Throw them away?” Louis huffed crossing his arms on his chest. And no, he didn’t want to be seen as dramatic in front of Harry’s parents but that was his cinnamon toast crunch cereals!

“I’m sorry?” Harry suggested and if his parents weren’t there Louis would tell to bring his sorry ass to go buy his food. But they were there so he just smiled half creepily, half probably sarcastically before sitting back down.

“It’s alright, Harold.” The annoyance in his voice was noticeable for everyone seemed to get tensed.

But despite the whole cereals thing the breakfast’s turned out to be great. Louis found replacement for his preferred snack and the conversation he had made with Harry’s father about football was rather nice.

To be honest, Louis was surprised that Des knew so much about football and it was pretty clear that Desmond was same if not more surprised to know that Louis was the captain of such good football team.

So yeah, all in all everything was going right way and Louis was feeling proud that he nailed it. The only problem was Gemma. He didn’t want to start speculating or imagining things but it really looked like she was avoiding Louis or trying to ignore him.

She didn’t show any kind of friendliness towards him, so when they were done with breakfasts and Harry offered that three of them go and watch the movie Louis couldn’t help but be against it. Not daring to voice it out loud he simply nodded and followed siblings to the TV room.

Harry and him took the lover seat while Gemma went to be on the armchair a bit in front of them but facing the screen too. This way they could not only watch film but talk too, which Louis thought was going to happen anyways.

“Yes suggestions?” Harry asked scrolling through the DVDs.

“Nope.” Louis shrugged.

“I say we go with Harry Potter, everyone has seen so it wouldn’t require too much attention?” Gemma offered and Louis smiled to her nodding.

“Great then, you choose the part and I’m going to get snacks!” Harry smiled eagerly and Louis glared at him. Was he doing this on purpose? Leaving him with her? No way, Louis couldn’t go through this without Harry. No, no way, he was not going to do that.
“Oh, let me help!” He immediately offered standing up but was brushed off by Harry who practically pushed him back to sit down. Asshole.

“So, Louis…” Gemma trailed of actually looking at him. Louis was sure it’s the first time she did this. “You are dating by brother?” She finished sounding like eager snake peeking somewhere she didn’t belong to be.

Louis crossed his arms and tilted his head. Pose of defence. “I think it’s pretty obvious?” He answered with a question quirking one of his eyebrows.

“I don’t trust you.” She blurted out and Louis snorted – he was smart enough to figure it out before. “Don’t think that I don’t know who you are, Louis. You and Harry never got on so why now?” She sounded snarky and fucking annoying. What was she even implying?

“Well, darling, you probably do not know but it takes some time for feelings to develop.” Louis said sarcastically as if laughing at her.

“Your dick twitching at my brother’s naked ass isn’t called feelings.” This fucking bitch, Louis couldn’t believe the actual stubbornness on this topic.

“Remind me again, what you have to do with Harry and me?” Louis replies with the same stubbornness to tell her off. He tries to sit tall so his small frame wouldn’t be seen so vulnerable and he keeps level eyes, knowing that it’s the only way to look a bit more intimidating.

“He’s my brother and I want him to be happy.” She answers simply. And what does that even mean? Why is she attacking Louis then? She already has Harry and she can cause migraine to him.

Louis crossed his arms once more. “Well, maybe he’s happy now and you can bugger off minding your own fucking business.”

“He can be happy with someone else and not something like you! He can find someone much better than you and I know that he will!” She bites.

And fuck it hurts. No. Not only hurts. It fucking stabs Louis, right where it actually stings hitting all the insecurities he is known to have.

Gemma must notice this. The judging smile on her face appears as she carries on with her crushing monologue. “You can imagine all you want, Louis but we both know that Harry will find someone better than you. Don’t start painting a bright future for yourself as he will most probably leave you first thing after graduation.”

No. Louis is definitely not capable of just being there and listening to this. No way. So he does the only thing he can think of, he stands up and leaves.

And by leaving he means getting out of this fucking house.

He knows his way good enough to get back to Harry’s bedroom and grab his belongings he had brought before going down the stairs.

“Hey, where are you going?” Harry was standing at the bottom of the stairs smiling lightly with tray of food on it.

Smile drifts away when he notices the bag over Louis’ shoulder.
And just like that Louis knows he has to say something before actually leaving. Wants it or not he can’t just go ignoring Harry completely. He didn’t deserve that. Or maybe he did. Louis mind was a huge mess right now and he really needed to get away.

“Lou?” Harry whispers, putting the tray on the floor so he could come closer to him. And if Louis wants to avoid that he has to get his coat now.

Not sparing a second glance he turns around and heads to the room where he had left his shoes and coat. He knows Harry is following, he can hear the footsteps but even if he hadn’t, he would suspect Harry to do so.

When curly head appears on the doorstep Lou is already wearing shoes and trying to get his coat on. Harry’s face is pure horror and confusion. It makes Louis feel guilty for a second. But only for a split second until words of Gemma’s comes back to his mind to haunt him.

“I’m going home.” He mumbles, Harry looks shocked and at a loss of words.

Louis doesn’t blame him, he probably would too.

“Is that because of the cereals? You know I’m sorry. I did it on a whim and I didn’t think you would be offended. I can go buy it now?” Harry genuinely sounds like a lost puppy and Louis heart aches. He’s used to be the smaller and tiny one in this relationship but that doesn’t mean he wants to hurt Harry or see him sad in any way.

“It’s not that. Simply put, this decision had been a terrible idea. I shouldn’t have come, I know that and I’m going home now.”

Now, Louis expects Harry to do a lot of things. Grab him by wrists and kiss him roughly saying he won’t let him go, insist on taking him home or forcing to tell him what exactly happened.

What he doesn’t expect is for Harry to break.

“Please don’t…”

The pleading and the way Harry sounds is so sad Louis doesn’t have a heart to brush him off.

“Harry…” Louis trails off looking down.

“Tell me, what is it? Was it my mom? Was it Gemma?” Louis couldn’t stop his body from flinching when Gemma’s name was mentioned. And of course it didn’t go unnoticed by Harry.

“What did she say?” The change in Harry’s behaviour would be amusing if not the situation.

He straightens himself and looks much more in charge than just seconds ago. And if that doesn’t encourage Louis to seek for comfort I don’t know what could.

Smaller boy leans into Harry’s strong chest taking deep breaths, the smell of Harry’s always used cologne relaxing him immediately.

“Let me talk with her, yeah?” Harry offered kissing Louis forehead. Shorter boy sighed. He wanted to say no, he wanted to push Harry away but if he wanted to make it all better he needed him.

“She told me you’ll leave me.” Louis admitted standing on his tiptoes so he could feel the curls tickling his face. He found it weirdly comforting.

“Love, I would never do that. I need you more than I need myself and you know this.”
Harry sounded determined and so assured it really did make Louis feel a bit better. Although, he still wanted to go home. And the question whether or not Harry was to allow it was kind of answered when he took Louis bag and put his coat back in the closet.

“Harry, I really…”

“Don’t.” He was cut off before even finishing the statement. “Go upstairs and give me few minutes to handle this. Let me talk to her.” Harry kissed his forehead and Louis, despite feeling like he really didn’t belong in here, nodded.

Defeated he followed Harry back upstairs and stayed in his bedroom. Few minutes after he scrunched his nose at a quite rough shouts at it took him few seconds to realize that those shouts belonged to Harry.

Immediately back on his feet Louis left the room following the route to the TV room where Harry and Gemma were clearly having a fight.

He didn’t mean to peek at it but it kind of happened when the curiosity to hear what they were talking about had taken over.

It appeared that he wasn’t the only one when Harry’s parents soon came to the door with confused faces. Louis blushed feeling uncomfortable and out of place.

“Ugh… They’re having an argument?” He offered them an explanation and at the same time Harry’s loud deep voice shouted a threat to never talk with Louis like that. Door flew open and it was written all over Harry’s face that he was furious.

Gemma was standing behind him looking quite pale and even if offended Louis felt bad for her.

“Let me take you home.” Harry mumbled grabbing Louis arm. And the grab wasn’t even gentle, quite painful actually.

“Oh!” Louis let out a protest and Harry just glared pulling him to go even rougher. It was both strange and embarrassing to be treated this way in front of Harry’s parents, who were obviously a bit shocked of Harry’s behaviour. Louis wondered whether or not they always seen Harry as submissive and nice kid. It wouldn’t be surprising as most of the times people did.

When they were already dressed Harry ordered him to garage and unlocked the car before helping Louis to take a seat. He followed and then drove away leaving the house behind.

“Umm… You alright?” He tried to sound gentle when addressing to Harry, partly because he didn’t know what to do. To be fair Louis wasn’t very good in all these comforting situations.

“I might cry when I’ll calm down.” Harry sighed and without much overthinking Louis took his hand into his. It looked not very natural, his small hand grabbing Harry’s long fingers but that’s what was supposed to help Harry.

And it looked like it did. Harry stopped speeding and came back to allowed speed offering Louis a small smile.

“Let’s go to mine, yeah?” He offered watching how curls jumped up and down when Harry nodded.

Without much cautiousness Louis leaned in to place a kiss on Harry’s cheek.

*
When Louis' mother appeared at the door she was surprised and it was pretty clear when looking at her face.

“What… An unexpected surprise?”

“Yeah… We decided to come here?” Louis would laugh at himself for his explanation but it was not the right time for amusement.

“Alright, well I didn’t expect you to come home today but come on in.” She smiled hugging Louis when already inside she followed to do the same with Harry. “I could have baked a cake or something.” She laughed.

“No, that would be too much. I really didn’t think I’ll bring Louis home today but…” There was an awkward pause as Harry was at a loss of words.

“But here we are. We’ll be upstairs.” Louis ended for him and then intertwined their fingers going to his room.

* 

The comforting session with Harry wasn’t the easiest of tasks as the boy kept tearing up until Louis told him to cry it all out.

And Harry did. Oh, boy how he did. Louis had to change his sweater as the previous one was too wet. Harry kept apologising for nearly everything from Gemma’s behaviour to sweater and even kisses couldn’t calm him down.

“I shouldn’t be doing this. I’m dominant.” Harry sobbed and Louis felt crushed between wanting to agree and wanting to disagree. The second part of him was obviously stronger.

It didn’t matter that Harry was dominant in their relationship. The real problem was fact that he felt heartbroken and Louis didn’t care about anything else just making him feel better.

“Harry, our dynamic means nothing. I love you and I want to be here for you. It doesn’t matter if you can’t be the bigger spoon now.” Louis said the sincere truth and Harry sniffled before his eyes were stuffed with tears again.

When he calmed down it was already dark (which was around 4 p.m. as on February in England it was already dark at 5 o’clock.). Harry came back to hugging Louis tightly with his huge arms wrapped around Louis tiny frame.

He was already giggling when Louis told him plenty of jaked his siblings had pulled on him. Originally he wouldn’t be very happy to share this experience but Harry was having a good time and who Louis was to mind that?

“Oh my god…” Harry laughed again when Louis told him how one morning Lottie had stayed in bathroom for nearly an hour. “That’s why you are so snappy in the mornings?” Harry snorted and Louis punched his side.

His wrists were immediately grabbed by Harry’s hands and without realising what he was doing Louis buckled his hips a bit.

“Shit.” Harry cursed, one of his arms landing on Louis’ arse.

“You know… I didn’t take them off.” Louis smirked.
Harry’s pupils dilated and he checked if Louis wasn’t pulling his leg. When his fingerprints brushed against silk he gasped and sat up pressing Louis into the mattress.

“Harry…” Small whimper escaped Louis mouth the need he thought he had left behind when Harry drained him last night back with the force.

“Can you be silent, baby?” Harry asked cautious that in this house they were not alone and could be caught up in no time.

“Yes…” Louis moaned trying to move his hips, which was hard when Harry kept him from moving.

“Yes, who?” Harry whispered leaning in to kiss Louis’ neck.

“Daddy… Shit, fuck…” Louis almost groaned at the overwhelming sensation.

Tiny smile played on Harry’s face. He placed kisses on whole side of Louis face stopping for a second at his ear.

“Alright, baby. Now, let’s see for how long you can stay silent. After all, we do have all night, don’t we?”

And yes they did. They had all night to feel and taste heaven all other problems and people completely forgotten.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for so many comments, I'm going to reply right after update and not it's official - from now on Louis will occasionally (in bed) will call Harry daddy.

♥
Harry stayed the night.

For three nights straight.

Not that Louis’ family minded – of course not. Kids loved how Harry was always agreeing to play, his mother loved how he always helped with chores and especially she adored him after that time when Harry made breakfast for everyone.

Let Louis add that it wasn’t simple breakfast like cereals in bowls. Harry went all out and made waffles and eggs Benedict.

It was surprise for everyone especially to Louis, who woke up only to need go back sleeping again. Why? Well, when Harry spends time with everyone in his family Louis was getting just teeny tiny bits of attention.

That sucked. And the fact that he was jealous that others got more of his boyfriend’s attention sucked even more. So Louis was basically at point of killing someone and it was very seeable in the field when he was acting overly aggressive and fought for ball like it was the final game, not the practice.
The first person that noticed it was his mother. She lifted her eyebrows at every Louis scoff that he did when Harry made his siblings laugh.

He is pretty sure that Dan followed after that and realizing that there is only two endings to this – talk it out or leave disaster to happen, Louis mother took matters into her own hands.

It was Tuesday evening and Harry was watching Disney film with all kids (even Lottie!) while Louis was in his bedroom trying to do his homework instead of throwing books at the wall.

The knock on the door put a sparkle of hope that it was Harry until his mother’s head poked through the open door.

“What?” Louis bit, lifting his eyebrows, looking as if she was intruder which technically she was.

She was entering Louis’ pity party.

“I thought I’ll come to have a talk?” She offered him a smile acting so overly polite Louis wanted to scream her to leave. “Don’t give me this look I know that you’re not feeling okay.” She cut him off before Louis could actually say something.

And yeah… That’s probably how mothers are. They are these annoying, never leaving you alone things, until you really do feel better.

Or at least Louis knew his mother was like that. So there was no point in arguing as she was going to take over anyways.

That didn’t mean he was going to pretend to like it. “About what?” He crossed his arms ready to defense any accusations if they were thrown at him.

She sighed and sat down on the corner of his small bed, he and Harry were trying to sleep on. Or to be more specific – tried, until Lottie gently offered Harry to use sleeping pad she had in her room.

And instead of bringing it here Harry removed his belonging to her room where they had tea parties until two a.m. or took it to toddlers’ room so he could read them storied until they fell asleep.

So if anyone were to blame Louis for feeling left out – please let them voice it out loud because Louis wanted to punch someone.

“About you and Harry.” His mother finally said and Louis snorted turning back to his books.

It looked much more interesting than it did seconds ago. Even though Louis had no idea what subject he was learning for. He lost track of it after the first five seconds.

“Louis, I think you should be more open with me.” She sighed sounding devastated and even if it was a bit of an act, Louis still felt guilty.

He turned around to look at her and then looked down because his face was already saying too much without intense stare at it.

“What do you want me to tell you?” He managed to whisper without losing his voice.

“I want to know what is going on, why Harry is here and how far gone both of you are?” Louis heart skipped a beat.
How far gone they were, was pretty obvious but he never admitted it to his mother. He knew this talk with her was coming up and he tried to build up the courage for it but no assurance talk with himself could prepare him for it.

“Harry applied to Uni…” Louis trailed off to take a deep breath before carrying on. “In the same cities as I did.” He finished off shrugging as if it wasn’t big deal.

“It means you are thinking about future together.” His mother stated and Louis rolled his eyes. He knew what it meant and what both of them were thinking about, thank you very much. What he didn’t know was the reason behind Harry’s actions. He wanted to have a deep talk with curly boy so he could tell Louis why he was abandoning him.

“I think it’s pretty obvious that this is serious.” Louis just added to her statement and watched as she smiled.

“Well… He was the boy you were constantly teasing when in kindergarten. Back then I was sure you will become best friends.” She giggled and despite this gloomy mood Louis smiled.

“Instead we started hating each other.” He notified and his mother laughed out loud while nodding her head.

“You did… Oh my god, Anne and I weren’t sure why, though. But you would be always wrestling with each other and now I think that this way you showed attention to one another.” She giggled and Louis kept on smiling until the loud happy squeak came from downstairs bringing him back to reality.

It didn’t go unnoticed by Jay. Her face changed from happy to worried immediately. She was smart enough to know the reason and Louis felt very exposed under her stare.

“Mom… I don’t… Fuck…” He cursed bringing his face into his hands. When he lifted it up again sadness was written all over his face. “He’s not even sleeping with me.” He mumbled his voice cracking at the ending.

“Honey, you should talk to him…” She suggested seeing it as the only solution. But it wasn’t good enough to Louis because he was never the one to initiate the conversations that could be a little bit too emotional or devastating at the end.

He rather stewed in his own juice until it would be too much and he would end up at a verge of emotional breakdown. That’s who he was, that’s how he was.

“Louis I’m serious, he is kind and I think he wants you to be happy more than anything else. Maybe he thinks that getting on a better side of other family members is something you want?”

“It is what I want but not this way, I feel like I’m a last resort or something like this.” And that’s – that’s Louis biggest fear and insecurity that did nothing but eat him alive ever since that thing with Gemma happened.

Was Harry angry at him? Was he blaming Louis? Maybe he was actually going to choose Louis as the last one when he had others? These questions remained unanswered and only pushed Louis to overthink this situation more.

“The way he looks at you? He loves you, honey and it’s obvious that you love him back.” She smiled kissing his forehead before leaving the room.

It took Louis few seconds to understand that he kind of just came out to his mother and exposed
his relationship to her. He felt that happy wave washing through him and huge grin spread on his face until it was drowned by one more session of giggles coming from downstairs.

*

Louis was after shower, lying in his bed texting with his teammates about possible changes of strategies, when Harry entered the room.

Wet hair and towel on his hips confirmed that the he was right after shower too and Louis could do nothing but lay there while his heart continued to beat painfully, his mind playing the image of them showering together.

“Hey Lou, I was hoping I could borrow your underwear?” Harry offered him a dimply smile and Louis sighed before nodding.

“Sure, you know where it is.” He just shrugged looking down at his mobile screen smiling when he saw the picture Stan sent to their group chat. It was Neymar in 2014 with very strange looking hairstyle and Stan offered to have their hairs like this as team’s new strategy.

“Who are you texting to?” Harry was already in briefs and looked quite annoyed.

“Stan.” Louis cut his response short only to annoy Harry. Which obviously worked as the boy was immediately taking a seat next to Louis peeking at the screen.

“What are you talking about?” The tone made Louis feel like he was in some kind of interrogation, where Harry blamed him like his action was a crime.

“Hairstyles.” Louis mumbled without looking up.

“You can talk about hairstyles with me.” Harry stated pressing a lock button on Louis phone.

It caused Louis to frown.

“Well you were busy.” Louis looked up and Harry bit his lip not sure how to answer. He was watching a film before shower and he couldn’t remember if Louis was already chatting with Stan back then? Actually, he couldn’t remember Louis being there with him.

And it took Harry off guard this realization that Louis might have been upstairs this whole time.

“I’m never busy when it comes to you.” Harry declared leaning in closer for a hug that he was not given.

Louis backed off and the room was silent for a few seconds.

“So…” Louis trailed of, filling the pause. “Where are you sleeping tonight? Is it at Lottie’s now?”

The anger mixed with sarcasm was a harsh blow at Harry. It was not like Harry didn’t ask whether or not Louis minded that he stayed the night at kids.

And Louis always shrugged mumbling ‘it’s fine’ so Harry didn’t think much about it.

“Well… Daisy asked me to paint her nails but I can decline…” Harry said as a peace offer.

Smaller boy just shrugged his shoulders looking completely unbothered. “It’s fine, getting used to it by now.” Louis smiled.

It wasn’t a gentle smile. More like a sarcastic frown with corners of the lips lifted up. He was
probably looking like a paralyzed but he didn’t care. Harry couldn’t just storm into his room and act like everything is peachy.

“Are you angry? You know I asked you at all times if you didn’t mind.” Harry stated and Louis snorted looking up staring into Harry’s green eyes angrily.

Curly boy flinched when facing such angry look on Louis face because Harry didn’t think Louis had reason to be angry in the first place. But not it looked that he had not only founded a reason but was pissed off.

“Oh? And that makes everything clear, no? I can’t don’t mind plenty of things that doesn’t mean I like it!” Louis growled crossing his arms on his chest waiting for Harry to say something back.

It looked like the boy in front of Louis’ was at a loss of words. Not that Louis cared. After few evenings of worrying and overthinking he was ready to kill.

He could have gone all night fighting and screaming at Harry not budging from his position.

But when Harry grabbed his wrists and stood up forcing Louis to follow if he didn’t want to fall, smaller boy was too confused to even form the words.

He glanced at Harry’s face and it was pretty clear that the expression Louis’ had been wearing seconds ago was now on Harry’s face. It means that emotions too.

Louis heart skipped a beat when Harry opened his mouth and first words escaped his mouth. “If you don’t feel alright you go up and tell me.”

Harry’s voice was low and even a little bit cold which made Louis wonder why was he talking to him in such manner when choosing kind of comforting words. Before he could reply Harry continued with his talking.

“I can’t always know how you’re feeling which is why you have to be open.” Harry took a step closer to Louis, pushing the tiny boy a step back, trapping him between Harry and the table.

Louis gulped before daring to open his mouth. “It’s not that easy…”

“But it is.” Harry disagreed immediately. “Knowing that I might have disappointed you makes me feel like shit. I am here to protect you, be here for you and show you how precious you are. If I can’t manage to do so, if you are unhappy because of me…” There was a pause.

Harry couldn’t finish his sentence and instead he buried his curly face in the crook of Louis neck.

Louis immediately relaxed to the closeness the thought that this position most probably wasn’t very comfortable for Harry crossing his mind for a second.

The hug lasted for a couple of minutes and when they pulled away both of their cheeks were covered in light shade of red. It was probably from the lack of touch during these few days.

Harry smiled before leaning in for a small kiss. Louis felt how taller boy’s hands slid down his lower back, fingers sinking into his arse cheeks. He let out a needy moan and Harry chuckled, his fingers moving to unbutton Louis’ jeans.

Louis almost whines when Harry gets on his knees in front of him. Curly boy is only trailing his fingers down Louis tights and pressing small kisses, which is not enough.

Harry must feel Louis watching as he looks up just to smirk at the glare he was offered.
“Don’t be too greedy, love.” He mumbles taking a hold on Louis wrists. Louis knees buckle and he almost falls on Harry but strong hands suddenly moves from his wrists to his body and steadies him.

“Sorry.” Louis apologizes but Harry has none of it. He stands up and helps Louis to lie down so nothing like this happens again.

Small whines of protests from Louis stops when Harry harshly pulls his cock, making it twitch and harden.

“Can I suck you off, baby?” Harry asks nicely and Louis wants to kick him for teasing and wasting time by asking such unimportant questions.

But he doesn’t as actions like that could leave him with blue balls and Harry actually sleeping in other room on purpose to annoy him. Instead he nods and buckles his hips showing how desperate he is.

Harry smiled and leans in wrapping his lips around Louis cock.

Louis underneath him is conflicted between moving his hips forcing himself into Harry’s mouth and just giving in, following what Harry wants him to do – stay still and not move.

He doesn’t think that he can help from moving when Harry adds his tongue and Louis hips just shoots up. Harry chokes and immediately pulls away.

Louis’ cheeks are flushing from embarrassment and it’s strange because not long ago he fucking Harry’s mouth wouldn’t be such a big deal. But now it is and Louis can’t explain why but he feels like he did not the right thing. The thing he didn’t want to.

However, it looks like Harry is not really minding it. Amused smile lingering on his face as he lets out a small chuckle, “That was unexpected… You want to do this?” Harry asks being completely sincere.

Louis wonders if Harry would negotiate in every sexual activity they do. Without a doubt Louis loves where they are now and somehow he doesn’t want to go back. He kind of likes to be manhandled.

“No.” Louis mumbles shaking his head. He doesn’t want to be any kind of dominating. He wants to be taken care of. “I want it…” Louis struggles finding the right words luckily Harry comes to help him.

“Do you want to be under?” He asks and Louis nods eagerly showing that it’s exactly what he wants.

Because it really is.

He wants to feel Harry’s. He wants to feel like he belongs to someone, someone that can be his safe heaven.

And it is Harry to him.

“I love you.” Louis says sincerely as he feels he doesn’t do that very often. Harry beams and leans in for a kiss.

It’s rough and passionate kiss. Louis feels the hunger and lust of it with Harry’s hands gripping his arse, pulling Louis as close to himself as possible.
“I love you so, so much.” Harry whispers into Louis ear before going down. “Now, be a good boy don’t move or I will have to find something to tie you with.” He threatens and Louis gulps. Not because he is scared but because it’s fucking hot to hear that.

He hears small squeak of the mattress as Harry changes his position and Louis gets prepared for Harry’s lips to cover his tip of cock again.

But when he feels Harry’s tongue it’s not on his cock. It’s on his hole.

And oh.

Oh.

*

It’s the first time this week Louis wakes up happy enough not to want to throw his alarm clock across the room.

Which is a good thing because his alarm clock is also his mobile phone and Louis really doubts his mother would be very keen on getting him a new phone.

Turning down this annoying sound with a snooze button Louis looks around the room and immediately gets the feeling that something is not completely okay.

Like something is missing.

It’s Thursday morning, Louis has school in about an hour and Harry…

Yeah, it’s Harry that’s missing. That dipshit must have woken up not at half past seven but five o’clock in the morning and gone out for a run he’s doing to compensate the fact he’s not hitting a gym because he’s not at home.

Despite not having Harry with him in the same bed when waking up Louis still smiles wide. After all he got whole night of cuddling with Harry and to be fair it’s always like this – no matter when Louis wakes up Harry is already dressed and after gym.

Maybe with a few exceptions that happens very rarely.

Lazily Louis stands up and grabs briefs that are lying on the ground to put on. The tingly sensation that he feels coming from his arse just makes him feel lighter and happier, when the events of last night comes to his mind.

Harry rimmed him.

Harry rimmed him and forced him not to let out any sounds until they have both come and without even knowing why, Louis found that having boundaries was ‘it’ for him.

Humming some incoherent music under his nose Louis picked his clothing for the day which were extra skinny jeans (yes, he was aware of how his arse will look bigger in these) and a warm sweater because if someone was to get cold it was always Louis, who technically had a chance to always borrow Harry’s things but they were going to school. And they weren’t public yet.

Ignoring bunch of bags from expensive shops that belonged to Harry, the one who bought new clothing instead of coming back home, he went to the bathroom.

After leaving the bathroom and giving an audacious smile to annoyed Lottie then went down the
stairs grinning when hearing voices in the kitchen.

One of them definitely belonged to Harry.

“Morning.” Louis waved to everyone. His wave stopped when his and Harry’s eyes locked. Harry stopped talking about whatever he was and changed his posture looking as if he was inviting Louis for a hug.

And even if he wasn’t Louis still went for it. He leaned on Harry and smiled when familiar lips kissed his temple.

“You were snoring in your sleep, woke me up early.” Harry teased and Louis bit somewhere around his nipple making younger boy squeak in surprise.

“I’m never snoring.” Louis mumbled playfully, nuzzling his nose into Harry’s chest until he felt the said nipple. He pushed into it with his nose as if it was some kind of a game.

“Does it annoy you that you don’t go higher than my nipples? Is that why you’re abusing them?” Harry asked with his eyebrow lifted and Louis scrunched his nose unhappy with this way of mocking.

Laughter next to him brought him back to reality. They were in the kitchen where, as Louis now noticed, they were not alone.

His mother and Dan were watching both of them laughing their heads off because they loved when Louis was bullied like this. Traitors.

“It’s not funny.” Louis crossed his arms even though he felt shyer more than angry about what his parents have just seen.

“Oh, but it is.” His mother laughed.

“Once Jay wore high heels, it made her look really tall, and Louis declined to go out with us that evening until she changed her footwear.” Dan added and now three of them were laughing.

“It’s not true.” Louis complained because it wasn’t exactly the truth. Or even if it was, no one had proof so it doesn’t count if it’s only words.

“I’m sure it’s not, love.” Harry snickered next to him. Were they to be in privacy Louis would hit him. Like he would seriously hit him and bit his nipple off.

His fantasies must be written on his face because Harry laughed even more when he looked down at Louis and couldn’t stop for almost a minute.

“It’s not funny.” Louis complained, repeating the same words again. Harry just shook his head keeping that happy smile on his face.

“C’mon, I made pancakes.” Harry took a plate filling it with pancakes and putting syrup on it. Louis watched him doing his slavery job and only when the plate was given to him he scrunched his nose.

“What if I wanted to have bacon and eggs?” The comeback to Harry’s friendliness might sound harsh for Dan and Jay on the other hand it was nothing the curly boy wasn’t used to. And to be honest – it’s how it had always been with them.

“For you I can cook all bacon in the world but as for now you have to take what is already made
or we’ll be late to school.” Harry concludes and it’s hard to tell if he’s just joking or if he really would make Louis bacon if not for the tine.

It appears to be the second one because on their way to school Harry questions whether or not Louis wants him to stop at some drive thru and get some eggs and bacon.

Louis ogles at Harry with mouth opened, trying not to blush and not to look eager when he shyly agrees.

“Anything for my boy.” Harry just shrugs when he stops at a drive thru. He doesn’t even look annoyed when it requires him to negotiate with McDonald’s employer for only bacon. In the end Harry ends up paying extra for less and Louis does feel a bit guilty but the proud grin on Harry’s face washes it away.

*

They come to school together and walk in side by side, strangely no one seems to notice or at least Louis doesn’t see them looking.

It may be because they came late when first period had already started but still it’s nice to just imagine that no one would actually care if they would do this.

“I won’t be joining you to lunch today.” Harry notices when they are walking down the corridor to their lockers to pick up their things.

Louis scrunches his nose at the idea of spending one more hour without Harry. Because even if they don’t do much together during the lunch. Or to be more exact they don’t do anything instead glancing at one another and maybe some bicker teasing it’s still nice being close to each other.

“Sorry, love.” Harry immediately apologizes when he sees his expression. “My coach wants to have a talk. We’re about to get going to nationals and he wants to do the schedule and maybe some more organizing.” Harry explains and yeah as captains they do get much shit to deal with.

Louis knows it better than anyone else. Especially now, when he missed so much thanks to his flu, he has to spent evenings planning and scheduling or discussing things with coach.

“They’re alright, I understand.” Louis smiles comfortingly and Harry leans in to steal a kiss. When they stop the kiss Harry leaves his arm thrown over Louis shoulders, tugging him closer. “However, I’m not sure if it’s not just an excuse to get some other boy to the classroom while leaving me for the sharks.” Louis pouts and Harry pokes his side.

Louis giggles and tries to get away but there is really no point in doing so as Harry just simply garbs him by his waist and brings him closer in a strong grip.

“Don’t be so dramatic, babe. I’m leaving you with your friends not sharks.” Louis rolled his eyes and crossed his arms as if he didn’t love being forced to stay on Harry’s arms.

“Is this what you’re telling to yourself when leaving me?” Louis sighs, shaking his head in disappointment and it’s really good than no one is there to see how Harry puts his hands on Louis head to stop him and then leans in for a hungry kiss.

*

So… Do you know that nagging feeling when you honestly hate the person? Without many reasons for it, you just do and when he talks you can’t even control your eyes when they roll themselves.
That’s James for Louis.

Like, this guy is impossible to handle and deal with.

Remember when ages ago James had some intentions on Harry? Yeah, well it looks like this guy can’t take a fucking clue and bugger off. Or maybe get over the fact that the person Harry’s with – is not him.

Because when the lunch period comes and Harry has to skip it to talk with his coach, James takes it as opportunity to gossip about him. And yeah Harry, friends not sharks to your face – Louis thinks when listening James talking.

It starts off very innocent he just asks whether or not Harry’s still in relationship with the mysterious guy. Most of the guys don’t join the discussion but as it goes further normally more and more find themselves listening or adding a word.

And it includes everything. They choose Harry’s Instagram profile for it commenting on every picture he has posted as they are obviously from things he had done with Louis. It doesn’t show Louis in particularly but it’s more than just obvious that it’s romantic dates or voyages.

“But whoever it is, he must be lucky. Harry’s a nice bite.” James says when checking pictures Harry had taken in Aspen.

And that’s what it’s all about? A couple more cash? Few fancy places and James can’t stop talking about it?

It sets Louis on fire. Because it’s not fair for Harry, who is actually caring, and oh, so lovable and loving and just perfect… He shouldn’t be looked at as if he’s just ‘nice bite’.

“I really do think that it’s none of yours business.” Louis finally joined in sounding far less annoyed than he was.

His words cause some of them to at least feel a little bit embarrassed as few of them blushes and looks away. But as always not everyone can be evolved to normal human beings, this time it’s James.

“Oh, can you chill out? Just because your homophobic ears can’t listen to this doesn’t mean we don’t have right to talk.” James sounds sarcastic as if he’s offending Louis which he partly is doing.

There’s nothing pleasant to listen how you are homophobic when you are simply trying to stand up for the one you love. But that’s Louis and he’s not going to give up. Not when it’s James.

“I have nothing to do with homophobic qualities and I am against it, supporting all forms of love.” Louis states because for God’s sake he’s gay! James snorts and it just pushed him to go further. “What I don’t like and find rather pathetic is that you are sitting here talking about your friend as a thing with a certain worth, you are gossiping like little bitches.” He finished off and the buzz in cafeteria may show that other people didn’t hear him but faces on teams’ members faces show him that they did for sure.

And Louis is fucking proud for it. He doesn’t have that smug expression on his face but he’s so happy he stood up for Harry and technically talking himself too. Adrenaline is rushing though his veins and he could fight with James for a decade at least.

And the fight appears to be hanging on a very thin line as James doesn’t quit it. “Everyone knows
that you hate Harry because he’s gay.” James shrugs and Louis wants to roar and groan at the same time.

“Don’t put words I have never said in my mouth!” He shouts feeling like he really could use throwing a punch at James.

“Yeah, because calling Harry names and outing him had nothing to do with your disgusting hate.” James laughs and the cafeteria might be getting quieter as the argument starts to grow.

Louis isn’t sure though, he is too angry to actually comprehend what is going around him. Same as he doesn’t comprehend how his fist is hitting James jaw.

It could have gone hell from here if not Stan and Liam who immediately went on their feet to separate the boys.

“You fucker!” James shouted clearly offended and hurt with his lip letting out small drops of blood.

It wasn’t a very good punch, most probably not a very painful one but it’s the pride that matters and getting punched by someone then not be given a chance for revenge must be annoying. Not that Louis knows.

He is tamed by Liam without a chance to escape. Of course, he can try but Liam is way taller than Louis and might be even stronger.

“Go and ask someone to suck it off. For sure it won’t be Harry as he doesn’t even care about your ugly ass.” Louis huffed and ouch, Liam pulled him quite roughly, possibly leaving a bruise. “Do that again and I will kick you in your balls.” Louis threatened while not actually fighting Liam’s grip.

Instead he follows his footsteps nearing the doors of cafeteria.

“Do you actually want everyone to hate you?” When Liam opens his mouth they are already out of cafeteria standing in an empty hall without curious eyes and ears watching them.

Question takes Louis by surprise and he doesn’t know what to respond, standing there a bit stunned by annoyance in Liam’s voice.

“It’s already hard for everyone to deal with that scene you have caused with Harry and now James?” And with that Louis heart starts to quicken its beating.

Do teams actually hold a grudge on Louis behavior so many months ago? Because everything is left behind, or at least it looked like it. No one even talked about it as it never happened.

“James had nothing to do with Harry.” Louis defends himself.

But Liam is having none of it. He looks pissed off and Louis hadn’t seen him like this. Not with Louis. Not with any of their teammates.

“Yes he does. We are two teams working as one. And you come here acting like a bitch thinking that just because you’re captain of one team you can be a king. You’re the one actually killing the spirit of our teams and you have no right to talk this way with no one.” Liam is breathing heavily and Louis can only stare at him.

There is a long silent pause for Liam to get his breath back and for Louis to get even more crushed
while overthinking words he just heard.

“If it wasn’t for Harry you probably wouldn’t even be here.” Liam concluded and wait what.

“What?”

Liam almost snorts. “Do you think everyone just brushed off what you did? Harry is the hero over here and you act like shit towards him. He told all of us to leave you alone and let both of you deal with this and you haven’t even changed your attitude.”

Louis looks down wanting nothing else but to disappear. He wasn’t acting bad with Harry, was he? It’s not like Harry minds when Louis asks him things? Because it’s just who he is and Harry seems to be liking it?

But is he really?

Louis knows it’s not good to ditch classes but he can’t bring himself to care as he locks himself on toilets to cry over the words he heard.

And that is beyond pathetic.

He is spending his lessons in toilet that smells like someone died here, crying like a baby. And he doesn’t have right to cry because he is the one to blame.

Louis feels cold. He’s already wearing a sweater but everything inside him feels cold. He thinks about having one of Harry’s sweaters on him but he doesn’t dare to call him.

He’s already using Harry’s shoulder to cry upon and fuck he really is problematic, isn’t he?

Louis gets his phone out and checks the time.

He still have couple more hours before his practice starts and he have to leave this building if he wants to calm himself down.

*

Louis doesn’t have the right direction in his mind. He’s just walking somewhere ignoring the dull sky threatening to rain. And it fits so well to his mood it’s not even nice. It could be sunny so he could find some peacefulness and calmness in this but no, instead it is grey and dull and depressing.

“Hey!” Shout stops Louis from walking and it comes out of the car. When he looks up he want to run in the street and beg to be hit by a car.

With a window rolled down there is Gemma sitting in a driver’s seat and it looks like that she is addressing to Louis.

Can this day be even better? Louis thinks sourly. Because it’s really great to get crushed, understand you are a shit person and met up with a person that hates you the most while you are crying in the same day.

“What do you want?” Louis asks his voice sounds as pathetic as he feels and he’s surprised that Gemma doesn’t smile at that. She should feel victorious after all she hates Louis with all her heart. Maybe it’s because she can see how bad Louis is.

“What do you want?” She asks hopefully and Louis would snort if he were to have any power left for
fighting. But not today, today is not his day. Today he is crushed and sad and he want to suffer so he nods agreeing to talk and probably leave feeling suicidal after it.

He doesn’t argue when Gemma tells him to sit in the car. He doesn’t have this in himself and just goes with it.

The silent is crushing but neither of them says a word. Louis had literally no idea where Gemma is driving but he doesn’t dare to ask.

“You look like shit.” She finally says breaking the silent and really? That’s all she can come up with? There is nothing new Louis already knows he looks bad. It’s not even an offense.

“That’s all you wanted to talk about?” Louis asks and flinches at his own voice. Gemma looks up at him and Louis can see she is having black bags under her eyes and yeah, just great, Louis fucked up Harry’s relationship with his sister.

Maybe he should’ve written in his motivational letter when applying to Uni that he’s good at fucking things up, making relationship with people worse?

“My brother is not answering my calls.” She mumbles and what does she expect Louis to do about this?

“I’m sorry.” Louis finally answers as it really is his fault. Plus, it’s the only thing he can come up with because he is that pathetic.

“Not your fault.” She shrugs. “I think he hates me for what I’ve said.” She adds and Louis snorts.

“Harry tends to see me in a different way than others do. Don’t know why, don’t ask me.” Louis shrugs because he really can’t find an explanation why. Louis is an asshole and he is impossible to love. He’s bitchy and whiny and no one likes people that are always bossing around. Plus, he is always crying and seeking for comfort.

And how it really makes him wonder what does Harry get in return? And shit. Louis pales immediately as he realizes that the only thing Harry can get from Louis is sex. That’s probably why he is sticking with Louis. There is no love in here, it can’t be because he hates Louis, he always have and the only reason he could have said otherwise is because of it.

“He loves you.” Gemma offers and that’s not really the reason, no. He is sure about it now.

“He likes sex.” There is a pause. Gemma stops at a traffic light before taking a turn to the city center.

“I don’t think it’s just that.” Gemma finally concludes but that’s not going to change Louis way of thinking. She doesn’t know a thing about them.

“I do.” He shrugs.

They stop at a bar and Louis lifts his eyebrows.

“I need a drink and it looks like you could use one too.”

* 

“Woop, sorry guys.” Louis giggles as he falls on one of the benches in their changing room.

It’s not his fault he just finds a bit hard to coordinate his body that for some reason just doesn’t
follow his mind.

“What the fuck.” Stan mumbles next to him and Louis just offers him a goofy smile. “Are you drunk?”

Louis laughs. He is not drunk, just tipsy. He had a couple of drinks with Gemma and then he left promising to come back right after the practice. He even got her number to call.

“Am not, I’m Louis,” He laughs out loud at his comeback as if it’s hilarious. He doesn’t give a fuck that others look at him in disgust. He is a fuck up no matter what he does so fuck it.

* 

Practice only proofs that Louis is good for nothing. He falls couple of times and doesn’t manage to kick a ball in the gate. When they are finally finished Louis doesn’t bother changing or going to shower he calls Gemma and goes back to that bar where he had left.

His phone buzzes when Harry calls but it’s not like Louis is going to chop his dick off, so Harry had nothing to worry about.

* 

“You know, my bro is never this.” Gemma shakes her head while taking a gulp from her glass of beer. Louis laughs, he is wasted and he waves his hand asking for one more tequila shot. “He’s never to scream at me!” She whines showing to her breasts and Louis can’t stop laughing he even has tears in his eyes.

“He’s curly.” Louis shrugs and Gemma burbs.

“Yeah, he is. Ya love him?” She asks and Louis just nods downing his shot. Not everything gets to be in his mouth so his sweater is splashed by some of the content from the shot.

“I love him. Perfect he is.” Louis sighs and the tears from laughing are now the tears from sadness. “I fuck things up.” Louis finally mumbles crying like a baby.

“Me too.” Gemma nods starting to cry too. They order few more shots but now they are also hugging each other crying their eyes out.

* 

“Oh look it’s Harry!” Louis screams at the caller ID. Gemma looks upon his shoulder and leans on him, they both fall in the middle of the street and starts laughing.

“Answer it!” She shouts and Louis giggles.

“Hiiiii… Baby.” He trails off when he picks up the phone.

“Where the fuck are you!” Angry voice comes from the other line. Louis scrunches his nose. He doesn’t like how Harry’s voice sounds like.

“Someone got your underwear twisted.” Louis pouts.

“I WILL TWIST YOUR FUCKING DICK.” Harry is now screaming and for some reason Louis founds it very funny. He laughs and seems not to be able to stop. Gemma next to him is joining and they are both laughing not able to stop. “With who are you?” Harry’s voice is blaming and maybe he’s thinking that Louis is with someone but fuck it. He’s not having sex so it’s none of
Harry’s business.

“I’m leaving, you scream and I not want. BYE!” Louis shouts and finishes his call. His phone immediately starts buzzing and his mood goes down.

“FUCK THIS SHIT, NO FUN!” Gemma next to him screams, picks his phone and throws it to the wall. Louis bursts out laughing. “Up, we go fun.” She giggles taking Louis hand.


“Come on, I know what will help us to chill.” She smiled grabbing glass bottles lying on the ground.

“Is that even hygienic?” Louis scrunches his nose. Gemma laughs ant licks the top of the bottle, looking downwards disgusting. Louis follows her actions and they are both sucking on bottles that were left by someone on the street.

“Enough!” Gemma finally stops laughing like a small child. “Now we will shake off the stress.” She giggles ant throws bottle at a wall near them.

Louis screams in laughter and follows her.

They are picking and throwing everything at a wall and Louis doesn’t even stops to consider what he’s doing when it’s a leftover apple thrown in the bin.

“Hey, what is going on there?” Louis turns his head to meet intense and overly bright light of flashlight blinds Louis.

“Good evening, officer.” Gemma slurs while giggling.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it and let me know what you think about it in the comments. Love you <3 <3
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Soo... I must admit I'm a bit proud at how this chapter turned out to be so I hope you'll too.

I did a little bit of POV changing and I think it works great because there are both sides now and I don't think that I've done a lot Harry in a long time.

Anyways, please let me know what you think by leaving Comments. I feel like the inspiration to write came back and now I have a lot of things planned.

Sorry for those who are actually seeking a lot of sexual moments I can't promise a lot of those for now. I know there were panties requested and I did put them in this chapter but that's not much and I find it more misterious and hot this way.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The thing about Louis and Harry’s relationship is that there is always a line that must not overstepped. And Louis knew very well what kind of boundaries they were for Harry.

Like, he didn’t mind when Louis bitched out on things, whined and complained. Louis knew he was not going to hit the bottom with this or if he was close he stopped.

But he is one hundred percent sure that calling Harry from police station cell would be too much.

“I’m telling you Harry can get to my parents lawyer and get us out without medical record.” Gemma repeated for a thousandth time but Louis just shook his head one more time.

“I’m telling you I rather be embarrassed in front of your parents than call Harry.” Louis was telling sincere truth. Last time when he talked to Harry he was threatened to get punished. Harry didn’t voice it out but it was pretty clear that he was pissed.

“Are you crazy?” Gemma looked as if she really didn’t believe him.

“No. I’m completely serious. If you don’t like this, call your friends.”

Gemma sighed and Louis sighed too. He wasn’t feeling good enough to argue with her. After all he drank way too much.

“My friends live in other continent.”

“Then call your parents.” Louis shrugged, finishing the argument.

Or at least he hoped for it.

“I won’t. Plus, they have early flight and might have already left.” And fuck. That is not good. Very, very not good.

Louis immediately sat up groaning at the pain in his head.
“They can’t leave. Gemma they literally can’t leave. Do you know what Harry will do to me if I tell him the truth?” There must be real fear in his eyes because Gemma seems to be confused by Louis reaction.

“Are we talking about the same person? Harry Styles, my brother, will be more than happy to help.” Louis blinked.

“He will be more than happy to spank me to death more like.” Louis argued ignoring the blushing cheeks and the eyes, which belonged to some drugged guy.

“Harry most probably doesn’t even know this term.” Gemma crossed her arms and why can’t she be drunk again, she was way more fun to Louis when she was drunk.

“I’m not calling him.” Louis concluded and Gemma huffed.

The problem was that they had one call. They both were given one call because Gemma may or may not had tried to get away getting her shirt off and then Louis may or may not had tried the same.

And that is why they are fighting to who they should be calling. Louis honestly considered calling his mother but it didn’t work at she couldn’t get them out of criminal record and Harry’s parents had that right.

“Oh, that’s final. I’m calling him.” Gemma suddenly said standing up and asking for a phone before Louis could stop her.

She returned with a smug smile and Louis considered removing it by force. Which technically wouldn’t be a crime because he’s smaller then her. A little bit but still not the same height.

“He’s going to kill me.” Louis mumbled as he tried not to pee his pants. He smelled bad, looked bad, probably had some bruises and on top of it he wasn’t wearing any shirt. Oh, and he annoyed Harry and laughed at him when he called.

He was soon to be dead.

*

“Alright, you both are free to go.” Police officer, the same one that got them arrested let them out and Louis stopped before actually leaving the cell.

“I think I should pass.” He voiced out his thoughts and gasped when Gemma harshly pulled him by his arm.

“Stop being a child. The worst Harry can do is look like a sad puppy. Most probably he’ll be happy to he. . . .” She was cut off by a view in front of her when they met Harry. Just like Louis expected Harry looked pissed off. “Louis, what the fuck?” She mumbled quietly, probably the realization that Louis wasn’t kidding when he said Harry was going to be angry only now coming to her.

Harry was looking really angry. Not disappointed angry or hurt angry but really intimidatingly angry. He was standing tall, muscles of shoulders tensed this way looking broader than when he’s relaxed. Plus, his hands were trembling, eyes black and jaw looked more tensed than Louis had seen.

And Louis has seen a lot of stages of pissed off Harry.
Not daring to stare at those two dark blobs called Harry’s eyes. Louis looked down. He wished to see how Gemma acted, whether she was as affected by this as he but for this he would need to turn his head and Louis was too scared to do even breathe.

“Thank you, officer.” Voice that belonged to Harry said. Though this voice was much deeper and colder than Louis would here in the morning when he woke up or in the evening before going to sleep.

Louis still didn’t dare to move his feet and only when strong hand grabbed his bicep did he start to walk. Louis was almost crying in pain but managed to hold his tongue, after all Harry could be even anger at him for this.

Without exchanging any words he was led by Harry and he could see Gemma walking next to him. Differently from Louis she was left with shirt and it made him wonder whether or not Harry was going to force them outside like this.

“Thank you, Henry.” Harry said to someone giving a stack of cash. According to the suit man was wearing and the suitcase he had he must have been a lawyer, the one Gemma talked about; the one, who could have gotten them out without criminal record, even though right now Louis couldn’t care about it any less.

Harry removed his grip and took few steps to side so he could talk to that Henry. Taking advantage in this Louis looked up at Gem, noticing how she looked a bit paler than before they were leaving cell. He opened to say something but no words came from his mouth.

Also, he realized that Harry wasn’t looking back to them just talking to the man while continuing to walk, leaving them both to follow from behind. And to huge Louis disappointment he actually didn’t pay any attention to the fact that Louis was stepping out in freezing February weather without a shirt.

Louis had to bite his lip not to whine at the cold and tried his best to ignore the pang in his chest. He didn’t want admit this to himself but he did expect Harry to at least care.

When they reached parking lot for visitors Louis sighed seeing that only one car parked here. It was Harry’s Range Rover. Harry unlocked the car and Louis hoping and praying for his luck went to open door of the back seat but whined loudly when tight grip came back on his arm pulling him back. Harry opened the front door and literally pushed Louis inside it. He fell on the seat his other arm hitting something sharply shaped but Harry didn’t seem to pay attention.

Instead he closed the door and went into his driver seat. It was rather painful to be treated this way. Not that Louis thought he didn’t deserve it but at least Harry could show he cared about his well-being. During Harry’s walk to the driver’s seat Gemma sat down in the back. Louis didn’t dare to look up at her feeling embarrassed. And scared.

Louis watched how Harry shoved the key into the ignition before starting to drive. He took in how white his knuckles where while he touched the starring wheel. Louis stretched out his arm to put the heating on because he was fucking freezing but Harry slapped his arm, quite roughly may he add.

And there it is, another pang, bringing back the thoughts of yesterday. Harry must be done with Louis’ shit. He must have grown tired of this act and now he was just going to bring him home and fuck him, and then tell him to go home. Like they used to before this love confession happened.

“Harry, for God’s sake, he’s cold. Do you want him to get sick?” Gemma’s voice from the back
of the car sounded irritated and took Louis by surprise. He didn’t expect for someone like Gemma to defend and now he was dreading for Harry’s reaction.

Harry stopped the car. Suddenly and unexpectedly he stopped the car with breaks letting out loud noise and making Louis jump in his seat. His stomach protested but he declined to whine about it now so he stayed silent. He stayed so silent he could hear his own heartbeats while Harry took of his coat to throw it at Louis.

Louis took it without saying a word and wrapped it around his shoulders breathing in comforting aroma of Harry’s cologne. They stayed like this for the rest of the ride, not saying a word to one another.

When they stopped in front of a gate of Harry’s house Louis breathing hitched and he almost choked on air afraid how his previous idea could be confirmed in the next couple of minutes. Harry could really slap the living shit out of Louis, fuck him, use him and tell him it’s over because he’s sick.

“You were together all the time?” Harry asked addressing to Gemma and Louis found his way to normal breathing when Gemma confirmed it. At least Harry wasn’t going to think Louis was cheating or something.

When Harry stopped the car and left it Louis stayed glued to his place thinking how possible was for him to survive if he didn’t move at all. It turned out not very likely as Harry opened his door.

“Get out.” He said and reached to grab Louis who was now quick enough to react. He hoped out from the car taking a step further from Harry. He had enough of this grip for now.

It was beyond his luck that Harry decided to just go with it and even opened the front door for Louis. Not sure what to do he took his shoes off and waited for Harry to put his coat that was given to Louis into the closet.

Pretending like Louis wasn’t there or ignoring him on purpose Harry left the room to go to the kitchen and Louis still having no idea what he should do just followed him.

And that was bad idea. Because the moment Louis stepped through the door step he was pressed to the wall, rough lips marking his neck by sucking it which turned out to be quite painful after more than thirty seconds.

Louis squirmed trying to push Harry away but it didn’t work out as Harry just took a hold on his hands pressing them to the wall too. It’s shameful how Louis hips moved as if seeking for some interaction. And it is more shameful that Harry noticed it and stopped.

“Go upstairs.” Harry ordered and Louis did that without thinking. He turned around running up the stairs to Harry’s bedroom.

* *

When he reached the bedroom he considered to take a seat on unmade bed but didn’t dare as his body was in extreme need of a shower. And while looking to that bed Louis thought if Harry had got any sleep for himself.

The small bedside clock Harry’s had read that it was almost three in the morning and Louis for sure was feeling it. You don’t get much sleep in uncomfy cell and getting drunk doesn’t help that either. He was now nauseated, dirty, sad and on top of that he was a huge disappointment.

His parents, Harry – they all must have been worried sick and Louis didn’t even notice when tears
start rolling down his cheeks. He lets out a sob as words Liam and James had said come back haunting him again.

The fact that Louis has been here for more than twenty minutes and Harry’s still not here doesn’t help at all. It just gives Louis time to think about everything and make some conclusions.

He sits down on a bench that’s situated at the end of the bed and the he half lies, half sits there trying to make a list of things he can count as facts.

First thing is that Louis’s a bad person. He’s bad to Harry and maybe he’s really just like James describes him. Maybe he’s even using Harry.

That brings another wave of sadness and sobs grows more frequent. Because Louis fits the description perfectly – Harry takes him places and in return requires Louis to have sex. Not that Louis minds that, he loves it. He often is the initiator of it but what is this to Harry… It couldn’t be love.

Louis is too annoying, too whiny to be loved by someone like Harry. The recent events are great proof to that. Gripping on the material of the bench and shivering while only in his pants and socks Louis falls asleep, letting those tears dry on his cheeks.

* * *

In the meantime, at the first floor Harry is sitting on a bar stool, hiding his face in his hands trying to control the anger. He knows that if he goes upstairs he won’t act rationally and could hurt Louis too much. He’s not in control now.

“Hey…” Soft voice wavers in the empty walls of a dark kitchen and Harry looks up eyeing Gemma’s face. She looks at Harry sympathetically and he doesn’t know how to explain that he’s not angry with her but he still wants to punish Louis so bad.

He wants to call him names and slap his ass until it has painfully purple bruises and the idea of this scares the shit out of Harry because he knows there has to be some explanation. Louis doesn’t just simply punches someone in school and then leaves to get drunk and arrested.

“It’s my fault.” Gemma sighs taking a seat next to him. Harry doesn’t answer her but he nods letting her know she was heard. “I saw him strolling down the street and invited to go together.” She adds and Harry brings his face back to his hands rubbing it into them softly.

The worry, the heartbreak – all these emotions he had been through during the past hours very making his heart ache and his body burn in rage.

He stands up giving one glance at Gemma to notice the confusion written on her face. She must be surprised. He had never seen Harry like this. He was never overly protective, possessive and above all he was never angry. Or at least he doesn’t think Gemma has seen him angry.

But this was Louis. And Harry feared to lose him and he was raging because he had to fear that in the first place. He turns around and walks upstairs going to the bedroom without a plan in his mind.

He wants to take it out on Louis and when his arms start to tremble he’s almost sure he will do that. He will teach him a lesson so he wouldn’t ever think of doing so.

But then he walks inside the room and he stops. His head clears and there is no rage, no anger, nothing. It’s just beautiful moonlight shining through his huge windows throwing shadow on Louis tiny body.
And Harry gasps at the view. All things he loves about this gorgeous boy come back to him and Harry isn’t angry. He doesn’t know how he could be angry. He kneels in front of Louis lacing their fingers together noticing every size difference of their fingers.

Louis has tiny fingers, and small nails. Compared to Harry’s long fingers they look cute and all he can see in front of himself now is the beautiful sleeping brunette boy, too tiny to be hurt, too tiny to get anything bad this world may throw at him.

Harry feels protective. He feels the same fear he often has that if he holds onto Louis too tight he might crush him. He remembers mornings when Louis would wrap his tiny arms around Harry’s face, how he would have to tip toe for a kiss and ask Harry to get his cereals from the highest shelf.

Louis lets out a whimper and shivers bringing Harry back on his feet. He’s such an asshole for letting Louis in a cold like that. And he groans at how angry he’s at himself right now. The reminder that Louis not very long ago had a flu and could relapse is eating Harry alive now and he tugs on his blanket to put it on Louis.

For a moment he wonders if he should leave him be, sleeping on this bench. He decides against it and without many difficulties he picks Louis up, transferring him to bed. It’s 3 o’clock and Harry decides against going to shower as he wants to go to school in the morning.

After all, Louis had already skipped too much. So Harry rushingly gets out of his clothes and is about to climb and snuggle Louis closer into his embrace but then he stops and eyes the bench. He sighs and tries to lie down on it, falling immediately with an embarrassing thud.

Louis murmurs something under his breath and Harry’s happy he was facing this alone. The second try comes out better as his top is on the bench but the legs are sticking out and Harry genuinely doesn’t understand how Louis could’ve fit.

He yawns and finally comes to bed cuddling the lightly snoring boy closer, taking in his features.

“I love you, Lou.” Harry mumbles before placing a kiss on Louis forehead. He scrunches his nose at smell that reeks from Louis but tries his best to ignore it. He will bribe him into shower in the morning, he thinks, before closing his eyes and drifting off.

*  

Louis is not awake. He can hear someone’s voice in the distant, faintly asking for him but he refuses to acknowledge it.

He feels hit head throbbing and his throat itching and he knows that if he doesn’t open his eyes now he will go back to sleep and won’t even remember being conscious for a second.

“Louis, for God’s sake, wake up!” Now, that is something that startles Louis.

The voice addressing to him belongs to the very well-known curly boy and as the memories buried in the deepest corners of his mind find their way back Louis starts hoping he would pass out now.

But his heart is racing and he doesn’t know what he did before going to sleep and he’s scared of what he remembers Harry being like so he acts obedient. He opens his eyes and moves his body searching for the source of voice.

He notices Harry standing as he faces his thighs. He doesn’t dare to look up and study Harry’s
face though. For all he knows, Harry could slap him, Louis wouldn’t even be surprised.

Although, he is surprised that it’s not very dark in the room. It must be early morning and his blood leaves his face or comes to his face, Louis can’t really tell. His fists are holding on to the blanket and he’s terrified because he remembers falling asleep on the bench and Harry told him to wait for him.

And he didn’t comply and now he has disappointed him even more. ‘You’re such a fuck up.’ – lingers in Louis’ minds and he lowers his head, thinking that maybe Harry would want to grab a handful of Louis’ hair or would want Louis to bow.

Unsureness of what to expect is terrifying because he doesn’t know if Harry won’t hurt him because Louis knows he has a right. He has a right to take anything Louis can give but the problem is that this is the only thing Louis can give.

“Ugh… Are you sleeping again?” Harry’s voice sounds amusing and Louis can almost think that it’s almost like every morning and that Louis should tell him to fuck off but the least Louis can do is act in his place. He slightly shook his head and hears Harry clearing his throat.

It’s about to come, he thinks and tenses waiting for something.

It doesn’t come.

“Alright, well… I think you should have a shower and maybe you could still go to school today?” Harry wonders and Louis is lost at how there’s no rudeness in Harry’s voice. Is he mocking Louis? Is that weird, twisted mind game Harry is pulling on him?

“Okay.” Louis murmurs, loud enough for Harry to hear. He sounds defeated, small and obedient. Good. It’s how Harry likes.

“Alright, then go.” Harry says to him and it doesn’t sound like an order but Louis isn’t sure enough if it isn’t. Any other morning Harry would say this, trying to rush him but now Louis isn’t sure.

Hesitantly he lets go of blanket and stands up, head still down. He stays like this for a couple of seconds waiting for something to happen, waiting for Harry to say something. Nothing comes so Louis turns around slowly walking to the bathroom.

When inside he looks up at the mirror and winces at how bad he looks. There are nasty bruises on his arms – one for sure is from Liam from that time in cafeteria, then there’s one on his bicep from Harry’s grip and the other one from when he fell on something edgy in Harry’s car.

Besides that, Louis is dirty. Like is really dirty and his skin is not even in his normal caramel tone. He shivers in dislike and removes is pants before stepping into the shower.

Familiar shampoo bottles, the ones that Louis brought for himself makes him to forget everything for a moment and actually enjoy the hot steaming shower.

When he steps out he wraps huge and warm towel around his body trying to hold the heat. He picks his toothbrush and starts reducing that shit taste in his mouth.

Finally, when he feels clean and refreshed he turns to leave but then his mind stops at the black thin box. He knows what is in there. The silk in only in his arm reach and Louis wonders whether or not Harry would like this.

He decided go for it. Slipping on the blue panties he ignores the redness he can feel is already
covering his cheeks and instead checks himself in the mirror. He has to admit that his arse looks amazing but then he also remembers that he has practice today that he has to attend and it would be more than awkward to wear them in front of his teammates.

Defeated Louis takes them off and folds back in the box. ‘Maybe for another time’ – he thinks sourly and gets the towel around himself again.

*  

Louis is ignoring the fact that he’s still a little bit cold in his jeans and not very warm shirt he had on. It’s the only think Louis found was clean and fit his mood. It’s a three-quarter-sleeved shirt made from grey material and he likes it. Also, he felt too afraid to ask if he can borrow something from Harry’s.

Actually, the whole morning Louis was afraid of Harry. Harry was completely ignoring last night events, being nice to Louis and it scared him. It scared him because he didn’t know what to expect coming from Harry next.

They were currently sitting on a bar stools, next to one another, not exchanging a word and very surprisingly Gemma is here with them eyeing both of them clearly trying to wrap her head around their relationship.

“Ugh, we don’t have cereals yet.” She says to Louis even though he didn’t ask anything for breakfast. Harry asked him what he wanted him to make but Louis just shrugged keeping his eyes down.

“Sorry, there’s only granola.” Harry adds and Louis eyebrows quirks. Is this a challenge? Is this a note for Louis that Harry expects him to eat this? He doesn’t know. He isn’t sure he wants to know.

So instead of refusing it he just nods, “Granola is okay.” He agrees. Because it’s easy to agree, agreeing means playing safe and Louis can hear Liam’s words playing in his head on repeat, saying he’s a brat so the least he can do is agree on some tasteless granola.

“You don’t like it.” Harry steps in, sounding as if he’s accusing Louis of doing something. He sighs. He knows he doesn’t like it, he hates it even but he doesn’t know if he has to agree or disagree.

“Anything is fine.” Louis finally adds and then freezes when Harry jumps from his seat. This is it, he thinks. This is Harry losing himself. He closes his eyes but noting comes. When he opens them again he is facing the same bar table as he did before but there is no heat now from Harry, who sat there moments ago.

“We’re leaving.” The voice behind Louis says and it’s cold and annoyed voice. It’s nothing near last night’s voice but it’s still here. The angry and disappointed Harry is still there. Louis can feel it.

Without a word he stands up and waits for Harry to start moving so he can follow. He can feel Gemma’s stare but he doesn’t look up. He hasn’t looked up all morning and he has memorized all tiny detail of Harry’s socks by now.

When they reach the closet room Louis eyes are memorizing the rug and he doesn’t say anything when Harry puts parka on his shoulders. It’s not Louis, it’s Harry’s and he wants to say thank you, as he’s cold and he loves wearing Harry’s clothes but he doesn’t know how Harry wants him to address to him so he simply stays silent.
He is deliberately ignoring Harry during the car ride.

He answered few questions Harry asked but didn’t consist of more than just yes or no.

Plus, the questions were if his head doesn’t hurt and if he’s really alright going to school. So yeah, not much material for conversation, which isn’t exactly true because usually Louis would brag about hating school and upcoming tests and they would talk about anything.

Now there is silence. And anyone who said silence is comfortable hasn’t had it this way for sure.

“I’m stopping at Starbucks.” Harry announces and it was a little bit expected. Harry hated going to school on empty stomach and he hated when Louis didn’t eat or maybe he hated when people didn’t have healthy diet in general. It’s probably the latter one.

“Oh.” Louis mumbles and he hates it that he sounds not himself but some whiny, submissive boy. That’s what Harry prefers – he reminds to himself.

“What do you want?” Harry asks and Louis just shrugs his shoulders. He feels Harry getting tensed. He isn’t looking at him but he can just feel it, and he brings his knees to his chest and hugs them, making himself look smaller. “Babe…” Harry hesitates before putting his hand on Louis knee.

Louis shivers at the touch and looks up, scared of what he’ll see. He meets green irises gazing at his blue ones hopefully. There is no hate in Harry’s eyes, no anger but Louis still looks down.

Harry finally sighs and removes his hand as he has to stop the car eventually. They are in front of a café and Louis thinks he should stay inside. But then Harry is on the other side, opening door’s for him and offering his hand to grip on.

Louis obediently takes it and follows him inside.

“Alright, so I didn’t make lunch for us so we’ll also take something to that, okay, babe?” Harry asks him. Louis can see the fond look in barista’s eyes and he blushes at this.

“Oh.” He murmurs but to be fair he would be fine with everything Harry says. Louis considers offering to pay though. He feels guilty enough that Harry had to bribe him out of prison yesterday and more he thinks about it the guiltier and bad he feels because Harry is always giving Louis things.

And he’s that pathetic he can’t give anything in return.

“Great… So white chocolate mocha for me, and…” He trails off, adverting his eyes on Louis.

“Oh, I can order separately.” Louis shrugs but they both know what he means. Judging from Harry’s face it’s pretty clear that he does know what Louis means.

“Are you crazy?” Harry sounds quite offended by this and Louis feels bad even though the reason is not the same as few moments ago.

“Make it two then.” Louis sighs and stops listening hoping that Harry will know to ask his to be the biggest size they got.
He looks around the interior of the café he has been in plenty of times but never paid enough mind to the design, which he had to admit was pretty sick. There were lovely posters made from pictures and Louis started to think about Harry with that huge camera in his hands.

The pictures must have been beautiful. He was meaning to look at them as in more than half of them were he. Harry wouldn’t stop photographing him, telling him to stop at any corner of any place they’ve gone to. Louis remembers himself whining when Harry did that all the time and he has to swallow that gulp in his throat because he can’t even be the supportive one for Harry.

He comes back to reality when Harry slightly nudges him.

“Huh?” He looks up and then his eyes widen because he wasn’t supposed to.

“I asked what smoothie you want. I’m getting two bottles.” Harry smiles gently and now Louis isn’t even kidding when he shrugs.

“Doesn’t matter.” He says and it’s really the truth. He would be eating cafeteria food so literally anything Harry gets him from Starbucks will be perfect.

“Fine, two green smoothies then, please.” Harry sighs and Louis scrunches his nose.

“Not green.” He argues and barista looks at him amused. He glares at her in return.

“Baby, you said anything is fine.” Harry notices and fine, fuck it, Louis will be bad person, whatever. At least he won’t be drinking green ass shit.

“Anything but green.” He says and crosses his arms. Barista is now having a frown on her face, probably thinking that Louis is not nice but rude and tries to figure out what Harry is doing with someone like him.

Well, he doesn’t have an answer himself now, does he?

“Fine, get us the one with berries.” Harry says, ignoring Louis crossed arms while throwing one of his ridiculously long arms around his shoulders.

“And the other one with oranges.” Louis nods and he doesn’t understand why Harry’s chest vibrates from laughter.

“Ugh, we don’t have this…” Barista seems unsure when addressing to him.

“It’s fine, just get him anything that is bottled and has oranges, in five minutes he’ll change his mind again.” Harry shrugs and Louis wants to repeat that nipple biting he did yesterday but then Liam’s words come back haunting him and he shies away staying quiet for the rest of the order.

*

Louis is picking on the breakfast sandwich Harry had bought him feeling like he couldn’t fit this whole thing in his stomach.

His hands were back to trembling and he hates himself for how he acted in café. Harry must be downwards pissed he guess and only beats himself more for this.

“You don’t like it?” Harry asks cutting through the silence taking Louis by surprise, making him flinch. He almost drops the package with sandwich he is holding and he can feel getting colder and more scared within few seconds.
He doesn’t dare to open his mouth immediately. He clears his throat first and then stares into his lap when mumbling a reply. “I do.”

“Then what’s wrong?” Harry pushes further and Louis hears a twinge of challenge in his voice. He doesn’t want to know on what scale Harry’s anger is lingering now but he doesn’t want to push it for sure.

“I’m sorry for acting like a brat.” He manages to whisper, his voice slightly trembling.

“What the hell are you even on about?” Harry sounds angry. The need to bring his knees closer to his chest is back but he doesn’t dare to move. He doesn’t dare to reply either. He simply turns his head to the other side and stares through the window. “Louis, look at me.”

It’s an order. Louis knows it’s an order and he stops breathing while doing what he’s asked. Lowering his head he looks at Harry through his eyelashes and then immediately looks down biting his lip hard.

“Louis, for God’s sake, look up!” Harry shouts and Louis tenses. He looks up and probably in Harry’s eyes he looks like some caught up deer because Harry shuts up.

He must see the fright in Louis eyes, the uneasiness he feels because he changes his stare from clearly annoyed to almost hurt (?). He isn’t sure about it but most probably yeah.

“I’m sorry.” He repeats his voice is shaking he’s barely stopping himself from stuttering.

“Louis, shit…” Harry curses changing his position in unmoving car, he’s now closer to him, curls almost touching Louis face. “Baby you have nothing to be sorry for.” Harry assures him and Louis wants to shake his head, he wants to scream all explanations of how he’s a bad person to Harry. “Yesterday night had its own reasons and I’m not blaming you for that.” Harry says before Louis can actually interrupt.

“But you…” He tries to find words that could fit description.

“I reacted the way I shouldn’t have and I have to apologize but firstly I want to go to school and be sure that it’s done for today so we can go through this without any rush and worries.” Harry’s voice is comforting. Harry’s voice is assuring and before he knows it, tears are falling from his eyes.

He breaks into sobs and his whole body is shaking while Harry is holding him, whispering sweet words into his ear.

“Sorry…” Louis murmurs and he doesn’t know what he’s sorry for. There are too many things to count.

~

“Don’t.” Harry orders him because he really wants Louis to stop apologizing. He’s feeling like shit now and he saw that Louis was not very well but he didn’t realize how actually bad his precious boyfriend was feeling.

And he doesn’t know how to stop being so angry at himself. He replays all morning in his head, when Louis didn’t even dare to look up and Harry wants to know what he’s thinking so bad it almost hurts.

Eventually Louis calms down and Harry is happy that this week Louis is off from first period running or they would get detention for skipping so many morning classes.
“Do you want to tell me what happened in school yesterday?” Harry finally questions because it’s inevitable that they have to go to school and the least he can do is be on Louis side if something like this happens again.

“James talked about us.” Louis whispers, holding onto Harry’s shirt like is life depends on it. He wants to comment that if they want him to start driving Louis has to let go but decides against it. There are more important things than driving to school now.

“You didn’t like it?” He already knows that Louis didn’t like it. You actually have to do something if you want him to react, Louis doesn’t simply lose control. Harry knows that. He spend years pushing all wrong Louis buttons to get reaction and get him to fight.

“Basically he called me your sugar baby.” Louis admits, sniffing sadly. Harry almost chokes on air when hearing this confession because seriously? This relationship doesn’t work like that. Harry just has resources to bring their dates to a new level and with all his heart he loves pampering Louis even though getting him a flight ticket doesn’t actually mean a thing.

Harry is even pretty sure any other boyfriend would do this to his better half.

“Bullshit. James’s a dick.” Harry snorts but regrets it immediately.

“Well, Liam said that I’m a dick.” And that is not something Harry expected to hear. He stiffens for a couple of seconds but they are enough for Louis to come back to tears again.

“Liam doesn’t know what he’s talking about.” Harry says taking a mental note to fucking talk with Liam about this shit. “He’s probably acted from emotions and he didn’t mean it. I’m sure he didn’t.” Harry says, hoping that this would be enough.

Though he’s pretty sure it won’t be enough. He learnt it long time ago that Louis was much more emotional than he was and that he also needed much more assurance, or attention. And Harry was ready to give it. He was ready to give everything he had to this beautiful, blue eyed boy.

“Why are you with me?”

Harry blinks, “What?”

“What is it for you to be with me? I cause you troubles.” Louis looks with his blood shoot eyes at Harry and he sounds determined.

Harry can’t even understand if it’s a serious question until Louis uses his coat sleeve to collect the escaping tears. “I love you.” He mumbles stupidly.

There is no other explanation why Harry’s with Louis. There really isn’t. He’s just head over heels in love with this overly tiny, extremely beautiful boy that makes his dull days better by painting it with brightness using only is smile and shining blue eyes.

“I’m not lovable.” Louis shoots back and Harry hates to realize that Louis honestly feels that way. He is a little thrown off by the genuine tone in Louis voice.

“Louis, you are the most perfect human being walking on this earth and… And I am going to find out who made you feel this way and I’ll fucking kill them.” Harry threatens, shooting Louis a serious but loving look. “Tell me, have I ever made you feel like I don’t love you?” He asks dreading for an answer.

He wouldn’t be able to forget himself if Louis were to admit that somewhere in the way Harry
fucked it up.

“No.” He finally admits and Harry takes a deep breath relaxing his body.

“Okay, then let’s continue it this way. Don’t forget that I love you and I’ll because I’m lucky to call you mine.” Harry reaches for Louis hand.

“I don’t want to talk about this.” Louis mumbles unhappily but still takes Harry’s hand. It’s amusing to watch how tiny fingers wraps around Harry’s hand finding difficulties to actually hold it whilst Harry could simply hide it with his own.

“Fine, we’ll talk about this after school then.” Harry concludes and with that they are on their way to school.

*

Harry knows Louis must be dreading for a lunch period so he asks to be released earlier from his own and waits in front of Louis classroom patiently.

When bell rings students starts filling the corridor and Harry smiles when he sees Louis. The boy is clearly a bit cold in his light shirt but jeans fits him perfectly. Harry starts undoing his sweater ready to give it to Louis. He could be with short sleeved shirt, he wasn’t that cold anyways.

“What are you doing here?” Stan is the first to notice him and then Louis stops, looking at Harry in surprise.

“Borrowing Louis for a sec.” He shrugs reaching out for Louis bringing him closer. It’s a bit of a surprise how Louis leans into Harry and Stan looks mortified for a second but then someone shouts for him to come and he leaves.

“Pretty sure he shat his pants.” Louis giggles and Harry smiles, placing his hands on Louis tiny shoulders.

“You’re fine by that?” He asks because Harry’s still waiting for Louis to be ready to come out and be all coupley in school.

“Am I fine that Stan shat his pants? Sure.” Louis shrugs leaving Harry’s question unanswered.

It seems like they’ll be eating lunch in the classroom again.

Harry sighs but doesn’t mind.

He couldn’t.

And he wouldn’t.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading <3
And once again please leave Comments to let me know how you liked it. Oh, and Kudos too.
<3 <3 <3
Hello my lovely readers,
I'm so happy so many of you have left the comments after the last chapter and all of them were so motivating, I felt very happy.

You all are amazing and this new update is for you <3

I hope you'll like it.

Please let me know what you think about this update by leaving comments and, of course, kudos

<3 <3 <3

Later that day, when basketball team gathers into the locker room Harry announces the news that is supposed to be a punishment to Liam. It’s the only thing Harry can think of without being too obvious what the reason is.

After all, he promised Louis to wait for him to be ready and has no intentions to change his mind.

“Liam, you are sitting on a bench.” Harry says stepping into the locker room where team is getting dressed for their practice.

There is a frown on Liam’s face and few others looks rather startled which Harry is not surprised about at all. He has to admit that Liam is one of the better players in this team getting a lot of action during the games. So there are not many reasons to force Liam to be on second choices bench.

Sure, he’s not as good as Harry but still, if they were to compete for captain position Liam would be one of those, who may be able to get it, if not Harry.

“What the hell? I’m not supposed to go on a bench for the practice, we didn’t plan this. Today we are going through games schemes that I’m in.” Liam complains and Harry doesn’t give a fuck had they planned this or not. Liam is sticking on a God damn bench and won’t move his ass until Harry decides otherwise. That’s what he gets for talking with Louis the way he did.

He’s lucky Harry’s not throwing him out.

“Well, if you don’t like this I can also plan it this way for the rest of the season.” Harry says coldly and it’s not typical for him to act like this. He can feel other members of his team looking at him waiting for explanation Harry’s not going to give them.

He understands their surprise though. Harry had never put out his ‘captain’ card in rude manner, never manipulated it.

But he knows things that Liam doesn’t like. And not being allowed to play is one of those things.
“Hey, love.” Harry smiles when he closes door of his coach room and sees Louis sitting on a bench, leaning into his locker while waiting for him. Harry was obviously scowled for putting Liam on bench but the second he saw Louis sitting here, waiting for him, he was sure that it was worth it.

Louis looks up at him and offers a shy smile making Harry melt. Rushingly he takes huge steps to close distance between them and then presses his lips on Louis salty forehead.

It’s pretty obvious that Louis hadn’t been to shower yet and Harry smile grows because he hadn’t had a shower after his practice either, which means they will have to take it together. And that is more than Harry could ask now.

“I’m all sweaty.” Louis complains trying to lean away from Harry’s lips.

Quite a comical view it is – Louis trapped in Harry’s arms with no chance to escape but still trying to do so by turning his head up and leaning away to be as far from Harry’s lips as possible.

Harry takes it as a game pulling Louis even closer to himself making football captain giggle. Without any control over his body Louis’s leaning onto Harry letting him to move them slowly from side to side as if they were dancing.

And they must be looking like two idiots. All messy and smelly, hugging each other, moving without no music playing in the background.

“Let’s take off our clothes and have a shower then.” Harry suggests although it’s pretty obvious that they are going to do that anyways. Staying after their practice to talk with their coaches and then have some privacy in the showers is basically part of their daily routine.

“Oh only if you have a lube.” Louis sighs looking up and Harry can feel blood rushing into his dick. That’s how much he’s turned on by Louis. Only tiny allowance to touch Louis arse, tiny mentions of possibility of something happening and Harry is a goner… With a boner.

He lowers his hands to grab Louis arse and chuckles when blue eyed boy’s hips shoot up.

“Harry…” Louis sighs placing his head on Harry’s chest.

“Come on, baby, let me carry you to the shower.” Harry encourages him and catches Louis legs as he jumps. Carefully not to drop him Harry walks to the showers noticing how easy it is to carry Louis around.

It must be part of a package that comes together with tininess.

Instead of removing his own clothing he stares at Louis while he’s getting undressed. He simply can’t bring himself to do this as he rather admires the view in front.

Suddenly Louis looks over his shoulder and Harry is caught up staring. He quickly removes his eyes but there is no point to hide what he’s been doing. And he’s almost ready for Louis to throw his dirty sock or brief at him but it never comes.

When he looks back at Louis to find out why, tiny boy is facing Harry, hugging his shoulders defensively.

Harry furrows his eyebrows as the way Louis acts is obviously not normal thing.

“What’s wrong?” He immediately asks walking to Louis. It’s a bit heart breaking when Louis
shies away. Somehow his posture – hugging himself with his arms – makes Louis look as if he’s shielding himself.

And he has no reason to do this, not with Harry.

“I feel uncomfortable.” Louis mumbles sincerely and Harry looks down to notice that indeed Harry is fully dressed while Louis is completely exposed in front of him.

But there’s nothing wrong with this. Harry doesn’t care he’s dressed or not, he doesn’t want Louis to be self-conscious when naked, maybe with others but not with him. Never with him.

“Lou, babe, you have no reason to be uncomfortable when it’s just me.” Harry tells him slowly removing his own uniform.

“Well, I do, when you are staring at me like at some kind of peace of meat.” Louis mumbles and Harry stops removing his shirt to throw him a look.

“Technically humans are mammals.” He notices because he really can’t understand Louis comparison between himself and animal and hopes that small joke could be a move forward. “However, I stare at you because you are beautiful when naked, impossible to look down.” Harry continues, completely aware that he’s using his flirty tone.

It’s partly a dangerous game as he’s not sure where him and Louis are standing now but according to Louis usual behaviour during lunch in the classroom Harry figured that not talking to Louis like he’s made from glass is what’s going to be the best for him.

It seems to work as Louis rolls his eyes and moves closer to help Harry remove remaining piece of clothing. “Sorry.” Shorter boy mumbles trying to wash away the tension he had just caused.

“Don’t.” Harry stops him with a kiss. “You’re perfect.” He adds his hands slowly trailing down Louis body and fingers trying to find that hole he’s worshiping more than anything in life; After Louis himself, of course.

* 

Clean and warm they were seated in Harry’s car with heating turned on to maximum because Louis complained he was cold. It was cosy. Harry couldn’t explain how and why but he felt utterly comfortable in his vehicle while driving Louis home.

“Did you tell my mom?” Louis asks carefully and by his tone Harry can judge that he was meaning to ask this for quite a while now.

He sighs before answering because no, he didn’t tell Louis mother and he might have informed her that Louis stayed the night at his.

“You did, didn’t you?” Louis gasps suddenly scared by that sigh and short pause following it.

“No, course not.” Harry immediately calms him down by putting his hand on Louis knee to rub it. “I told her we were staying at mine’s.” He explains now happy that he got Louis covered. However, yesterday he wanted to spill everything out to Louis mother so she would be as angry as he was.

Luckily, he didn’t do it.

“Thank you.” Louis says sincerely and Harry smiles bringing his tiny hand to his lips to kiss.
“Don’t scare me like this ever again.” He asked and with a corner of his eye he could see Louis lowering his head. “Lou, I completely understand the reasons, you don’t have beat yourself for what happened.” Harry noticed.

“I know you are disappointed.” Louis shrugs sadly and Harry gets this huge need to stop the car and kiss Louis sadness away. “I don’t want to disappoint you.” Louis adds and Harry’s heart skips a beat.

Despite this sad situation smile creeps on his face and he finds it warming that Louis wants to make Harry happy, proud. He must sound like a mother of a child but he doesn’t really care about how they look from the side.

“You won’t disappoint me, you’re simply too perfect for that.” Harry shrugs and watches Louis cheeks colouring in sweet shade of red.

He isn’t surprised when Louis doesn’t answer him though. His hand stays on Louis knee while he’s driving in peaceful silence. When he finally looks at Louis in his seat boy’s asleep and it’s not very surprising. At most he could’ve gotten five hours of sleep but Harry doubts it was that much.

“Babe?” He nudges Louis gently when they stop in front of Louis home. Louis groans and snuggles himself closer to the window, away from Harry’s voice.

Harry knows it’s stupid. He knows it’s lame, okay? But he still pulls his phone out of his pocket and takes a couple of pictures already thinking that one of them he could use as screen wallpaper.

At the moment his picture is that kiss in front of Eiffel tower picture and Harry was meaning to get a new one. He liked the idea of constantly changing Louis picture on his phone as a sign that their relationship, or Harry’s addiction of Louis in pictures, is evolving.

Not having heart to actually wake Louis up, Harry leaves his car turned on, scowling at himself for pollution. He really should get that electronic car but now it’s not the right time and he doesn’t want for Louis to wake up in cold.

He knocks at the door hoping someone is home. And it appears that Louis mum is here, probably just after her shift because she is still in her working clothes and as far as Harry knows she’s not working on Friday nights.

“Did you kill my son?” Jay jokes letting him in and giving a hug as a greeting.

“Yeah, I poisoned him, so now he’s passed out in my car, came here to borrow a shovel.” Harry shrugs and smiles when Jay laughs out loud.

“What is it?” Lottie appears on the doorstep of living room and smiled when she sees Harry. “Hi, Harry.” She greets him and Harry nods.

“Going out?” He questions because Lottie and her boyfriend are often going out on Friday nights and now she’s dressed not very casually.

“Yeah, waiting for him to pick me up actually, where’s my brother?” She asks while Harry takes of his shoes to go upstairs.

“He fell asleep in my car.” Harry explains again while turning to go upstairs.

“He’s staying at yours?” Jay shouts and Harry shouts back a short ‘yep’ while running up the stairs.
When inside Louis room he packs all the necessities he thinks Louis might need. It’s not much just his charger, few school books and extra clothes as he rarely can wear Harry’s too big briefs or pants and makes sure to grab Louis’ swimming trunks if they wanted to go to the sauna.

“Hey, Harry?” Jay stopped him before he left.

“Yeah?” Harry lingered in the doorstep. He didn’t want to leave Louis on his own for too long.

“Tell Louis to charge his phone, I can’t reach him.” She requested and Harry nodded. They were lucky enough Jay didn’t mind Louis staying at Harry’s all the time so the least they could do was listening to her requests.

“Will do, if something just call me, yeah?” He asked and Jay smiled before nodding.

“Sure thing, maybe you would like to join me and Dan on brunch? We were thinking of going somewhere as kids will stay at Mark’s and toddlers will go to their grandparents.” She offered and Harry nodded in agreement.

“Text me and we’ll set up the time.” Harry suggested placing a kiss on her forehead before leaving.

Back in the car it was too warm for him and he had to take his jacket off. Surprisingly, Louis didn’t seem to be affected by this abnormal heat and was peacefully snoring in his seat.

*

“Louis, you actually have to wake up now.” Harry groaned when Louis turned around to face the window and lifted his hand to show him his middle finger.

Harry decided to take them to little Italian restaurant at the other side of the city thinking that Louis would be willing to wake up in those forty minutes of driving. But no such thing happened.

“I know you are not actually asleep, come on, it’s our Friday date and we rarely have those as most of the time I have games.” Harry reminds him and they are actually very lucky that this week both of them are off from any kind of games before they start next week.

“Sleepy.” Louis mumbles in tiny voice and Harry sighs loudly, he knows he shouldn’t be playing Louis’ games, shouldn’t be getting all gently and cuddly with him because it’s Louis fault that he didn’t sleep enough at night. He knows that. But he doesn’t really care.

“I know that you’re sleepy, baby, but let’s go and eat then you can sleep in by bed comfortably.” Harry tries to bribe Louis into it and he knows he did it when blue eyes stare into his.

“Baby is moody when he’s tired.” Louis speaks in third person about himself and Harry snorts at that.

“Get your ass out of my car, you lazy poop.” He laughs and Louis rolls his eyes.

“Open the door for me, my bitch.” Louis crossed his arms waiting and Harry scurries to follow the orders.

*

Louis yawns leaning into Harry while they wait for waiter to get them a table.

“We could’ve used McDonald’s drive thru.” He complains not literally meaning it.
Because really, lunch date with Harry in cute Italian restaurant? Please, find a person who wouldn’t be up for it. Even if Louis is tired he’s all up for it. Hell, even if someone would wake him up in the middle of the night he would be up for it.

“Of course we could’ve. Why eat normal food when you can eat shit, right?” Harry mocks him and Louis looks up at this green-eyed man to say something back but he’s stopped by a familiar laughter. He turns his head and sees bigger part of his teammates seated on a huge table. Needless to say that basketball team is also here.

And oh, now he recalls being invited to go out with teams today. It just never crossed his mind that about fifteen guys could gather in such a lovely place that would be suited for couples.

Judging by Harry’s face he didn’t think so either.

“Ugh… I can take you somewhere else?” Harry suggests and it’s really cute that he’s ready to leave place he had driven to for so long but Louis shook his head.

“It’s fine, let’s just get a table further from them and if they see us we’ll say that we are talking about schedules.” Louis shrugs his shoulders as if he’s not worried about it when he indeed is. But he doesn’t dare to make Harry leave.

“Well, if you say so.” Harry sighs, placing a kiss on Louis forehead.

*

Louis knows it’s extremely cheesy but Harry got him a booth with some kind of a sofa bench and now they are sitting next to each other going through menu.

“I want something for starters.” Harry says flipping few pages back right when Louis was almost ready to choose.

“Great idea! Eat before eat.” Louis mocks him taking other menu to get back to where he was. Needless to say he’s annoyed when Harry snatches it from his hands and puts back. “Dick.” Louis mumbles without thinking twice and freezes when he understands that he just called Harry like that.

Harry looks bemused and the smile he had no longer on his face.

“Sorry.” Louis mumbles feeling the uneasiness in his stomach.

“It’s alright.” Harry says back but it doesn’t assure Louis very well. “I shouldn’t have closed your page.” Harry apologizes leaning for a kiss and Louis is happy to give him that.

“We could quit this date thing and go straight to the end.” Louis suggests when they pull away to breath.

“Easy love, we did it one hour ago let me get my strength back.” Harry jokes and Louis giggles into his neck slowly pulling away.

“I could get you a bottle of viagra, daddy.” Louis teases and Harry chokes on his drink. Louis bursts out laughing probably catching attention from the other tables.

But he simply cannot help it, the look on Harry’s face, that pure fright and surprise was too hilarious to not make fun of.

“Please don’t.” Harry scrunches his nose after clearing his throat. Louis can’t help but notice how
his voice sounds low, probably from almost choking to death.

“Sorry it was fun.” Louis giggles again. “Daddy.” He ads and Harry’s hand covers his mouth trying to shush him.

“Louis, stop it!” Harry whisper-shouts to him, looking around embarrassed. “People could hear it.” He adds and Louis snorts. “I’m serious though, don’t do this, it’s disgusting.” Harry asks and Louis just rolls his eyes quitting this name but keeping in mind that he can use this to annoy Harry.

* 

They manage to have a lovely date without anyone noticing them and then they have to actually sneak out. Harry doesn’t see anything magical in that but when Louis can’t contain his giggles he also loosens up and smiles widely on their way to the car.

It’s not until they are back in the car driving to Harry’s when Louis remembers that they are not going to be alone in there. That Gemma is still there, probably waiting for them. Louis knows they might have grown closer since the pity party they both had and still he can’t help the uneasiness that creeps into his guts and haunts his mind.

Thankfully Harry somehow notices it in Louis changes demeanour and confronts him about it. Seriously, if not the curly boy always trying to talk it out, probably they wouldn’t have gone that far.

“You know that when you talk about things it gets better?” Harry mocks him but his voice is serious, showing that he actually cares.

Louis knows he does. Harry has shown him so many times that he cares about Louis well-being and while he can’t always understand why he starts to get really convinced that no matter what, Harry stays next to him to make it better.

“It’s Gemma.” Louis mumbles out, brushing his sweaty palms into his pants.

Harry arches his eyebrows as he looks at Louis and his voice is full of surprise when he asks if he heard right. “Gemma?”

Louis shrugs, he knows there isn’t many reasons to be feeling this way.

“She was very… Observing in the morning.” Louis admits looking up at Harry, whom still looks like he wants to question Louis words.

“Why’s that a bad thing?” Harry asks definitely confused but that doesn’t stop him from comforting Louis. He takes blue eyed boy hand and brings it closer to his lips.

It’s a small gesture.

But Louis loves small gestures.

“I… Don’t exactly know?” Louis admits, clutching Harry’s hand with his own, blushing at the size different of it. “You know when there are things that you don’t want others to think, do or say but you don’t have reason for it?” He asks and Harry nods eagerly.

He knows very well how some feelings creeps into your chest uninvited. He gets them all the time. When he looks at Louis in the morning, no matter what they could be bickering about he would stop arguing because he couldn’t disagree with Louis. His tiny boyfriend looked too soft and cute in the mornings.
Also, there were some bad feelings. Whenever someone looked at Louis or touched him in a way
Harry didn’t approve he would get this jealous and possessive feelings mixed with a huge need to
mark Louis.

So yeah, Harry knew perfectly what Louis meant.

“And I don’t want everyone to know that I’m a girl in this relationship.” Louis finishes off and
that leaves Harry with his mouth opened but no words to say.

Louis was a girl in this relationship? Did he feel like a girl?

That was very not right. Harry shook his head and cleared his throat getting ready for a
monologue he was about to say.

“You know that we are both guys, right? No one is a girl in our relationship.” Harry states out
carefully, knowing that in harsher tone he could really upset Louis.

“But I’m always tiny!” Louis complains, crossing his arms. “And you always are the planning
one, always taking me out and I’m the one that loves… You know…” Louis motions his hands,
his face turning red, which is definitely not from cold and Harry giggles.

“Me being bossy does not mean that you are the girl, unless there’s something I have missed out
when I saw you naked.” Harry jokes before turning serious. “But, babe, it’s really wrong to think
about it this way. The fact that I like to be leading one does not mean anything else. You can’t
look at things that stereotypically.” Harry comments wisely.

“It’s not stereotypical… I’m not… I didn’t want it to sound it this way…” Louis sighs, feeling
embarrassed of how he sound it. And also stupid because of how he felt.

“I’m sorry to tell you but it actually is, love. It doesn’t sound equal at all and I don’t think you
would like to hide by the name of guy if something you have ever done was wrong.” Harry
carries on and he knows he had broken the ice when Louis sighs and looks at him apologetically.

“I’m sorry, it’s really not nice to say that… I shouldn’t feel like this.” He pinches the bridge of his
nose and Harry doesn’t understand why he finds it so cute, he just does.

“You can feel how you want, just please, never feel something less just because I like to be
bossy.” Harry winks and Louis snorts, shaking his head while he starts to laugh at him.

*

When they enter Harry’s house there is obvious someone inside by the music blasting loudly
through the speakers.

Harry hands their coats and following the sound they walk into the kitchen where Gemma is
dancing and singing to the song while mixing something in a bowl.

Both of them had just eaten lunch and it included huge bowl of ice-cream but they still exchange
and expectant look that it might be something delicious.

“Are you deaf?” Louis questions turning off the music.

Just as he expected Gemma turns out and glares at him obviously unhappy with the change of the
sound in the background.

“I was listening to this while making cookies for you, you ungrateful shit.” Gemma mumbles
trying to reach out for sound remote but Louis is quicker. He snatches it from her hands and throws it to Harry, who successfully catches it, putting in his jeans pocket.

“You are just slaving just like your brother does and Harry don’t you dare give it to her.” He threatens when Gemma looks at Harry expectedly.

“Why are you ordering around? It’s not your house.” Gemma snorts out and Louis grabs a bowl from her other hand to taste the batter.

He also laughs when Harry doesn’t agree to give the remote back, licking Louis finger wit batter on it.

“You two, are overly disgusting, I might puke.” Gemma complains while looking at them but Louis deliberately ignores her, while getting on his tip toes to reach out for a kiss from Harry. “Stop it.” She whines when they don’t step from one another after thirty seconds.

When they do, Louis doesn’t say he’s proud of it but the smug expression on his face might be enough.

“So, what cookies are you making?” Harry questions easily, putting his hands on Louis shoulders, bringing him closer.

And Louis likes it, he knows that he was tensed about it while they were in car but now he’s happy and relaxed. He’s in Harry’s arms and he feels so secured and doesn’t give a fuck if he looks tiny.

“Chocolate chips.” Gemma answers, giving up the fight and returning to the counter to finish up mixing ingredients.

“Oh, I love chocolate chips.” Louis cheers because he loves anything that is sugary.

Harry must be thinking the same thing because Louis hears him snorting too.

“You love anything that has a gram of sugar.” Harry comments and Louis knows he’ll blush when he says it but he still does.

“Well last time I tasted it, your cock wasn’t sweet at all.” Louis says and yep, just as he predicted, blood is rushing to his cheeks and when he hears Gemma groaning he knows he’s even redder than seconds ago.

Harry just laughs and if it’s any possible brings him closer to his chest. Louis can feel him kissing his hair and it’s all perfect.

Even if it wasn’t one day ago, it now is.

It always is when they are pressed to one another, like the world is only for them and nothing could break them.

* *

Louis finally dares to approach Liam and James topic only before going to sleep.

Harry’s already in bed, searching something for them to watch on Netflix while Louis is still in bathroom brushing his teeth.

And maybe putting on the panties under his pyjama pants but that’s not something Harry is going
to find out. Not until he reaches out to put his hands on Louis arse.

“So… I heard you told Liam to sit o bench today?” Louis shouts from bathroom. He’s sure Harry has heard him because the volume of trailer that has been playing on TV is now turned off and that only means that Harry’s either going to come here or talk from room.

Louis almost screams when tall figures grabs him by his shoulders and he relaxes when he feels it’s Harry but his heart is still beating a little bit too fast.

“Sorry.” Harry apologises, kissing Louis cheek. “And yeah, I did. It’s the only thing I could figure out instead of fighting.” Harry explains and Louis is strangely happy.

He’s happy that Harry didn’t cause a scene out of it. Because he could’ve. Louis knows that if he had cried more undoubtedly Harry would have gotten into a fight with Liam.

But even if it’s not fair to Harry, Louis didn’t want to be exposed this way. He knew that at some point of this relationship they had to tell they were dating but Louis haven’t figured it out how he wanted it to happen, so he was hoping to wait for it.

“I think you did the right thing.” Louis finally tells him, offering a shy smile, he knows Harry loves. “Thank you.” He adds and smiled when huge hand touches his face.

“You know that I would do anything alive man is capable of to defend you and your honour.” Harry says seriously and Louis can’t help but blush, turning his face to hide it in Harry’s palm. “Oh, and I remembered, your mother asked you to charge your phone.” Harry adds and Louis sighs loudly.

When he woke up in cell he didn’t have it and when he left the police station they said he already came here without it so this only means one thing.

Louis lost or broke his phone.

“Well, I don’t remember what did I do but I lost it.” He admits loudly and Harry looks at him a little bit surprised and a little bit amused.

Louis fights not to smile back at how silly he sounds, when he admits that he was too drunk to save his phone.

“Don’t laugh.” He orders Harry seriously and that’s all it takes for Harry to burst out laughing.

“Oh my God, you are so lame.” Harry laughs at him and Louis nudges his sides, ignoring how Harry tries to shield himself from Louis.

The fight finally ends up with Louis being trapped once again between Harry and his bedroom wall and he ignores how fast they went from teasing to touching each other sexually.

Harry’s hands travels down Louis’ backs and he arches his eyebrows when he cups Louis cheek in his hand and feels the material underneath.

“What’s there?” Harry asks flirtatiously and Louis snorts.

“I don’t know. Care to find out?” He asks and squeaks when Harry grabs him by his waist and throws over his shoulder. “You’re such a dick!” Louis accuses him, throwing tiny punches at his back.

He screams in laughter when Harry falls like this on his overly huge bed and tries to push him
away but there’s no chance in succeeding.

“Shut up!” Harry laughs, putting his palm on Louis mouth and he laughs even more at that. “Louis, stop screaming, you sound like I’m raping you or something.” Harry rolls his eyes but Louis almost is laughing almost hysterically now.

He knows it’s not the best thing to do, when you are about to have sex but he feels so happy and so carefree now, he simply can’t help it.

“Sorry.” He finally giggles, his lungs burning from laughter and Harry looks happy, bright green eyes and stupidly wide smile on his face.

Louis leans in and presses kiss on one of the dimples on Harry face.

“I love you.” Harry says sincerely. Louis can see it in his shining green eyes that Harry is sincere. It’s like those eyes radiates love and Louis doesn’t know if he’s just crazy or it is really possible.

“Thank you.” He answers back, mischievous smile creeping on his face.

Harry sounds surprised and happy by Louis remark.

He brings him closer for a kiss and it’s not really surprising when it doesn’t go further than that. Even as young as they are, having sex for more than three times a day is a bit difficult.

Not that Louis complains. He likes being cuddled on Harry’s side while something plays on his TV and they talk.

Even if the topic of the conversation is to talk Louis into letting Harry to buy him a new phone, Louis thinks it couldn’t be better than that.
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Smut and a bit angst

Chapter Notes

Hello, my lovely readers,

There isn't enough words to describe how much all of you mean to me now that I've reached... 10000 hits?!!!

Guys, you are amazing, very single one of you. Thank you so so much on opening my story and paying attention on what I've got to say, on what I've got to write.

I really do hope you'll find this chapter interesting. I tried my best to make it full of everything - fluff, smut a little bit drama.

Thank you once again for every Comment, Kudo. Without your support I most probably wouldn't have gone that far. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

February is known for a lot of things – Harry’s birthday is on that month, also Louis games in region takes off on that month.

And there is also Valentine’s Day and answers coming from universities.

While the later one is something both boys are dreading for, the Valentine’s Day is definitely not avoidable.

And one of the things Louis knows about Harry for sure is that he hates this day.

Despite the fact that the curly-head boy is an awful romantic he despises this day with all his heart because he’s sure that you have to show love all year long not one day of the year, so all in all for him it’s just simply meaningless.

On the other hand, Louis never really had a need to be thinking about it too much. Or at least he never used to think about. He would simply buy flowers for his mother and chocolates for his sisters without a second thought.

But now, for the first time in his life, he was with someone on Valentine’s Day.

And let’s be real to ourselves, when you are sure your boyfriend does not like to celebrate that day, you don’t expect anything.

Doesn’t mean that Louis didn’t get Harry anything but it never crossed his mind that Harry would
get something to him, would do something for him.

“Louis?” Harry’s question brought him back to the place they were standing in now.

To be more specific they were standing in TV room in Harry’s house. Where in the middle of the room there was set up a huge teepee tent with plenty of Christmas lights around, a huge mattress on the ground inside that teepee and there were blankets everywhere, making it to look fluffy and inviting.

Louis gulped and looked up to meet Harry, waiting very anxiously for his response. “I… Uh… Yeah…” Louis blinked finding hard to form words.

And that says a lot.

Louis Tomlinson was not the guy to be at a loss of words, especially not when the reason is romantic set up for a date.

“Do you like it?” Harry asked carefully and Louis wanted to laugh.

Did he like it? He fucking loved it. The room looked like a picture from Pinterest, where Harry loved to search for ideas.

“Yeah…” He finally mumbled, thinking that his lack of response could actually cause Harry a panic attack. “I… Fuck, Harry… That’s the last thing I’ve expected when you asked me to come over to help you with math.” Louis admitted, lightly blushing.

Even if it’s Valentine’s Day, it’s still Wednesday and he really did think that Harry’s invitation was based on pure need of help because countless times Harry named this day waste of everyone’s time and money.

“Well… I must admit, it hurt my pride when this morning you gave me my present and I had nothing in return.” Harry laughed, taking Louis hand to lead him near that fluffy heaven.

There was a slight tinge of possessiveness in Harry’s words and if to be completely honest, Harry really did feel bad. Today in the morning Louis entered his car holding a box of chocolates and a lovely phone case Harry fell in love immediately.

The only problem was that when Harry accepted it he didn’t have anything to give back. And it made him disappointed in himself.

Especially when Louis shrugged it off and said that it’s alright because he wasn’t even expecting something form Harry… Well, then it was more than obvious he had to surprise Louis.

“Is that why you ditched your practice?” Louis asked, sitting down on mattress in a tent, sighing at how comfortable it was.

He also wanted to ask where Harry put all the armchairs and sofas that were usually in this room but he thought that this thing can actually wait.

“Yep.” Harry nodded, giving him a smile, Louis was happy to return. “I even left Liam in charge.” He admitted with a pout.

Tiny giggles came from Louis when he saw the plate of strawberries Harry pulled out from the side of the teepee. He could see other goods lying in there but he wasn’t that interested in food right now.
“My poor baby, you really did sacrifice it for me? I feel blessed.” He joked and tittered when Harry bit into strawberry with his teeth leaning into Louis to share it with him.

Louis blushed as he bit into the berry, taking it over from Harry. Than he smiled at his own genius idea and slurped all berry into his mouth, moaning at a taste of something so summery on February.

He knew exactly what he was doing with that moan. And he wasn’t even that surprised to see Harry’s eyes popping open at the view. However, he still loved the fond look Harry reserved only for him.

“If you do that again we definitely won’t be going through the first half of the movie.” Harry warned him playfully but it barely sounded like a huge problem to Louis.

He made sure Harry knew that. He wrapped his legs around his gorgeously tall boyfriend waist, bringing their hips closer.

“Movie can wait.” Louis mumbled, moving his head closer to Harry’s for a kiss.

Without much wooing Harry deepened the kiss and started grinding into Louis, making the boy whine in need. After dating for so long and having sexual relationship for even longer, Louis really wasn’t that surprised to face how these actions caused animalistic part of Harry’s personality.

He felt Harry’s hands wrapping around his wrists pulling them up, against his head as if expecting Louis not to move them. Louis almost laughed at that.

Sure, if there were some handcuffs to be used, he wouldn’t simply have had a choice but to comply. However, when it depended only on him there was no way he was going to stop himself from touching Harry.

Or at least he thought so until his hands, which were brushing through Harry’s back, were pulled against his head again. Only now it was held there with a little bit force to stay this way.

Louis squirmed trying to get his wrists freed and whined when kiss was interrupted by Harry pulling away.

“Stop it.” Harry ordered him, addressing to his behaviour. There was a light tone of unhappiness in his voice but Louis was way too annoyed to listen. Or maybe it was just this huge need to have his hands running down his gorgeous boyfriend body.

He didn’t know but what he knew was that no way he was going to listen to Harry. So as a response he buckled his hips in need and tried to fight Harry’s hands away by pulling his own even harder this time. Obviously it was no chance for him to succeed in doing that but at least he showed his unsubmissive side, which was not going away, to Harry.

Louis watched Harry scowling at him and took a deep breath when Harry turned around probably to find something he could use to trap Louis wrists. It gave Louis advantage for a couple seconds and he would have been a fool for not using it.

Faster than Harry could comprehend what was happening Louis sat up and somehow managed to rotate both of them putting their bodies in a position where Harry was the one underneath him while Louis was kind of sitting in his lap.

There was a scowl on Harry’s face but Louis could still see playful twinge in his eyes. He blinked few times, waiting for Harry to break into certain emotion, letting him know what his next actions
In the meantime Harry reached out for Louis chin and stroked it admiring how soft his skin was. He watched Louis blushing and looked down at his boy with admiration in his eyes. He felt the words on the tip of his tongue and there was a huge need to say them out loud. Harry was definitely not going to fight this need.

“I love you.” Harry breathed out and Louis felt his heart speeding up into unhealthy fast beat.

He took his time to form words to say it back to Harry, who was more than patient, waiting for it. He smiled warmly at Louis bringing his hands, which looked like tiny paws wrapped in Harry’s oversized sweater he had been wearing today, closer. Louis watched Harry rolling the sleeves of the sweater up and smiled when Harry pressed his lips on his knuckles to kiss them.

“I love you too.” He whispered back dumbly.

Goofy smile covered Harry’s face showing him that it was the final action of encouragement his boyfriend needed to lean in and kiss him passionately.

Louis deepened the kiss, noticing how Harry was still the leading one even with Louis on top of him.

Not that he minded of course. He closed his eyes and, hoping he won’t be stopped when slipping his hands under Harry’s shirt.

Luckily, he wasn’t.

Harry wrapped one of his hands around Louis neck bringing him closer and with other hand he lifted Louis positioning him right on top of his hard dick.

GASPING at the feeling Louis moaned and moves his hips trying to get some kind of a friction from this position. He could swear Harry was partly grinning while they kissed and he tried to take over the lead of the kiss in return.

This was a very dangerous thing to do. Louis realized it a little bit too late, when Harry was already backing away with his eyebrows tilted as if asking Louis what he was doing.

There was a pause and Louis tried to brush it off leaning in for a kiss but then Harry looked at him and said a stern, “No.” He grabbed Louis by his shoulders and must have noticed how lost Louis was at the moment because he pulled him into a hug, placing a kiss on his forehead. “Tell me what you want.” He ordered to Louis gently.

Because Harry was getting those mixed signals from Louis, who looked to be too stubborn to be underneath him and then he acted in unusual manner and Harry really wanted to make sure he was doing the right thing when staying in the same position they always did.

“I want you to act like you did last time.” Louis sighed, turning his head away from Harry’s face, who was obviously very confused.

Harry didn’t know what Louis was talking about. Was he talking about yesterday when Harry rimmed him in the showers? He doubted it was the thing Louis wanted them to do.

“Baby, you have to be more specific with what you want, okay?” He whispered gently into Louis ear, smiling when Louis shuddered, moving his hips again.

“When I was sick and after that…” Louis sighed and Harry prepared himself to warn Louis to talk
clear if he wanted to get something from Harry. But then, then he remembered exactly what they did. He remembered how he punished Louis for not telling him about feeling poorly and... And that is a strange theory but not getting punished might be the main reason Louis has been acting out lately.

“You want be to punish you?” Harry asked with disbelief in his voice because there was no reason for him to do so. At least not he knew of.

Louis huffed in happiness when Harry finally understood what he was asking for and nodded eagerly still not looking up. It was a bit embarrassing to admit he was in need of something like this. But he needed this since the day Harry came to police station to pick him up.

When it happened he felt like he stepped out the line, he felt he was acting out and he wanted, no he desperately needed to be put down into his place. And he waited for it. He had been waiting for it for more than a week, but it never came.

“Love, you did nothing wrong.” Harry’s gentle voice came to haunt him and Louis wanted to cry in desperation.

Harry was in a bit of a shock at the moment, watching how his boyfriend was begging to be punished for something, Harry was yet to find out.

“I did! Please, Harry... Please...” Louis whined, grasping into Harry’s shirt and he winced at Louis acting out like this.

“Alright.” He finally sighed, taking Louis hands into his. “Tell me what for.” Harry asked giving up because he was genuinely concerned Louis would start crying.

And he’d rather find this situation comical a little bit later, when his tiny boyfriend won’t be begging Harry to punish him.

“For getting arrested.” Louis whispered, admitting the biggest concern that has been taunting him for quite a long time now.

Sighing and pinching the bridge of his nose, Harry tried to stop himself from denying what Louis was asking for because he fully understood the past actions of his boyfriend.

But it didn’t seem like telling this to Louis would work now.

What would work for sure is complying with Louis and giving him what he asked.

“Fine, you want to be treated like this on Valentine’s Day? Then you will be treated like this.” Harry talked loud and clear, taking in Louis whimpers as a good sign.

He smacked Louis. It was a sloppy slap, not painful at all but it set Louis on edge and the boy glued himself onto Harry. “Do you know what you’ll be punished for?” Harry asks in low voice.

“Being bad.” Louis answered his voice soft and shaky. It went straight to Harry’s abdomen and he groaned at how aroused he was getting of Louis looking so tiny and dependent.

Tiny compared to him and dependent on Harry.

“That’s right.” Harry nodded, moving gently so Louis would be lying next to him and not on top of him. “Also, for acting up, you’re not allowed to act like this and you know it. It’s me telling you what to do, you’re mine.” Harry lectured aware of how Louis was moving his hips with eagerness while he spoke.
Harry wrapped his hands around Louis waist from behind, bringing them closer and pressing his dick into Louis tight.

He took a hold of Louis hips, stopping him from moving them while seeking for friction. Louis whined in need of attention. Harry rushed in action, stripping Louis out of his clothes taking a look at any new piece of bare skin.

The most beautiful man in this world was lying under Harry’s body and he was so lucky to claim him. He smashed his lips against Louis and howled at how desperate Louis response to his kiss was.

Louis whined into Harry’s mouth, sighing when the dominant depend the kiss. He was ecstatic to go further and he was urgently waiting for it as they were now covered in nothing but sweat.

Meanwhile, Harry was coating his fingers in lube ready to enter Louis.

“Harry!” Louis shouted hoping to rush him and there was a high-pitched scream following his words when Harry pushed his finger into Louis unexpectedly.

Louis whimpered at a new feeling in his hole while Harry was definitely not going easy on him. His long slender finger was moving fast and certain, making place for a second one.

He gasped when the finger was removed, looking over his shoulder to watch why it stopped. Harry pulled his leg, motioning Louis to get on his hands and knees and the second he did so, two fingers where penetrating him, aiming for his prostate.

Louis cried out from the pleasure he was receiving and from roughness Harry was treating him with.

“You get only two for prep and don’t even think that I will be going easy on you.” Harry threatened him, nuzzling his face in Louis inner thighs and Louis could come only from this. But his upcoming orgasm was delayed when emptiness in his hole was back.

Louis tried to breathe steadily to get ready for Harry’s cock. But he didn’t have time for it as Harry entered him with a sudden pound, hitting his prostate so hard; Louis actually lost his balance and fell with his face into the pillow.

There weren’t Harry’s arms to scoot him up from this and make sure he was alright. Instead the pounding increased and was even tougher than before.

Louis cried out, pleading for Harry to touch him, begging for a kiss.

“You don’t get a fucking kiss.” Harry brushed him off, taking a hold of Louis neck bringing him back into his hands and knees position.

He was gasping for air and there wasn’t enough time to take deep breaths as Harry pounded all of them away.

Harry heard Louis coming sooner than he felt his hole clenching around his dick.

Loud moan, who for Harry sounded more like a scream signalled about Louis coming and suddenly the boy was looking completely drained in his arms.

Louis was now on his elbows trying to breathe his body jumping with even small movement Harry made.
“Please…” Louis pleaded his voice low and that’s exactly what Harry has been waiting for. That’s exactly what Louis asked before he was cumming for the first time.

“You don’t get to plead anything.” Harry brushed him off turning around. He was perfectly aware that Louis wasn’t strong enough to stay in previous position and it might take him a couple of minutes to get back on track.

A couple of minutes that Harry could spare. But he won’t.

He pulled Louis to be lying with his arse on Harry’s head and he cleaned his hand before getting ready to slap Louis with it.

“You want to be punished, huh?” Harry asked ignoring how Louis tried to move himself into a more comfortable position. “Don’t.” He ordered with a loud smack, which was followed by Louis moan.

“Please…” Louis whispered and Harry bit his lip, wondering what he was actually asking for. There wasn’t a lot of patience left and he knew that if he went into his full dom position he could lose his critical thinking for a while.

“Baby, remember when we talked about colours?” Harry asked remembering the conversation he and Louis had a couple of weeks ago. Louis hummed softly, confirming it as a yes and Harry rolled his eyes, unhappy that Louis wasn’t using words. “Then tell me your colour.” He added and there was a short pause.

The bridge between stopping this all or going further, Harry had to jump from that bridge and Louis was the one to choose to which side.

“Green, please, Harry.” Louis begged and Harry put his hand on Louis mouth to muffle his soon to come screams.

The first five slaps were nothing special. Louis liked them, loved them actually, pushing his hips for more. If he weren’t ordered to stay silent and if Harry’s hand wouldn’t be covering his mouth he would definitely be pleading for more.

The following ten slaps were also very pleasurable but now they were rougher and Louis found himself mixing a slight twinge of pain together with pleaser, which was a bit of a new combination.

But it was nothing compared to next bunch of slaps that stopped on the number fifty. Louis knew that because his hazy mind could still comprehend the voice that belonged to Harry.

Harry was counting each of the slaps, letting Louis to know how far they have gone. After each fifteen slaps he removed his hand to ask Louis for the colour and was always greeted with green but he still stopped after fifty.

Bringing his crying boyfriend closer, Harry kissed the curve of Louis neck, forcing Louis to sit on his dick in his lap.

Louis back arched back at this sensation and rough penetration. He whimpered through his dried and harshly bitten lips, spreading his legs, letting Harry know he wasn’t against this new position. He felt a sharp hit to his prostate and didn’t even fight the waterfall of tears from his eyes.

He wanted Harry to come inside him, he wanted Harry to use him in any way possible and he was so happy he was given this he couldn’t stop crying.
Harry picked on a faster pace, knowing that tingling at the base of his cock meant he was about to come. There wasn’t much time left for him to last and he wanted to make Louis come again.

“Gonna fill you with my seed.” Harry grunted out and Louis sobbed his lower half already quivering, orgasm spreading through his whole body, making him scream in release.

Two more thrusts and Harry did what he said he will. He filled Louis up, praising his whimpering boy with comforting boys and thanking God he brought a plug with himself earlier.

He plugged Louis and wrapped him in a soft blanked, knowing that for a couple of minutes he was going to stay with his eyes closed, almost sleeping and Louis always got cold after that.

Harry took this warm cocoon with Louis into his arms and tried as gently as possible to position Louis on his chest.

“Thank you.” Louis yawned, not opening his eyes, that’s how drained he felt.

“Get some sleep, do you mind movie in the background?” Harry hesitated, before reaching out for TV remote.

“Is it The Notebook?” Louis laughed, still staying with his eyes closed. Harry was sure it was only a question of time when he will fall asleep.

“It is.” He smiled, starting to stroke Louis hair, knowing that this will only help to put his boy in sleep.

And it indeed worked as small snores, that sound more like a purrs, filled the room within minutes. Harry beamed in happiness while the first minutes of his favourite film started to play on screen.

*  

Louis scrunched his eyes at the annoying light, attacking his eyes the moment he had opened them.

It was not the common lightning of the room you get to see every day and for a minute he was actually thinking that he may be sleeping under the starry sky.

That’s until he remembered falling asleep in Harry’s beautifully set up room with plenty of Christmas lights.

Blinking a couple of times Louis took in the beautiful view – the room was lighted only by the bunch of Christmas lights and it was beyond lovely.

He scrunched his nose at the sound and it didn’t took him long to turn around and see actors on the screen.

It was from Notebook and that meant that heat source next to him must be Harry watching this film. Louis rolled over, wincing at the unpleasant feeling in his arse, letting out a groan.

A chuckle that followed his groan was definitely Harry’s and Louis reached out to pinch him. He didn’t know what he grasped but Harry let out a tiny yelp.

Louis raised his head to pursue his lips, asking for a kiss. Harry would have refused this as a revenge for the pinch but not now, when Louis was looking so soft and gentle, he simply couldn’t. Also, he knew that after sex session like that Louis needed a lot of cuddling and comfort. He pushed himself up from his lying position to the half sitting one and then leaned in to close the
distance between their lips.

It was a gentle peck but it was exactly what Louis craved, he snuggled himself into Harry, bringing his blanket closer to himself.

“Are you cold?” Harry worried reaching out for another blanket. He was lying there only with short sleeved shirt and his boxers, with no blanket, whilst Louis was cuddled in one of the warmest blankets, asking for more.

It always amazed Harry how much heating his boyfriend required compared to him.

“No, I just like being warm.” Louis replied with a yawn, moving his body under the blanket. Harry arched his eyebrow and smiled when naked Louis bum appeared from the cover. He felt a weight moving from his chest when he noticed that slapping didn’t leave any ugly bruises like he feared. Instead it was in a nice shade of red.

“Do you mind if I take a picture?” He requested, standing up before Louis could object.

“Of my naked arse?” Louis giggled playfully, brushing off his blanket, showing all of his naked beauty for Harry.

“Of everything, you’ll let me.” Harry smiled back, getting his phone from his pocket. Usually he would go to take his camera but there was no chance he was leaving Louis in this room alone.

Louis blushed at Harry’s remark and rolled to lay on his stomach revealing his back for Harry’s camera.

He heard those noises of camera snaps and he wasn’t that surprised there was more than one.

“Alright, umm, can you now cover your lover body a bit? This one will be for Instagram.” Harry added and Louis snorted, following the orders.

Harry returned in his previous place on a mattress, wrapping his arms around Louis, bringing him closer to kiss his face.

“Tingles…” Louis giggled, glancing at the phone screen. He blushed at the fact that his bare back will be posted on Instagram but didn’t worry about it too much.

It was too difficult to recognise it was him and in this shot Harry didn’t concentrate only on Louis lying there but he also perpetuated the whole beauty of the room.

“Do you like it?” Harry asked when he was done adding filters and all other shit Louis would be too lazy to do.

“Mhm…” Louis hummed in approval, relaxing his body while lying in secured Harry’s arms. If he was being completely honest to himself, he loved the picture and was very happy it was happening to him.

“Can I tag you?” Harry murmured and Louis had to stop himself from shouting ‘no’.

Louis has assumed that Harry would start to push their coming out sooner or later but he still wasn’t ready.

“Harry… It’s not only about us…” Louis sighed, sad that he had to turn Harry’s request down. “I’m sorry but you know that I can’t come out… I don’t…” Louis apologised not finding words to describe how he was feeling.
“I know.” Harry calmed him down. “I’m sorry I’ve asked.” He added and Louis felt extremely guilty for this.

“I’m sorry.” He repeated but what shushed by Harry’s fingers pressing on his lips.

“Don’t. Seriously, I understand and I won’t rush you to anything.” Harry assured him though it was pretty obvious that neither of them were completely fine with it.

Louis finally sighed giving up, offering Harry a thank you smile. “And could you get me lotion for my bum?” Louis questioned, giggling in surprise when Harry jumper from his place.

“I can’t believe I forgot to apply that!” He shouted scurrying to get a lotion, motioning Louis to uncover his arse again.

Louis moaned when Harry removed the plug and coated his bum in nice layer of lotion. He tried to wiggle it in sexual way, hoping to seduce Harry.

“Stop it until it dries, then you can do that.” Harry scolded him and Louis just huffed unhappy to be denied. Plus, he was leaking now.

“Fine. Then give me all the food you’ve brought here. Feed me or breed me.” Louis ordered and Harry snorted at the impossibility of the last one.

He brought the tray with food on the mattress and put it in his lap for Louis to eat.

There were sushi, strawberries, some chocolates and other snacks. Louis reached out to get some but was stopped by Harry, hissing at him.

“You’re addicted it’s not even funny.” Louis complained when he realised that he was stopped from eating just because Harry wanted to take another picture.

“Done. Now eat, I need you to be physically strong for when I fuck you. Again.” He cheered and Louis gulped before grabbing food from the tray eating it in a rush.

*

Louis was getting closer to cafeteria, ignoring Stan’s rambling best as he could.

He was trying to concentrate on other things now. For example, walking because he was fucking waddling and he knew it was noticeable.

The look Stan gave him was clear enough and Louis was worried how the fuck he was going to sit on uncomfy bench for one hour during their lunch break.

Sitting in a classroom was torturing enough and there was no chance he was going to get any comfort from Harry. Or he could but that would definitely leave some of the kids confused.

And by some of the kids he means all of the school.

Louis cursed at the teacher who owned their empty classroom. Mr. Jeff never stayed in here longer than two first periods but here he was today, the day when his classroom was most needed.

“Who was the lucky girl, again?” Stan asked and Louis wanted to laugh and scream at how pathetic his question sounded to him.

Because there was no fucking girl, okay? First of all, Louis was in relationship, who the last time
he checked was the same gender as he and the reason behind his waddling was not he fucking someone. It was the fact that Harry’s fucking stamina was endless and he went for two hours without no stop, making Louis come three times in that time.

Ever thought that coming three times was difficult? Double that and then try to walk.

“I really find it too personal to talk about.” Louis scolded his friend keeping himself from snapping. It was Stan after all. The only person in his team he considered as a closer friend. Even though, they haven’t hung out in a long time.

In fact, now that he thinks about it, he hasn’t hung out with his team at all. It always used to be them going out somewhere at least twice a month but he can hardly recall the last party he had been to with his teammates.

He approached the serving table of the cafeteria, staying by Stan’s side, who was now talking how lonely he was on Valentine’s Day.

“Fuckin’ annoying, I say you.” Stan complained, gesturing at the food he wanted to be handed. Louis nicely declined offer to take something himself, thanking Harry, who woke up early to pack him lunch.

It didn’t go unnoticed by Stan, who put on a smirk on his face.

“You never eat from here, who packs your lunch, huh?” Stan laughed with a smirk on his face and Louis blushed, shrugging his shoulders.

“The time will tell.” He simply said, letting Stan carry on with his rambling.

“Follow Harry on insta, that guy is fuckin’ impossible; he has some bird, living a dream that guy.” Stan complained and Louis eyed widened at the mention of his boyfriend.

“Addicted.” He added, their conversation dying the moment they reached the table.

Harry was already sitting there, talking with James about something. It was pretty obvious that James was initiating the conversation but it didn’t make jealousy any easier to handle.

Moments like this, Louis was devastated and angry at himself for not coming out to the whole school.

He threw his bag on a bench, taking a seat in his usual place, right in front of Harry. Wincing at the pain he caused with his fast moves, Louis opened his backpack to fish the lunch bag Harry had given him this morning.

It was weird how no one picked on the fact that they are both getting almost the same thing for lunch very often. Or that they are bringing food in the same looking paper bags or containers.

He looked up trying to follow the conversation James and Harry were having, being pretty obvious about it.

“Eavesdropping much?” James snorted, when he noticed Louis was looking.

“Oh, didn’t think it was such a secret conversation you two were having.” Louis smirked, sending daggers with his eyes. The guy was so annoying, especially after that time Louis offended him with that punch.

It seemed that it was very hurtful for James, who was now being a bitch all the time. He
sometimes didn’t follow the rules Louis set up and was being beyond annoying. Louis would be too if James punched him and he didn’t have opportunity to hit him back.

“James was telling me that it’s wrong, letting you to avoid yoga.” Harry told him and Louis laughed.

“James you are perfect textbook example of a snitch.” Louis commented, his mood getting better whilst watching the frown on James face.

“Well, I think he’s partly right.” Harry mumbled, defending him and Louis was going to throw his lunch bag at his face.

Harry bit his lip ant looked to the side in order to avoid looking Louis in the eye. Louis issues with James technically weren’t touching him. Harry didn’t give second thought on what people were talking behind his back.

However, it did touch Louis and he was going on all fours for his boyfriend – when it was right and needed, just that sometimes Louis had different point of view to the same situation.

“We’ll talk about this later.” Louis bit off, sounding pissed off. And Harry didn’t wanted Louis to be pissed off.

“Lou…” He tried to maybe hope for a compromise but Louis interrupted him.

“Later.” He finished off the discussion and Harry just sighed turning to talk with Matthews.

The guy was discussing party plans for the Saturday night, where both captains were expected to participate. After all, the occasion was football’s team starting their season again and endless amount of wins on basketball’s team list.

The discussion seemed to calm Louis down, as he joined that, offering his help while doing some planning.

*

Louis and Harry were having a staring fight and it was pretty obvious from beginning that Harry was bound to lose it.

He sighed and looked down, accepting Louis decline.

“No, you don’t get to sigh!” Louis shouted at him, trying to push him back, which was both amusing and scary.

It was scary because Louis rarely dared to jump on Harry, their permanent relationship and their dynamic was set up different way. At the same time it was amusing because no way Louis could fight Harry. Not with this size difference, not with this weight difference.

“Look, I know you hate yoga, I do. All I’m saying is that it looks weird when everyone is doing their parts except you.” Harry tried to reason and had to catch Louis wrist so he wouldn’t be slapped.

“Yeah, well I was warming your fucking sheets for long enough, letting you make me a waddling mess and this is how you repay me for it?” Louis was losing it, shouting without any worries that someone might hear.

Harry questioned himself if Louis were really that worried of others finding out, when he for sure
didn’t play shy in situations like these.

“That’s not what it’s all about.” Harry sighed, trying to kiss Louis forehead, hoping it would calm him down.

“Don’t you fucking dare to touch me.” Louis threatened, taking his shirt off. Harry lifted his eyebrow not knowing what was going on.

“What are you doing?” He asked.

“Do you have to make things sexual?! I’m going for a run!” Louis punched him with his tiny fist.

“And yoga?” Harry sighed, hoping there was still a slight chance to change Louis mind.

“You know what? Don’t wait for me, I’ll get home by myself.” Louis huffed, taking of his pants and pulling his sweatpants on.

Harry sighed giving up on this argument that was definitely not leading to pleasant results.

“You’re being overly dramatic!” He shouted to Louis, who walked out of the locker room, showing Harry his middle finger.

Harry sighed and sat down, putting his face into his hands, rubbing over it to calm himself down.

How was this possible that sometimes Louis would apologise after calling him a bad name but next time he would punch Harry countless times and walk away still angry?

“Oh, hey.” Liam entered the locker room with James, Stan and Matthews by his side.

“Get dressed.” Harry ordered standing up.

If other guys started getting here it was a matter of time when all of them filled the locker room and Harry wasn’t in the mood to deal with all of them.

“Is Louis joining us?” James asked with certain judgement in his voice.

“None of your fucking business.” Harry spat out, leaving the room with a loud bang of the door.

Harry closed the front door of school building sighing that finally his day was over.

It was a stressful day and even yoga didn’t help to relax his own body and clear his mind. Instead he ended up scolding everyone who couldn’t do everything perfectly and might have upset more people than he wanted to.

As a cherry on the top he and Louis were having an argument. Which speaking of… Was that Louis leaning on his car?

“What are you doing here?” Harry sounded harsher and more tired than he wanted to.

He watched Louis biting his lip and looking down, before blue eyes gazed into Harry’s green ones.

“I’m sorry.” Louis whispered, wrapping his arms around himself, probably from cold. Harry stayed much longer than he needed to, after the practice was finished, hoping to shake off the stress, which meant if Louis was waiting here, he had been waiting here for a long time.
“You must be freezing.” He noticed, rushingly taking of his coat off, wrapping Louis with it.

“I’m sorry.” Louis repeated, sounding defeated and Harry felt the need to hug his boyfriend closer.

“It’s alright.” Harry assured him, placing a kiss that thankfully now wasn’t greeted with a punch. “Couples are having arguments all the time.” He added trying to ease the tension.

“Will you take me home?” Louis pouted and Harry felt smiled, feeling the weight from his shoulders disappear.

“Get into the car, love.” He smiled warmly, opening car doors for Louis.

After all maybe his day wasn’t that stressful. Perhaps, Harry didn’t even need yoga that much to help his mind to find peace. Hugging Louis and holding him close to his chest seemed to work better and Harry would be laying saying that it didn’t feel much more pleasant either.

Chapter End Notes

Please don't forget to voice out your opinion in comments and leave a Kudo if you haven't yet.

<3 <3 <3
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

Hmm... There's a party, drunk Louis and oh, a bit of drama :))}

Chapter Notes

You know what I hate? The fucking responsibilities chasing me and forcing me to leave the things I love to do behind...
That is basically my explanation why I was writing this chapter for 8 days.

Anyways, I still think that it turned out pretty well. Not the longest of them all but definitely not the shortest either.

So I just hope you'll join it <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis was clenching his teeth, cursing at every bump this road had.

Sadly even the tiniest bump, made this creaky school bus jump, shaking Louis and his poorly sore arse with himself. It was Saturday night and as a tradition Harry’s match happened on Friday.

Also, as a tradition their basketball team won and they had a little tense victory sex. Which was a very bad idea since Louis was deadly sore since Valentine’s Day.

And the biggest problem was that Harry wasn’t to blame. He tried to turn Louis offer down last night, saying he will be too sore later on but of course, Louis didn’t listen.

“We’ve fuckin’ won, guys!” Stan shouted, getting applause from other players.

Whole football team was currently on a road, driving back from the city where they’d played and smashed it. It was their first games of region and they won them 2:0, with no chance for the other team to keep up.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.” Louis laughed, slowly standing up so his tensed muscles wouldn’t hurt so badly. “Let’s not forget to thank the man, who leaded us so far – me!” Louis joked and ignored the sting in his heart when couple of guys took his joke seriously.

Bigger part of them laughed at this and their coach threw a dirty towel at him.

“I’m getting starstruck over here, Tomlinson.” He mocked Louis but the crinkles around his while laughing meant he was also joking.

God, how Louis loved that man.

“Sure you are, coach. Now, how about applause for coach too?” Louis smiled and leaned into
Stan as his friend ruffled his hair.

He was tired, okay? Plus, Harry was not going to see this and get into overly possessive self. Louis wasn’t sure if he hadn’t had enough of that.

Well, he definitely wasn’t but it looked like his body couldn’t keep up with his desires. Louis huffed, closing his eyes, shifting his weight on the other leg, shifting closer to Stan.

Snap.

Louis eyes widened as he looked around frantically, searching for a camera.

“Oh, you look so cute!” Greg snorted, passing his mobile phone through other hands to show the picture.

Louis took a glimpse at that, biting his lip at how actually friendly they looked in each other arms.

There wasn’t something else to expect, when you are talking about Louis friend since kindergarten, which he was now maybe not so close to but still the buddy Louis was used to lean on.

“Yeah, could outdo Styles Instagram with this photo.” Austin added and why is there always a topic that ends up on Harry and his relationship?

Louis groaned, scrunching his nose at the mention.

“Such a nice mood and you had to ruin it.” He complained at could already see Liam’s scowl flashing in his eyes.

Very few guys giggled at Louis remark and there was a second of hope for everyone to drop this topic and move on with something else. Anything, it could be imaginary girlfriend Louis was supposed to be having.

“Still, did anyone see that picture on his Instagram?” Austin carried on and Louis tried to ignore how fast James joined the conversation.

“I did! Overly luxurious, I would say.” James noted.

And what does it even mean overly luxurious? Harry literally used blankets and Christmas lights for it. Last time Louis checked being creative didn’t mean luxurious, same as being caring and loving and perfect boyfriend as Harry was didn’t rely on money.

“His boyfriend was in there too.” Stan added and Louis straightened himself up, they were going to talk about him after all.

“Saw that.” James nodded sourly and Louis beamed at that.

At least James was getting proved he had no chance with Harry.

“But I doubt they will last long.” He added and Louis smiled at the irony of it.

“How so?” He asked, arching an eyebrow, ignoring the looks others threw at Louis.

The tension between teammates or between his team and Louis himself was very uncomfortable and troubling. It shouldn’t be happening with him as a captain of the team, they should be together, like a second family. But they weren’t. Instead they were a family, excluding Louis.
“Just that however this guy is,” Greg started, “He won’t stick with Harry because I doubt his needs will be fulfilled.” He shrugged as if it was simple and yeah, Louis was really worried how preoccupied his team was with Harry’s relationship.

“I agree.” James nodded, opening his mouth to speak further and it is honestly the first time Louis didn’t scoff. He genuinely wanted to hear what he was going to say. “Styles is like a fluffy hipster dude, most he could do is missionary.”

Louis snorted, gaining everyone’s attention. But it was too hilarious.

“What? C’mon, it’s nonsense! Even I don’t think so low of him.” Louis laughed and was met with disbelieving eyes.

“Louis, this is Harry we’re talking about.” Stan rolled his eyes.

“Yep, furthest he could go should be gentle peck.” Noah laughed and Louis was debating to play along or end it.

Playing along was more fun.

“Traditional man, huh?” Louis laughed along, finally meeting agreeing faces.

“Exactly, completely opposite from you.” Stan giggled, nudging Louis shoulder and okay, what?

How was the toughest dominant named as the most boring in the bedroom whilst Louis the submissive one is opposite?

Louis face must have shown his confusion as Austin came to clarify situation for him.

“You’re always with scratches and love bites, there is no doubt you’re the roughest one with any girl you’ve got there.” He shrugged and Louis looked at all of them with his mouth opened.

“Find something useful to do.” He cut off their discussion, sulking back in his seat, pulling his phone out.

To his surprise there was a message from Harry, waiting for him.

Looking up he made sure no one was there to see what he was doing and he ignored the talking of others, while opening the message.

Curly: ‘How did it go?’

Message was plain and simple, just how it always was when Harry texted. By the way, Harry hated texting, even when they were miles apart Harry preferred to call Louis and stay talking for hours instead of texting.

Traditional man and all, Louis tried not to giggle at that.

Love: ‘2:0, killed tose fuckers!!!!’

Louis typed eagerly, smiling when he received a picture of Harry, giving him thumbs up.

Curly: ‘Proud of you, baby. See you at the party?’

His response was differently from Louis plain and simple. He couldn’t stop giggling now.
Love: ‘Hell ye!’

He typed and it was left unanswered, typical man.

*

They all went directly to the party.

The moment bus stopped in front of the school they took their belongings, said goodbye to their coach and crowded into three cars they had, trying not to scrunch their noses while sitting so close to one another.

It’s disgusting but they didn’t even have a shower before going straight to the bus, buzzing about celebrating at party Matthew was holding.

*

“Winners are here bitches!” Louis screamed, opening the door’s wide open, entering the party with a whole team.

They were greeted with cheering and Louis smiled wider at that, nodding and smiling to anyone, who he remembered knowing, which was almost everyone.

As a tradition they came closer to basketball team to say their “Hi’s” and be applauded by everyone in the room together.

“Damn, they put whole school in there, didn’t they?” Luke, guy from basketball team joked and Louis laughed.

“You are obviously not aware on how many people there are in school.” Louis shrugged and gladly was met by a smile. He partly was afraid Luke would scowl at that.

“Well, somehow you managed to succeed winning, Tomlinson.” Harry’s voice was mocking and seducing at the same time.

Louis turned around to offer him a wide smile, something he rarely did in front of so many people. It surprised Harry, who quirked his eyebrows, questioning Louis behaviour.

“Thank you, Styles.” Louis beamed, imagining Harry’s lips on his. It could be so easy, so simple. All he needed to do was to turn around and say the right words.

Harry nodded offering a smile back, before turning on his heel and walking away. Louis watched his beautiful way of walking as a catwalk model bitterly as he thought how simple it was for them to spend their time together during the party.

Only one sentence.

Louis sighed and turned around, meeting Liam, standing there with Stan by his side.

“I need a drink.” He mumbled to them, inviting to go together to the drinks, which they agreed to do.

*

“You!” Louis shouted, lifting his finger to point at Harry. “Are sober, why?!” He exclaimed almost losing his balance, making Harry laugh.
They were currently in the backyard of Matthew’s house, where no one else dared to come out because of the cold weather.

Harry was leaning into a tree, ankles crossed; looking like a fucking model and Louis was dying in need only by watching.

“I was under impression I’ll be taking both of us home.” Harry smiled, reaching out to hold Louis.

“Home…” Louis trailed off with a goofy smile on his face.

“Mhm…” Harry hummed enjoying the view of his totally intoxicated boyfriend. Louis was needy and talkative when drunk. To Harry’s amusement now they were also alone.

“You know they called you a traditional man.” Louis exclaimed, lifting his hands in the air, almost losing his red plastic cup.

Harry laughed and took it from Louis before he spilled it and decided to come back inside to get more.

“How so?” He questioned, bringing cup to Louis mouth, helping to drink from it as if Louis was a baby.

“Said, you wouldn’t do anything more than missionary.” Louis screamed with laughter, holding onto Harry’s shoulder while crouching in laughter.

“Huh?” Harry encouraged Louis to carry on.

“So… I decided to show them!” Louis finished off; smiling proudly at the idea Harry was yet to understand.

“Show them what?”

“Show them wrong!” Louis sassed, adding a ‘duh’ at the end.

“Wow, great idea, babe.” Harry laughed, “Go show them wrong.” He encouraged, smiling fondly while Louis nodded eagerly.

“Yeah, but I need refill.” Louis pouted and Harry offered to give him back the cup that was still filled with liquid. “Was this?” Louis peeked at the cup, scrunching his nose. “You drink shit, Harry.” He noticed, turning around.

“But that’s yours…” Harry tried reasoning but Louis was already going through the door. “Okay…” He shook his head, lifting the cup to his lips and shaking in the bitter taste of overly strong alcohol.

*

To Harry’s horror Louis got drunk.

And he didn’t just get tipsy drunk. He was tipsy drunk when he met him outside one hour ago. Now Louis was totally wasted, walking around only in his football shorts, socks and sneakers, rambling something.

“What the fuck happened?” Harry deadpanned.

“He and few others got smashed, now he’s walking around showing his love bites to everyone.” James explained and for the first time in his life been useful.
Harry sighed, taking a sip from his cup filled with water. It must be a thing for Louis to go almost naked while he was drunk. Last time it happened Harry picked him up from police station also without any shirt.

“Do you want to go upstairs?” James to Harry’s surprise was still here and wait, what?

“I’m sorry?” Harry asked, looking over his shoulder if James could be talking to someone else.

“I asked do you want to go upstairs.” James smiled in what was supposed to be a seducing smile and to Harry’s horror this was reality.

“Are you mental?” Harry laughed still thinking it was some kind of a joke.

Apparently it wasn’t and James moved his hand to touch Harry’s tight.

“Oh, don’t be shy, Styles, I’m sure I have much more to offer than whoever you’re seeing.” James whispered with a seductive smile, leaning into Harry.

It was utterly disgusting and annoying how this guy was talking about Louis this way and even insulting his sex life.

“I’m sure I’ll live.” Harry smirked, turning around to get away from James before people noticed and started to talk as if they were something. Also he needed to get a hold on Louis and talk him into going home.

* 

Louis was giggling into Harry’s palm, making a situation much more complicated.

They were currently hiding in a closet, trying to have a somehow pleasurable sex while there was Stan sleeping in the room with a girl.

“Shut up.” Harry whispered to Louis demandingly.

He wanted to take them both home but drunk Louis is not much of a listener so Harry was forced to stay in closet with him because Louis declined to move and insisted he’ll only do so when they had sex in the closet.

Usually he would take his tiny boyfriend into his hands bridal style and carried him out but there were a lot of people and the least what Harry wanted to do was cause a scene.

Louis giggled again and Harry pinched his arse.

“Louis, shut the fuck up, or I swear when we come home I will slap your ass for so long, you skin will rip off.” Harry threatened and was met by a dead silence.

Harry looked at Louis surprised but it was pretty obvious that he was heard and his words were actually taken into consideration.

And that was a bit annoying because he was patiently waiting for Louis to stop his acting for half an hour, while staying in fucking closet with his back seriously killing him. And the only thing he had to do was to threaten Louis?

It wasn’t what Harry thought will work but he surely could go with this.

“Good boy.” Harry praised Louis, slowly opening the closet door. “Now, stay quiet and let’s
leaving, okay?” He asked Louis, who looked like a caught deer with his blue eyes opened wide.

Harry smiled softly to him and took his hand showing the way.

When they were finally outside the room he relaxed and looked at Louis, who looked up at Harry eagerly.

“Sorry for snapping.” Harry apologised.

“Take me to bed.” Louis whispered, leaning closer to him.

Harry nodded, carefully so no one noticed, going to his car, helping Louis to climb in before starting to drive.

He made sure his boyfriend was tucked in his warm and oversized coat so he wouldn’t get cold again.

*

Harry ended up carrying asleep Louis upstairs.

He woke him up to go to the shower but was almost sure that Louis was just standing on his feet while asleep.

After shower he dressed Louis in warm pyjama and wrapped in his arms to secure little boy with a proper heating.

*

There was an ugly noise of puking that startled Harry from his sleep.

He sighed and turned around, his hand reaching out for Louis that was not in his bed.

Harry opened his eyes, blinking slowly trying to remember what might have happened that could have removed Louis from his side.

The puking sound repeated and Harry glanced at the source.

His bathroom door was opened wide and that’s where Louis must be.

Wasting no more time Harry jumped from his bed and hurried to the bathroom where he saw the boy kneeling above toilet.

“Hey…” He mumbled helping to remove Louis hair from his eyes, sighing at how sweaty Louis forehead felt.

There was a mumble of some words before Louis started to empty the continents of his stomach again.

Harry sighed kneeling next to him, trying to get Louis in a better position or at least support him.

“I’m sorry.” Louis mumbled when the vomiting seemed to stop. He was feeling like shit and he was going to make Harry force him to quit drinking alcohol.

“There’s nothing to be sorry for.” Harry said back, helping him to stand up and go next to the sink.
Louis groaned at the way his stomach churned whilst moving but was grateful nothing came back up.

“Drink.” Harry ordered placing the cup with water in front of his lips.

Obediently Louis did what he was told, taking a big gulps only now noticing how thirsty he actually was.

Water made him feel better and he immediately felt embarrassed of his state and the fact that Harry had to witness it all.

It must be written in his face, the embarrassment he was feeling because Harry smiled gently, pulling him closer for a hug and placing a kiss on his damp and probably wet from sweat hair.

“How gentle and caring he was. How many people wouldn’t mind to comfort you in the middle of the night or extremely early morning because you simply drank too much? Not a lot. But there was Harry, helping Louis to keep him balance and offering a shower.

“Please.” Louis nodded, his whole face buried in Harry’s chest.

“Or I can run a bath?” Harry suggested helping to remove Louis pyjama shirt.

“Shower is fine.” Louis replied trying to take his pants off, almost falling down in the process.

He tried to mind when Harry took them to shower while still wearing a briefs but was brushed off by Harry saying that it doesn’t really matter and that he could get a new one.

In reality Louis knew that Harry was afraid of him falling down with no grip to support him and in order to undress he would have to do that.

*

Next time when Louis woke up there was Harry poking him and he could already think of hundred ways to kill him.

“Hey, I made you food.” Harry offered him a smile and if not the killing headache Louis would dwell at how amazing this curly boy is.

“Later.” Louis mumbled, hiding under the cover.

“No later, eat now and you’ll feel better.” Harry ordered undoing the blanket and Louis groaned.

“There was a silence while he ate what Harry brought, which was a whole tray of hangover food – smoothie, scrambled eggs, toast with guacamole.

Louis actually did feel much better after eating it and made sure Harry knew that by rewarding him with a blowjob.

* They spend the rest of the day revising. Or Harry spent it revising while Louis was stuck in the state between awfully sick and half alive to learn.
Both boys knew that they had plenty of notes to go through. There was only one week left before their February half term and all teachers had decided that it’ll be a perfect idea to have all of the tests on the last week.

Besides that there was a lot of anxiousness chasing their already busy mind, constantly reminding that acceptance letters from Universities are due this week.

So instead of cuddling and spending Sunday somehow lovely and comforting they were both going through boring notes that made them yawn and Louis literally fell asleep while reading literature notes Harry had given to him.

And of course, as a tradition Louis stayed the night at Harry’s home, even though both of them started to think of it as their home.

*

Monday morning came with a morning routine they were used to have.

Harry woke up with alarm clock at five in the morning going to gym, to shower and to make them both breakfasts.

However, he was extra gently today as he still pitied Louis and the suffering his boyfriend had to go through, which is why he let him sleep extra minutes and brought breakfast’s to bed.

That still didn’t stop Louis from complaining while he waited for Harry to prepare lunch and Harry had to fight the urge to shush him.

“Babe, you have to eat your meal earlier as you have running later on.” Harry tried to reasoning and was greeted with a harmless punch to his bicep.

*

“Do you mind we go to school together?” Louis questioned and Harry had to take few moments to formulate the question in his mind again.

“I don’t get it.” He finally admitted.

“Well… We used to go to school together when I didn’t have morning practice so we would come when everyone is in their lessons.” Louis sighed and Harry still didn’t know what the meaning of the question was.

“So?”

“So maybe now you don’t want to do that.” Louis shrugged and Harry looked at him half annoyed half concerned.

“I don’t know if I should be angry you think that low of me or concerned that you think so low of me.”

Louis blushed, his lips forming in a small smile.

Harry leaned in to kiss it before taking a turn to school’s parking lot.

*

Harry received plenty of stares.
Not that he never did or wasn’t used to it, people in school looked at him all the time whether for his extravagant looks or just because he was the captain of basketball team but now there was something different in their stares.

He didn’t mind it that much, talking with the same people he used to talk every day and revising for the literature essay he had to write today.

He completely ignored and forgot the stares until he received a message from Louis.

**Love: “James?? Unbelievable. I’ll fucking kill you.”**

Harry’s breathing hitched and he was beyond surprised to the content of the message.

Louis never wrote properly and without any mistakes and Harry really couldn’t pinpoint what was the reason. He tried to reckon anything that could upset Louis but there was nothing.

They met in the classroom during lunch period and the greeting Harry got when he entered the place was a rough slap across his face.

“Oh…” He groaned, grabbing his cheek. Even tiny as he was, Louis sometimes got a power to punch.

“You’ve slept with James!” Louis accused, jumping on Harry to fight him.

Luckily he was quick to react, grabbing Louis wrists, stopping the tiny boy. Louis struggled for a while screaming, trying to escape the grip but finally stopped and looked up to meet their eyes.

There was a moment of silence before Louis sighed and nuzzled his face into Harry’s chest.

“He spread the rumour that you’ve slept together.” Louis explained and Harry’s mind travelled back to the party.

There must have been people that noticed them after all. And of course James didn’t stop them.

“I should have told you that he tried hitting on me.” Harry apologized, pursuing his lips, asking for a kiss.

Louis tip toed and gave it to him.

“I hate him.” Louis admitted and Harry snorted at the obvious declaration.

“I know, I don’t like him either.” He nodded, his curls bouncing and tingling Louis forehead.

“No, you have to hate him, not liking doesn’t work.” Louis complained and Harry sighed.

“I really don’t understand why some people act like this. It doesn’t make any good.” Harry mumbled and Louis wanted to scream how naïve his boyfriend was.

Louis knew perfectly what James wanted and it wasn’t anything emotional like him being in love with Harry, he just wanted the idea of who Harry is. He had said it before, that it would make James to look cool and he could see a lot of advantages in being with Harry.

And the fact that Harry had a boyfriend didn’t seem to work for him. And it annoyed Louis. It made his blood boil; the way James always came after Harry and even if it was the curly one to be possessive and jealous Louis felt the need to claim Harry as his.
He could come out though. Tell that they are dating and momentarily Louis decided that this was exactly what he wanted. To see stunned James face the moment he announced they are together.

Smug grin spread on Louis face and the fear of coming out that lingered in his head before replaced by the need to let everyone know Harry and Louis were together.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to voice out your opinion by leaving Comments and of course Kudos if you liked it <3

Please, don't think I am rude when not replying to your comments I do this every time I update the chapter in this case I believe it's easier for those who comment to keep on track and all...

<3 <3 <3
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

Louis came out... But did he really?

Chapter Notes

Well... Look who has updated... I think this is the chapter I have written the fastest.

That's what happens after spending days at home not going anywhere I guess.

Not much for me to tell you just that next week won't be full of updates as I'm leaving so I'll try my best to give you at least one more till Sunday.

And this chapter isn't that much dramatic I think, it's just fluffy and happy, I guess.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis was biting his nails and Harry was slapping his hands for him to stop doing it.

But he simply couldn’t.

He sighed, blinking a few times before reaching out to touch the envelope.

“Maybe we could Google the difference between acceptance letter and decline letter without opening it?” He offered to Harry, who snorted at this stupid suggestion.

Louis sighed but still avoided opening the envelope as if it would burn his fingers.

“You know there’s nothing to be worried of.” Harry tried calming him down but it wasn’t very successful as his own voice was trembling.

They were holding answers from Manchester University. Or to be more specific Louis was holding an answer from Manchester University and Harry was holding an answer from Manchester’s School of Architecture.

Harry’s letter came on Monday but they waited till Tuesday evening for Louis to get his own before opening them together, hoping this would ease the tension.

It didn’t do such thing at all.

If anything, they were even more worried now.

“I’m serious, we should Google it.” Louis finally sighed, throwing his letter back on the table.

And even if Harry was worried nonetheless he managed to suck it up, thinking that it’s his responsibility to encourage and support Louis.
“Alright, there are other letters coming, Manchester wasn’t our first choice anyways.” He reasoned taking the envelope and putting it back in Louis hands.

“I would still feel like an asshole if I didn’t get in.” Louis sighed but started to rip it open, following Harry.

They managed to do it together – take the letters out. They were folded and for a second their eyes met unsure how to act.

“Alright…” Harry sighed, starting to unfold his own. Louis bit his lip but dared to do that to his own letter.

“Switch.” He mumbled suddenly, grasping the paper from Harry’s hands, giving him his. “It’s better this way.” He explained and Harry smiled going through the sentences of Louis letter.

“You’ve got in!” Louis screamed proudly, jumping up and cheering like a little child.

“You did too.” Harry beamed bringing him closer for a kiss, which they couldn’t do because of their huge smiles.

“We’re going to Manchester together.” Louis beamed and Harry chuckled at how just yesterday Louis pouted that Manchester was their back up plan.

It still was, actually. They have kind of agreed going to London if everything will work out with their Universities, just that Louis was so happy to be assured place somewhere he couldn’t stop himself from dreaming of this new page in their lives.

“Come on, let’s go and celebrate.” Harry offered, catching Louis as he jumped.

“Upstairs?” Louis asked and Harry just hummed, shutting him with a passionate kiss.

* 

Louis was happy.

That’s the feeling you must feel when you’re not tired but too drained to move a muscle and have someone by your side.

Harry was eyeing his boyfriend, who looked somehow flushed.

Louis was shining, red cheeks from their intense celebration sex, tugged in blanket, smiling lazily while Harry massaged his neck.

“I love you.” Louis smiled and Harry felt this huge need to cuddle Louis and never let him go.

His mind wandered to the past when there was no Louis and he would go home feeling lonely all the time. It was the feeling Harry was acquaintance with very well.

He had been lonely for a while, his parents always away and this enormously huge house empty.

But not now.

Now this house didn’t look to him as a lonely place. It looked like happiness, peacefulness, perfection.

There was Louis here and Harry couldn’t think of better person next to him.
Rough nudge to his shoulder brought him back to reality and there was Louis, pouting unhappily.

“Say it back.” He demanded and Harry laughed.

“I love you, you know that, my little baby!” Harry shouted, pulling Louis on himself, pressing to his chest, placing kiss all over his skin.

Louis squeaked trying to escape but at the same time enjoying attention a lot.

When Harry stopped this, Louis was breathless, taking deep breaths so he wouldn’t get dizzy.

“What? Want to tell me that I’m better prepared physically than you are?” Harry mocked him and Louis kicked him.

“Want you to tell go fuck yourself.” Louis bickered playfully, enjoying when Harry’s lips kissed his neck sucking the skin, most probably marking him again.

“Don’t be bratty little boy.” Harry whispered into his ear, making Louis moan at the feeling and the words. There was always something about the words, when Harry talked with him as if he was the one in power to tell Louis this.

And he technically was in a way. Their relationship worked like this and Louis loved it.

For some reason he couldn’t wait others to see that he had this effect on Harry. And that Harry had this on him.

“I want to come out.” Louis announced ready for a small fight to start.

You see, this wasn’t the first time Louis asked for their come out, maybe the third or the fourth one. The thing was, Harry said no.

Louis was really surprised to hear this from the one who always encouraged him to do so but Harry voiced out his opinion and from the looks of it, wasn’t going to change it for a while.

“Me too, I want that too.” Harry nodded and Louis sighed.

“Tomorrow?” He tried and was stopped from further asking with one look from Harry’s.

“Baby, you know I want you to come out. I want us to come out.” Harry started and Louis sighed, getting ready for a lecture he had already received. “But I don’t want it to be just because you are forced to do so because someone spreading shitty rumours.” Harry reasoned and it annoyed Louis how right he was.

“Well, you can’t blame me I want to show you to the world.” Louis pouted.

“James isn’t the world. That’s what I’m afraid of – that you will do this on a whim and will be disappointed later on.” Harry told him wisely and Louis huffed unhappily.

“I won’t.” Louis stayed to defence his beliefs and Harry just sighed.

“You know how you want to do that?” He finally asked, a sign of him giving up after two days of Louis constantly whining.

“No…” Louis trailed of, ashamed to admit that after so much pleading he had no idea about how he wanted this to happen.

Not that he hadn’t considered this at all but it just looked like a big deal to him and he wanted to
make it somehow special, maybe tell it as announcement? However, at the same time he didn’t want this to be something overrated.

“Tell me when you do.” Harry finally decided, turning the TV on, so they could find something to watch.

*

There were tears.

Of course there were.

Not everyone was so lucky to be accepted to everywhere they applied. Harry and Louis were sure the other letters they will receive won’t be all accepting but it didn’t matter. At least their first ones were accepting and they had nothing to be worried of. Other seniors were much less happy about it.

Part of them, of course, was ready to celebrate, offering their places for party.

“I won’t be in England for the next week.” Harry shrugged during their lunch period and Louis choked on his food.

There were intense practicing scheduled for him for the whole week off and Harry knew that, Harry listened as just yesterday Louis was complaining about it. And he still hadn’t said anything about leaving Louis for that whole week.

“I’m sorry?” Louis asked the second he got his breath back.

It sounded as if he misheard something but both of them knew that it was Louis challenging Harry, who looked guilty right now.

“Yeah… Not for a whole week though… Maybe five days.” Once again, it looked like Harry was just thinking out loud but in reality he was offering Louis a peace and maybe just a bit of negotiation.

“Where are you going?” James interrupted Louis, who wanted to ask the same damn thing.

“New York.” Harry answered shortly. He had been doing this ever since that rumour James had spread, though Louis would want him to be tougher to him.

“Fancy.” James commented and Louis wanted to throw his lunch bag at him.

Today it was bagel with cream cheese and salmon, some berries as a dessert. Now, usually Louis would love the lunch Harry prepared, they were always good. But he felt like he couldn’t stomach anything.

“Will your boyfriend go with you?” Louis asked sassily, his voice sounding lower than before.

“Lou…” Harry trailed of sighing, obviously asking him not to cause a scene.

“You know what I remembered I have to be somewhere now.” Louis suddenly said, grabbing the bag and throwing it in the bin together with the lunch box, hoping Harry would see it.

*

There was a knock at his bedroom door and Louis just knew it was him.
He was currently lying in his bed, face buried in his pillow, tear-free but very upset.

“Lou?” There was Harry’s voice coming from the other side of the door and the fact that he wasn’t kicking out the door meant he wasn’t as angry as Louis thought he might be.

He came home by bus, doing exactly how he was asked not to do if Harry’s message telling him to wait up was something to judge by. Obviously being as stubborn as he is, Louis didn’t listen.

Door’s creaked, announcing that Harry wasn’t waiting for him to answer or invite him in and Louis could hear the steps coming closer.

“Babe…” Harry sounded unsure and hurt, which he really was.

Believe it or not, he did forget he was leaving for their week off until they started to talk about parties. And the worst thing was that he promised Louis to spend the next week together, supporting him after tough practices, which Harry was lucky enough not to have.

“Go home.” Louis mumbled and there was a movement on his bed. Soon after it Harry’s body pressed to his, long and strong arm hugging his waist.

“I’m sorry.” Harry mumbled to his ear, kissing it softly. “You know I can’t completely skip it…” Louis didn’t answer it.

He ignored Harry’s presence until it felt awkward and the guiltiness of the neglect Harry had to go through took over. Louis could be angry but even he admitted that going by bus was a nasty move.

“Then go for one hour or so.” Louis whispered back, turning his face to look at Harry.

There was sorrow written all over it and Louis sighed feeling a bit guilty. After all, Harry was going to see for his family he hadn’t seen in quite a while; it was not very fair for Louis to get angry because of this.

“I can do this.” Harry nodded taking Louis by surprise. “I can fly for one dinner and come back.” He offered and Louis bit his lip.

Of course he wanted to say yes.

He also wanted to say no because this wasn’t right. It was selfish of Louis to ask this.

“You don’t have to. I’ll be fine.” Louis whispered, blinking his coming tears away. Harry noticed it and started stroking his cheeks with his thumbs.

“I want to. Plus, maybe this way you could join.” Harry smiled and before Louis could decline it again he carried on talking. “We could fly right after your practice, have dinner and come back. You’ll miss one day.”

“Saturday.” Louis sighed, agreeing to this, ignoring the fact how much he didn’t want to face Harry’s parents.

“What?”

“On Sunday we don’t have practice, there’s Saturday practice as the game is on Friday this time and we can leave right after that. I’ll tell my coach I won’t be able to be there on Monday but I’ll be on other days.” Louis explained to him.
Harry smiled and pressed a kiss to Louis forehead as a thank you sign.

“We can do that. You’re okay now?” He asked and Louis nodded. Besides feeling selfish he was alright.

“Okay, let me take you to mine for the night then?” He offered and Louis shrugged, thinking that his mother wouldn’t really mind that. He noticed that his room was becoming Daisy’s room anyways.

Twins were getting all teenagery and wanted to have their separate space. Louis being at Harry’s all the time was perfect for them.

He went downstairs to ask if that’s alright while Harry gathered his belongings he might need and they left.

“Is it strange that I feel like coming home while driving to your place from my home?” Louis questioned and it worked just how he wanted it.

Harry grinned, huge smile plastered on his face, taking Louis hand to press a kiss on it.

“Aren’t you a sweet little boy?” Harry giggled and Louis blushed. “I’m still punishing you though.” He added and Louis gulped.

Maybe it didn’t work as well as he thought then.

*Louis was touching floor only with his toes, most of his weight on Harry’s thighs where he was lying or more like bend over.

“Do you know what you’ll be getting punished for?” Harry asked slowly stroking Louis arse cheeks, making him to moan only by this.

“Not listening to you.” Louis replied, trying his best not to move his hips, which was quite a challenge.

Harry pinched his butt and Louis couldn’t even control himself. His hips buckled in excitement and he let out a loud moan.

“Not listening for what exactly?” Harry encouraged, placing one of his hands on hips to prevent him from moving. He tried to buckle his hips again but they were roughly pressed to Harry’s thighs, no way to move.

“Not listening when you told me to wait up for you.” Louis answered giving up the fight he was meant to loose. Harry hummed in agreement.

“That’s right, you need to be punished for it, do you agree?” He asked again and Louis would blush if he didn’t feel so needy and desperate.

“Yes, please, yes.” Louis whined and gasped when there’s a slap on one of his cheeks.

It felt so good, so relaxing, despite the fact that it was also painful.

Harry made him count each slap, which Louis knew he will.

He gave ten for each cheek until Louis was so aroused he couldn’t count properly because of the
constant moaning interrupting it.

“You’re such a bitch, Louis. Getting all excited from a punishment. I should put a cock ring on you.” Harry threatened when Louis failed to tell the number again.

Louis eyes immediately filled with tears as he pleaded him not to do that.

It worked in the end. Harry had mercy on him and didn’t bring that torturous thing near Louis.

However, he still trapped his wrists in handcuffs and fucked him from behind until Louis couldn’t feel anything but pleasure and ache from the slaps.

Later on, when there was lotion applied and blankets were covering their bodies Harry held Louis closer pressing kisses all over his body.

“If you ever do that again I will punish you for real, are we clear?” Harry threatened and Louis tried to control the way his dick twitched. He really did.

They ended up having sex again.

*

Next morning Louis mother called to announce that two more letters came and then Harry shouted from downstairs that he found his remaining four too.

They stopped at Louis for them to pick it up and opened in the car squealing as they all said they were accepted.

Well, at least they did for Harry, there were two left for Louis but he still couldn’t believe that it was actually happening.

All remaining four – University of Arts London, London Metropolitan University, University College London and The Courtauld Institute of Art accepted Harry, the only requirements were to have a decent grades and only one required special amount of scores in exams.

What was better than this was the fact that Louis also got into the University College London together with King’s College London.

They were going to fucking London, maybe even the same University.

They were going to live together.

They were going to have their own flat, styled just how they wanted.

They were going to wake up every morning next to each other.

They were going to be a proper mature couple.

They celebrated it in the backseat of Harry’s car before going to school to share the news with others. Although, Louis found it hard to walk after this type of celebration.

In school Louis had enough time to inform just a few of his friends before lunch break started and for the first minutes of the said break he stayed with his math teacher to share the news before going to cafeteria.

It was the only teacher Louis had developed any kind of connection, of course, not counting his coach in.
When he entered cafeteria everyone was already there and Louis smiled when he heard Harry talking about how he was accepted to all five universities of his choice.

“What were they again?” Liam asked, masking his sourness. Guy applied to Food Science and he had received only one letter which said he wasn’t accepted. Obviously it was a bit disappointing on him; though Louis was sure he will be accepted to others.

“Four of them are in London and the other one in Manchester.” Liam nodded, offering Harry a smile.

“They all accepted you?” Stan sounded genuinely surprised. As far as Louis knew he was accepted to two out of five.

“They did.” Harry smiled back with a huge grin.

“Congratulations!” Their teammates started cheering for Harry and Louis was really going to miss them.

Despite the fact that he wasn’t so close to them this year as he used to, they were still his second family, or at least he considered most of the guys to be his second family.

“What about you Louis?” James interrupted the cheering and Louis looked at him debating if he should answer the question or ignore him.

For his surprise it was Harry that responded for him.

“Three have already accepted him.” Harry explained and everyone’s attention was on them.

The biggest enemies in the whole school know their acceptance results, not so big of a deal, right?

“How do you know that?” James sounded noisy and for God’s sake there is no way Louis was going to ignore that.

“Isn’t it obvious? Harry and I are together, that’s why.” Louis snapped and there was a moment of silence before the table erupted in laughter.

“Good one.” Liam giggled high fiving Louis while he stood there mortified trying to comprehend what he had just said and also how his words were received.

Louis looked at Harry who shook his head – an order not to go further and stop it right there. The sore butt he had was the reason why he listened.

No one seemed to grasp on the fact Louis was actually honest and he was truly disappointed.

* 

“I’m not talking to you.” Harry announced the moment Louis entered his car.

“You can’t not talk to me I’m the dramatic one in this relationship.” Louis sassed and Harry smiled leaning in for a kiss.

A kiss Louis was not going to give him yet.

“You are taking me out for pizza because you didn’t open the door for me.” He ordered and Harry couldn’t find any reasons why he should say no.
There was a sweet girl at the counter, gazing at them while Louis tried to figure out what he wanted as their pizza toppings.

“You know we could get two different, right?” Harry tried talking him out of it but Louis shook his head knowing that Harry had his preferences.

He was not going to give him this kind of satisfaction. Not after Louis was laughed at while trying to come out.

“You hate pepperoni, right?” Louis asked and there was a deadly glare he received from Harry. “Great! Than one with pepperoni, please.” He smiled to the girl, lifting his eyebrow at her strange stare. He knew they were hot together, no need to stare.

“I… Yeah…” She nodded, writing the offer down.

“You know what? Make it not the family size I want to get a different one.” Harry finally smiled and Louis gripped his bicep.

“You don’t.” He stated.

“With chicken and pineapples, please.” He added and Louis gipped his bicep harder. “What do you think you’re doing?” Harry addressed to him loud enough just for him to hear, making him feel like a cold water just washed over his body.

“I… Ugh…” Louis looked down, blushing furiously, his hand falling by his side.

They didn’t talk for the rest of the time they spend in pizza place while waiting for it to be ready. And there also was a dead silence in the car while Harry drove them back home.

He opened the door for him though and grabbed their pizzas so Louis didn’t have to.

“Are you angry?” Louis finally dared to ask.

Harry didn’t answer. Instead he set the boxes on the bar and took two plates for them. Then he went to take off his shoes and coat, coming back to the kitchen later.

“I don’t know.” He finally replied, looking Louis in the eye.

“I’m sorry.” Louis immediately apologized.

“I’m not angry for what you did in that restaurant.” Harry calmed him. “I… I doubt I’m angry about something at all… I just don’t know…” He sighed and put his head into his palms – a sign for Louis to take things into his own hands.

He sat on a stool, taking Harry’s hand into his lap, starting to massage his head, playing with his curls at the same time.

“There was a hard test today.” Harry finally admitted, nuzzling his face into Louis lap.

It was a strange position for them, when Louis was the one taking care of the other but it was comfortable nonetheless.

“Math?” Louis questioned softly.

“Yeah… And I found myself thinking – what’s the point? I’m already accepted so I could… You
know…” He trailed off and Louis smiled.

Of course he knew. He was the one who had issues staying positive and keen to learn if it wasn’t math.

“No one motivates you.” He finished the sentence for Harry.

“Yes… And then you did that scene with coming out and I don’t know… It’s stupid that I feel you want to come to prove a point for others but not to tell the world about us?”

“Wow, curly, who knew you were so deep.” Louis mocked him, feeling weird at their changed positions. Not that he minded, they were meant to be one another anchor. “But yeah, I know. I think it’s quite narcissistic, no?”

“I don’t know.” Harry sighed, lifting his head from Louis lap. He immediately felt his thighs getting cold, the heat source disappearing.

“Me neither but I have had enough of listening about mysterious guy and then be looked at strangely when trying to stop them.” Louis complained and it got Harry.

It always did in the end.

No matter what it was they were compromising for Harry always agreed with him in the end.

Or at least he did most of the time.

“Fine, you’ve a reason behind it. Do you have any idea how to do that? Just saying this wouldn’t work.” Harry reasoned and Louis nodded in agreement.

“Well, we could have sex in shower and let them walk in on us?” He suggested, making Harry laugh.

“That’s disgusting.”

“No, it would be hot.” Louis disagreed, crossing his arms over his chest.

“I’m not letting anyone to see your beautiful arse.” Harry argued playfully.

“Yeah because posting it on Instagram doesn’t count.” Louis rolled his eyes.

“It was your back, not your big juicy butt.” Harry smiled and Louis slapped him.

“Want to sleep on the sofa much?” He threatened Harry for calling his arse big which is almost the same as fat.

Harry snorted knowing that even if Louis were to force him to sleep on a sofa he would change his mind after an hour of turning in bed. They were too much used to cuddling each other every night.

“We could post a selfie from New York?” Harry finally suggested, thinking that it would really be the best idea.

No one could think they were joking as they would be in New York and there could be some sweet words too.

“I won’t be the material for your Instagram addiction.” Louis pouted cutely and Harry stood up from the bar stool so he would tower over Louis sitting on an actual bar.
“I can talk you into it very easily, baby.” Harry whispered into his ear seductively. Louis leaned closer to him, his legs hugging Harry’s waist, locking them together.

“You know, we could have sex like this…” He trailed off, moving his hips closer to Harry’s body, holding tightly so he wouldn’t fall.

“We could. After we eat?” Harry suggested and Louis smiled widely.

“I knew you were the right one to love.” He nodded.

There was a soft peck to Louis lips before Harry backed off, getting a slice for Louis and then himself.

They didn’t eat in silence. Talked and giggled at every stupid joke one another thought off.

Harry was delighted, happier than he thought he could be.

Chapter End Notes

Once again, hope you did like it let me know what you think about this chapter by leaving Comments and please leave a Kudo if you hadn't yet.

To all my readers, thank you a lot <3 me writing this and you reading this is the best thing that has happened to me this year <3 <3 <3 <3
Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

:)))) hi.

Chapter Notes

Hello my lovely readers, today I am greeting you with a new chapter and I really am terrified of how you will like it. Also, I am already apologizing because I don't know if I will be able to update next week. I am going to camp for a week. I will be living in a house with internet but I won't have my computer with myself so there most probably won't be new chapter. Sorry...

Love you all and enjoy your reading <3

It’s Thursday evening. Louis is splayed on sofa in Harry’s office room, doing his homework while his boyfriend is God knows where.

Harry said he was going to make them tea but Louis is sure that it was more than half an hour ago and Harry rarely spent more than ten minutes apart from him.

Louis sighed, sitting up from his half laying position ready to go search for Harry and at the same moment he moved door’s opened revealing Harry with a scowl on his face and empty hands.

“Did you lose our tea on the way up?” Louis asked lifting an eyebrow, eyeing Harry from head to toes.

There was something different in his demeanour Louis was not sure what exactly.

“No.” The answer was short and cold, which confused Louis even more.

“Well, then where is it?” He asked and there was no response.

“Stand up.” He finally ordered and Louis thought to brush his request off but decided against it.

He stood up slowly, eyeing Harry, trying to pinpoint on what was he going to ask from Louis.

“Hum, what now?” He finally asked when Harry didn’t move and didn’t say anything to him either.

“Now tell me, what the fuck did you do with Stan?” Harry’s voice was dangerously low and Louis gulped, without understanding why he found his words as a threat.

“… What?” Louis was lost and unsure of the question. When was he doing what?
“Are you stupid?” Harry snapped and Louis winced.

There was something in Harry’s tone that made sassy Louis hide and not come back for at least an hour.

“No.” Louis responded slowly, trying to find the meaning behind the question.

“Great, now, what’s this?” Harry asked showing a picture with him and Stan that was taken Louis didn’t even know when. Was it the last week? Was it before? He wasn’t sure but they clearly looked overly comfortable in each other arms while standing in the middle of the bus.

Louis stayed silent, not daring to reply and not finding words to reply. It was clearly a picture but he doubted this was what Harry wanted it to hear.

“Answer me.” He finally demanded and Louis gulped before opening his mouth.

“It’s a picture.” Louis whispered, shuddering when he felt Harry’s hand on his back.

“Hmm... And how do you think I feel when we made a deal to post a picture together and now you did that with Stan, huh?” Louis closed his eyes waiting for something to happen.

Maybe for Harry to turn him around and press to a wall, or force him to kneel but nothing like this happened. Slowly Louis opened his eyes and almost screamed when he met with Harry’s darkly green ones staring right into his.

Louis bit his lip, looking down but his face was soon lifted to face Harry’s eyes again. He tried closing his eyes but it was obviously what Harry didn’t want.

“I think I should make it clear to everyone that they can’t touch you.” Harry said out loud, making Louis knees go weak just by idea of what this could mean. “You like that don’t you? You want me to mark you, you want to be made sure who owns you, don’t you?” Harry’s voice was mocking, almost as if humiliating but Louis couldn’t care less.

He whined in need trying to get Harry’s attention.

“I’ll make sure no one can touch you.” Harry kept going and now Louis actually moaned, out loud. “Pants off.” He ordered stepping back and Louis almost fell trying to get them off in such a rush.

He didn’t know if pants off included briefs too but he didn’t care that much, he removed everything, his hard dick already waiting to be touched. His whole body waiting, no, craving for Harry’s touch.

And then Louis saw it in Harry’s hands. His face turned to horror and he stepped back thinking of running away.

“I won’t touch you. I know this is what you want.” Harry laughed taking a step back. “I won’t do anything to you, not even a slight touch.”

Louis shuddered and thought of begging Harry not to do this. He doubted this would help.

“And I’ll make sure no one else can touch you either.” Harry smiled motioning Louis to come closer so he could put it on. He didn’t. He stayed glued on his feet eyeing the cock ring carefully, hoping that his hard dick could go away and wouldn’t leave him in such a torture. “Louis. Come. Here. Now.” Harry left a pause between words and Louis gulped before moving closer.
He grabbed Harry’s hand for support and whined when removed it.

“Harry please.” Louis pleaded trying to repeat his action.

“Do you want me to slap you until there are purple bruises and then fuck you without letting you come? I can do that.” Harry snapped and Louis whimpered, looking down but not reaching out for his arm again.

He felt the pressure and cried out loud at the feeling.

Harry ignored his cry and finished putting it on, then he turned over his heel and walking out of the room making Louis feel abandoned and just a bit lonely.

Harry returned five minutes later with two cup of teas and put Louis on a table without saying another word to him.

There were tears in his eyes and he sniffed when he didn’t receive any attention but was too stubborn and a bit too afraid to be turned down.

They ended up showering separately and Louis shed a tear, hating annoying pressure in his lower body. Also, there were no cuddles when they went to sleep and even without saying it out loud they both knew neither of them had a proper sleep.

Morning was no better, Harry woke him up without words, they spent breakfast in silence and the whole drive to school was the same.

Louis even feared that Harry would force him to leave near that supermarket instead bringing him together to school but thankfully it didn’t happen.

However, when they reached the building there weren’t any walking together, or cute goodbye. Harry just helped him climb out of the car, locked it and then went his ways, leaving Louis alone.

Needless to say he was off the whole day, always not hearing what others told him. Plus, that cock ring didn’t help either and he asked if him and Harry could have their lunch in the classroom but the answer he received from Harry was a short ‘no’. Louis kept re-reading it on his phone screen but no matter how much he did it those two letters didn’t vanish.

When lunch break came Louis declined Stan’s offer to go straight to the cafeteria, fearing that Harry would flip and might even extend his chastity time. Instead he spent his time in toilets, tugging his cock hoping this would suppress the feeling.

Nothing like this happened and he left unhappy and even more aroused than before.

Of fucking course Harry looked cheery and happy when he entered the cafeteria and for the first time in so long Louis felt the hatred for him coming back. After all they always say there is one step from love to hate, no?

Louis waved to everyone at the table, sulking into his seat, completely ignoring what was going around him, placing his warm forehead on a cool cafeteria table, hoping this would somehow remove the need.

“Rough night?” James giggled and Louis looked up, throwing him a hateful glare.

“Yeah, me and Tommo guy had some fun last night, didn’t we? Went clubbing and all.” Stan laughed, throwing a hand over Louis shoulder and Louis was mortified.
He just stayed like this, frozen in his seat, fearing to face Harry. When he did there were two dark irises burning holes in Louis forehead.

Clearing his throat Louis smirked throwing on a somehow decent mask to hide his emotions, “No such thing, Stan, books and notes is the only fun I’ve had this whole week.” Louis complained and eased a little when a whole table laughed.

“Yeah, well luckily it’s the last day.” Harry’s voice was deep and Louis wanted to cry how much he needed anything and everything Harry could give him.

“It’s rough though.” Louis answered, his voice noticeably trembling.

“Well, the most you need to do is be in shape for tonight’s match.” Logan, teams right midfielder smiled to Louis and he almost snapped at how impossible it was.

“And it’s a good thing this time it’s in our city.” Greg added, finally leaving Louis alone so he could lie back down on this cool surface.

* 

Louis came to the lockers earlier than everyone else. It was his rule number one, to be there before others when they played in the city.

Harry was there with him – part of the baggage while being Louis driver.

He stayed there, sitting on a bench, scrolling through his phone, ignoring Louis presence but not going anywhere either.

“Others are coming soon.” Louis mumbled, which kind of was the first time they have spoken to each other today, while being together.

Harry looked up from his phone and shrugged looking back down.

“For God’s sake, Harry!” Louis snapped and immediately looked down when Harry stood up as if he was waiting for him to do that.

“What?” He asked mockingly and Louis bit his lip not daring neither to answer nor look up. “Thought so.” Harry snorted sitting back down and that was an asshole move.

Louis tried to calm his breathing so he wouldn’t shout again and wouldn’t start to cry. He hated when Harry was acting like this – neglecting him. That was the worst feeling and he could never handle it well enough.

Harry, at the same time, was fighting between being stubborn and guilty.

He was angry, furious even but his jealousy started to wear off the moment he saw Louis in cafeteria and he was now feeling a bit guilty because there was his boyfriend going to be playing important match and if he couldn’t concentrate enough it would partly be Harry’s fault.

He sighed, standing up, coming closer to Louis, placing one hand on his waist and leaning closer for his lips to be right next Louis ear, “If you win, I’ll reward you.” He smiled and then turned around to leave, hoping this would work.

* 

It was not the best game Louis has ever had. It was obvious from where Harry was standing and
he even thought of going down during the break and help him out.

But it wasn’t that bad either.

The only goal they have made today belonged to Louis and the other team was still having an ugly zero. Harry hoped it’ll stay the same.

Besides, there were half an hour left, which meant that it couldn’t really turn to worse.

“Hey! You fucker!” Liam screamed next to him when the opposite team knocked Stan down.

Harry frowned – this team was playing extra dirty today, trying to push home team away or knock them down.

“They should get more penalties.” Harry concluded, hoping Louis won’t get hurt in this.

He also smiled when Louis came to figure out what was the problem, Stan looked to be in pain and there was bunch of curse words coming from the small captain Harry even giggled.

It looked like all annoyance from his chastity was coming out from Louis and indeed – when they continued the game Louis was going extra hard almost managing to get one more goal.

That put the opposite team on their toes and Harry stiffened a couple of times when they tried to attack Louis not the way they should.

Nothing major happened so it was alright, though Harry still cursed more than everyone was used to.

However, the last straw was when ten minutes left the striker from the opposite team kicked the ball straight into Louis.

Harry saw it happening sooner than the actual intercourse happened and before he knew he left from his seat running into the field, which wasn’t far, he just had to go from his first row to the field.

He was already running when the ball hit Louis stomach and no one even dared to stop him when he ran into the field.

No one was playing and there were paramedics already, trying to talk with Louis. It seemed to be mission impossible as Louis was just groaning and moaning trying not to move at the same time.

“Babe, hey, Louis it’s me, Lou are you okay?” Harry kneeled putting one of his hands on Louis knee, trying to get some attention.

“Hurts.” Louis groaned and Harry waited for him to stop wriggling so he could help him up.

“Do you need to be carried away?” Harry asked sternly, hoping this way he could get an answer. “For God’s sake, back off!” He screamed at Louis teammates, who stood around Louis, looking very concerned.

“I can. Help.” Louis mumbled and Harry was rushing trying to help him stand up, supporting Louis as they walked. “Puke.” Louis said the moment they reached out of the field area and he suddenly crouched emptying his guts.

Harry stepped away, holding Louis as he was sure he wouldn’t stand on his own.

“What the hell did just happen?!” Coach screamed trying to talk with the judge, eyeing Harry but
“What the hell did just happen?!” Coach screamed trying to talk with the judge, eyeing Harry but nodding him as if telling he did good thing running and helping Louis.

“I’m dying.” Louis mumbled and Harry brought him to his chest, kissing a forehead, hoping this would somehow help.

“You’re not dying, it’s alright.” Harry whispered into his ear, leading him to the seat and then giving a bottle with water. “Drink it.” He ordered standing up, looking at the field where a rough discussion seemed to be happening.

Apparently the guy who kicked the ball insisted he did nothing bad. And Harry didn’t even stop to thing when he ran closer to them, turning to the guy and punching him. Hard, probably breaking his nose, if blood is something to judge by.

There was a security in a matter of seconds, asking Harry to leave. No one dared to throw him out, knowing him too well as the captain of the basketball team.

Harry never felt more thankful for that. He spent the rest of the time in the locker room, waiting for team to come back and also not daring to appear at the field again.

It didn’t take long, around twenty minutes when they came back, Louis looking pale and not very good in general.

“You’re an idiot.” Louis rolled his eyes, limping to his seat.

“You’re an idiot if you thought I was going to just sit there and watch. Do you know his name?” Harry asked while helping Louis to get his shirt off, working on his own at the same time.

He knew that from the other side of the room it looked strange how professional and simple it looked to be for them to get undressed like this.

“Yeah.” Louis mumbled, lifting his leg so Harry could untie his shoe and take it off.

“Tell me later.” Harry ordered and Louis sighed not wanting to fight with him. Before this happened they were not on very good terms. “Alright, let me take you to shower and then we’ll go to hospital.” Harry said when Louis was only in his shorts and Harry was in his naked glory, only towel covering his dick and ass.

“I don’t need to go to hospital.” Louis rolled his eyes, taking Harry’s hand to get help standing up.

“You’re mental if you think I’m not bringing you to the hospital.” Harry laughed, eyeing other boys, who looked… Well they looked mortified. “Give us five minutes, please.” Harry smiled, grabbing Louis towel, and dragging him to shower.

* 

It’s only when they were bathing did Louis understood what had happened.

“Harry, they know.” He whispered his eyes wide and scared.

“Obviously.” Harry tried not to snort, turning the water on, helping Louis from his short and underwear so he could remove the ring.

“What do we do?” Louis asked again, his voice trembling when Harry’s fingers started working on a ring.

“We are giving you a quick release before they’re coming here.” Harry answered simply and
Louis was too tired to ask more questions. There was only a loud moan to prove that Louis had received some kind of relief and then he came. His whole body trembling and then he relaxed under the water and it worried Harry even more.

Kick to stomach had to be rough, it was football after all and they were really lucky Louis didn’t have any ribs broken. Or at least he didn’t know yet.

“We won.” Louis mumbled five minutes in the shower, exactly when other teammates started coming in. Harry was thankful they listened to him.

“So proud of you baby.” Harry answered simply and Louis just hummed, staying on his feet with his eyes closed, while Harry washed him.

They left it about the same time as others and it was both hard and awkward to get them dressed again. Harry was aware of the stares and he was only thankful that Louis wasn’t as he looked only half conscious.

He finally managed to get them fully clothed and only then did he look up to find bunch of eyes looking at them curiously.

“I have to carry him.” Harry announced sighing. “Can any of you help me with his things?” He asked avoiding everyone eyes.

“I can.” Stan offered and Harry smiled to him gratefully, picking Louis up, waiting for Stan to get Louis belongings before walking out of the changing room.

They walked in awkward silence for a bit but it was obvious that Stan was not going to ignore it.

“So… Are you…?” He trailed off.

“Yes.” Harry answered quickly, carefully eyeing the stairs so he wouldn’t fall.

“And when Louis said this in cafeteria, he was serious?” He asked again and Harry wanted to snap.

No, Louis was just joking and they started dating only after that, makes sense, right?

“Well, obviously?” Harry shrugged and Stan probably got the clue so he stayed silent for the rest of the walk. Harry thanked him when they reached his car and waited for Stan to go back before going to his car and driving away.

* 

In hospital they were confirmed that there was nothing wrong with him and Louis made sure Harry didn’t hear the end of it. He also made sure to complain for dragging him all the way there and even insisted on going to the party someone was holding as a celebration of finishing this week and having one off.

It was quite manipulative to be fair. Harry was feeling worried after tonight’s events and didn’t have a heart to be somehow stern to Louis. I guess that’s what happens when your lover gets hit by a ball.

“Louis, we really can’t go to a party. You need to sleep.” Harry tried reasoning with the same argument for the third time but it looked like he was simply talking to a wall.

“You promised me reward, that’s the one I want.” Louis argued and Harry had to take deep
breaths not to snap at him.

“You won’t go to any kind of party.” Harry concluded and Louis opened his mouth to say something but then closed it and nodded.

Words couldn’t describe how thankful Harry was for that.

They stayed in silence until it lulled Louis to sleep and carefully Harry carried him home, almost dropping while opening front door.

“Oi…” Louis whined, squirming and almost falling from Harry’s embrace. Carefully he put him back on the ground, eyeing if he wasn’t going to fall.

“Do you want something to drink or eat?” Harry asked softly, slowly stroking Louis knee.

“Actually, I want to sleep.” Louis yawned and Harry smiled at how cute Louis looked while rubbing his eyes with his sweater paws.

Harry didn’t even ask if Louis wanted to be carried upstairs, he just lifted him and climbed the stairs, going straight to his bedroom. Louis stayed silent while he helped him change and curled on top of Harry when they laid in bed.

“Harry…” Louis then whimpered attracting his attention immediately.

“Babe, what’s wrong?” Harry turned to meet Louis blue eyes that in dark room were difficult to spot.

“We came out.” Louis whispered, his hands clenching in tiny fists, grabbing onto Harry’s T-shirt as if that was somehow going to protect him.

“I know.” Harry nodded to the dark, moving his hands to hug Louis securely.

“I’m scared.” Louis admitted and Harry turned over so he would be on top of Louis.

“There is nothing,” kiss to Louis collarbone. “For you,” kiss to Louis cheek. “To be scared of.” He finished, lips landing on Louis. There was an immediate response and Harry deepened the kiss, one of his hands travelling to Louis lower body, grabbing one of his arse cheeks hungrily.

Louis moaned, lifting his legs, to wrap them around Harry’s waist and there was an immediate stinging pain shooting through his side. He screamed, his body changing his position, wrapping his hands around his knees, turning into a ball. Harry was scared shitless as he jumped away, turning the light on.

“Louis, what’s wrong?” He shouted, sounding panicked and Louis could only whimper, between deep breaths.

“Just… Moved.” He breathed, clutching his side and by the look on Harry’s face it was clear he ruined the moment.

“I should bring you back to hospital.” Harry stated and Louis glared at him for being so irrational.

“It’s okay, I’m fine now.” He nodded, trying to reach out for Harry and bring him closer for a kiss.

“Are you mental? I’m not touching you in this state.” Harry argued, making Louis roll his eyes. He was fine, for God’s sake, just a tiny booboo and Harry lost all his logical thinking.
“That’s nothing, really. I’m fine now, besides, that will be a good warm-up before tomorrow practice.” Louis flirted and Harry just gaped at him, making him question his words if they weren’t somehow inappropriate.

“Who made you think I’ll allow you to go there tomorrow?” Harry asked and Louis shrugged.

“Do I need to be allowed this?” Louis asked, making word allowed sound full of sarcasm.

“Yes.” Harry stated simply and Louis snorted.

He literally snorted and crossed his arms, getting ready for a fight.

“You can’t stop me!” He exclaimed almost shouting and there were goose bumps running down his arms when Harry laughed coldly at this.

“I will fucking tie you down if I have to.” Harry threatened and Louis blood boiled.

“Fucking tie yourself down! You’re not my father, you can’t tell me what to do!” Louis argued, a bit afraid that Harry’s threat could become an actual reality.

“Then call me daddy for all I care.” Harry roared and Louis gulped in fear at how angry he was.


And that’s why he took the only weapon he knew to have.

He curled into a ball and sniffed, waiting for Harry’s body to go from angrily tensed to worriedly tensed. Believe him, there is always a difference, he could tell that much after being with Harry for so long.

“Lou…” Harry addressed uncertainly and Louis thought about really sad things to get tears in the corners of his eyes. “Baby, please don’t cry.” Harry pleaded and Louis just sniffed again.

“I want to go.” He whined between sniffs. Harry tried to reach out for him but Louis just curled in a tighter ball.

He knew it was working, he could see it with a corner of his eye in Harry’s face. Curly boy was definitely having a fight with himself.

To fasten the process Louis just sniffed louder and it was it.

“Fine, you can go, you can go.” Harry broke, reaching out for him. “Just please, love, don’t cry. You can go just fuck…” Harry cursed closing his eyes. “Just please… Don’t cry, I’m sorry. It was a heated moment, I am sorry.” He finally apologized and Louis smiled widely, wiping his tears from the corners of his eyes.

“Great! Let’s go to sleep then.” He simply said, covering himself with a blanket, hoping it would contain his giggles.

“Did you just…?” Harry asked and Louis turned around to give him his sweetest smile he had.

“You know what, nevermind, let’s go to sleep.” Harry sighed, shaking his head.

Louis carefully came back into his arms and giggled for about five minutes until Harry groaned and pinched his arse cheek, making his giggled to turn into moans.

They turned over again and this time Louis didn’t wince. But he was sure as hell he will
tomorrow.

* Louis woke up to the empty feeling and opened his eyes looking around the room. It was bright in it, which meant it was more than just seven in the morning, which is probably why Harry is already missing. And indeed, when Louis looked at the clock on the bedside table it showed that it was nearing nine.

Pretty good time for him to wake up, he thought to himself rolling out of bed, wincing at the pain in his stomach. As far as his knowledge led there must be pretty nasty bruise already formed.

He turned to bathroom to look at it and even he had to admit to himself – it looked pretty nasty. There was a trace of ball print on his side of stomach and even though Louis wasn’t the one to bruise easily he could already see purple spots appearing.

“Harry’s going to flip.” He murmured to himself as he stared at the mirror.

“Harry’s going to flip for what?” There was a voice on the doorstep and Louis let the material of shirt fall down, hiding the bruise completely.

“Nothing.” He mumbled turning around to look at Harry.

There was only one word to call him at the moment – sweaty. He must have been right after his hour at gym and Louis bit his lip looking up and down, taking it all in.

Harry smirked, obviously grasping onto why Louis was blushing while standing in front of him.

“So, show me.” He demanded stepping in closer and Louis unintentionally wrapped an arm around his waist, as if protecting it from Harry’s eyes.

It turned out to be pointless action as Harry simply took his arm and rolled up the shirt himself. Louis looked to the side so he wouldn’t have to face Harry’s reaction, which he was sure will be pretty bad.

“I will fucking kill that guy.” Harry whispered, his fingertips slowly brushing against the purple bruise.

Louis winced removing his hand and pulling shirt down.

“I woke up and you weren’t there.” He pouted, spreading his arms, hoping to be offered a hug.

But Harry wasn’t listening.

Instead he was looking at Louis shirt where just seconds ago he saw a big nasty bruise.

“Doesn’t hurt actually.” Louis shrugged.

It was probably the last thing Harry needed to hear as he stood up, shooting Louis an angry look.

“You said you know his name.” Harry said.

Louis opened his mouth to answer but wasn’t given a chance to.

“Let’s go to shower and then I can take you to your practice.” He said turning around from Louis and going to the shower.
“I’m scared to go to the practice.” Louis finally admits when they step into the kitchen.

He watches Harry stop halfway to the fridge and turn back at him.

“Because of yesterday?” Harry asks carefully.

Louis nods shyly. There are some periods from yesterday he can recall there are some blank spaces but the fact that they came out to everyone is quite obvious and he feels sorrow that he missed his glory moment when he wanted to smirk at James and also he feels scared because now he has to face them and explain himself to them.

“I told you that you may not be prepared.” Harry reasoned and Louis glared at him crossing his arms over his chest.

He knows Harry told him that they should wait and he also knows that Harry turned out to be right. But that doesn’t mean Louis will agree to this.

“You wanted to come out too.” Louis looked at him accusingly and Harry rolled his eyes.

There was a short stare-fight between them and in the end Louis looked down losing it.

“There is always a way out.”

“I’m still going.” Louis argued and to Harry’s dislike he wasn’t going to change his mind.

Curly head boy tried talking him out of it at least five times this morning and he was being really persuasive, especially after he had seen the bruise.

There is always something about protectiveness Harry showed whenever Louis got into some kind of painful situation. Like, he becomes so careful and sweet and stern at the same time making sure he’s always there if Louis falls or something like this.

It gets annoying sometimes. But it’s so rarely Louis can’t actually think of a time when he disliked Harry’s behaviour towards him.

“Oh, and I want cereals.” Louis noticed when Harry had already prepared ingredients for his morning smoothie.

There was banana, spinach and some yoghurt. These alone made Louis look at them sceptically and he was sure as hell he didn’t want them anywhere near his mouth.

“You could just give it a try.” Harry suggested but turned around to get Louis a bowl and a box with cereals. “Which one do you want?” Harry asked showing three boxes at the top shelve.

Since the tiny accident after Harry’s birthday this house is never lacking box of good cereals. Harry had been going out to get extra in case Louis craved them.

“Cinnamon.” Louis smiled sweetly to him, giving Harry a reward kiss when he leaned in.

* There are four more talks for Louis not to go to his practice and if they do anything they just make him want to go even more.

So despite hating the idea of Louis going to the field again Harry brings their bags to his car
before he locks the house and takes Louis to his practice.

They have decided to leave right after the practice so there is already a nice set of clothes Louis has prepared and keeps in his bag so he could change into them after the shower. And his stomach churns every time he thinks about yesterday and how Harry brought them both to the shower.

It is beyond awkward to be found out this way, though Louis still doubts that all of them understood it completely.

“Alright, we’re here.” Harry announced stopping the car, giving Louis a hopeful look.

“I’m not changing my mind.” Louis repeated, crossing his arms on his chest.

“Fine.” Harry mumbled getting out to open door for him.

But what surprised Louis was that he didn’t get back to his car but followed him to his locker room.

“Uhm, what are you doing?”

Locker room was still empty as he came one hour earlier hoping to run some laps before actual practising had started.

“What do you mean? I’m staying here.”

“Okay…” Louis trailed off, sitting down to change his shoes.

“And I’m going to ask your coach to let you stay off a little bit longer.” Harry added and Louis threw a shoe at him.

“Are you crazy?” He shouted, arching his eyebrow when instead of an answer Louis got a strangely smiling Harry. “What?”

“Your shoe is so tiny…” Harry giggled, taking it into his hand and turning around, looking at it as if it was made of gold.

“Get some help.” Louis sighed, getting his shoe back from Harry’s hands.

*

Coach was the first one to appear at the field and indeed Harry went to ask him if he minded giving Louis some time off.

To Louis disappointment he was not only willing to do so but also said he was surprised Louis came here today. He was sure Harry was going to talk about this for days now and went back to running leaving them both to discuss whatever they wanted to.

His teammates started appear about an hour later. Without exception they were all rather surprised finding Harry sitting on a bench with book in his hands. Louis tried to ignore the looks they were giving to him but it was pretty obvious that everyone had unanswered questions.

Especially that fucker James, who joined them almost too late and looked rather surprised when he saw Harry in there. He eyed Louis as if blaming him for something and Louis made sure not to pass him any balls today.

Also, he might have hoped for James to lose his patience and push Louis away so Harry could already see it with his own eyes and maybe take some matters into his own hands. But that didn’t
happen. They finished their practicing all drained, sweaty and in terrible need of a shower and without thinking too much Louis joined them.

“How is your stomach?” Stan shouts to him while they are showering and Louis promises to show it to them when they step out.

And he does.

Everyone gathers around Louis, who stands there just in his briefs, and analyses the bruise he has.

“Damn, that’s nasty…” Stan pats his shoulder and Louis smiles.

“It doesn’t hurt that bad actually.” He just shrugs and everyone discusses yesterday’s game for a while.

“So what was it with Harry helping you out yesterday?” James finally asks and it brought even more attention than the bruise, which Louis has to admit was kind of expecting.

James is standing there with his arms crossed, eyeing Louis. He most probably still haven’t picked up on a fact that Harry and him are together. Or he must have decided to ignore all clues.

“Weren’t you there? I think you saw it pretty clear.” Louis jokes, brushing off the real question and it’s easy to see in James face that it isn’t enough.

“Yeah, but aren’t you like… I don’t know, not friends?” James tries again and that is the only thing Louis needs to get his previous plan back on track.

There is smug smile already creeping on his face and his heart starts to beat faster in the rhythm of victory.

“Me and Harry are dating.” He finally says and it looks like it takes off guard a lot of guys.

“It’s Harry and I, Tomlinson.” Harry giggles and he is standing there, on the doorstep of locker room, leaning into a frame, looking like a fucking cherry on top and Louis smiles widely.

“I come first, can’t help it.” Louis shrugs and looks at James, quirking one of his eyebrows.

Poor guy looks like he has seen a ghost and Louis wants to dance some kind of victory dance. There will finally be no accusations, no discussions about who is that mysterious guy and Louis really can’t help this.

James had been annoying him for so long that it’s so good to finally laugh at him and put Harry next to him, telling he’s Louis.

“Sure you can’t.” Harry rolls his eyes coming closer to him. Louis looks up, like he always do but this time there are others around and he can’t help but blush furiously at the fact that others are seeing this. “Get dressed.” Harry orders, kissing the corner of his lips and Louis shivers.

He turns around to grab his shirt and speeds the whole dressing up process. After all they have to catch a plane to New York.

Harry stays in locker room to wait for him and no one else carries on with this topic. Everyone is getting dressed too but Louis can tell that their eyes are on them. He looks up a few times and catches James staring. He looks down every time but it still makes Louis to want to jump on Harry and let James see the show.
When Louis is almost done, his coach steps in and gives him a short lecture of what lotions he should apply and tells him not to come until Wednesday.

To be honest, Louis doesn’t really listen what he says, instead there is Harry who writes down all the names of offered medicines. Harry turns to him when the coach leaves and Louis gives him his bag.

“I know what you will say, don’t bother.” Louis murmurs, putting his winter jacket on.

“Fine, hurry up then, we have a flight to catch.” Harry sighs, leaning in to button his jacket.

“Leave it that way.”

“No.” Harry simply declines and he looks quite proud when he’s finished. “And we’re good to go. Bye guys, see you on Wednesday.” Harry waves them and there is an awkward goodbye coming from others.

Louis smiles to them and shouts bye before curling closer to Harry. The taller boy always works for Louis as a heating and there’s seriously something completely different about their bodies because Louis is cold most of the time and Harry just seems to be perfectly okay in any kind of temperature. It works for both of them perfectly as if their bodies were designed to complete one another.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to tell me what you think in comments and leave kudos if you haven't yet.

Thank you all for reading <3 <3 <3
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

I tried to make it without drama... A bit rain in paradise

Chapter Notes

Hello my loves and a huge apology for taking so long...

If it makes you feel better I missed writing so much while in camp I almost went home. Plus, it was far worse than I hoped and I couldn't even get to writing. Ugh!

Anyways, I finally got to my true lover and supporter in this life - my copmuter and managed to write a proper length chapter with huge hope of you liking it <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There is a click sound announcing they are about to take off and Harry looks down at sleeping Louis, who’s body is not even in his own seat. Brunet boy is sleeping on top of Harry, slightly snoring and dead to all the sounds.

“Sir, you have to put the seatbelt on, we must get all passengers secured in their seats.” One of the flight attendants smile at Harry and he smiles back nodding.

“Sure, just let me awake him.” Harry asks nicely turning his face to Louis.

It’s a bit difficult to pull Louis from sleep, when he looks so peaceful, like an angel. Sometimes it even breaks Harry’s heart, especially when he has to do this in the mornings.

He’s lucky enough he never had this problem, always being the early riser but it’s different for Louis.

“Baby, it’s time to wake up.” Harry whispers to his ear and Louis groans.

It’s more of a whiny groan and Harry can already see a pouting forming on Louis face. He leans in to kiss it away and when he backs off Louis is laying there with his eyes opened.

“It’s warm.” He complains and Harry dwells in adoration.

Their seats were right in front of one another and the moment they were allowed to move from their seats Louis went to Harry’s staying there. In the beginning they just talked about coming out and their plans for New York, then they watched a film until finally Louis fell asleep on top of him, wrapped in a warm blanket some flight attendant had offered.

“I know but we are landing.” Harry explained and Louis nodded, sitting up, keeping his blanket close to his body. And Harry doesn’t even know how and why but he has to take his phone out and take a picture.
Second time when the same flight attendant walks by Louis is already in his place with his seat belt buckled, ready for the most unpleasant part of the flight to start. They share a package of gum and this helps a little bit. Also the view through the window helps a lot.

It’s the first time in New York for Louis and Harry has already planned what he want him to see even if it’s only few days.

*

It’s a bit colder than back in England and Louis scoots closer to Harry as they are stepping out from plane.

“Cold?” Harry asks before wrapping his arms around Louis securely.

There is a harsh wind blowing into their faces and Louis honestly fears for his hair and how they will look once they are inside. So he avoids replying and instead he just hides his face in Harry’s body, letting him lead the way.

When they are already inside Louis lets out a breath out and there is a white streak of air as the smoke from cigarette. Harry laughs at how fascinated Louis stares at it.

“It always happens in England.” He laughs and Louis just rolls his eyes.

“Just because it happens in England doesn’t mean it has to happen in New York too.” He mocks Harry.

“Of course, it’s not like we are in the same planet, right?” Harry laughs and leads Louis to a sitting area. “Why don’t you stay here and I’ll go get our bags?” He offers and Louis immediately stands back up, gasping at the shooting pain from his hurt side.

“I want to go together.” He breaths and Harry looks at him attentively as if debating whether or not he can allow it.

Despite being overly protective over Louis Harry also knows that there are a lot of things Louis can be stubborn about. Especially when Louis wants something, so Harry just nods and takes Louis hand, leading them towards the baggage claim.

They watch as all types of bags starts coming in and Louis points his finger when he sees the one that belongs to them. And yes he knows that it’s cheesy that instead of bringing too separate bags they brought two bags filled with one another clothes. It sounded as a very good idea when they were doing so.

“Let me help.” Louis offers, trying to take backpack from Harry but is simply glared at, while Harry takes their over shoulder huge bag and leads them outside.

“There should be a driver somewhere.” Harry mumbles looking around eagerly because Louis is shivering and he doesn’t want something bad to happen or to be more specific he just hates when Louis is shivering and cold because for him it can turn to fever very quickly.

Harry finally spots him and starts walking, not too fast so Louis could follow him. He helps putting the bags inside and then takes a backseat next to Louis. It’s midday in New York but Louis is already blinking tiredly while leaning into Harry.

He always has bigger problem with jetlag than Harry so Harry just offers himself as a pillow and few minutes later Louis is already sleeping.
“Hi mom.” Harry whispers as he enters the house with Louis in his arms.

He doesn’t dare to stop her when she takes picture of them and lets him go without taking his shoes off – which is a rare occasion but it’s sleeping Louis we are talking about.

Harry brings him to his room and removes his coat and shoes before tugging him under the blanket. Then he kisses his forehead and goes to find others.

He finds Gemma and dad in living room and greets them with warm hugs. Harry knows that it’s kind of strange but there is something special, knowing that you have reunited with the ones you love and there is one special person here with you together.

“I thought you came with Louis.” Gemma looks at him accusingly. She has been calling him ever since visiting, making sure Harry hasn’t fucked up things with Louis.

She grew extremely fond of Louis and Harry has no idea how and why. Something might have changed after that little scene he had caused when he came to police station.

“I did. He’s upstairs sleeping.” Harry explains and Gemma smiles widely.

“That’s so cute.” She giggles.

“Oh it is! I’ve taken a picture, look.” Harry’s mother is holding her phone proudly, showing this picture to everyone and Harry smiles as he looks at it.

Louis looks so tiny in his arms, cuddled closer to his chest.

“Resend it to me.” He asks nicely and Gemma coos. “And don’t tell this to him.” He adds, knowing that Louis could throw something at him if Harry called him cute.

“Oh, going to post it on your Instagram?” She mocks him and he glares at her leaning closer to his father, curling next to him.

“Gemma is being mean.” He complains and everyone laughs.

* *

When Louis opens his eyes his heart immediately skips a beat because he can’t understand where he’s at.

The place is completely unrecognizable and for a second he fears that he and Harry had been abducted by aliens.

But then he looks around the room and there are some details he had seen when skyping with Harry. So he must have fallen asleep and Harry brought him here.

Of course he did.

Why wouldn’t he just leave Louis here alone and disappear?

He stays like this for a couple of minutes until he’s finally too uncomfortable with jeans and sweater under the blanket.

Looking around the house he leaves bedroom and goes to search for the stairs. There is always an area like living room and kitchen situated on first floor, right?
Louis isn’t sure though, he hadn’t had this problem before. Never woke up in immediately unrecognizable place.

He finally spots the stairs and goes down them following the sound of voices.

And yep, there he is – a curly nest of hair peeking through the corner of sofa, meaning that Harry must be lying there and who is Louis not to jump on him.

Gemma is the first one to notice him and she smiles widely but others seem to stay blind and Louis uses it to his advantage because he nears the sofa and then jumps on Harry with a loud thud.

And if you ever want to be wise and make smart decisions, please do not jump on others when you almost had your ribs broken one night ago.

Harry squeaks in surprise and flinches but Louis is already groaning at the pain shooting from his side.

“Hey, you alright?” Harry’s worried voice reaches his ears. Louis mumbles a short yes and evens his breathing as the pain starts to disappear.

It’s only when pain is gone does he realise that everything just happened in front of Harry’s parents and he can feel his face turning red.

“Uh, hi?” He says shyly, looking at them and waving awkwardly.

“Oh boy, are you alright?” Anne jumps and Louis laughs at how energetic she always is.

“I’m alright.” Louis nods sitting up and immediately there are Harry’s arms, guiding him up. “You know I’m not a disabled person, right?” He scoffs and Harry tightens his arms around Louis shoulders, sitting up himself.

Louis can already tell that he will be asked if he’s alright so he just nods and looks back at others and immediately meets Gemma’s eyes.

“What happened to you?” She asks attentively and there is always something in the way she looks at him that makes Louis feel smaller than he really is.

“Ugh, a small accident happened when I played.” He shrugs and Gemma looks like she wants to grab him by his sweater and look at the bruise but thankfully she doesn’t try to do this.

Instead she suggests a cup of tea for Louis and he cuddles closer to Harry, listening to the conversation about universities. Louis thanks them when they congratulate him and keeps adding small details to the talk but to be honest he doesn’t really feel that energetic to be talking non-stop.

“Do you think we could go out today?” Harry suggests him in the middle of conversation.

Clock is showing it’s only five but Louis feels like he should be sleeping now so he declines.

And then, when they are about to go to sleep he feels the energy rush.

“I told you we needed to go out. At this time in England you usually have your practice or go to school.” Harry explains it to him while Louis coordinates his weight from one leg to another.

“Well that means I need to go for a run.” He suggests and there is a scoff on Harry’s face as he tries not to argue.
Louis slept all their way to New York and then slept in here while Harry managed to stay awake, knowing very well that it’s the only way he’ll be able to get some sleep at night in different time zone.

But what he didn’t realise was the fact that he was bringing Louis with himself.

“You don’t need to go for a run.” Harry rationalises, hoping that Louis would listen and go to sleep.

But it’s basically just lying to himself because Louis had enough sleep.

“Well I want to go out.” Louis shrugs, looking at Harry expectedly.

*

They ended up going out.

Of course they did. Even though Harry could hardly stay awake he didn’t actually have many choices.

Go with Louis or let him go alone and the second is not even an option.

So that’s basically how they ended up here in the middle of the club, Harry’s hips swinging to the music, holding Louis closer.

At any other time Harry would love it – tight jeans hugging Louis legs so perfectly well, making him look even more perfect but Harry had been awake for more than twenty hours now and all he wanted was to go home.

“Let’s go get some drinks!” Louis shouts to him a huge grin plastered on his face and Harry rolls his eyes but doesn’t say no, not minding getting them drinks as he’s the one with fake ID.

He keeps Louis close to himself, participating in Louis game where he’s spotting all types of people and tries naming how they will end up tonight.

“That guy is staring at us.” Louis whispers, leaning closer to him and Harry is suddenly more awake than ever. He wraps his arms around Louis and looks up trying to spot the guy.

And indeed he’s staring but not at them. He’s staring at Louis and Harry lowers his hands, to grab Louis arse, somehow masking it from the guy’s eyes.

Louis silently watches how the said guy and Harry is having an eye-fight and gulps his drink before deciding it’s time for them to leave.

“Harry, I think we can go.” Louis smiles, tugging Harry’s arm but it doesn’t get any attention. “Harry.” Louis repeats, poking his side this time.

Harry snaps from his staring fight and turns to Louis, looking at him questioningly.

“What?” He asks clearly dumfounded after not hearing the words Louis said.

“I said I want to go back.” Louis repeats, rolling his eyes and Harry hums standing up.

Louis watches how the same guy stands up too and his heart skips a beat. Because this could make Harry cause a scene. Luckily, Harry doesn’t notice it as he’s waiting for their coats and Louis prays that the guy is not so stupid to follow them there.
But he does.

Louis is only few metres away from Harry, waiting for him and guy clearly takes a chance. He steps closer to Louis and he can see that he’s quite good looking. Brown hair styled up, taller than Louis but obviously not as tall as Harry and he’s dressed in simple jeans and shirt – nothing too exceptional except his hungry eyes when he looks at Louis.

“Hi.” Guy breathes, offering Louis a handshake. Louis doesn’t take it but he responds with a small smile. “Aren’t you a cute little thing?” Guy giggles and winks at him, making Louis want to puke.

He glances at Harry but he’s still in the line to get their coats.

“I’m sure he wouldn’t mind.” Guy adds when he notices Louis looking at Harry and almost laughs because there is no one else in this planet who could mind less than Harry.

“He actually would.” Louis answers simply, letting this guy know that whatever he’s expecting to happen is not on his possibilities list.

But he clearly doesn’t get it because one of his arms reaches out for Louis as he puts one of his hands on Louis shoulder.

“Zach.” Harry’s voice is low and the guy’s hand suddenly leaves Louis shoulder alone.

“Harry.” The same guy nods and Louis looks at both of them. There is clearly some unsaid tension and they must be at least acquaintances.

“You two know each other?” Louis asks the only question he can think of and Harry’s hand is immediately over his shoulders, bringing him close to Harry’s chest.

“We’re leaving.” Harry announces more to that Zach guy than to Louis and suddenly Louis wants to know who he is.

“Was just talking,” Zach lifts his arms defensively. “With your bitch of the night.” He smirks and Louis has to physically glue himself to Harry so he won’t jump on the guy.

“Harry, Harry!” He tries to calm him down by gaining his attention, which is a lot harder than someone may think.

Harry is tall, heavy and even if it’s embarrassing to admit Louis is too weak to stop him.

“Don’t you fucking dare address to him like that! Don’t even fucking look at him.” Harry threatens and the guy just snorts.

“Oh, Styles don’t be so stubborn about it. Last time you were here I didn’t hear you complaining about that boy I took from you. You simply turned around and found another.” Zach chuckles and Louis tries to comprehend what he had just heard.

He steps away from Harry and they lock their eyes and the way Harry’s eyes widen he knows there is something behind that.

They don’t talk but Louis mind is already running a marathon, remembering all the times Harry had been alone in New York.

Last time…
Last time was on December when they left Aspen. Was that the last time?

Louis feels his heart quickening its beating and he bites his lip to concentrate on pain rather than the feeling in his chest.

“Oh…” Zach interrupts them and Louis adverts his eyes on him. He looks surprised, shocked even and his eyes are travelling from Louis to Harry as is he’s measuring something. “Oh shit, is that your…” He points at both of them with his finger and then turns around walking away leaving both of them on their own.

This is probably the worst time to do so because Harry is clearly uncomfortable standing here and Louis heart is aching with need to know when the last fucking time was.

“When…” He starts asking but Harry just shakes his head and leads them outside not explaining anything.

And Louis wants to shout at him to explain before they get in car but he’s in New York and without Harry he’s alone, plus he really hates causing scenes.

So they get in a car and Louis almost slaps him but just as he’s about to do so his brain turns on and reminds him that there’s also a driver in here.

They stay silent, keeping on different sides in the backseat of the car. Louis can feel Harry’s eyes on him but he stays stubborn and angry. Or maybe he drowns himself into sorrow, thinking that the last time could have been after Aspen.

And it’s pretty funny how fast all your insecurities can come back to you with a bang. By the time they leave car Louis is already sure it’s his fault, all Harry’s promises were empty and all he wants is to curl under the blanket in his bed and sob until he’s numb and too tired to stay awake.

But somehow he’s holding up and he’s really surprised about it.

They enter the house and everyone is sleeping, after all it’s after 2 a.m. but Harry is no longer tired.

He tries helping Louis with his coat but is pushed away and without talking they go upstairs. Louis is walking behind him and when he enters the bedroom Louis is already in the middle of the room, looking at him with his arms crossed over his chest.

He looks tiny and utterly cute and Harry wants to come closer to comfort and kiss him. But he knows better.

“When was the last time?” Louis finally asks, his voice is shaking and Harry bites his lip before answering.

“Nothing happened.” He replies not giving an answer to what he was asked. But he wants, no, he needs Louis to understand it.

“When?” Louis repeats it, his voice now a bit more in control, wavering from anger.

“After Halloween party.” Harry sighs and it’s wrong. It’s so wrong to be in this position and he wants to tell more but he doesn’t know how because Louis is shaking and he is not sure what he can say to make it better and how much Louis is willing to listen.

“What…” There is a slight pause because Louis voice is shaking and he’s taking deep breaths. “What happened?” He finally asks and Harry breathes with ease because he can tell him that.
if he’s willing to hear.

“I danced with a guy and almost took him with myself. I had known Zach for a long time and he talked that guy into going with him so nothing happened.” Harry explains and he knows the ending is wrong because last three words push something on Louis.

Louis laughs sourly and there are tears forming at the corners of his eyes but Harry can just stand there and watch without moving.

“You went with other guy and you say nothing happened?!” Louis shouts at him and there are tears falling down his eyes.

“I didn’t go with him anywhere.” Harry repeats and he sounds stupid. He knows he does. But it’s the only thing he can hold on.

And there is a stinging pain on his cheek when Louis slaps him and he tries to hold his wrists as Louis throws punches into his chest.

“I fucking hate you! You fucking asshole!” He is repeating same words over and over again and Harry lets him. Harry lets him do this until Louis is sobbing so hard he can’t even scream and then he holds him closer letting him cry.

“You don’t have a right to act like this towards me when you’re going behind my back.” Louis finally tells him and Harry can do nothing but to agree.

“I know, I know, I love you. I don’t think I could’ve gone with him, we just danced, I promise.” Harry promises him and Louis looks up, his blue eyes so sad it makes Harry flinch.

“I want to be alone.” Louis finally says, separating himself from Harry’s embrace and standing up.

“I can sleep in guest room.” Harry immediately nods but Louis shakes his head in disagreement.

“I won’t force you outside.” He shrugs going to the bathroom to clean up and Harry is both surprised and grateful Louis didn’t kick him out.

* 

Harry turns around and punches a pillow groaning at how uncomfortable he is.

Sleeping on the ground was not what he expected when Louis said he could stay in his bedroom tonight.

Well yes, it looked weird that Louis would allow him to sleep with him but for God’s sake there was a sofa in his room! But no, Louis put their bags on that soda and claimed that Harry couldn’t sleep on it because of it.

And he knows he’s worth it, okay? You don’t dance with someone and almost get laid while being with someone else but the thing is – he and Louis weren’t together. They had sex but they haven’t been in relationship.

Harry hates himself for thinking that way because he knows it’s his fault but he’s so tired and he can’t fall asleep and he knows that Louis can hear him turning from one side to another not getting any sleep because in the middle of the night he turned around and smiled to him, asking if everything was alright.

And it’s okay, he can have his revenge all he wants but Harry is too tired. And his back is hurting.
He finally manages to fall asleep but it’s only for a few hours and then he’s being woken up by Louis, who walks around the room, banging all the drawers and Harry groans.

“Wake up and go make me breakfast.” Louis demands and Harry opens his eyes to look at him.

Louis is standing with his arms on his hips and looks pissed off and Harry swallows all his complain and stands up, stretching his back that is aching in pain.

He looks at Louis but his boyfriend just arches his eyebrows.

“Hurry up, I’m hungry and I want to go out.” He adds and Harry drags his body downstairs.

There’s only Gemma sitting and reading something.

“Did you die?” She asks when she sees Harry but he doesn’t waste his energy in replying. Instead he turns around and starts making scrambled eggs. The easiest recipe he can think off.

“Oh, and I want those banana pancakes.” Louis adds when he joins them in the kitchen and Harry almost throws the pan out of the window.

“I’ve already made eggs.”

“So?” Louis asks and holds his stare until Harry turns around and starts to make those fucking pancakes. He’s almost done when Louis starts opening cupboards and it is strange and probably he should take this as a clue that something is wrong but only when Louis is back in his seat with bowl of cereal does he realise that he had been making pancakes for no reason.

Harry looks at him and wants to force fucking pancakes down Louis throat but he just grips the pan tighter and puts them all in the plate, covering it with another one.

“Great! Now that you’re finally done we can go out.” Louis smiles cheerily and Gemma snorts.

She has been here, watching them the whole time and Louis was surprised that she didn’t snap but was grateful for it nonetheless.

On the other hand, Harry looked like he was not going to keep it up for much longer. He squeezed his eyes any time Louis said something and he could feel he was nearing stepping over the line.

*

Their first stop is rather touristic.

Louis lets Harry decide where they are going so they end up in car driving to Brooklyn Bridge. He first thinks they are driving because Harry is too tired but when they reach a bridge he’s thankful for it because Louis can’t see the end of it and he’s sure that by the time they get back he will be too tired not to get in the car.

There is an unsaid tension between them. Louis of course is angry but now all his angriness started to wear off because he thinks Harry learnt the lesson and at the same time Harry is too tired to function properly so they walk through the bridge and Louis lets Harry take as many pictures as he wants because it keeps them from awkward silence or even worse, an awkward conversation.

Usually, they would talk it all out and had sex but unfortunately Louis was genius and decided to go out.
They walk next to each other, not even holding hands as Harry is always gripping his camera to take snaps and both pretend to be very fascinated by the view they forget to talk.

And it’s such a bullshit thing Louis wants to curse and he’s sure Harry too.

When they reach the end of the bridge Harry asks him to stand and smile as he takes photos of him from the different angles and Louis does his best to smile nicely and not complain.

“You look beautiful.” Harry praises him looking at the pictures.

“Thank you.” Louis smiles and it’s so fake his smile almost goes to grimace.

“Okay, are you hungry yet?” He asks, putting his camera away and taking Louis hand.

He wants to mumble finally because he had been aching to get some acknowledgement from Harry and he makes sure Harry knows it, scooting closer to him for a hug.

“It doesn’t matter, we can go home.” He offers and it’s a white flag, a peace offer.

Harry smiles and nods, letting him know he understood what it meant.

“Let’s go then, there is a neighbourhood called Dumbo we can eat there.” Harry starts to lead the way, telling him all about that area full of different places he likes.

They end up in a cosy and most importantly warm place called Brooklyn Roasting Company and Louis immediately insists on getting a steaming hot cup of coffee because he’s shivering.

Maybe from all spectacular view while walking and the tension between them he numbed the coldness but now he can feel just how wintery New York is.

So they end up snacking on baked goods there and share their drinks while staying closer to each other and Harry asks one of the working baristas to take photo of them and she is generous enough to take more than one.

Louis personal favourite is where he buried his face in Harry’s shirt but still peeked at the camera and he knows it’s not manly at all but he looks so warm in this picture and Harry, despite his dark bags under the eyes, is smiling softly while looking down at him.

“I love you.” He murmurs it to Harry’s ear as they go through the pictures and for a moment the tension disappears and is replaced by lightness and love they feel for one another.

Harry pecks his lips and stands up, offering him a hand.

“Let’s go, let me take you home.” He smiles, helping him get the coat on.

They spend the rest of the walk through the bridge close to each other. Or to be more specific, Louis almost glues himself to Harry, who works as a heating and when they get back and catch the car he manages to get under Harry’s coat, which humours the curly boy so much he can’t stop giggling and taking pictures.

“You’re just like a puppy that wants to be cuddled.” He repeats over and over again until they are at the front door and the whole sparkly feeling disappears as they are brought back to reality.

And Louis honestly questions himself why can’t they just forget everything that had happened and live on but there’s something on his chest and he has to get it off. And he’s more than grateful that Harry gets it. He understands the need to talk everything through to make sure everything is
alright.

So that’s how they end up sitting on the edge of the bed next to one another, words on tips of their tongues but neither of them daring to break the silence.

“I just want you to know that I would never cheat.” Harry finally says and Louis wants to laugh that just yesterday he thought about it as a possible thing to happen.

Of course Harry wouldn’t cheat on him. Louis has dragged his sleeping body through whole New York and hadn’t heard any complaints. Plus, he doesn’t have much to give to Harry besides himself and he was never asked for something more than himself.

“And I’m sorry that I’ve forced you to sleep on the ground.” He apologises, bumping Harry’s shoulder with his own. Though due to the size difference it’s not a shoulder but a bicep he bumps into.

“It’s alright, I deserved it.” Harry smiles to him and Louis nods.

“You did.”

There is a slight pause and then both of them breaks in small giggles that turn into loud and honest laugh. Louis can’t stop and when he does, his chest and stomach is hurting and he falls down on the mattress giggling while Harry is lying on his side, smiling at him widely.

“I love you so so much.” Harry presses kisses all over Louis face and he moans because it’s so fucking good to have all Harry’s attention on him.

“Just so you know, I am wearing panties.” Louis mentions and Harry breaks down in giggles again.

“God, you’re so perfect.”

“That’s why they call me God in the first place, Styles.” Louis jokes and somehow without any conscious actions they end up in each other arms, Louis, as always, the smaller spoon.

“Do you mind if I get some sleep?” Harry asks yawning at the same time Louis does.

You see, there is a huge disadvantage to be used to something because when you don’t get it you might not feel fulfilled and wouldn’t be able to handle simple tasks.

For example, Louis is so used to sleeping with Harry he couldn’t fall asleep at night too. He has definitely gotten more sleep than Harry but not that much either, so he agrees for a midday nap and happily closes his eyes, getting lost in Harry’s embrace.

*

Louis wakes up fairly after the lunch time, clock is showing 7 o’clock and Harry is still lightly snoring next to Louis, which is very amusing as he never gets to wake him up or to wake up next to him.

He doubts Harry will be very excited if he woke him up but oh sweet revenge for all those mornings.

Louis is about to jump on him when Harry opens his eyes and looks at him perplexed and curious on what he’s doing.
“What…?” Harry looks at him strangely and Louis plots himself next to him his previous idea destroyed.

“Wanted to wake you up.” He pouts and Harry spreads his arms, inviting him for a hug. “You smell.” He complains when Harry buries him in a hug.

There is a low chuckle and Louis can feel it through vibrating chest because he is shaking together with Harry’s body.

“Let’s go to the shower then?” Harry suggests rolling them over so Louis is underneath him and if it's not a promising position Louis doesn’t know what promising position could be.

“Now?” He asks, wrapping his legs around Harry’s hips and smiling seductively.

“Yes now.” Harry chuckles again, pressing a smile on his nose. “I want to take you somewhere.” He adds and it's the only thing stopping Louis from complaining. And maybe just a promising smirk on Harry’s face that they could do something while showering.

* 

“Where are we going again?” Louis asks for the hundredth time because Harry is just smiling as if they are going to the greatest adventure but isn’t telling him a word besides ‘you’ll see’ or ‘you’ll like it’.

Louis is at least thankful he’s not covering his eyes.

New York is already surrounded in darkness and they are walking in some kind of direction only known for Harry.

It takes about thirty or forty minutes and the only good thing about it is that they walk as a couple and not in silence. Louis is sure that he’s glowing because he feels cheery and happy, especially when people (very few but still) notices them as a couple and are nice enough to smile at them.

They finally stop in front of the Empire State building and Louis lifts his eyebrows looking at Harry quizzically.

“So you brought me to Fifth Avenue?” He asks looking around and Harry just rolls his eyes dragging him inside the building.

First idea in Louis head is that it’s already close and he is mortified that Harry might have asked or paid to keep it open longer but then he sees more people inside and breaths easier.

“It’s amazing at this time and not a lot people around.” Harry explains dragging them to the elevator.

Louis follows like a lost puppy because that’s how you are when you are in unfamiliar place and Harry seems to know his way around very well.

“Do you bring all your dates here?” Louis wonders out loud and he suddenly smashes his face into Harry’s shoulder. “Oi…” he complains rubbing his sore cheek but Harry just glares.

What an attentive boyfriend.

“I don’t usually do dates, considering it’s my first time in relationship like this.” Harry sounds offended and Louis immediately regrets his joke.
He knows Harry didn’t date anyone like he does now. Yeah, both of them had short flings for a couple of weeks but nothing too serious. Nothing that made them want to have future with someone.

“I was joking.” Louis sighs and stands on his toes to kiss Harry’s jaw. It’s the highest he can reach, ok?

Harry responds with a nod and leads them to the cashier, getting tickets for both of them. It still makes Louis feel like a girl in their relationship but he has grown used to it. After so many trust talks Harry had given to him he just gave up and went with it, admitting that it’s not actually that bad.

Though it still hurts his pride sometimes.

“I could’ve paid for it.” He complains and Harry glares at him. He glares back and they stand in the middle of room having a glaring fight until someone tries to push them away with a rude mumble under their breath.

“I wanted to take you here as it’s a special place I love to come.” Harry explains leading the way for them and indeed when they get to the observation deck Louis almost glues himself to the window and only a click of camera brings him back.

He turns around and looks at Harry who is holding his camera with a huge grin on his face.

“You look very cute.” He beams and Louis shows him his middle finger.

He’s not cute, he’s manly looking and very fit guy, thank you and bye.

Harry laughs at his childish behaviour and takes his hand leading him outside to a balcony they have and the view is so special and spectacular Louis ignores the harsh window blowing and just stares at the New York under his feet.

“You like it?” Harry asks, his long and strong arms hugging Louis body from behind.

“I love it.” He breathes, turning his face to give Harry a kiss.

“And I love you.” Harry smiles leaning in to kiss Louis with his frozen lips. Not very sexy but it’s still hot.

They deepen the kiss and Louis tries to ignore how its uncomfortable to stay on his toes but that’s how you pay for height difference they have. He’s sure Harry’s neck is cracking because of constant leaning in.

“Let me take picture of you.” Harry insists when they step back. Sadly they have to part for breathing, especially in this cold air.

“We could ask someone to take picture of us.” Louis suggests and they look around spotting only one bodyguard. The perks of visiting Empire State building at midnight, Louis thinks to himself while Harry is talking with said bodyguard.

He comes back with him and Louis stands on his toes while they are being photographed because this is the one he would like Harry to post and no way he’s going to look like a five year old next to Harry.

“Wipe this grin off your face, Styles.” He pouts when Harry clearly notices what he has been doing.
“I just love you so so much.” He smiles, taking Louis in his hands and turning them around.

Louis knows it’s crazy to think this way but if that’s how they are going to be five weeks, five months and five years later, he’s already in paradise.

Chapter End Notes

As always, don’t forget to leave Kudos if you haven’t yet and let me know what you think about this chapter my leaving comments <3 <3 <3
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

There's only two words to describe this chapter - ...Shameless smut...

Chapter Notes

Hello my loves and thank you all for opening this chapter and reading it.

If you are also going through the notes than wow you are an amazing person hope you do have a great day/evening/morning/night, basically anything you need and thank you for your devotion.

<3 <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s the last night of their visit in New York and overall Louis can do nothing but smile at how special Harry made these few days to be.

They visited all the cosy "real" New Yorkers places Harry insisted to go and besides that they went on their full touristic mode visiting museums and monuments. And if Louis were completely honest to himself he did manage to fall in love with New York and feel the city’s spirit.

Anyways, New York was kind of perfect but there was something that still clouded Louis mind and broke his spirit a bit.

He had this question he had been meaning to ask for a long time but he didn’t think he could accept the answer if it was upsetting.

It had been nagging him during all their trip and now when they were about to leave Louis couldn’t close his eyes without upsetting images appearing in his eyes. Harry dancing with other guys, Harry kissing other guys and the fear that Harry might have had sex with other guys.

And Louis is not naïve. Of course Harry had had sex with other guys or girls. Before starting their sex fling that turned into relationship Louis hadn’t been so virgin himself but it’s the timing that he’s afraid of.

Harry said he hadn’t gone home with anybody that night in New York after Halloween’s party but how about before? Or even after? When? With who? How many people had Harry slept with?

Louis kept turning and churning with no chance to fall asleep.

“Louis, I swear I fall asleep for like five minutes and then you are waking me up.” Harry complained from the different side of the bed and indeed, their usual cuddly sleeping was replaced by Louis not finding comfortable place and disturbing both of their sleep.
“Sorry.” He apologized but it was like an empty promise because it was clear that Louis was not getting any sleep for a couple more hours at least.

“What’s wrong?” Harry asked turning to face him.

Even though he was extremely tired Harry couldn’t expect to get a proper night sleep like this and without Louis curled next to him it was pointless to try.

Louis blushed not daring to talk honestly under Harry’s stare.

“Nothing.” He mumbled and Harry groaned.

“Louis!” Harry hissed and sighed, clearly annoyed. It was too late not to be angry for that and even if Harry was concerned he was grumpy when sleepy.

There was silence for a while after Harry’s remark and he started to feel really bad for shouting at his boyfriend. After all, he knew that sometimes Louis could get overly stressed for some things and needed a hand.

“Louis, please, let’s talk this out or we both won’t get any proper sleep.” Harry reasoned watching how skinny Louis shoulders moved as the boy sighed.

“You wouldn’t cheat on me?” Louis whispered, taking Harry completely off guard.

Cheating on Louis is something Harry never thought about and now when he did he feels gross and there is an unpleasant feeling in his stomach.

“Why would I ever cheat on you?” Harry answered with question that unintentionally sounded like an accusation.

Louis shoulders sulked in and Harry sat up to reach for the light and turn it on. Dim light coloured the room and Harry could clearly see Louis face again. Blue eyes stared into his green ones, looking haunted and sad. Warning bells rang in Harry’s head immediately because it meant Louis was serious. More serious than he thought when he heard the question.

“Who gave you this idea?” Harry asked already knowing the answer or at least thinking he did.

“That story…” Louis bit his lip and shook his head, looking down – a sign he was upset.

Harry stretched his arms, putting them on Louis mid-waist, bringing the boy closer.

“With Zach?” Louis nodded confirming his theory and Harry sighed in annoyance because he thought they were already over it. “I just danced with that guy.” Harry repeated the words he had said few days ago and Louis stiffened.

“I’m sorry.” He apologized and Harry knew that they were heading wrong direction. Louis was closing up and if he left him doubting on this… Harry didn’t want to know what if.

“There is nothing to be sorry for, it’s usually me always overreacting for no reason.” Harry joked and Louis looked up, making him forget whatever the problem was. Harry stared in Louis eyes, his guts churning in pleasant way, red lips looking teasingly kissable and he leaned in for a kiss not completely aware that Louis was replying something.

A giggle escaping Louis lips brought Harry back to reality. “Who said you had no reason?” Louis teased and it’s all it took for Harry’s mind to get clouded in possessiveness.
“You’re mine.” Harry insisted and usually he would get punched for referring to Louis as a thing but now the smaller boy just smiled and buried his face into the crook of Harry’s neck.

“I am.” He admitted and Harry breathed in the perfect and intoxicating smell of Louis. “But Harry,” Louis added looking up, eyes back to being sad. “You wouldn’t cheat?” He repeated the question and there was a taste of betrayal on tip of Harry’s tongue.

He wanted Louis to trust him not to doubt him.

“I would never cheat on you. I never did and I never will.” Harry said his eyes serious and stern. “I would be a fool to let go of someone perfect like you and I am not kidding when I say that I love you, Louis. The thought of someone else… Is simply disgusting.” Harry finished his long speech and Louis face coloured in red.

“But… Did you… You know, slept with others…?” Louis stuttered the question out and Harry couldn’t call it somehow different but cute.

“What do you mean?” Harry asked as he lifted Louis body, putting him in his lap.

“When we started… To you know… Ugh! You know what I’m talking about!” Louis shouted admitting his defeat and hid his face in his palms. Harry watched him in admiration.

“No. No I didn’t.” He said ignoring how low his voice sounded.

“Me neither.” Louis nodded and they shared a smile.

“I love you.” Harry pointed out and Louis shifted in his lap, making him close his eyes in pleasure.

“Show me how much.” Louis whispered to his ear seductively and Harry could never deny a request like this.

He lifted Louis face up and pressed his lips to Louis’, containing a smile when Louis parted his lips and moved his hips moaning loudly. Harry immediately took the lead, wrapping his slender fingers around Louis wrists, turning them around so he would be on top of him.

There is a thump in his chest and he still feels it – the whole awareness thing not to crush Louis while he’s underneath him and Harry knows it’s not possible but that’s how Louis looks like when he’s trapped under Harry.

On the other hand, this is the feeling Louis loves the most. Being under Harry is safe. There’s not much space, Harry is blocking everything and it’s basically like being under the rock just that Harry is his rock.

“You look so hot.” Harry whispered, going down on him, his fingers already playing with Louis pyjama pants, tugging them down by a millimetre and Louis was waiting for Harry to remove them completely or at least partly because he knew that Harry will love what he’ll find underneath them.

And indeed, there is a loud gasp when Harry takes the pants off and sees Louis arse covered in satin panties.

“Oh my God…” He whispers and moans and doesn’t know how else to react to this beautiful views. “You are perfect.” He mumbles his face sinking between Louis arse cheeks, his nose brushing against the satin.
“I would be also happy if there were any action.” Louis complained, wiggling his ass more than its necessary knowing exactly what it did to Harry.

Curly boy got almost animalistic, ripping the panties, making a hole in them so he didn’t have to take them off. He shut Louis complain with a kiss not letting the smaller lad to scowl at Harry. He kissed him with more passion, grabbed his body with more eagerness until Louis completely forgot what he wanted to say and how he should do it. His brain was too occupied to form actual sentences or words especially when slender lubed fingers entered him aiming straight for his prostate.

Harry smiled at the view under him – Louis grabbing the sheets, moaning his name, begging for more, enjoying the pleasure Harry has been giving him while being completely under Harry’s control.

Ironically enough they ended up in missionary and in the few moments of sanity Louis called Harry a traditional man only to get his brains fucked out seconds later in the same missionary, his wrists above his head and drops of sweat forming on his forehead.

They both came hard. Harder than they had in a while and Harry counted it as a victory and a sign that there was no tension lingering between them. He brought the wet cloth to clean them up and Louis was barely conscious when he did that.

He murmured something under his breath and grabbed the corner of the blanket then rolled over so he was wrapped in it as a Louis burrito. Harry giggled at the thought of it and then laid down ignoring how uncomfortable it was to get only a small corner of the blanket for him. Usually he would force Louis into pyjama or get another blanket but there was no time and the exhaustion he had felt came back, letting him fall asleep under these circumstances.

*

Louis was practically running.

They were late but this by no means was his fault. He refused to admit that it was his fault. If anyone were to blame here it’s Harry’s parents.

Just as the both boys were leaving, Anne blocked the front door with a huge smile on her face shouting for Harry’s father to join. When he did she gave a nice speech about future and how she hopes for them to last long, how she’s happy Harry has Louis and then…

They have given them a key.

Or how they called it – an early graduation present which is basically the apartment in London that they bought for them. And Louis is not kidding when he says for them.

They put his name under the papers right next to Harry’s and it was very awkward to get an apartment without deserving it, just because you are a boyfriend of somebody. So yeah, Louis’ mind got clouded and Harry had to have a conversation with him to calm him down and reassure him that he was just as worthy for it as Harry, who did nothing else but got parents with more money.

“God’s sake, Lou!” Harry tugged his wrist and Louis came back to reality, looking around this overcrowded airport.

He focused his eyes back on Harry, who was walking so fast he was already few meters away and Louis had not to walk rushingly but to run awkwardly.
“Wait for me, will you!” Harry gave him a look and if not the situation Louis would rip his eyes out of his skull. “I have small legs.” He added annoyed and Harry slowed down.

And with that slowing down they made it to the plane with few minutes to spare which is why Louis was glaring at Harry.

It amused the hell out of Harry. He wanted to coo over the fact that Louis couldn’t go in the same pace as he did because he did have small legs and also Louis looked cute when he pretended to be angry.

Or when he was angry.

It didn’t really matter because they both know that no matter what the argument is about or what the situation is about Louis will get to win because Harry would simply give up or couldn’t stay too angry when Louis pouted.

Unless he was jealous and possessive, Louis learned it in a hard way that Harry didn’t care about Louis' face expressions when he was jealous.

“So…” Harry started the conversation and Louis starred, trying not to blink. “Are you ignoring me now?” He asked and Louis did blink, afraid to risk his eyes tearing up. “Feisty, huh?” Harry teased and if they weren’t in plain Louis would throw something at him.

“Fuck you.” Louis mumbled, looking away, smiling at the flight attendant, it was a guy and Louis must have thought about this before smiling.

“I will fuck you right in this place if you won’t quit it.” Harry threatened and Louis was embarrassed. The flight attendant who stopped in front of them, probably trying to offer them snacks looked horrified and he turned around probably running away.

Louis bit his lip not knowing how he should feel. Maybe humiliated? Or scared? Or angry? He didn’t know but what he knew was that his dick was not supposed to be hard now.

“So…” Harry repeated with a smile on his face and Louis could never explain how Harry didn’t get embarrassed in situations like these. “Want to cuddle under the blanket?” He asked a smirk on his face and Louis jumped at the possibility of get off in the plain while under the soft blanket.

“What if that guy walks again?” He asks looking around as Harry’s fingers are already working on the zipper of his jeans.

He’s warm and he’s hard pressed to Harry’s chest, secured from other eyes with a blanket, not that there were a lot of people. Louis still didn’t know if they had a privet plane or there just simply weren’t people flying from NYC to London.

“Then I will lift the blanket and show him the view.” Harry whispered to his ear and then pulled Louis jeans down, furrowing his brows when he touched the skin but not the briefs he was expecting to find. “Why are you not wearing any…?”

“You ripped my panties.” Louis shrugged.

“And?”

“And I didn’t have other panties.” Louis explained Harry a logical fact as if he was too dumb to understand it by himself.
“God, I love you.” Harry whispered, tugging Louis cock and smaller lad hid his face in Harry’s chest as it was the only way of muffling his moans. “Silent, love.” Harry whispered comforting words his hand working on getting Louis off.

It was torturous to Louis because Harry didn’t rush this, he knew that they had plenty of time and he reminded Louis to stay silent which forced him to bite his lip until it really hurt.

Louis was not aware of anything happening around them, only the smell of Harry, the pleasure and the warmness of the blanket that was covering him.

“Now, be a good boy and stay silent.” Harry whispered into his ear and Louis breathing hitched as Harry lifted his hand, asking for a flight attendant, tugging his cock at the same time.

He never knew that public sex was something exciting but now Louis had to think about really sad things not to come.

“Can I get a glass of water and maybe a cup of tea for my boyfriend, he’ll be thirsty when he wakes up.” Harry smiled nicely at the guy, gripping Louis dick so hard he swear he could hear him moan. Harry faked a cough as the guy walked away and then adverted his eyes back to Louis.

“Harry…” Louis whimpered, his blue eyes wide opened and few tears prickling in them.

“Shhh…” Harry brushed his free hand against the frame of Louis he could see over the blanket. “Let’s not rush things, close your eyes baby.” Harry looked at Louis demandingly and its all it took for Louis to follow the order.

He tried breathing normally but Harry’s hand was not helping it.

“Stay silent.” Harry told him again as the footsteps came closer and the flight attendant left the drinks Harry asked for.

Louis had no idea why he would ask for tea and water in a moment like this and he opened his eyes to ask but Harry was already looking at him.

“Turn over in my lap.” He ordered and Louis looked at him quizzically, not moving an inch. “Lou,” Harry took a breath, taking his boyfriends wrists into his hands. Louis moaned at the loss of friction on his dick and Harry almost lost his control. He took a deep breath to calm himself down and nodded, looking back at Louis. “Turn over, now.” He repeated and Louis looked so fucked out, he whimpered while he fulfilled Harry’s request.

Now he was lying on top of Harry, his head on Harry’s shoulder and his bum on Harry’s stomach. Not comfortable position and he’d rather be back on Harry’s chest, sitting in his lap. Plus, Harry couldn’t reach his dick now as it was pressed to his stomach.

Louis wanted to start complaining but he knew this was not the right moment for it, so he waited and he was surprised when Harry’s hands moved down, tugging his jeans down so his arse would be naked.

“It’s not lube but it should work.” Harry mumbled to his ear, pressing a kiss on that line connecting neck and jaw and Louis moved his hips, letting out a tiny moan.

With that Harry’s lips were completely gone, his face was trapped in Harry’s fingers and harshly turned to face Harry.

“Stay silent and be good.” Harry looked at him angrily and Louis nodded.
“I’ll be good.” He promised and his face came back to the previous position. He was anxiously waiting for Harry to start and breathed out when one wet finger brushed against his rim.

Without any warning it went in and Louis, against his own will, buckled his hips. It was definitely better than moaning but he still earned a pinch on his ass cheek from Harry.

“If you don’t listen I’ll stop, are we clear?” Harry’s voice sounded angry and Louis mumbled out an apology, gripping on Harry’s shirt harder and biting his lip harsher. He’ll be lucky if he won’t break the skin.

He stayed glued on Harry’s side, not daring to move an inch, not daring to breathe properly as Harry fingered him, splitting him wide open in the best way Louis could imagine. It lasted not for a very long until the orgasm started to build up and Louis whimpered, hoping he’ll gain Harry’s attention this way.

It worked. Harry looked at him sternly but he soon caught up on why Louis broke the rule. He nodded and grabbed tissues bringing them to Louis cock.

“Come.” Harry demanded, pressing on Louis prostate and he gasped and whimpered and teared up as the pleasure took over his body.

Harry kept looking at him sternly, not showing any sign of happiness Louis is partly thankful for that because otherwise he wouldn’t have resisted and screamed. Son instead Louis bit Harry’s shoulder and moved his hips in small thrusts, his fingers wrapping around Harry’s biceps probably leaving bruises there.

When Louis stopped orgasming he slowly untangled his fingers and removed his head, leaving it to rest on Harry’s chest. He was powerless and motionless, feeling drained and complete after the orgasm he was just given.

He ignored how Harry moved around, probably hiding or throwing the tissues out, though he could recall the small wet place on Harry’s black jeans he felt when he tried to reach out for Harry’s cock.

He figured it could only mean that Harry cum too and with that thought he fell asleep.

*  

There is a soft fingers caressing Louis cheek when he comes back to being conscious again.

“Hey love.” A sweet voice whispers and it’s the only reason Louis is not scrunching his nose and not turning around to fall asleep again.

He opens his eyes and meets green irises.

There is an unfamiliar place and he sits up, looking around.

Right, they are in the plane, flying from NYC to London and Louis must have fallen asleep.

Yeah, he can remember lying on top of Harry and… And…

Louis looks at Harry mortified and Harry seems to be having a lot of fun watching him, collecting the memories of what they did before he fell asleep.

“Your tea is cold now but I can order another one.” Harry suggests with a shrug of his shoulders and Louis wants to punch those shoulders.
Harry laughs, probably reading Louis expression way too well.

“You’ve been asleep for about three hours and I believe you must be starving.” Harry tries again but he’s clearly on the verge of bursting in laughter.

“Fuck you.” Louis mumbles, tugging the blanket closer to himself and indeed Harry bursts out laughing.

“I did fuck you, if I remember correctly.” Harry shrugs and Louis rolls his eyes. This comeback is used by Harry so often it’s not even annoying anymore.

“Next time I’ll be sitting at the other end of plane.” Louis pouts and Harry has this wide loving smile on his face that he gets when Louis is being sassy. “And order me some food.” He adds demandingly, rolling on the other side, hiding his face under the pillow.

He doesn’t get asleep though. He listens to Harry speaking as the curly boy orders food for both of them and he thinks about complaining that he wanted something else but decided against it because he really didn’t.

“Why is it me getting fucked when I smile to the guy but it’s nothing for you when you’re the one talking to him?” Louis complains playfully and Harry looks genuinely surprised by his strange question.

“You want to fuck me?” Harry furrows his brows and Louis blushes.

“No.” He shakes his head. “But I still think you’re overreacting.” He shrugs, crossing his arms on his chest.

He watches with a corner of his eyes how Harry leans closer and soon enough he can feel his breathing close to his ear.

“You have no idea how you look like, do you?” Harry chuckles and Louis heart speeds, “You have no idea how much others would give to have you and that’s why I must protect you.” Harry reasons and Louis gulps before answering.

“I’m a basic guy.” He mumbles and Harry glares.

“I think I will fuck you in front of a mirror so you’ll realize how perfect you are.” Harry whispers to his ear and Louis almost demands for a kiss, sadly they are interrupted by the same guy, who’s now holding plates with food Harry had ordered.

* 

They land on London ground safely and Louis takes a deep breath of British air ignoring Harry, who laughs at him for doing so.

There is a couple of hours drive to their home and it doesn’t take much persuasion to make Louis stay in London for the night.

It’s is harder with his mum but he lets Harry deal with it because Harry is the charmer and it takes one minute for him to persuade Louis mother. He shows Louis thumbs-up and gives him a key from their now-to-be-home together with the address.

“That place might not have any furniture.” Louis whispers to him but Harry shushes him with a glare, carrying on the conversation with Louis mother about the Brooklyn Bridge and their walk.
Louis rolls his eyes, ignoring the fact that his boyfriend and his mother are now chat buddies and navigates them through London to their new place.

“You know that we can die if you talk on your phone while driving?” Louis complained when Harry finally finished the conversation.

“No, we can die if I crash into something, talking on the phone does no harm.”

“Yes it does, it distracts you.” Louis rolled his eyes, continuing on their bickering.

“Your beauty distracts me more than your mother on the phone.” Harry flirts and Louis snorts to mask his reddening cheeks.

They keep on teasing each other and mocking each other until they reach the place and goes completely silent when they see the building. Harry, who already has the key for their underground parking, uses it, and they sit in silence until they are parked and walking to the elevator.

“I didn’t think they’ll go…” Harry breaths at a loss of words and Louis just hums because he knows what Harry is talking about.

They expected a small flat in the middle-class neighbourhood of London or maybe something more expensive taking into the fact that it was Harry’s parents.

But neither of them expected it to be in the centre of London. This place should have cost a fortune. Not that Louis minds but… But it’s uncomfortable.

“Alright… So this key is for the elevator and if I understand right then it’ll take us to our floor.” Harry says pressing the number of what they previous thought was the door number but apparently 24 is their floor number.

“Well… That’s not what I’ve expected.” Louis admits because like five months ago he scrolled through cheap rents and looked at job offers to keep up with the rent. And no they had an apartment in the centre of London where some celebrities or millionaires lived.

“Me neither. Not that I expected it to be somehow shabby but…” Harry stops and shrugs. “Not this.”

“Yeah, press the number golden boy.” Louis giggles and watches as Harry works with the key.

“Shut up.” Harry complains when it works only from the 2nd try.

“Yeah yeah, let’s go and meet our home.” Louis laughs and glues himself to Harry’s side as they are waiting for the elevator to stop.

It does.

And when the door opens they look around with the wide eyes.

“This must be a joke they pulled on us.” Harry breaths desperately and Louis laughs.

Then Harry joins and they are laughing so hard Louis ends up clutching his stomach and Harry has tears in his eyes.

“Jesus Christ.” Louis giggled, looking around.
“Mhm, he might be somewhere.” Harry adds and Louis snorts because he wouldn’t be surprised.

You see, when they came up they met with a hallway, decorated with very disturbing portraits of some historical events and they look creepy.

“We should sell this place and move to somewhere else without telling your parents.” Louis suggests and he can feel Harry nodding as his curls moves on Louis forehead.

“Or we can redecorate it.” Harry suggests and takes his hand as they go through this apartment together.

It’s spacious, Louis must admit. And he doesn’t mind living in here once they change everything because there is a damn Jesus portrait in the kitchen and it’s so disturbing they decide to stay in hotel for the night.

Harry contacts the certain people and gets the plan of their house, trying to figure out the changes. Louis lets him do this as he watches re-runs of Scandal and interrupts only when he asks for a huge mirror in their house.

It takes a couple of minutes for Harry to understand why he’s asking this but when he does… When he does he grabs Louis by his hips and makes him a moaning mess.

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There is an annoying alarm and Louis reaches out for his phone to turn it off.

“It’s mine.” Harry stops him from moving and he hears shuffling before the sound is gone. “Alright, it’s six so if you want we can wait for breakfast time to start or we can buy something on our way.” Harry tells him but Louis declines to wake up.

He simply closes his eyes tighter and hides his face in the pillow.

“Love, I know that you are tired but we have to get going if you want to get to your practice on time. You suggested it yesterday.” Harry reminds him and Louis wants to kill him.

“Stop talking to me as I’m a child, I’m older than you.” Louis snaps and Harry barely pays attention because Louis always snaps in the early mornings like that.

Much to Harry’s dislike they get their breakfast from McDonald’s drive thru and Harry’s really testing his own patience because Louis keeps being a brat.

He changes all radio stations, complaining that there’s nothing good and then goes through CDs mocking Harry’s choice when most of them belong to Louis.

The final straw is when Louis complains that Harry got better breakfast than he did even though they got the same damn thing and insists of them stopping somewhere so he can get something more.

“You can’t get anything more or your stomach will hurt during your practice.” Harry reasons and Louis screams.

“Stop the car, I’m leaving.” He insists, trying to open the door and Harry has to stop the car and grab the door.

His heart is beating fast and he’s so lucky there aren’t many cars or they could have ended up badly. He drives away from the driveway to the parking spot and looks at Louis angrily.
“I’m not sorry.” Louis shrugs as if he did nothing wrong and Harry completely loses it.

“Go to the backseat.” He tells and Louis shakes his head.

“I won’t.”

“Go to the fucking backseat or I’ll drag you there by myself.” He threatens and Louis looks at him persistently.

It’s obvious that he won’t follow Harry’s request but that barely concerns Harry because he gets outside and walks around the car opening passenger seat and grabbing Louis by his hands, literally pulling him out of the car.

“Don’t you fucking…” Louis starts complaining but stops when Harry traps him between the car door and his body.

“I dare you to finish the sentence.” Harry spats and Louis shuts up. He lowers his shoulders and Harry backseat door for him to go in there.

Louis climbs inside and Harry doesn’t waste time to get inside next to him.

“Now, I know this is not very comfortable for you but I don’t actually give a fuck so get over my knees and let’s teach you a lesson, shall we?” Harry talks slowly, as if marking each word.

Louis being as feisty as he is crosses his arms and looks away not saying a word and that may be the last thing Harry needed him to do.

He’s pulled on Harry’s lap and there are a hand wrapping around his neck, pulling him down on that lap so he couldn’t move. It doesn’t choke him but it makes him feel vulnerable and that’s what Harry wants him to feel.

Louis squirms as Harry sucks a bruise on his neck and he hates his own body for responding so well to Harry’s touches because he’s already hard and this is humiliating.

“Get over my knees.” Harry demands one he’s done sucking Louis neck and he can already feel the bruise forming but he’s too stubborn to submit. So he doesn’t.

“If you done I’d like to get back to my seat.” Louis simply says and there is a deadly pause, he’s not sure but he doubts that during this pause Harry is even breathing and then there are strong arms on his body and he tries to fight how Harry flips him over but there is no point.

Harry is stronger, taller and Louis is kind of trapped.

“You won’t have the power in your body to get back in your seat when I’m done with you.” Harry spats and Louis gulps because Harry’s eyes are dark and he’s afraid because he simply doesn’t want to back down.

Without a logical explanation why Louis feels that it’s some kind of competition of who wins and Louis is competitive.

“Oh my god, you are acting like you have stamina for any of that.” He laughs sarcastically and tries to sit down with no luck. Harry just presses his shoulders to the seat harder than before.

“You think I’m bluffing?” Harry asks clearly ragging and Louis snorts.

“I think that I can found someone who would please me much better.” Louis shrugs and there is a
strong pinch on his nipple making him scream and then he shuts up because Harry’s eyes are not just dark shade of green, they are almost black and his hands are trembling and Louis is scared because Harry is not buying it and he did lose.

Harry doesn’t even request for Louis to roll over and get over his knees. He just lifts him and rotates him acting like some kind of inhuman and Louis has to bite his knuckles not to scream when Harry’s hand hits his ass.

It hurts. Harry is making him count and he’s slapping Louis like there’s no tomorrow and he can taste the pain on the tip of his tongue and he doesn’t know if it’s pleasure or if it’s pain, he doesn’t know for how long Harry is going to keep doing it and he tries buckling his hips only to be slapped harder.

“Please…” Louis wails and moans and screams when Harry starts going on his tights rather than his arse cheeks and he doesn’t know what he’s pleading for but he knows that he needs it.

“You don’t get to plead anything.” Harry’s voice is like a song against Louis ear. It’s low and angry and Louis can smell Harry’s cologne and it’s all too much and he wants to come and he tries moving his hips, getting any kind of friction.

“Harry…” Louis sobs again and he clutches material on Harry’s body and he doesn’t know what part of clothing it is, he doesn’t feel anything else but the slaps and there’s a salty taste on his tongue from his tears and it’s good.

It’s good and it’s right and he feels so under he wants to scream for Harry, to plead him to touch Louis cock but there is no need as he comes just like this, his whole body releases all the tension and he wants to just lay there like this.

Thankfully Harry stops his slapping and Louis arches his back and whines when He grabs Louis by his hair and brings his head closer to his ear.

“Get to your fucking seat now.” He says angrily and goes back to his driver seat. Louis doesn’t find the power in himself to get back to his seat and he stays like this instead.

They don’t talk for the rest of the ride and Louis finally falls asleep.

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“We’re here.” Harry announces startling Louis from his sleep.

He opens his eyes and scrunches his nose when he sees that he’s lying in the backseat of Harry’s car. Can anyone explain why he’s in the backseat?

Louis is about to ask Harry this question but he tries to sit down and remembers the second he feels the pain.

“Oi…” Louis gasps and lies back down.

Harry looks over his shoulder and its one look but Louis knows that they are alright because Harry doesn’t give him an angry look. No. It’s a concerned one.

“Do you need…? Anything?” Harry asks nicely and Louis blushes because just an hour ago Harry was not nice.

“I’m sorry,” Louis mumbles out. “For… misbehaving.” He adds and judging by Harry’s expression it surprises him.
“It’s alright. I’m sorry too.” Harry nods and Louis shakes his head.

“No, you are not.”

“I’m not.” Harry admits and he leaves the car to open door for Louis and helps him out.

“You know you’re the best… In everything and at everything.” Louis says as he’s getting out.

“Let’s get you inside the locker room, we’re early and I bet you don’t want others to dress with you at the same time.” Harry kisses Louis temple and they stare at each other for a moment before they share a deep and passionate kiss.

A kiss that let’s both of them know they are perfectly okay even though Harry’s hand is stinging and Louis bum has a bruises forming.

Chapter End Notes

Hope these smut scenes weren't disturbing to you and that you liked it.
Please let me know your opinion by leaving comments and of course press on a Kudo if you haven't yet. (unless you don't want to, then nvmnd, hahah x)
<3 <3 <3
Chapter 32

Chapter Summary

Hmm... Some problems in paradise and drama...

Chapter Notes

Alright, so I personally like this chapter.

I doubt this is how you should feel about something you write because it's quite arrogant but... But this is really good :D or as Harry said it's something I'd like to read myself (well he used word listen but still)

Anyways, here's my update, hope you'll like it <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis had forgotten about his and Harry’s little coming out show that they had done before leaving.

With everything so intense but perfect during their trip in New York it had completely slipped his mind that he and Harry came out to his team as a couple and that he left without talking with others.

It happened when he was already on the field after his warming up session that he realized he will be facing others with no preparation.

And on top of this all he had assured Harry he’ll be fine during his practice alone so the curly boy nodded and left after promising to come pick him up.

It’s the most stupid decision he had made because when others started gathering for their practice Louis could both see and feel their eyes on him. Even if they had to stay occupied with their schemes and plans it was still more than obvious that not everyone was pleased to have Louis presence.

Especially James.

He always got out of his position and tried to interrupt others annoying the hell out of Louis.

James was given few warnings for misbehaving from both couch and Louis but didn’t listen until Louis finally snapped and put him on the bench for the rest of their practice.

There were a lot of angry stares but he decided to them, hoping that Harry will come early to pick him up.

The real hell broke in the locker room though.
At first it was just a bit intense because Louis had to shower without letting others see his bruises so he didn’t really care about the glares or strange comments coming his way. However, when he was already wearing his briefs and could relax he finally noticed that the small group – James, Logan and Greg were talking intensely about something that obviously contained Louis.

Stan gave him the look – the one that gave Louis strength not to get paranoid over this and kind of reassured Louis that someone has his back.

He still wished Harry could be here. He’d have known what to do for sure.

The group of assholes had finally decided to confront Louis and it was Logan the one that dared to step up. It happened when Louis was about to walk out of the locker room, Logan blocked his way.

“You’re an asshole.” He accused Louis and Louis even being the captain of the whole football team felt a bit intimidated. Not that he was going to show it.

“How so?” He questioned, cocking his head because he’s Louis Tomlinson the captain of the best football team no one dares to come up to him and walk over him like it doesn’t mean something.

“Everyone knew that James and Harry was having something and are you really that much of a dick to force Harry into relationship?” Logan shouted at him and alright, what?

“Look, I don’t know what kind of mind fuck James is using but there’s no fucking chance that Harry had anything going on with him!” Louis pointed at James, who looked angry and Louis immediately made a calculation that they could possibly end up in a fight.

“No such thing! I almost had him in that party!” James interrupted, crossing his arms.

“You had him when you knew he already had a boyfriend, you’re such a man-whore it’s actually disgusting.” Louis spat and Logan stepped closer, probably ready to punch him.

But he was stopped by Stan, who stood close to Louis and in any other time Louis would scowl because this is a reason for Harry to get jealous.

But not now. Now he was more thank thankful to have Stan by his side.

“Let’s play this fair, this is James and Louis business, I don’t see why we should start a fight over this.” Stan suggested nicely, letting everyone understand that he didn’t fear to start a fight.

“Fine.” Logan sighed, taking a step back.

“You’re calling me a man-whore, when you’re the one, who broke Harry’s relationship.” James accused and Louis honestly hated all this attention Harry was getting.

Harry was his, end of story, why the hell was there others still trying to come up with strange accusations?

“What are you even talking about?” He asked out of curiosity despite the fact that the way out wasn’t blocked anymore.

“About Harry’s boyfriend! The one he was head over heels in love! If you are together now it means he had to leave him!” James explained and Louis laughed.

It was not cold or annoyed snort, no; it was a genuine, loud laugh because James was seriously mental or he was just living in some kind of a dreamland where everything was happening his
This guy had seen Harry only in school during their lunch break and maybe only in a few parties, he knows nothing about Harry and neither does he know something about Louis and somehow it doesn’t stop him from some kind of weird speculating.

“I thought mean girls and gossip girls had a word “girls” in them because guys weren’t like that, but James…” Louis giggled, clapping his hands, knowing that this way he was pissing James off, “You are such a bitchy gossip girl it’s actually funny to watch.”

It’s a pity that James didn’t get a chance to reply because Louis had a feeling it would have been exciting. Sadly, right after Louis’ words the doors of their locker room opened and revealed Harry standing in all his glory looking like a sex on two feet.

He clearly got the tension of this room as his eyes went from James to Louis back and forth in a flash speed. He looks concerned and hot in those black skinny jeans he was wearing and Louis wants nothing else but to get on his knees and beg Harry to fuck his face.

“Uhm, hello.” Harry waved, interrupting Louis fantasies with his sexy looking way, “Everything’s alright?” Harry addressed to Louis, taking steps to come closer and be by his side in case someone happened.

Louis could only imagine how Harry would react if he started crying in the middle of this room. It would be embarrassing for Louis that’s for sure but nobody could probably remember this because Harry would kill everyone in this room. He doesn’t doubt it.

“Everything’s great, babe, just had a nice conversation with our lad James here.” Louis smiled fakely, patting James shoulder.

“Right.” Harry nodded, looking at him quizzically.

“I think we’re done here?” Louis contemplated his eyes back on James, who looked like he wanted to keep on but bit his lip and nodded.

“Anyways, I was thinking that we could have a movie night? Both teams gather at my house and spend time together?” Harry suggested and Louis was going to kill him.

He was going to chop Harry’s dick off, boil it in the oil, feed it to Harry and then rip his stomach out boil it again, eat it himself this time and then hang him with the intestine.

“No.” Louis was the first one to reply and Harry looked at him obviously lost.

“I’ve already offered this to my team?” Harry debated but Louis just scoffed.

“Then call it off.” He shrugged it off and walked out of the lockers room, playing the sassy one in their relationship.

Harry followed him to the car and opened Louis the door when they reached the vehicle.

“You were being mean.” Harry mumbled, turning his head to Louis and it was surprising how Harry went from “I will fuck you till you can’t walk” mode to pouting little teenager boy, who looked upset because he couldn’t have a movie night with his friends.

“Fine, we can compromise, I go home and you have your party.” Louis snapped, crossing his arms not admitting out loud that he was frustrated because Harry made plans without him.
“Home is not a house, it’s were we’re together.” Harry flirted and Louis glared.

“Well as long as everyone will be gathering at Your house being at ours doesn’t sound so bad.” Louis screamed angrily surprising Harry with his little outburst.

“Is that why you’re angry?”

“No.” Louis cut it off, looking out the window declining to keep any conversation going between them.

“I’m sorry.” Harry apologized but Louis ignored him stubbornly.

He preferred to watch how the same as always surroundings went by as they drove to Harry’s place.

It technically was Harry’s place, Louis thought to himself but it was still annoying to get Harry doing something without talking about it with him first. Plus, he started to feel that Harry’s place was their home. They were always alone in there, always together, no one was there to disturb them and well…

They practically lived there.

“Is it strange that I consider your place as our home?” Louis interrupted the silence earning an attentive glance from Harry, who was feeling just as guilty as Louis was angry.

“Of course not, I consider that place as ours and it belongs to my parents.” Harry smiled and Louis reached out for Harry’s hand, bringing it closer and kissing the knuckles.

“And it’s not strange that we’re moving in together?”

“What, you want me to marry you first?” Harry mocked him and Louis shivered at the thought.

“Please don’t, that would be too strange.”

“Would it?” Harry rolled his eyes.

“Yes, we would be like a Twilight couple and that film is not very good.” Louis shrugged and Harry tugged his arm, removing his hand and knuckles from Louis lips.

“I’m sure you’d prefer Potter’s romance when Ron and Hermione never liked each other but then became couple at the last year.” Harry snorted and Louis gasped.

“Oh my God! That is so us! Harry we’re from Potter! You can be Hermione!” He squealed and they both started bickering about who is Hermione and Ron, the real problem that caused their argument long forgotten.

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“I’m awake and I’m hungry.” Louis announced as he paraded into kitchen where Harry was going through some recipes book he had purchased back in New York. Weirdo, if you asked Louis.

“Too bad.” Harry mumbled.

Before Louis went to sleep they fought that Harry’s a Hermione and now they are not talking. Or at least Louis was not talking when Harry wanted to kiss him for his noon nap and now Harry’s not talking to him because he’s probably offended.
Not paying too much attention to Harry, Louis went to search for anything edible and not requiring too much time preparing, finding quite a lot to choose from.

Louis option was cereals. Yes, very unexpected (insert an eye roll) but it’s still delicious and sugary.

Bringing a bowl and a spoon he put it on a table and then brought the ingredients, ignoring how Harry looked up.

“What the hell are you doing?” Harry decided to ask just as Louis was bringing a spoonful of cereals to his lips.

“Eating?”

“You’re not eating this.”

Louis lowered his spoon and watched as Harry closed his book with a sigh, there was no doubt he was going to cook something and Louis snorted at Harry’s behaviour.

“That’s right baby, bring your man some dinner.” Louis joked as he pushed the bowl with cereals away.

Look on Harry’s face was remarkable and Louis erupted in giggles as he watched his boyfriend scowling.

“I’ll bring you home if you don’t shut up.” Harry threatened, going through his most used recipe book which was a sign for Louis to come by his side and poke the meal he wanted the most.

“This one.” Louis finger touched the picture of taco stuffed peppers.

“Your opinion doesn’t matter, you’ll go home.” Harry mumbled, putting the book down and watching ingredients he’ll need.

Louis rolled his eyes at this empty threat as he opened refrigerator doors.

“Will we need beans?” Harry hummed positively and Louis brought the needed ingredients on the cooking table.

“I invited both of our teams to the movie night tomorrow.” Harry said as he took the can of beans and a can of corn from Louis hands, leaving shorter boy to stare at him longer than needed.

Louis blinked, not sure if he heard it right the first time. “Sorry?”

Harry turned around and shrugged repeating the same thing again, “I invited both of our teams to our place.”

“I thought I said clearly that I don’t want it?” Louis crossed his arms, ignoring Harry’s request to get the salsa from the fridge.

It was beyond lovely to hear Harry saying our place but that didn’t give him a freedom to invite people and have a party. Not when Louis said he didn’t want it.

“Well, then you can stay upstairs.” Harry offered him a smile and Louis stayed frozen for a couple of seconds until Harry asked for a salsa again.

“You know where it is, get it yourself.” Louis mumbled, leaving the kitchen.
There was one blanket both boys were sharing and usually it wouldn’t be a problem but tonight they weren’t on the same page.

Louis almost roared as Harry tugged the blanket closer to himself.

To be honest, sleeping on different sides of this overly huge bed was not comfortable for both sharing a blanket and having cuddles.

“Give back my fucking blanket.” Louis groaned, tugging it all to himself, leaving Harry only in his boxers. Usually he would be sleeping naked and cuddled Louis who was tugged in his warm pyjamas but not tonight.

“It’s not yours.” Harry said back as he tugged it back and then Louis tugged it back, then Harry, then again Louis, until Harry gave up and came closer to cuddle his boyfriend.

He started by moving closer to Louis and reached out to put his hand on Louis waist.

“Don’t you fucking touch me.” Louis grunted and slapped Harry’s arm.

“Fine, than give it back.” Harry took the whole blanket to himself and gasped when Louis kicked him.

And not just a friendly kick, he kicked to Harry's tight so fucking hard it was going to leave bruises. To get his revenge Harry pulled the pillow from under Louis head and then Louis jumped on him, smacking his chest with his tiny fists.

Harry reacted quickly pushing him away and pressed him down with his body, smiling as he watched Louis struggle.

“You can be as feisty as you like but in the bedroom you’re my bitch, Tomlinson.” Harry chuckled, leaning in to suck Louis neck.

“Get the fuck away from me.” Louis groaned, trying to mask his neck with his hands.

“Stop it.” Harry grunted, trying to pull his hands away.

For Harry’s surprise Louis put quite a fight for it, taking him off guard. He finally managed to get Louis arms in his control but it didn’t feel sexual at all.

“Let me go.” Louis demanded and Harry frowned, deciding against listening to Louis.

“I don’t have any intentions of doing so.” He smirked leaning in to finally suck that delicious looking skin on Louis’ neck.

“Stop it!” Louis shouted, starting to fight again and Harry just laughed, leaning in until the sharp pain on his cheek stopped him.

Harry jumped back, realizing that Louis just bit his cheek but what he was more surprised by was how fast Louis jumped from their bed.

“Lou?” Harry asked dumfounded, only now noticing that there were actual tears in Louis eyes and to make it even worse Louis was trembling.

Harry kept staring at Louis not sure what he was supposed to do. Finally he stood up and tried to
close the distance between them only to have Louis running away from him. Or well, taking a couple of steps further from him but that was enough to make his heart break.

“Please, don’t.” Louis whispered and Harry could do nothing else but watch how his boyfriend was shaking in fear.

What was even worse was that no one else but Harry were to blame for this and seeing Louis pleading for him not to come closer made him look at everything from the other angle.

Louis said no.

He was pretty clear he didn’t want it and Harry did nothing but accepted it as a game and now Louis was scared.

Did he think that Harry was going to force himself on Louis?

“I…” Harry started but was quickly interrupted by Louis.

“Take the blanket.” Louis forced himself to say. It was so obvious that he didn’t want to talk.

“Don…”

“Take the fucking blanket, I don’t need it.” Louis repeated this time holding more power over his own voice.

“There is…”

“Don’t.” Louis cut him off when Harry tried to explain he didn’t need the blanket either.

It was just a game. They were bickering and teasing one another all day but Harry had no intention to start a serious fight. He thought that pulling the blanket was only a game and they’d end up sweaty from sex and happily cuddled in the end.

But now all Harry could do was watch how tiny Louis figure came closer to the edge of bed and threw the remaining material of blanket to Harry, lying down and curling into a ball on the edge of bed.

It was clear Harry’s presence was not required and his comfort was not wanted so he just stood up to take the other blanket from his closet and he gave it to Louis, who didn’t mumble anything.

Harry laid down this time respecting Louis privacy and spent the rest of the hours looking at the ceiling, wincing at the noise of Louis sobs filling the room.

The sun started to set and Harry had been able to close his eyes only for short naps, same as Louis who seemed to get his breathing to his usual sleeping mode only to jump in fear ten minutes later. Harry didn’t dare to ask but the fear that it could be him Louis was scared of made his eyes fill up with tears.

The clock showing his usual wake up time seemed to be like a relief from this indescribable mess and Harry went to gym, thinking about banging his head against punching bag.

Finally they faced each other around 12 o’clock when Louis entered the kitchen. It was too late to be his wake up time but Harry didn’t comment.

Louis looked bad. His eyes were puffy and bloodshot from all the crying, he was pale and looked too vulnerable not to be protected.
What was worse than that was the look he had on his face when he saw Harry. His skinny shoulders tensed and his expressions became guarded not letting Harry see what was he actually thinking or feeling.

 Watching him Harry felt like the biggest fool on the earth. He never had good immunity for pouting Louis let alone crying. However, this was the first time he brought Louis to this state and saying he was feeling guilty would be an understatement. He didn’t even have a right to be guilty because he made this happen.

 Harry cleared his throat before opening his mouth but was stopped by Louis, motioning him not to talk with his hand.

 “Your bitch is still here, am I not?” Louis asked the irony and the agony visible, hearable, sensible even and Harry winced.

 The memories of addressing to Louis like this last night came back to him and Louis words were like stiff shot of reality to what kind of dick he is.

 He kept silent, letting Louis rummage through the kitchen, making himself a cup of coffee not eating anything. Same as Harry did when he woke up.

 To be honest, he kind of hoped to have breakfast with Louis but now his stomach was closed, the thought of food making him scrunch his nose. Instead of food he thought about all the times he was rough to Louis, understanding that it was too often.

 And the worst thought of them all was that it might not be the first time Louis felt forced. Harry wouldn’t know if he did because he never asked. It had been a long time since he asked Louis for confirmation and he felt so angry at himself, so disappointed.

 The rest couple of hours were spent separately. Harry hid in his gym room while Louis occupied the office room.

 They only met at the doorstep of Harry’s bathroom; apparently they had both decided to take shower at the same time.

 Harry quickly excused himself and practically ran to Gemma’s bathroom. He thought about Louis showering on the other side of the house and winced at the thought that he might have left bruises on his wrists maybe other parts of body.

 There were few bruises on Harry’s biceps and on his cheek though it was a bite it somehow formed into a bruise and Harry wanted to puke, his guts clenching at the thought of hurting Louis so bad he actually had to put up a serious fight to get Harry away.

 He left the shower in the same sour mood as he went in and quickly dressed in jeans and short sleeved T-shirt he had brought before.

 There was a text from Louis bringing Harry back to reality. He asked at what hour others should start appearing and Harry wanted to laugh for choosing the worst timing for this.

 He replied and didn’t see Louis until the doorbell rang one hour later.

 Louis looked much better than the last time he had seen him, there was no trace of him spending the whole night crying, he was wearing black jeans and one of his hoodies, this way masking all parts of his body leaving only face and the tips of his fingers to see.

 “Alright?” Harry asked before opening the door and the wide fake smile Louis offered to him
caused the nausea straight away.

“Open the door, babe.” Louis encouraged, leaning closer to Harry’s side and it was hard not to break.

Harry convinced himself it worked as following Louis orders and opened the door smiling wide for almost twenty boys who apparently came here all together.

“Hey guys.” Louis waved, to all of them inviting them in while Harry stood next to him smiling nicely. He was more than thankful that Louis managed to take over even though he was the one who felt much worse.

Harry followed Louis around everywhere he went and didn’t mind at all when Louis led everyone to his cinema room parading around the house.

That’s until he was interrupted by Liam who started asking him questions about trip to New York, distracting him for keeping an eye on Louis. It was partly a distraction from his thoughts and Harry felt thankful for that.

Basically, the most Harry wanted from this evening was not possible to happen and he could clearly see that his priority to convince others that his and Louis’ relationship was steady wasn’t on tonight’s list.

If anything, it looked forced. The way Louis asked Harry about ordering food or about where the certain films were placed.

They both stayed at the different sides of the room and didn’t even cuddle as the film started. Well how could they when Louis was talking with Stan about something eagerly and Harry was like six seats away paying his attention to Liam, Luke and Greg while they talked about new Avengers movie.

Harry admitted his defeat and failure of this evening because they looked further from each other than they were in the beginning of autumn when everyone knew they hated each other.

Later that evening Harry and Louis said goodbye to overly sceptical stares. Plus, standing at the front door saying goodbye was closer than they were to each other all evening.

As soon as the door closed Louis stepped away and Harry looked at him sadly.

“Louis, please, can we talk?” He managed to say without getting interrupted but Louis just shrugged.

“I’m not going anywhere.” He repeated the sentence he had said in the morning, thankfully now not mentioning the word ‘bitch’.

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James POV

“We all have eyes, right?” James spat out, looking at Liam, who had his eyes on the road.

Five of them James, Liam, Greg, Logan and Luke were driving in Liam’s car back from Harry’s place talking about the same thing they had been talking for almost a week now.

“Look, I don’t think we should interfere in anything they have?” Liam tried persuading him but James was having none of it.
It was his place to stand – next to Harry, not Louis.

He wanted to walk in the house like he owned the place. He wanted to get everything Louis had. He wanted to be taken places. He deserved it more than some asshole Tomlinson.

“But the way they acted…” Logan mentioned and James scoffed because it’s truth!

Harry looked like a lost puppy, like Tomlinson had been his king or something and besides that Louis did nothing but to glance at Harry once when he asked for his pizza order.

“And Harry had bruises.” Greg added.

Indeed, Harry had been wearing short sleeved shirt and the marks of fingerprints were quite seeable same as the bruise on his cheek.

“I wouldn’t be surprised.” James shrugged. “Tomlinson is sick, he might be manipulating Harry, hurting him! And we’re doing nothing but letting it happen.”

Others nodded. In this car drove the people who weren’t very fond of Louis, who had been dick to Harry as long as anyone can remember him and now out of nowhere he started dating Harry.

No one took too long to realize that he must have broken previous Harry’s relationship with someone, who Harry seemed to be in love with and now he didn’t even treat Harry the way he should.

“Harry is a bit romantic and emotional maybe the whole hate to love thing bought him?” Luke offered as an explanation.

“Well yeah but Louis definitely isn’t the one feeling it back.” Liam shrugged and James took it as a chance to join in.

“Plus, it’s Harry who was affectionate ever since we saw them together.”

Ever since Louis confirmed his and Harry’s relationship he didn’t act other than an asshole or mean towards Harry.

“You know what the worst is though?” Logan leaned in from his backseat; this guy properly hated Louis now. “The fact that Harry did have a nice relationship with someone and Louis must have had done something to break them.”

“That’s truth, how long can they be dating? A couple of weeks?” Greg wondered and Liam groaned.

“Okay, fine! I’m in.” He mumbled defeated and James beamed.

All five of them were going to make Louis stay the hell away from Harry.

Chapter End Notes

Well thank you for reading it till the end and please leave Comments telling me what do you think about it <3

It keeps me highly motivated and it’s very nice to feel that people reading what I write
aren't some amount of Hits but they also have user names.

<3 <3 <3
Chapter 33

Chapter Summary

*SPOILER ALLERT*
Kidding you don't get anything, go to read. Oh, and Louis is being harassed.

Chapter Notes

Okay, so first of all OH MY GOD 22 COMMENTS I WAS SHITTING MY PANTS OUT OF HAPPINESS. Thank you <3 it was all very nice to read and I promise to reply to all of them as soon as I update this :)

Secondly, just to clarify in my story they are attending school in England so the school year are not like somewhere else in the world.
https://www.schoolholidays2017-uk.html here is the link if you are curious. I moved one or two weeks so it would follow my plot but that's all. They will finish it in the middle of June so school year is not over for them.

Oh, and third is just me bragging - why the hell editing takes so long... Like I have this written yesterday but was too tired to edit and took me whole day to go through this (it's because I'm lazy and I get bored to read what I know and I get frustrated with the lines I don't like and then decide to leave it for later but still!!!).

Done with my rather long note, will leave my usual at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The remaining days of their holidays goes by in a blink of an eye and before either of them want to they have to get back to school.

Now, if anyone thought that they'll get their problems sorted before the week is over they can be highly disappointed because nothing like that happened.

Harry was still feeling bad and Louis wasn’t accepting his apology of any kind.

He tried everything.

Bringing flowers, chocolates, offering to go somewhere, asking if Louis wanted to drive somewhere by himself until he was stopped by Louis’ remark that he’s not his sugar baby.

To be honest Louis didn’t know who he was and how he wanted Harry to treat him. The fact that Harry could hurt was breaking all his trust. The moment of fear even the thought of possible rape with Harry was too disturbing to think about it too long.

And still, Louis didn’t dare to leave, making himself believe that he knew Harry, that it was just a miscommunication and nothing else because Harry would never hurt him intentionally.
They spent the rest of the days at the house, closing themselves in different rooms.

Harry thought that this way they both were getting their space but now it was Monday morning and they had to go to school with this tension between them. And the worst of this is that others are expecting them to show up.

Everyone heard the rumours even if Harry hadn’t posted any kind of picture yet. The guys from their teams had other friends and girlfriends and information went by like this.

So now, parking his car in front of school building Harry could feel that people outside were watching the car from the corners of their eyes.

Louis, who sat in his usual passenger seat, didn’t say anything but Harry was aware that he had been more tensed then the past days, which he didn’t know was possible.

But Harry, different from Louis, was never afraid of coming to school together as a couple. It was Louis thing and now Harry couldn’t fully support him.

“Together?” Harry asked offering Louis a slight smile.

This small-smile thing had become so often it just reminded to Harry that they are not relaxed around each other.

Blue eyes stared at Harry with distrust but at least Louis nodded though it wasn’t what Harry wanted.

He preferred Louis to erupt with feelings, start crying and saying he didn’t want to go there; he wanted to talk it out.

Instead Harry walked down the corridor by Louis side ignoring the stares, waving to the people he knew. They kept a normal pace not exchanging a word and Harry decided not to pay attention at how faked it looked.

Who even walks side by side and never talks? It is strange and they looked unreal but there was nothing Harry could do.

They reached Louis locker and for the first time since they walked in here Louis faced him. “I’ll be fine on my own.”

Harry scoffed and got the book from the top shelf for Louis giving it to him. “I’m sure you will but that doesn’t mean I’m leaving your side.”

Louis hummed taking the book and smiling softly at how usual it was for Harry to get him the book from there. To be honest, this is the only reason why Louis puts that book where he can’t reach.

When all Louis necessities were taken they moved to Harry’s locker and then Louis got to his classroom with Harry by his side.

“Do you want me to walk you to your other classes?” Harry asked, leaning in to kiss Louis.

He ignored how quick Louis turned his head away after Harry’s lips left his cheek alone and watched how Louis shook his head.

“I’ll see you at lunch.” Louis offered and Harry nodded.
He thought of asking to spent their lunch break in empty classroom but the fear of Louis saying no because he didn’t want to be left alone with Harry was too much to handle.

Next time he saw Louis was when he walked into the cafeteria with Stan by his side and Harry caught himself eyeing Louis angrily. He had to stop for a second and think back of all the times he argued with Louis because of his jealousy and the sandwich he had packed for himself didn’t look so delicious anymore.

“Hey.” Louis mumbled, sitting down next to him and Harry beamed at this. Possibility of Louis sitting in his usual place – across from Harry – had been nagging him all day.

“Hi.” Harry replied, this time not daring to lean in for a kiss. Instead he pulled a paper bag with Louis sandwich giving it to Louis.

“Thanks.” Louis nodded and Harry can swear he saw James and Liam exchanging a weird look but he was too busy making sure the gap between him and Louis was existent or else his boyfriend would have a panic attack.

But to be honest Louis was nowhere close panic attack.

He panicked – yes. But that was for others giving him looks and for the way he was neglected later that day by couple of his friends.

Earlier this day Louis and Stan walked into math classroom talking loudly about their upcoming games when Logan quite obviously bumped into Louis, leaving him to fall on the ground. If not Stan that would have happened but the boy was quickly enough to react.

Logan of course apologized but it sounded so sarcastic Louis didn’t even roll his eyes at this. However, he still feared of telling Harry.

They had been playing cat and mouse game but Louis wasn’t prepared to face the issues they had as a couple yet. He didn’t know how to act and what to think so he preferred to close himself in office room and read or solve mathematical problems.

Knowing Harry for so long he was sure that curly head boy was growing more and more restless by seconds and this whole tension building up could erupt just by someone touching Louis.

Louis didn’t want Logan to have a broken nose or something.

Or at least he thought he didn’t want it until it grew into something more than accidental push.

Monday meant yoga and yoga meant Harry and usually Louis would be with them doing his homework, giggling at Harry’s slow voice telling them to go from one position to another, release their power and all.

But today he had no intentions of being there and he merged into the yoga room going straight to Harry.

“Give me your car keys.” He demanded surprising Harry with his straightness.

“Sure.” Harry nodded quickly, giving Louis his jacket with keys in it.

The truth behind this was that Louis forgot his sport bag in Harry’s car and had to take it and didn’t even pretend to be interested in yoga but for the others… Well for the others it looked like Louis was once using Harry for something.
And James together with Logan and Greg made sure Louis knew that.

After yoga they had one hour of practicing new schemes Louis had worked on during the week off and now as he tried others to play by it these three were neglecting his commands on purpose.

One hour later Louis went back to locker room losing all his shit.

“Why the fuck are you even in this team if you can’t use your fucking legs to run where I say!” He screamed at them furiously.

“It’s your plans that are bad.” Logan shrugged and Louis laughed coldly at that.

“It’s your fucking head that’s bad.” He mocked Logan and gasped when he was pushed into a locker.

“You can bitch on others as much as you like but there’s no way I’ll accept this treatment from you.” Logan spat and Louis didn’t even think twice when jumping on him.

He punched Logan straight to his jaw ignoring the fact that he was taller than Louis. He was Louis Tomlinson for God’s sake.

Louis didn’t waste time as he kneed Logan straight into his crotch before he was pulled away by Stan.

“Stay on a fucking bench if you don’t know how to act on fucking pitch.” Louis shouted, squirming in Stan grip.

“Alright guys, let’s all calm down.” Austin interfered, standing between Louis and Logan. Now, Louis wanted to tell him to fuck off but later when he was in shower he was beyond thankful.

“Your wrists are bruised.” Stan noticed while they showered.

Louis denied replying to this because he knew that his wrists were bruised. His bum and his sides where Harry pressed him with his tights were bruised too but they have become ugly shade of yellow so it’s harder to notice on Louis caramel kiss.

“How come both you and Styles are bruised? Someone mobbed you or what?” Stan hissed as they were walking out of shower.

“We had a fight.” Louis shrugged walking back into the locker room to meet with basketball team. Couple of them were gathered around Logan listening to his complain how Louis hit him.

Harry wasn’t there though and Louis wanted to cry. This is the moment he really needed him to be by his side because the looks he received weren’t friendly at all.

Louis dressed himself slowly knowing that no matter what he’ll have to wait for Harry to get his shower.

“I thought we shower together?” it was the first thing Harry asked when he walked into the changing room after his talk with coach.

Harry shouldn’t have got his hopes up but he did and now he felt a bit disappointed.

“Sorry.” Louis shrugged, looking at his phone screen, unlocking it, ready to pretend he was busy. Harry didn’t push it further and simply went to have the fastest shower he had ever had.
Louis doesn’t tell Harry about the fight he had with Logan.

In the beginning it is because they have enough issues with themselves, later on it’s also because Louis kind of won.

That’s until the next day.

After then Louis is embarrassed.

Apparently, Logan, James and Greg had been smart enough to face him when he’s most vulnerable – that’s when he’s walking to the cafeteria without Stan or after their practice while he’s waiting for Harry.

They even managed to get him completely alone when he’s walking to restroom or after his morning practice.

At first it’s only a few snarky comments about his physical traits or something from his character like ‘fat thighs’ or ‘acting like a bitch’. It’s not really hard to find something to pick on when you really want to. And Louis fights.

God, how he fights – replying with even worse remarks, calling all of them useless at the pitch and putting Logan on a bench during one of their matches.

But there is not much fighting you can do when three guys decide to corner you and push you around.

First time it happens on Wednesday when Louis is waiting in their changing room for Harry. Somehow he ignored the fact that three of them stayed and when they push Louis into the lockers he throws some punches.

It’s quite a loud scene and their coach appears rather quickly separating them.

There’s no one to separate them on Friday when Louis is going to cafeteria and stops at the restroom. That time it was James pushing Louis into a wall and hitting his stomach, mocking him how it’s a payback for that time Louis hit him in cafeteria.

The third time and the worst is next week on Tuesday. He was just showering after his morning practice when three of them interrupted, pushing on the ground and calling him all types of names.

Louis tried to ignore James threat to leave Harry and that humiliating kick to his stomach before three of them left.

And coming back to Harry there was nothing good going on.

They still slept in the same bed but different sides, visited Louis family for dinner almost every day, ignoring how everything was breaking around them.

At first Louis thought that it’s a good thing for Harry to give him space but now he wanted nothing else but for Harry to get him orgasming a couple of time then wrapping his strong arms around Louis.

The whole rubbish scene they had that last night Harry tried to have sex with him didn’t sound so bad because after replaying this in his head Louis understood that Harry did that not intentionally and it was usual for them to act like this.
Not that Harry’s not guilty but it’s nothing that can be unsolvable compared to the shit Louis was getting at school.

*

It’s the same Tuesday after that worse attack that Louis breaks.

They were on their way from school the tension they had been bearing never left if anything it just grew as Louis now became depressed and Harry was unsure how to act and what give to Louis to make it all better.

He wanted to kneel in front of him and cry for forgiveness, he wanted to invent time machine and go back in time, changing his actions.

He wanted Louis to feel loved, wanted him to understand that he’s the most perfect human being walking on this earth that he could kiss the ground he was walking and that’s literally.

“Please stop the car.” Louis suddenly asked, bringing Harry from his thoughts and it was so different from their usual silence in car Harry almost let go of a wheel.

He didn’t follow Louis request immediately, it took about twenty seconds for him to get car to safe pathway but when he did, Louis undid his belt and got in Harry’s lap though it was not very spacious in that seat.

And then it started.

Waterfalls erupted from Louis eyes as he buried his face in the crook of Harry’s neck, shaking from all the sobbing.

“It’s okay, baby it’s okay.” Harry kept comforting him, holding Louis trembling body close to his chest, hoping that it gave him feeling of secureness.

It did to Harry. Finally, after so long he felt like he’s doing something to support Louis despite the fact that he had no clue what made Louis do this.

“I-I…” Louis tried to talk but failed as the new wave of sobs came and he could only hiccup when he tried to talk.

“Let it out love, I’m here.” Harry tried calming Louis down by kissing his forehead and hair.

They stayed like this too long for Harry’s body to like it but he didn’t dare to complain, not until Louis was done with these tears falling from his eyes.

“Let’s go home.” Louis finally said, blue eyes full of sadness killing Harry from inside.

“Are you okay with me driving? I can call a cab.” Harry offered because he was having much more trouble letting Louis go from his lap than he thought he will.

“Don’t be crazy.” Louis giggled, few tears escaping his eyes.

Silently Harry wiped them away, leaving a trace of kisses.

They reached the house in silence and Harry immediately hugged Louis, asking if he wanted to be carried. To his surprise Louis nodded and without taking their shoes or coats off Harry plopped them on a couch in living room.
This was closer they had been to each other since that night and Harry was still more concerned than happy about what made Louis to open up.

“It’s too much.” Louis finally said and Harry had to bite his tongue to not ask what Louis was talking about. Louis needs time – he reminded to himself and Louis was already closer to him than Harry thought was possible twenty minutes ago.

Harry’s eyes stayed focused on Louis as the boy sat up removing his jacket and then his jumper revealing a couple of bruises that couldn’t have been left by Harry.

They were fresh – one on his stomach and one on his shoulder.

“Who?” Harry’s question was short and simple but Louis still burst into tears.

He cradled back to Harry’s embrace and this way it was extremely hard not to flip Louis around and demand answers.

“I will kill anyone, who dared to touch you.” Harry groaned and Louis whimpered.

“They had been doing this since we came back.”

“They?” Harry asked, touching the blue skin feeling how his blood starts to boil, how on earth someone could pick up on Louis when he’s by himself when he doesn’t stand a chance.

Either way he will literally kill anyone who dared to touch Louis. But that still won’t change the fact that he let it happen and that angered Harry because he didn’t notice and left Louis to go through this. They were on bad terms, Harry made them to be on bad terms and Louis dealt with it while also having to deal with someone hurting him.

“I’m cold.” Louis complained and Harry immediately got them upstairs.

As crazy as it sounds he didn’t have it in himself to let go of Louis so he just kicked off his shoes and laid under the blanket with his coat until Louis started to giggle.

“You’re getting all sweaty.” He whispered, looking so adoringly cute when sniffing and scrunching his nose.

Harry shrugged, he didn’t really mind being too warm if it meant he could hold Louis. “It’s alright.”

“No it’s not. We should get changed.” Louis pouted the corners of his lips still up but even that was enough for Harry to release Louis from his grip and get up.

“Stay here then, I’ll get clothes.” Harry smiled going to his bedroom, handing Louis his clothes.

Getting changed meant bringing Louis his pyjama and undressing himself naked but Harry opted to stay with briefs for now.

“Why don’t I make some tea while you change?” He asked getting back to his bedroom, handing Louis his clothes.

“Can I get cookies too?” Louis asked, widening his eyes into a puppy eyes and Harry kneeled to his him.

“You can have all the cookies you want, love.” Harry assured him, going down the stairs to get all
types of cookies he found and putting it on his shopping list, he was going to make sure Louis was never lacking of damn cookies.

When he came back with a tray full of cookie’s packages and two big cups of tea Louis was already comfortable leaning onto the pile of pillows, Harry’s computer on his lap.

But what caught Harry’s eye was not that. Instead of wearing his usual old T-shirt Louis was wearing Harry’s T-shirt. And Harry might have forgotten how much he loves to see his clothes being oversized on Louis tiny frame.

“Hope you don’t mind?” Louis mumbled under his breath, raising his arm so Harry could give him cookies.

Harry just hummed in approval afraid that his voice could fail him and put the whole tray on bed.

Louis looked at it and grabbed package of oreos, making Harry scrunch his nose.

“Stop frowning, they’re what I live for.” Louis mumbled while munching on a cookie and Harry could already see crumbles falling on the mattress. Knowing Louis he’ll claim that side is for Harry to sleep in tonight.

“They’re too sugary.” Harry complained looking at the table of nutrients on the package.

“Oh God, stop it!” Louis laughed, shaking his head. “You’re such a health-freak.”

“Yeah well, I like to be in shape.”

“I’m in shape too but I eat happy food.” Louis shrugged, taking another cookie and soaking it in tea. As it was expected Louis let go of it and the cookie drowned.

Harry watched as he picked the spoon to fish it out but only the ugly pieces came up.

“This cup is yours.” Louis finally decided, putting the spoon down.

“Wow, thank you darling.” Harry rolled his eyes and Louis blushed.

They didn’t continue their small talk and Harry watched how Louis scrolled through the choices of films, he was probably going to pick for them to watch.

“Louis…” Harry finally talked and it was clear by the way Louis froze that he was expecting for Harry to talk. “We need to talk.”

Louis didn’t answer immediately. He closed his eyes and shook his head before opening his mouth. “Can we not?”

“Lou…”

“Harry please.” Louis begged, looking at him with sad, pleading eyes and Harry had to go with it – no matter how much he didn’t like it.

“Tomorrow. First thing in the morning.” He compromised and Louis nodded.

They ended up watching first Harry Potter film both knowing the plot too well to actually concentrate on film so they also had their phones in their hands.

Harry hated it, he always did hate wasting time that he could spend with Louis but tonight it seem to be exactly what they needed. And he wasn’t mistaken. Louis was thankful that Harry gave him
space even if he used it going through Twitter feed.

When film was over they went to quick washing up routine before getting back to bed and finally after almost three weeks break they get back to their usual sleep position, meeting in the middle of the bed, not heating the edges of the bed anymore.

Oh, and Harry was right. Louis did demand to sleep on crumbles-free side.

*

The main difference of the next morning is that Harry doesn’t wake up at his usual time. Well, he does but he doesn’t leave the bed. He stays in the same position, holding Louis close savouring the feeling.

He knows that it’s strange to stay like this for like two hours, he scrolls through his Instagram feed, goes through pictures, takes a few pictures of Louis and then once again he lays there, thinking how good it is to finally have Louis in his arms.

What’s strange to Louis is that he’s not woken up by Harry’s annoying morning voice. He wakes up by himself, still lying on Harry’s chest and at first he thinks that somehow he managed to wake up before Harry.

“We might be late if we don’t wake up now.” Harry suddenly talks and Louis’s shocked.

He rarely had the opportunity to hear Harry’s morning voice and if he thought it was rough or deep before he was wrong. Harry’s morning voice is so deep the only thing Louis can compare it to is the deepest lake or ocean existing on earth.

“What?” He asks dumbly, trying to see the time on the bedside table. He should really get those glasses his mother told him to.

“It’s already a bit after seven.” Harry explains to him and Louis rolls off his chest, plopping himself on his elbows.

“You overslept?” He asks again, his morning voice sounding shitty and not sexual at all compared to Harry’s. Its deep – yes, but it’s not the sex-god type of deep.

“No, I skipped working out today.” Harry shrugs and Louis has no idea why Harry did that, not that he minds but Harry never skipped his morning gym time even when he woke up late he still went for short work out or that stupid yoga session.

“Okay?” Louis said bringing Harry to smile though he had no idea how and why.

“I’m going to have a shower, care to join?”

“I’ll have to shower after…” Louis started but stopped when Harry stood up, stretching his body.

God, he looked perfect. More than two weeks of celibacy and Louis was already drooling over Harry’s body.

“Right.” Harry nodded, smiling to him and Louis waited until he closed bathroom door before letting out a loud groan muffled by a pillow.

Louis was already dressed when Harry came back from shower and looked extremely cute in his
joggers and shirt he was wearing.

Harry followed Louis getting dressed, ignoring how Louis commented on his clothing choice from his seat in the armchair.

There was nothing wrong with Harry’s rings or jumper.

They went downstairs and Harry looked at Louis waiting for an order of what he wanted for breakfast.

“Can we have sandwiches?” Louis suggested.

“With whole-wheat bread?” Harry offered, opening the drawer.

“No, with normal white bread and nutella, for example.” Louis pouted, looking at the bread Harry pulled out from that drawer as if it was a dying frog.

Harry sighed and gave him white bread that was in the house because of Louis tantrum few months ago when Harry did try to feed him normal bread.

He watched as Louis made his breakfast, making it a nutella with bit of bread instead of bread with nutella. It made Harry’s toast with avocado look less appealing though anything looked less appealing when Louis did that.

“Stop scowling.” Louis ordered not looking up from his masterpiece.

“It looks disgusting.”

“You sound like a person who has eating disorder.” Louis mumbled looking up and before Harry knew what he was saying he said the words he had been needing to say since yesterday.

“We need to talk.” He told Louis rushingly.

“Wow, way to be diplomatic.” Louis rolled his eyes.

“I’m serious.”

“And I’m Louis.” Louis said, putting a sassy smirk on his face.

Harry hated when he did that in serious situations and usually he would punish him for something like this but now the realisation of what he’d usually do made him nauseous.

“I’m sorry.” Harry mumbled, looking Louis in the eye, hoping he could see sincereness on Harry’s eyes.

“I’m not angry.” Louis replied honestly but it didn’t comfort Harry.

There were many feelings besides angriness and Louis must be feeling at least few of them.

“How about sad? Or disappointed? Scared?” Harry kept naming possible feelings until Louis stood up and came close to him putting the finger on his lips.

“I am not sad, not scared, not disappointed, not anything. I’m just…” Louis tried to find a description for what he was feeling but he couldn’t actually pinpoint on what kind of feeling it is.

“Emotionally bruised?” Harry offered and Louis smiled.
“Yeah.” He nodded sadly, he could go with emotionally bruised even if that’s a strange way to put it.

“Who are ‘they’?” Harry asked suddenly changing the topic of their conversation and Louis closed his eyes not wanting to look Harry in the eye.

He knew that if he did he could break and pour everything to Harry. He didn’t want that. No idea why but he didn’t want Harry to know how Louis let those people harass him.

“Love, it’s my job to keep you safe and I want to know who I have undone business with.” Louis shuddered under the word love and the determination in Harry’s words. To be honest, he was rather surprised that Harry was not throwing things around the house out of furiousness.

Louis was sure that Harry would fight for him with all he got. What he was honestly afraid of is that Harry would lose it completely if he knew the names. And as lame as it sounds Louis needed them for the last games.

“I… They’re on my team.” Louis whispered, gulping the tightness in his throat before opening his eyes. “And… I… I don’t want to…” He stopped, starring at Harry.

If there was anyone who could relate to him it was Harry. He was a captain of the team himself and he knew how important it was to keep his members. God, he sounded so stupid right now.

“Louis, the names.” Harry demanded not leaving any place for discussion.

“I don’t want to.” Louis repeated, feeling and probably looking defeated.

These words worked like a magic spell on Harry. The rage he was feeling when Louis didn’t comply was pretty usual and he would push it further but the angriness always had a trigger. It could be directed some way and now Harry turned his rage towards himself.

Louis said he didn’t want it and if before Harry didn’t listen to that it was eating him alive now.

“Okay, I’m sorry, I’m sorry.” He apologised, kissing Louis forehead and stroking his cheek softly. “It’s alright.” He assured Louis because for him it really was. Harry could wait for it. If Louis wanted him to wait he could.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought about this chapter by leaving comments and please do express your feelings, I often do think what I want you to feel before starting to write.

Oh, and leave Kudos if you haven't yet!

Love you <3 <3 <3
Chapter 34

Chapter Summary

Uhm, sexual frustration in the air, I guess

Chapter Notes

Hello my dear readers and I swear I had something I wanted to tell you but I've forgotten.
Oh, got it now.
I have a really important question to ask.
...
Does any of you feel like I had been dragging this for too long? I'm only asking because I've noticed I've got a lot of chapters and couple of you asked for me when I was planning to finish it and I do have a lot of things kind of planned and you are not getting bored, are you???
Like you don't want me to kind of finish it???
:///
I'm very conflicted on this so please leave a comment and let me know? Tell me if you do feel this way, tell me if you don't. <3

And please do enjoy this chapter, for some reason I like it myself very much, hope you will too <3 (The reason is the *spoler alert* someone, seeing them interacting the way they usually do, what the hell are you doing here, go to read! <33333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Is there a phrase to express sexual frustration that could fit into what Louis was feeling?
He doubted it.
Because a severe case of blue balls, celibacy or anything like this couldn’t work. Nope.
Louis was going crazy.
Not just his usual sassy craziness, no he was going OUT OF HIS FUCKING MIND.
Why?
Well, Harry fucking Styles why.
They made up. They did. After Louis cried like a baby upon Harry’s shoulder they kissed and they agreed that everything was fine.

They were okay – they talked and they spent time together (Harry didn’t agree to let Louis be alone in school no matter what, which meant he was going to pee with Harry waiting by the door).
So well maybe not perfectly alright but they were fine.

So can someone tell Louis what the fuck was this shit that was supposed to be their sexual life???

Because last time he checked sex meant not this shit Harry was doing.

Next day after making up Louis jumped on Harry in shower, hoping to get himself fucked, to be bruised and to be limping the day after that. But Harry just caught him and smiled, putting more shower gel on Louis’ body.

He tried it again when they went to bed that night and you know what happened?

**HARRY LAID HIM ON BED AND OPENED HIM SLOWLY.**

Not teasingly slowly but plain slowly – with no rush, claiming he wanted Louis to be alright after such a long break. And that’s bullshit because when Harry is opening Louis he makes sure Louis could come just by that. He hits and abuses his prostate until Louis is begging for Harry to fuck him.

Now it didn’t happen! Louis was slowly opened and not made moan, he was just simply stretched. Yeah, it felt good, but it was not the kind of pleasure he was craving.

Oh, oh and then comes the best part.

When Harry decided that Louis was stretched enough he put it in and slowly pulled it out, hitting Louis prostate just barely. It was a fucking missionary love making and Louis wanted to laugh when Harry did that. Because he thought Harry was joking!

But nope, apparently that is his new sex life and Louis had to put his hand on his dick to come. If you want to know details he had to wank himself while Harry went in and out slowly or he wouldn’t have come.

Does anyone know how long it was since Louis put his hand on his own dick??? He can’t even remember!! Because it was AGES AGO.

This shit was not right.

Louis needed to be fucked.

He needed Harry to press him into the mattress and slap him for buckling his hips.

He needed to come two or three times per one sex session and he needed Harry to choke him, tie him up, slap him, call him names, abuse his prostate, abuse him.

He wanted to be owned by Harry.

Where were those all love bites he was always decorated in, huh?? WHERE???

He had to wank in a cold shower. Does anyone even knows what it means to wank in a shower when you have Harry Styles, who looks like sex God and is capable to take care of all needs?

Louis was going to open himself up and get his fist inside himself just to get any kind of proper release. And then he was going to tie Harry up and make himself go dry on his dick, get that pain mixed with pleasure and come so hard.

You think he’s being overdramatic? Then try living like this. In this never ending frustration and
we’ll see how that goes to you.

“Lou?” Harry interrupted his pitiful thoughts, poking his arm for attention.

“Fuck you.” Louis snapped, looking back at his lunch sandwich as if he was to blame for his misery.

It had been his usual remark to Harry’s voice for almost a week.

To be honest, he knew he was acting up. And he did that on purpose.

Just like yesterday when he left the window opened and in the middle of March they of course came to freezing bedroom and when Harry said it was Louis’ fault the smaller boy just said Harry should have closed it himself.

The only thing Louis got? The twinge of annoyance in Harry’s eyes before he turned up the heating. What he expected? To be slapped, fucked and possibly chastised by cock ring.

Same as when he threw the tantrum for getting his McDonald’s order wrong when Harry got it right or simply mocking Harry in the disrespectful way that should have him slapped and shouted at and possibly seriously limping. But no, what he got was Harry following him around everywhere (due to those fuckers who tried to have business with Louis) like a lost puppy, acting soft and lovely.

“Seriously Louis, you’re going or not?” Stan interrupted his thoughts again and Louis threw him a glare. Well, he threw a glare to everyone but whatever.

Sighing he looked around the cafeteria table and the boys who had their eyes on Louis. To them he must have looked like a proper asshole treating Harry this way. But guess who didn’t give a fuck? The same one, who didn’t get fucked – Louis.

“Going where?” He asked again, after missing the whole conversation while drowning himself in his own anger.

“Easter holidays? Two weeks off, both couches are planning a trip for us.” Stan explained and yeah, Louis remembered the tradition. Every year they are going somewhere for a couple of days – it’s a present from school for hard work and all.

“Oh, didn’t hear you talking about it.” Louis shrugged, thinking if he should say yes. Harry never went on those or stayed only for one day always excusing himself to some part of the world with his family.

“I just told you about it seconds ago?” Harry mumbled carefully as if he was afraid for Louis to snap.

“Well than talk louder.” Louis snapped, giving all his attention to Stan, who now talked about the trip.

Do you know what Harry would usually do for this? Well, he would kill Stan for sure and then would find a way to make Louis beg for forgiveness.

Nope. Not now.

Now he just sat there silently, letting Louis get into conversation with Stan.

“So… This year they’re offering us a trip to The Netherlands!” Stan beamed and Louis gaped at
him not believing it until Stan showed him the whole plan of their trip.

Last year they went to Ireland, Dublin and that was quite a lot if you ask Louis, most he had expected of this year is for London, which was at the list.

They went to London in the morning, spend day and night there and left for their flight around 12 a.m., then four days in Amsterdam and going back home.

“Uhm, wow, that’s quite a lot.” Louis said surprised.

“Yeah, well are you going?” Stan asked and Louis bit his lip.

Technically he needed to talk to Harry about this. He might want Louis to go somewhere with him, to visit his family.

That could really get Harry pissed off.

“Yeah, sure, count me in.” Louis smiled averting his eyes back to the sandwich Harry had made in the morning.

* 

It’s only after their practices that Harry dared to mention he’s not completely happy with Louis choice. And he was so careful with that but Louis still snapped.

“You know, I was kind of hoping we could visit my family during those two weeks.” Harry said as a matter of fact.

“Well, I hope for a lot of things.” He shrugged as if not caring for Harry’s concern at all.

“Why are you doing this?” Harry asked his voice slow and careful as if he’s afraid of Louis and what type of insanity is this?

“I don’t know. Why are You doing this?” Louis re-asked, crossing his arms and there it was again, the twinge of annoyance in Harry’s eyes that could go into something more, should go into something more.

15 seconds of silence later Harry sighed and shook his head. “Let’s go have a shower.” He simply said as if they were not on the verge of having an argument.

Well, technically they were having an argument just the silent one, the one were Louis was trying to cause the fight but Harry was being too calm for that.

“God, Harry!” Louis screamed out of frustration, staring at his boyfriend angrily. “Can you stop doing this?!!”

“Doing what?” Harry asked, his facial expression a puzzle for Louis to solve.

“This…” Louis motioned his hands angrily. “Thing.” He groaned defeated and sat on a bench putting his face in his hands, rubbing it with a hope of getting frustration out of him.

“Louis… Look,” Harry started slowly and calmly, sitting next to him. “I know that you’re angry at me, you have all rights for that just know that I would do anything for you. If you want to go to that trip, we go to that trip.” He finished and Louis let out a cold laugh, Harry was such shit at this.

“Would you really?” Louis asked, turning his head to Harry. This was manipulation but this could work. “Would you do anything for me?”
“Yes.” Harry answered sternly.

“Anything?”

“Anything.” Harry nodded, his jaw tensed.

“Then I want you to do one thing.” A rush of excitement went through Louis veins; he could finally get what he wanted.

“I’ll do anything, I swear to never ever hurt you again or make anything between us rough or forced. I’ll be nothing but gentle to you, I can promise you that.” Harry said sternly, looking into Louis eyes.

“Well… I…” Louis found himself at a loss of words.

“Babe, what do you want me to do?” Harry smiled softly to him. Louis was so sick of this softness.

“I want you to fuck be, force yourself on me, be rough with me and be everything but not gentle to me.” He spilled it out, talking rushingly.

“Louis, I told you I was not going to…”

“Stop it! I can’t do this shit anymore!” Louis interrupted Harry, standing up and looking at Harry angrily. “Man up, for God’s sake!” Louis roared, putting his hands on his hips, while Harry’s green eyes kept following his movements. “What do you want me to do? Wank in the shower till I die?” Louis exclaimed throwing his hands in the air.

“I almost raped you.” Harry flinched as he said the r word.

“Then rape me for real this time!” Louis roared whole anger and frustration he had been keeping in himself bursting out.

“You’ve no idea what you’re talking about.”

“I’ve no idea?” Louis let out a cold laugh. “Harry, I love being manhandled! I need being manhandled! This is who we are! Not some vanilla dump shit you are putting on me!” Louis finished his tirade, breathing frantically.

“Lou…” Harry shook his head and that was it. That was the most Louis could take before tears starting burning his eyes.

“Harry, please, please.” Louis begged, starting to shake as tears fell from his eyes. “I’m begging you, Harry please.”

He kept begging, saying the same words over and over again only to meet with doubt in Harry’s eyes.

“Harry, please, I’ll do anything, please.” He was hiccupping now, standing in front of Harry, his hands clutching Harry’s sport shirt tightly.

He lost a count of the words ‘Harry’ and ‘please’ between his tears, he was ready to kneel and beg for it until Harry had decided to give it to him.

“Turn around.”
“Please, I’ll do…”

“I said turn. Around.” Strong hand grabbed Louis arm, forcing him to turn around and he followed the order the second he realized what Harry was doing.

“Shirt off.” The second command came from Harry and Louis took his shirt off, hearing the fabric letting out a ripped sound, that’s how frantic he was.

“Now, kneel.” Louis blinked, trying to replay the request in his mind, thinking if he really got it right. Apparently there was no time for that as strong hands were pushing him to the ground.

He kneeled and looked up with a huge hope in his eyes when Harry walked around to face him.

“Oi!” Louis screamed as he was yanked back by his hair.

“Open your mouth.” Harry ordered his face unbothered and Louis cock twitched in pleasure.

He opened his mouth, eagerly waiting for Harry to remove his pants.

Hi licked his lips as Harry’s hard cock came into his view and then… Then Harry took him by his hair and put it all in, making him choke and moan at the same time.

He looked up at Harry and there was a second of regret flashing in Harry’s eyes before it all stopped.

“Are you alright?” Harry asked concerned and Louis glared at him for daring to stop this.

“Why did you stop?” God, his voice sounded awful.

“Louis.” Harry sounded stern and Louis rolled his eyes.

“Yes, I’ll pinch your thigh or something, stop being a pussy.” Louis sassed and ouch, Harry slapped him.

Not hard, not even a slap actually, almost no sound but this was still unexpected.

“Know your place or I’ll make you to regret this.” Harry threatened and Louis moaned in need.

He was pulled back up by Harry and told to undress himself fully before Harry dragged him to shower.

Finally – Louis thought as the warm water started running down his body and Harry’s hands were gripping him tightly.

“Tell me, that’s why you’ve been acting up?” Harry whispered in his ear, one of his hands going down to Louis arse.

“I… Yes…” He moaned and then jumped up with a whimper when Harry slapped him.

He held Louis by his waist, somehow leaving him to stand while slapping him rather painfully, making him count all of it.

Ten slaps later he was already coming, harder than he had in about a month and with that his knees completely buckled and his all weight was left for Harry to carry.

“Now… It would be a pity if I couldn’t fuck you, yeah?” Harry’s voice was playful, almost mocking and at any other time Louis would bite him back.
But not right now. Right now he was lucky Harry was going easy on him after all his bratty acting up.

So he stayed focus and found power in himself to stand firmly on his feet, his shaking legs supporting him.

Harry for sure didn’t go easy on him. Thank God he didn’t.

He opened him up only with water and a very small amount of lube just enough not to make any damage and it was that perfect combination of pain and pleasure Louis came second time.

It was a bit harder to stay completely conscious as he was slipping under so easily.

Harry took this into consideration and carefully held him going rough but not that rough to actually drain Louis. He was thankful for that. No matter how much he claimed he wanted to be used and fucked it was still a bit hard to keep up with Harry’s stamina after one month of celibacy and after two orgasms.

They finally came together, Louis arching his back and screaming Harry’s name so loud, Harry had to cover his mouth so no one would hear them.

“I love you.” Louis mumbled into Harry’s chest barely standing on his own feet.

God, he loved this curly boy.

And Harry loved his tiny boyfriend who was finally soft and relaxed. It drove him mad to handle Louis sassiness on daily basis when he couldn’t use his usual methods to put him down.

He loved it just as much as Louis, their relationship and its strange dynamics. It might be weird or incomprehensible to others but it was what they needed.

Harry watched Louis tiny movements as he washed both of them, thinking if that’s the right time to bring the topic about Louis’ attackers up.

First time he agreed to follow Louis request because he wanted to make sure he was listening to Louis but it was driving him crazy. He walked Louis in and out everywhere. Left his lessons couple of minutes early to always be by Louis side and this was not alright. This was not healthy even for them.

Thinking about this Harry lead them out of shower and when cold air of their changing room hit them Louis blinked, feeling more awake than minutes ago.

“Can you dress yourself up?” Harry asked, offering his towel to Louis.

“I’m fine.” Louis nodded shaking his head at the towel he was offered.

Harry sighed and put that towel around Louis shoulders, helping him into his clothes, staying completely naked instead.

“I said I’m fine.” Louis blinked lazily as Harry lifted his arms, dressing him up in his sweater.

“I don’t want you to get cold.” Harry smiled, kissing Louis forehead.

Louis rolled his eyes, giggling at how Harry stood completely naked in front of him, now tucked in his warm clothes.
“You’ll get a cold.” He complained, trailing his finger through Harry’s skin, which had goose bumps.

“I won’t.” Harry smiled to him softly, before turning around to get dressed still eyeing Louis carefully, making sure he was alright.

When they were finally fully clothed he helped Louis up and took his sport bag.

They should carry all their things in one bag though, Harry thought. It would be easier for him to carry one instead of two, especially when Louis is gluing to his side. Or he could give one of the bags for Louis to carry but that’s not really an option, right? He even thought of possibility leaving two bags here and carry Louis to his car but he wasn’t sure Louis would have agreed to that.

“You can’t please get your coat? I’m cold.” Louis asked, yawning and Harry had him in his coat before Louis could blink.

That was another thing Harry had missed while he was acting different. He was used to buttoning up Louis coat or jacket when they went outside despite his boyfriend’s disagreement. He hasn’t been able to do that since they made up and it was so good to finally take care of Louis the way he liked it.

*

“Is that Liam?” Louis interrupted their peaceful silence as they walked to the car.

Harry followed the direction pointed by Louis finger and indeed, on the other side of parking lot Liam was standing in front of his car’s lifted hood.

It didn’t take a genius to figure out that something was wrong.

Quickly Harry placed their bags in the trunk and looked at Louis quizzically, asking if he wanted to stay in the car or go together. Louis rolled his eyes and took Harry’s hand, letting the taller boy guide them to Liam’s car.

“Hey, everything’s alright?” Harry asked as they approached Liam.

“No, fuck something’s clearly wrong with this.” Liam groaned and Louis arched his eyebrows, Liam rarely cursed.

“Uhm, we can look into it?” Harry offered kindly though it’s probably a waste of time. If Liam didn’t know what it was they couldn’t really help it.

“I already looked into it, something’s wrong with engine.” Liam shrugged, giving Louis a strange look, making Harry tighten his arm around Louis’ shoulders and now Louis himself felt a bit self-conscious in this furry thing Harry called his coat.

“Have you called someone then?” Harry asked, leaning in to check something. Louis was forced to move with him and whined, nuzzling his face into Harry’s chest, making the taller boy step back immediately.

“I… Yeah, my dad said he could come to check it out after work.” Liam shrugged and Louis checked the time, showing his phone screen to Harry. It was a long wait.

“You’ll wait for him?” Harry voiced out what Louis thought.

“No, should probably take a bus.” Liam shrugged, sighing clearly unhappy.
“Oh, come on, no need to take that ratty thing to go home, we can drive you?” Louis offered with his groggy ‘just-been-choked’ voice, before Harry could open his mouth and that was a bit surprising that he had enough energy to even stand.

“I… Ugh… I don’t know… You don’t have to?” Liam stuttered clearly not sure what to do. He lived on a different side of the city that would mean driving double the time of their usual.

“It’s alright, it’s Harry driving so I don’t mind.” Louis smiled cheekily.

“Why are you talking? I thought you wanted to sleep?” Harry chuckled, pulling Louis closer into his chest, which was somehow still possible to do.

Liam arched his brows in surprise looking at these two interacting. It was a bit different than what he was used to see.

“Mhm.” Louis hummed something into Harry’s chest and Harry just wrapped his arms around Louis.

Liam noticed how Harry was only in his jumper as Louis wore both of their coats and he has never noticed it before but Louis was not one of the tallest ones, was he?

“Liam, coming?” Harry shouted for him and he made sure to lock his car before following them. He stood there watching how Harry opened the backdoor for Louis, helping him in. And not just simply opening or closing door, no.

Harry lifted Louis and put him into the backseat of the car. Now, Liam always noticed how Harry opened the door for Louis (all the time) but he never thought that the reason for that is helping Louis to get in and out?

Feeling conflicted and lost took the passenger’s seat as Louis sprawled out in the backseat using Harry’s coat as a blanket and laying his head on a pillow.

“You have a pillow in your car?” He asked surprised, still eyeing Louis who was lying with his eyes closed, probably sleeping.

“Yeah, Louis falls asleep pretty often when we go somewhere.” Harry shrugged as if it was completely normal thing. Well, it maybe was but still, Liam has doubted he’ll ever see Tomlinson sleeping peacefully and not giving his snarky remarks about everything.

Louis completely slipped Liam’s mind when they started to drive though. It was like he wasn’t really there and Liam kept his conversation with Harry going, talking about all the anxiousness he had to go through while waiting for his universities response.

“I need to stop at the gas station.” Harry informed him in the middle of his way home and Liam shrugged not minding that at all.

Harry left the car and as soon as he did Louis shuffled in his backseat.

“Come on, Payno, let’s go.” He ordered to Liam, leaving the car, parading inside the gas station. Liam followed him a bit surprised that Louis was not asleep after all. To be honest he has forgotten Louis was in the car at all, which was… Well, you usually have to be blind and deaf to forget about Tomlinson’s preference.

“Let’s pick something fast or he’ll start complaining.” Louis shrugged standing in the middle of gas station picking the snacks Liam doubted he needed before seeing them.
He took a second to absorb Louis while he looked like he was deciding between simple plain M&M’s and M&M’s with peanuts. He was not wearing Harry’s coat now and he was only in his own jacket that before somehow fit under Harry’s.

“Take both if you don’t know which one to take.” Harry’s voice interrupted Liam’s thoughts and Louis concentration on candies.

“See? I told you, he’ll start complaining.” Louis groaned grabbing both candies while Liam stood frozen in his place, absorbing how Harry’s hand went around Louis shoulders as the boys stood close to each other.

This was nothing he has seen before.

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“Harry, stop at the McDonald’s.” Louis voice came from the backseat where he sat munching on his candies.

“I will not.” Harry said not moving his eyes from the road, taking Liam completely by surprise.

Wasn’t Harry just being pushed around by Louis earlier today? Actually wasn’t Harry pushed around by Louis all the time?

“Harry pleaaase.” Louis whined as the said McDonald’s came into a view.

Liam looked turned his head to face Louis, who was pouting and okay, what the fuck was going on? Since when did Louis even knew the word ‘please’?

“Go back to sleep.” Harry ordered completely unbothered.

“Harry, stop the car!” Louis demanded and there he was, usual Tomlinson.

“If you don’t shut up I’ll stop this car and believe me you’ll regret this.” Harry exclaimed angrily as if he was scolding a child and Liam was waiting for Louis to start screaming and kicking their seats until they did stop in front of McDonald’s.

“Liam, ask Harry to stop at McDonald’s.” Louis demanded addressing to Liam who sat there feeling like the third wheel.

“I… Ugh… Stop at McDonald’s?” Liam mumbled out, sounding like an idiot. He was simply not sure what to do.

“Louis, I’m serious.”

“I’m hungry and my bum hurts.” Louis whined from the backseat and it was surprising how fast Harry’s expression changed from unbothered to concerned.

“Love you.” Came muffled words from Louis as Harry turned to the said restaurant.

“Love you too babe, can you give my wallet?” Liam watched how they exchanged words, acting so usual and normal he couldn’t have ever believed that it was possible.

“Liam, what do you want?” Harry addressed to him, stopping at the drive thru.

“Oh, I dunno, not really hungry.”

“Styles, did you forget that Liam’s here is all health freak.” Louis laugheded from the backseat.
“Louis? Shut up.” Harry smiled softly and gasped when a kick came from his backseat.

“And ask two 6 nuggets please. Oh, and extra fries.” Louis ordered from the backseat. Liam was waiting for Harry to turn around and pull Louis’ leg off but the curly boy just hummed, saying the first order which must have been their usual as he didn’t even ask.

“Liam, chicken legend works for you?” Harry turned to him.

“Oh, uhm, yeah.” Liam nodded his head flying from Harry to Louis back and forth.

“I want a milkshake, anyone else?” Harry turned to them. Liam simply nodded as an answer but Louis decided to be more vocal about it.

“Don’t you dare take vanilla one, Styles.” He ordered and it was a mystery to Liam why Harry laughed so hard.

*

After dropping Liam off, they came back home way too later than they were used to and immediately started kissing.

Just like they knew this was exactly what they both wanted to do.

Though it was, both Harry and Louis knew that their food from McDonald’s was going to be the only meal as they for sure weren’t going to eat now.

“Your mother will be upset we won’t come for dinner.” Harry groaned into Louis ear as he pressed Louis into the front door, pulling him up so he didn’t have other choice but to wrap his legs around Harry’s waist.

“What a pity.” He groaned as Harry started to grip his ass harder, bringing it to his groin.

“I’ll make sure you won’t walk tomorrow.” Harry promised and Louis moaned.

“Please.” He asked, his hands pulling Harry closer by his shoulder.

Between moans and groans they managed to reach living room and Harry plopped them on a couch, Louis on top of him – very dissatisfying position.

“No lube.” Harry whined, breaking the kiss.

“Make sure there’ll be enough in our new house.” Louis groaned as Harry turned them around, landing on top of him.

“Are you lose enough from before?” He asked and Louis didn’t know that but he nodded anyway. If something Harry could use saliva.

It turned out that Louis was wrong because when you fuck like horny rabbits for about 40 minutes lose or not you get dry. And it was quite comical to watch Harry’s naked ass running up the stairs rushingly, his curls jumping up and down. He ended up bringing two bottles of lube for just in case situation.

Louis couldn’t stop laughing at that and they ended up having two parts of sex on this – first one was heated and rough but second one was full of giggles and somehow magical.

They laughed between moans and told each other to shut up. Louis snorted for Harry cackling
very weirdly and then he groaned when Harry hit his prostate and screamed two times after that because that’s how he came.

And Harry followed very shortly, groaning loudly, plopping on top of Louis, pressing him into the sofa.

“You’re heavy.” Louis giggled, taking deep breaths. He was tired, drained and very happy.

Harry kissed his nose as response and rolled over to his side, pulling Louis on top of him. Luckily, this was quite spacious couch or they would be falling onto the ground.

“Want to have a shower?” Harry offered his fingers trailing down Louis body, making him feel pleasurably good. And this was not alright as he needed time before getting hard again.

“Hmm, no, maybe we could snack something and look through our place plan? You have something in mind I suppose?” Louis smiled, turning his head to kiss Harry’s jaw.

This ‘the higher he can reach’ thing was really bothering sometimes.

“I do actually, mind driving to London this weekend?” Harry turned his head down for Louis to reach his lips.

It tasted like sex that kiss.

“Nope.” Louis said between the kisses and Harry beamed.

“Let’s get you upstairs, baby.” He smiled before picking Louis up.

They ended up without that snack and shower until really really late.

Chapter End Notes

As always leave Kudos if you haven't yet and please don't forget to voice out your oppinion because it does matter to me a lot!! <3
Chapter 35

Chapter Summary

Fluffy, a bit smutty and no mates from school.

Chapter Notes

I honestly can't believe that I wrote so many words just about one day... Well it's technically few more but most of the events are in one... Buuut after your assurance that this is not dragging for too long I don't feel so bad about it and I hope you won't too...

Also, I can't believe I'm updating today because by the time I finish it must be around midnight in my country (it's Lithuania is anyone is curious) but yeah, happy anniversary my dearest larries, directioners and even people from other fandoms if you like 1D.

So yeah, enough of the talk, enjoy the chapter! <3

P.s. my edit happened to go only half of this so I'll finish tomorrow, tell me if there are essential mistakes I've left.

Oh, and this is an inspiration from where I've gotten that idea with Jesus painting http://www.sothebysrealty.com/eng/sales/detail/180-l-691-s6yw2e/morpeth-terrace-westminster-westminster-london-en I doubled the size of their apartment, put them on higher floor so it's not exactly like this but the main idea with paintings is from here. And it's just for you to get the basics and maybe an idea of how that Jesus looked. (bc I found it creepy)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Can you stop at the McDonald’s?” Louis asked, changing his position in his seat.

It’s not the most comfortable thing to be sitting in car for three hours while driving to London after the making up he and Harry had two days ago. Especially if their making up meant having sex until they were physically not able to carry on with that.

“No, what’s going on with you and that McDonald’s?” Harry asked curious why Louis had been annoying him with the same request for almost two weeks now. And Louis didn’t even like McDonald’s that much.

“You hate it.” Louis stated pouting as Harry drove through the fast-food restaurant without making a stop.

“Yes, so why do you still want to go in there?” Harry asked again, ignoring Louis pout because he knew that if he was to look at it, he would give in.
“I just said the reason.” Louis laughed, changing the radio station as the new song came up.

“You want to go there because I hate it?” Harry repeated not believing of what he has just heard.

“Yeah.” Louis shrugged.

“Don’t touch my radio.” Harry slapped his hand away, turning back to the previous radio station.

Apparently it was not the wisest decision as Louis decided messing up the radio just to annoy Harry. He went from one station to another and left the cracking ones for a longer period to listen.

“Louis!” Harry hissed, finally snapping.

“Yes, honey?” Louis answered in his fakely sweet voice.

“I asked you not to mess with my radio.” Harry repeated his previous request, looking at Louis, who had mischievous expression on his face.

“But that’s not yours if that’s ours, is it?” Louis carried on with that fakely sweet voice and Harry shouldn’t be bugging.

He shouldn’t be grinning and he shouldn’t be looking at Louis so fondly.

“Let’s stop at the gas station and get you a milkshake.” He offered with a laugh.

“Gas station with McDonald’s near to it?” Louis smiled innocently and Harry wanted to coo at Louis talent to go from mischievous to innocent in a ten second period.

“As my baby wishes.” Harry nodded, not pulling away from that sloppy kiss Louis gave him on his cheek.

*

They ended up stopping twice at the gas station as Louis bladder started killing him after that extra-large milkshake he insisted to have. Harry mocked him about this for their whole ride to London and Louis was of course repaying him with the same.

It was the way to hide their excitement.

Both of them were fidgeting in their seats as they finally were going to see the interior designer and get some things done for their future home. God, Louis couldn’t believe this was actually happening.

He and Harry were going to have their own home. Not a rented apartment but an actual, serious place for themselves that was posh. And it was posh not just for their age, it was luxurious and in really good part of London.

“How far from campus it is?” Louis voiced out his thoughts, knowing that Harry was way better with London than he. Curly head boy was quite an often visitor in this city before his parents took off to New York and Louis remembers Harry wondering about moving out to London. He’s so glad he didn’t.

“About twenty minutes a bit more by car.” Harry replied, focused on driving as they were now in busy London streets.

Louis was always fascinated by Harry’s courage to drive extensive amounts of road and not fearing to do that in busy cities. Although Harry’s the one who got his license when he was 16 so
fearing to do that in busy cities. Although Harry's the one who got his license when he was 16 so maybe he was more experienced than Louis, who drove like ten times after he got his own.

“And by foot?”

“I don’t know. Have you chosen which one to attend yet?” Harry asked trying to play it cool but Louis could feel the tension and the weight of the words.

You see, Louis had been accepted to Imperial and London School of Economics that were usually considered better at his field than UCL so Harry had insisted he would choose one of them.

The only problem was that Louis doubted he could handle that. He was afraid. Plus, Harry is the one attending UCL and one place up or down in national ranking didn’t mean that much, right?

“So I was thinking that next time we could bring my sisters together.” Louis changed the topic instead of answering Harry’s question.

“Lou…” Harry groaned unhappily, glancing at him to inform about dislike of it.

“Maybe Lottie and the twins?” Louis carried on talking. “Fizzy wouldn’t want to probably? She’s still in… teenagery stage.”


“I know.”

“And I want you to choose the best offer handed to you.” Harry sighed driving through the Buckingham palace, Louis remembered going through this place from the last time and it was not far to their apartment, about 10 more minutes.

“I really don’t want to talk about this right now?” Louis pleaded, pouting and using his puppy eyes at the same time. There weren’t many things that affected Harry when he decided not to listen. But he could try.

“Later.” Harry agreed, taking the turn. “But today.” He added and Louis sighed, pressing the key button to open door of their underground parking.

*

Their interior designer was a lovely looking woman, who presented herself as Naomi and smiled warmly, immediately starting talking about the things she had thought of doing.

Apparently, Harry and she had talked via emails about the plans and main wishes Harry had. Louis was acquainted to the part of them but he still felt excluded as they discussed everything.

Despite liking how she didn’t talk nonsense and was really professional, Louis couldn’t ignore how she talked to Harry barely acknowledging him.

“I was thinking of removing the walls between kitchen, dining and living rooms, making it into one space.” She offered, motioning to the walls with her hands and Louis felt honoured how Harry looked at him for opinion instead of answering it himself.

“I’d prefer having them separated.” Louis shrugged as if he wasn’t really invested in this all.

“Let’s not do this then.” Harry nodded and it made Louis happy how much he actually listened to Louis instead of doing anything suggested.
“But that could really make it convenient, especially when having guests?” She tried again, looking straight at Harry, huffing in annoyance when Louis brushed her off.

“Maybe kitchen and dining room but not living room.” Louis smiled to her. He wanted to be as polite as possible, she was the one working to make this place better, he was thankful for that.

“Sir, with all due respect I think that the final decision should be made by the people, who are going to live in here.” She stated, staying very polite but taking Louis by surprise.

“We are the people, who are going to live in here.” Harry said defensively, his arm going around Louis shoulders, bringing them closer.

The look on poor girl’s face was remarkable. She paled and started gasping like a fish kicked out of water.

“Oh my God, I’m so so sorry, I t…though you were just a friend.” She stuttered, clutching a folder with house plan in her hands.

Louis envied her, he really did. Poor woman looked on a verge of crying and having a panic attack.

“It’s alright, happens all the time.” Louis comforted her as Harry helped her to sit down. Her face started to redden as she apologized a plenty of times for being such unprofessional.

Louis kept reassuring her and offered a glass of water, walking into the kitchen and shuddering under that disgusting painting of Jesus.

“God, I’m not surprised if this house is haunted.” He complied, handing her a glass of water, earning a couple of giggles.

“All these paintings are creepy.” She nodded, taking a sip of her water. She looked calmer now and eventually she came back to her previous professional self as Harry and Louis kept talking how the first thing they’ll do is removing these disastrous paintings from the walls.

“You should try selling them though.” She offered as they agreed on making living room separated from dining room and kitchen, which was going to be made into one.

“I thought about this. But maybe it’s better to contact previous owners.” Harry nodded to her as Louis went through the plans.

“To what use will we put guest room?” He asked out loud, interrupting their conversation about possible ways of selling those atrocious things. Louis was not completely unreligious but they reminded him of that film called LOL where Miley Cyrus ended up in creepy place in France where they didn’t even have a place to charge their phones.

“Empty?” Harry shrugged.

There was a gym downstairs that Harry was going to use or the one not far from here. Also, they had a separate office room and master’s bedroom had their own bath and wardrobe room so they didn’t really need it.

“Maybe you have people that want to visit you?” She offered with a smile and Louis mind travelled to his or Harry’s family. He wouldn’t mind that, not at all. “Or… Maybe it could be kids’ room someday?” She added and Louis choked on his own spit.

He kept coughing and when he looked up Harry had that stupid grin on his face. Louis groaned
and quickly changed the topic to the colours they might have.

* 

“Baby, all I’m saying is that brick’s wall is perfect solution!” Harry exclaimed.

“No.” Louis stated, crossing his arms.

They were definitely humouring their interior designer, who was generous enough to agree meeting them on Saturday and now had to listen them bickering.

“You could get one brick wall?” She offered and Louis, despite liking her a lot, threw her a warning glance.

“Don’t encourage him.” He snapped and Harry just snorted.

“It’s called having a compromise. This would look so cool.” Harry tried talking him into it and Louis pouted.

“But I don’t want to, Harry pleaaase.” He blinked a couple of times, hugging Harry and buckling his knees, making him look so small Harry didn’t stand a chance.

“So I guess no brick walls?” Their designer laughed as Harry just hummed.

“You have to let me choose the floor then.” Harry debated and Louis couldn’t mind that any less.

All in all it went smoothly well and after that miscommunication with the fact that they are a couple or that small argument about walls they agreed practically on everything.

Especially about getting those paintings off the wall the second their designer was going to leave, which was about now.

“Alright, so I’ll be making a 3D view with that and also a panorama so you’ll see how you like it? I’ll put the main furniture and I can send you a catalogue from where I take them or you want to go shopping on them for your own?” She suggested as Harry helped her to get her coat on.

“You can send us a catalogue, maybe we can order something from there.” Louis looked at Harry for confirmation and smiled when curly boy nodded.

“Great. Anything else then?” She asked ready to walk out. And that’s when Louis remembered the main thing they needed to have.

“Right, yes! We wanted two huge mirrors – one in bedroom if possible?” He smiled, avoiding Harry’s eyes or he would blush in no time.

“That can be arranged.” She smiled, shaking their hands before walking out.

“Huge mirrors?” Harry asked with a bit of amusement in his tone. Louis could already see the bulge.

“Mhmm… Just… You know see how we look like, when we want.” He flirted back shamelessly and yeah, removing those paintings could wait a second.

* 

“God, Harry I swear I open my eyes and there’s a medieval age scene in front of my eyes.” Louis complained, grunting as Harry pounded into his prostate.
“I can’t believe you’re complaining while we’re having sex!” Harry groaned, taking Louis shoulders and pulling him down on his cock. Louis was currently sitting in his lap, Harry’s dick all the way into him and if Louis was being honest he thought this position will be giving him more power, apparently it made him just as vulnerable as always if not more.

“Easy for you to talk when you chose to sit with your back to them.” He moaned as Harry started sucking a love bite to his neck. His eyes rolled back and he opened them, almost going soft when he saw those a portrait of someone creepy.

“Then close your eyes.” Harry rolled his eyes but Louis was having none of it.

“I swear I’ll go soft.” He complained and then screamed as Harry pounded into him with no mercy.

“One more word and I’ll make you stare at that Jesus painting as I fuck you!” Harry threatened and Louis shuddered in dislike even at the thought of it.

*

“I can’t believe you made comments about these paintings while we were having sex.” Harry mocked him for the tenth time.

“Are you blind? They are creepy.” Louis crossed his arms, knowing that he’s a bit overdramatic for this. There were three paintings out of like thousand in this house that were really creepy but they disturbed him.

“Not that bad. I’m thinking of keeping that one of Jesus.” Harry joked and Louis kept his face straight before replying him.

“It’s my favourite that one.” He nodded seriously before both of them erupted into laughter.

*

After getting themselves up from that ugly couch they got dressed and started working on removing paintings from the walls.

As anyone could guess the first one was the Jesus in the kitchen and first thing they did was turn it around so the creepy Jesus eyes would be facing a wall.

“I still think we could sell it and get a lot of money for it.” Harry shrugged as Louis mocked him for thinking that way.

It was a bit of a bickering, really. Trying to guess the value of all those paintings and joking that they could be painted by famous ones. Honestly, they had no clue and Harry suggested showing them for his parents. After all, they couldn’t just throw out Jesus painting. And other ones, maybe they were historically important.

Louis didn’t know though, he hadn’t had history as one of his A level subjects. Harry on the other hand kept rambling on how the painting could be from one century or the other.

“Can I get some help over here?” Louis huffed annoyed as he almost fell together with the painting he was trying to get off the wall.

Harry immediately shut up and came closer taking the whole piece from Louis hands. To be honest, Harry was the one who did most of the job here. Louis just stood close to him as a helper.
And before anyone thinks of blaming Louis, it was actually Harry who said he was fitter to lift weights. They almost ended up in a fight after this but Louis had to back off when he realized he couldn’t reach half of them by himself.

The fact was highly appreciated by Harry, who grinned like an idiot, straightening his back, looking like a fucking tower.

Louis made sure he knew that as he glared at Harry any time he did that.

Finally, after about three hours of walking around the house, gathering all pieces they were done and discovered kind of a list of things they wanted to get.

A leather couch, for example – the one who on first thoughts sounded awful but knowing them and their resistance while cumming and that stain on this ugly couch they covered with a pillow… Well, it was pretty reasonable to get leather couch.

So with a list on Harry’s phone and a conversation about what else could they get both boys left their apartment and went to the hotel they’d decided to rent because neither of them wanted to stay in that flat and sleep on that medieval ages bed.

No way.

They’ll wait until they had everything done and then they were going to stay there. Hopefully this will be by their next trip to London because they seemed to have a lot of unexpected problems.

Just like now, when they were standing in the middle of their hotel room, eyeing the two single beds.

“What the fuck?” Harry mumbled, clearly unhappy.

If he remembered correctly, Harry said that he had asked for a double king size bed, which would have definitely been nicer.

“It’s alright.” Louis shrugged ready to just fall onto this bed after such a long and exhausting day. Plus, they hadn’t eaten anything apart from breakfast and that milkshake Louis had and it was now a bit after 6 o’clock.

“Like hell it is.” Harry grunted, surprising Louis a little bit. He didn’t expect Harry to be so snappy about the difference of the rooms.

“Okay…” Louis trailed off, following Harry out of the room.

He pouted as Harry went straight to the reception (well he took the elevator and all but still) and looked at the guy a bit apologetically because he never wanted to deal with snappy Harry.

“Hello sir, did you find your room alright?” The guy asked politely and smiled though this smile faded when Harry opened his mouth to talk.

“No it’s not. Can someone explain me why the hell are we receiving a room with two single beds instead of the double as we wished?” Harry sounded stern and somehow tamed as he spoke but it clearly scared the guy, who looked lost.

“No it’s not. Can someone explain me why the hell are we receiving a room with two single beds instead of the double as we wished?” Harry sounded stern and somehow tamed as he spoke but it clearly scared the guy, who looked lost.

“Well, I… I thought it was a mistake with system?” Guy stuttered out and oh boy, someone please help him.

“A mistake with the system?” Harry repeated sarcastically, putting their key card down on the
receptionist table with an aggressive thud.

“Well, I… I didn’t think it was meant to be…” Guy kept stuttering as his eyes travelled to Louis and he could feel Harry tensing up.

And Louis knew that it was better to interfere before his boyfriend got really angry.

“Look, I think it’s just a huge misunderstanding and we can solve it by changing the keys?” Louis smiled politely to the guy, who looked at Louis as it was his saviour.

“It’s just unbelievable that you thought you had the audacity to change my order.” Harry grunted still angry but clearly less than just a few moments ago.

“Mister Styles, my biggest apologies for that.” Guy said, looking like he was starting to breathe again but still, Mr Styles? Louis looked up at Harry quizzically but his boyfriend was too busy killing this poor guy with his eyes.

“Then give me a normal fucking room I’ve ordered.” Harry snapped and Louis watched as the guy did what asked in a flash speed.

“Here sir, I’m sorry for the inconvenience.” Guy, Louis now noticed his name was Jeff apologized.

“Yeah, well these inconveniences can get you fired pretty easily.” Harry threatened and Louis thought he was going to die from embarrassment.

“We’ll be going to our room now, thanks.” Louis smiled, tugging Harry’s arm with a deathly stare in his eyes so he was sure Harry wouldn’t complain.

And he didn’t.

In fact he didn’t speak to Louis until they got into the room with a normal bed and Harry threw the bag they brought with themselves on the armchair.

“Harry, you could’ve got us thrown out of this hotel!” He exclaimed, feeling sorry for the boy and also a bit surprised for Harry snapping this way. It was not something Harry ever did.

“No one could’ve thrown us out.” Harry mumbled, helping Louis out of his parka before taking his own coat off. “Plus, I hate when this happens!” Harry suddenly exclaimed, crossing his arms on his chest. “What? Am I not affectionate enough towards you? Do I need to fuck you in front of their eyes so they’ll get a clue?”

Louis looked at him wide eyes and put hands on Harry’s arms hoping it will calm him down.

“Yes there is! What, we look like brothers?!”

“Don’t be ridiculous.” Louis snorted with an eye roll, no one could even think about them being brothers with such height and curves difference.

“Well apparently I’m not because they don’t get it!”

Louis sighed and stood on tip toes so he could at least try kissing Harry and calming him down.

“It’s not our problem, it’s theirs.” Louis mumbled, kissing Harry’s jaw, making a mental note to be
holding Harry’s hand any time they were in front of others.

“These misunderstandings make me feel like I’m not a proper boyfriend.” Harry admitted and Louis hummed trying to make Harry’s mind go other direction.

“You are a proper boyfriend.” He assured him, pulling Harry’s hands down but curly boy was not budging.

“Should’ve punched him for this.” Harry stated angrily.

“You would’ve got us kicked out.” He reminded to Harry and frowned when Harry snorted.

“No one would’ve kicked us out.” Harry repeated his previous words while pulling away.

“How are you so sure?” Louis argued, crossing his arms.

“It’s my parent’s hotel.” Harry shrugged as if it was obvious thing and Louis gaped at him.

“Of course it fucking is! How is it called? Styles residence?” Louis snapped, glaring at Harry.

“Well they’re not the only owners and it’s called Kensington.” Harry sighed and Louis looked away. He was angry for Harry acting so rudely to that poor guy but on the other hand he knew how much Harry hated to talk about anything that evolved around what his parents owned.

“Alright… Let’s… Let’s just have a shower and go to bed?” Louis finally offered, glancing at Harry, who nodded with a smile.

“Or we can first go to bed and then go to the bath?” He winked as he suggested and Louis snorted.

“Not everyone is physically able to keep up with you.” Louis joked and Harry looked at him, concern written all over his face.

“Do you feel tired? Why didn’t you tell?” Harry was immediately in front of him, checking his forehead, his hands travelling Louis body.

“I’m fine.” He rolled his eyes, ignoring the stern stare of Harry’s.

“Louis, I’m serious. We’ve decided on this but it’s only if I know you’re completely alright.” Harry threatened and even though it wasn’t meant to be a threat it was to Louis.

“Fine, I’m sore and my muscles are tensed. Nothing much, should just stretch them more often.” He joked, hoping Harry would remind him about yoga and quit it.

Mhm, false hope.

“No shower then, we can shower in the morning. Go lay down and I think they have some lotions in here.” Harry said turning on his heel, disappearing in the room, Louis thought was bathroom.

But he didn’t really care all that much because he was tired and he wanted nothing more but to nuzzle himself in those sheets so he did so.

Without taking his clothes off Louis jumped into a bed and relaxed his muscles slowly, groaning at how all the tension was building up in them. That’s the real life of a footballer. Always sore muscles and all.

He wondered if Harry had the same problems. It seems that yoga really did help to reduce the
back pains Harry had but still; sore muscles weren’t so easily avoided

“Found it.” Louis heard Harry mumbling but he declined to open his eyes only to see Harry holding a bottle. “Did you fall asleep?” Harry asked and Louis could feel the mattress moving, announcing Harry sat down right by his side.

He hummed instead of actually answering and thought that Harry will be leaving him alone to sleep which didn’t happen because if he did a cold hand wouldn’t be under Louis sweater now.

“Oi!” He complained rolling over, glaring at Harry.

“Sorry.” Curly head boy apologised but the happy twinge in his eyes meant otherwise.

“Sure you do.” Louis grunted sitting up, groaning at his muscles clearly not liking the idea.

“You said it’s only tensed muscles.” Harry quirked a brow and Louis was still trying to catch his breath. “Alright, lie down.” Harry ordered, clearly worried.

He must have thought Louis joked or something as sore muscles was his excuse for waking up in the mornings. Well, if he decided to need one, usually it was just telling Harry to bugger off.

“’S not that bad.” He tried assuring Harry but clearly it was not very needed.

“Thought of ordering something for us to eat, how about I just do that and then I can take care of you?” Harry offered with a smile and Louis felt like an asshole with telling him what he was going to.

“Harry, I’m sorry but I really don’t want to have sex now.” He apologised, opening his eyes to look if Harry got offended by it. He seemed more hurt than offended though.

“Why would you…?” Harry blinked at a loss of words before sighing and looking at Louis seriously. Like that type of seriously when Louis felt like a child and Harry was a scolding mother. “Babe, there’s nothing wrong with you being tired and all I want is to massage your muscles making it better. I can do different things than just having sex.” Harry said truthfully and Louis still somehow managed to feel like a child in front of Harry.

“Okay, I’m sorry.” He apologised not sure of what else he could say.

“Do you feel like this?” Harry asked, looking kind of sad and it was a reflex for Louis to shake his head.

“I mean… I don’t exactly understand your question?” Louis gave up with a sigh and a bit of annoyance because he was tired. Everyone was tired these days with school coming to an end and early mornings on weekend.

Oh, well everyone except fucking Harry Styles, who woke up four hours before going to school and went to gym. Louis had no idea how it was possible when they went to sleep together. Despite the fact that he usually laid on Harry’s chest with his phone when Harry woke up or needed more sleep in general.

“Do you feel that all of it is just sex? I can take care of you not by making you cum.” Harry said sounding so determined to prove his other ways to Louis.

“I know it’s not only sex between us.”

“That’s not what I meant!” Harry stated clearly annoyed. “What I meant was that I want to make
you feel relaxed, I want to make you feel good and not just drained by some hips rolling and pounding!” Harry now was raising his voice and Louis flinched.

“Harry, please stop shouting my head hurts.” He asked nicely and Harry huffed but listened to him.

“I want to take care of you.” Harry tried again, his voice now calm and collected.

“Okay.” Louis agreed with a nod still not sure what Harry meant. Or maybe he did. Preparing a bath, ordering food, taking him places, damn, even being the top one meant taking care of Louis. Harry was always taking care of Louis and Louis loved that very much.

“Okay, then room service first? And then I’ll massage you.” Harry smiled softly and Louis opened his mouth to stare at him.

Harry was oblivious to Louis short slip up as he was searching for a menu and Louis used that time to collect himself. Having Harry’s arms running down his body, helping to reduce all the muscles pain? Louis was up to that.

“Unfortunately it’s not much to choose from.” Harry’s voice brought Louis back from the thoughts.

“Anything’s fine.” Louis shrugged letting Harry to choose for them.

“Alright then.” Harry nodded and Louis just stayed to listen what it was. Apparently it was salad, sandwiches and a desert Louis slipped up to hear. He closed his eyes again as Harry asked for it to be brought in about an hour and came to sit down in his previous seat.

“What are you going to do?” Louis asked when Harry’s hands started to travel up, lifting the shirt from his back.

“I’m going to ask you to get your clothes off.” Harry asked helping Louis to get his shirt off and then pulling his pants off without any collaboration from Louis at all.

“Now?” Louis asked with a thought to wiggle his arse but his thighs obviously protested and he cursed that pose he and Harry had used previously.

“I should really enrol you into that yoga class.” Harry noted pressing Louis legs muscles with the palms of his hands.

And it might sound painful or weird to do so but it felt so goddamn good. Louis let out a loud painful moan when Harry started working on those extremely sore places on his legs and felt so good when it was over.

“I love you.” He mumbled, gulping down the collected saliva and yes he knows it sounds gross but he managed to relax after so long of being tensed.

“I love you too baby.” Harry placed a kiss on his back and moments later there were his hands and Louis screamed in both pain and pleasure as Harry pressed his hands on it. “Wow!” Harry shouted in surprise immediately backing off.

“I’m fine.” Louis groaned catching his breath.

“Like hell you are.” Harry snorted pulling them in a different position – Louis lay on top of his chest, trying to figure out how was that going to be better. “Hide your face in my neck and relax.” Harry ordered and Louis rolled his eyes at the stupid decision.
“As if that’s going to work.”

“Relax and don’t move.” Harry ordered again and Louis complied, moving his body and letting Harry press his fingers on the muscles that required attention.

He kept moaning and hiding his face in Harry’s neck and even if he didn’t want to admit the closeness to Harry and the smell he was so used to, made him relax and go practically lump in Harry’s hands.

“That’s right baby.” Harry encouraged him, adding the lotion as his hands travelled up and down Louis’s back and Louis thought he was going to fall asleep.

And maybe he did because the only thing he felt after that was Harry slipping from under him to open a door. He would’ve fallen asleep again but the food was coming in and Louis was starving so he sat up and waited for Harry to appear, together with a tray of food he had ordered.

When it happened Louis for sure felt underdressed as he was wearing only his briefs and then cold because he stayed like this with no blanket, which was too cold even in a hotel with heating.

“Hey.” Harry smiled, already taking his sweater of to offer it to Louis and he was so thankful for it, pulling it on himself, making a small sweater paws to brush against his face.

He was attacked by Harry for a kiss.

And by attacked he meant literally attacked. Harry left that riding table Louis called tray near their bed and pulled Louis by his ankles all across the bed just to lean in and kiss him.

“Hi.” Louis smiled when they pulled away, hiding his face in Harry’s chest, making the taller one beam.

“Hungry?” Harry asked, holding Louis closer but had to let him go when tiny boy hummed positively. “Then let’s eat and then you can sleep all you want.” Harry offered and Louis was happy to agree.

It was only when they were finishing eating and when Louis was full enough not to steal the same meal from Harry’s plate, did Harry decided to confront him about the topic they’ve left behind before.

“I don’t want you to choose UCL.” He stated out of nowhere, making Louis choke on water he was drinking.

“Harry.” He looked at him with a pout but brushed it off soon after he realised Harry wasn’t buying it. “I don’t want to.”

“Well, I don’t want you to make a mistake.”

“How do you know it’s a mistake? You’re just choosing a national ranking and it’s not that much of a difference.” Louis argued, feeling a bit too happy about the fact that they sounded like two very mature adults.

“Imperial is better.” Harry looked at Louis pleadingly.

“Look, with the courses we’ve chosen it’ll be much better if we just stayed at the same university. It’ll be hard enough to see each other with all that course work.” Louis reasoned and he already hated the idea of having his studying program much more overcrowded. He wanted his time with Harry.
“Fine, let’s talk about this tomorrow.” Harry huffed before standing up.

“I’m not changing my mind!” Louis shouted to the closed bathroom door, knowing that Harry heard him very well.

He needed this issue sorted out before Harry started to question him about the names, which Louis knew he had to talk about sooner or later. He preferred later.

*

The morning came earlier to Louis and later to Harry than they were used to and for the first time in their relationship they went out for a run together, getting familiar with London streets (this worked more for Louis than Harry) and maybe having a bit of competition on who’s better at it.

It turned out to be Louis, of course. It was his cup of tea – running around, illogical amounts of distance, which according to Harry was easier than lifting weights.

Louis didn’t even tried to complain; he just kept a cocky smirk on his face and nodded, driving Harry mad or just a bit competitive, which is how they ended up having a long shower sex before going down for breakfast.

Based on both sides agreement having breakfast at hotel was the best option because to Harry it meant not dealing with Louis sugary cravings for breakfast and to Louis it meant not eating grass or leaves that Harry claimed to be salad.

They made a plan of where to go while in London and apparently they didn’t have that much time as the drive was more than three hours.

So they had to choose between Madame Tussauds and Sherlock Holmes Museum and being British himself, Louis claimed that visiting Baker’s street was essentially important.

Harry was pleasantly surprised after developing Louis passion for this character and didn’t mind at all to follow his boyfriend request.

Then of course they visited Big Ben, Trafalgar Square and decided to leave London eye for another time before going shopping for yes, as lame as it sounds, for their future home.

And present for Louis mother, Daisy and Phoebe as their birthdays were coming up.

On their way home they decided that their trip to London was definitely worthy this whole ass long road to drive and agreed that neither of them were ready for Monday to begin.

Chapter End Notes

As always, your opinion matters to me so you can Comment everything you thought of it and don't forget to leave Kudos if you haven't yet.

Love you all <3 <3 <3 <3
Chapter 36

Chapter Summary

A little bit of everything I guess

Chapter Notes

I am finally updating!!! For a little while I thought this was not going to happen because I went through some kind of writers-disaster phase when you don't know what the f*ck you're suppost to do. Like I literally cried claiming that I write with no logical plot and well... I don't know why and how I became so emotional but somehow I dealt with it and I hope I did right.

I overwrote this chapter 3 times and made my best friend to read it and help me out.

However, there's one scene in this chapter that I should be thankful for a page in instagram (@harryheartslouisass), I think it was her that made a ps picture with Louis wearing that Stella McCartney jumper and Harry wearing a similar blazer so thank you a lot! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Harry, can you please stop glaring at me?” Louis sniffed with a tissue in his hand.

Apparently, he had caught a bit of a cold and Harry was giving him a cold shoulder for it because of course it was his own choice to play that match on Friday while it was raining outside!

“I’m bringing you to your mother.” Harry informed him, avoiding replying an actual question and Louis groaned.

It was the last period of today classes and Louis together with Harry decided to ditch it. At first it was because they wanted to spend some quality time in that empty classroom but then Harry saw how bad Louis' small cold have become and insisted on going home.

He informed their coaches but still kept looking at Louis as if it was his fault.

“Oh, thank you love, I believe that its great thing to do as my mother won’t freak out at all!” Louis said sarcastically and gave himself some appreciation points as Harry’s lips quirked into a small smile.

“I know she will, this is why I’m doing this in the first place.” Harry laughed and Louis debated of breaking up with Harry. Or breaking something of Harry’s.

* 

Louis mother of course went into super motherly phase, jumping around with warm cup of tea, that made Louis pee like he was mad and he blamed Harry for it.
Harry, who apparently had a lot of fun talking with Louis’ mother.

It’s like they were some kind of best friends or something.

To be honest, Louis didn’t mind that, he knew that he wouldn’t get away with that many things if not Harry. For example, basically living with Harry – he was still in high school and yes, he was 18 years old but it was still not very appropriate.

And maybe he was also a bit jealous that he couldn’t be the same way with Harry’s mother. He felt awkward when he stood next to Anne and was never sure of the words he should say.

Harry on the other hand looked like he was rocking it, talking with Jay about that new recipes book he had bought and what kind of things he had already tried. And Louis’ mother in return was giving a few family recipes for Harry to try (Louis ignored the stupid blushing as this happened).

However, they were brought to reality when Harry’s phone ringed and everyone asked about yoga practice.

They had informed only their coaches about their disappearance and didn’t even think about teammates.

“Yeah, Louis is sick so there will be no yoga.” Harry talked into his phone while Louis watched him talking. “I know, sorry Luke, and could you also tell others?” Louis kicked him motioning with his lips to also inform his team. “Oh, and Louis’ team too, tell them they’re on their own for today.” Harry smiled to Louis, grabbing his leg and tickling it, earning a loud scream from Louis.

“Don’t touch me you bastard!” Louis screamed, trying to get away.

“Louis, stop kicking me!” Harry groaned, when one kick was to his side. “Okay Luke, got to go, tell others, thanks.” Harry quickly ended a conversation, turning to Louis and smirking before pulling him by his ankles and attacking him with a kiss.

“Seriously?! Every goddamn time!” Lottie shrieked from the doorstep and Louis giggled into Harry’s mouth as he showed her a middle finger.

*In the meantime at school*

“Ugh, there’ll be no yoga guys.” Luke announced, lifting his phone where he just had Harry on the line. Harry that ended a call because Louis was apparently kicking him.

“And why’s that?” James asked, picking his bag from the ground. Others were also moving back into the changing room.

“Well it turns out Louis is sick.” Luke rolled his eyes and a few snorted in dislike.

“What, Louis gets stuffy nose and Harry is ditching us?” Logan rolled his eyes.

James watched as others looked just as much annoyed as he. Harry was their yoga instructor and despite Louis always being a brat about it they quite liked it.

“Maybe he stubbed his toe? You know, Tommo, the legend!” James laughed sarcastically as he
entered the room together with others.

“Hey, James?” Stan called him. “Mind your own business, will ya?” He smirked and James just showed him his middle finger.

If there were anyone he didn’t like more than Louis it was Stan, the guy got on with Louis well and he was defending him in all kinds of situation. What was even worse is that Stan got other good friends in this team that still supported Louis and ignored James wake up call, when he told them that Louis was an actual brat.

“Yeah well, having my practice is kinda my business, Stan.”

“Yeah, but Harry’s and Louis’ relationship is not yours for sure.” Stan kept going and it frustrated the hell out of James that few nodded agreeing with Stan.

Good thing there were only a few. He managed to talk a bigger part of members into at least feeling neutral about Louis instead of liking or supporting him and Harry’s relationship.

*

Harry was acting like Louis was made of glass, giving him anything, making sure he won’t be getting up from bed. And Louis didn’t mind wooing and cuddling part of Harry but it was annoying that he couldn’t even go to toilet by himself as Harry immediately offered his help.

“Can I like shit in your hands too?” Louis huffed, annoyed when Harry didn’t let him to get up from bed to change his clothes.

“You’re so funny.” Harry rolled his eyes, helping him to take his shirt off already having the other one prepared.

“I’m warm and I’m sleeping naked tonight.” Louis announced, pulling the blanket down and turning around so his naked bum would be on display to Harry.

“Do whatever you want, I’m not touching you tonight.” Harry shrugged walking away as if he wasn’t bothered at all.

“Yeah, I would believe if there weren’t a boner in your pants!” Louis shouted to him and groaned into a pillow.

“Yeah, this is why I’m going to have a cold shower.” Harry replied without glancing at him, long legs carrying him to the bathroom.

“I will use that lube in your drawer to finger myself then!” Louis smiled cheekily. This game could be played by two, Styles. And Louis was definitely better at it.

Louis figured that Harry was indeed having a long cold shower as Harry didn’t come back twenty minutes later. This or he was having one of his crazy evening sessions where he used all possible facial masks and other shitty things that Louis enjoyed too but was never going to admit that out loud. And especially not to Harry.

And as a lot would have guessed Louis also hadn’t started fingering himself, still hoping that Harry wouldn’t be so stubborn. Instead he took Harry’s laptop that was now mostly used by him and went to YouTube to watch bunch of pointless videos.
“Sooo… How do I look?” Harry asked as the bathroom door opened and Louis glanced at him only to look back couple of seconds later.

“What is…? Harry, what an actual fuck?” Louis asked, looking at how Harry’s face was hidden under some kind of weird mask.

“It’s called bubble face mask.” Harry smiled and Louis looked at him horrified.

“Your face looks like a fucking giant cloud.”

“Ohh, c’mon Louis, give me a kiss.” Harry came closer to bed.

“Get lost! Don’t even come near this bed, you freakin’ cloud!” Louis squealed, using his legs to push Harry away.

He should probably know by now that this was not going to work as Harry grabbed his ankles pulling him closer.

“C’mon give your cloud a little kiss.” Harry laughed leaning in and Louis screamed and squirmed trying to get away as Harry rubbed his face into Louis’.

“I swear to god I’m breaking up with you if you don’t go away!” Louis screamed while giggling as Harry brushed all of his face against Louis stomach, making him all dirty in that weird-ass mask.

“You can’t break up with me.” Harry beamed and Louis had to clutch his stomach because he looked too funny for him not to.

“Please go wash.” He breathed between the giggles, rolling over to escape the view.

“Let me give you a blow job.” Harry laughed, trying to roll him back.

“I swear that if you touch my precious dick with this cloud-face I’ll kill you.” Louis threatened and tried pushing Harry away as he was successfully rolling Louis around.

Louis put up a bit of a fight and it made it pretty difficult which is why Harry opted to just put his face into his thighs and Louis squealed in surprise, trying to run away.

“Stop resisting!” Harry laughed, trying to hold him while Louis kicked and fought his way out.

“Help! Someone help! A giant face cloud attacking my precious body!” Louis laughed, making Harry laugh too before going back into the bathroom.

They didn’t end up having sex, instead Harry cuddled Louis, placing kissed all over his face and Louis didn’t mind that at all.

* 

“Can you at least pretend you’re trying to hurry?” Harry groaned as Louis was definitely taking his time.

It was not his fault they overslept. Or that he fell asleep again after Harry woke him up.

“Oh, I am.” Louis smiled looking up from his bowl of cereals, phone in his hand while he scrolled down the Instagram, rolling his eyes at stupid picture with that bubble mask Harry had posted on his Instagram story.
“Louis, we’re going to be late!” Harry groaned, putting the boxes of their lunch in his bag.

“And whose fault is that?” Louis mumbled not lifting his eyes.

“Louis, lift your fucking ass or I’ll make sure you won’t be able to sit on any kind of surface for a week.” Harry threatened and that was a great encouragement speech.

They met again before lunch, Harry was waiting for him this time and Stan joined them on their short walk.

The poor guy felt like a third wheel when Louis and Harry greeted each other exchanging the sheets of paper – Louis gave him his literature test with a C that he turned into a sad face and Harry gave him his math test with C too.

And Stan didn’t even try to strike up a conversation as both boys looked too occupied going through the papers. They walked in silence and Stan still felt awkward walking together with them – like he was intruding or something.

They reached the cafeteria and it was a bit funny to watch how Harry opened a door without looking up from his paper and Louis didn’t look up as he walked past Harry inside.

Stan made a note for himself to film it someday and show it to them because it looked like they moved somehow synchronically and it was creepy.

He wondered if he should walk past Harry to but decided against it when Harry looked up from the paper and glared at Stan as if he was angry for him walking together all this time.

“Ugh, hey.” Stan waved and Harry looked back down going inside the cafeteria.

A fucking creep, if you ask Stan.

It’s not like he disliked Harry or something but he had been with Louis since kindergarten and he knew that curly head boy could also be something more than just a cute and smiley guy. There weren’t many guys who knew Harry for that long and even if they did, no one saw him really irritated.

No one saw Harry getting angry.

Stan had. Once. They were about ten years old and there were some guys bullying a new kid that was Liam by the way. And Stan still remembered how Harry flipped, there were parents involved and one of the kids had a bleeding nose.

They sent him to a boarding school that time, there was about month until summer holidays left and next year Harry came back, just much more collected.

Stan shook his head, leaving all the thoughts behind as he walked closer to their usual table where Louis loudly discussing some kind of topic.

It was about cafeteria’s food.

Liam, as a nutritious freak he is, talked how school could invest their money into some kind of nutritious vending machine where they would sell vegetables or granola bars.

And Louis was defending the whole humanity and the happiness he found in food with his whole
“Liam, you sound mental! There’s no way school can waste money on that!” He kept talking, motioning his hands like crazy, ignoring how Harry kept chuckling right next to him. He could punch his boyfriend later, now – it was time to prove Liam wrong.

“All I’m saying is that we should pay more attention to healthy and balanced diet.” Liam shrugged.

“That’s bullshit! If it was up to me I’d make everyone eat donuts and pizza and kids would finally be happy!”

“I personally think that Liam’s idea is better.” James interrupted and Louis looked at him in annoyance.

“You think shit James and no one even gives a shit about it.” Louis rolled his eyes, hearing Harry laughing louder than just seconds ago.

They were both having fun – Harry enjoyed Louis being in his full fighter-ready-to-prove-something mood and Louis loved how James looked irritated.

“Yeah well at least I don’t have my ass looking like a fucking balloon.” James snorted and wow, was it supposed to be offensive? Louis took a huge pride in his bum, he did squats for it.

“Yeah well at least it’s not flat surface like yours.” Louis laughed and it was pretty clear that James was running out of remarks.

“James, I would appreciate if you’d keep your ogling to yourself and stopped observing my boyfriend’s butt.” Harry interrupted both of them, making Louis beam and James blush in embarrassment.

Louis made a mental note to himself that by this sentence Harry deserved a rewarding blowjob he was going to give him some time later today.

“Anyways… I was thinking, that maybe we could all go out this Friday? It’s game-free.” Liam offered changing a topic before someone could go into a serious fight.

“Can’t, Louis’ mother and sisters are having their birthday party.” Harry replied for him and Louis looked up from the package he was unwrapping to get his lunch.

“It’s this Friday?” He asked and others snickered around him, earning a middle finger from Louis.

“Yes, that’s why we bought them presents this weekend.” Harry rolled his eyes and Louis nodded, feeling that it was not the right place to discuss it in front of others. But what he did know is that Harry for sure deserved that freakin’ blowjob.

“Saturday then?” Stan joined and Louis wanted to open his mouth to disagree but then he saw James face and just like that he knew he had to go. He just knew that he had to go out with them and look cute with Harry because that’s what James hated.

And Louis lived for annoying him.

“Well, it works for us?” Louis arched his eyebrows, looking at Harry for confirmation.

“Okay, we’re in.” Harry nodded and others cheered, they rarely managed to spend time together.
And now when Louis really paid attention to that, this year, more than ever before, he left his team behind, spending all his free time with Harry. Plus, he loved it. To be honest, he preferred having Harry all to himself instead of going out with plenty of other guys.

*  

“Babe, have you seen that black jumper with flowers that I bought in New Yo…” Harry stopped talking when he saw what Louis was wearing; of course it was his new Stella McCartney jumper he had bought for himself. “Lou, you little shit, do you have to steal everything from my closet?” Harry groaned, taking a look at what else could he wear.

“Not everything, just what looks good.” Louis smiled cheekily and damn he looked cute with that oversized sweater on him.

“I wanted to wear it.” Harry informed him, getting another purchase from said Stella McCartney – it was a black blazer that had the same flowers on it.

“You’re always warm anyways! Blazer is a good choice – you can take it off.” Louis smirked and Harry hated that smirk. It was showing him that Louis knew he was pissing Harry off and he was having fun while doing so.

“I will slap you with this blazer if you don’t shut up.” Harry threatened and few moments later Louis was in front of him talking loudly, Harry had to shut him up by covering his mouth. “Shut up, you menace.” He laughed turning Louis around so he would be having his back leaning into him – it was easier to tame him this way.

“Humph!” Louis glared and Harry laughed.

“What? I can’t here you.” He laughed as Louis squirmed to get away. “Promise to be good and give my jumper back?” Harry asked with a smile that grew into a chuckle when Louis shook his head.

“Then I guess we’ll be staying like this, I don’t mind to be late, you know.”

*

“Sorry we’re late guys.” Harry apologised with a smile as Louis trailed behind him with the same black.

“Thought you ditched us.” Stan joked as Louis looked around the room. There weren’t that many of them – Liam who was talking with Luke and Matthews, and then there were Greg, Logan and James glaring at Louis already. Stan was sitting next to Austin leaving another seat empty. Actually there were a lot of empty seats.

Well, it’s still more than they sometimes have especially since guys from Harry’s team chose to spend their weekends with their significant others. Something he and Harry didn’t do.

“Yeah, Louis was taking too long getting ready.” Harry blamed him and Louis punched his arm.

“That was my line, Styles.” He glared at his boyfriend because it was Harry’s fault. He was the one who thought he can break Louis by just teasing him with time. Nope. Harry was the punctual one, who got crazy when he realised that Louis was not changing his mind and they were going to
be really late.

“You can bicker any other time, sit down.” Stan rolled his eyes and Louis scanned the table as Harry took his coat.

There were one empty seat next to Stan and the other next to James.

“Where do you want to sit?” Harry asked as he joined his side to look at the table.

“Uhm, next to Stan?” Louis asked because generally he wanted to sit next to Harry but apparently there weren’t enough seats. Louis didn’t want to think whose fault was that.

“You’re not sitting next to Stan.” Harry said simply, asking for Stan to move.

“Can you stop telling Stan what to do?” Louis crossed his arms, when person he could trust besides Harry was left to sit near James.

Harry instead of replying sat down and pulled Louis down with himself almost making him fall. Louis could see shock in others faces as this happened. Same as when Harry told Stan to go sit elsewhere. Yeah, only if they knew.

“Are you wearing the same clothes?” James interrupted Louis and Harry starring fight and Louis rolled his eyes knowing what’s going to happen.

“No, this is different, it’s blazer and jumper that are both mine. It’s Stella McCartney.” Harry stated and Louis snorted, taking one of the menus. They were about half an hour late so that meant that others should’ve ordered something at least.

“It’S StElLa McCAartnEY” Louis repeated Harry’s words with a stupid voice.

“I do not sound like that.” Harry said taking a menu from Louis hands. Not a bid problem as there were few more but now Louis needed this menu that was in Harry’s hands.

“So you’re now that couple that shares their clothes?” Logan laughed interrupting their wrestling where Louis was almost winning (don’t you even dare to doubt it).

“Yes, are you still that brother that steals sister’s underwear?” Louis replied, giving up with this fight with Harry. It was pointless and he was sure Harry was going to let him pick or would just pick for him, which wouldn’t be that bad either.

All table erupted in laughter after Louis’ comment and Louis smiled, he already loved this night.

“I’ll let you know Tomlinson that different from you I don’t have a preference for girly panties.” Logan bit back and Louis was sure it was supposed to be a way of mocking, a payback.

But he felt so awkward and his face coloured in such bright shade of red he figured it wouldn’t even be worth to put a fight. He was going to live in shame for the rest of his life.

“Logan, would you mind stop talking shit?” Harry, Louis saviour, jumped into conversation, making everyone laugh awkwardly and Louis just hoped they weren’t thinking what they most probably were thinking.

“Okay… Does anyone want to share a pizza?” Liam carried on with conversation and when Louis looked up he pretended not to see those awkward stares few guys were giving him.
Louis laughed out loud as Harry ordered himself a salad for starters and asked for a steak with salad as his main meal.

“Why don’t you go eat grass instead of actually coming inside the building to…” He was silenced by Harry’s hand coming on his mouth covering it. AGAIN.

“He’ll have a mozzarella sticks for starters and then peperoni pizza, medium.” Harry ordered with a nice smile as if Louis wasn’t trashing in his grip.

And Harry waited for others to tell their orders before removing his hand from Louis mouth.

“Do you really have to do this every time?” Louis glared at him, looking around the table, who watched them in amusement. Well, not James but even Logan looked at them with funny expression on his face.

“Actually? Yes.” Harry replied with a smirk and Louis sighed, scooting closer to him for a half hug he could get while sitting in separate chairs.

“Want to sit in my lap?” Harry asked and Louis jumped a bit when James choked on his drink.

Shaking his head he left others to talk about whatever they were talking and fished Harry’s phone from his jeans pocket.

Harry glanced at him but didn’t mind, Louis knew he wouldn’t. Even if it’s not something he does often. However, now when James was watching Louis was going to make sure he was acting very affectionate.

He entered a code without looking up and started going through notifications.

“Oh, Gemma texted you.” He informed Harry, looking up at James, who probably wondered who the hell Gemma is.

“What did she say?” Harry asked, not taking his phone away. It was a tiny gesture but Louis was definitely making most of it, proudly opening the app and reading a message to Harry.

“She says that she’s coming to visit next Friday.” Louis responded, turning phone for Harry to see.

“Just text her back.” Harry shrugged, turning to Stan and Louis smirked. How many guys would trust his significant other and give him his phone? Not many. Louis wouldn’t or well maybe he would but not that easily, he would at least tell what to text back.

He hoped James was watching this and taking fucking notes on how much Harry was Louis’.

And indeed, with every small exchanging of words not only James but all guys sitting at the table were getting more and more surprised at how these two acted.

It was definitely different than in school, with the exchanging glances and surprised stares even Logan himself thought that they looked cute. Maybe not cute but somehow in love. Well, definitely not falling apart, as he thought they will be in a few weeks of dating.

And he was definitely not the only one.

Guys kept exchanging confused looks on their faces when boys interacted because they didn’t even talk.
Like, when the waitress came back with their starters Louis and Harry ate from one another plates while not even looking at each other and talking to different people – Harry kept a conversation going with Stan, James and Logan and Louis looked at different side of table where Liam, Austin and Luke were sitting.

How was that even possible? Logan had no idea.

Just like now, when Louis opened his mouth asking for Harry to give him something and before he finished the sentence Harry was already giving him salt. Louis didn’t even have time to finish the sentence!

“This is fucked up.” Logan thought to himself, trying to ignore the whole weirdness between those guys. He didn’t know what to think.

*

Louis was tipsy. Harry didn’t want to blame himself but technically it was his fault that he didn’t stop Louis when he ordered himself some beer, joining two others who looked like they were more tolerant towards alcohol.

“Here, I’ll tell you the best part of relationship.” Louis pointed his finger at Harry, giggling while doing so. “Okay, so The Only reason and The Best reason to have Harry is that when you’re finished with your glass, you just do this.” Louis smirked and took his empty glass, changing it with Harry’s.

“Wow, you’re so smart.” Harry rolled his eyes waiting for a scowl.

It came as soon as Louis gulped from Harry’s glass.

“It’s… Harry what the fuck?” Louis sighed as the taste was definitely not beer; it was more of an iced tea or something.

“It’s iced tea, babe.” Harry replied trying to contain his smile. He was never going to admit how much tipsy Louis amused him.

“You drink shit Harry.” Louis pouted, looking endearingly cute from Harry’s point of view. He was all loud and sassy but that didn’t change a fact that he had freaking sweater paws and that lovely pout.

“Last time I’ve got drunk you made me sleep on the floor.” Harry reminded Louis that time back in New York when he was made to sleep on the ground.

“It’s because you snore when you get drunk.” Louis smiled, waving for a waitress to come. Harry shook his head at coming girl and she was clearly lost at what to do.

“I do not snore.” Harry shook his head, showing her at Louis glass and shaking his head, hoping she’ll get what he was talking about. Apparently she did because he nodded and turned around walking away.

He looked down to check if Louis didn’t see what he did and apparently his boyfriend was too busy trying to prove to everyone how Harry snored.
Liam was looking at him with a quirked eyebrow and few others were looking to the said waitress and back to Harry. Harry smiled at them innocently interrupting Louis with confirmation that he did not snore.

Louis accepted it as a reason to fight even more completely forgetting about the called waitress.

* 

The evening was coming to an end and Louis was happily tipsy leaning on Harry’s side while laughing loudly at a joke Stan has said.

“Your cheque.” The waitress came interrupting his other joke and Louis rolled his eyes taking his wallet out.

Suddenly he was roughly pulled by his arm and he tried to get his stuck hand away. It’s until he realized Harry was holding his hand with a harsh expression on his face.

“Sorry.” Louis mumbled, looking down and putting his hands into his lap.

There were others already going through the bill and Louis felt strange ignoring the piece of paper giving it to Harry instead.

He tried to look chill about it but his head automatically looked around the table, watching if anyone noticed. Of course they did. Not everyone but judging by the way James smirked, Logan and Luke stared Louis felt very uncomfortable.

Harry hadn’t noticed it, he was too busy sending the bill to others and when he looked up he looked straight at Louis, arching an eyebrow in confusion.

Louis shrugged and looked away.

* 

“Did you have to do that?” Louis asked crossing his arms the second they were alone in the car.

“Do what?”

“Pay for me.”

“This never been a problem to you.” Harry replied, rolling his eyes.

It pissed Louis off. This always been a problem to him, Harry was just too stubborn to actually listen to Louis when he debated this situation.

“Yeah, well I don’t like being your side bitch you’re paying for.” Louis snapped looking at Harry, who looked at the road ahead of him instead of looking at Louis.

Louis watched how strict his jaw was looking and just by that he knew that Harry was pissed off. Yeah well guess what, Louis was pissed of too.

“Can you at least look at me when I’m talking to you?!” He snapped and Harry stopped the car, tires probably leaving the black trace behind them as they screeched loudly.

“What do you want me to say, huh?!” Harry shouted, looking at Louis as if he wanted to punch him or something. It looked quite scary to be honest but Louis was angry too and he could very
easily punch Harry too.

“Stop shouting at me!” Louis snapped avoiding an actual answer because he didn’t have it. He didn’t know what he wanted Harry to do; he was just angry at the situation.

“Then stop acting like a bitch! You’re making a problem out of nothing!”

“I do not! This is you making me look like I’m some kind of a whim when you can’t take it when I pay for something.”

Harry laughed coldly, looking at Louis judgingly and this was the look Harry used to give him before they started dating or even having sex. It’s the look that pissed Louis off so much he would push or punch Harry somewhere.

“I’m not going to have some kind of stupid fight over it.” Harry smirked, saying words with a calm tone and it angered Louis more than anything ever could.

Harry thought it was not worth to fight over something Louis was not happy about? Louis was more than ready to remind him how much power he had over Harry.

“Fine, take me home.” Louis shrugged if it wasn’t a big deal.

As if. Harry’s expression changed from unbothered to very very bothered.

“There’s no need…” Harry started his apology and Louis interrupted him with a laugh. It was now his turn.


“Fine, I’m sorry.” Harry said words through gritted teeth.

“Sorry my ass, Styles.” Louis carried on, staying pissed off. This could push too far with Harry but he was more than willing to take a risk.

“I’m not taking you home.” Harry stated and Louis nodded, he knew that there was no way Harry was taking him home, he didn’t want that. Plus, his younger sister had been sleeping in his room, however, the threat worked and that was all he wanted.

“Are you willing to talk then?” Louis was pushing his luck. He saw it in Harry’s eyes, how they lingered on Louis face longer than they should if Harry was willing to agree immediately.

“Okay, fine. We’ll talk when we get back.” Harry decided and it was more than Louis was hoping to get.

“Fair enough.” He nodded though inside he was dancing a victory tango.

* 

Harry let Louis inside walking behind him, ready to take his boyfriend’s jacket.

He didn’t want to admit but he was hoping that small jumping around Louis would do him good.

Despite being the leading one in their relationship he was whipped, wrapped around Louis’ tiny finger and idea of sleeping in cold and empty bed alone brought him to his usual teenager self, that was lonely if not Louis by his side.

It was pretty long since he had stayed completely alone in the house and he hated to remember the
feeling.

“I love you.” He suddenly mumbled out, adoring how Louis cheeks coloured in bright shade of red. He couldn’t stop himself and his hands moved to hold Louis face. “I love you so so much.” Harry repeated taking a step closer.

“I love you too.” Louis answered, his hands wrapping around Harry’s arms, looking through his eyelashes. Harry couldn’t see anything else but the beautiful Louis’ lips asking to be kissed. He looked so tiny, innocent even, completely depending on Harry.

The thought humoured Harry so much, he wrapped one of his arms around Louis’ waist pulling him closer to his chest and Louis tripped, tightening his hands around Harry, who was quick enough to react and hold Louis from falling down.

Their eyes locked and Harry could see Louis going under. He could see him relaxing his shoulders, their bodies fitting perfectly against each other, Louis thigh against Harry’s growing bulge.

“Give me a kiss, baby.” Harry asked, inhaling when he felt Louis thighs going up, rubbing his bulge as he tip toed for a kiss.

It was now Harry’s turn to lean down because Louis couldn’t reach his lips otherwise.

He was too small, too tiny.

Harry’s minds shaded and as their lips touched he completely forgot about anything else but the need to make Louis a mess, to fuck him up, to mark him, making him his.

Louis moaned into Harry’s lips, slightly jumping up and down, asking Harry to pick him up, which he gladly did. He picked Louis up not getting tired by his weight; the weights he was lifting were heavier than his boyfriend.

“I’ll fuck you up.” Harry promised to Louis as they broke a kiss so he could carry both of them upstairs to his bed.

“Please.” Louis moaned, buckling his hips, his hard dick rubbing into Harry’s stomach.

He laid Louis on the bed, pulling him by his ankles when boy started to roll to the middle of the bed.

“Take your pants off.” Harry ordered watching Louis like a hawk, like a predator for his prey.

Louis rushed to follow the orders, the pants together with socks and briefs thrown away on the ground.

“Sweater?” Louis asked and Harry shook his head, he wanted to see Louis drowning in this sweater while he pounded into him.

“Leave it on.” He ordered, his fingers trailing down the sweater, feeling material, feeling Louis’ body underneath. Suddenly with no warning he pulled the sweater, Louis screaming in surprise when pulled into Harry’s chest so fast.

“Harry…” Louis moaned and Harry could feel the wetness of a pre-cum.

“Already?” He laughed, mocking Louis. “You want it, don’t you? You want me to turn you around and fuck you, don’t you Louis?”
“Yes… Harry please.” Louis moaned and Harry slapped his arse, making Louis arch his back.

This is a view worth dying for – Harry thought gulping the need to turn Louis around and make him come immediately.

“You’re playing so tough on the outside…” Harry smirked, his hands travelling up Louis’ body pinching his nipple, listening to the beautiful sound of Louis moaning. “But on the inside you just want me to claim you, own you, don’t you Louis?” Harry asked, roughly tugging Louis’ hair.

“Yes!” Louis breathed together with a needy scream. Harry caught his hands from touching cock, hissing.

“What do you think you’re doing? Is this how you want to end this?” Harry snapped, smiling when Louis started apologising, mumbling incoherent words and Harry pushed him on the bed, admiring how much Louis complied with anything he told to do.

Leaving the needy boy on his bed, Harry rushed into his wardrobe grabbing handcuffs and a plug, coming back to find Louis rutting against the mattress.

A loud smack landed on Louis arse and he stopped the action, biting his lips to hide the moan. Harry wanted to mock him for how much of a bitch Louis was, getting all excited while being slapped.

However, this could wait because even if he wanted to admire it he needed to quicken the speed or he could come beforehand.

“Harry please, please…” Louis moaned, his back arching even more, sweat already forming on his forehead.

The next ten minutes were spent fingering Louis and Harry’s precious tiny boyfriend went from moaning mess, to frustrating mess that was cursing for Harry to stop teasing and then after a few words and rough words he went to begging.

It was one of Harry’s favourite scenes to watch Louis going from frustrated to begging, watching how fast he could go through Louis’ hard shell.

But it was not what he waited for tonight.

He was waiting for Louis to get angry, furious. His boyfriend rarely went to this stage of need but he was angry today and Harry needed to teach him a lesson so patently he waited and after ten more minutes Louis grunted, his leg moving into uncoordinated kick as Harry pushed against his prostate.

“FOR GOD’S SAKE HARRY!” Louis snapped mumbling angrily about finishing it moving his hands from his sides where Harry placed them.

And that was it. This was what Harry had been waiting all this time.

He slapped Louis ass hard, hissing at the tingling hand. It hurt to him and it must have been really tough to Louis who cried out, rushing to get his hands on his dick.

Harry grabbed his wrists and pulled them against Louis head.

“Harry…” Louis cried out, his body even trembling.

“You don’t like playing by rules, do you?” Harry asked playfully, taking a pair of handcuffs he
had prepared and his cock twitched as Louis eyes widened. “I think I should tame you, what do you think?” Harry smirked, though his eyes remained deadly serious.

He hoped Louis knew this was a request for them to go further.

Louis nodded, sniffing and relaxing his arms, whole body going from tensed to boneless.

Harry’s smirk grew wider and his cock twitched together with the claps of the handcuffs.

“Now I’m going to fuck you with your hands behind your back, your only support will be your knees, because I will hold you in the air, do you understand?” Harry asked him carefully pulling Louis body into the said position.

“Yes.” Louis responded, more collected than he was seconds ago.

“Are you comfortable?” He asked fully in the said position.

“Yes.” Louis responded again, his voice now wavering.

“Are you sure?” Harry asked, positioning him against Louis whole.

Final confirmation and he’ll be going in with all the force he had.

“Yeah…” Louis moaned, fingers searching for Harry’s body to touch. Harry tugged his finger in reply and moved his hips forward hitting Louis prostate immediately. “FUCK!” Louis screamed, starting to fall.

Harry caught him by his waist and pulled back.

“Stay. In. Position.” Harry breathed, roughly hitting Louis’ prostate, losing himself in all those whines that belonged to Louis.

He was going mad for his boy, he was going crazy while holding Louis close, having him in his hands, knowing that if not him he would fall and get hurt.

This was power. He had this power over Louis. He could make him come and cry and with that Harry came himself, filling Louis with his seed, going down to tug Louis’ cock which he wasn’t fast enough to do and Louis came untouched, screaming Harry’s name while being covered by this oversized sweater.

Harry slowly breathed trying to gather himself from the mess he was now – he was not used to getting slowly after sex, quite the opposite, he got that adrenaline rush but with Louis… With Louis he would go to some kind of new level of relax, wanting nothing more but to lie down with Louis in his arms.

Talking about Louis – he was now leaning against Harry’s chest, breathing frantically, eyes closed as is he was sleeping.

Harry’s chest dwelled in love and adoration as he slowly pulled away, grabbing a plug to insert instead.

Louis moaned now opening his eyes and Harry carefully laid him down.

“I’ve got your sweater dirty.” Louis murmured.

Harry looked at the said sweater to find Louis cum on it and smiled.
“It’s okay, c’mon, let me take it off.” Harry asked, trying to pull it up.

“Hmm, warm.” Louis complained slightly lifting his body to help Harry.

“Are you sleeping, baby?” Harry asked when the sweater was off and Louis let out something similar to a word no. “Wait for me, yeah? I’ll put come soon.” Harry promised to him, going into the bathroom to put Louis’ jumper into a dirty clothes bag, making a mental note to wash it in the morning.

He preferred his housekeeper not to see this.

Louis was breathing evenly, looking asleep but he proved Harry wrong when he came for a cuddle when Harry lay down.

“Hey, babe.” Harry greeted him into a hug, pulling Louis on his chest. “Do you want to talk about the argument we had?” Harry asked, trying to sound caring and careful.

“Ngh.” Louis replied with a sound and Harry smiled kissing his hair. Usually he would try to wake Louis up so they could at least have a shower and brush their teeth but it was a stressful week and he knew that Louis stayed awake for hours after he had asleep, studying for upcoming tests and perfecting his schemes.

“Are you sure though?” Harry bit his lip, feeling bad for keeping Louis from sleeping. But he preferred to talk about this now rather than tomorrow morning when Louis could be snappy or something.

“Nevermind, sleep.” Louis commanded, scrunching his nose and huffing before starting to fall asleep. Harry smiled and kissed his forehead before closing his eyes too.

*In Liam’s car after dinner*

“I’m telling you guys this is not normal!” James repeated, crossing his arms and looking straight at Liam hoping this would work.

“I don’t know James, they look pretty normal to me.” Liam shrugged as if he wasn’t bothered by this at all.

“There’s nothing normal! Look how Harry is doing everything for Louis!” Like he should be doing to me, James thought sourly. However, this was not something he could say out loud.

“James, I don’t think that it’s really for us to decide. If they are not meant to be, they won’t.” Logan shrugged and James wanted to punch him.

“Yeah, let them be.” Liam nodded and James huffed defeated.

“Fine.” James nodded giving up. “For now.” He added to himself.

He will let them be for now.

Chapter End Notes
Leave Kudos if you haven't yet and Comment your opinion! <3
Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

Deep feelings laid on the table, awful past remembered, a huge step forward in Harry's and Louis' relationship... Am I not poetic, huh?

Chapter Notes

Well, hello there my dears.
It looks that my writing-crisis has passed and I am giving you this chapter considerably soon. It was written without much trouble and I admit that I'm surprised that I wrote not much of scenery changing but the number of words is more than average.

Also, what I realised is that I'm not always putting everything I have to say in the words. I have scene and I imagine it perfectly - like the lightning, the clothing they are wearing, basically everything but in words I don't put everything and I probably won't very soon because it takes a lot of practice.

However, I'm giving you this chapter that doesn't involve any drama (or at least I don't see it that way) but talks about things that comes up in serious relationship. Or I think it does...

Ugh, you have no idea how hard it is to let go of this chapter, when I think it's really good, and start writing new one, while being afraid of how the new one will go.

Well, too much talking and I think it's better to leave you read it

All the love <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Next morning, for the first time since New York Louis was the first one to wake up.

Harry was peacefully sleeping next to him and showed no signs of waking up before his alarm rang, which Louis knew wasn’t set up for another hour.

Louis blamed his early awakening for a rather early bedtime and the fact that he was used to waking up early every day and it made harder for him to sleep in.

But instead of getting annoyed about it he decided to wake up and go downstairs, using the time to prepare breakfast.

Usually it was Harry making them breakfast, unless Louis was opting for sandwich or cereals, and today was a great time for Louis to kind of pay off, surprising Harry with breakfast in bed if he’s lucky and fast enough.
Knowing the recipe of what he was going to make like the back of his hand he gathered the needed products and started mixing a batter for his pancakes.

It’s not like Louis wanted to brag a lot or something but this was his traditional chocolate chip pancakes – one of the few meals he could make and ace at it. Sometimes he would be left alone to feed his sisters and so he would make them breakfast.

God, he had missed his sisters. It’s not like he sees them less than he did before because they spend a lot of time at his house it’s just strange not to have them in the same house just different rooms.

“Oh crap!” Louis cursed when he smelled the burning pancake and quickly threw it out from pan to the plate. “Well, this can be Harry’s.” He murmured giggling to himself.

He tried to think of Harry’s reaction to the burnt pancake in his plate and if he would even try to eat it. Knowing Harry he probably would just to make Louis feel better and didn’t dare to complain.

Louis blushed at the thought and tried not to burn any other pancakes as he brewed coffee and prepared plates and other utensils.

He also turned on a little bit of a music swaying his hips to the rhythm, joining to sing the songs he knew.

“Isn’t this a perfect view to wake up to?” Louis shrieked turning around and holding a spatula as his defence gun.

Apparently it was just Harry, standing with bright eyes and briefs, covering his glory.

“You scared me.” He informed Harry, putting one of his hands on his heart to calm it down.

“Hmm, I’m sorry.”

Harry stepped forward with an amused smile on his face that looked like he wasn’t sorry at all.

“No you’re not.”

“No I am not.” Harry smiled, closing the remaining distance between them.

Louis tiptoed pressing their lips together, greeting Harry with a morning kiss. It suddenly crossed his mind that he still has his morning breath and he pulled away.

“What?” Harry asked quirking one of his eyebrows.

“Morning breath.”

Harry shook his head, leaning in for a kiss again.

“I don’t mind.” He smirked and Louis hummed, enjoying the lazy Sunday they had been having.

They stayed in a hug, slowly kissing and moving their hips to the rhythm of a song playing through speakers.

“Something’s burning.” Harry sniffled and Louis jumped.

“Oh shit! My pancakes!” He pushed Harry away and went to turn the stool off, pouting at the three pancakes that looked normal only on one of the sides, the other was burnt and probably not
“Real chef of the cuisine.” Harry mocked him, coming to his side to help deal with the burnt food.

“It’s only because you distracted me, it’s your fault.”

Harry only laughed instead of replying and went to throw the burnt pancakes out. He figured his surprise, bringing Harry breakfast to bed, didn’t work out so they as well had breakfast in their usual place and turned on his heel to set the table - he put the successful pancakes on the table and gathered nutella and berries he had found in the fridge.

“You know it’s not very normal to have berries? It’s only March, these are probably as fake as they can get.”

“I don’t see you complaining when you eat them.” Harry laughed, washing the pan.

“Leave it for later.” He ordered, coming closer to Harry to turn off the water. “I made breakfast and they’re getting cold. You complain when it happens to you.” He pouted, kissing Harry’s cheek.

“Alright, sorry.” Harry smiled, coming together with him to a table.

Louis turned the music down and started to put nutella on his pancake. Because no matter how much Harry complains about having too much nutella on your pancake – it’s never too much. Nutella is the gift of the Gods and we must all appreciate this.

Louis nodded to himself at this stupid thought and smiled looking up at Harry.

“So? What do you think?” He asked as Harry took a bite of his food.

“Uhm, it’s... Wow, they’re okay.” Harry said sounding genuinely surprised and Louis snorted.

“Why thank you, can you don’t sound so surprised at least?”

He played offended and laughed when Harry’s expression changed to guilty. Sometimes it was too easy to mess with Harry.

“I’m sorry, these are really delicious, I don’t know why but I never thought you could make something like this.”

“Please stop.” Louis asked when Harry started to lick the pancake, moaning how delicious it was. “You’re so disgusting.”

“I can’t Lou, these are soo amazing, and damn it tastes better than you.”

“Yeah, well you can eat the bits of it after I poop then.” Louis rolled his eyes and laughed out loud when Harry’s face changed from seducing to horrified.

“I don’t think that I can look at pancakes the same after this.” He informed Louis.

They looked at each other in silence before bursting out laughing and Louis nodded, giggling at how stupid his remark sounded. When they stopped and Louis took a moment to look over the scene. He and Harry sitting in a kitchen, eating pancakes and laughing at some stupid-ass jokes, looking at each other with eyes full of love.

Harry must have seen the same because his eyes were so full of life and bright green. Louis blushed and cleaned his throat.
“Want some coffee?” He offered a cup to Harry.

“Thank you.”

Louis nodded, smiling softly to him.

And he wondered if he’ll ever get bored of it.

When the plate with pancakes was finally emptied and the jar with nutella was lacking nutella inside, Harry turned to Louis ready to approach the topic he had been thinking before falling asleep.

“We need to talk.” He announced and Louis froze, spoon of chocolate cream midway to his mouth.

Louis gulped, putting the spoon down on his plate. “About what?”

“Yesterday evening.”

Louis shook his head and shrugged. “It’s okay, I shouldn’t have reacted the way I did.”

Harry blinked in slight surprise but didn’t stop from trying to talk Louis otherwise. “My reaction wasn’t the best either and I think that if we want to make sure this doesn’t happen again, we should talk about it.”

Louis fidgeted and sighed, clearly uncomfortable. “I don’t… I don’t know how to name it.” He threw his arms in the air defensively. “Let’s say this – I just don’t do well at talking.”

“And I get angry when you feel uncomfortable around me.” Harry admitted.

Louis eyes bulged and his forms formed in a slight ‘o’.

“I didn’t know you knew when it happened.”

Harry smiled softly. This was going the right direction. “See, that’s what I’m talking about. We’re together, partly living together, going to be living together after graduation but… But we jumped into it so fast and we still get lost sometimes.”

Louis nodded, thinking about Harry’s words before opening his mouth. “I thought that not talking about some things is kind of a way to show tolerance?”

“Tolerance?” Harry repeated, biting a smile.

“Ugh! Don’t do this hiding smile thing, I see you through, ya know?” Louis huffed, pulling his hands away. “It’s just like… Before, I didn’t worry about pleasing you or making sure you’re…” He stopped and groaned. “This is so hard.”

“Making sure that I’ve felt okay.” Harry helped him. He was familiar with the situation himself.

“Yeah, something like this. No feelings, nothing. Just like we do it and done. Goodbye and all.” Louis bit his lip before continuing; Harry could see his hands slightly trembling and took them in his hands. “Now I avoid saying or talking about something because I don’t know how to do it and
I don’t really want to? Jeez, why are you so calm when we’re doing this?”

He laughed nervously and Harry tried to reassure him with a soft smile and small kiss on his feathery hair.

“Because I believe that we’re mature enough not to have an argument about this and just talk it out?” Louis snorted.

“You have a lot faith in us.” He smiled and Harry looked at him in daze.

“I really do.”

Louis smiled but didn’t respond, his eyes not leaving Harry’s.

“So can we talk?” Harry reminded him what it was about and Louis hummed. “Okay… Why you don’t want me to pay for you?” He touched the latest topic that caused an argument.

It wasn’t the only ne he was willing to discuss today, there were many more but this was a good start.

“It’s not like I mind that, I understand the difference between our…”

“Financial situations?” Harry said uncertainly.

“Yeah.” Louis nodded. He knew that Harry differently from him didn’t have to think twice about buying something with two or more zeros after the first number. That’s just what their families were like, nothing too personal. “I just don’t like to think about what others could think about this.”

“Others?”

“You know… Your parents or other family members or our friends? Like yesterday you acted just like you always do and I generally don’t have problem with this but a few looked at me and then it’s just strange. Like, I know how sometimes people look and see you, I don’t want to be looked like one of... Like one of those who try to use you.” Harry stared at him with a confused look.

“Did I ever make you feel like you owe me something?”

“It’s not you, no. At least I can’t remember but when people…”

“I don’t understand why you care that much about others.” Harry bit his sentence, suddenly looking annoyed.

“Don’t do that because it’s already hard for me to talk about this.” Louis scolded him carefully, trying to understand if Harry was going to snap for this.

“Sorry, I just don’t get it.” Harry apologized, motioning him to carry on.

“You know you’re different in relationship as a lover not a friend.” Louis noticed and Harry grinned.

“You’re the one to talk.”

Louis blushed. He now could see what Harry meant saying that they jumped into relationship before talking about everything they needed to.

“Maybe we could make a list of things we need to talk about.” He decided looking around for a
paper. There was none but Harry’s tablet lay near the bowl with fruits.

“A list?” Harry began to smile and reached out for the tablet so Louis didn’t have to.

“Yes, they made a list in fifty shades of grey, no?”

“That was about their kinks and sex tools.” Harry reminded him.

Louis rolled his eyes and took the tablet opening notes app and a new document. Harry watched him with how much concentration he was doing so.

“Well than let’s see it as my new personal idea and let’s use it.”

The tablet was given to Harry and Louis looked at him expectantly.

“What?”

“What what? Start to write!” Louis ordered, taking his spoon with nutella and putting it in his mouth.

Harry laughed but started to type but stopped when his number one was relationship. He turned the tablet to Louis who read it seriously and then grinned.

“Great job.” He praised Harry, sarcasm evident in his voice.

“Oh c’mon, everything is a topic and we can’t write one without touching another.”

Louis crossed his arms on his chest and pouted. “You’re killing my creativity.” He exclaimed and Harry leaned in to kiss the pout away before realizing what he was doing.

He smiled to Louis when he pulled away and got his dimples poked.

“Let’s just clean the kitchen and then we can have lazy-serious conversation about this whole thing?” He offered, already standing up from the bar stool.

“Lazy-serious?” Louis mocked him from behind, giggling softly.

Harry turned around to pull him into his chest for a kiss, smiling when Louis dropped his sassy self and moaned under the kiss.

*

They were lying on a sofa in Harry’s office room, on different sides of sofa, Louis’ legs on Harry’s chest and Harry’s knees buckled, feet getting warm under Louis’ arse.

They came here after a shower that ended up with Harry remembering that he plugged Louis last night and then both of them got horny of this discovery.

“Could you massage my feet?” Louis requested curling his toes.

Harry hummed and put his hands on bottom of Louis’ right foot.

Louis thanked him and they stayed in silence for a while, waiting for one another to start a conversation.

“Do you remember me when I was fourteen?” Harry started.
Louis thought back to the few years back. Harry was quite different back then – rarely at school due to his parents dragging him around the world.

Harry nudged Louis big toe for an answer.

“Yeah, I do.”

“Mhm… I was… A bit different back then.” Louis looked at him not sure if he was supposed to ask why. “People, when they meet me now, they get surprised that I’m only eighteen. Say that I look and act very mature.”

Louis nodded. Harry did look different – his whole tall and muscly body gave him a year or two more than he really was and the way he acted was rarely normal for an eighteen year old, more like twenty four year old. However, the whole living alone kind of forced you to mature.


“Yeah, I… It’s because of how I acted and who I was in the past? Like I went through that partying stage very young until I really had enough.” Harry shrugged and it caught Louis’ attention.

He lifted himself up, relying on his elbows and stared at Harry seriously. “What happened?”

Harry shrugged and smiled. “I had problems with my sexuality.” Louis felt his blood rushing into his face from the embarrassment of when he outed Harry to others. “I knew I was bi, but I was yet to tell my parents and so I went and partied. Like a way to forget everything, you know? Plus it’s a bit stressful to belong to that social class?”

“I’m sorry for that time when I told others.” Louis felt his voice trembling a bit and Harry stroke his ankle, smiling reassuringly.

“It’s alright, at that time it wasn’t a problem to me. As I said I had been through that already so I didn’t mind, a lot of them already knew I guess.”

Louis wanted to say that he still didn’t have a right to do what he did but Harry motioned him not to talk and so he nodded letting Harry carry on with it.

“You know… My parents used to take me with themselves to their business trips or galas and events.” Harry stopped and Louis nodded, he sometimes wondered if it wasn’t a duty of Harry’s to participate in these types of events. “I had friends in there, no matter where I’d go with them – the colleague or the friend of my parents would have kids and they were from the same background as me, usually less rich but still, practically the same.”

“You’d spend time with them?” Louis asked trying to keep conversation between them. He didn’t know if it was easy for Harry to talk about this or not and so he wanted to show his support.

“Yeah, all the time, I go somewhere with my parents, meet up with someone of my age, they get crazy over my last name and offer me to go somewhere and we end up somewhere with a lot of other people, getting smashed.” Harry stopped talking, looking up at Louis.

“You’d get drunk at fourteen?” Louis asked a bit in disbelief. It wasn’t uncommon for fourteen years old to drink alcohol but get smashed? Louis knew rich parents’ kids could go crazy but not like that?

“Mhm, until sixteen, the amounts of alcohol would be crazy and it wasn’t just alcohol you know? Weed, sex, alcohol – sometimes I question of what the parents actually think letting their kids do
that. A lot of those kids have future for themselves no matter what they’re going to do. Uni or school doesn’t matter that much, they’ll have money even if it doesn’t work out.” Harry shrugged and Louis moved his toes.

“I still don’t quite understand the moral.” He admitted.

“Oh, I’m not finished.” Harry smiled. “Yeah so we’d get high and drunk, I’d have sex, I think I lost my virginity around age fourteen or thirteen? And my parents wouldn’t mind those going outs ‘cause they didn’t know. I was a good kid, stayed a night at friends, they were laid back you know?”

“What changed?” Louis interrupted.

“Oh, uhm when it was finally enough, like when I saw others going into drugs, serious drugs, I decided to kind of step out of it. You know, go to cinema or have dinner instead of partying and… And then I realized that no one wanted to be with me as a friend unless I paid for their dinner or bought them something or... Or like could pay for their drugs.” Harry shrugged as if he wasn’t bothered by it.

Louis pulled his feet away and moved to sit on Harry’s thighs, making them closer to each other. He knew Harry wouldn’t mind the weight – he rarely felt it but he wanted to be closer to Harry.

“Then I went a bit depressed, it isn’t the easiest thing to understand that you’re not needed if you’re not partying with others. Plus, the fact that you already have everything on silver platter makes you feel like there’s no reason to do anything. My parents took me to a few psychologists and they were offered to stop dragging me all over the world with themselves, pull me away from that lifestyle.”

“How did they react?” Louis asked as Harry sat up too, pulling Louis under his arm.

Louis rolled his eyed – Harry and his need to always have at least a bit of control over the situation.

“My mum cried dad was pissed at himself. They were told that it was too stressful for me and I shouldn’t be living in this kind of environment for a while. Like I said – rich kids don’t get a ‘no’. We feel unstoppable and without any boundaries you just get crazy, you try to reach the ceiling or hit the bottom but you know that your parents would bail you out of anything.”

“Is that why they offered you a private school? To escape it all?”

There was a period of time when Harry thought of going to the private school somewhere in Switzerland or USA. The prestigious place – much better than their public school with shitty cafeteria.

“Yeah. They got scolded for that a bit. I personally didn’t have an opinion back then but the psychologist said it was better to let me be in familiar place, somewhere where I have a life, a simple life with no... No people to kind of tempt me into extreme things.”

“And they didn’t mind to leave you by yourself all alone?”

“Not really. Well at first they tried to be here all the time but they are kind of very serious in business world so it didn’t work out. Gemma tried to be here too but it was too inconvenient.”

“It’s… Sad.” Louis looked at Harry apologetically but was greeted with sceptical shrug.

“It’s alright. I kind of liked that, being by myself. Re-decorated the house, got myself a gym and
changed whole design of my rooms, went groceries shopping and lived a bit of a mature life. It was calm and it was a bit relaxing after all that…’’ Harry stopped to think of a word. ‘‘Bullshit.’’

‘‘But you’d get lonely.’’

‘‘Not anymore.’’ Harry smiled, trailing his fingers down Louis cheeks. ‘‘I’ve got you now.’’ He smiled and Louis blushed.

‘‘Still, I’m sorry for that.’’

‘‘It’s okay. I don’t have any galas or charities events to attend. I can even get away with aunts and uncles birthdays that are just for the public eye.’’

Louis laughed out loud. ‘‘You’re so lucky! I’ve been to my aunt’s birthday once and it was awful.’’

‘‘Yeah… Do you see it now?’’

‘‘See what?’’ Louis stopped laughing, looking at Harry seriously.

‘‘Why I don’t want you to go home? Or why I want to pay for everything?’’

Louis gulped under the serious grin irises, looking into his eyes.

‘‘I’m not going anywhere.’’ He said softly.

‘‘But I think this is why I’m this way. I always want to hold you, make sure you know you’re mine. Make sure everyone knows you’re mine. Good things don’t happen so often and when I now know how it feels… I don’t ever want to wake up without you next to me. You are by bottom and my ceiling, Lou. The boundaries of everything, such simple things making everything perfect and I never want to let it go.’’

Harry finished his tirade and Louis was a blushing mess, wanting nothing else but to be next to Harry for forever.

He moved to press his lips to Harry’s and moaned parting his lips, letting Harry take the lead, letting him pull Louis closer to his body.

‘‘Don’t ever ask me to take you home.’’ Harry stopped the kiss, his green eyes sad and hurt. ‘‘I can’t… I can’t handle that feeling of loneliness that I get without you. It’s different than having my family around. It’s just… The bed is not the same without you.’’

‘‘I’m sorry. I just got so angry when you didn’t talk about that thing with paying and I knew that I would force you into it by threatening this. It was a shitty move.’’ Louis swallowed, looking at Harry’s curls instead of his eyes.

‘‘They’re my team, my friends… And I love the way our relationship works. You have no idea. I think I was always the oldest one and had to take care of my sisters and now I want to have someone to take care of me? Like I love everything you do, I trust you and I feel so good under your body, like completely safe and secured. But in front of others, it’s sometimes…”
Harry looked at Louis replaying all those times his boyfriend shied away because they were in front of others. “You’re not comfortable with it publicly?”

“Not always.” Louis nodded with a shy smile. “I have a certain reputation to hold you know.” He joked and Harry chuckled.

“I love taking care of you. Like holding you close and never let go. I’m sometimes afraid that you could vanish. You’re so tiny, a perfect dream of mine and I just can’t…I just can’t let you go sometimes.”

“Then don’t. I really don’t mind.” Louis blushed and Harry pulled him closer for another kiss.

* *

They closed the serious topic with a kiss that surprisingly didn’t lead to sex because Harry remembered he had this huge test tomorrow and they were yet to do their grocery shopping.

So they changed their clothes into more suitable for possibility of meeting someone (Louis chose Harry’s jumper) and took off with an agreement that they were going to make a list while driving.

“Would you let me buy you a car?” Harry asked, helping Louis in.

It took Louis off guard and he almost fell back into Harry’s hands.

“Now?” He asked, steadying himself and sitting into his seat.

Harry shrugged. “Not now, other day.”

“Maybe one step at a time.” Louis joked brushing him off.

Harry didn’t frown at it but he wasn’t completely happy with an answer too. However, it was still better than getting a strict no and he thought that it was more than he could’ve gotten from Louis yesterday.

So he dropped the topic and engaged into conversation with Louis, who took the list making as a very serious responsibility.

Surprisingly enough, they didn’t bicker for most of the foods they should get. It could be because of that pout and puppy eyes Louis used whenever Harry asked if they really needed that many packs of crisps or some other unhealthy food but let’s pretend it’s not.

“Any ideas for dinner?” Harry asked pushing the cart forward to the vegetables section.

Personally, Louis hated this section and he never knew what was so attractive about it because Harry claimed fruits and vegetables sections were his favourite.

“Frozen pizza?” Louis offered, scrunching his nose at the peppers Harry put in the cart.

“Last time you chose them for dinner.” Harry noticed. “And let’s not have frozen pizza for dinner, we can order in or something.”

“Alright, we can order in. Or we can go to eat somewhere? I’d love Mexican. Can we get Mexican?” He wondered out loud.

“I guess we could. But I still need to study.” Harry added, Louis thought of how nerdy his boyfriend was acting. He remembered Harry saying he felt unmotivated a bit time ago and
wondered if he felt like it was unnecessary for him to study.

Louis hummed, brushing away the thoughts and went to take more bags for vegetables.

“Perhaps it’s better to order in and eat while studying?” He decided, coming back with the bags.

Harry reached out to get them and give him a peck as a thank you but he was greeted with Louis pulling away instead.

“What’s wrong?” He looked around trying to see if there was anyone that could stop Louis.

“Uhm, I’m not exactly much of PDA person in public places.” Louis blushed and Harry raised his eyebrow.

Louis? The one who slept in airplanes cuddled next to Harry’s side? Had sex with him in car, toilets, airplane, club, all possible places? The one who asked to be hugged all the time?

“Not much of PDA person?”

“Well I am…” Louis trailed off, biting his lip. “But not like this?”

“Not like this?” Harry repeated and Louis rolled his eyes.

“Are you going to repeat everything I say?” Louis sassed and Harry pulled him under his arm.

“Don’t sass me.”

“Sometimes I don’t understand if we’re fooling around or if I’m actually in trouble.” Louis groaned into Harry’s chest.

“It depends.” Harry shrugged, taking a few boxes of small tomatoes.

“On what?”

“My mood.” Harry replied with a small laugh.

* 

They moved from fresh food sections to Louis’ favourite – unhealthy food section where he felt like he was at home.

“You know you wrote down only three packs of crisps?” Harry told him, looking at the five instead of three.

“Happy Louis is happy Harry, no?” Louis singsong hips slightly moving to the rhythm of the song that was playing from the speakers.

Harry smiled fondly and sighed in agreement. It was better to buy more in advance than to handle Louis cravings.

“I’m still confused. Can you explain me how you’re not a PDA person?” Harry asked, pushing the cart towards drinks section giving Louis ‘the look’.

The look meant Harry was saying a ‘no’ for any types of soda Louis thought of getting. And to be honest, Louis wasn’t a huge fan of the soda himself, though he loved it to fight over something he put in a cart.
“It depends on my mood.” He shrugged putting the bottle of Fanta into the cart.

Harry gasped before putting the bottle away. “You don’t even like this one.”

“I so do.” Louis replied turning around to see the bottle Harry was holding. “Oh yeah, you’re right.” He nodded thoughtfully. “Can you get a few cans of cola then?” He smirked and Harry pushed a cart forward to bump into Louis’ hip.

* 

“That’ll be…” Louis turned his head to the bags instead of listening for the amount of money Harry was going to pay.

Just because they had a deep talk about it and Louis changed his way of thinking, didn’t mean that he was going to feel like it’s nothing in a blink of an eye.

“Leave them to me.” Harry asked when he lifted one of the bags trying to put them in a cart.

“Oh it’s okay.” Louis assured him turning his head to look at Harry, who looked a bit annoyed. He completely let the handles of the bag, leaving them to Harry.

Harry smiled, showing all of his dimples, looking so so cute and Louis just hummed, leaning onto his side, waiting patiently as Harry put all the bags into the cart.

“Haven’t changed your mind about pizza?” Harry asked as they walked to the car.

“Nope.” Louis replied and looked at two guys who were walking in the same direction just not to the cars but from the parking lot to the supermarket. It looked a lot like James and Logan. “Hey is that James and Logan?” He nudged Harry’s side.

“Where?” Harry looked back. How could Louis even see them if they were walking behind them?

“In front of us?” Louis snorted; biting his tongue just on time or he would have called Harry an idiot.

“Oh yeah! Hi guys!” Harry waved, pulling Louis to them.

And of fucking course Harry would want to say hi to them wasn’t he just complaining about that test?

“Hey, what’s up?” Logan smiled, shaking their hands.

Louis gritted his teeth as James did the same. He’ll have to wash his hand for hours now.

“Nothing much.” Harry shrugged, pulling Louis closer to him. “What are you doing here?”

Louis tried to squirm away from the grip but was held even tighter. He opted not to glare at Harry now as James was watching them. No way. Louis could pissed off at Harry but he’d never let James see it.

“Oh, we and few others are watching games tonight, we came for snacks. You wanna join?” Logan smiled and Louis shook his head before Harry could go crazy and might agree.

“We can’t sorry. Harry has a huge test tomorrow.” He smiled as if he was sorry.
“Oh well maybe we could pop in to say hello?” Harry wondered and Louis was certain he was doing this on purpose to annoy him.

“If remember right you said no to going out to eat because of the said test.” Louis argued.

“Hmm I could find some time for games.” Harry joked, cocking his head so he wouldn’t laugh at Louis’ expression.

“You know what, we should go, my ice-cream is melting and Harry has a dinner to make.” Louis smiled, patting Harry’s shoulder.

“Your melting ice-cream wasn’t a problem when we discussed on going to eat somewhere.” Harry noted and Louis was seriously going to stop talking to him.

“Oh well maybe we could pop in to say hello?” Harry wondered and Louis was certain he was doing this on purpose to annoy him.

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“Your melting ice-cream wasn’t a problem when we discussed on going to eat somewhere.” Harry noted and Louis was seriously going to stop talking to him.

“Uhm, it’s alright, you don’t have to come.” Logan interjected trying to stop the small argument they were having.

“Yeah because I thought we were going straight home.” Louis and Harry were not glued to each other sides, now they were staring at one another giving quite a show for Logan and James who weren’t sure if they should be here or just leave.

“Which we are and I’m not making dinner, I have a test to learn for.”

“I don’t care about your test, I say you make dinner and then you do the learning part.”

“You didn’t even want me to make dinner.”

“Yes, but now I do because you don’t want to make dinner and you tried to annoy me and now it’s your payback.”

“I was joking.”

“Am I laughing?”

“No but I don’t understand why you’re so pissed about it.”

“You know what? Let’s go there, maybe Stan will be there.”

“It’s alright. We get it – you won’t come.” Logan tried again, taking the invitation back. However, his words were unheard.

“We are not going there.”

“Oh and why not?”

“Lou, it’s not funny.”

“Isn’t it? It’s pretty funny to me.”

“You’re not going anywhere tonight.”

“And who’s stopping me?”
“Ugh guys?” Logan waved his hands to get attention.

“You really don’t want me to…”

“Guys!” Logan shouted, almost stepping between them.

This finally got their attention and both of them were glaring at Logan as if he was the guilty one for interrupting them.

“We get it, you won’t be there. It’s alright.” Logan smiled reassuringly.

“Oh, we weren’t going to come anyways, I have a big test tomorrow.” Harry smiled and Logan blinked in a loss of words.

“Yeah, we were going to order pizza and be lazy all day.” Louis added with a smile, leaning closer to Harry’s side.

And okay, what an actual fuck? Weren’t they just fighting? Like they looked so intimidatingly close to each other, like they were going to jump on each other and now they act like nothing has happened?

“Alright then, see you tomorrow.” James replied and they walked away.

“If my ice-cream are melted you’re going back to buy new.” He heard Louis warning Harry.

He could swear he heard Harry asking for a backseat but James was already talking about types of crisps they should take and he decided that it must have been a question of where to put the bags.

*

“They are definitely melted.” Louis complained pulling his pants on.

“Will you stop with those ice-creams?” Harry laughed, placing a kiss on Louis temple, helping him to the front seats of the car. Louis carefully looked around to see if no one was walking around.

Strangely enough the parking lot was a deserted and he thanked God for Harry’s choice to buy a car with darkened windows.

“We should go back to condoms for sex in car, I hate leaking.” He complained fidgeting in his place.

“Or I could just plug you?” Harry offered, looking at the road as if they were having a conversation about pizza toppings.

“I don’t know, plug is sometimes unpleasant, especially when the road is bumpy and I have to sit.”

“You could lie down in the backseat?” Harry suggested and Louis hummed.

“We can try it sometime.”

“Yeah, can you call for pizza while we’re driving? The delivery takes long enough.”
“Okay, what do you want on top?”

“Chicken?” Harry offered his eyes still on road.

“Beef.”

“With anchovies?”

“No way.”

“You know we can get one in different types?” Harry laughed.

Louis glared at him, of course he knew they could get different types, it was that he didn’t want to.

“Fine.”

“I can feel you pouting even when I’m not looking.” Harry chirped, putting his hand on Louis’ knee.

“Done.” Louis announced putting the phone away. “And I’m still leaking.”

“I can eat you out.” Harry offered and Louis blushed.

“Ice-crea…”

“Go to the backseat and forget those ice-creams already, we’ll put them into the freezer and they’ll be fine.” Harry groaned pulling to an empty parking lot, Louis scurrying to the backseat again.

“We’ll be on time for pizza?”

“I don’t know? Will you be able come fast?” Harry laughed joining him to the backseat.

He did come in five minutes.

Just on time for pizza.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and Comments are highly requested and very appreciated. <3
Chapter 38

Chapter Summary

Family time

Chapter Notes

Well this one is one of the longest I’ve wrote in quite a while... 18 pages on Word.

For some reason I had no idea how to finish it and kept adding small pieces, which I hope will be interesting for you.

Huge thank you for few of you that left divine comments, making me blush and to my best friend Gabija because if everyone could have a person like her in their lives - the earth would be a better place. Seriously, I doubt she’ll ever actually read it but she’s the only person that knows what I'm writing about and she's reading and hearing my ideas at 2 a.m. telling me to use them. She's truly an inspiration.

Anyways, here's the new chapter, which I am hoping you'll like.

Love you all <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You know, we could have dinner date tonight, you could end up fucking me on whatever surface closest to us.” Louis whispered to Harry.

It was Thursday and they were currently sitting in the most unusual place for them to be sitting – school’s library.

Because ever since the lazy Sunday was over they were greeted with hectic schedules that required to wake up early, have breakfast and learn for upcoming tests or presentations during all possible breaks. Plus, their practices time had been extended and ended up around 7 or 8 o’clock.

And that meant no dinner at Louis’ house, no home cooked meal and no sex.

They had been eating from take away containers for three evenings now and Louis was already dreaming about pasta or something Harry was capable of making and that could end up in having sex.

Lots and lots of sex – because they have been too busy to have sex. As crazy as it sounds – they wouldn’t have time for it. Usually they would end up in Harry’s office room with food and their school books.

Louis was more than just grateful that his mother didn’t mind him staying at Harry’s all the time. They wouldn’t be even talking if not the breakfast, car rides and quick evening shower before both of them fell asleep.
“I’ve literature essay due tomorrow.” Harry sighed.

Louis groaned and nuzzled his face into Harry’s shoulder.

“But tomorrow I’ve my match, then Gemma is coming and then you’ve yours and she’ll probably stick around…” Louis complained.

Harry leaned in towards Louis’s and placed a sloppy kiss on his forehead. Louis was opening his mouth to complain but then Harry’s hand reached out and stroked his thigh and was left to rest there.

“Is that a yes?” Louis asked expectedly.

Harry just hummed but there was small smile playing on his face, letting Louis know that it was a yes. Louis squeaked happily and turned back to his math book.

He had a test to prepare for.

*

“Hey, I can try to pull my team at around 6 o’clock?” Louis offered parading into the changing room.

He addressed to Harry, who was already in his attire, waiting for others to get ready and go outside. Today was Thursday and they were having their practices separately, strictly to practice the positions and techniques.

“Hmm, I should be able to talk my couch into that.” Harry nodded, looking over his shoulder if others were ready yet.

Few were still getting ready and Louis used that to his favour by taking the sweater off. Harry’s eyes immediately went from his teammates to Louis’ body.

“You know, I could actually try for five.” Harry smiled, his eyes wandering Louis’ body.

“Nah, not me. I’d have to play a spread ankle or something to get away that easily.”

It was a bit unfair that Louis’ couch was much stricter than Harry’s. Like the basketball dude was so chill he’d let them be on holidays whilst Louis’ couch would make them run laps for hours no matter the weather outside.

“Half after five then. I’ll be ready and if you’re not, I’ll wait for you?” Harry offered leaning in for a kiss.

Louis tip toed, happily pecking Harry’s lips feeling excitement for the evening that was waiting for them.

*

After a little bit of sweet talking with his coach and a few strange looks from his teammates, Louis
hurried back to the locker room a quarter before six. Harry’s team was already leaving the showers and Louis didn’t waste time to grab his toiletry bag, scurrying inside the showers.

It was a rare thing for them to do but this week they did shower together with their teammates instead of waiting them leave.

“Oh hey.” Harry smiled, noticing Louis taking a spot next to him. “Where’s your bag?”

Louis hummed and reached out to take Harry’s shower gel, concentrating on washing his body instead of looking at Harry or he would get hard.

Harry didn’t push for answers and didn’t even mock him for it so it must be the same for him. And indeed – when Louis looked into Harry’s crotch he was already semi hard and fuck, showers were probably triggering their minds because Louis was in a huge need to be filled.

Like an unspoken rule they hurried in showers leaving it probably in record timing, when others were still showering or just only coming in.

They quickly got dressed and practically ran to Harry’s car.

*

“I was thinking of lemon butter chicken?” Harry offered, taking Louis jacket.

As soon as he did that Louis wasted no time to jump on him, hoping Harry will catch him. And he did, of course he did, with a tiny stumble but he quickly steadied himself with Louis in his arms. Harry was the strongest guy Louis’ knew; of course he did catch him.

“God, I love how you talk all foody to me.” He grumbled attacking Harry with a kiss.

It was probably a good enough action to make Harry understand that sex was number one in their to do list and only then could the dinner come.

He pressed Louis closer to him and Louis replied with a low moan and hips moving.

“Living room?” Harry grunted to him already walking into the said living room, holding Louis in his arms carefully.

And screw this enormous house they were currently trying to have sex in. Don’t get him wrong, Louis loved this house it was like a home to him but for God’s sake it took too long to get from one place to another.

“Could’ve done it in hallway.” Louis said, wrapping his fingers around Harry’s neck, knowing how much of a turn on it is to him.

“No lube in there.” Harry replied, laying them carefully on a sofa and then shushing Louis with a passionate kiss.

Louis wasted no time and parted his lips welcoming Harry’s tongue and hugging Harry’s waist with his legs. Then he buckled his hips and lowered himself so he could be closer to Harry’s bottom of the stomach.

This way Harry had to crook his neck but at least they were somehow properly grinding and kissing, which was a huge turn on even if they were already hard.
“Lou…” Harry grunted, pulling away to breath.

Louis blinked through his eyelashes innocently and squeaked in surprise when Harry’s hips shoot forward into his.

He had no idea why but Harry doing so was so arousing he was sure he could come from that in like a minute or something.

“You’re so filthy, moaning already.” Harry laughed, going down to Louis neck.

Louis moaned when the skin on his collarbone had been sucked in and relaxed immediately when Harry went up and found his spot.

They kept doing this until Louis felt really really close and he moaned with sloppy movements of his hips feeling so so close to orgasm.

That’s when it stopped.

“C’mon babe, you can be tougher than that.” Harry smirked, sitting up and taking his shirt off.

“Fucking teaser.” Louis cursed, getting a playful twinge in Harry’s eyes.

Harry licked his lips and slowly went down to pull Louis shirt, pressing soft kisses on his stomach. The worst was the bottom of his belly and nipples.

It felt too good to have your nipples played to and Harry knew. Harry knew it so damn well, smirking after especially loud moan Louis let to escape his mouth.

“Will you come baby?” Harry asked, after pulling his nipple with a slight bite.

Louis moaned and stretched his back, hips buckling frantically and hitting Harry’s thigh which gave him at least some kind of a friction.

“Harry…” He warned feeling the orgasm on the tip of his tongue.

“Don’t you da…”

Harry’s words were interrupted by a loud wail and Louis closed his eyes not aware of his hips shooting up and down. He was in sweet heaven, tasting rainbows and relaxing his bones into a puddle of happiness.

There were green eyes looking at him attentively when he came back from the bliss and Louis blushed, feeling the coldness in his pants.

“Ugh, hi?” He mumbled, wanting to punch himself for his stupidity.

“I should make you walk in those for the rest of the evening and ignore you.” Harry grunted, his slender fingers tracing the wet spot on Louis pants.

Louis blushed. As if it was really his fault. He hasn’t come since Sunday and it was Thursday today. He was a teenager, can you really blame him?

“I can go again.” He assured Harry but was glared at.

“I know you can go again, this is not why I’m annoyed.”

Louis bit his lip and tried to smile innocently, blinking slowly and not turning his eyes away from
Harry.

He tried moving his hands slowly to Harry’s jeans and unbuttoned them keeping an eye contact with Harry, ignoring how hard he was blushing.

Harry let out a deep breath and Louis accepted it as an allowance to go further. So he did. He put his hand on Harry’s briefs right on the big bulge and squeezed it gently.

“Want it in me so bad…” He whispered, untangling fingers and squeezing it again. “Want you to fill me u…”

“God Lou!” Harry roared, jumping onto Louis to kiss him.

And it was not just a simple kiss; it was a hungry kiss, where Harry was pulling Louis so close he could feel Harry’s ribs brushing against his, the bottoms of their stomachs touching.

Louis kept silent as Harry pulled away to get his pants off and he only moaned when Harry pulled his legs apart, spreading them widely.

“I’ll make you do yoga. I swear I’ll make you do it so I could spread you wide.” Louis didn’t know when and how but there was a tube of lube in Harry’s hand and his eyes widened in excitement. “You’ll get so flexible; I’ll be able to do anything with you.”

Louis moaned instead of replying when Harry’s finger brushed around his rim, entering him slowly.

“You’re so tight Lou. Few days without me touching you and you’re so tight now.” Harry kept talking and Louis moaned only louder, trying to fuck himself on one finger, slightly moving.

He tried wondering if Harry was going to stop him from it but his cock was now hardening again and he had to stop thinking. It was too hard to think now.

“Another.” He moaned. “Harry please another.”

Harry just hummed and kissed Louis inner thigh, sucking it, probably leaving a hickey while also working his finger into Louis’ hole.

“Don’t be greedy baby.” Harry scolded and Louis opened his eyes to see Harry looking just as much aroused as he felt.

His curls were flowing wildly, pupils blown out and lips pink and glistening with saliva from the kisses.

“A… Aa-a.” Louis moaned, when Harry put the second finger reaching out to grab on something.

“Do not come.” Harry ordered when a third finger was in stretching him out.

He must feel that Louis was on the edge this evening because he didn’t tease too much. Usually he would and Louis would come before the actual sex started but today Harry was looking as eager as him.

“Enough put it in already.” Louis groaned when he felt Harry’s finger pressing into his prostate. “Harry! Now or I… Oh!” Louis whined when fingers were removed and Harry definitely took his time by taking his pants off.

Louis wanted to kick him for not doing it before and now torturing him like this though he
doubted this would work to his favour.

“Turn around babe.” Harry asked, helping Louis to get on his hands and knees. “Do you want me to take you like this? Do you want to sit in my lap?”

Louis moaned at the dirty talk and practically sank onto Harry’s cock ending up in his lap. This way his prostate was getting hit so so hard and painfully pleasuring he came just from that.

Pissing Harry off of course.

Harry growled unhappily and forced Louis on hands and knees fucking him harshly, pounding with no mercy, making his moans hearable from any place of the house.

“Fuck, Ha-a-a-A!” Louis screamed when he felt Harry’s pounding becoming more and more frantically, Harry’s hand tugging on his cock, edging him to an orgasm.

They came together, Harry shooting into him and Louis letting out a few drops after his two previous orgasms. Though by no means this was less intense – quite the opposite. This was the strongest of them all and Louis moaned collapsing on the sofa, his arse in the air for Harry to pull out.

“Jesus…” Harry grunted collapsing on top of him, making Louis giggle. “Jesus, I love you so freakin’ much Lou.” Harry breathed into his ear, their bodies gluing to one another from the sweat.

“Yeah, was good.” Louis murmured, too lazy to speak in full sentences.

“Mmm… Feel like I can’t move.” Harry admitted, lying to Lois’ side, pulling Louis closer into weird side to side cuddling position, which would be much more comfortable if not their bodies sticking unpleasantly to one another.

Louis hummed and blinked lazily, letting Harry’s fingers to stroke his body softly.

“I can’t believe that I’m saying this but let’s order pizza?” Harry offered and Louis laughed clutching his stomach.

“LoUiS PizzA Is sooo baad, it’s soo unheAlthy” Louis snorted, mocking Harry using the stupidest voice he had.

“My voice is lower than yours, I don’t sound like this.” Harry grinned, kissing the sweaty path of hair on Louis neck. “We could also have some wine from the basement and lit up some candles.”

“And order pizza with spinach so it would look fancier.” Louis nodded, rolling over to see Harry towering over him with a goofy smile.

*

Their pizza ended up with stuffed crust, extra cheese, white sauce and plenty of spinach.

They lit up some candles, brought up some fancy white wine from the wine basement they never used and ate from their plates and with utensils, pretending that it was a proper posh date dinner.

“You know, I could offer you some olive oil on your meal.” Harry offered flirtatiously and Louis smirked. It looked like they were doing a slight role play.
“Extra virgin olive oil?” Louis blinked innocently.

“How, extra virgin you say?” Harry bit his lip to stop from laughing.

“Mhmm,” Louis hummed, taking a sip of his wine. “Just like I’m feeling right now.” He added with a pout and Harry gaped at him.

“Extra virgin?” He repeated dumbly and Louis moved his feet to nudge Harry’s upper thighs.

“Yeah, extra virgin. Don’t know why, just feel like… Never had it properly, you know?” He bit his lip and blushed furiously as Harry’s hand travelled under the table to rest on Louis’ knee.

Louis could bet Harry was already hard.

“I guess… I could help you.” Harry wondered with a slight smile playing on his face.

Louis smiled excitedly.

“You think you could? I could show you it at first, you know… To examine?”

“To examine?” Harry repeated, looking like he was proper hard now. His face was between a smiling Harry and a focused Harry but there was this hungry twinge in his eyes that appeared only when he was aroused enough to have a hard-on.

“Yeah, you could do it on this table?” Louis blinked through his eyelashes, running his fingers through the table.

Harry nearly choked and Louis blushed even worse, which he didn’t know was possible.

“Get on the table.” Harry ordered standing up. “Leave it to me.” He added when Louis started undressing.

“Yeah? Just lay on the table?” Louis looked over his shoulder and Harry reached out to pull him into him. Accidently Louis let out a needy moan, feeling how hard Harry already was.

“I’ll make sure you never have this doubt again.” Harry grunted and Louis smirked cheekily.

“Yeah? So no one will ever have to doubt?” He teased, rubbing his arse against Harry’s hard cock.

“I’ll make sure you’ll never want anyone else.” Harry said through gritted teeth and Louis gulped before replying.

“Make me too loose for other cocks?” He asked and that was enough for Harry to roll him around and kiss passionately.

“Get on the table.” He ordered, helping Louis up and pulling his pants down together with the briefs the second he was in position.

Louis shuddered at the feeling of his cock being freed and his legs being spread apart widely, knees hunched exposed for Harry to see.

“Hmm…” Harry hummed his hands pushing Louis arse cheeks apart.

Louis had to bite his lip extremely hard not to wail when Harry’s tongue licked around his rim.

“C’mon, let me hear you babe.” Harry asked, one finger entering Louis and going straight for his
prostate.

“Oh fucking! Ugh! Harry!” He screamed his back arching and knees starting to tremble.

Harry continued this licking, fingering thing until Louis had few tears falling rolling down his cheeks and kept pleading for Harry himself.

“Alright, okay, uhm… I don’t know how to reach you.” Harry admitted and Louis cursed him with all the words he knew.

He kept threatening Harry to kill him if he didn’t have his dick inside in like ten seconds and Harry chose to pull his legs off the table, wrapping around his torso and leaving Louis upper waist on table.

Louis eyes rolled back as he moaned for Harry to quicken his pounding and he was so so close to coming.

Bang.

Louis opened his eyes to look if they’d thrown something off the table.

“Harry-y!” He moaned trying to ask if he heard the same sound.

“Harry?” Another voice came from the other part of house and Louis could feel everything around him stopping.

Harry froze and Louis felt blood leaving his face as he paled.

Few times his heart beaten and then he were pulled off the table, Harry throwing his clothes at him, getting dressed frantically.

“Surprise!” Both of them turned around, Louis almost screaming.

Gemma stood on the doorstep her huge smile forming into horrified face and wide eyes, while Louis and Harry stood in front of here with their briefs and half pulled on pants.

“Gemma did you find him?” Another voice came and Louis was going to cry. He was going to fucking sob and dig a hole to bury himself in it.

“Ughm, yeah mom!” Gemma shouted as they quickly worked with getting their pants on.

The moment Harry buttoned his pants and Louis hid the lube in the drawer Anne entered the kitchen smiling fondly at them.

“I thought you were coming tomorrow?” Harry asked Gemma, whipping his hands into Louis pants.

Louis was going to seriously kill him later. He was standing in front of Harry’s family with a hard on, he had almost come minute ago and now this fucker is using Louis as a towel.

“Yeah, well we all wanted to surprise you!” Anne chirped, hurrying to hug them and Louis can’t explain this half hug he gave trying to keep his arse and dick as further from Harry’s mom as possible. “You know, how we’re always busy so we thought why won’t we all come and I don’t know have some family time together? With Louis of course.” She smiled and Louis wanted to cry.
He didn’t want no family time with Harry’s parents, he wanted them to fucking disappear.

“Sure, okay, uhm… Let us just clean up and uh maybe see you in a bit?” Harry stuttered, hurrying to clean the table.

“Oh, don’t be silly.” Anne giggled as if she was blind to what was just happening in this kitchen.

Louis eyes widened in horror as she pulled away the chair going to sit in front of the small wet trail of pre-cum on the table.

“We’ve just spilled some wine.” He jumped to clean it with his sleeve. “Harry, would you mind clean the table?” He turned to Harry with a killing look, letting him know that he had to find a way to get them out of here.

“Yeah, Harry, clean the table please.” Gemma said from the same place where she stood before and Louis hoped she’ll keep her mouth shut.

“Thank you all for your help with the bags!” Another voice made appearance and soon enough Harry’s father appeared next to Gemma. “Oh, hi Louis.” He smiled to him, lifting his arm for a handshake.

Louis stood there mortified, trying to clean his hand into his pants. He put some lube on it to stroke his cock while Harry pounded and now he was shaking Harry’s father hand.

Lovely.

“So… What was it? What were you doing?” Gemma asked when Harry turned to clean the table with a wet cloth.

“We had a date?” Harry offered.

“A date?” Anne gasped before anyone else could reply. “You ordered pizza for a date? Harry, I taught you better than that!” She complained and Louis couldn’t help but giggle.

“It was a pizza date.” Louis explained to her as others sat on the table.

“Okay, is it…? Can I like eat it?” Gemma looked at the remaining half of pizza they didn’t finish as they were interrupted by quick need of release.

Louis closed his eyes and blinked, he needed to stop thinking about sex because it was already hard to function with his cock throbbing so annoyingly and his hole clenching in desperate need.

They ended up not letting them leave the table for about an hour, telling them to give all the details about their new apartment. Harry showed them the paintings and the things they had discussed with Naomi already.

Louis sat there, trying not to cry and not to kill everyone while mourning over his hard neglected cock.

Gemma avoided his glare and Harry looked like he was not doing any better.

Anne chirped from time to time how happy she was that their surprise worked out and Louis gritted his teeth not to scream at her.

They finally were able to leave the table and awkwardly walked away manoeuvring with their hard dicks.
“I’m going to kill you.” Louis threatened to Harry the moment the bedroom door was closed.

“Strip.” Harry ordered, already removing his pants. “And this is not my fault.”

Louis ignored replying and went straight to their bed, kicking his pants off. Harry was behind him in matter of seconds burying his cock into Louis.


“I won’t last long.” Harry grunted, hugging Louis’ chest bringing him closer so he would be kind of grinding on Harry’s cock.

“Jesus! Harry!” Louis moans mixed with Harry’s groans, too careless to worry about others hearing them.

The idea of someone hearing them turned out to be so so arousing to Louis that his hole started clenching and he came without a slight touch on his hole. Harry followed him seconds later, grunting and moaning while filling Louis with his seed.

“Fuck…” Louis cried as Harry pulled out his now soft cock. He was sensitive and almost sure that tomorrow he’ll be waddling.

“Can I plug you?” Harry murmured to his ear, pulling them up.

Louis whined in displease but let Harry carry him to the shower. God knew he needed one, he was probably smelling like a homeless rat.

“Only a tiny one and only after a shower.” Louis compromised and Harry hummed.

“I’ll take it and I’ll plug you in a shower.”

Louis rolled his eyes but agreed nonetheless. He was partly thankful for Harry choosing a significantly smaller plug then one of their usual. Being aroused in the morning was not something Louis could allow himself, especially if he couldn’t get any release.

Harry’s parents were here now and he was sure that they’ll insist of spending time with Harry or even both of them which Louis wasn’t very excited for. Don’t get him wrong, it’s not like he disliked Harry’s parents or something he just felt very awkward around them.

They were called into the office more than once after Harry and Louis had a fight that ended up with some serious consequences. Once Harry pushed Louis down the stairs and Louis ripped his shirt and knocked some very important statue down and next time Louis punched Harry and Harry’s nose blooded.

There were like ten times when both of their parents were called in and if Louis’ mother was usually busy and couldn’t come, Harry’s parents would always show up and he remembered one especially nasty fight they had that ended up in crashing school’s window as they wrestled and kind of bumped into it.

His mother was too busy with work and principal was easy to talk into forgiving because Louis’ step-father was kind of a friend of her husband. However, Harry’s parents were called in and they had a nasty fight in front of them as they were trying to figure out which one is to blame.

“Hey, what’s keeping you awake?” Harry asked when the light on Louis’ side was still on and Louis didn’t come to cuddle.
“Just some throwbacks.” Louis smiled softly, leaning into Harry for a kiss.

“Hmm, come here, I’m almost sleeping and I want you.” Harry smiled, pulling Louis into him before the smaller one could even reply.

“Hey, I wanted to turn off the light.” Louis complained but was met with light snores coming from Harry. And Harry tried to say he’s not snoring when he drinks alcohol!

Louis wondered of recording this. Usually Harry wouldn’t snore he would breath quite audibly but wouldn’t snore. Unless of course he drank a drop of alcohol, like they did tonight. And Louis didn’t mind that, he found it somewhat cute but he still took a great honour in teasing Harry about it.

With a sigh he untangled himself out of Harry’s arms to turn off the light and come back into his arms.

Even in his sleep Harry pulled Louis closer to him, intertwining their legs.

It looked like asleep or not his body was moving closer to Louis.

*

“Oh the weather outside is frightful! But the light is so delightful. And we have some place to go. Wakey-yp! Wakey-up! Wakey-…”

“God Harry shut up.” Louis groaned at this horrible way Harry chose to wake him up, pulling a blanket on his head.

How Harry always was so chirpy and energetic in such early mornings, Louis had no idea. He was definitely sure that it was not normal and Harry had his brains damaged or something.

All teenagers wanted was to sleep, not to wake up at 5 o’clock in the morning and go to gym, so why did Louis had to choose to fall in love with the one who would wake him up and drag him out of bed and force him to eat nutritious breakfast?

“Aaand it might seem crazy what I’m ‘bout to say!” Harry sang clapping his hands and Louis wanted to murder him. “Sunshine she’s here, you can…”

“Harry shut the fuck up!” Louis jumped from under his cowers ready to jump on Harry and choke him like in fucking Simpsons movie Homer did to Bart.

Instead he was greeted with goofy smile and lips that started kissing Louis whole face.

“Good morning my little grumpy cat.” Harry giggled and Louis stared at him. “You’re so so cute when you’re grumpy in the mornings.” Harry smiled, stretching Louis lips into a smile.

“Let me go.” Louis demanded, trying to get out of Harry’s grip.

Harry just laughed and pushed him down, attacking with a sweaty kiss.

Yaych, Harry was just after the gym and he was very sweaty.

“Go away, you smell.” Louis squirmed as Harry’s laugh filled the room.

“C’mon let’s go and clean up.” Harry pulled him up, dragging into the bathroom.
He started to do that ever since that morning when Louis overslept. He would come to wake him up, drag him to the bathroom so Louis could clean his teeth and wash his face and do whatever he needed while Harry took a shower.

Louis tried to ignore how awkward it was to take a piss when there was only a tiny interior wall and glass shower door’s separating Harry from seeing him removing all unnecessary liquids from his body.

*

They went downstairs, Louis already complaining how he could have got more sleep while Harry prepared breakfast for them and was completely unaware that Harry’s parents and Gemma could be in the kitchen.

Like, who the hell would be awake at 7 o’clock willingly?

Apparently Styles family.

“Morning!” Anne chirped and Louis groaned.

He would never do that at any other time of the day but it was too early to pretend.

“What is wrong with this family? How are you all happy? It’s sleeping time for God’s sake.” Louis whined as he sat on high chair, putting his head on the table.

There were a few seconds of silence and then Gemma snickered and Louis looked up to find Harry smiling.

“Harry, don’t you dare to laugh or I can swear I’ll kill you and I’ll dance on your grave.” Louis threatened him and Harry stood behind him, hugging Louis around the shoulders, hiding his face into Louis’ hair as if he could mask his chuckling like this. His chest was vibrating from laughter and Louis rolled his eyes, looking at Harry’s parents.

His cheeks flushed when he realised what he just said and he felt very embarrassed.

Couldn’t they just come any other day?

“I made lunch already, packed for both of you.” Anne smiled and Louis smiled back.

“Oh thanks mum.” Harry talked from behind, reaching out for a toast that was on the table.

Wait a minute.

Harry’s family was here. They were all having breakfast. Breakfast was already prepared. Lunch was already prepared. They didn’t need to wake up early to make themselves food because it was already made.

Louis was going to kill Harry.

Harry held the same toast, now bitten, to Louis lips waiting for him to bite. Okay, so maybe he could let Harry live.

“So, what plans are for today?” Anne smiled and Gemma looked up from her phone with a smirk. She probably had some dirty idea in her head about it.
“My match starts at six.” Louis shrugged, leaning into Harry, closing his eyes.

“Can we come to watch?” It was now Harry’s father that joined the conversation and Louis choked on air as he stared at them with his eyes wide.

“Oh, we could have dinner afterwards.” Anne nodded excitedly and it was obvious that Louis opinion was not very necessary now.

Fucking great.

*

Louis’ team won.

It’s not like they expected to lose, of course they were predicted to win but today Harry was here together with his whole family and Louis knew he aced it. Two out of three goals were his and he was in really good shape.

Louis laughed, ignoring the terrible smell of the guys that cornered him with a group hug.

They cheered for a couple more minutes, then shook hands with the opposite team and went straight to showers.

Harry was already waiting him when he came back all wet and a bit cold, telling him to hurry up because they’ve already made a reservation.

They went through small teasing and bickering that probably looked strange from others eyes but if they were in private it would probably end up in having sex.

Louis noticed that they always did that – argued with no real reason behind and no intentions of pissing each other off. However, it worked like some kind of a teasing that made them finish things in bed.

Somewhere between their banter Stan interrupted them by asking to a party and they went through very pleasant though a bit awkward explanation that they can’t attend because they’re having a dinner with Harry’s parents.

Louis declined to admit how much he loved to say this to others but he knew from that kiss Harry gave him when they left changing room that the curly haired boy must have felt the same.

*

Anne watched her son appearing at the front door of the school, holding Louis’ bag in one hand and Louis’ hand with the other.

“Our son is whipped.” Des giggled next to her and she shot him a warning look, cooing at how cute they looked.

It’s not like she was going to admit that her son lost his brain because of the other boy. She sometimes wondered if they should not allow Harry to fall so hard and make everything so personal between him and Louis. She was afraid of possible heartbreak, which looking at them didn’t look possible.
“There’s something about Harry when it comes to Louis.” Gemma added, looking through the window and Anne bit her lip thinking back into the time when Harry had a rough fight with Gemma and declined to come back home until she was out of the house.

That time left all family terribly shaken. Nobody ever saw Harry angry, disrespectful or raising his voice.

“Sorry we’re late. Harry kept talking with my teammates.” Louis smiled entering the car.

“Of course I was.” Harry rolled his eyes, throwing an arm around Louis and pulling the boy closer. Anne smiled, assuring them that it’s alright and spent the whole drive looking at them through the mirror.

They didn’t talk. Louis blinked lazily, yawning from time to time but for some reason they looked like they interacted.

It was hard to explain but Louis was leaning into Harry, cuddled to his side watching into the phone screen in Harry’s hands as he scrolled through something on his own phone. And any time Louis would try to move or turn Harry would move together with him as if knowing what the other wanted to do.

“Finally! I’m starving!” Gemma groaned as they reached the restaurant startling both Harry and Louis from their somewhat of a comfort bubble.

They went inside and Anne watched them interacting, earning few amused glances from Des, who probably knew exactly was she was doing.

She couldn’t help it.

It was like she got to know her son again by watching them together.

“How are these two capable of making such a normal and sweet conversation when just in the beginning of this school year they were called in because Louis and Harry caused a food fight when disagreeing on something?

Gemma noticed her mother’s confusion and snickered.

“Are you also going to get a desert together? Share a cup of coffee and a glass of wine? We can like get you one drink with two straws.” Gemma laughed at them earning a middle finger from Harry.

“They can actually do this?” Louis asked with fake excitement, smile playing on his face.

“Just ignore her.” Harry rolled his eyes, kissing Louis temple. “I was thinking we could get some wine.” He wondered and Louis stopped him before anyone else agreed.

“Harry please don’t. You snore when you drink something.” He complained and Harry laughed.

And to Anne’s surprise Harry ended up ordering lemon water and compromised that neither of
them are drinking tonight.

Anne was pleasantly surprised to see them like this. It’s not like she had a lot of doubts but it still surprised her to see how they shared everything in their plates and stayed close to another. If it wasn’t Harry’s arm around Louis shoulders then it was Louis leaning into Harry, arms touching or if they were busy eating they were kind of touching hands while stealing from each other plates.

Then Harry switched their plates because Louis admitted that he preferred Harry’s and for some reason it looked very cute for her. Usually she would doubt if that was normal to act like this when eating but they made it look like it was the most usual thing in the world.

Finally, they cut the desert because Louis started dozing off and she could bet that he snoozed while leaning on Harry.

“Louis?” He called slightly shaking his shoulder.

“Yeah, sounds fine.” Louis mumbled not opening his eyes and Harry insisted taking the desert home or just not eating it at all.

Gemma tried arguing and for her surprise Harry snapped.

Like her son actually snapped when talking with his older sister – something she has witnessed like three times in her life. So they ended up leaving with packed deserts in the bags.

And that’s when it happened.

Harry and Louis walked close to each other when someone cat-called. At first Anne thought that someone was addressing to Gemma and hugged her closer. They were near the car already and she was sure that nothing will happen but then it turned out that the guy was not trailing behind them and was addressing to Louis.

“Hey ya faggot! Plump-ass!” The guy shouted and Anne turned around just in time to see Harry freezing in his place.

She wanted to ask if they were alright and witnessed Louis pulling Harry with himself. “C’mon Harry just ignore it.” He asked, pulling Harry by his sleeve.

Harry looked at him and nodded and that’s when the same guy decided to come and grab Louis by his bottom.

“Oi!” Louis jumped in surprise and Anne scrunched her nose at the guy who was roughly reeking alcohol.

Desmond opened his mouth to tell the guy off but that was not fast enough because the guy was already one metre away, dragged by Harry and pushed into the wall.

“What…” Anne whispered as her own son shouted incoherent swears threatening the guy to kill him. Harry ended up punching his face, probably breaking his nose and she was almost sure this was some kind of bad dream.

Harry would never hurt someone with no serious reason. Not in front of his parents. He had never raised his voice unless it was to make others hear him and he was always the rational one to calm others when things like this happened.

“Shit! Fuck!” Louis swore as he ran to pull Harry away whilst the whole Styles’ family stood there mortified to what was happening in front of their eyes.
“Don’t you fucking ever dare to come near him you…”

“Harry enough. Please let him be.” Louis was standing now in front of Harry, masking him from the guy, stopping from punching the guy again.

For a second Anne thought Harry would just push Louis away and she was very thankful for Desmond to interfere and bring Harry back to earth.

They all sat in the awkward silence as they drove back home and Anne didn’t know if she wanted to cry after what she’s seen or scold Harry.

The thoughts were clouding her sanity and all possible scenarios of Harry behaving irrationally were filling her mind.

Harry was always such a collected child, always friendly with others, always nice and talkative. He wouldn’t snap if someone took his toy, he was understanding and forgiving, he wouldn’t hit or shout at Gemma when she annoyed him, he was just… Good.

She never dared to even think about Harry acting like this.

“Lou?” Harry whispered and Anne looked through the mirror how Louis unbelted himself and moved to Harry’s lap, whispering something to him.

She saw the look Desmond gave her and she knew this meant he was having the same confusion about this.

Could this be an abusive behaviour? Did they miss on some anger issues?

* 

Harry clutched Louis close to himself all night, his hands stroking his bum.

Louis didn’t dare to ask if Harry was alright. He knew that he wouldn’t want to talk immediately if his parents were to witness him like this.

When he woke up he found Harry sitting next to him in his naked glory, which meant he still hadn’t started his morning routine and that worried Louis because it was already 10 in the morning.

“I’m embarrassed.” Harry explained when Louis asked him. “I’m embarrassed that I’ve attacked this guy in front of my parents but… He touched you and I just flipped, thinking about what could happen to you if you were alone and I… They shouldn’t be left alone without learning that it’s not good.”

Harry’s voice was trembling and Louis kissed him softly, assuring that it’s nothing to be embarrassed for. Harry was protective over Louis, sometimes overly protective and Louis did worry about that guy’s nose could have been broken, however there were part of him that agreed with Harry.

“I’m happy you were there to protect me. And there is a lot of truth in your words. This could’ve gone worse and I’m really thankful that it didn’t.” Louis smiled softly, kissing Harry’s collarbones.

“I love you.” Harry whispered, pulling Louis up and kissing him. “You have no idea how much.”

Louis blushed furiously under the words and sat in Harry’s lap, eager to deepen the kiss.
They ended up with Louis riding Harry, both moaning how much they loved each other.

* 

“Harry’s still in bed. Good morning.” Louis smiled entering kitchen were Harry’s parents and Gemma were sitting.

It didn’t take a genius to figure out they were waiting for them and Louis felt too exposed in his pyjama pants and Harry’s shirt that were obviously too big for him.

“Is he coming down?” Anne asked cautiously as Louis moved between the counters, getting a tray and hoping to bring their breakfast upstairs.

“To be honest?” Louis asked, glancing at the table, feeling thankful that Anne had already prepared breakfast he could bring up. “I don’t think so.”

He smiled taking a plate to fill it with fresh looking breakfast pastries.

Without even looking up he could feel three sets of eyes following his movements and he knew that the questions will start before he’ll take off.

And it did.

He was debating between blueberry muffin that Harry could’ve liked and almond pastry that Louis wanted himself.

“Why is he not coming down?” Anne asked, her voice wavering in annoyance. Louis felt a bit angry. Sure, she had right to be disappointed or something but couldn’t she like brush it off? One morning Harry wants to have for himself and she’s annoyed about it?

“He doesn’t want to.”

“We want to talk to him.” Desmond adds and Louis sighs, it’s not like he can backfire with what he’s thinking or feeling to his boyfriend’s parents without offending them, can he?

Well, he’s for sure can try.

“Look, I’m not the one to tell Harry how to feel and what to do. He’s angry at himself and he’s beating himself for what happened yesterday and my priority now is to calm him down. By all means, if you know how to do that please go up and do it because all I can think off is bringing him breakfast.” He finished his tirade, looking at slightly displeased Desmond and surprised Anne.

“Is he often…” Anne gulped. “Like this?”

Louis blinked, trying to think of an answer. “Sometimes it happens. It’s… He… When someone comes up to me he loses it.”

He bit his lip thinking that it’s a rather normal explanation, definitely better than telling how Harry is jealous and might cuff Louis if he lets someone touch him and kill the said someone.

“How often does he? I mean… He’s not having like anger issues?”

Louis looked at her, hoping she will keep talking something and he might avoid answering this question straight away. Is Harry having anger issues? It’s not like they’re not explainable but by telling this he might sound like desperate house wife.

“I wouldn’t call getting angry over something reasonable anger issues.” Louis smiled softly to
them and cursing under his breath when Gemma opened her mouth to join the conversation.

He kind of forgot she was there and he knew that there was something that could end up bad if she talked about this.

“He hurt you that time when he came to police station.”

Of fucking course Gemma opened her mouth and by the sad faces on Anne and Desmond Louis knew that they were already told.

Did he really have to deal with this right now? He had Harry who was on the verge of mental break down and he didn’t know how to deal with this. He didn’t need Harry’s parents on his shoulders.

“Look, I’d really appreciate if you didn’t start interfering in our relationship. He’ll come around after some time it’s just that Harry gets extremely… Cautious when something is happening to me. And I would never call it anger issues or something like this, he’s just… He doesn’t have many people around himself very often.”

Anne looked torn and offended. “Louis, we’re doing all we can to support him.”

“I know. This is not me telling you how to grow your child, all I’m saying is that Harry’s protective and he’s caring and when someone acts like this he gets that idea how it could end up if he’s not there and he just flips. I’m not blaming him, I have sisters and I know the feeling.” Louis shrugged, blushing under a bit of lying to Harry’s parents.

He did have sisters but he rarely felt a need to punch someone just because someone acted some way. Tell them off? Sure. Punch? Well he’d rather avoid it and he knew that Harry would too. Unless it’s him.

“Alright… Just tell him to come and talk to us at some point today, yeah?” Anne whispered pleadingly and Louis nodded, taking the almond one. He deserved it after all this talking.

* 

Harry went downstairs around lunch time without Louis and came back half an hour later looking like a sad and hurt puppy, burying himself in Louis chest making it awkward to cuddle because of the size difference.

Louis didn’t say a word about it and talked to Harry about all things he could think off until Harry himself started to open up.

The talk with his parents went well but left Harry crushed because they asked about him hurting others or even Louis and Harry looked so scared that he might have and Louis had to assure him that he did not like hundred times.

He wanted to scold Harry’s parents for it and probably showed that pretty clearly because when they went to Harry’s game in the evening they kept talking to minimum and there was awkward silence between them all the time.

In the morning they all sat down for breakfast and had a civil conversation about Louis and Harry going to the Netherlands for one week and discussed how they could spend the remaining one and if they could fly to New York.

Louis said he’ll have to talk with his parents first and Harry insisted that he won’t be going alone. Surprisingly enough, Harry’s parents supported his decision and even said that they could find
some free time to come here again.

Ignoring how it was beyond strange that Harry lived in his parent house without actual parent’s he felt thankful for their patience and was a bit sad to say goodbye to them as they left in the evening.

However, it didn’t last long as they could finally finish what they’ve started on that kitchen table before they showed up.

Chapter End Notes

As an usual request - please leave comments voicing out your opinion if you noticed something wrong or if you just want to comment about how you liked it and what parts you loved the most. Really, anything is highly appreciated. Left Kudos if you haven’t yet,

and PLEASE have a nice day for yourself <3
Chapter 39

Chapter Summary

A few struggles with an actual life of being teenager and dealing with it - or just Louis and Harry going through things together.

Chapter Notes

Okay, so first of all - I am sorry for not updating so long because I think that 8 days of waiting is really too much.

What can I say to my defence? The chapter turned out to be very long and I wanted to have it done before starting the 'travelling to Amsterdam with teammates' chapter but then you'd have to wait even longer, like five more days so basically this chapter is half of the whole chapter I hope to get done in five days...

Also... (this is embarassing) - I've started kind of an instagram for Harry's character. The pictures are before he met Louis - like you know all that thing before and I think I'm now on last year's april and yeah... This is awkward and doesn't really make sense (called: haroldsnotmname)

Sorry for the wait my loves and hope you'll like what I have to give you this time

<3333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Louis how many times do I have to ask you to pick your things from the ground?” Harry groaned, entering the office room where Louis was sitting with a book in his lap.

He looked up just to see Harry holding his football shoes he might have left in the hallway.

But could you really blame him for this? He was constantly busy, getting not enough sleep because of enormous lengths of his practices and the nearing Eater holidays that meant only more tests. Louis didn’t even know when he learnt in school the things he needed for his assignments.

“Sorry.” He mumbled, looking down and gasped when the shoes ended up in his lap on top of his book. “What the fuck are you doing?” He stood up, glaring at Harry angrily.

“Teaching you to pick after yourself, apparently.” Harry starred at him smugly and Louis flipped.
“It’s not bothering me so why would I do that.” Louis challenged Harry, seeing his jaw go tense.

Harry had been complaining about Louis leaving things for almost a week and it was really annoying because Louis couldn’t give a shred of fuck to where he left his things.

He had his running practices then went straight to his classes and got held practicing until 8 with his coach, while Harry just happily did his assignments during free lessons and went home from his practice around five, coming to pick Louis up when he was over.

And on top of that this fucker decided to complain. No way. No. Not when he was so free and happy and Louis had to learn until eleven o’clock and then listened Harry complaining or touching him for something sexual.

“Is it really that hard to get your things in place?” Harry kept nagging and Louis wanted to snap.

These days he always wanted to snap at Harry but he knew that then he’ll have to work on getting things between them alright again and it’ll require time he didn’t have.

“If it bothers you –do it yourself, you know – like DIY project, you kinda love those.” Louis shrugged, turning to sit back down.

He was stopped and pulled back by Harry’s hand wrapping around his wrist.

“What do you think I am? Your maid?” Harry spoke now clearly displeased and irritated.

Well, guess what? Louis was irritated too and he had other things to work on, for example this literature essay that he was going nowhere with.

“Well do you think you are? Your maid?” Harry’s voice brought Louis back from his sleeping and he opened his eyes to see that he was still on a sofa.
He must have fallen asleep somewhere in the process of his essay, which – fuck! He fell asleep before finishing it.

“Shit! Couldn’t you wake me up last night?” He shouted to Harry, gathering his papers and books, throwing then into his bag frantically.

“Why would I?” Harry asked from his place on the chair where he was reading his book lazily.

Of course Harry could read the fucking book. Louis hated him. He was jealous that Harry actually had time for things while he was manoeuvring with half-finished tasks and awaiting tests.

“I don’t know? So I could at least sleep in bed and not on sofa? And wake up at proper time to get ready? Did you even make breakfast?”
“I did.” Harry said not lifting his eyes from the book, cup of coffee empty in front of him.

“Well where are they?” Louis asked, getting his pen to maybe write few more sentences on this annoying essay.

“I ate them.” Harry replied completely unbothered.

Louis froze, with the pen midway to the paper, trying to comprehend what Harry just said. He wouldn’t have done that, right?

“I’m sorry?” He asked dumbfounded.

“Are you deaf? I ate them. But if you’re fast enough you can maybe get something for yourself, think of it as DIY project. And don’t forget to get something for your lunch.” Harry said calmly and Louis stood there wanting to cry.

This was not the right time.

Out of all times for Harry to get bitchy about Louis behaviour this was the worst.

But sure, if Harry was giving him a cold shoulder, Louis could definitely give him one too. Quickly he fetched a bag of crisps and an apple, thinking that this could work. They were easy to carry and he could eat in the hallways as he went from one class to another.

Without more words he sat on the high chair and started finishing his essay. He hoped this could at least give him a D. He really didn’t need to fail on his classes. Not now.
He could feel Harry’s eyes on him but he refused to look up and meet Harry’s sad puppy eyes. Louis knew he was making Harry feel lonely. He knew that Harry was being an asshole because of it.

It has been ten days since Harry’s parents left and they hadn’t had sex for those ten days, hadn’t even talked properly since then. And Louis was feeling just as much frustration if not more but he couldn’t really change that. There were ten more days left until they were completely off and Louis hoped that they could at least not kill each other until then.

“Take this fucking thing with you. We’re leaving.” Harry said, standing up and Louis sighed, looking at the clock.

Five minutes until they really needed to leave.

“Harry?” Louis asked and started at Harry’s unmoving back. “I’m sorry…” He mumbled. “I’m sorry but I really don’t have time…” His breath hitched and wavered at the end, showing just exactly how much this has been affecting Louis.

He could feel tears of frustration coming up and he swallowed them back, knowing that this is not something they could deal with.

“Give me this essay.” Harry sighed, turning around.

“You don’t have to-”

“Give me this essay and take a sandwich and salad from fridge, I packed it.” Harry said firmly and slowly, unsure about it Louis handed the paper to Harry, moving to the fridge to get said sandwich and salad.

He took a bite of a sandwich, moaning at the taste. Jesus, he was so hungry. Did he even eat dinner last night? He couldn’t remember.

“It’s not…” Harry bit his lip, addressing to the essay.

“It’s shit, I know. I just need to get it graded and that’s all.”

“We can be late to the first period but I’ll help you to finish it?” Harry offered, sitting down and patting on the chair next to him.

“My coach…”

“Louis, sit down.” Harry ordered, giving him a pen.
Louis bit his lip and nodded.

* 

Harry glanced at Louis as the boy entered changing room, shoulders slumped and dark bags under his eyes. Watching him he got sympathetic and started feeling endearingly guilty for how he behaved this morning.

Louis hadn’t told him about the pressure and amount of work he had to deal with but he didn’t even have to because now it was visible on his body and that was enough to make Harry feel a whole bunch of emotions that could be described as protectiveness and concern.

“Hey, how are you?” He asked, reaching out to hug Louis.

“Couch wanted me to come before we started. He’s probably going to scold me for being late.” Louis admitted, throwing Harry an apologetic look and refusing the hug.

Harry swallowed his annoyance, directed more to Louis’ coach than to Louis, and nodded. “I can try to make yoga practice longer?” He offered, thinking that maybe this way Louis could have more time for anything, maybe a short nap.

Usually Louis would be sleeping any minute possible but now, even when they were driving back from school Louis would be reading. And that was so unusual for Louis, who, let Harry add, was always tired. So maybe if Harry gave him some time off Louis could relax.

“Then we would be forced to train longer and if he’ll hold us until ten I’ll literally rip my head off.” Louis shrugged, turning to go to his coach.

“This is getting out of hand.” Stan shook his hand, capturing Harry’s attention immediately.

What exactly it getting out of hand? It’s not like he knew Harry and Louis were having inside relationship problems.

“Every year, he’s pushing Louis until he gets crazy. Last year he was pulled out of classes to train and went on some medication because his nose would bleed from pressure.” Harry gaped at him, blood rushing through his veins, making him angrier by seconds.

Who the fuck did he think he was, forcing Louis to go on schedule like that?

“I had no idea.” Harry whispered.

“Yeah, we all feel the same about this.” Stan shrugged, looking at Louis sympathetically when he
came back to the room.

“I have to go start early.” He informed, ripping his shirt off.

Harry might be seeing things but Louis looked a bit skinnier.

“How about yoga?” Harry asked carefully, looking through Louis body. It was not just his imagination Louis was actually skinnier. Not much but enough for Harry to notice.

“Fuck yoga! He wants me to run laps until I fucking die.” Louis whined, which was not typical for him. Even when forced to run every morning he didn’t whine about it though it fucked up his school schedule. Louis loved practising.

“This is ridiculous. He can’t train you this hard.” Harry spoke angrily, wanting nothing else but to go and talk with that stupid coach.

Harry could even get him fired. He probably should even. He could get his family lawyer or a better and make this excuse of a coach pay for doing this.

“He can. This Friday is our last game before going to nationals and he can do that.” Louis replied, running out of the room leaving Harry to just look after him angrily.

* Louis finally gets fed up with this on Friday night after his game he of course won. The evening was so full of emotions – happy ones and Louis kept telling Harry how it was all worth it because now they were having only two left and they were going to finals.

That’s until he was asked for a short talk with his coach and left for a couple of minutes. When he came back he confronted Harry with tears in his eyes and looked too vulnerable and sad to make Harry leave it this way.

“He wants me to be here at seven tomorrow morning.” Louis hiccupped into Harry’s chest. “I can’t fucking feel my legs and I have constant muscle pain and he – he – he…”

Harry started doing his best at calming Louis down when he felt a wave of panic in Louis voice. He had the horror to witness a panic attack once and he just right after that he promised to himself that he’ll do everything to prevent it from happening again.

And there’s only one thing he can think of – only one person that he believes could help him, and that is Louis mother.

“I hope this is you calling to apologize for missed dinners.” Jay scolded him right after picking up but her voice sounded chirpy, letting Harry know that she was just mocking him.
“Uhm, just so you know, I really am sorry, just…”

“It’s alright.” She assures him and Harry smiled, feeling so thankful for her understanding. If he was in her place he probably wouldn’t let Louis wander like this – live with Harry while they’re not fulfilling the biggest promise – visiting.

“Okay, uhm, I’m calling because of Louis?” Harry hears soft giggles from the other side of the line.

“I guess it has already started?” She answers with question, leaving Harry in a loss of words. She knew that this was happening. She must have, judging by how she reacted. “It happens every year.” She added.

How the hell Harry never noticed Louis losing his mind every year? Because, okay, maybe he wasn’t very fond of Louis in previous years and wasn’t always at school when it neared to Easter holidays but still, this was not unnoticeable.

Harry blinked, brushing away his thoughts and concentrating on an actual problem.

“And what do you do every year?” He asked hopefully.

“Nothing.” Jay answered simply as if was the most normal thing in the world, for her son to go crazy. Harry glared at the white wall as if the wall was Louis mother.

“What do you mean nothing?”

“I do nothing. This works best or at least better than talking to him. I just leave him be.”

“Jay, he’s not eating.” Harry clarified. They might me having some sort of miscommunication here.

“Then give him a plate with food and he’ll empty it at some point.” She sounded as if it was so simple and Harry declined to just go with it.

“He told Louis to start at seven tomorrow. Is that even healthy? Running and training for whole day? This can’t be healthy! He said his muscles are hurting! Do you know what it takes for Louis to complain about practicing? It’s nearly impossible!” Harry exclaimed raising his voice.

On the other side of the line Jay sighed and Harry waited patiently for her to tell something.
“Fine, when it gets really bad I get a sick note. This works and then he gets few days off from school, so is able to stop and coach goes crazy that he overworked him – kind of eye opening but…” She stopped and Harry was already thinking about his family doctor and if it wasn’t too late to call.

“But what?”

“But Louis will get… Angry.” She finished and Harry rolled his eyes. It’s not like he couldn’t deal with angry Louis.

“I think I’ll manage.” He told her and said goodbye before calling his doctor, who wasn’t very happy for the late call but agreed to write a sick-note for Louis that’ll last from Monday till Wednesday.

Harry counted it as a huge win and completely forgot about Jay’s mention of getting Louis angry.

After all, he was sure it couldn’t be worse than anything he had seen from Louis in the span of time he knew him. And that was sixteen years.

*

Harry was wrong.

When he said that he could handle angry Louis he was very extremely utterly wrong.

If he were to bet on this he would’ve lost with a huge shame and embarrassment of even betting on that.

Louis was angry.

No, not just angry.

He was pissed off.

When Jay said Louis might get angry she didn’t mention that her son could go mental angry, scaring even the Harry himself.

“Louis, there’s no need for you to go home.” Harry told him, putting the clothes, Louis just thrown into the luggage, back in the closet.
“You don’t get to tell me shit! We are breaking up.” Harry bit his lip, thinking if any of this could be a real threat.

It was Sunday evening and Harry informed Louis that he’s off for the next three days.

And instead of a thank you he received Louis screaming at him for twenty minutes until Harry tried interfering, telling that Louis at least should say thank you.

Not the wisest thing to say because with that Louis decided to leave home and had been repeating the same threat over and over again for about ten minutes. However, Harry thought it was an empty threat because Louis just glared when he put all the clothes back.

“We’re not breaking up and you know that.” Harry said in a matter of fact and stepped away to avoid Louis sweater coming at him.

“Don’t you play smart on me, Styles!” Louis roared and Harry found it endearingly cute, this empty threat of Louis and he tried to step closer for a hug. “If you take one more step closer to me I’ll rip your balls off and feed it to you so you could shit them out and cry when you see what’s left of them!” Louis kept screaming more and more clothes coming Harry’s way.

Harry ignored the clothes best as he could, waiting patiently until Louis stopped. And when Louis did, it was not because he calmed down. No.

Apparently he had found another way to express his anger.

“Pick it up.” He ordered to Harry, motioning to his clothes on the floor.

At first Harry starred at Louis thinking that he was joking but it turned out that it only pissed off Louis even more.

“I said – pick it up!” Harry sighed, thinking that it was better to not fight back, and crouched to pick Louis’ clothes, putting them on armchair.

It must have been some sort of ‘pissing Harry off’ game because Louis then went to other side of the room and threw Harry’s jeans on the ground.

“Pick it up.” He repeated, his eyes challenging Harry to disagree.

Harry tried to understand which frustrated Louis more – Harry following his orders or possibility of Harry not following his orders.

He looked at Louis attentively, trying to figure out which one it was and finally stuck with the
second one because more clothes Harry picked up the more ended up on the ground.

“Enough.” He bit when Louis raised his arm to reach were Harry held his rarely worn old jumpers.

Louis froze, his arms flying to his sides. He turned around to face Harry, looking like a caught up deer.

“Come here.” Harry ordered, watching how slowly but with no resistance Louis walked to him, looking down.

Carefully he put his hands on Louis shoulders – as a sign of comfort and sighed not sure what Louis wanted him to do. Knowing Louis he might not know it himself what he wanted Harry to do.

“Baby, what do you want?” Louis shuddered under the question and Harry wondered how many hours of sleep Louis was lacking.

He felt a bit of a dick right now, how he acted stubbornly when Louis was too busy to be with him.

“Can you… Like get angry.” Louis whispered suddenly shy.

Harry bit his lip to stop himself from disagreeing. There was a big part of him that wanted to explain to Louis that there was nothing to be angry for, he wanted to tell Louis that his behaviour was acceptable and reasonable.

Plus, he was afraid that snapping and having rough sex with Louis was not something Louis himself could handle.

But it’s not like Harry was going to deny Louis. No way. Not out loud.

Holding Louis by his waist Harry turned them around and slowly pushed them against the wall. Louis looked up at Harry expectantly and maybe it was dark bags under his eyes or those tired looking blue eyes that made Harry to feel very protective.

“Let me take you to bed.” He said, scooping Louis in his arms not waiting for his boyfriend to actually reply.

He laid them carefully and just as Louis head hit the billow he was attacking Harry with a kiss. A passionate and eager but somewhat slowly kiss and Harry wanted nothing but just push him away and tell him to sleep.
Louis was currently rutting against his thigh already hard and Harry was no way near getting hard. Not because Louis was not sexy. God, he was. He was the most perfect sweet creature walking on this earth. But Harry just couldn’t relax, thinking that he needed to lull Louis into sleeping.

So Harry opted on getting Louis off. He cuddled him and slowly stroked him, getting small huffs of pleasure from Louis and he didn’t know which thing happened faster – Louis cumming or Louis falling asleep.

*

Inhale and exhale.

In.

And.

Out.

Relax your body.

Free your mind.

Let the positive energy fill your body.

Harry kept talking to himself taking long breaths, filling his nostrils with the comforting smell of his lavender candles.

This is honestly the only time of the day he enjoys while there’s no Louis by his side. Because anything else he’s doing he’s always miserable and missing his boy by his side.

Harry relaxed his shoulders and blinked his eyes open to see around his gym room.

His eyes flushed open just in time to see Louis marching into the room and blowing all the candles off. Harry scrunched his nose when the grey smoke appeared filling the room with gross smell. He hated this smell and he was sure Louis knew that.

Harry kept his crossed legs pose, watching Louis, his meditating breathing long forgotten. Now he was waiting for Louis to tell what he wanted.

The moment Louis had all the candles blown out he turned to Harry and by the way he jumped Harry knew that Louis did not expect him to have his eyes opened.
“Care to explain why you’re interrupting me?” Harry asked, voice calm and unbothered.

Because he really was unbothered. He calculated the amount of sleep Louis got (which was about ten hours as it was 7 o’clock now and Louis fell asleep before seven last night) and was relaxed that it was enough. Plus, for some weird-ass reason Harry was never angry when Louis interrupted.

And that was utterly strange because everyone knew not to interrupt Harry during his morning sessions and no one tried to test his patience. But Louis did.

Louis stood in front of Harry hands on his hips. “I want attention.” He explained with a shrug and sat in Harry’s lap, ignoring his crossed legs.

Harry smiled softly, welcoming Louis in a hug, his whole body relaxing more than it was during yoga. This is one thing Harry couldn’t explain – why his boyfriend managed to relax him better than the method used by centuries and accepted as the best one in various religions.

Wrapping his arms around Louis, Harry felt his chest warming up as Louis nuzzled his head in the crook of Harry’s neck.

“Did you sleep well?” Harry asked, looking down at Louis gently and lovingly.

Because slow and cuddly morning Louis was something Harry will appreciate as the eighth wonder of the world – it happened rarely, Harry had witnessed it like ten times at most, but it calmed him and made him want to look after Louis in all life situations because he looked soft, loveable (more than ever).

“Mhmm.” Louis hummed, looking up, bright ocean blue eyes looking better than the ocean shores in Maldives. “I brushed my teeth so I could kiss you.”

Harry chuckled at this simple sentence, bringing their lips together. Louis lips were warm – Louis was warm, especially at this time of the day.

“You look lovely.” Harry whispered into Louis ear, his hands travelling under Louis long sleeved sleeping shirt to stroke his back.

“I’d look lovelier if I had my back scratched.” Louis whispered back and Harry just couldn’t tame himself from kissing Louis.

He looked like a baby, like a sweet creature that had eyes of ocean, skin of the most dealicious caramel, feathery hair – does anyone even know how soft Louis morning hair is? That time before he takes brush to form them into anything – they are the softest feathery hair, making him all too perfect.
Louis’ fingers softly poked Harry’s collarbones, reminding him to hurry and start scratching.

“You look sleepy.” Harry commented, wondering if this was just a short phase of waking up before Louis was going back to sleep again.

“’m not.” Louis mumbled, scrunching his eyes and yawning. “Mmm, couldn’t go back to sleep.”

“Why’s that?”

“My legs hurt.”

Harry stopped scratching, arching his head back to look at Louis. “Your legs hurt?”

Louis sighed, showing his unhappiness that Harry stopped scratching before answering the question. “It’s just sore muscles I think.” He answered with a shrug but Harry was not having it.

He lifted Louis, moving him from his lap, earning a glare and pout from Louis.

“I can help you ease the pain.” He suggested, already reaching out for Louis leg.

“You couldn’t do that with me in your lap?” Louis pout was even more visible now and his body was radiating displeasure.

Harry smiled and leaned to kiss that pout away. Louis did say that he came here for attention after all. “If you let me, there are few yoga positions that could help.”

There was a short pause of silence, Louis examining Harry before opening his mouth.

“This is your dream coming true? Some kind of a fantasy, isn’t it?”

Harry smiled wider, thankful for his body and the control he had over it or else he’d be blushing.

“C’mon, stand up.” He ordered to Louis, helping him up.

He smiled even wider when Louis head was in the same level with his nipples, it always affected Harry more in the morning – the size difference they had. Usually he wouldn’t be so affected, already used to it to not be affected but in the mornings? No. He didn’t have that much self-control in the mornings not to coo Louis, not to hug him closer.
“Cool position, is it called glued bodies? This seems very affective for my legs.” Louis joked, his voice muffled as he talked into Harry’s chest.

He was really something – Harry thought to himself, stepping back to tell Louis where to start and what to do.

And by the way – Louis was right. It had been Harry’s dream to see Louis in positions like that, doing yoga on Harry’s yoga mat. However, Harry refused to acknowledge to where it would lead in his fantasies.

“You know, this is fucking hard.” Louis huffed in his downward dog position.

Harry was currently holding Louis by his hips to make sure he kept the right balance.

“It could be easier if you breathed properly and didn’t talk?” Harry suggested and Louis moved his hips backward to hit Harry as it was the only thing he can do keeping balance.

Of course, even this only thing wasn’t that easy and Harry had to quite literally hold him by his hips so he wouldn’t go down. Besides, by doing so Louis hit Harry’s crotch and that was… That was a bit arousing if you ask Harry.

“Actually this is quite pleasurable.” Louis snorted, trying to wiggle his arse.

“Yeah, yeah. Let’s get rid of the sore muscles first?” Harry suggested, holding Louis by his hips tightly, knowing that it’s quite easy to lose the balance.

And that was the least what Harry wanted to happen.

“Your arms are distracting.” Louis mumbled, groaning when Harry pulled his hips up, leaving him hardly balancing. “Is this really necessary?”

Harry smiled, at Louis grumpy tone. He never thought Louis will actually agree to yoga and even if he was a bit complaining Harry knew better than to let it get to him.

“It’ll help you.” Harry assured him, telling him how to move his body into the other position.

“You know what? I expected this to be with less clothes and more fun.” Louis complained but
followed Harry’s orders nonetheless.

To be honest, Harry himself always dreamt of different yoga and completely different positions for them on this mat. However, this was not the right time for that and sex could wait. Maybe if he proved Louis that it really worked well for him and his muscles there could be next time.

Next time with the ending he had always wanted.

*

“I’m telling this only once and if you ever asked me again, I’ll deny it.” Louis mumbled as they were undressing, getting ready for shower. Harry looked at him curiously. “I think it helped.”

Huge grin covered Harry’s face and he opened the shower door, letting Louis go first.

“Does that mean you’ll agree to join us in school?” Harry asked hopefully, turning to regulate shower to the right temperature.

Louis snorted, motioning Harry to get water warmer. “God no, no way I’m doing that in front of others. Not with you behind me.”

“Yeah?” Harry quirked an eyebrow, turning Louis around. “How about now?” He asked, Louis’ arse rubbing against his crotch and thighs. “Would you do something with me behind you now?” He asked breathing into Louis neck.

He felt Louis body relaxing against his and his breath hitched when Louis arse moved for friction. Seriously, from whoever Louis got these body genes – Harry should thank them because this was beyond perfection.

He sometimes doubted that even Louis himself knew how far gone Harry was for Louis height and arse.

Louis let out few moans, his hands clutching Harry’s arm as the other travelled down to press him even closer to Harry’s body.

“That’s right baby – moan, let me hear just how much you want it.” Louis moaned even louder, letting Harry know how exactly this dirty talk affected him.

“Harry…” Louis trailed off, his hand gripping Harry’s arm as if he put more weight on that arm.
Harry knew very well what it meant. Louis – suddenly gripping Harry, moaning and not being needy or even a bit in control? Louis was going under.

“Yeah baby, you want me to take care of you, yeah?” Harry asked, gripping Louis hips turning the boy around, earning a few loud moans.

“Please, yes, please.” Louis cried out and Harry smirked, looking around the shower for something he could use as rope for Louis hands.

There was nothing unless… Harry's black Sephora's bath sponge caught his eye and if he ripped the strip of his sponge he could use it around Louis arms…

It was worth a shot.

*

“I think I’ve never felt more violated.” Louis complained for like the hundredth time as they were getting dressed. “And that is combined all our sex together. All.”

Harry sighed and rolled his eyes, will he really be hearing this from Louis for the rest of his life? “Alright, I get it, it was not fun.”

“Not fun? It was not fun? Harry, I had fucking shower sponge brushing against my bum with my wrists tied.” Louis huffed, pulling up his sweatpants and Harry wondered how he would look like with really tight pans. Like leggings or something. Would Louis let buy him leggings? Maybe Harry could bribe him with something? “How do you think it made me look?”

“Like a bunny?” Harry suggested not really bothered by Louis’ tantrums. Louis froze after Harry said word ‘bunny’ and blushed furiously, making Harry pay attention to him. “You know, with a little tail and all.” He smirked.

Louis looked away, grabbing Harry’s sweater to put on. He didn’t say anything but he didn’t have to either. Harry knew when Louis looked embarrassed but pleased and how he acted – and this was exactly how.

“Get on the armchair.” Harry ordered, pulling the armchair from its usual place to the place in front of a mirror.

Louis didn’t say a word as he came towards, sitting on the armchair, looking at Harry obediently, like he was waiting for another order – which he probably was.
“Not like this, your hands on this,” Harry pointed to the backrest. “And your knees on the place where your bum would be.” Louis slowly turned around without a protest and did what Harry asked for.

He left him like this, turning to his wardrobe room opening the right drawer where he stored butplugs and maybe a few pair of new panties he was dying to tell Louis to wear.

Blue eyes were looking at him cauciously when he turned around and this was not how Harry wanted this to be. He preferred Louis to be unaware of what he was going to do.

It’s not like Harry’s going to blindfold him for that – no, there were many other options.

“Turn your head to the mirror and look at yourself.” He ordered, his voice lower and rougher, holding more power over the words.

Louis gulped before turning around and Harry walked next to him, seeing how Louis was following his moves, rather than looking at himself.

“All…” He trailed off when he noticed the displeased look Harry was giving to him, eyes going lower to look at his body as asked.

Judging by the way Louis was holding his eyes on the mirror Harry could guess he was looking to his side of the stomach and arms rather than his bum.

“Spread your legs.” Harry ordered, pulling the pants and the underwear down. Louis looked away from the mirror and Harry hissed. “I want you to look here.” Harry asked slowly stroking Louis bum. “It’s not in front of the mirror as I said this would be in our new place but this can work, right?”

Louis let out a sound something of whail and whine, instead of replying.

It looked like Harry had to push further.

“All that right baby?” He asked, moving Louis arse cheeks.

“Yea-a!” Louis blushed under Harry’s touch as his fingers brushed against Louis’ rim.

“Then look baby. Look how beautiful you are like this. My little bunny.” Louis moaned and responded to the touch with his hips moving as Harry called him ‘bunny’.

Harry took it as his chance to press further and he did. Two dry fingers entering Louis still loose and a bit wet hole, earning few loud moans.
“Beautiful Lou.” Harry smiled, pressing a kiss on Louis arse cheek. “You’re so, so beautiful – perfect even. I mean look at this…” He trailed off sucking a love bite on Louis arse.

“Ah! Shit! Harry!” Louis whined, closing his eyes to hum.

Harry used this moment to back off and took the plug in his hands, waiting for Louis to open up his eyes just in time to see what he was holding.

Pure shock and surprise – clearly something Louis didn’t expect for Harry to do. Harry smiled taking it in, thinking that he may want to photograph it – the moment when Louis was surprised, aroused and yet not very happy that it was not Harry’s cock but clearly not going to say it. However, Harry doubted Louis would be happy if he snapped a picture of him like this.

So instead Harry spread Louis arse cheeks as well as he could with one hand, the plug in his other, against Louis rim.

“Ready baby?” He asked Louis and didn’t move for a second for Louis to understand that he was waiting for him to answer.

“Ye-AH!” Louis screamed his hips buckling frantically as Harry didn’t wait for a whole answer. “You fu-”

Smack

Louis shut up right after Harry slapped his but cheek, bitting his lip harshly. “I dare you to finish the sentence.” He teased, making Louis to shut up. “Good boy, put these on now.” He said standing up and giving Louis a box with panties in it.

Harry watched with the corner of his eye how Louis took them into his fingers, looking at the material. Harry was starting to doubt of what he had told Louis to do and was about to ask if he didn’t want to because Harry could have read the signs wrong, but then Louis stood up and put them on, shy smile appearing on his face.

*

“So down here.” Harry asked, pointing Louis at the bar chair.

He didn’t wait for Louis to tell anything or to take moves to sit down. Instead, he just lifted him up, putting him down on that chair, pressing his hips into it harshly.
“You’re doing this on purpose.” Louis accused him, crossing his arms and looking angry. Harry would believe he was angry if he hadn’t known Louis and his body for way too long to buy it.

He knew Louis wanted this, to go under Harry’s wing as Harry liked to call it sometimes. Louis would’ve said no if he didn’t want to. He would’ve complained and cursed, wouldn’t have worn what Harry told him to.

“Alright?” Harry asked, stopping his movements to look at Louis.

Not that he’s really proud to admit that but sometimes he could misread things. It happened once. There’s no way Harry was going to repeat that.

“Yeah.” Louis nodded, his arms uncrossing, lying down on his thighs. “Sorry.” His voice was small, fluffy and sweet. He reached for a hug from Harry and nuzzled his face into Harry’s chest.

“Okay, let me make you breakfast then.” Louis only hummed not moving and Harry had to untangle himself from Louis just to get things done.

There were few questions Harry wanted to ask right now but he figured it could wait.

This thing – Louis going all teeny tiny, listening to Harry wasn’t very often. Yes, Louis did listen to Harry and if Harry wanted he was the last one to make decisions, which usually wasn’t happening because he preferred compromising or giving up into Louis whining.

But sometimes – Louis would just go with everything. No bragging, no being annoying just completely depending on Harry’s will. These under moments usually happened when they were right after having a rough sex when Louis needed aftercare or when they had sex, sometimes when Louis was sleepy too.

Surprisingly, this one happened right now. It was a bit of dilemma to Harry if that happened because of sex, did Louis go into some kind of different level of subspace where he was actually a sub? To be honest, Harry would have preferred a little bit more information instead of waking up to Louis behaving like this.

This was like playing blind and whilst he could make some conclusions it was still too difficult to know how exactly he was supposed to treat Louis.

“How are we doing this today? Will you drink my smoothie or you want something else?” Harry asked looking at Louis.

He was greeted with silence. Louis looked down, clearly a bit upset and Harry lifted Louis head, placing a kiss on his forehead.
“Whatever it is, it’s alright.” He assured Louis with a soft smile. “You just need to tell me, what do you want me to do?”

“There were two hard weeks and…” Louis played with the sleeve of his sweater. “And can I be like… You know.”

Harry sighed feeling a bit irritated because he didn’t know.

Louis didn’t look like the one who’ll guide him a lot for at least couple of hours and Harry wanted to know exactly what Louis wanted.

“You want to take care of you?” He asked, trying to help Louis out.

“Yes.”

“How?”

Louis didn’t answer his question, instead he nuzzled himself back into Harry’s chest.

“Louis, if you want this to go somewhere you talk with me right now or this will be over very soon.” Harry said strictly, pulling away from Louis.

“I want you to take care of me in all possible ways.” Louis replied quickly and this was a bit helpful trying to realise what way Harry was supposed to go.

* 

This was actually fun.

To enlighten everyone – Louis was being a submissive. And not just in a sexual way. Not at all. He was simply not complaining, not bragging, basically not being everything Louis Tomlinson is.

Harry made him drink green smoothie – the one Louis gagged at when he saw the colour. And Louis drank it with no complaints. He ate porridge without complaints too, which usually Harry would expect to be thrown at him.

So yeah, maybe this was not fair on Louis behalf but Harry was using this moment and maybe being a bit unfair to Louis. Not that Louis seemed to mind. Quite the opposite actually - he huffed happily when Harry carried him around and he agreed to all Harry’s orders happily. Especially if
Harry praised him after that.

“I’ll take you places on summer.” He told to Louis as they were lying on sofa in front of TV where The Notebook was playing.

Harry was slowly caressing Louis, who was wrapped in warm blanket, humming softly on Harry’s chest, almost purring even.

Usually, for being like this Harry might have already got a black eye.

First? For wrapping Louis in blanket like a burrito and forcing him to stay like this even when Louis tried to free his arms to take a phone (by the way, Louis coplied without whining). Secondly? Well because Harry didn’t let him take a phone and put on The Notebook. And last but not least? For telling Louis that he was going to take him places in such manner.

“Will you let me? For like two months I’ll book all most expensive places and I’ll take you there.”

Harry kept talking as Louis hummed softly from his spot.

“No need for expensive.” Louis whispered softly, his disagreeing sounding more like agreeing to it.

Harry was really having a lot of fun with this.

He had been afraid to bring up the whole summer thing to Louis and the fact that he wanted to take Louis places because he knew of the hurricane that could be Louis reaction.

“The most expensive.” Harry repeated, squeezing Louis bum softly. “Only the best for my boy.”

He added, waiting for Louis to agree.

“Okay.”

Louis whispered softly, almost dropsy and Harry watched how Louis eyes were slowly closing and breaths eavening as he felt asleep.

*

There was a bell ringing loudly through the house, startling Harry from his sleep. He didn't open his eyes and first but then he felt Louis jumping off of him and he reached out to grab him but was too slow.

He only saw Louis back as the boy ran away and listened to him opening the door. Harry stretched himself on the sofa, waiting for him to come back. It was not worth it to wake up now and go after Louis anyway.

“Here.” Louis head appeared and a medium sized box landed on Harry’s stomach. It was a brown box with 'Lush' written on it.
“Ouh,” Harry groaned rubbing his stomach where the box landed. “It hurt.”

Louis rolled his eyes, looking at Harry debating about showing him his middle finger.

“You’re not taking me places Styles.” He smiled smugly turning on his heel to go to the kitchen.

“Well it was fun while it lasted!” Harry shouted to him and Louis chose to ignore it.

This was not the proudest moments of his, behaving like this in front of Harry. ‘Like a kitten’ – Harry said when he wrapped Louis in blanket and okay, alright – Louis needed that after two weeks of working his ass off, okay?

But that’s not changing the fact that he’s not agreeing with Harry and that he’s not hating him for feeding Louis shit, while he knew Louis will agree (though Louis liked it - loved it even, to be told how Harry will take him somewhere and to be feeded something Harry wanted him to - the feeling that someone is taking care of you is so so comforting and special).

Louis returned to living room holding a back of crisps, snorting at the frozen Harry, who starred at the contents of the box as if blind man seeing the sun for the first time.

“What’s this?” Harry asked slowly and Louis rolled his eyes because it was pretty obvious what it was.

And maybe he also blushed a bit because that’s how he wanted Harry to react. What Louis did was simply make an order from Lush because Harry ran out of his hair products and kept complaining how he forgot to go and buy new ones or make an order. So Louis being the loving and caring boyfriend as he is just ordered few things for delivery.

“This is your hair product, you started using my shampoo and it was driving me crazy.” Louis admitted because having Harry without his hair smelling like Harry was a bit annoying and disrupting even.

You see, Louis was used to Harry smelling differently from him from his all weird organic products and hair masks – it calmed Louis down. And smelling himself after sniffing Harry’s hair or burrying his face into Harry’s neck was not what Louis liked.

“Chip?” Louis offered a bag to Harry, biting back his smile.

“You ordered me my products.” Harry whispered looking up, his green eyes wide. If Louis didn’t know better, he would say that Harry was about to tear up.

“That I did.” He nodded, acting like nothing was up.
Harry was definitely on the other side with this. He kept turning the bottles around, looking to them and back at Louis with strange look on his face.

Times like this Louis had to remind himself that usually Harry lived alone and that meant depending on no one but yourself. And Harry could tell Louis that he liked taking care of Louis, that it was his nature but Louis grew up with six siblings and he knew what it was like to know that it’s only up to you to get your things done.

It was a shitty feeling sometimes and that’s what they had in common.

“I’ll buy you a car.” Harry said determined and Louis choked on his chips.

“You’re not buying me a car.”

“Yes I am.”

“No.”

“Baby, I am buying you a car, that’s the end of discussion.”

“Styles, this would’ve worked an hour ago. Now? Stick that car where sun doesn’t shine and order a pizza for lunch.”

Harry sighed, probably giving up with this topic for now, and pulled his phone out. And to Louis surprise it was to take pictures of what was in the box instead of ordering a pizza.

Louis quirked an eyebrow watching Harry amusingly, it took a couple of seconds for Harry to notice.

“What?” Harry laughed, showing Louis his dimples. “It’s for Instagram.” He added and Louis snorted.

“Order a pizza, Styles, you’re being ridiculous.”

By the way, Louis DID NOT went to like the picture the moment Harry announced he had posted it. He totally didn’t. And he totally didn’t blush under the caption ‘thank you my baby’ and he did not replied with a heart emoji. HE DID NOT.
“I was thinking about going to London tomorrow.” Harry suggested while they were eating in the living room like some pigs.

Or well Louis was eating like pig, sitting on a rug with pizza box in front of him. Harry laid on a sofa, computer in his lap as he fetched slice with his long arm.

Fuck Harry with his long arms. If Louis tried to reach box being this far he would fall off the sofa and then he’d still have to crawl to the box because he couldn’t reach it.

“Are you watching for furniture now without me again?” Louis asked, moving from his spot.

Their place was halfway done. And by halfway Louis means that Naomi sent them the panorama of colours and flooring. They got people working on that – removing and adding few walls, changing the flooring, painting the walls and basically doing the makeover they needed before actually purchasing furniture.

Harry’s parents went to look at it before leaving and Gemma went twice to check on how they worked and everything was fine. Great even. By now they have their apartment fully floored, painted, baseboards added (Harry could talk more about this like changing plumbing canals or something Louis didn’t fully understand).

What mattered to Louis was that the place was step by step becoming closer to what they dreamt of – they had bathroom in the guest room done and kitchen was almost finished.

By the way, the kitchen was why Louis thought Harry might be going through things alone – because he did with the kitchen. His argument, when Louis caught him doing that, was that it was mainly his concern as he cooked and baked all the time and Louis punched him with the pillow then.

“I might be…” Harry trailed off, scooting over to welcome Louis on a sofa.

He was currently going through beds and Louis hissed, poking Harry’s side.

“You’re a dick.” He complained but Harry just laughed.

“I’m looking for the ones they have already in place and could deliver tomorrow or on Wednesday. My friend will be in London on Wednesday so he could supervise?” Harry offered and Louis shrugged.

They had made a deal with their coaches that they won’t stay at the hotel with their teammates. Instead they’ll spend the night at their place.
Their place that might be bit furniture-less but even before that they agreed on bringing sleeping bags if needed.

“What friend?” Louis asked, getting himself comfortable, maybe kicking Harry while doing so.

“I doubt you know him, he’s Irish, Niall.” Louis had never heard about Niall so he shook his head.

“I don’t and you’re not giving keys to the person we don’t know.”

“But I do know him! He’s a really good friend of mine.” Harry disagreed and Louis might kick him again just because.

“I said we don’t know, not you don’t know, Styles.” Louis rolled his eyes, pointing at one of the possible beds. “This one looks nice.”

“Yeah, we could go there tomorrow, see how it looks like, if we like it we could order it and they’d deliver the same or next day.”

“And the mattress?” Louis asked, thinking about how long it would take.

The road to London was pretty long and they would have to leave early to get enough things done. There’s no way they could wait for bed and mattress to be delivered on time. Also, driving back and forth will take a long time.

Good thing, Louis was off for the next two days, thanks to Harry, who got him that damned doctor note.

“Shit, we need to order a mattress too.” Harry groaned and Louis snorted. Of course, Harry would try to choose the bed and the bedding but forget about such simple thing as getting a mattress.

“I think we should go by train to make it faster. It’s a waste of time to spent eight hours on road.” Louis reasoned and Harry sighed.

Louis knew that Harry will sigh before he did sigh because Harry was in love with driving and hated trains with big passion.

“Fine, I’ll book the tickets and I’ll call Naomi about us coming there tomorrow?”

“Okay, now go through this catalogue one more time I want to choose bedside tables of my own.”
Harry laughed and pulled Louis down for a kiss.

Chapter End Notes

As always - Kudos and especially Comments for those who want to leave a note (always appreciated)

Instagram: sbalkauskaite

All the love <3
Hello my dear readers and supporters at the same time.

Here's me with a second part of the last chapter that turned into another chapter. I'm very happy to give this to you before writing another one I'm so EXCITED about. The next one (if everything works alright) is for their trip to Amsterdam together with other guys and I've been overly excited to write about it so I have no idea how long it will take. I'm scared that it'll be very long and I'll keep adding bits to it so I might also have to split it so you wouldn't have to wait that long. Also, I'm a bit unsatisfied with that Instagram thing. You said it gives you visuals so I'll probably keep it going but somehow it tames me. Like I let the picture shape my idea in head and I don't know if this exactly what I want and it wastes a lot of my time so we'll see how it'll go.

For now,

Enjoy the reading and let me know how you'll like it <3

“You say you love me but I have serious doubts about it.” Louis groaned dragging his body.

Harry, being the stupid asshole he is, bought their tickets for 7 in the morning. And that meant Louis had to wake up at six in the fucking morning, when the sun is not set yet and Harry is cheering like it's lunch time because he's used to that.

So yeah, saying that Harry was least favourite Louis person at the moment was more than right.

“You can sleep on train, c’mon.” Harry shrugged, pulling Louis arm to go faster.

Louis glared at Harry and pulled his arm away. “Don’t touch me.” He snapped, slowing down on purpose to annoy Harry.

This was probably not that good of an option because they were already kinda in a hurry and Harry was not looking in the right mood to deal with Louis.

And apparently, he wasn’t.

“Do you really want to piss me off?” Harry asked, looking down at Louis.

It made Louis look down and blush. Harry was still looking at him when Louis looked up and instead of answering Louis just shook his head.

“Thought so.”

He reached out for Louis and tugged him harshly. Louis glared at him but this went unnoticed as Harry didn’t even acknowledge him walking even faster than before.
It’s only when they were finally in the train, Harry glared at him and Louis immediately apologised.

“I’m sorry.” He mumbled, crossing his arms unhappily and looking through the window.

Louis was the one who took a seat next to a window. He and Harry got seats right in next to each other (though it didn’t really matter, there were plenty of empty seats) but he still was the one who rushed to take the seat to his window.

Harry only smiled when he did that but didn’t tell him to switch, which Harry never did either way.

“No need to be, it was not nice of me to get tickets this early.” Harry answered, moving the handle up and throwing arm around Louis shoulders bringing him closer. “You do know that there won’t be much landscape as we drive?”

Louis rolled his eyes and leaned into Harry’s embrace feeling tired and dropsy already. He should really think about going to bed at the same time as Harry instead of scrolling through his phone and chatting with Lottie.

“Sleepy?” Harry asked, when he realised Louis was not going to answer the first question.

“Mhmm.” Louis hummed, his body relaxing into Harry’s, his eyes closing. He could fall asleep right about now.

“Babe, can you give me a second to fetch my computer?” Harry shuffled around, trying to gently push Louis away.

This was not very fun because Louis was almost sleeping, which he doubted will be that easy after all that rush and all. So he just glared at Harry and when Harry had everything done Louis arched his eyebrow showing his displease.

“Sorry, c’mere now, you can use my coat as a pillow or something.”

Louis sighed and curled himself best as he could on his seat, placing his head into Harry’s lap, using Harry’s coat as a very fluffy pillow. It couldn’t have been that comfortable for Harry to have him like that but he didn’t complain, instead he started massaging Louis scalp and this felt so good.

“What are you watching?”

Harry was connecting to their Wi-Fi and opening Netflix so there was no doubt he was going to see something.

“Dunno some rom-com probably. You want to join?”

Louis snorted and shook his head because of course Harry would watch something like this. It was a waste of time to Louis, watching all silly romantic comedies, he preferred something with more action and he probably won’t be able to rationalise this part of Harry.

“No.” Louis replied, closing his eyes as Harry put his earphones in and continued massaging his scalp.
Louis bumped into something, his eyes fluttering open as his heart suddenly racing as he was in an extremely unfamiliar place, looking into something, he had no idea what.

“Sorry babe,” Harry’s voice came from above and Louis turned around groaning and clutching his forehead.

He looked around memories coming back to him.

They were currently in a train, driving to London and looking at it, Louis just had a small accident – his forehead colliding with the small table in front of him.

“Are you alright?” Harry looked at him, leaning to kiss his forehead, his face quite worried.

And well it should be, he’s the one that was supposed to look after Louis while he was asleep.

“It’s your fault.” He mumbled, stretching his arms, and yawning.

Harry laughed and removed his earphones, stopping the movie he was watching. Louis wondered how long they had been on the road.

“You want to get up?” Harry asked, holding Louis pressed to his hips, probably trying to prevent anything like this happening again.

To be honest, Louis didn’t want to get up. He wanted to roll around and stretch himself properly, which was not a possibility on train. “Yeah, I probably should.” He answered yawning again and slowly sitting up, relying on Harry’s arms to catch him if he was suddenly to lean on the wrong side.

Harry did exactly that and let go of Louis only when he was comfortably sitting in his seat. “Are you hungry? I could get something for us.”

“I don’t know. How long do we have left to go?”

Louis watched as Harry took out his phone ignoring the watch on his wrist. “Half an hour, a little bit less even.”

“Maybe we could go somewhere to eat? I sometimes feel like we’re not going out often enough.” Louis shrugged and Harry froze looking at him attentively.

What? It’s not like Louis said something very unexpected. They did go out from time to time but now he could hardly recall some kind of thing they could call a date that they had done in the past month or so.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Harry sounded offended and Louis scoffed.

There was no need for Harry to take everything so personally. It wasn’t his fault that Louis had busy schedule and that they lived alone, which made it easier to just order in and be lazy all day.

“Because we’re seniors, both really busy with school and don’t exactly have time for that?” Louis offered to his opinion a valid explanation and Harry hummed.

“Now that you said this I think we’re not spending enough time doing other things than staying home all day.”
Louis hummed, nodding his head. This was exactly what he had in mind.

“And if we do, we usually go places, on holidays for example.” Louis added and Harry scrunched his eyebrows.

“You don’t like that?”

“Oh yeah, I just hate going to New York, you know, going to new restaurants, sightseeing and visiting places I’ve always wanted to see – not really my thing, you know?” Louis sassed and Harry smiled, moving his hand on Louis hip. “Though when we live together, it’s kind of... I don’t even know how to express myself, I should Google it.”

“Yeah, because Google will tell you how to be in a relationship.” Harry mocked him and Louis just rolled his eyes.

“It’s not that, and you know it.” Louis giggled, trying to get more comfy in his seat. It required putting his legs into Harry’s lap and using Harry’s coat as a pillow to lean on window.

“Yeah, I do. So... Let’s go out for breakfast?”

“Yup, do we get a car? Or will we have to walk?” Louis asked, only now realising that this idea of getting there by bus might be a bit inconvenient – they needed to get places to pick their furniture, using metro might not be that beneficial.

“Actually we get a driver, a guy works in my parents firm as a driver so he’ll take us places but we’ll walk to our apartment.”

“Fancy.” Louis giggled, mockingly and Harry pinched his leg, making Louis squeal and laugh.

“Better than going by taxi or using tube I think. By the way, do you think we could spend our Easter holidays in London after we get back from Amsterdam?”

“Hmm, my mother might kill me if I don’t spend time with them.” Louis joked and then Harry offered going to his place for a few days and then back to London.

They kind of drew a plan for their whole two weeks off, thinking about going to Amsterdam with their teammates, then coming back to Louis for a few days and getting back to London for about a week getting things done there.

It was a bit of a perfect moment, that Louis wanted to capture and never forget.

He and Harry talking about things – mature and serious things, like planning their holidays or their tasks for the day. It looked so simple, like every other conversation they usually had but for some reason it just hit Louis that it was the perfect future he used to draw for himself – having someone by his side, creating a life with that someone.

And he seriously couldn’t be happier that it was Harry.

* * *

“I did not participate in any of this!” Louis complained for the third time in ten minutes and Harry
only laughed.

This was basically the only reaction he could have because this was funny – Louis reaction when Harry told him that they had to walk for about thirty minutes from train station to their apartment was remarkable.

Boy started to whine that it’s too far and that he’s not in shape for that. And that was coming from the guy who spend approximately two hours per day running around the field at least.

“You can hop up any time you want.” Harry laughed offering piggyback ride to Louis.

“Noo, you have this massive backpack and then I would have to take it.”

Harry snorted because first of all this was neither heavy nor massive backpack and second of all, the backpack had nothing in it but his computer, wallet and earphones.

“It’s not massive and why do you care about the backpack if the weight is technically on me?”

Louis stopped for a second and looked like he was thinking. Slowly, Harry started to take the backpack off to give it to Louis and get him on his back.

“I don’t know why but I am disagreeing with you.” He decided turning on his heel and walking away to exactly different direction.

“Louis!” Harry shouted for him, groaning as he walked to catch up with speed-walking Louis. He grabbed him by his arm when he did and spun him around. “Can you not walk away without me if you don’t know the route?” Harry complained dragging Louis back.

“Oh, oops?” Louis offered with a smile and Harry sighed, ignoring the anger he felt.

He wasn’t completely sure if he was not mistaken but whenever Louis was in situation that could cause an accident Harry became furious.

And not like in the situation when Louis banged his head against the table or got hurt during games, no. Harry then was worried, angry at others if something. But when Louis did something that could end up badly Harry fumed.

He wasn’t completely sure if he was right but take that thing with Louis being arrested for example. Harry wanted to strangle him. Same as that time when Louis tried to open door of Harry’s car when they were driving.

It was like Harry being jealous, possessive, protective – all at the same time and multiplied by ten – that was the feeling. And Harry could control it when times like this – when nothing happened and the possibility of Louis getting lost was not very likely to happen.

However, sometimes he could literally see red.

“Are you angry?” Louis interrupted his thoughts, putting his small hand in Harry’s paw.

Harry dwelled at that, pulling Louis closer to his side, leaning to kiss his forehead.

“Am not. C’mon, let’s go get some food.”

“Oh look!” Louis giggled pointing to the café with a sign ‘EAT’. Harry sighed, letting Louis pull him inside despite having completely different place set in his mind.
“This is officially the last time I’m choosing a place to eat.”

Harry snorted and erupted in laughter, while he stood in front of the possible food choices, probably finding everything for his own taste because this place was a freaking disaster.

“Lou, it’s not even that bad.” Harry laughed and Louis was going to slam his face with vegan, gluten-free bread sandwich.

“Not bad? Not bad? Harry, my brain just betrayed me. Have you even seen what’s on these shelves? What the hell coconut berry pot means? It sounds illegal.”

Harry let out a weird noise and started shaking with the same noise coming out. Louis looked at him with his arms crossed waiting for him to stop. When he did – there were tears of laughter in Harry’s eyes.

“This is literally the best comparison I’ve ever heard.”

Louis crossed his arms pouting unhappily as he couldn’t find anything for himself. Which... Okay, it might not be exactly the truth.

He had found almond croissants and other chocolate hazelnut croissant – he loved those but that didn’t change the fact that this place was too hipstery and too Harry-like.

“You found everything you want?” Harry asked coming closer to him holding a fucking pot (Louis’s not kidding, they had ‘EAT.POT’ written on the fucking package).

“Did I find? Is that your breakfast?” He pointed to the small… Louis is not saying that word! (pot).

“Nope, I’m thinking between salad and avocado toast.” Louis bit his lip, skimming through Harry’s body.

“Take both,” He finally decided. “You eat more than you think.” He added, turning around to escape Harry’s tickling.

Harry did take both as Louis told him to and went to the cashier for drinks.

“Oh, let me guess, chai latte? Or even better artisan chai latte? It’s new! And it’s vegan.” Louis mocked him and the girl standing in behind the cashier giggled.

“Actually, I’d like Americano and let me guess – latte?” Harry played along, answering Louis with the same mocking tone.

Girl was now laughing softly, while scanning their food.

“Actually I was thinking about iced latte.” Louis smiled and was not surprised at all (he really wasn’t) when Harry disagreed and ordered a basic latte, claiming it was a bit too cold for a drink like this.
And usually Louis would complain but today he wasn’t in the mood. However, that doesn’t mean that he didn’t leave Harry behind to pay and went to find a place to sit.

“He’s funny.” Girl commented on Louis as Harry watched his boyfriend’s ass moving further away from him.

“He’s amazing. Hard to believe but he’s a softie.” Harry smiled widely to her, looking over his shoulder if he wasn’t holding the line.

“Oh, I could totally believe that. You look cute together.” She smiled and Harry suddenly had this urge to get to Louis.

* 

“Wait!” Harry stopped Louis before he could press the button to their floor.

Confused about what might be wrong he turned to Harry, watching how he was unlocking his phone.

“Don’t do this. Whenever you take your phone out, I feel like I’m about to be attac-…”

“I’m filming this and your reaction to our new place.” Harry interrupted him and yep, just like he said, he’s being attacked.

“What is it? TV show?” Louis rolled his eyes, eyeing the phone in Harry’s eyes carefully.

“Shut it, you’ll be the one to watch it in like ten years.” Harry grinned, reaching for the buttons to press the right one, taking them to their floor.

Louis rolled his eyes, not even thinking about admitting this. “I’ll have your body hidden metres below ground level.”

Harry snorted and then pinched Louis shoulder. “Will you stop? I’m trying to make this cool, now I’ll have to cut the beginning.”

“Now I’ll have to cut the beginning.” Louis repeated in weird tone.

“I do not talk like that!” Harry exclaimed, phone still in his hands probably sticking to his idea of filming this.

“Yeah right.” Louis shrugged, putting enough sarcasm into his words.

“Whatever, you ruined the mood, Lou.” Harry groaned but still didn’t give up. “Now stay silent.” He ordered and Louis rolled his eyes, glancing at how long they were to go. “This is Louis and I, going up to our new apartment to see how it looks like after repairs for the first time.”

Harry’s voice was cheery and he kept turning around the elevator to point his phone into the mirror where both of them could be seen.

“Yay.” Louis added with no cheeriness and happiness in his own voice and Harry glared at him.

“Can’t you like smile? It’s not how they look in movies you know.” Harry grunted.

“Yeah, well you watch shit movies and then go cra-…” Louis was interrupted once again, this
time it was the elevator door opening up and then even Louis couldn’t pretend he was not excited. “Holly shit.” He whispered stepping out, looking around their entrance.

This was so spacious. White ceiling and bright walls, with dark brown hardwood flooring and baseboards to accompany the look. He could see the places where they had plan to have the closet and bench that weren’t there yet and it made Louis imagination run wild.

“Here it is, the sweet smile of Louis Tomlinson.” Harry cheered next to him, his phone almost colliding with Louis face.

Few seconds ago Louis would have scowled and tried to punch Harry but now he just beamed, looking around with the biggest grin on his face.

“This is amazing.” He whispered, taking Harry’s hand and putting it on his waist so they could walk out of the entrance hallway together.

There was a window in front of them, together with a small patio balcony, from where they could see a magnificent view of buildings below them.

“You like it?” Louis turned to look at him and forgot his words when he looked in those sparkling green eyes full of happiness. Harry probably was facing the same issue because he just smiled even wider his face getting closer to Louis for a kiss.

It was a small peck but Louis wrapped his arms around Harry’s shoulders and they went into a tight hug.

“This is amazing.” Louis whispered his voice hoarse, he was probably at the verge of happy tears.

He literally couldn’t believe this was his home. His and Harry’s place, for both of them to share, for both of them to call theirs. Jesus, this place was under their names, they were the fucking owners of it.

Louis felt in a phase he couldn’t describe with words, he felt just how he does with Harry in their special moments – butterflies in his stomach and smile is uncontrollably wide.

“C’mon let’s go check out everything.” Harry said not stepping away from the hug. His voice was just as rough and hoarse as Louis if not more.

“Yeah.” Louis giggled, taking a step and turning away from the window. There were black wooden door’s on his right and he knew it was their kitchen and dining room.

He felt himself fidgeting and went there with Harry following by his side.

“Let me.” Harry suddenly stepped behind, opening the door for Louis.

Blushing like an idiot Louis strolled inside and almost squealed. Their kitchen was looking even better than back at Harry’s place and the fanciest pictures he has ever seen put together. On their right there was a lot of space for ‘to be’ dining table and other things like buffets and on their left was the perfection for a kitchen.

There was a kitchen island with a sink and induction cooktop with a ventilation above. The island itself was from pine tree and had white parts that accompanied all the counters of the kitchen, that were split through two walls. There were even two ovens which Harry always complained not having in his home.

Louis looked at Harry who was probably now having the same feelings as he looked around with
ridiculous expression on his face, his mobile phone and filming long forgotten.

The rest of the tour continued like this. They left the kitchen and dining room going into a hallway in front of them. There were three doors – two on the right and one on the left.

On the left side there was a completely empty guest room with an unfinished bathroom in there and on their right there was a half bathroom with a toilet in it and the latter door’s were to their master bedroom.

It was empty – with no furniture in there but they’ve been through plans enough times to know what and where should be.

There was a place for a two huge mirrors. Not in front of their bed, that place was occupied by a TV but on Louis behalf it was even better like this. Also, there were door in their bedroom leading them to a spacious wardrobe room from where you could get to their own bathroom that was halfway done.

The last room they have visited was at the end of that hall with no door’s and it was their living room. Just like others it didn’t have furniture but Louis could already tell that this will be his favourite room in their house right after their bedroom.

It had another – much more spacious balcony, that was more of a patio anyways. This was the place where he thought of himself and Harry having breakfast or late night talks when the weather was generous for them.

“I cannot wait for us to actually live in there.” Harry laughed, walking around the patio.

“It feels like a dream.” Louis nodded and Harry turned around with a wide grin.

To Harry, not the place but the fact that Louis was happy, excited and in love with this place meant much more and made him happy.

Louis rarely showed his amazement no matter where Harry took him and it was never to this level. And Harry lived for things like that, for making Louis happy, for making both of them happy.

“To me it’s because you’re with me.” Harry flirted, lifting Louis and turning him around as if he weighted nothing.

“Harry!” Louis squealed, holding onto Harry, giggling like crazy.

“I love you.” Harry told him sincerely, though it didn’t sound like this moment needed any type of declaration at all.

“I feel it.” Louis responded and these three words were much more than just saying ‘me too’. It was much more to Harry.

*

“And this is Louis’ arse.”

Only the last word captured Louis attention but he wasn’t fast enough to react and turn around, Harry’s phone collided with his arse. Louis sighed and didn’t even try to fight Harry as he zoomed
in and out his arse.

Apparently, it was a very fun thing for Harry to catch Louis in various positions and film him for a few seconds than posting it on Instagram and Louis genuinely hated the inventors of that 24 hours thing.

This was the third video today. First time it was when Louis jumped on the mattress they were trying, watching if it was comfy, second was when they were in a restaurant eating lunch and now the third one was when he was a bit bent over the balcony.

“Having fun?” Louis pushed Harry’s arms away from his bum and took his own phone to look at the damage.

“Mhmm.” Harry laughed, snatching his phone away. “Do you think we should go for more things from ‘to do’ list or we should go for a walk?” He asked fetching Louis phone from his hands and pulling Louis for a kiss.

“Both? Is it possible to do both?” Louis asked, feeling tired but not enough to turn down a walk with Harry in undiscovered London streets. Not when the weather was generous like this.

It was a sunny day and they’ve already been too occupied with house things to enjoy it.

“Let me check what might be close to us.”

Louis nodded and walked back to his previous place to look at the streets. He had been watching a woman walking with her daughter and he wanted to see where they went.

“And don’t get that near to the edge!” Harry warned him and Louis immediately stepped back.

“It’s not like I could fall.” He turned to Harry so the curly haired boy could see Louis displease as he rolled his eyes.

“I’ll draw a line where you can stand if you complain.” Harry threatened and Louis didn’t even doubt that Harry could actually do it. “Or I’ll put windows and make this patio into a room.”

“Why don’t you put metal bars on it? Sounds a lot more practical.” Louis sighed, walking away to see how Harry was doing with research thing.

It was only four but it felt much longer because of how productive their day was. They drove to the bed place to order it, making deals for delivery, then they had to choose the mattress and of went to the place where they wanted to order the sofa from.

And it may sound as not much but actually it is a lot of hard work. First of all, the sofa they were thinking about was too sticky for a leather soda and then they went to find something better, disagreeing on one or another until they managed to find what they wanted. It was a big sectional sofa that looked comfy and perfect for their house.

“Alright, so there’s a place not far from us the one that had those bedside tables you wanted so we can go there or we can drive to IKEA that is forty minutes of drive.”

“Neither.” Louis pouted suddenly too lazy to drive across London to IKEA just to walk around searching for things they didn’t have a picked place. And he didn’t want to deal with another human-being trying to offer them something more than they wanted to get.

“The bedside tables place is only eight minutes from here. And then we can go to Zara home for beddings? It’s better to have it done now.”
And that’s how Harry won Louis over.

Because he really wanted those bedside tables, he had tried to talk Harry into getting. They were nothing too special but other option was an ugly pined-tree ones.

“Fine, we can go.”

*

“Why are we buying the covers once again?” Louis asked as they stepped inside the Zara home shop. Harry had insisted this was the best place and Louis knowledge was equal to non-existant so he didn’t complain.

However, he was almost completely sure they weren’t that necessary.

“Because we’re sleeping at home this Friday and unless you want nothing but the bed frame and mattress, we need to buy it.”

“And you don’t have any that we could take from the house to our home?” Louis asked, looking around for where the bedroom section could be.

Somehow Louis and Harry have found the right terms to address the places they lived in – the one in London was their home and the other was Harry’s place or the house.

“Our bed in home will be a bit more spacious.”

“Oh yeah, so that explains why we’re buying the covers.” Louis said sarcastically finally finding the bedroom section and taking a right turn.

“I want the new ones.” Harry offered as a valid explanation and Louis only sighed. “What? I’m serious, they’re pretty old you know. Plus, it’s a new place.”

Louis shrugged not even trying to say different – it was not worth a fight and Harry was looking pretty excited for this. Though Louis still wondered how far his old and Harry’s old were from each other, as far as he remembered his covers were the same as when he was starting high school.

“Hey, how about actual blankets?” Louis asked, only now thinking that even if they did have covers they needed actual blankets and pillows.

“I’ve ordered blankets or well my mum did, together with pillows.”

“Right, good to be involved.” Louis rolled his eyes playfully, picking up the protector of the mattress and offering it to Harry.

They spent it like this the rest of their shopping.

Louis or Harry offering each other thing they liked and turning down only the few of them. Like when Harry picked a multi-coloured flowery covers and Louis threatened to move Harry to guest room if he wanted to sleep in that.

There was not enough time for anything else so they opted for a Nando’s as a takeaway and Harry didn’t stop complaining for the whole ten minutes’ walk while carrying their new purchases – two bottom sheets, one protector and two sets of new covers.
“Finally going to my bed.” Louis whined and huffed happily as he spread himself on two seats in train.

“Yeah, thank you Louis, where do you offer me to sit now?” Harry complained when there was no place left for him on those two seats.

“Floor.” Louis replied shortly, covering his eyes with his arms. Moving in was fucking exhausting.

He heard Harry shuffling around, probably putting his backpack somewhere and then he expected to be slightly moved or lifted so Harry could sit but instead the shuffling stopped and he was still lying untouched.

Lost he looked up to face Harry sitting in front of him, about one metre and a table separating them.

“What are you doing?” He asked unhappily.

Harry looked at him clearly lost. “Uhm, taking a seat?”

“Why are you taking a seat opposite of me?” He asked again this time sounding more offended, which he actually was.

“I thought you wanted to sleep? Sprawled out and all.”

“What it has to do with you?”

“I gave you space.” Harry shrugged and Louis sighed before standing up. “What are you doing?” Harry asked watching him as Louis stood up and moved to the seat next to Harry sitting back down and lying down, his head on Harry’s thighs.

“Not giving you space.” He replied shortly, turning his head into Harry’s stomach and nuzzling his face to smell Harry.

And that’s when he groaned.

His cheek was colliding with a metal stud and it was not a painful but for sure not the pleasant feeling.

“Do you really have to wear a fucking belt?” He complained, reaching to take it off.

“You want me to go to the toilet take it off?” Harry offered but Louis was already working on it.

“Hips up.” He ordered, snickering of how much it reminded him of Harry talking to him.

“How am I supposed to do that when your head is on me?”

“Same as I do when your hips are on me.” Louis shrugged pulling the belt out and throwing it on the ground.
He yawned and listened to Harry complaining of how the people coming here will have a wrong idea. He was moved a bit, probably when Harry tried to reach it and then huffed when Harry’s hand started massaging his head, lulling him to sleep.

* 

“Babe?” Harry addressed to Louis, stroking his arm softly, hoping he’ll wake him up.

It was pretty late now and Louis spent the whole ride back without any incidents with a table, sleeping for two hours.

Now they needed to leave and Harry didn’t have a heart to wake him up. Even if he didn’t act like it he was feeling a bit bad about waking Louis up so early, which is why instead of actually waking him up, Harry did the thing Louis would never let him.

He scooped his small boyfriend in his arms and carried him easily out of the train, watching their heads as he stepped out.

It was already dark and Harry would be a liar if he said he wasn’t tired himself. Usually at this time he’d be already dozing off, listening to Louis talking or having a ‘goodnight’ sex or something similar to this.

And now that he thought about it, he was actually a bit horny, not that he could deal with it now and probably today.

Carrying Louis through the whole train station he went to parking lot and opened a door, putting Louis in, snatching the pillow from his backseat so it wouldn’t be so uncomfortable.

He wondered if he could ask Louis to drive back. Harry had never seen Louis driving. It happened once – Louis asking him for it but they weren’t even together back then and Harry would’ve said yes if Louis had bragged about it more.

Out of pure curiosity he wondered what type of driver Louis would be. Most likely he was one of those who cussed everything and everyone or maybe the awfully careful ones. Harry doubted Louis had been driving a lot after he got his licence, he hadn’t seen Louis driving this year at all.

And suddenly, without a lot of thinking, there was an idea in his head – Louis feeling awkward and unsure behind the wheel and Harry telling him what to do.

He was almost sure by now that Louis would be the awkward and careful one, concentrating on the road and all. Even though Louis didn’t strike as the type of person that could be calm, collected and careful he pretty often was.

“I love you.” Harry whispered to Louis and was greeted with soft puffs, coming from Louis.

He bit back a smile and reached out to rest his hand on Louis knee, stroking it softly as he hummed softly, hoping not to wake him up.

And seriously, he might be a fool but this is exactly how he could define love.
As always Kudos and especially Comments are always accepted, no matter the topic.

Instagram for visuals: Haroldsnottomname
My personal Instagram where you can DM me anytime: sbalkauskaite

All the love <3 <3 <3
Chapter 41

Chapter Summary

First stop of the trip in London and Larry carrying a lot about moving in. ^^ AND an answer to all of those who asked for bottom Harry. :)))

Chapter Notes

Hello my darlings and welcome to this new chapter of mine.

I’d be not completely sincere if I said I wasn’t a bit disappointed by the lack of comments and maybe lacked in motivation a bit, HOWEVER, I’ve met a wonderful person (or well got to know a new person as I didn’t meet her in real life) which is one of my readers and I don’t have enough words to describe how delighted I am to get to know her.

Anywayys, this chapter was a bit of a struggle trying to put so many things I want to write about in one and also find exact words for the scenes in my head so I just do hope you’ll enjoy it and PLEASE let me know how you liked it - even the shortest comment is a comment and it does matter to me a lot - to hear from you.

<3

<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They left to London a little bit later than it was planned.

Coaches got scolded for trying getting them out of lessons even though it was Friday. So instead leaving at ten in the morning they left at three p.m. driving to London with a spacious bus they used for driving to matches in other cities.

And just like every year, not everyone had decided to come. There were twelve of them – seven from Louis team and the other five from Harry’s, including the captains.

The plan for visiting London was pretty simple – they get to London, let Louis and Harry out at their place address, together with a three box of things they’re bringing to their home and a travelling bag, then remaining part of boys together with coaches go to hotel and they all meet in the morning at the towers bridge to start their sightseeing part.

Their flight to Amsterdam was next day in the evening and then they’re in there for four nights.

It wasn’t the typical way of how Harry travelled, not like this, not when he was staying at the weird ass hostel and spent half of his time with his teammates. But he had Louis by his side so it was alright.
And speaking of Louis, this boy was trying to drive Harry mad.

 Seriously, Harry was going to have grey hair at the end of this trip if Louis kept acting this way.

 “Louis, you should get to your seat, it’s dangerous.” Harry sighed for the second time, earning only a playful smile and a shrug from Louis.

 You see, instead of sitting down like every other normal human being Louis decided to stand in the middle of the bus talking to Stan and Austin about something Harry didn’t concentrate enough to listen. He was too busy scowling as Louis paid no attention to his words.

 He asked him nicely. Twice. First he said that maybe half an hour ago just when Louis stood up and then now, when he got too worried.

 Because really, anything can happen in a driving bus and Harry hated that no one else, not even their coaches were worried about it.

 What if they get into an accident and Louis was standing and he would… Okay, this was not calming.

 “Is it really that important and can’t be discussed any other time?” Harry tried again, getting Louis attention for a longer span of time before the tiny man shrugged again.

 “It can, but I won’t. Stop worrying your curly head, Styles.” Louis mocked him with a smirk and Harry sighed, getting his phone out, looking through notifications.

 He could at least get himself distracted instead of worrying.

 “He’s always like this on a bus.” James turned to him from his seat in front of Harry.

 “Yeah, well it might be dangerous.” Harry expressed his thoughts, watching how Logan joined James. They were both sitting together apparently.

 “It’s Louis, what else do you expect?” Logan shrugged as if it wasn’t a big deal and Harry sighed, looking back at his phone instead of worrying.

 And that’s when it happened.

 He wasn’t sure if it was the car jumping in front of them or just a quick change of the traffic lights but the driver pressed on breaks.

 Harry could hear the driver screaming ‘son of a bitch!’ as the whole bus harshly tugged forward and then back, shaking every person in the bus roughly.

 And that’s when everything around him stopping - all that time and breathing thing, everything turning into slow motion as picture of Louis being hurt flashed in his mind.

 For a second Harry could swear he even heard his heart beating and then his body filled with rage.

 With a grace and certainty he jumped from his seat, snatching by a miracle not hurt Louis by his arm and tugging him backwards harshly.

 “GET INTO YOUR FUCKING SEAT NOW!” He raged, pulling Louis with himself practically throwing him into a seat closer to window.

 The whole bus went dead silent.
No one, not even the coaches didn’t dare to speak up after Harry’s outburst.

Everyone sat frozen, trying to comprehend what has just happened.

Harry, the always sweet, cute and caring Harry that would buy you lunch if you had forgot yours at home just went animalistic towards the one he supposedly called his boyfriend.

The next sound was of the bus tires about a minute later when the driver started to drive and no one was in the mood to talk. Instead, everyone looked at each other clearly lost and unsure if what they had seen was actually true.

But Harry didn’t really pay attention to any of that. He was taking deep breaths calming himself down as Louis sat next to him completely silent.

They didn’t talk for the rest of the ride. To be honest, everyone that was in the bus didn’t feel like talking at all. Harry could hear some whispering but that was all.

Even the coaches, the ones who usually discussed something when they were together, were silent with talking. They only broke the silence to ask Harry the directions to their place and Harry played blind as if not noticing everyone looking at him as he went to tell them where to turn.

They were already in front of the building when Harry’s heart sank in realization of how aggressive he was towards Louis again.

Opting to talk about this when they were already inside he went back to his seat, nudged Louis to stand and they went outside to get the boxes and their travelling bag.

“Uhm, see you tomorrow, kids.” Harry’s coach awkwardly waved off, going back to the bus as they turned around to the entrance of their building.

There was complete silence between them as they stood in the elevator, Louis holding one of the boxes as Harry had their travelling bag over his shoulder and two other boxes on top of each other.

They didn’t say anything to each other as Harry put the boxes down on the floor, taking the one from Louis.

Both of them stood in front of one another awkwardly in almost completely empty apartment.

“I’m sorry.” Harry apologized, looking with how much uncertainty Louis blue eyes were looking at his green ones.

Louis only nodded, not opening his mouth and Harry lead them further into the house. It was not as dusty and dirty as it was when they came here on Tuesday, Harry had called house cleaning and it was much better now.

However, they didn’t have a lot of furniture in there. Only the dining room set and their bed were delivered and Harry didn’t want to go to their bedroom when the mood wasn’t happy or cheery at all.

So that’s where they sat, awkwardly in front of each other at the dining table, Louis sitting with his arms crossed, avoiding eye contact.

“If you want us to spend night at the hotel I can…” Harry trailed off and that seemed to get Louis attention.
Louis looked at him and shook his head. “No, no,” He cleared his throat, still not looking directly at Harry. “It’s alright, we can just….” He stopped motioning his hands in the air. “Talk or something, I just got a bit shaken I guess.”

Harry let out the breath he didn’t know he was holding and nodded. “Alright, I… I am really sorry for… Screaming at you.”

“I doubt you are.” Louis shrugged and Harry just stared at him, waiting for something more. “Oh c’mon Harry, cut the crap, we both know you’re not.” Louis rolled his eyes and Harry felt like a proper asshole.

“I shouldn’t have acted this way, not in front of others.”

“I’m not blaming you for how you acted. I kind of suspected you’ll snap sooner or later.” Louis bit his lip, finally looking at Harry. “I was… Just a bit scared of…”

“Of how I’ll act here?” Harry helped him and his heart sank when Louis nodded.

“Yeah, something like this, I was a bit-“

“I’m sorry.” Harry interrupted him, standing up and going to Louis side sinking on his knees and taking Louis’ hands into his, kissing them. “I’m so so sorry I made you feel like you need to be scared.”

Louis opened his mouth and then closed it, narrowing his eyes, watching Harry warily. “What did you and you parents talked about?” He finally asked and it took Harry off guard.

“Uhm, what?”

“What did they say to you?” Louis repeated, standing up and pulling Harry up. Or well, tugging his hand to stand up. It’s not like Louis had enough power to pull Harry up.

“I… Uhm, nothing much, just you know… A bit of a talk.” Harry stuttered following Louis to where he was going.

It turned out Louis was going to take their bag and go to the bedroom. Harry quite confidently took the bag from him and went to the bedroom too, taking a seat on the edge of the mattress, right next to Louis.

“I expected you to punish me, you know.” Louis admitted, shuffling closer to Harry. “Like go all authoritative and tell me to turn around, slap the living shit out of me, put cock ring on me or something.”

“I threw it out.” Harry replied with a shrug as if him throwing one of their sex tools wasn’t that big of a deal.

“I’m sorry what?”

“Yeah, I just… I read few things you know. Looked into those dominant and submissive kind of relationship and it… It was so bad. Like I never painted it like this but like on Tumblr some guys are talking about themselves being…” Harry talked a bit frantically and Louis took his hand to calm him down.

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“Harry, I never felt bad about anything we did.” He said calm, trying to comfort Harry.

But the taller guy just shook his head as if he was stuck on one idea in his head. “Didn’t you? You
never felt vulnerable or abandoned?"

“Being vulnerable is not a bad feeling Harry.” Louis reasoned.

“But it’s not right. Like… Have you ever seen what they’re writing there? It’s making me nauseous like they make it sound like it’s normal but I can’t be like that, I could never humiliate you like that, I couldn’t…” Louis stopped Harry’s rambling, putting an index finger on his lips.

“Okay big guy, that’s enough. You threw the cock ring out and that’s okay. Let’s not make a bit of a deal out of it, shall we? We can shag and…”

“No Louis, I’m serious right now.” Harry spoke again, pulling Louis hand away. “I treated you so bad, like I remember how I flipped over that picture with Stan and you asked me not to do that or when I almost… I almost raped you.” Harry added his voice trembling and that encouraged Louis to move.

He took Harry’s hands, sitting into Harry's lap and looking at him seriously.

“You DID NOT rape me nor did you do anything bad. This is how we'd decided to be like, this is who we are, where is this even coming from?” He asked looking around the room frantically.

They were alright. Just yesterday before going to bed they had a marvellous sex session when Harry made him come twice. Louis was seeing stars and nothing was wrong.

“My parents talked to me and then I looked into that thing of dom and sub. I thought this was kind of how we were, like I tried to explain it to myself like this and then I saw how others... They were like chastised for a month or two, writing how they were bad and their masters… Louis, I could never…”

“Okay, that’s enough.” Louis stopped Harry, with the authority he never usually had in this relationship. “Now you stop. Hear me? You stop thinking shit like this because that’s bullshit. We’re not like this. I’m happy with you because of who you are and how you were all the time. I never had a better partner than you, I never could have someone better and you make me so happy, never doubt it.”

“You have no idea what you mean to me.” Harry whispered his voice still trembling and his green sweet eyes that are always there to look at Louis comfortingly, staring at Louis sadly.

“Okay, c’mom, let me be the big spoon and cuddle you properly. Time to trade.” Louis smiled softly, patting on the already made bed, and lying down.

Harry looked at him with a frown. “You’re not the big spoon in our…”

“Oh god Harry shut up, we are together, and we go through things together. Here." Louis spread his arms welcoming Harry with a hug.

It wasn’t really comfortable to be honest – Louis being the big spoon. They just didn’t fit like that and it really looked like they needed practice or something to get it right.

Louis legs were kind of battling with Harry's to change position, then Harry's head was a bit too heavy on Louis chest and his curls tingled Louis neck ridiculously. But to Louis the worst of it all was trying to wrap his arms around Harry's way too broad shoulders.

Finally they managed to settle into an awkward cuddling position where Harry was the smaller spoon and Louis was the bigger.
"It’s strange but at the same time it’s also not that bad." Harry admitted, breathing Louis scent in. Usually it was Louis hair and Harry was a bit disappointed to find that Louis chest held another smell. However, he still managed to relax.

"Yeah?" Louis tried stroking Harry’s curls but didn’t succeed as he just couldn’t position his arms right.

"Mhm..." Harry hummed. "Not as good as having you in my arms but strangely comforting."

"Relax Harry," Louis ordered playfully. “It’s you that is being called a baby tonight.” Louis joked.

"I’m thankful for this you know? I feel like I never say but... It’s good to sometimes be..." Harry trailed off but Louis knew exactly what he was talking about. Louis knew it better than anyone else.

"Sometimes being small is what you need." Louis offered smiling softly, looking down at Harry. Different from Harry Louis was constantly having this need, he lived with this need. Not that he minded to be like this of course.

"Yeah... like that time when you came after outing me and you kind of took care of me in all kind of ways." Harry remembered and Louis bit his lip before daring to ask.

He and Harry were kind of obviously positioned as bottom and top in their sex life or even other life situations. But if this what Harry needed then Louis was more than willing, it might be even good.

"Do you want to do it like the last time?" He finally offered and Harry’s head was lifted from his chest.

The curly boy turned around eyeing Louis carefully. "You’re sure about this if I do?" Harry questioned and Louis nodded.

"Yeah." He shrugged, not finding a reason why he couldn’t. "I mean why not? I have a dick too so... If you want to... then we can?" He trailed off eyeing Harry carefully. It had been a long time since Louis tried this but seriously, he was a man, he had a dick, how hard could it be to put it inside Harry? He had done it before.

"Okay, yeah okay, we can try. Do you... Do you know what to do?" Harry asked, rushing to get a bottle of lube from their bag.

Louis snorted and rolled his eyes. "Don’t be ridiculous, hand me the lube and go lay down and undress and all that." He said motioning his hands in the air and standing up to take off his own clothes.

Because really, he had done it before plenty of times, he had it.

*

"Okay?" Louis asked, fingering Harry in and out.

He tried his best to ignore the awkwardness but he was sure by now Harry would have him writhing, moaning and on the edge of coming. It didn’t look like Harry was the same.
"Uhm yeah… Okay, I think it’s good. It doesn’t hurt?” Harry offered and Louis blushed, feeling himself getting sweatier.

"I feel so strange…” He admitted to Harry, biting his lip.

Both of them were kind of lost. Louis had no idea if that’s supposed to turn him on and if that’s how Harry supposed to react. And Harry himself didn’t know if Louis felt like this all the time and if that’s supposed to be pleasurable or they should be doing something else.

"Not used to it?” Harry offered an explanation, scowling at uncomfortable position.

He left Louis always like this - lying on his stomach on the mattress, a pillow under his bum, lifting his arse up a bit. And Louis never even mentioned it was that uncomfortable to be fingered in this position and talk in this position.

"Yeah…” Louis trailed off, adding more lube on his fingers before putting them back.

"Me neither.” Harry admitted and tried to move on Louis’ fingers. It was not the pleasant feeling but it didn’t hurt for sure. “Okay, I think I might be ready?” He offered.

"I don’t know,” Louis shrugged though Harry couldn’t probably see it. “Three is enough yeah?” He asked a bit unsure.

"I use three." Harry offered and Louis rolled his eyes.

"I know how many fingers you use, I can count.”

"Okay, no need to get annoyed.” Harry mumbled before adding, “I think it’s okay now, you can put it in.”

Louis hummed and waited until Harry got on his hands and knees before putting himself into the right position, his dick against Harry’s hole. "Here we go then.” He warned Harry but was stopped when the tip of his cock touched the rim.

"Wait! Wait lets go with four.” Harry suddenly decided and Louis withdrawed, letting out a relieved breath.

"Alright, here goes the forth then.” He added and slapped Harry playfully. It didn’t turn out as well because instead of a proper slap to his arse Louis slapped Harry’s upper thigh and it was a bit sloppy, probably more painful.

"Hey!” Harry complained, pulling away, looking over his shoulder at Louis.

"Sorry.” Louis apologized, while Harry scowled. “You do this so I thought I should try it too. But your bum is non-existent.”

"Yeah yeah, if you’re done talking put it in.” Harry ordered and Louis sighed. It looked like even in a position like this Harry couldn’t escape his ‘in charge’ self.

Slowly without any rush and any sudden moves Louis slipped in, ignoring how unpleasant it was to feel Harry’s tight hole around him.

"You feel good?” He asked, when he was fully in, not ready to move in and out yet.

"Strange.” Harry answered with one word and Louis sighed, taming himself from bragging how it was unhelpful.
"Should I move?" He asked instead, looking around to where he could find a comforter. It wasn’t that easy to have his legs spread this wide only to have Harry in between them.

"I don’t know." Harry mumbled sourly, trying to adjust to Louis’ cock.

"Would you move?" Louis tried again, rolling his eyes at Harry’s non-helpful response.

"I don’t know. Do you feel like this too when I’m inside you?" He asked and Louis snorted. He had no idea what Harry was doing to make him feel how he was and he had no idea if he was doing the same.

"You’re so funny, Styles." Louis scowled and looked down at completely not appealing view. Not that Harry’s ass was ugly, it was just tiny and not all that beautiful. Louis preferred Harry’s chest. "How much time has to pass to…? You know…"

"Yeah, of course I know because I count that in seconds Lou!" Harry mocked him and Louis just sighed. Whatever they were trying to do it was not getting their atmosphere romantic.

"Fine Jesus, okay ’m moving.” Louis rolled his eyes, pulling away and then back in.

They did that for thirty seconds, almost with no grunting and completely with no moans as it wasn’t really that pleasurable.

Finally, they stopped when Louis burst out in laughter.

"What is it?" Harry asked, trying to look at him. He hoped he won’t get his neck strained at the end of this because he wanted to see and it was annoying that he couldn’t.

"Have you seen that picture where big dog and small dog are mating? I feel like this now." Louis said and giggled, groaning at how unpleasant it was for his dick to be in somewhere while he was laughing.

"What? Lou what the hell?"

Louis probably didn’t even hear him as he kept laughing at his idea, making not very pleasurable moves in Harry’s hole.

"Oh my god, it’s so funny, I reach like the middle of your back and you are always over me in this position." Louis talked between giggles. “Like in that Shrek movie - you’re that dragon and I’m the donkey."

Harry groaned as Louis kept laughing quite hysterically by now.

"Louis, ew that’s disgusting!" Harry laughed. And that’s when Louis moved. Harry wasn’t sure what exactly Louis did but it made his body to think that he had to remove things from his hole.

"Oh, shit I feel like I have to poop." Harry informed Louis, his hole clenching.

"Now?!" Louis asked suddenly not feeling like laughing. Whatever Harry was doing it made his dick to spasm uncomfortably.

"Yeah, it’s like I’m going to fart or something." Harry bit his lip, trying to stop whatever his body was doing.

"Harry I swear to god if you shit on my dick I will kill you." Louis threatened.

They were in weirdly awkward position, kind of connected by Louis dick in Harry’s inside but
there was nothing that looked sex appealing about this.

"Is that even possible?" Harry wondered out loud, when it started to slow down, that clenching thing.

"I don’t know? I’m shit at anatomy!" Louis exclaimed, finally having it easier for his dick.

"Really? I thought you did great in our second course of medicine in Uni." Harry mocked him, rolling his eyes.

“Yeah, you know what? This is shit and my dick now hurts so I want to get out.” Louis informed Harry.

“Well don’t do it now!” Harry stopped Louis, afraid for his well-being.

“Yeah great.” Louis agreed, though his tone was sarcastic. “Should we wait until tomorrow?” He asked trying to slowly back off.

“Shit. This is so bad. Fuck.” Harry cursed, clenching the blankets.

Louis rolled his eyes, like he had this any better. His dick was put somewhere and probably will get strained now and broken and won’t get hard for the rest of Louis’ life and Harry thinks it’s bad.

Harry snorted when Louis voiced that out for him and started to giggle when Louis was completely out.

It only took them to lock their eyes and they both started laughing.

So here they were, lying next to each other, Harry lying on his side, facing Louis and Louis himself only a bit turned to Harry, laughing like crazy.

“I cannot believe this is our first new bed experience.” Louis laughed, with tears in his eyes.

“I think I just got a trauma of my life.” Harry added and Louis only snorted reaching out to pinch Harry’s shoulder.

“You got trauma? I’m not even kidding when I’m saying that my dick is throbbing and it’s soft! I didn’t even cum.”

“Yeah well, I didn’t come either and I’m soft, so this makes the two of us.” Harry laughed, sitting up and immediately lying back down. “Shit!” He breathed, clenching his but cheek. “Fuck, it hurts so bad, I can’t walk! I can’t even sit!”

And that is when Louis cried in laughter. Literally.

*

“Sorry we’re late folks,” Louis waved to their teammates and coaches, who might have waited ten minutes longer than they had agreed because of how slow they got to the place.

You see, generally Louis and Harry had to jog to here, take coffee from the nearest coffee shop, maybe a muffin, well definitely a muffin and something more for breakfast, and then spend half of
the day with others as tourists before going back home to accept their furniture delivery.

Instead of that, their jog turned into annoyingly slow walk and they came here late.

“What took you so long?” Stan eyed him and Louis couldn’t help himself from saying those words. He just couldn’t.

“Well Harry was trying to walk and it took a lot of practice apparently.” He shrugged, only his smug face betraying him.

Harry eyed him with a deadly look but didn’t say anything after how he acted yesterday and others definitely looked like they could use unhearing this information.

Also, some curious eyes showed disappointment as boys didn’t interact all that much.

There was no surprise that everyone were interested how their relationship worked and if they really worked especially after yesterday’s outburst. Even the coaches, who had nothing to do with this, joined their discussion on their way to the hotel, speculating how they made that work and if they really did or was it just a short thing.

Liam and Stan of course stayed on their side thinking that there was no need to be curious in the things that weren’t their business but they might have changed their attitude a bit, when the wondering of how long they could be together started.

Because alright, you might be the most unbothered person in the world but when the biggest enemies since kindergarten starts to claim they’re together and most of the time don’t look together – you get curious.

However, there wasn’t much for their eyes because Louis captain snatched him for a short talk about his health and well-being after that three days break, apologizing for the pressure and promising that he’ll have the whole holidays for himself only.

And Harry chose to give Louis and his coach some privacy, mostly because Liam started a conversation going with him about their hotel. Then few others joined, asking where the hell they were let out last night and Harry put all his tricks to avoid the actual answering of the question.

Not that he didn’t want to say the truth – he did, however, he wanted Louis to be by his side.

And Louis happened to by his side only when they have reached their sightseeing cruise and were already in.

“They have a small snack stack in here.” Harry appeared at Louis side, where other boys sat. It wasn’t crowded at this time of the day so they managed to find seats close to one another quite easily.

To be honest, not only Louis had noticed Harry’s lack of presence but he only smiled at the explanation when looking at the goods in Harry’s hands.

“M&Ms and Kit Kat?” Louis arched his brow taking the candy bar from Harry. “It must be driving you crazy, you health freak.” Louis smiled.

Others watched their weird exchange, not talking to each other just kind of observing.

There wasn’t much of a difference between Louis and Harry – they were still acting not very nice to each other, teasing and all, despite the fact that Harry just brought them candies.
However, Harry’s response still surprised a lot of them, or maybe the lack of answer.

“You want to go on a deck?” Harry offered, already standing up and offering Louis a hand.

Others watched how two boys walked away, talking about something. No one took long to notice that they weren’t holding hands.

“Now I feel like we’re disturbing them if we’re going on a deck…” Luke trailed off watching them, together with others.

“Are we really though?” Matthew shrugged. “They don’t look that busy to me.” He added and that’s when Louis leaned into Harry for a hug, Harry wrapping his arms around Louis, whispering something into his ear.

“Yeah, right.” Stan snorted and there was an awkward pause as everyone watched in surprise how Louis not only didn’t push Harry away when he welcomed Louis into the hug but was also the one who initiate it.

Louis Tomlinson, the one, who would punch anyone for this type of confrontation. Few of them have experienced it on their own.

No one kept a rather alive discussion going on as they were all too curious seeing Louis and Harry interacting, which got them more and more surprised by each second passing.

They watched Harry pulling away from Louis and taking his phone out, motioning Louis all over the deck, taking pictures of him. What was the strangest thing was that Louis didn’t fight him or didn’t fight him at first.

It took about two minutes of Harry motioning with his phone until Louis snapped. By the looks of it they ended up in small argument as Louis finally scowled and they started talking, motioning their hands and Louis turned to leave.

Everyone was sure he was going to return here, inside, to take a seat, however, what they didn’t expect was Harry to grab Louis by his arm and pull him into a chest, kissing Louis.

“Oh my God.” Stan gasped and James let out a choked sound.

“Guys, we need to film this.” Austin, the one who was usually not into drama and talking about others behind their backs like that, offered.

“What?” Liam started at him in surprise.

“Is it every day you see Tommo like this? Like Harry just literally pulled him and he didn’t get punched in his face.” Austin laughed and James glared at him.

Actually this whole trip was what James was really waiting for. He wanted to see how bad Louis and Harry worked together and maybe try his chance again or something. What he really hated now - was that it didn't look that easily achievable at the moment.

* 

This was hilarious.
No, not hilarious, this was insanity.

Like, there had to be some kind of cameras hidden from an actual reality show, trying to film Stan’s and others reactions while Louis and Harry were playing actors.

Because there is no way that Louis could be like that. This had to be an act. Seriously.

“Harry I’m cold.” Louis pouted as they left the ship, curling himself around Harry, standing on his tip toes.

And that’s not logical.

Louis Tomlinson doesn’t just go to someone especially not Harry Styles and pouts that he’s cold. Louis doesn’t even pout.

“Want my jacket?” Harry offered and Stan watched them as Harry didn’t even wait for Louis to answer he just took it off and put it on Louis.

And alright, okay. Stan had seen all types of Louis – drunk Louis, happy Louis, angry Louis, energetic Louis, even tired Louis and cold Louis.

Tired and cold Louis was snappy, ten times worse than his usual self, not cuddly. Louis’s never cuddly.

“Uhm, so we’re giving you like one hour of free time before going for a short walk to Buckingham palace and then we enter our touristic bus.” Their basketball coach gathered their attention, quite awkwardly sparing few glances to Harry and Louis.

Even if that was a bit unprofessional – teachers sometimes talked, especially about the most talented people of the school, which happened to be Louis and Harry. And no one ever placed Louis as the type of person that could be sweet.

Louis Tomlinson was talented, loud, obnoxious sometimes, a bit of a joker but very responsible of the things he was in charge. However, he was not… Sweet, calm or not causing trouble.

Because if you ever heard of that kid who would always run in the street without looking to his left and right – this would be Louis.

And now, these two grown up men were being proved to have been completely wrong.

“Yeah, Louis and I will skip the bus.” Harry smiled, his arm thrown around Louis shoulder, whilst Louis stood silently wrapped in Harry’s big jacket.

“Okay, do we need to pick you up from that place as yesterday before leaving the airport?” Harry’s coach asked going through the timetable, seeing if they had enough time for that.

“This would be great actually.” Harry smiled, being his nice self.

“That’s settled then, one hour later we’re meeting here.”

And with that all boys turned their own ways and of course with Harry being the only one, who knew and orientated in London quite well everyone went with them.

“Don’t they have navigation or something.” Louis mumbled under his breath, when he was forced to share Harry, who didn’t even look like he mind it that much.
“So I don’t know if you really want to go for a walk or something but I first have to feed Louis.” Harry joked, earning a punch from Louis.

“Do not address to me as I’m your dog.” Louis eyed him and Harry laughed.

“Fine, I first have to feed my baby.” Harry smiled and Louis did not blush. He did not. And even if he did no one could see because he hid his face in Harry’s chest.

They ended up going to Starbucks, taking a seat at the extremely large table that fit all of them (to Louis dismay and dislike).

“Hey babe, would you mind ordering for us? I need to go to the toilet.” Harry smiled softly, giving Louis his wallet, when they came to the line. There were few others in front of them and Louis sighed.

“If I have to carry the tray I’ll spit in your food.” Louis threatened, pretending not to see the look James and Logan gave to him.

It was not like Louis could tell Harry they were the ones who picked on Louis, plus, there was Stan, Matthew and Liam, so Louis was sure nothing bad could happen.

“I’ll try my best, just order whatever.” Harry shrugged, placing a kiss on Louis forehead and going away, leaving Louis with the ‘easiest’ task of this age.

The real problem occurred when Harry did not return in time for the tray and Louis carried the tray himself and sat together with others, a seat for Harry next to him.

Somehow others decided that even though Harry was not here it was a good idea to throw their questions at Louis, who sat there begging for mercy and for Harry to hurry up.

“So, where did you and Harry stayed?” Logan asked and that was the question Louis didn’t want to answer without Harry.

Because Louis wasn’t good at that okay? All that explanation and talking thing when it comes to Harry’s and his relationship. So he shrugged and said they slept in the bedroom asking for information about theirs.

Of course, when you have a bunch of curious boys you can’t get away so easily so they still tried and luckily Harry did return. And he wasn’t happy with what he saw.

Louis, with his arms crossed, kind of making himself smaller trying to dodge away the questions. He came just in time to hear Luke asking what the place they were let out at was.

“It’s our apartment, we’ll be living there after school.” Harry answered shortly, taking a seat next to Louis and leaning to kiss his cheek.

“That’s your apartment?” James gaped at Harry.

Well, others also gaped at them a little bit but James was the only one who was stupid enough to ask things like that.

“It’s ours apartment.” Harry corrected James, turning to Louis and changing the topic of the conversation by asking what Louis bought for them.
This was kind of a big clue for others to bugger off and they did. Louis and Harry were having their own private conversation, so it didn’t look appropriate for others to interfere.

They left Starbucks kind of the same way, others keeping their own thoughts to themselves, instead of asking pointless things, letting Louis and Harry be on their own.

And still that didn’t mean they weren’t observing. They did. They watched how Louis scooted closer to Harry when they walked, how they hold hands and how they actually managed to look quite coupley. That’s until Harry forced Louis to stop for a picture and they started teasing and mocking each other.

After that, it looked like there was no turning back because the whole walk to the Buckingham palace they spent kind of bickering.

“Why do we have to go back? I want to go on that bus Harry.” Louis whined, when they were almost at their final destination point where they were supposed to enter the bus.

“We can go on that bus other time.” Harry answered with an unbreakable patience, being non-affected by Louis pout. At least that’s what others thought until he sighed and gave up. “Okay fine, you go on that bus and I’ll go home, get the delivery and unpack the boxes.” He finally offered and others watched how Louis reached out to punch Harry.

“Are you insane? I’m not going on that bus without you.” Louis exclaimed, and Harry watched in amusement how fast his boy changed his mind.

“Well then we’re going home because we have things to do.” Harry finalized and others looked away as if they weren’t eavesdropping.

*

“Why do we have to go back? I want to go on that bus Harry.” Louis sighed walking in, sitting on the ground in their entrance hallway not even bothering to take his shoes off.

“And I feel like my insides are churning.” Harry finally groaned letting out a fart he was holding with others.

Louis snorted and giggled. “Don’t be gross and don’t be a child.” He laughed at Harry and then shielded his face when Harry put his bum right in front of his face. “Don’t you dare to do that!” He threatened but of fucking course Harry farted in his face. “You’re so gross! It’s disgusting!” Louis cried out.

“Yeah well it was your idea to switch yesterday and now I feel like I need to shit all the time though my hole is not opening for it.” Harry shrugged, taking off his shoes and walking into the house.

They had three boxes from his home to unpack that they left for today and there was like one hour until they got the delivery.

“Don’t be a baby and stop complaining. I know how that feels and it’s nothing bad.” Louis dodged Harry’s complaints following him into the house.

It’s not like Louis himself wasn’t wounded. Because he really was. His own precious cock
throbbed, making him feel like he had to pee when he didn’t.

“Yeah well, I know how I feel after being top and it’s nothing bad either.” Harry mocked him and Louis glared, thinking of throwing the box into his face.

“I thought we agreed not to talk about last night at all?” He raised an eyebrow and Harry just smiled.

“C’mon, these two belong in the kitchen, so let’s go there.” He smiled, lifting one of the boxes.

Louis watched him with his eyebrows raised until Harry sighed and took the other one. Because it was Harry that brought those boxes, filing them with all cooking books and a few cups they considered to be their own.

“Hey, what about other things in your house though?” Louis asked, sitting on the isle in the kitchen his legs in the air, while Harry worked.

There weren’t many things they brought with themselves mainly because Harry claimed they’ll buy new ones and Louis just kept thinking how about all the furniture and decorations back at Harry’s place.

“You already asked me and I’m telling you again – I don’t know. It’s my parents, not mine so it’s up to them.” Harry shrugged, opening the cupboards so they could choose where they want things to be places at.

“Did they also tell you to buy everything new instead of transferring things here?” Louis asked again, shaking his head when Harry offered to put them in a cupboard.

“Well it makes sense to buy a new sofa instead of taking one from the living room, doesn’t it? And where then?”

“Well maybe it does then but like plates or towels… And here to the right in this wall cabinet it’s closest to the island.”

“Once again, if they will live in there or we’ll return there from time to time I’d rather we’d have things there.”

“Okay fine, sorry I’m asked.” Louis rolled his eyes and Harry stopped mid-way of placing books to turn to him.

“I did not mean it in a bad way.” Harry sighed.

“You sounded not very friendly.” Louis shrugged and Harry turned to him.

“I’m sorry if I did.” Harry apologized, asking for Louis to accept his hug.

He did, of course he did. He cuddled into Harry’s chest and hummed joyfully. And originally Harry wasn’t the one to step away from the hug but now when it lasted for more than two minutes he did and watched attentively how Louis looked down, staring at his feet.

“What’s wrong?” He asked the moment he sniffed that there was something Louis was upset about.

“It’s nothing.” Louis shrugged but didn’t look up and nothing Harry’s ass.

“Louis, tell me, what’s wrong.” He demanded, lifting Louis face to lock their eyes.
There was something desperate in his blue eyes that caused Harry to be protective over him.

“It’s…” Louis sighed, brushing his palms into his pants. “Why did you leave me in the line at Starbucks?” He finally asked unhappily and Harry looked at him uncertainly.

“I needed to pee?” He shrugged as if it was completely normal explanation but Louis’ pout claimed otherwise.

“Couldn’t you pee later? You left me alone in the line Harry.” Louis whispered, his voice trembling and shoulders lowering, making him look smaller than he usually is.

The realization his Harry as the tone of bricks and he cursed himself that he didn’t see it sooner – Louis went under. Harry had no idea how and when but he was almost sure now because Louis didn’t just go all sad that he was left in line alone.

“When did you go under?” He asked strictly.

“I didn’t.” Louis shrugged and Harry frowned.

“Babe, please be honest with me and answer the question – when?” Harry repeated with just as much seriousness and Louis gulped before answering.

“Yesterday in the bus I guess.” He shrugged. “But then we came here and I just… You know we started talking and I pushed it away and so I don’t think I actually did, it's just me unhappy for standing in the line without you.” Louis explained and Harry sighed, closing the distance between them.

Of course Louis must have gone all small and submissive when Harry got angry, it’s strange that Harry didn’t think about it at first and even if Harry did apologise he had been with Louis together for long enough to know that things like these makes Louis feel guilty.

“Baby, no matter what, you have to tell me things like that. If you don’t want me walking away - you tell me.” Harry scolded him softly, as he scooped him into his arms, walking to their bedroom.

“I know and I didn’t go like that I just didn’t like to be alone in the line and offer things for you.” Louis admitted his voice tiny and small, just like he looked.

“I didn’t even think about it…” Harry kissed Louis forehead apologetically, lowering him on their bed.

“It’s okay, nothing major.” Louis smiled and Harry still kept his scowl. “Please don’t look angry, it makes me uneasy.” Louis reached out and pulled Harry’s lips into a smile.

“I’m not angry.” Harry smiled, pretending to bite Louis’ fingers. Louis giggled and tried pulling back from him.

Harry didn’t let him by grabbing Louis wrists and keeping them locked in his hands. Louis tried escaping by putting his feet on Harry’s thighs and tried pushing Harry away like this but somehow ended up in the air just as if Harry was his surface to walk or something.

And it was something Harry would have loved to see in the mirror because he had seen Louis doing this for his youngest siblings and he was sure that it’s how Louis was on him now, just that Louis had his knees buckled a bit.

“Feeling comfortable?” Harry joked as Louis kept his strange walk over him.
“Yep.” Louis replied with a giggle and Harry pulled him up by his wrists so he was kind of leaning into Harry instead of being in the air.

Louis responded to this action by wrapping his legs around Harry’s torso and then their crotches brushed against each other and that’s pretty much how they ended up sweaty and naked in the sheets, only ten minutes before delivery must happen.

“You’ll have to wake up.” Harry informed Louis, who was happily huffing while lying on top of Harry’s chest.

“Mmm, ‘m sleeping.” Louis whined, clutching blanket closer to himself and Harry only smiled before sitting in their bed, fetching his boxers and his shirt.

“Alright, let me help you get dressed.” He ordered, pulling the blanket away just to deal with whiny and pouty Louis, who tried to please, beg and threaten Harry so he could stay in his bed.

In the end Harry had him fully clothed – with sweatpants and Harry’s sweater, waiting patiently at the door.

“Yeah, you can leave parts of the sofa in here I think.” Harry scratched his head, when he realised the workers would walk in here with shoes.

“Let them carry these to the living room, because it weighs a tone and I’m not able to lift it.” Louis complained and that got Harry doing things Louis way.

So they ended up finally having a sofa that required some easy constructing, bedside tables, three bar chairs to their kitchen island and two lamps they’ve ordered to go together with their bedside tables.

“There’s something special about having our home becoming more of a home to us.” Louis beamed when the workers finally left and they had furniture in their places.

“Piece by piece it’s becoming more of a place I can call paradise.” Harry smiled widely, with all his dimples showing off, as he flirted with Louis being his never ending romantic self.

“Do you think we should now unpack those boxes or what?” Louis asked, bottom lip between his teeth as he looked at Harry innocently.

So basically the answer was pretty obvious without Harry even answering this because seriously, what bad could happen for those boxes, they were far less important than Louis reaching the stars with his orgasm and Harry tasting the paradise he was talking so much about.

Chapter End Notes

As always - please press Kudo if you haven't yet and think I deserve it and PLEASE leave your oppinion in comments section :p <3

My personal instagram: sbalkauskaite
Harry's Instagram: haroldsnotmname
Alright, so first of all I want to apologize for updating so late - I went on a trip and I forgot to mention you about it in the last chapter... Plus, I know this is not the longest chapter and this is not the last from their trip to Amsterdam, there will be more of it and I am planning to update in 5 days I have no plans of going somewhere.

So sorry you had to wait that long but thank you all for all the comments <3 it was so lovely to get them THANK YOU<3 you have no idea how much they mean to me!!!!!!
Second of all - I have been annoyed about what some of you wrote in comments. YES I KNOW that Harry was the bottom one like 35 CHAPTERS AGO, where were you while I wrote about them getting the certain positions in their relationship during those chapters?? And it was not only about 'Harry disliking the feeling in his ass' it was about small details - Harry hating not to be in charge, Harry hating not to see Louis, disliking the feeling he's so not used to after a break of almost six, probably even more months!!!!
UGH, I was so angry with that I just had to mention it in the notes.
I had the scene of them trying this for so long and it makes me angry when some of you are like 'he did it before'.

Now, I hope you'll find this chapter interesting, please leave the comments ^^ I hope my fussing didn't sound like I wasn't waiting for them. I do, I just felt angry that others turned to the past ignoring the development of their characters.

Louis masked his giggles with his palm but it was pretty obvious that he was finding this hilarious.

“Can you stop?” Harry glared at him playfully, looking like a giant forced into a seat used for toddlers.

That’s exactly how Harry looked like in a simple economy class seat of not fancy airlines airplane.Louis never had a problem with those, before travelling by plane with Harry, he always chose economy and never had problem with fitting in.

There was enough space for his tiny frame and he even had some free space to move his legs, whilst Harry sat in his seat hunched and looking seriously uncomfortable.

“It’s just too funny.” Louis giggled, hiding his face in Harry’s shoulder, letting Harry wrap his arm around his shoulders, which only encouraged Louis to purse his lips for a kiss.

And okay, alright, he might not be doing this in other terms, when having a third person sitting in this row with them. But this time it happened to be James, so Louis was definitely trying his best to be affectionate.

When they entered the plane and sat for a flight they were happy to have seats by the window and in the middle and of course Harry let Louis get the seat in front of a window. Louis was very happy about it until James came here claiming the remaining seat was his and Harry was left
between Louis and James. Now Louis couldn’t wait to get his seatbelt undone so he could put his legs on Harry or something

“Well at least the flight is only an hour.” James smiled at them, as if trying to strike a conversation. Louis looked at him with a threatening glare and let out a frustrated sigh when Harry politely smiled to James and answered to him.

Fucking Harry and his never ending politeness, Louis thought, pulling away, immediately gaining Harry’s attention as the curly head one turned to look if everything’s alright. Louis pretended to have a tiny headache and as expected Harry went through his stack of medicines, immediately forgetting about James next to them.

And that is how you get your boyfriend to ignore the ones you don’t like without actually telling them that.

*

“This is the last time I’m letting you decide on a trip.” Harry kept complaining as they stepped out and Louis really stopped paying attention after the second complaint instead of taking this to his heart.

He knew Harry didn’t mean it, it was just a nice way of mocking Louis. Harry admitted that he waited to explore Amsterdam together just as much as Louis did so it was not worth to pay attention. Not that it was this obvious to others, walking besides them, thinking that Louis and Harry were kind of fighting about this.

So they walked out of plain with others trailing next to them turning to the section where they could get their bags while not talking all that much feeling a bit tired after a late flight even if it was only an hour.

James, more than others, was actually emotionally drained after this one hour flight, especially when he had Louis gaining all Harry’s attention. Because okay, alright he might have had some expectations to have a talk with Harry and can you blame James? It’s not like he couldn’t. Harry always talked with him and others and that’s not big of a deal. But instead they spent their flight being cuddled close to each other. Gross.

And what is gross is how they’re acting now.

“Babes, would you mind throwing my gum while I take our bag?” Harry asked Louis as they walked close to each other.

James watched how Louis shrugged and agreed and then watched how their lips connected and mouths parted while Harry probably put his gum into Louis mouth according how Louis pulled away chewing something.

There was Logan and Luke standing next to him, having also an impressed expression on their faces so it’s not like James is the only one.

And really, even Stan or Liam, who were most acquainted with Louis and Harry as a people and as a couple stopped in their tracks thinking that they might be hallucinating.

But they weren’t. Louis re-appeared by Harry’s side with a huge grin, announcing that the job is
done and everyone walked out, eyeing them strangely.

*

Alright, so Harry was never the one to brag about money. Never. He never saw I point in it and his parents had raised him better than even if they did that they did not prepare Harry for a place like this.

“I won’t fit in this bed.” Harry grumbled eyeing the room suspiciously. It was a tiny room with only one bed, small bedside tables, not spacious armoire and a tiny shower. It wasn’t like shabby or unclean but it was nothing compared to those suites Harry was used to stay in.

However, at least they were lucky enough to get a separate bedroom only for the two of them because others got a room for six and four but it was still too cheap for Harry’s taste.

“You can always go to share six beds room with them and I can invite Stan to sleep with me.” Louis shrugged as if his offer was completely serious.

“Sometimes I don’t even know if you’re doing this on purpose or if it’s just in your nature.” Harry glared at him, pulling him closer and trapping Louis between him and a wall. Louis pretended he didn’t shudder under this position as Harry’s hands travelled down his back to grip his arse. “But always remember that this is mine.” He hissed into Louis ear and Louis moaned, buckling his hips.

They didn’t have anywhere to be today as it was pretty late now and Louis could really use some quality time.

If not someone banging into their fucking door.

“Seriously?” Louis cursed under his breath when Harry backed off, turning on his heel to open the door. He wanted to scream at Harry that it was not necessary and he could leave the door unanswered but knowing Harry it was kind of pointless anyway.

So Louis didn’t follow him but he heard the conversation anyways.

It was Austin and Liam inviting them over to their room that was just next to theirs. Apparently, all guys were gathering in their room as if it was the most spacious one.

“Did you hear that? They even have a tiny TV in there!” Harry clapped his hands with a fake excitement in his voice when the door's were closed.

Louis rolled his eyes but smiled anyways and spread his arms to show Harry that he wanted a hug.

“We’ll go there?” He asked, slowly starting to rut against Harry’s thigh when they were close enough to each other for him to do so.

“I think we should but not now, maybe… In a half an hour?” Harry asked his hands back on Louis bottom gripping him roughly.

It was enough of a sign that Harry wasn’t planning anything sweet and slow and Louis blushed and breathed in need for it.
“Or maybe even in an hour?” He debated and screamed in surprise when Harry flipped him over, throwing him on their squishy bed. It was really uncomfortable compared to the ones they have already had sex on.

*

The annoying thudding began long time ago, like ten or fifteen minutes ago and at first it was a bit hard to even notice it because they had TV going and talked quite loudly but as the time passed the thudding came to be unbearable hearable and plus it was accompanied by some moans.

“Is this some kind of a joke?” Luke groaned as noise went louder than their conversation. “Who the hell shag to break walls?” He sighed and his comment got attention of others.

Conversation stopped as room filled with silence, listening to whoever it was on the other side of the wall.

And Jesus Christ that someone were a bit crazy because it sounded like in a rough porn scene just that they didn’t have a view though sounds were visual enough.

“Guys…” Stan started laughing, ignoring how others looked at him weirdly. “Doesn’t that room belong to Louis and Harry?” His explanation was in a form of a question and it brought realization to a lot of them.

“Oh my God, it is.” Austin nodded his face paler than usual. “Oh my God, it’s them.” He shuddered and there was a loud scream that was followed by a grunt.

“Shit, Louis is fucking the shit out of Harry.” Logan snorted and few looked at him disbelievingly.

“No way it’s Louis.” Liam shook his head and Matthew laughed, shaking his head.

“Have you not been with them for years? Ten pounds it’s Louis.” Matthew offered, patting his pants pocket.

“Ten it’s Harry.” Stan finally debated and that’s how it started.

They betted on their captains and when it was settled they tried to listen for any clues. There were only three of them, who thought that Harry is the top one – Liam, Stan and Austin.

However, even if the moans were louder than their conversation in the room and the thudding against the wall got them worried about the wall ending up safe, they didn’t get the names.

By the sounds of it there might have been that it’s Louis the bottom one because it looked like Harry grunted but it was hard to tell.

James was almost sure that Harry wasn’t the top one because he really couldn’t see him as one. Not when it was happening in such a rough manner. Harry didn’t strike him as that, he didn’t strike like that to anyone, and he was too boring and plain for anything like this.

Apparently, they were proved wrong.

Just as Harry promised they did come to the room, where others were staying.

Harry knocked and Stan went to open the door to let them in and when they did enter it was pretty obvious who was who.
Harry walked calmly, eyeing the room and how they put all mattresses on the ground and Louis straddled right next to him cuddled in Harry’s oversized sweater looking like he had just had his brains fucked.

“What’s up?” Harry waved to everyone, helping Louis down on the mattress before sitting next to him.

“We were debating over watching a movie or some card game.” Liam shrugged and Harry hummed, opening his mouth to answer but was stopped by Louis, whining into his neck.

“What is it baby?” Harry turned all of his attention to Louis immediately, grabbing a random blanket to wrap Louis in it.

“Warm.” Louis complained, trying to tug down his pants and Harry stopped him by trapping his wrists, worrying that Louis might not be so much accurate to what was happening around them and where they actually were at the moment. He really didn't need his boyfriend to get his pants off and show those pink satin panties and a bit bruised bum to everyone in this room.

And Harry wondered if he had made a mistake by bringing Louis here. He had asked Louis if he still wanted to go after he fucked him quite roughly and Louis mumbled a slow ‘yeah’ so Harry dressed him up and took him here but now he was almost certain that Louis had no idea where they were.

“It’s alright bunny, you want me to take off your sweater?” Harry offered and Louis whined in disagreement.

Harry sighed at the lack of collaboration from Louis side and kissed his temple, whispering to Louis ear. “Behave.” He said simply and shortly with no further discussion for his words and Louis immediately listened to him.

He huffed unhappily but didn’t say anything and was out as a light when Harry looked at him. Harry sighed and wrapper Louis in a blanket, knowing that it’s only a question of time when he'll wake up feeling cold if Harry won’t do it now.

“Sorry.” He apologized with a smile when he looked up from Louis. “He’s tired.” He explained but judging by the expressions of others this was not the type of explanation they needed.

And Harry didn’t blame them, of course he didn’t. He knew that no one saw how far they have gone as a couple together and it might be a shock for them, not that he cared all that much. He knew that Louis would if he were awake – for some reason he always tried to appear bigger and stronger than he was.

“What’s his height?” Liam suddenly asked, interrupting Harry’s thoughts and Harry beamed, knowing that Liam must have finally noticed it too – how small Louis was.

And it was not only Liam. Everyone in this room now looked at the couple like only now opening their eyes and noticing that Louis was tiny. This was never obvious for them – Louis height because tiny boy always worked so hard to make himself look taller, in charge and not small at all.

“He’s tiny.” Harry replied with a soft smile as he looked down on Louis. “But don’t tell him that.” He added as Louis slightly shuffled in his arms.

And he didn’t wake up for the rest of their stay. Harry couldn’t join them on playing cards as he held Louis all the time but he talked and participated in conversations until they started to leave the room, claiming they were tired.
“Alright, I should put him to bed.” Harry stood up at the same time as James and Logan, picking up Louis as if he weighted nothing.

“Sure, uhm, goodnight.” Liam waved them awkwardly few others joining them.

It looked like they were slightly shaken after today’s revelation.

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“Hey, babes.” Harry smiled, exiting a shower, excited to see Louis already awake.

“Morning.” Louis answered with his groggy voice, pursuing his lips for a kiss – a small peck they shared in the mornings if one of them hadn’t clean their teeth yet. “Can we stay in bed today?” Louis smirked, tugging Harry’s towel, wrapped around his hips.

“Hmm, actually we can for awhile.” Harry laughed, happy that he was an early riser no matter what and Louis got enough sleep to be awake earlier than they had to.

“Then hop in, I’m getting lonely over there.” Louis teased, patting the empty space next to him.

Harry didn’t need to be told twice as he came back to bed pulling Louis on top of him for a kiss.

“Morning breath Harry!” Louis complained, trying to pull away and most probably run to the bathroom to wash his teeth. And Harry usually would let him but it turned out to be that rare time when he didn’t care about it that much.

He turned over, sandwiching Louis between the mattress and himself and didn’t pull away from a deep kiss until Louis stopped trying to resist him.

And when he did pull away it was only to go down.

*

“You already ate?” Luke asked, eyeing the habitats of the room for six.

They were supposed to meet here at half past nine for breakfast buffet and the four of them did just that only to see that six others have already ate.

“Yeah, it happens when you have a fucking alarm clock on the other side of the wall.” Matthew groaned and Luke looked around to take in dark bags under other boys eyes.

He laughed and his roommates joined him with snickers.

“Well, I don’t know about you but I actually slept rather well.” He shrugged, laughing at six middle fingers and glares shot his way.

Because they were fucking lucky. All six of them were awakened at around half past seven by moans that only grew louder and it didn’t stop in an hour. It was impossible to sleep and hard to stay in the room because it was too visual.

So they left around eight when breakfast buffet had started and sat there with sour faces waiting for others to join.

And those fuckers weren’t even the ones to get here on time.

Louis and Harry entered the room ten minutes before ten, twenty minutes late, smiling at each other, not even looking at their side.

They were in a blissful state of after sex all happy and calm, Harry wondering about exchanging his yoga into every day morning sex.

“Do you want to share a plate of fruits?” Harry asked Louis as they picket their breakfast on two separate trays but turned out to be choosing plates to share.

“Hmmm, I don’t know, I want a toast with nutella.” Louis debated looking at their kinda full trays.

“Then if we want them later we can come again.” Harry shrugged and led them to coffee machine pressing a latte for Louis and a black coffee for himself.

And honestly, Louis could never understand how Harry was able to drink it. Black coffee was a big no for him – he hated the taste and it was just too disgusting with no cream or warm milk in it. But Harry loved it. He sometimes could go and order espresso and drink it pleasantly and Louis tried to do that once and ended up forcing himself to swallow.

“You know they have milk in here?” Louis mocked Harry’s choice of coffee as they neared to the table where others sat.

“I feel like you say that every time I order coffee.” Harry replied putting the tray down and taking other from Louis’ hands before pulling him a chair to sit down. “Morning guys.” He greeted others, looking at their tired faces in surprise. “I didn’t think we stayed so late last night, you look really tired.” Harry commented and Louis looked at him quizzically.

“You went to their room?” He asked suspiciously, suddenly trying to remember what they he did last night.

“Actually we both went to their room.” Harry smiled as he took a seat next to Louis, founding Louis reaction quite amusing.

“We did?” Louis looked around the table at others with his brows arched.

“Yeah, you did.” Liam replied sourly and Louis sympathised him.

“You look really bad though, like all tired and sad.” He pitied six boys, taking a fork to get some fruits from Harry’s tray.

“You little shit!” Harry gasped when he did that. “You said you don’t want any!” He exclaimed but Louis just shrugged and offered him a mischievous smile Harry rarely managed to stay angry at.

“Yeah, sadly we had an alarm clock this morning.” Stan commented, throwing them a clue but both boys were too into flirting and being in love to get it.
“Oh sorry ‘bout that. You need to check for all alarm clocks set right.” Harry shrugged, telling them how he always made sure to have right time scheduled on his phone.

“I know what you mean though, Harry works like an annoying alarm clock for me.” Louis pouted and Harry decided to kiss him to shut him up.

“Really? I could only guess.” Stan replied sarcastically but two boys were already too into bickering, eating and occasionally kissing that his remark went completely unheard.

And all breakfast turned out to be like this – Harry and Louis being too occupied with one another to pay attention to others, eating and laughing about something or eating and discussing something.

It was only when coaches confronted them with the plans for the day and announced that they were off for the evening, free to do whatever they wanted. Luke turned to Louis and mentioned a thing that brought Harry’s attention.

“So, breaking a tradition of special pants this year, Tommo?” Luke joked and Louis laughed, rolling his eyes playfully.

“I started that two years ago and did that once in those two trips, it isn’t that much of a tradition.” Louis shrugged but Harry was now too curious about the term ‘special pants’ to let it go.

“What is that anyways?” He asked, looking from Louis at Luke and then at others at the table.

“It’s Louis’ way getting laid every year.” Stan shrugged and now Harry was frozen, feeling his blood rushing through his veins.

“It is not every year! It happened twice. I would wear the pants that are really tight and would get into… Basically into anywhere I wanted to with no ID at all. And then I’d get laid, which once again happened twice.” Louis explained and now Harry was curious about those pants.

“They’re that tight?” Harry asked, his throat dry, wishing that Louis had packed them to this trip. He tried to recall of what things were in their travel bag and he knew that there were two pairs of black jeans, he just didn’t know if one of them were special pants.

“They’re really tight.” Louis nodded and Harry looked at him expectantly.

“Can I see you in them?” He asked not ashamed at all about their teammates being around them. He knew that if he didn’t ask now Louis might avoid talking about it later.

“You already have.” Louis smiled innocently, standing up. “I’m going for a refill.” He announced, taking his juice cup and going away.

“Louis!” Harry hissed sending daggers his way. He stared angrily at Louis, moving around with his glass, humming something under his nose, wearing baggy sports pants.

And Harry was going to throw all his fucking baggy sports pants in the bin and buy Louis yoga pants and leggings and everything of that kind.

Everyone from the side stared at Harry being teased with a strange amusement, because he did look kind of ridiculous looking at Louis this way.

“You said something?” Louis asked innocently as he came back with his glass and Harry almost grabbed him by his hands and pulled him into his lap.
And he most probably would’ve if they weren’t in a hotel having breakfast in front of their teammates.

“When did I see you in them?” Harry repeated the question, sounding a bit stubborn and pissed off, which he kind of was.

Louis sighed and rolled his eyes, at the obvious answer, Harry was too jealous to figure out. “In our last year trip?” He raised his eyebrows adding a ‘duh’ at the end.

“In Aspen?” Harry asked and all even the smallest movements around the table stopped because Harry was in Aspen at winter. And according to their knowledge they weren’t together back then because Harry had a boyfriend.

A boyfriend he posted a picture of during Valentine’s Day the one who looked a lot like Louis and shit… All table sat mortified as they realized that Harry and Louis were dating much longer than just for a month and that Louis didn’t even break Harry’s previous relationship because it was him.

“No you silly.” Louis smiled. “In pub, last year trip with school. You stayed with us for one day and…”

“Oh my God, it’s our one year anniversary!” Harry gasped and Louis will hate this moment for the rest of his life.

He’ll hate his choice to look at Harry for moment like this and he’ll hate himself that he had forgotten for how long he had this upon his sleeve.

Because he heard someone choking across the table and he looked too late to see it and it was fucking James, red like a crab with his eyes popped out, looking at Louis and paling in moments as Louis looked back.

And yay it’s fun, all table shook because they didn’t know about them being together for so long but shit because Louis wanted to rub it into James face for so long. Especially after him claiming that Louis broke whatever relationship Harry had with someone none-existent.

But he couldn’t. And he couldn’t even savour this moment because he had Harry going completely mad about them having to celebrate it this evening, taking Louis to the best restaurant in town. And with that Louis made himself a promise to make James day shit by being next to Harry all day, being that small and tiny version of himself, that Harry loved, ignoring the fact that others might see it too.

Chapter End Notes

Just as always my babies - leave kudos and especially COMMENTS because I love them so so much <33 and I'll reply to them when I update the next time.

Instagram (mine): sbalkauskaite
Harry's Instagram: haroldsnotmname
Chapter 43

Chapter Summary

Once in Amsterdam

Chapter Notes

Hello my lovely readers
I am here only one day later with my update then I thought I will be and I am so so happy to give you this. I would be lying if I said I didn't have some problems writing through few scenes but the ending went so smooth.

Anyways, I want to make some clarifications about the date of previous chapter. I did update late, probably 28th or something but it shows 22th because I had made a draft and updated that draft and it showed older date than an actual update...

For those who had questions about their anniversary - they are together as a couple for less than what... half a year? In my opinion it happened way earlier than they both realized it. ANyways they are celebrating the time they had sex for the first time or more like how it all started for them. (there is a pic on instagram in dublin, Harry holding someones ass - it's Louis' from that first time evening and I am so proud I thought of this ahead :3333)

I hope you read through this note, I personally think it is important for you and your questions.

Go read now and let me know what you think of this chapter afterwards! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alright, so maybe Louis’ idea about making James watch him and Harry being affectionate wasn’t that good of a plan.

And mainly because he just couldn’t be all lovey dovey with Harry when he was definitely trying to fight against their evening plans.

Evening plans that were supposed to be them going to overprized place that required buying new clothes and looked completely normal to Harry, who was gushing about their 'one year of fucking' anniversary.

“I swear to God, I’ll break up with you if you make me do it.” He threatened to Harry, trying to keep it down so others wouldn’t hear what it was about.

This was the least he could do for his own good, while having banter with Harry.

“Oh c’mon babe, this will be fun and delicious.” Harry tried persuading him otherwise but Louis was having none of it.
“We can find something delicious in a place that doesn’t invite orchestra for the evening.” Louis complained and Harry still looked like he was holding on that idea too strong to let go. “Please? Don’t outdo yourself or you’ll run out of ideas before our first wedding anniversary or something.” He mentioned and that clicked something in Harry.

Curly boy looked like he had a bucket of cold water poured over him and then beamed like a little child, nodding furiously. “Okay, you can choose then.” He agreed still in a blissful state of imagining their future and Louis sometimes was happy he knew where to push and what to say to get Harry change his mind.

And even if Louis had no idea they still looked affectionate in front of other. The way two boys were talking about something that was impossible to hear but looked like it was an argument and the way they didn’t end up going separate ways or telling each other off but breaking in a smile and kissing each other softly.

Stan glared at them annoyingly, hating them for disturbing their sleep but not daring to tell them that.

And it was same for others. They didn’t feel like it was their place to tell something to them about it and no one had the balls to confront them about it. So they kept silent, looking at the sworn enemies being clearly in love.

Because really, no matter where they went – a walk in a park, museum or anywhere their guide lead them to, the couple stayed close to each other. And not even like intertwining their fingers and holding hands. Nope.

There were no hands holding, however it was arm thrown over Louis shoulders or a hand hanging on Louis back or lower back. Then if it wasn’t Harry it was Louis, resting his head on Harry’s arm, resting his hand in Harry’s jeans back pocket and so on.

This was a completely unpleasant discovery to James, who’d rather see them ignoring each other like they usually did in school. Or if he still believed they were in that honeymoon phase, which apparently they couldn’t be in because they were too long together.

And it was pissing him off because they were kind of forced to be together all the time. You see, they had a guide tour booked for them, walking various places for five hours until they were left with the free time for themselves and those five hours were enough for James to get tired of it.

Especially when others were gushing about the ‘cute’ couple.

“Alright, I know it’s not my place to say this but have you noticed how tiny Louis is?” Matthew laughed as they sat in a place they chose for lunch. All of them except couches and ‘the’ couple were here, which was kind of normal for them. However, for the first time, James didn’t feel like talking about Harry or Louis at all.

“Yes!” Austin joined with a laugh and others started talking how Louis looked small next to Harry and how they never noticed before.

And James hated every second of it.

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“Once again, why are we skipping the dinner and going straight to the club?” Harry asked with a pout while pulling out the new clothes out of the bag.

He knew he was being a bit lame but he couldn’t resist. This was a special occasion and he felt like wearing these shirt he saw in the showcase while walking through Gucci shop. He tried offering something to Louis and was threatened to be punched so he gave up on it.

“Because we’re eighteen years old, not thirty eight.” Louis replied from the bathroom where he was facing a challenge of pulling those skinny jeans on.

These were really only an occasion jeans because he had to use strength to get them on – they were THAT skinny and now when he was almost done he felt so smug, already knowing that Harry will be affected by that a lot.

“But I don’t think that club is good way of celebrating.” Harry complained and Louis rolled his eyes while standing on the top of the toilet – ugh, the things he had to do to see himself in not a full length mirror.

“How did this go from dinner to celebrating?” Louis asked, trying to turn around, smirking at the result. He looked fucking good. His arse looked good and he could already feel how many looks he’ll receive and how Harry will fuck him hard after this evening.

“All I’m saying is that I wanted to dine and wine you before getting drunk, plus you know how I feel about clubs.” Harry complained, breaking a rule Louis set up five minutes ago and walking into the bathroom. “Why are you standing on a toilet?” He asked, looking at Louis amusingly.

Harry’s eyes haven’t travelled down yet and even if they did he wouldn’t see much just behind of Louis so there was still some fun in the future.

“Because I wanted to see myself in the mirror and if I stand on the ground I can only see my forehead?” Louis shrugged, motioning Harry to get closer so he could button his shirt.

“Hmmm… Leave the top ones unbuttoned.” Harry asked, holding Louis waist as his hands worked on the buttons.

“Your chest is sexy.” Louis complimented, leaning forward to press a kiss on Harry’s collarbone. It was a bit uncomfortable with him being a bit too high for it but it was still arousing.

“Your everything is sexy.” Harry flirted, his hands rummaging down Louis waist.

Alright, that’s enough.” Louis stopped him before Harry could reach his ass. “You have to leave now if you want to see the other side of this.” Louis motioned at his jeans and Harry backed away to look at the front of Louis’ thighs covered in tight denim.

“From scale one to ten how angry would you get if I-“

“Try to turn me around and we’re not going anywhere.” Louis threatened, knowing what Harry was talking about before the taller lad even managed to finish the sentence.

“Okay, fine.” Harry agreed, throwing his hands in the air and leaving the bathroom.

And just as he did that Louis went down from that toilet doing a few squats so he could get used to the uncomfortableness.

When he decided it won’t get any better and he felt kind of alright in them he came back to their bedroom smiling at Harry who sat on the corner of the mattress, scrolling through his phone,
already waiting for Louis.

“So? What do you thing?” Louis asked smugly, turning around and wiggling his arse a bit.

There was no answer. He stood there for thirty seconds until he felt awkward and turned around to see Harry frozen, looking at him with his lips formed into an ‘o’.

“Harry?” Louis asked impatiently and Harry shook his head, blinking a few times.

“Shit, come here.” He ordered in a low voice and Louis slowly came closer to Harry only to be turned around harshly and feel Harry’s big paws stroking his thighs and arse. “Fuck, Lou. Babe, you look so so good. Oh my God.” Harry cursed under his breath, staying in that daze while salivating over Louis’ body.

Because does anyone even know how good Louis looks? Like if Harry could choose he would have him naked all the time because Louis is just that perfect. He’s feminine, he’s beautiful and Harry is always disappointed when Louis puts jeans or sweatpants on because you can’t see the perfection so well.

There’s still some under those jeans or pants but still...

However, now… Now this was beyond perfection. This was a new level of arousal. This was Louis, looking like naked just with denim covering his body, looking like paint over his body and it just made the best parts pop out and fuck Harry was hard.

“I assume you like it?” Louis voice was playful and a bit mocking but Harry was not giving a shit about it right now. Right now his mind was too hazy to pay attention to this, he was now in bliss.

“I’ll wreck you tonight.” Harry promised his voice low and Louis blushed accepting this reaction as a praise. “Will you let me? Please?”

“Yes.” Louis immediately answered, pushing his arse closer to Harry. “On every surface in this place.” He added it as a promise and suddenly Harry was on his feet, pulling Louis to the door.

“Let’s get over this club thing and get back here.” Was all Harry said before closing the door behind them.

How surprising was it that Harry brought them to probably the most exclusive club in the whole Amsterdam? Why Louis was even surprised anyways?

Harry already did something like this in New York though this time he outdid himself for sure.

Because this club reminded Louis about one of those private parties you see in movies or in pictures and never expect to actually visit. It seems that with Harry there is no such thing as to not expect something overly luxurious or expensive and Louis really needs to adjust to things like these.

They didn’t even wait in line, Harry just went straight to the front, saying his last name and giving a few bills and seriously – this actually happens? In places like these? Because Louis had experienced getting a discount in bars or clubs for something because of his tight pants but he
never been lead to front and given a VIP booth.

And Harry didn’t even blink an eye at this. Louis wondered if Harry knew that this was not how people usually got into the clubs.

“What do you want to drink?” Harry whispered to his ear as they sat in the booth and had a person coming to them immediately. Probably another perk of the VIP or something.

“Whatever you order is fine for me.” Louis answered and if Harry’s approving smile is anything to judge by then his answer was right.

And that is how they ended up drinking weird coloured drinks Louis had no name of and getting drunk, snacking on some gourmet things this place offered.

Then the dancing started. And Louis will praise the YouTube tutorials of club dancing for the rest of his life because he could feel Harry’s dick hard already against his back and the night had just started for them.

They were quite a mess after an hour of dancing and drinking, doing drunk people things like laughing stupidly and maybe even rutting against each other until they came in their pants.

However, the real turn of the night happened when they accidently met a group of Harry’s friends or acquaintances.

A girl, Louis had seen in magazines (he’s not kidding, Lottie owned these magazines) confronted them on the dance floor, sounding surprised and then she showed them the others. There were four of them with that modelling girl.

Louis didn’t hear their names but there was an Irish lad, another pretty girl twice his size, then that model girl, that said hi to them and to Louis displease there was a Zach, which looked at Louis apologetically but Louis still narrowed his eyes at him.

Anyways, that is where it went crazy (in a good way). And when Louis remembered Harry saying that he used to party hard he now definitely knew what he meant.

They drank way too much than they should have and Louis got so wasted and then Harry got wasted and both of them being drunk meant being glued to one another, kissing all the time they dances, Harry whispering what he’s planning to do when they go back to the hotel.

“Yo ya fuckers stop making kids and c’mere.” Niall pulled them back from the dance floor having a weird package in his hands. “S’time for real fun.” He laughed loudly, pushing them into the booth.

It didn’t take Louis long time to realize that it was weed they were talking about and he looked at Harry. It was both for asking if he could do it and asking if Harry was going to do it. Apparently, Harry was too drunk to say something else than yes and that was how they ended up in the middle of the street, laughing like idiots, while trying not to fall down.


“We should fuck everywhere in this town to make it memorable.” Louis nodded and Harry gasped how genius it was.

And they fucked in the dark street between buildings with almost no lube and Louis loved every second of it.
Then they sucked each other off in other two streets until they finally reached the hotel, already hard and needy.

*

“Fucking finally – the silence.” Stan grumbled, plopping on his bed when they were sure the couple next door’s wasn’t going to do something. It was only eleven o’clock but they were tired after sleeping so less and all of them went to bed immediately.

Only to be woken up at two in the morning by the sound of door’s colliding with a wall.

All six of them jumped from their sleep, scared that there might be a storm outside. It turned out to be a storm next door.

“You in these fucking pants!” Harry’s groan was loud and hearable as the door’s shut themselves with a loud bang. “Lean against this wall.” Another loud order followed.

“Shit if they’re starting to fuck again I’m going there and pulling them away from each other.” Greg cursed and it turned out that he had a reason.

For another half an hour there were moans and dirty talks all six of them wanted to forget and never remember and then… Then it turned out to banging against a fucking wall.

“That’s enough.” Austin stood up, after another half an hour when their hopes of them stopping faded away.

Stan watched how the guy opened the door and went to knock on Harry’s and Louis’ door but came back ten minutes later with no luck.

“They have to be kidding me. How can people even have sex for that long?” Liam groaned as Austin and few others gathered their things, claiming they were going to that room of four.

“I don’t know and I don’t really want to find out.” Stan replied and cursed that they were the only two that didn’t make a switching promise.

Because others – Austin, Greg, Matthew and Jason made a deal with Logan, James, Luke and Noah that if it were to start again they can wake them up at any time of the night and switch rooms.

Which they now did.

Sleepy four guys walked into the room grumbling.

“How bad can two guys having sex be?” Logan cursed walking in and throwing himself on the first empty bed.

“Ten times worse than the first time.” Stan replied, fetching for his earphones to stop those grunts reaching his ears.

Liam and Noah were smart enough to follow him and the other three were left mortified to hear what was going on.
“Fuck babe, don’t you fucking try to cum now or I’ll spank the living shit out of you!” It was clearly Harry’s voice threatening to Louis and James gulped as he listened to Louis whiny response.

Because this is Harry we’re talking about. And as gross as it sounds James listened to them, getting paler by seconds.

There were various sounds ofspanking, whining, grunting that James could imagine hearing from anyone but Harry and now when he heard the things Harry told to Louis he was left mortified because he had no idea. And from this side of the wall it was hard to comprehend it.

Louis was the one getting fucked by Harry. And not just being top or bottom he was being fucked, their room was full of the noises and Logan together with Luke looked no better than James himself.

“Jesus, he sounds like he’s going to break Louis in half.” Logan mentioned at some point of this whole thing and James nodded, as realization about how wrong he was with this whole thing hit him.

They finally managed to asleep around four in the morning when the rough moaning and banging turned into softer whines and less loud grunts.

And that was when Louis came for like tenth time that evening, feeling drained after literally fucking on every surface of this room, Harry on top of him almost collapsed on Louis, chasing their last orgasm.

“The sun is setting.” Harry managed to say when they both orgasmed at the same time and he collapsed on Louis too drained to move.

“Hmpfh.” Louis only huffed too fucked out to move his lips, to form words and even to think. He closed his eyes and immediately fell asleep, not even affected by those loud snores of Harry’s.

*

Next morning was shit.

What was surprising though is that this time not only for Louis but Harry too.

And once again, both boys get mesmerized by how perfect they work as a couple and how good they know each other.

Harry was the first one to wake up that morning, going straight to the bathroom, emptying his guts into the toilet. Louis joined him five minutes later, occupying the sink and they didn’t talk.

They both felt like utter shits, not in the mood for any type of conversation or touches or anything.

It’s like they needed to be alone for a while, have nobody in their way and they understood each other without stating it out loud.

Harry couldn’t be happier about it – he was dreading for Louis to start complaining that Harry let him drink and he was actually scared he’ll have to take care of Louis if the boy went under. Because let’s be honest, Harry was in no state for that.
It worked the same way for Louis – he didn’t want Harry to go all commando or fluffy and he really didn’t need Harry to feed him smoothies or any other ‘hangover’ food that was supposed to help him.

He just didn’t.

And they somehow got it without making it tensed or awkward.

The only exchange they had was small smiles when Louis saw Harry having trouble walking and when Harry saw the same.

Louis didn’t even wear Harry’s clothes. For some reason he founded loose patterns irritating, which probably happened for the first time in his life.

However, even if it was bliss for them it was strange for others.

Poor boys wondered if they weren’t hallucinating last night because it’s not how a couple looks like after having sex for a long period of time. Couple looks like this after a fight.

Coming into the breakfast lounge, going for food on separate plates, not accompanying each other and taking seats at the other ends of the same table as if their significant other was invisible.

This was probably the main reason others decided to postpone the plan they had made. You see, after a night like this all of them agreed that they had to tell Harry and Louis to keep it down and they were going to do that in the morning. This was the plan.

In fact, they all gathered together, debating who would do the talking and all of that. Apparently, it turned out to be pointless anyways because it looked like couple was not so much of a couple now.

And just as always, in a group of people there’s always the idiot one.

Yes, James.

“Good celebration last night?” James joked and earned two deathly glares from Harry and Louis. It was almost comical how synchronically their heads moved up and turned into a glare, mouths opening for the same line.

“Shut up.” Both Harry and Louis said at the same time, both sounding bad, making the scruffy morning voice sounding like a lullaby for toddlers.

After that no one dared to tell anything to them and chose to ignore the boys as much as possible. Even their coaches and especially Louis, as he’s the most demanding person on earth, didn’t mind letting them stay at hotel, which was… Well, that was a bit of a surprise because usually Louis’ coach would ramble about team spirit and working together until no one was left in doubt.

He must have seen something in that disturbed glance Louis gave him and unpleasant glare from Harry because he even encouraged them to.

First actual words exchange happens in the late noon when they start to feel better and inevitably hungry.
That’s when Louis decides he can deal parenting side of Harry and demands for lunch.

“I’m hungry.” He stated not turning around to face Harry lying next to him.

“Not yet.” Harry replied simply and Louis was left with nothing but Harry’s wallet for himself (it would be his if Harry hadn’t given him that glare in airport when he tried paying for peanuts).

So being an amazing boyfriend as he is, he went out and got them food, wondering how it had happened that he was the one handling it better. He ended up concluding it into the fact that being the top in sex was more difficult and Harry might have drank more than Louis did.

With his own observations like that he went to the closest café he could found, which turned out to be quite a good choice. They even offered avocado sandwiches and smoothies so Louis was quite proud of himself when he returned with three bottles of smoothies, five sandwiches of all kinds and two coffees.

“Where were you?” Was the first thing Louis heard as he opened the door, Harry standing already dressed up with a scowl.

Louis blinked a few times, feeling uneasy under Harry’s glare. “I went to get us food?” His answer was more like a question and Harry narrowed his eyes, looking at the coffees and paper bag in his hands.

“You shouldn’t have gone alone.” Harry finally stated after a few seconds of uncomfortable silence and turned around to return to their too small bed.

Louis sighed, rolling his eyes at how difficult and stubborn Harry was acting before giving him the bag and putting coffees on the bedside table.

“Well, from the way you talked I figured you weren’t in the mood so…” Louis shrugged taking off his shoes to lie back down next to Harry.

“I would have gone eventually.” Harry murmured as if defending himself and Louis chose not to reply.

Instead he ate, keeping a light conversation going with Harry until they both decided they were tired again.

“I don’t think we should drink ever again.” Harry laughed as his fingers were brushing against Louis’ back, scratching it gently.

Louis loved the gesture. He loved Harry and he loved this gesture but was too tired for words so he just hummed something to acknowledge his reply and fell asleep soon after that.

And to be honest, everyone fell asleep pretty easily that night, six boys next wall finally having their ears not bleeding.

* 

The simple fact is that when you go to bed early you wake up early.

Like… Five in the morning.
And Harry was more than sure about that. But please tell him a way to share this knowledge with Louis, who was stubbornly blaming Harry for it.

“This is your fucking fault Styles. You share this sleeping infection with me and now I am awake in the middle of the night.” Louis whined for the tenth time from his place in bed while Harry scroreed on his phone.

“Seriously, how is this my fault? And it’s early morning.”

“It’s your fault because I said so.” Louis stated, rolling over to lie on Harry’s chest, completely blocking the view to his phone.

“Are you comfortable?” Harry asked sarcastically when there was no way to see screen anymore.

“Yap, are you? You can always go down.” Louis smiled innocently and Harry took five seconds to get it.

But when he did, his expression was more than remarkable.

It was something between surprised and offended. “I can go down? You can turn around more like.” Harry replied, already reaching out for lube.

He ignored the smugness about having only a bit of the lube left, when they packed the whole new bottle for the trip.

“You’re not putting your dick anywhere near my bum, mister.” Louis reached out to grab lube from Harry’s hand and put it back on the table.

“How so?”

“I want to stay virgin for my future husband.” Louis explained and Harry cackled, throwing his head backwards, his curls bouncing on his shoulders.

Louis smiled, rather satisfied with his comeback of this kind.

“I’m sure your future husband won’t mind.” Harry stated flirtatiously but didn’t turn around for that lube bottle.

They weren’t that stupid to realize that soreness of that night wasn’t going to fade away that fast.

“How would you know that?” Louis shuffled under the bed, whilst taking his pants off.

“Because I really don’t mind if it was to happen now or two years later.” Harry smirked and his face disappeared under the covers before Louis could murmur his somehow sarcastic remark though it was obvious that he was blushing.

And when Harry went down then he was too busy moaning to even think about some type of remark.

“Jesus, next time warn a man?” Harry came up with a scowl on his face.

“It’s your fault if you can’t tell when I am about to cum after one year of being together.” He just shrugged and turned around, stretching his body, wondering if it was possible for him to fall asleep again.

“Uhm, excuse me?” Harry called him and Louis smirked not looking over his shoulder. “It’s your
turn.” Harry demanded and Louis tried not to giggle because he knew Harry will want that.

“My turn? Since when is it so awful to blow me? I thought you enjoyed it.” Louis asked all innocent.

“Louis, I’m hard!” Harry exclaimed and Louis hid his giggles in his pillow.

“So what?” He asked when he was sure he won’t laugh. “I went to the café, it’s more tiring than wanking.”

“You know what? You’re such a bitch Tomlinson.” Harry grunted unhappily before disappearing in the bathroom.

It was bound to turn into the teasing and pushing each other around for the rest of the day after Louis did that.

It really was.

Harry was way too prideful to ignore that even if it was Louis or… Especially when it was Louis.

It was more of a game than a bickering and even in pissed off state of himself Harry stayed conscious to not step the line like he did last time, when he almost ended up forcing himself on Louis.

So now instead of anything sexual he chose not to do few things Louis loved – not giving him his clothes, not staying close to each other and no random kisses throughout the day. And he was not fooling anyone pretending it wasn’t what he wanted too. Well, except Louis. The last straw was about four o’clock when all of them were announced to have some free time after short walking with a guide and Louis asked if Harry wanted to go somewhere together.

Harry answered that he actually didn’t mind going with others, leaving Louis trail from behind as he went to talk with Logan and Liam.

Louis finally cornered him in the toilets as it was the only privacy he could get with Harry.

And immediately after Harry walked out of the booth he knew that the things weren’t okay by the way Louis stood – head down, examining his feet, arms crossed over his chest, looking like he was slightly cold or just trying to make himself look smaller.

“Hey…” Harry trailed off, suddenly super aware that he was not the nicest person towards Louis today.

“Yeah, uhm…” Louis gulped, trailing off but still looking like he was going to talk.

Harry waited.

“Do you know how it makes me feel when I say no to something sexual and you neglect me for the rest of the day?”

Harry blinked a few times before actually comprehending the words Louis said.

“What?” His voice sounded like not his and Louis sighed, hunching his shoulders even more before starting to repeat himself.

“Do you know how it-“

“I heard you.” Harry interrupted him, shaking his head as if asking to stop. “This is not it.” He
claimed and Louis hummed, putting on a smile that was more of sad and forced than happy.

“Okay then.” He turned around to walk away and Harry stood there frozen but not frozen enough to not grab his arm and stop him.

“Sorry. I mean, it’s not what I thought when I acted today.” Harry claimed, hunching his eyes a few times.

“I said I’m cold and you said that it sounded like a personal issue whilst carrying your jacket in your hand.” Louis arched his brows and Harry sighed, pulling Louis closer.

“I thought this was like a… Banter thing we do or something. I didn’t…” Harry lacked words to cover the situation and felt like he did step over that line even while trying not to.

“There is a difference between banter and being an asshole.”

“Yeah, well it’s not like I’m leaving you hard after you gave me satisfaction.” Harry exclaimed angrily, not admitting his fault yet.

“How many times did you put a cock ring on me?” Louis asked in return, not changing his position in this argument.

“It was a totally different situation, you’re now being overly-“

“Please don’t say dramatic.” Louis interrupted him again, his icy blue eyes suddenly not mocking nor stubborn but pleading.

Harry took a step back, looking at those eyes, feeling himself calming down by seconds.

“I am sorry.” He finally managed to say and Louis nodded.

There was still silence for a couple of seconds until Louis started to talk.

“I didn’t think you’ll go to the bathroom in the first place.” He admitted shyly and Harry reached for him, wanting to hug him. “I had a scenario in my head and I didn’t think of you leaving it like this.” He added and Harry smiled softly at how much of Louis thing it was.

“Next time show me the script before starting?” He offered playfully and Louis only smiled, embracing the hug.

“Now…” Harry trailed off, pushing Louis shoulders down. “Want to show me what was on that script?”

* 

“Would they seriously have sex in a bathroom here?” Austin whined as Louis and Harry didn’t come back in ten minutes.

“They are clearly on bad terms.” James stated, as a matter of fact.

“Yeah, they look just like arguing to me.” Stan nodded, staring at Louis and Harry walking close to each other back to their table.
And they were not arguing. Quite the opposite – like they didn’t spend the whole day teasing and bickering. It may have to do something with Louis puffy eyes but hey, it was just an observation.

“What took you so long?” James asked grumpily and Harry just shrugged though a smirk on his face being obvious enough.

However, even made up or not they were still at the opposite sides of the table, having different conversations with different people.

And that is probably why Louis ended up on the outside lounge of this place with Stan, Noah and Greg as two of them claimed the need to have a smoke and Stan with Louis went together so they could carry on discussion they were having.

Now, Harry was not the one to tell a person that is legally allowed to smoke cigarettes not to do that but he may have pulled Louis for a kiss and tasted him to check if he didn’t do that, pulling away happily.

“I know why you did that.” Louis claimed playfully when Harry tried pretending it was all just for his return.

“No idea what you’re talking about.” Harry smiled and arched an eyebrow when Louis didn’t go back to his seat. “I assume you want something.” He concluded and Louis beamed.

“There’s a couch outside that would look so good in that patio thing at ours…” Louis smiled as Harry welcomed him to sit in his lap, balancing Louis on one leg, noticing that he wasn’t all that heavy.

“Mhm, now you want me to carry that couch back to London and drag it back inside and outside when it rains?” Harry suggested and tried to ignore a few laughs from others.

Louis looked like he was almost deaf when it came to others around and Harry wondered if he was that depended after arguing for a whole day or if he was just pretending.

“It’s waterproof.” Louis stated, taking Harry’s drink as if it was his.

“What?” Harry asked, suddenly paying much more attention to this conversation.

“I don’t know, I asked what they do during rains, they said they leave it be because it’s waterproof. Go check and figure out where we can get it from.” He commanded, standing up to let Harry go before plopping into Harry’s seat.

Others looked at them strangely but didn’t say a word until Harry was not in the picture.

“So, you and Harry own the place?” James went straight forward with his question and Louis smirked, taking a sip of Harry’s drink again. He wondered if he should exchange Harry’s into his now or just drink this one and then take his too.

“We do.” Louis nodded, confirming it, glancing at their waitress with their food. They went for snacks first and Louis was happy to receive two plates in front of him.

“And… Like you rent it or…?” Logan added up into conversation and Louis smiled innocently as if it wasn’t what he was proud of to rub in their ugly faces.

“No, we like own it – it’s ours, like we have it under our names.” He shrugged as if it was not big of a deal for eighteen year olds to be having an expensive flat in rich neighbourhood.
Harry returned after him saying that with a huge grin of his face – announcing that he had the card from the place it’s from and frowned a bit when he saw Louis eating from two plates at the same time.

“What? You cried I’ve got skinnier.” Louis blinked innocently and Harry arched his brow.

“I was only thinking how to move seats to sit next to you; this has nothing to do with you eating.” Harry stated as a matter of fact and Louis blushed as he watched the seats exchange so Harry could in fact sit next to him. “By the way, I just hope it’ll add up to your ass.” Harry said simply as if talking about weather.

Louis punched him and maybe enjoyed James expression a bit too much when that asshole watched how Harry stopped him by taming his wrists and placing kisses on Louis face.

* 

It was later when Louis was already in bed (yes, he had the privilege to take shower first and he was still a bit pissed at Harry for how he had acted before) and Harry came from shower all wet and naked.

“There are four towels in the bathroom.” He stated and Louis was already smiling, knowing what will follow. “Did you really have to use all of them?” Harry exclaimed addressing to four wet towels he had encountered when he wanted to dry himself.

“Yes.” Louis replied simply and Harry just threw his briefs at him. Louis snorted, throwing them on the ground, turning on the other side so he wouldn’t be facing Harry.

So he was both surprised and delighted when soft lips touched the nape of his neck.

“I love you.” Harry murmured, few drops of water from his curls falling on Louis.

Louis dwelled at the words and turned around, clinging to Harry. That’s how much love he felt, that’s how needy he was to be close to Harry.

“Love you too.” Louis answered, breathing into Harry’s nipple, purposely turning him on.

“I am so sorry I was an asshole today.” Harry apologized, running his hands down Louis back, sometimes stopping to scratch.

As embarrassing as it was Louis went into a sleepy bliss only opening his eyes in horror when he noticed he drooled over Harry’s chest a bit.

Harry chuckled when he noticed Louis wild look and wiped it away with the back of his hand.

“Here let me lull you to sleep, you’re tired.” Harry said softly, changing position barely wincing when landing on his back.

Barely but still noticeably.

Louis frowned and blinked trying to wake himself up.

“You have bad back.” He concluded it for Harry who just shrugged at the obvious.
“They don’t have the most comfortable mattress in here.” Harry replied simply and Louis snorted because Harry slept on professionally customized for his back mattress and still sometimes his back was bad.

“Turn around and tell me where you put one of those random lotions.” Louis went all commando, standing up and going to their bag.

“In the outside pocket on the side and I didn’t see you minding when I put it on your bum.” Harry smirked but his expression changed when Louis fetched the bottle from its place. “You don’t actually have to do that.” He assured him and Louis rolled his eyes, sitting on top of Harry.

Harry didn’t complain further just actually grunted and moaned as Louis worked on his back as a pro. And he might be. He had faced his mother having so many back pains during her pregnancy he might have tried helping out a few times.

“You’re sleeping?” Louis asked like half an hour or even an hour later when his arms started to feel sore and he felt tiredness creeping into him.

“Ngh.” Harry grunted, lifting his head from the pillow and glancing at Louis. “I think I napped somewhere in between.” He slurred and Louis leaned in to kiss that path of drools.

“I hope you’re better now because I’m a bit tired.” Louis smiled gently and Harry bit his lip, nodding slightly. “Nevermind then, I can carry on.” He assured Harry and the curly head boy looked so grateful Louis didn’t found it in himself to complain.

So he carried on and he probably would have until he collapsed on top of Harry but Harry himself stopped him, telling he needed to pee and came back carrying his phone with a huge frown on his face.

“What is it?” Louis asked, trying not to be too obvious whilst massaging his biceps.

“It’s like one o’clock now.” Harry said, furrowing his brows.

“Yeah, we should go to sleep.” Louis nodded but Harry shook his head, as if it was not what he meant about it. Louis looked at him quizzically.

“I came from shower like before eleven.” He stated and Louis bit his lip. “Like it felt like fifteen minutes you’ve been doing this and it was what, more than two hours?” Harry sounded desperate and Louis sighed.

There was something so strange about Harry – the boy could literally rim Louis for hours if Louis demanded him to but he felt so guilty when Louis did something like this to him.

Harry sometimes had his jaw hurting, Louis will have his arms sore – it happens, nothing to be guilty about.

“You had sore back, Harry.” Louis shrugged, wincing a bit when his arms muscles were forced to move too.

And of course it didn’t go unnoticed by Harry, who was there in matters of seconds, wiping Louis hands into his shirt he found on the floor and looking like a sad puppy.

“I am so sorry, I had no idea.” Harry whispered, gently laying Louis down.

“Harry, seriously.” Louis looked at him threateningly, as if telling Harry to shut up.
“I can never thank you enough for being with me.” Harry suddenly said and Louis almost groaned because he was way too tired for this emotional wreck of Harry, who talked bullshit about relationships.

“You don’t have to thank me!” Louis demanded, trying to cross his arms on his chest – a bad and painful decision.

“But I do. I need to let you know how much you mean to me, no matter what issues we may have. You’re the best thing that had happened to me, you’re so beautiful.” Harry pulled Louis on top of him, hiding his own face in Louis neck, breathing him in.

“Do you need me to cuddle you?” Louis asked playfully and Harry pulled back, kissing Louis cheek, giving him a loving look, reserved for Louis only.

“I want to cuddle you and never let go.” Harry answered, pulling Louis on his chest and wrapping his arms around him tightly. “And I want to take you places this summer.” He added and Louis sighed.

“You know I usually work during summers.” Louis said as a matter of fact and it felt like Harry was freezing for a second. “I save up for my own needs this way and then I usually would go for a short trip somewhere.” Louis kept talking and Harry still sounded like he didn’t breathe. “I went to Barcelona with my cousin Zayn last year…” Louis added, trailing of because awkward pause like this made him uneasy.

“I’m not letting you work, not the jobs that doesn’t require your degree.” Harry finally stated after few seconds of silence and Louis sighed again because he knew they were going to have argument about this sooner or later. He just wished it wasn’t one in the morning when Harry was feeling like he had to give something to Louis.

“Yeah? And what do you expect me to do when I need to go grocery shopping or pay the bills or buy things for myself or you or my sisters?” Louis rambled, being aware that he was not making situation better.

“What do you mean grocery shopping or bills? Do you what? Thought of working while studying?” Harry’s voice is irritated and offended and Louis didn’t dare to look up, knowing that if he will they will end up having a really bad argument.

“Can we talk about this in the morning?” He suggested and Harry just tightened his arms around his waist.

“I thought I made it clear that we’re travelling this summer.” Harry bit harshly and demandingly and Louis made a mental note to not tell Harry about things he wanted to do.

“I don’t mind going to New York to meet your parents but we have an apartment we have to decorate and I think you’re going a bit over the top-“

“I thought we made it clear about me doing things for you and taking you places?” Harry asked still harshly but now also stubbornly and Louis used the only excuse he could think of.

“Well maybe I don’t want to go places as much as you do.” Louis sassed, telling an obvious lie. If he could he would get a gap year and would go everywhere but Harry didn’t need to know that.

“Really? You don’t want to visit Australia or China or Los Angeles? Don’t want to rey bungee jumping in Dubai or climb Machu Picchu?” Harry’s voice was mocking and Louis bit his lip because he wanted to, okay? He really wanted to but he still felt unprepared for this.
Part of his brain was still reminding him about Harry spending money on him and Louis always worked for himself and his needs and he couldn’t stop thinking about how he would hate to go to Harry and ask him to give Louis money so Louis could buy something for him.

“No.” Louis replied shortly and reached out to turn off the light, feeling like shit.

It was both because they were kind of having an argument with Harry about it now and because he couldn’t just handle that image in his head of him practically being Harry’s sugar baby or something of such kind.

*

Next morning is not as bad as both of them thought it will be.

They woke up glued to each other, Louis shuddering, somehow finding this warm weather cold and Harry tried to get him warmer by cuddling him closer, wrapping Louis in a blanket.

There were soft morning kisses, a talk about how both of them slept, Louis asking how Harry’s back, Harry feeling bad about Louis sore arms.

All in all, they were alright.

However, Louis still kept thinking how it was only a matter of time when Harry will burst.

But they still walked together into the breakfast lounge, going through breakfast options together, Louis mocking Harry’s choice of black coffee – a basic morning routine.

“What are your plans after graduation?” The question was reserved only for half of the boys, seniors of this year and Liam shrugged the first one to answer Logan’s question.

“Probably going to Leeds early, rent starts on July so I’ll try getting a job at the gym.” Harry squeezed Louis knee at the word ‘job’ during Liam’s speech and Louis sighed at the warning.

“If nothing changes I’ll go to Switzerland with my parents – as a gift for graduating.” Noah smiled and Louis gasped starting to talk before thinking first.

“This is so cool! I have always wanted to…” He stopped in the middle, realizing Harry sitting right next to him, looking at him attentively. “See Switzerland in pictures. On Google. Not to go there, of course.” He nodded, playing serious and looking at Harry. “Not to go.” He repeated and Harry hummed a smile already playing on his face.

“You know my attention span is sometimes so short, I literally couldn’t hear the words following after word wanted.” Harry smiled oh so innocently and Louis groaned because there was no escape from this.

“We talked about it.” Louis tried fighting the fight he had already lost.

“No, we argued about it. Now, do you think we should go to resort or travel on our own?” Harry wondered out loud and Louis felt so uncomfortable right now, talking about this in front of others.

“Harry…”

“I’m going for a refill.” Harry mocked him standing up and walking away, doing exact same thing
Louis did to him few days ago.

Louis officially hated him.

“Switzerland is beautiful country.” Stan smiled gently and Louis looked at him surprised and a bit shocked that he was kind of cooing Louis into agreeing on it.

“Yeah, I mean... There are a lot of beautiful places you should visit during the summer but I can already imagine Harry with his camera going all crazy for the sights.” Liam nodded supportively and Louis felt himself blushing.

Of course, Harry and he going places was not about money, it was about them doing things together and Louis was so glad to have Stan and Liam here to say these words. He felt bad for thinking about the price of travelling instead of Harry and how he would enjoy this. Now Louis was once again reminded that Harry wanted to do things with Louis by his side because they were together. They were the closest thing they had to each other, they were one anothers future.

“It is expensive though.” James added and…

Does anyone know that game were you’re marrying someone, keeping someone and killing someone?

Louis is sure it is not exactly how it goes but he’s still marrying Harry, keeping Stan and Liam and murdering this asshole James.

“So… Switzerland?” He ignores James and turns his attention to Harry, when he comes back with his so much needed refill.

The smile on Harry’s face is more than happiness and sunshine and the kiss he gives to Louis is much more than just love and passion even if it’s just a soft peck.

Needless to say they didn’t spend the remaining days with their teammates, opting to do their own exploring, maybe with some planning and pleasuring each other too.

Chapter End Notes

As always - Kudos if you haven't left yet and COMMENTS.

I reply to all new comments when I update so don't think I'm ignoring you if I take a bit long for that. You can complain if you want me to reply earlier and I will but I think this is better to keep you updated of new chapters as well.

Sbalkauskaite - My Instagram
Haroldsnottomname - Harry's fictional Instagram.
Chapter 44

Chapter Summary

Kids, arguments, sex and... panties.

Chapter Notes

Hello my dear cherished readers and sorry for taking so long....

Seriously though
Apparently, I have forgotten how difficult school is.

I have started my senior year and like WHO THE FUCK gives a history test on a first fucking day. Like literally first lesson after summer and I'm given a test. And I have TONS of homework - math, french, english, lithuanian AND history - homework for all of them.

Please tell me if you are the same, name your country and please share your school sadness with me or I'll feel that I'm alone. PLUS I feel so stupid at school. Like literally, I'm sitting in English class thinking I'm an idiot. And I have a fucking diploma in English that makes my national exam points equal to hundred... How is that possible???

Like wtf why school is making us believe we are dumb. Or are we really dumb? :////

Okay, I'm done now, happy reading, don't forget to LET ME KNOW what you think about this chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Remember that guest room in our place and how we said we’ll use it for another bed for visitors and then for kids in the future?” Harry whispered into Louis ear, the tiredness visible in his voice and Louis giggled, nodding amusingly already knowing what will come next. “We are making that room into office room, bigger closet, anything. But not a guest room, that room will never know what bed is.” Harry stated and Louis laughed.


They were currently at Louis mother’s house (apparently, it was no longer Louis’ because his room had been taken by Daisy) and Harry, after few hours of playing with kids, finally had had enough.

And Louis didn’t blame him. He never could because he himself practically moved into Harry’s house for some peace and quiet only to avoid six siblings trying to climb over his head. Well, not six, Lottie and Fizzy didn’t count – four then but they were still a handful.
Harry always mocked Louis when he said that and now it was fun to see him in the same position Louis used to be in.

It was Easter day, the day was nearing to the evening and Harry had been playing all types of games with them all day. Louis could go for ten minutes, thirty at most. And he may be a bit delighted for Harry’s behaviour towards kids. Even if Harry did give them too many candies.

“Aaarry!” A loud squeal made Harry flinch while still in Louis embrace and Louis did feel bad for him.

“Why do I see toys in the hallway?” He asked strictly and toddlers froze for a second, gaping at Louis, kind of losing all the fun in their faces.

Good, Louis thought – they had had enough of screaming today and if they wanted more they could at least look after themselves.

“You’re being mean to the kids.” Harry stated as two sets of feet paddled to the hallway.

“I see you’re volunteering to do it for them?” Louis asked and Harry froze to look at his tiny boyfriend.

“How did you grow immunity for their pouts?” Harry wondered and Louis snorted.

“I had like sixteen years of practice.”

“I can never say no to you when you pout, let alone the tiny kids, who are so cute.” Harry sighed and Louis punched him, pushing him away (it was more of trying to push but whatever).

“Tell me one more time that you prefer kids over me and we’re done.” Louis threatened and Harry laughed, opening his mouth for any type of remark.

Louis didn’t hear it because there was a crash in the hallway followed by a dead silence. He rolled his eyes at how fast Harry ran to check what happened and slowly followed him already sure that nothing bad happened because there was no screaming.

And Louis was right. Ernest and Doris somehow managed to knock down the picture on the wall and Harry was too caring, playing a nurse and crazy mom at the same time.

“On a time out you both go, if you can’t play nice.” Louis ushered them on their time out while three fucking kids whined. The worst of the three was Harry.

“Louis, why are you doing this to them, they could’ve got hurt.”

“But they didn’t.” Louis stated calmly, putting toddlers on time out and going back to fix the shattered picture's frame.

“Louis, they will hate us now, how can you be so cruel.” Harry whined not lending a hand and Louis glared at him.

“You know what, you go on a time out too, on a sofa. Now. Get out of my sight, go talk to Lottie about discipline or go to Daisy and Pho for another round of Hannah Montana.” Louis waved his hands in the air as Harry grunted unhappily before disappearing to search for the older twins.

Louis wished him luck because this curly idiot clearly had no idea how things in Tomlinson’s household were going.
“I can bet on Twix he won’t manage to stay in Hannah Montana song contest longer than fifteen minutes.” Lottie said, leaning into the doorstep.

Louis glared at her for not helping with this shattered mess but shrugged on the bet. “Half an hour at least,” He stated, trying to tone down ‘best of both worlds’ coming from the second floor. “Twenty minutes at least.” He corrected himself and Lottie snorted.

“He’s too soft with kids.” Lottie stated and Louis glared again because he had noticed it already without her help.

And he won that Twix.

*

“Louis?” Harry called from the inside the shower while Louis tried not to think that they went in separately. Taller boy made a request to shower alone so he could relax and Louis agreed, not interrupting him until now because he had to pee.

“Yeah?” Louis answered and there was a silence until Harry started to sing.

“Sometimes I’m in a jam, I’ve gotta make a plan!” Harry sang as Louis laughed.

“Shut up!” He laughed, screaming at Harry, leaving the bathroom, shutting the door with a loud dramatic bang and going down to the kitchen.

They came back from his mum’s like few hours ago and mopped around doing nothing because they were that tired.

They spent all day with them, leaving around seven, plus they had to do some packing from Louis old room of the things he didn’t agree to call not needed even if they were. Because what if he still wanted to use that three years old candle or something like this. Plus, there were some clothes he had left there too (Louis was surprised about that too).

And now Louis was hungry again. So he rummaged through the boxes full of food they brought from his mother, bringing them all upstairs to Harry’s bedroom.

By the way, he hated how far kitchen was from Harry’s bedroom. Jesus, he felt like doing a work out while going back and forth.

“I assume eating in kitchen is too basic for you now?” Harry teased walking out of the bathroom just the moment Louis bit into the sandwich, probably looking like a pig.

What? Sometimes Louis was perfectly aware of Harry’s presence and didn’t show his eating habits so profusely.

“Mhmm.” He answered swallowing the bite before talking. “It’s with that meat thing my mother did.” He told to Harry, offering a plate with sandwich. “And I went through some places on Switzerland.” He added, making Harry smile.

“Can I kiss you?” Harry asked happily and Louis scrunched his nose.
“I have a boyfriend.”

There was something so comical about the way Harry threw his head back and laughed out loud Louis blushed and dwelled in adoration towards his boyfriend.

“C’mere you little cheeky thing.” Harry giggled, pulling Louis closer, kissing his forehead. “Now, do you think we should be going to the London tomorrow or…” Harry trailed of leaving space for suggestions.

“If it’s not in the morning we can go tomorrow.” Louis shrugged, offering the remaining food for Harry.

“No thanks, you need to eat up, you got skinny.” Harry commented carrying on about talking how they should go to London tomorrow around midday but Louis was not listening.

He was stuck on that first sentence getting more and more offended by seconds. Because first of all, he ate a lot, like ate tons of food and he was a footballer so he needed to eat a lot but now when he lost that weight it didn’t come back that easily no matter what he did. And secondly, Harry was like nagging him about it for like a week and it pissed Louis off.

Like he had enough insecurities without Harry always reminding him about one more thing he didn’t like.

“You know not everyone can be fucking perfect.” Louis exclaimed interrupting Harry in the middle of planning their tomorrow thing, taking his boyfriend completely off guard.

“What?” Harry asked dumbfounded as Louis in front of him looked pissed off and really upset.

“Like every fucking hour you have to fucking remind me how I’m too skinny, like jeez thanks, dude, what do you want me to do – shove everything edible in my mouth?!” Louis kept shouting.

“Don’t call me dude, I’m your boyfriend and where is this even coming from?” Harry kept civil but Louis was raging now, he almost threw that fucking plate on bedside table glaring at Harry, feeling like he could punch him.

“Not everyone can be fucking perfect like you, okay? I’m not going around telling you how you got fucking skinny every time of the day! And you’re making it hard as it is! I am already half your size, like a fucking midget and now I am also too skinny for you, great! Why don’t you go and find someone else then!” Louis kept saying words he definitely didn’t mean until he stopped and looked at Harry.

Harry who sat there at a loss of words.

“Is this because I teased you about losing your ass? Because I was only kidding.” Harry said softly, eyeing Louis carefully.

“No, this is because I’m fucking gay and I look like I’m gay and you’re here looking like a sex on two legs and…” There were tears in Louis eyes before Louis knew it and Harry sat there mortified, pulling Louis closer but not knowing the words what to say to calm him down.

Because for Harry it was hard to comprehend what Louis was talking about, because Louis was like literally perfect. Inside and out – he was perfection and Harry couldn’t even name anyone better than Louis.

So yeah, Harry sat there, rocking Louis not saying a word and lack of comfort and maybe some praise made it even worse to Louis, who now felt embarrassed about his outburst and really
disgusting in front of Harry.

Part of him wanted to scream at Harry, demand him to tell something but the other part just was so disappointed in Louis and suddenly he became once again very aware that he could be easily replaced by someone else.

Someone better looking, prettier, not like coming to Harry for attention at all times, being fucking short, and just like… Plain. Harry needed someone that could be just as pretty as he is, someone that could earn them a term ‘power couple’ not Louis.

So they sat there, Louis in Harry’s arms, so close to each other but so far at the same time. Harry still way too confused and lost on how he should react because he literally had no idea how Louis couldn’t see himself being perfect and decided to blame it on a hard day. Whilst Louis sat there with all those dark thoughts in his head, thinking oh, so guilty about his outburst because Harry really didn’t need to hear that.

Next day is shit.

And that is not because they are arguing.

This is because Louis is not the same.

And Harry doesn’t have to be a genius to understand that something is wrong.

It’s the way Louis holds himself – like he avoids eye contact, looks down or to the side more often, doesn’t kiss Harry when coming to kitchen for breakfast and… He just isn’t his shiny self.

The conversations aren’t the same. Louis is not being the dramatic, complaining and arguing or teasing self he just seems drifted, collected and really tiny.

Harry has this need to safe him from whatever is wrong but there are too many unsaid words between them that he knows he might have screwed up last night.

They still stick to the previous plan. They pack part of Harry’s clothes, part of Louis’, some extra boxes; hardly stuff everything in Harry’s jeep and drives to London.

“I love this song.” Louis interrupted Harry’s thoughts, turning the volume up and Harry smiles because it’s Ed’s song. The one from the new album and even if Louis and him are together Harry still loves to brag about few things just to impress Louis.

He knows this is childish, thank you.

“I know Ed.” Harry states as Louis starts humming to the song.

“Everyone knows him.” Louis rolled his eyes, laughing at Harry.

“I mean I know him quite well, we haven’t met in a while but we’re actually quite good friends.” Harry smiled as Louis stared at him with his eyes popped out.

Nope, Harry bragging has nothing to do with the fact he wanted to impress his boyfriend. Not at all.

“This is still Ed Sheeran we’re talking about?” Louis motioned his hand between us and Harry
“Yep, he played at my parents gala few years ago and we talked later and I don’t know, he seemed nice so we kept hanging out.” Harry shrugged and Louis replied with ‘cool’, turning his attention somewhere else.

And Harry had no idea how but he had just made it worse because after that Louis didn’t even try talking to him and Harry like literally had no idea why. He thought maybe Louis would demand to meet Harry’s friends or he would ask more but they spent the rest of the ride in weird silence.

* 

“So…” Harry turned to Louis as they put down the boxes on the dining table, having nothing else to do but unpacking.

Normally, Harry would leave unpacking for later or the other day, bringing Louis to the bedroom but even as much as he wanted to he wasn’t sure it was appropriate.

“Do you want to unpack them tomorrow?” Louis asked and Harry shook his head because not really.

It was not like boxes won’t be here tomorrow and he was already restless from those four hours of driving. Now, he knew perfectly what could help but at the same time he felt like it was not his place to ask Louis for sex.

“Do you want to go out to eat?” Harry offered instead and for a second Louis looked conflicted, giving him a hope that he’ll object.

But Louis just shrugged and agreed, which is how they ended up rummaging through the streets of London, searching for a place Harry claimed was good.

And that is how Harry and Louis might have ended up in a restaurant, eating just as promised – a delicious food and maybe having a bit too much alcohol to drink.

Now, the second statement was kinda only valid for Louis, because Harry quite intentionally ordered alcohol for his boyfriend, playing it so smoothly that Louis didn’t notice.

Or maybe he stopped noticing after his second drink because Louis was lightweight to alcohol – he could drink much but he got drunk very easily. And Harry was thanking powers from above for this because now he had very talkative Louis, trailing by his side.

“What do you ever think about being with someone else in relationship?”

The question came as a surprise to Harry, who had his arm around Louis waist even if it was uncomfortable. “What do you mean?” Harry asked, directing them back home as Louis giggled, trying to take a wrong turn until Harry pulled him.

“I mean, how soon will you find someone better than me?”

Harry doesn’t take long to realize that this question is the ‘unsaid’ thing that was lingering between them for all day and he figures it takes drastically measures to bring Louis back to earth.

“I guess just like a year or two after you’ll find.” Harry wondered, noticing Louis confused eyes and feeling quite proud of it. “Like, obviously no one could be better than you but when you leave
me I think I could like think about letting someone in two years later. At least. Not like love someone but to be able to ask on a date or something.”

There is only a silence when Harry ends talking and Louis only response is moving Harry’s arm to his shoulders and then he clings his arm around Harry’s waist.

“Take me to bed.” Louis whispered when they were in the hallway, shoes and their light jackets off.

“Just so you know, I won’t be gentle with you.” Harry alarmed him as he kissed his boyfriend, currently pressed between his chest and the wall in their hallway.

“Wouldn’t have it any other way.” Louis reply was cheeky with a glimpse of excitement and Harry grabbed his arse roughly, a low moan escaping his throat.

“I love you so fucking much.” He grunted, his own dick twitching in excitement. He was so impatient he could literally take Louis here, standing like this. But he won’t. He won’t because he’ll make Louis feel good, crazy and he’ll make Louis beg for it.

“Love you, Harry, fuck.” Louis cursed, gripping Harry’s arms to hold onto.

“Go to the bedroom, get naked and wait for me.” Harry ordered, stepping away.

Louis was displeased just as much as he was aroused and turned on his heel padding into the bedroom, following the orders.

And not that he counted but Harry came to the bedroom five minutes away, a pretty visible box in his hands.

It was one of those they brought here with themselves that had their decorations or clothes. Louis could bet it was neither of those inside.

“Do you want to know what’s inside?” Harry asked mockingly as Louis lay there, nodding his head like crazy. “Well then,” Harry smirked motioning Louis to turn around and lie on his stomach and opening the top of the box, placing it on the bedside where Louis couldn’t see. “There are things for you, of course.” Harry cheered and Louis looked at him eyes wide because this didn’t answer his question at all.

But Harry didn’t look like he wanted to anyways.

He watched Harry pulling a blindfold from the box, the one you could use for sleep and then… Then his eyesight disappeared, making Louis rut against the blankets.

“Tsk.” Harry stopped him with a soft slap on his bum cheek. “Better tell me how do you feel, is it too much?”

“No!” Louis answer came out rushed and begging even if it was one word. “Don’t take it off, don’t.” He pleaded and jumped when Harry kissed the crook of his neck.

“Don’t worry baby, I have no intentions to do that.” Harry whispered into his ear, going down kissing his whole body.

Now, it would be very honourable for Louis to say that he didn’t come in ten minutes or at least in five… But he did.
Embarrassingly so he actually did because after bunch of kisses Harry rimmed him, sucking, licking and biting skin around his rim and when he added few fingers Louis just couldn’t. He just simply couldn’t hold it for a little longer.

“Did I give you my permission to cum?” Harry asked strictly. Louis wanted to look at him with surprise because this was the same Harry that said he threw Louis’ cock ring like a week ago. “Did I?” Harry asked again, now his hands stroking Louis bum quite dangerously.

“No.” Louis replied shuddering under his breath.

Everything was so different for him now, when he couldn’t see Harry moving.

Like now, when suddenly without any alarming Louis was roughly pulled by his ankles and kind of thrown over something that left him in the air but also balancing over something.

It didn’t take him long to figure out that it was Harry’s thighs and Louis shuddered, knowing what it promised.

“Do you know what’s to come?” Harry’s question only confirmed Louis what was going on and he moaned in need, nodding his head, getting himself a sloppy, not even sensational smack. “Words, baby.”

“Yes! Yes, Harry please.” Louis begged, slightly rolling his hips.

“Please what? Tell me my little bunny; you want me to slap your lovely arse?” Louis sobbed at the nickname words yes and please being said by him constantly. “How many?” Harry finally asked when Louis breathing started hitching.

“A lot, a lot.” Louis kept mumbling and whining and Harry slapped him hard just to shut him up.

Harry’s hand was tingling after the rough slap but he guessed that Louis arse was tingling too so he repeated the action until Louis calmed down to be only moaning and slightly moving his hips.

Now, Harry usually would try to stop him but he didn’t want to overwhelm Louis either – his boy was already blindfolded so he figured it’ll be enough for a while.

So he kept going, opting for twenty slaps, which turned into thirty just to get Louis properly hard. And when Harry did he removed the mask from Louis eyes, letting a boy adjust to the room light as he shuffled through the box, getting the special panties, lube, few other things he thought of using.

Louis eyes popped out at the sight of panties and the boy blushed and paled – even if Harry wasn’t sure it was possible.

“Will you wear them for me baby?” Harry asked kneeling in front of Louis, letting him touch the panties.

“Yes.” Louis hesitated before answering but there was no uncertainty in his voice.

“Put them on then.” Harry encouraged giving them to Louis. “Let me see, how you do it.” He added and he would be damned if he didn’t find Louis putting the panties on to cover his plump ass sexy.

It was like the most beautiful sight for Harry’s eyes. The perfection of a boyfriend, the only thing he could hope and ask in life was already his.
“I… They’re…” Louis was clearly unsure of what it was but he tried looking over his shoulder and Harry knew exactly why.

There was something special about these panties and Louis must be feeling it now.

“Turn around, hands on the bed, legs on the ground, ass in the air.” Harry ordered standing up to look at the view behind him.

He snapped a picture before he could come only looking at Louis like this like a horny teenager he actually was.

Louis didn’t need to be told to look at the screen because already was standing up and glancing at the picture. Harry figured curiosity was killing him so he let Louis look, enjoying that tiny gasp while Louis observed his back on Harry’s phone screen.

They were crotchless. The panties. They were actually crotchless and Louis had his arsehole exposed to the world, kind of ready for Harry.

“Do you like what I’ve got you baby?” Harry asked cheekily, his pride growing as Louis nodded eagerly, looking at Harry from head to toes. “This will let me fuck you even when you are wearing these.” Harry smiled and Louis reached for Harry’s lips.

“Please do.” Louis whispered when he pulled away, lips wet and puffy, as if asking for Harry to kiss him again.

And Harry did.

They ended up snogging for embarrassingly long time and Harry was way too proud of himself that he managed not to come and Louis mumbled something about him coming if they won’t stop so they ended up back in that position, Louis hands on the bed, legs on the ground, ass in the air.

Harry tried looking at the window in front of him rather than at the view because he would be cursed if he didn’t fuck Louis until the boy couldn’t properly walk.

They were so lucky to have this perfect height bed that left Louis quite comfortable standing with his legs spread while Harry was positioning himself.

“Tell me if it’s too much.” Harry asked before entering Louis with his lubed cock.

Now, even if Louis was fingered and split open fifteen minutes ago he was still tight especially now when his panties pushed his cheeks to be quite close to each other and Harry groaned, not letting Louis adjust properly until starting to pound.

The moans and whines filled the room, Louis almost falling to his knees in like five minutes of relentless pounding. Harry then wrapped Louis legs around his waist from backward, holding his waist as the boy was gripping the corner of their bed, grunting at every hit on his prostate.

“You’re mine.” Harry grunted after few extremely rough strokes hits and Louis moaned.

“Yes, yes.” He kept moaning the word as trying to somewhat nod which was a bit comical for Harry to see.

There was no doubt Louis was still a bit tipsy for those drinks because he didn’t even try to hide his arousal or need and instead kept telling Harry how good he made him feel.

“Never,” Harry started, holding Louis hips and practically pushing Louis on his dick. He could
tell he was pressing his prostate roughly by the whole squirming and moaning of Louis. “Never
dare to doubt my love for you.” Harry said it threateningly low voice and Louis actually screamed,
his thighs starting to tremble.

Harry then removed one of his hands from Louis hips, wrapping one around his boyfriend’s cock
and squeezed it.

The scream from Louis was full of frustration as he was stopped from reaching the orgasm he was
practically having. “Do you understand?” Harry asked as Louis sobbed under him.

“Please, please I do, I do, I swear I do, please, please.” Louis was a mess under him and Harry
smirked before removing his fist, giving few final pounds that made Louis body move frantically.

Finally, they both came, Louis arms giving up holding him so the boy fell on the mattress, the
blankets covering his screams while Harry tried his best not let go of Louis as it was getting really
hard now that his whole attention was definitely somewhere else.

Five minutes passed in post-sex bliss as they didn’t even move until Harry tried to change
position, his legs and arms aching.

“Don’t move yet.” Louis whimpered stopping him dead in his tracks and even if feeling a lot of
discomfort he didn’t dare to move for five more minutes until Louis mumbled he could.

“Will you be fine if I plug you?” Harry asked while gently holding Louis legs in the air not
knowing of his boyfriend would be able to move if he put him down.

“Yeah.” Came from Louis, his voice sounding groggy and low.

Harry sighed reaching out for the box and getting a plug he had washed before. He tried being
very gentle with Louis as he put it in but even then his boyfriend shuddered and whined, making
Harry flinch.

“You sure you’re okay?” Harry asked again when the plug was midway in. He knew this was
probably not the best way to put it in but he really didn’t want to just push it in roughly.

“Mhm.” Louis hummed and Harry sighed before pushing it in.

And when he did Louis back arched and he cried out so much Harry felt not drowsy or sleepy but
like full of energy and attention.

“What’s wrong?” He asked rushingly while thinking of pulling it out.

“Nothing, nothing, sore.” Louis said gently and Harry sighed, his hands practically shaking in fear
of hurting Louis in any kind of way.

“Tell me if there’s something wrong, okay?” Harry asked feeling extremely weird that they had a
soft conversation while still in this sex pose they used. “And can I turn you over?” He asked,
smiling at Louis lazy hum.

After getting a green light for it he gently turned Louis over, lying him down on bed, kissing his
cheek before going for a wet cloth to wash them.

“Love you.” Louis whispered as Harry worked and Harry gave him a kiss before plopping
himself next to Louis with a sweater in his hands.

“Do you want to put this on?”
Louis scrunched his nose and didn’t open his eyes as he mumbled something under his breath. It was too hard for Harry to understand but judging by how Louis didn’t waste time to open his eyes Harry figured to let him sleep and not nudge him anymore.

It took him only a few seconds to fall asleep next to Louis, Harry’s large paw on Louis stomach, warm sweater between them.

* 

Harry opened his eyes, glancing to his right to see Louis peacefully sleeping but now with a sweater on.

Almost strange how his first reaction after opening his eyes was to glance at Louis next to him but at the same time Harry loved how they have become – so close and dependant on each other.

Slowly, not to disturb Louis, he rolled over to glance at his mobile phone, staring in surprise how it said that it was already few minutes after eight in the morning.

Quite late for Harry to wake up and especially when he woke up only to release himself as he felt being in a big need of visiting the loo.

Once again slowly not to wake Louis up he went into their wardrobe and turned to the bathroom – it was the tiny disadvantage in Harry’s opinion. That they had to go through dressing room to get into the bathroom but at the same time it was actually not that bad.

“What…” Harry stopped dead in his tracks eyeing the plug resting on the shelf above the sink.

He was pretty sure this was the same plug he used last night and he took it into his hands to take a closer look and indeed – this was one hundred percent the same butt plug he used to plug Louis.

Quickly weeing he walked back into the bedroom, glancing at Louis, who was lazily blinking, probably having woken up few seconds ago.

Harry wondered if he was angry for what Harry did last night.

Because even Harry had to admit that getting your boyfriend drunk or even tipsy was not like the nicest move you could pull. But at the same time look how well it turned out to work for him.

“Morning.” He greeted Louis, when the boy rolled over to look at Harry’s phone, probably also checking the time.

Louis reply was a low groan, followed by him rolling back into his place, ass covered with those panties peeking out of under the covers.

Harry smiled at the pleasant view and walked back to their bed, lying back down. It didn’t take long for Louis to turn to face Harry and plop himself on Harry’s stomach.

“Did you make me food?” Louis asked grumpily, his eyes closed and Harry laughed softly, starting to stroke Louis soft hair that was now becoming a bit greasy. He wondered if they could take a long calming shower together.
“Actually I’ve just woken up.” Harry replied his hands travelling down Louis body just to feel that soft panties material against his fingertips.

There was something essentially perfect how that naked area around Louis pressed butt cheeks not covered in panties felt.

“Mmm I think we went to bed late.” Louis stated, stretching himself, looking like a kitten, especially with that cute yawning.

“Yeah, uhm why did you took the plug out?” Harry asked while Louis was still doing his awakening thing that made him look like having weird strokes and like a cute kitten at the same time.

“I had to… Evacuate other things through my bumhole.” Louis blinked calmly and Harry laughed wrapping his hands around his tiny precious boyfriend.

“You mean pooping?” Harry chuckled, watching fondly how Louis scrunched his nose.

“You’re ruining my attempts to appear sexy.” Louis pouted and Harry couldn’t disagree more.

Because any state of Louis was cute and sexy.

“Being sexy is a constant condition of yours.” Harry stated and Louis obviously blushed while trying pretending he did not by rolling his eyes.

“By the way, I want you to know that it’s your fault I got drunk tonight.” Louis said trying to be serious but looking way too cute and kissable for Harry to actually argue about something that Louis was kind of right.

“Do you think we could once again leave those boxes for later and order something for breakfast?” Harry asked when he withdrew from the kiss, ignoring Louis complaints about morning breath.

“Yes.” Louis reply was immediate. “And we stay in bed all day being cuddly and doing nothing.”

“We’ll get restless.” Harry argued because he could already feel himself getting giddy because of not getting his morning routine done.

“Hmm… I know one physical activity that could actually help you with that.” Louis nodded his head seriously and Harry flirted by asking if Louis could share his marvellous experience with himself.

It took only seconds for Harry to get his hard-on as Louis sat in Harry’s lap, facing him – perfect position for Louis to ride him.

And that is how they ended up with plenty of breakfast sandwiches, pastries and drinks in bed, Louis slowly riding Harry or Harry slowly but firmly pounding into Louis while Louis laid there whimpering, curled into Harry’s chest, those damned panties on.

They were definitely getting more of these panties. Various colours and materials for Harry to fuck Louis in all of them.
Please don't forget to leave Kudos if you think I'm worthy and COMMENTS are highly appreciated.

INSTAGRAMS:
Mine - sbalkauskaite
Harry's - Haroldsnottomname
Hello loves and
ANNOUNCEMENT
Due to school and social life I will be updating one a week on weekends and most probably Sundays. If somth changes (I update sooner or later) I'll post about it on Harry's and mine Instagrams.
SORRY :(

Now if anyone is like thinking how I am doing I AM FUCKING STRESSED so sorry for taking so long but school is a lot and I have other extra curriculum things and universities applications and just... Yeah...

This is a bit rushed but I promise that chapter was not written in any rush and I tried my best to edit it thoroughly.

By the time Easter holidays were over both Louis and Harry were pretty proud of themselves.

They actually managed to unpack those boxes and during that week they spent at home they welcomed more than few furniture for their new place.

Various decorations, shelves, electronic devices were finally delivered and put in places – the only problem was the lack of, as Harry said, spirit.

And even if Louis mocked Harry for this rather stupid term, he was walking in the school hallways with a tablet in his hands trying to choose a rug for their living room, which he claimed he would have never even looked at if not Harry.

By the way, Louis is not changing his opinion. Ever. It is still Harry’s fault that Louis right now was actually debating between two extremely expensive rugs that might cost more than his whole wardrobe or something like this.

But at the same time it was actually fun. Getting things for their ‘love nest’ (this is again Harry’s word, Louis does not enjoy calling their place like this) and creating their own place for themselves was something special.

It was future planning together. It was having a future together.

You know what could make it even better?

Stress-free and school-free life with no fucking tests, exams and final matches crushing Louis mental health.

And Louis made sure Harry knew that too.

“I am quitting on going to university.” Louis mumbled, plopping into his seat next to Harry, earning a lot of curious looks.
“Sure,” Harry said glancing at the tablet Louis carried around while also putting their lunch on the table. “Have you chosen yet?”

Harry sounded very unaffected by Louis announcement and Louis groaned, leaning into Harry so he would look more serious and maybe more desperate.

“I am serious, Harold!” Louis complained for the lack of attention as Harry still rather worked on getting their weird ass bagels out of the paper bag rather than looking at Louis. “I’ll be that bitchy house husband and you’ll be my sugar daddy and that is how this will work from now on.” Louis stated and Harry just licked his finger covered in scream cheese, clearly trying not to smile.

And Harry was obviously failing at his trying not to smile as Louis saw it and punched him.

“Owh! Was that really necessary?” Harry complained rubbing his bicep and Louis frowned.

“Yes it was!” Louis whined looking at others around the table, playing pissed off. Surprisingly there were only few of them paying attention to them.

Was it even necessary to say that James was one of those?

“I’ll accept you as any type of husband as long as you agree to marry me.” Harry flirted, bringing Louis closer for a kiss that Louis ditched by turning his head.

It turned out into a fight of Louis hiding and pressing his lips together while Harry quite stubbornly tried to kiss him.

They ended up with Louis actually trapped in Harry’s arms having no other choice as to accept the kiss if he wanted to be let go off.

“It’s settled then, I’m not going to the Uni and you’ll feed me for the rest of my life.” Louis nodded and maybe blushed a bit when he realized that after their small fight even some other tables were looking at them.

“Let’s start now then.” Harry laughed, giving Louis his part of lunch. “And choose that damned rug or we will go with the one I wanted.”

“No, I’m choosing and you’re paying that’s the whole concept of you being my sugar-”

“Please don’t call me daddy; it’ll be awkward when I have kids.”

“I’ll be the daddy.”

“Choose the rug!”

*

Okay, so Louis did find the rug.

And it took him all his breaks and how he was feeling like he had to be awarded.

He was!

No one can prove him otherwise and that is why Harry is looking at him a bit uncertain even
though Louis left no place for debate.

“If you think I’m kidding you don’t know me as well as you thought.” Louis stated crossing his arms and Harry just pressed his lips.

Louis could see he wanted to say no to him.

That he really wanted to say that he will blow or rim Louis later, after their practices, when they are not having their teammates showing up in around ten minutes.

But Louis also knew he won’t because Harry was not stupid nor up for the argument and Louis was already hard.

So he might have not been treated very gently when Harry practically dragged him through the locker room to the door they both had key of – it was were all the equipment was held and without much words Harry locked the door from inside, pulling Louis joggers down, sinking to his knees.

“Good boy.” Louis praised giggling cutely as Harry glared at him.

“Hands on the shelf and don’t move.”

“It’ll take longer if you won’t let me touch your hair.” Louis noticed and Harry sighed.

“Fine, stay silent then.” Harry murmured and Louis knew Harry was aching to add that he was disappointed by the position they were in now.

Louis wouldn’t have agreed on that.

Especially not when Harry’s mouth covered his cock and he shuddered at the pleasant feeling, sending shivers down his spine.

*

There was no doubt what both captains were doing in equipment room as they almost fell through the door looking rather messy, claiming they went inside to pick the balls for the training.

As if that’s how you explain why you were locked into the room, being ten minutes late for practice with no balls unless your own.

There was also Harry with his very obvious hard on if someone dared to doubt what they were doing in there.

“You’re fucking unbelievable!” Stan exclaimed walking away with a bit disgusted expression on his face as Harry just smiled and pulled Louis closer to press kiss on his forehead.

“Sorry guys, it takes a little bit long for Harold to wake the Styles.” Louis smiled cheekily at the same time, blaming himself that he couldn’t get Harry off.

“I do not need to know that!” Stan replied from the other side of the hall.

“If you’re late you can walk by yourself to that restaurant where we are meeting Lottie, Tomlinson.” Harry replied playfully, before starting to walk away.
Louis watched until whole bunch of abnormally tall basketball players walked away before turning to his own teammates.

“Alright guys, let’s go.” Louis motioned his hands, rushing them all to move. After all they had one week to prepare for their final game. “And James, take the balls.” Louis added looking at James over his shoulder, pretending not to notice that annoying glare James had on his face.

* 

Now, Louis did not turn back late. The practice was bound to end between six and half past six but Liam appeared just a bit after five calling Louis back in, scaring the living shit out of Louis as he came there with blood all over his shirt.

And Louis didn’t even bother to ask what happened. Liam’s face was enough for him to turn around and run back to the changing room where Harry sat on one of the benches, clutching a wet cloth, pressing it into his nose.

“Jesus fucking Christ.” Louis cursed, walking closer to Harry, who looked at Liam angrily. “Stop with the glaring Styles,” Louis scoffed one hand immediately in Harry’s curls as the other held the cloth gently against the nose. “What the hell happened?” He turned his attention to Liam.

“He fell and when he got up he was like a bit wobbly and then the nose it just started to fucking bleed and—”

“Okay, alright, calm down.” Louis interrupted Liam, who was talking rushingly and frantically, motioning with his hands, looking like he was really close to crying.

“’m fin.” Harry gurgled from under the cloth and Louis shut him up with one glare.

“How hard did he hit his head?” Louis asked, snapping his fingers in front of Harry’s eyes, registering how dizzily Harry reacted to it.

It didn’t look good.

“Pretty hard I think, I don’t know, I wasn’t looking but like I don’t know, I think hard.” Liam’s voice was trembling; other guys didn’t look any better. There were only three of them – Liam, Luke and Matthew, Louis figured others stayed there or went home.

“Okay, Liam, take a seat and calm down.” Louis ordered, looking back at Harry. “Do you feel nauseous love?” He asked gently as Harry closed his eyes and lifted his chin.

The bleeding was slowing down or at least it looked like it did but Louis could already tell that Harry was not feeling very well. He was pale – paler than Louis could consider normal and he already had few signs of concussion.

“Yea.” Harry’s response was short and Louis bit his lip before making final decision.

“Okay, Luke go talk to my coach and tell him I’m driving Harry to emergency department and Mat please do inform your coach about it, he can call to Harry’s phone if he wants to, I’ll pick it up.” Louis ordered, gathering their clothes into the sport bags and throwing his own over his shoulder.
“Do I go with you?” Liam asked unsure and Louis wondered a few seconds, thinking that it was better to have some help.

Because Louis was currently having a bit of adrenalin rush but he might need Liam later on.

“Yes, take yours and Harry’s bags.” Louis ordered fetching car keys from Harry’s jeans pocket. “Alright love, now I need you to stand up, c’mon H.” Louis talked Harry through it and huffed under the whole weight of Harry after the curly one was leaning onto him.

He only wondered for a second if he was fit enough to drive before he hopped into the driver’s seat, immediately calling his mother to ask if she could meet them there.

They were almost at the hospital when the whole thing hit Louis and he realized that he had his boyfriend next to him, bleeding and probably having a serious case of concussion while Louis was driving and Louis hadn’t driven a car in like half a year or even longer.

So it was a perfect decision to have Liam follow him with his own car as there was help to lead Harry into the hospital where Louis mother was already waiting.

“Thank god you’re working today.” Louis stated as he helped Harry sit down.

“Hello.” Harry greeted Jay, probably not realizing it was actually Louis mother.

Louis felt like puking.

“Alright, Lou, do you mind waiting here while we go through things?” Jay asked gently, looking at both Louis and Liam.

Louis sighed and nodded. “Please be quick.”

Was all Louis had asked before turning away and going into the waiting room.

*

It took them about two hours to run all the tests and to say that Louis was fidgeting while waiting would be an understatement.

He was pacing, biting his nails, cursing, he even tried blaming Liam for that by causing quite a scene in the waiting room until one of his mother colleagues came and calmed him down by threatening to ask him leave.

Then Louis decided to keep himself busy by calling Lottie to inform her of rescheduling their double date dinner (they developed this pattern of having double date dinner at least once in a week like one month ago and somehow it turned to be working out pretty decently, unless Louis and Harry were out of town).

And then he finally did the inevitable. Or maybe evitable but he called Harry’s mother.

Now, they hadn’t talked much ever since that silent argument they all had. Well, Gemma visited them twice since then and Harry’s parents came once while they were staying in London but it was such a quick visit, more of a formality than actual come-together.

Louis might be to blame here. Not fully but he had his reasons to avoid them now. He wasn’t sure what they said to Harry but it had consequences Louis was angry about, even if it was himself
being a rebellious teenager.

Plus, Harry assured him that it was normal communication for him with his parents. Talking and skyping quite often but seeing them pretty rarely.

However, Louis still thought it was proper to inform them that their son got hurt. Even if it’s a fake emergency.

“Hello?” Anne picked up after a few rings and Louis breathed before sucking up to talk.

“Hey Anne.” He greeted her, smiling to himself. Bumpy relationship or not it was still good to hear her.

“Louis? Hi! How are you?” She chirped and Louis felt better just hearing that happy tone of her voice that Harry carried around too.

“Yeah, good, yeah, uhm…” Louis trailed off, biting his lip and looking around room for answers. His eyes stopped at Liam and for a second he wondered if he could pass the call.

“Did something happen?” Anne’s voice was now concerned.

Louis sighed before starting to talk. It was not like he had a way out now when she figured something was up.

“Yeah, nothing like seriously bad but Harry fell during his practice? You know, two left feet and all that. I brought him to hospital because he looked like he had concussion. They are running some tests and I couldn’t go as I’m not family. But yeah… Like nothing major but I just thought you’d appreciate to like… Be informed.” Louis trailed off, scowling at the awkward end of the sentence.

There was a silent for a couple of seconds and then Anne whispered ‘oh my’ and Louis felt the need to soften the situation so he kept his rambling.

“Like seriously nothing to be worried of.” He lied, glancing at Liam’s bloody outfit. “I’m sure he’ll be fine in few days and will probably kill me for making it into the big scene and calling for fake emergency.” Louis laughed in a way unfamiliar even for himself.

By the way Anne sounded when she spoke it didn’t look like she noticed.

“Jesus, well… Like we can be there by the morning.” She suggested and Louis rolled his eyes. Not like to be rude or something but when their final game were coming he really didn’t need for them to come here. Especially not if Harry was going to be unwell.

“No need, really.” Louis stated gently. “I promise to take good care of him.” He added jokingly while being dead serious.

“You do live with him by now, don’t you?” Anne asked and Louis could see her, lifting an eyebrow and smirking into his face. “I know he loves
you and I know that I can trust you with him.”

“You know he’s not a child, right? He’s making me breakfast and lunch every day so…” Louis joked and Anne giggled again.

“He does but that’s how he is.” Louis smiled and nodded even if Anne couldn’t see him.

That indeed was how Harry was like. Harry always had this huge need to care about others. And it grew to the whole new level with Louis. Even Louis himself noticed that.

“Yeah… So…” Louis trailed off not sure what else to tell.

“So text me the moment you know test results, ask him to put on the family list and just… Stay safe? And call me if you need anything.” Louis nodded after each command and was smiling softly by the time he ended the conversation.

But it didn’t last long as his mother walked in few seconds later.

“How is he?” Louis jumped on his feet from the armchair he just took seat in.

“You smell and you’re dirty.” His mother scrunched her nose and Louis rolled his eyes, crossing his arms on his chest. “Okay okay,” She giggled, opening Harry’s file. “He’s fine. We ran few tests and it’s a concussion but not the worst case scenario. No risk at the moment but just be careful when you go back.”

“Be careful how?” Louis asked, glancing at the file, seeing that he couldn’t understand a thing.

“Like no TV, no reading, no cellphone, no music. Let him rest a lot, no physical activities and like if the symptoms persist immediately go back.” She stopped to look at Louis with her face in that serious mother expression he knew so well.

“What is it?” Louis asked, knowing that it had to be something she didn’t say yet.

“He won’t be able to play, will he?” Liam asked instead of him and Jay just bit her lip before shaking her head gently.

Louis felt his blood stopping to rush for a second and then starting circulating at crazy speed making him dizzy. “Jesus fucking…” He cursed, rubbing eyes with the palms of his hands.

How the fuck was he supposed to tell Harry that he won’t be able to play his last game? His last game ever, the ones Harry was like dreaming winning as his last ones.

“We recommend from seven to ten days and the game is on Saturday which is five days from today or six at most so… It’s his choice but…” Louis motioned her to stop talking.

He knew what the word ‘but’ meant. No practicing, no moving, no nothing. Louis was going to be doing a great job helping Harry to go through with this while using no sexual intercourse for a week.

“Alright, can I take him home?” Louis finally asked feeling too down to listen for anything else.

“Yes. Use Tylenol if he has headache and avoid medicines that increase risk of bleeding like ibuprofen or aspirin.” Louis nodded obediently before asking to see Harry and saying goodbye to Liam.

It was going to be a long ass evening and it looked like the few upcoming days weren’t going to
be much better.

Fucking yay.

*

“Hey…” Louis entered the room were Harry was lying with his eyes closed.

Harry opened his eyes and they connected for a brief second before Harry looked away.

“They didn’t tell me anything.” He mumbled and Louis smiled softly while leaning to kiss Harry’s salty forehead.

Maybe leaving after practice wasn’t such good idea as they were reeking now.

“They told me everything and what you need to know now is that you must rest and sleep it off.” Louis smiled cheerily his fingers playing with Harry’s curls.

“You can’t lie to me, I see you through.” Harry stated, looking at Louis seriously, making him gulp.

Of course Louis lied; this was not what Harry needed to know. Harry needed to know he might not be able to play in his final game but Louis was not going to do it now. Not when his task was to keep Harry calm and stable.

“Let me take you back to yours and then we can talk. After shower.” Louis joked and then sighed with Harry didn’t smile.

This was going to be a difficult.

Car ride only proved that.

At first Harry caused quite a scene when Louis forbid him from driving and it might be the emotions after the accident and the consequence of being tired but Louis was beyond surprised to find Harry grumbling how Louis had no right to drive his car while Harry was perfectly capable to do that.

Finally Louis managed to shut him up by reminding Harry that it’s better not to say things he might regret later.

Harry spent the whole ride not talking to him and looking through the window, only murmuring some complaints while Louis stopped at the McDonald’s to get them dinner.

However, to Louis surprise he let him join in the shower and Louis might be developing a care taker instinct or something but he had to like wash Harry’s hair and body, then wrap him in the towel and dry him.

“You know this is supposed to be vice versa?” Harry smiled while Louis was applying his cream on his face.

“Shut up and let me take care of you.” Louis pinched Harry playfully, noticing how Harry was yawning more and more.
He sped up after that and pushed them back to the bedroom, ordering Harry to lie down.

“Are we eating here?” Harry asked, covering himself with a blanket.

And Louis hummed positively while jumping into his pyjamas.

“Only if you want to,” Louis smiled softly. “We can skip dinner if you want to sleep.” He offered and Harry nodded, closing his eyes and cuddling into the pillow.

It was a perfect sign for Louis to come into bed with Harry and cuddle his curly boyfriend.

And with that Louis was more than right because the moment he laid down Harry wrapped his ridiculously tall lanky body around Louis, placing his head on Louis chest – a perfect position for Louis to pet Harry’s hair.

“They won’t let me play will they?” Harry’s question came out almost as a whisper and if Louis would be not paying attention he wouldn’t have heard it.

“48 hours bed rest and from 7 to 10 days off.” Louis replied gently, massaging Harry’s scalp, hoping this would do the comforting part.

It did. Even if Harry didn’t say this out loud to Louis he felt thankful he hadn’t gone through this alone.

“It’s my last game.” Harry whispered and Louis just sighed feeling so bad while telling him that it didn’t change anything.

“Let’s see how you feel in Friday, yeah?” Louis offered.

Hope dies last, right? Louis figured that the least he could do right now was to make Harry to at least hope to participate in there.

“We were perfecting some exchanges that should’ve helped us. You know, a few changes and like how can I go and play there on Saturday if I haven’t learnt how to do things with others and…” There was a large intake of breath and Louis arms travelled to Harry’s waist, clutching him closer.

“Love, please don’t cry. Everything will be alright. C’mon, I promise you.” Louis whispered to Harry’s ear while tried to figure if telling Harry not to cry because of the head pressure was a right thing to say when comforting him.

He figured that probably not and let Harry clutch him close while sobbing into his shirt.

“C’mon there are some things you can’t always change, love.” Louis talked while Harry cried. It broke Louis heart to see that. “You have gone so far during this season, no one expected you to go be fighting for silver and gold and you will and this is not winning because you already are.”

“But not for the gold.” Harry whined his body trembling from the hiccups, making Louis press their bodies closer as if shielding Harry from all the negativity.

“You already had gold, you know the feeling. This is your last game – I understand, it’s hard not being able to be in there but we can figure it out. We can let you go for like ten minutes in the end or in the beginning to make it symbolic and make you be there too.” Louis offered, scowling at his own idea.

Not because it was bad idea but it was a bit risky. And at the same time it was better than nothing.
and it helped to calm Harry down. At least to the level where he wasn’t hysterically crying.

“I feel like a failure.” Harry spoke after a short silence break, continuing before Louis could say otherwise. “I mean what idiot does fall on the flat surface and get concussion out of it.”

“Stop it, we both know this could have happened to anyone. Remember how gross I’ve felt after puking my guts out?” Louis reminded Harry of that time he got that ball kicked in his stomach.

From what Louis heard that guy was banned from the team and got his nose broken. Then he was attacked again and Louis even since this day and probably future days was hoping that the attack had nothing to do with Harry skipping school once without telling Louis about it.

“That was not your fault.” Harry argued and Louis smiled softly.

“I know it’s not. But it applies to you too.”

“But at least you didn’t cry like a baby and this is not only about the games. Just that everything I do go shit sooner or later.” Harry sniffed and Louis froze for a second.

“What do you mean?”

Harry didn’t apply for a while and Louis repeated the question again only to face a wall Harry had built up.

“Nothing, it doesn’t matter, let’s sleep.” Harry said simply as if he hadn’t just said he was feeling like shit.

Louis tried to make him open his mouth for a few times but Harry was determined to pretend like he was sleeping.

And that’s how they went to bed, tired, unhappy and sad, Harry feeling the way Louis wasn’t sure about and Louis closing his eyes with the hope that tomorrow will be easier.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and COMMENTS (they are highly appreciated)

INSTAGRAMS
Mine: sbalkauskaite
Harry’s: Haroldsnottmname

I DO REPLY TO INSTAGRAMS
Chapter 46

Chapter Summary

Talk talk talk talk talk

Chapter Notes

Hello my fellow readers and thank you all for sticking up with me even when I update so rarely... (which I am so so sorry about but I am physically not able to update more often).

Another week at school was difficult (AGAIN) I've developed migraine which is better now but still... I'm dreading for this week to start.
Really do hope you're handling it better than me though! Let me know how you're doing <3

And I just hope you enjoy this chapter! <3

P.s. I might be replying to some comments in a few days, sorry but I don't have time for it now... My heart breaks to say that, I am really really sorry <3

For the first two days – Tuesday and Wednesday Louis stayed at home with Harry only driving to school to his practices, gathering his and Harry’s homework and then going back.

That’s probably the only highlight on the situation – Louis getting to drive and practice his shitty driving skills with no Harry to see how actually out of his element he was.

But everything beyond that was just as difficult as Louis had predicted.

If he had any hope that after the emotional breakdown Harry had that evening after hospital next morning they will talk it out and will be fine again then Louis was highly mistaken.

The only thing that happened was Harry waking up to do his gym routine and Louis actually jumping from bed at five in the morning to stop him.

Stubborn is too soft word to describe Harry’s behaviour when he was forced to lie back down and not do anything.

Harry said no and Louis had to actually raise his voice and shout at the top of his lungs to get Harry to listen.

That’s basically how they ended up on the bed, not talking to each other while Harry pretended to be reading his book or scrolling through his phone.

Louis tried to bring it up – the topic about their issues but was turned off by Harry announcing he
was going to the toilet and coming back one hour later.

And of course not being able to have sex wasn’t helping the situation either.

If anything it just worsened it because Louis got that aching feeling, which said to him that he’s not enough, back and there was something on Harry’s mind too.

“Hey, I brought back your math homework and sushi?” Louis cheered as he walked into the kitchen where Harry was sitting and sipping tea or coffee from his cup. Usually Louis would claim this cup as his own and drink from it anything Harry had prepared for himself but not now.

“There’s no need to pretend you like coming here.” Harry stated, commenting on Louis cheeriness and seriously, it was like dealing with a teenager. Fizzy was like fourteen years old was and it was easier to deal with her than Harry.

“You know being grumpy doesn’t make you look sexy.” Louis winked teasingly and Harry frowned.

“Yeah well, does it make a change? Sexy or not – it’s not like you are going to let me touch you anyways.” Harry sounded sarcastic and Louis decided to ignore that part while preparing himself a cuppa.

“So, do you want to eat here or upstairs?” He asked, turning back to face Harry, who was sitting there staring at the sushi boxes in front of him instead of snapping pictures for his damned Instagram.

“Not hungry.” Harry stated, standing up and Louis almost growled while putting his cup on the table.

It made a loud, echoing sound and Harry flinched clearly surprised.

“Sit down.” Louis ordered his voice slightly trembling.

It was not like he was used to talking to Harry this way. It was the other way around. It was Harry telling Louis to sit down and talk it all out. Harry knew what to say, how to act. Louis was not good at this.

“What? There’s something more you want to say?” Harry asked his voice slightly rising. “What? You can make it all better, huh? Because it’s all shit – I can’t play my last game and I fucked up and you are here playing some kind of a fairy godmother, like you can fix this with your fucking box of sushi!” Harry ended up his tirade his voice much louder.

Louis stared at him definitely hurt and did anyone know that when Harry’s angry his voice gets really deep and intimidating?

“Yeah, well sorry for trying to help.” Louis argued, crossing his arms.

Angry Harry or not, he will not let him blame Louis for whatever he didn’t like.

“Because that’s an amazing job you’re doing babe!” Harry bit off sounding sarcastic and radiating anger if that was possible.

It probably was because now Louis was furious too.

“Well definitely better than yours as this is not me who fucked up and not me that’s acting like a fucking asshole!” Louis argued back. “If you think it’s all daisies for me than you’re mistaken
because I know something is wrong but you are being too much of a prick to tell me something!”

Harry stood there silent, probably registering Louis words, realizing Louis was actually right.

“I don’t want to study architecture.” Harry stated, acting as if that’s the worst thing in the world. “But at the same time I have no idea what I want.” Harry carried on, sulking back into the chair. “Like I thought architecture could be quite cool but I am not a painter, I hate the AutoCAD course at school.”

“I’m pretty sure university would let you switch.” Louis offered and Harry sighed, burying his face into his palms.

When he looked back up at Louis it was pretty obvious that these past days had been hard for him. Not that Louis hadn’t noticed it before but Harry’s eyes were bloodshot and he had dark bags under it.

“Switch to what? Louis, not everyone is like fucking genius mathematician that can walk around and clap his hands while cheering on math.” Even if that wasn’t supposed to hurt it did. Not much but still not the most pleasant thing to hear. “What can I possibly be? What can someone like me study?”

There was zero truth in Harry’s words and Louis wondered if Harry realized he was being dramatic. According to this all frustration he was expressing probably not.

He probably felt like Louis did sometimes. Feeling less than others thought of him, always getting those feelings without knowing where they are coming from.

“Well, let’s start with journalism or communication and media – you would ace at it, love. Then there’s also sociology, literature, creative writing.”

“But these are so random career choices – it’s not law, not marketing, not-“

“Don’t you fucking dare to say math.” Louis threatened, pointing his finger at Harry. Usually Harry would scold him for being rude while pointing finger but now Harry chose to listen. “Math is like the subject no one likes or statistics. They are pure facts and require nothing compared to writing.”

Louis will clean his mouth with soap for this terrible choice of words while describing the fourth thing he love the most after Harry, family and football.

Harry chuckled lowly, interrupting Louis short mental conversation. “You’re frowning after what you just said.”

“Math is… Good. A lot of philosophers were also mathematics, you know.” Louis shrugged.

“Yeah, it’s the only subject that doesn’t get Nobel’s Prize.” Harry argued and Louis huffed crossing his arms.

“It’s only because Nobel’s girl screwed a mathematician, it doesn’t count.”

Harry laughed. His laugh warm and welcoming to join.

Welcoming enough for Louis to step closer and position himself between Harry’s parted thighs.

“This Nobel’s girl thing is the weirdest reasoning you can come over with.” Harry snorted, his hands wrapping around Louis waist.
“I am serious, you can Google it.” Louis rolled his eyes as Harry clearly didn’t get he wasn’t joking.

Harry stared at him for a couple of seconds before opening his mouth to speak.

“I have no idea where you get all these random facts.”

“Well, there’s this thing called Google, I think you would like it.”

There was now soft smile playing on Harry’s face, the one with that one dimple popping out and Louis instincts were screaming to pull Harry in a hug.

Who was he to not embrace his human nature?

So he brought Harry for a hug, having to tip toe in order to get Harry to bury his face into Louis’ chest.

“Sociology.” Louis murmured into Harry’s hair after a short time of cuddling. He hoped this will make Harry withdraw from a hug as Louis found it a bit too hard to tip toe for too long. “I could really see you in sociology.”

“What type of thing is that anyways?” Harry asked, his voice muffled because of his face being buried in Louis chest.

“No idea.” Louis admitted, letting Harry laugh. “Didn’t Gemma study sociology?” He asked and Harry withdrew with an arched brow.

“No, she studied science education, she was smart.”

“Sometimes I want to punch you so bad.” Louis whined. “And even if she did, it’s not like she’s working according to her degree, right?”

Louis knew he was right with that. He was one hundred percent sure and Harry nodding only confirmed it.

“But then why do I need to study if I don’t work in the field I studied?”

“Because our kids might need to have a person to look up to.” Louis debated and blushed. Even when comforting Harry and saying cheesy things to him he was still the one blushing. Great.

“They’ll have you.” Harry smiled and Louis blushed even more.

“I think we had decided that I’ll be a house husband.”

“You’re not helping.” Harry pouted and Louis shut up immediately.

He had to focus on something more than mocking Harry right now.

“Sorry,” He apologized sincerely. “You can still go into the sociology or French? You already know French so this could be like time you could use to learn not much and find yourself and what you want to do further.”

“To find myself I need to take gap year not study something I don’t want to, Lou.” Harry stated and oh… Oh.

“You want to take gap year.” Louis said the obvious. His brain was already calculating the things
that could object Harry’s choice and belief.

“I always thought I will. After school. Or not always but like I knew this was an option? You know, travel the world, maybe work and volunteer here and there.”

Louis nodded, remembering every word of Harry and him talking. How Harry admitted he never thought of getting into Uni, how even his parents didn’t think and hope that he will.

“You should have told me.”

“Yeah well, it changed. I’d rather be with you than somewhere in the world without you.”

It almost sounded like Harry was choosing between two things. Louis felt a pang in his heart because Harry kind of was.

“I’d take gap year with you, if that’s what you want.” Louis announced before thinking and weighing his options but at the same time he was assured there was nothing that could be a valid reason not to.

“What?” Harry choked, looking at Louis in extreme surprise, like what Louis said was not that he could take year off but that he could fly and shoot fire.

“I said that if that’s what you need to be happy I can take one year off and go with you.” Louis repeated.

“But that’s not what you want.” Harry debated, biting his lip.

It made Louis glare and get frustrated. “Harry, what I really want is you not the sad version of you.”

Harry shrugged and smiled softly; pressing kisses on each of Louis knuckles before opening his mouth to speak.

“I was afraid you would call me crazy and told myself you would never say something like this.” Harry stated and Louis nodded trying to get it, the feeling Harry had even though part of him wanted to scream for thinking about Louis this way. “But now when you did I somehow realize that I don’t actually want you to do that.”

Harry ended and even though the topic was quite serious Louis snorted, earning a pinch to his hip.

“Okay okay, sorry.” Louis giggled. “I get you. Partly at least. I know what it’s like to be unsure about things.”

“Yeah, you know it would be better if you just talked about it.”

“Yeah?” Louis asked, biting his lip, the things he was sometimes afraid to talk about on the tip of his tongue.

“Yeah, go on.” Harry nodded, looking a bit desperate and needy.

Louis sighed knowing that even though he didn’t want to say everything he had to at least say something in return. And also because it might make them closer.

“Sometimes I think what will happen when we actually get to be like… Having enough time to be with each other properly.” Louis shrugged before carrying on. “You know we started it off as a sex thing that turned into something more and I just thought that it was very convenient for us.”
“Convenient?” Harry arched his brow and Louis glanced at the space between Harry’s brows suddenly thinking about those extra hairs he used to have there that were not here any longer.

For some reason Louis smiled at the thought of Harry visiting cosmetologist or something to get his brows done.

“I love you.” He said out of nowhere, making Harry smile. “And yeah, you know sometimes I think that we wouldn’t be together if not the situation? Like it’s obvious we are both extremely busy with school and practicing, which is probably one of the main reasons why it never worked out for me. But then you came around – the one with same baggage and possibility to like live together.”

“Well it is truth I think but I’m more than happy for it. Like sometimes couples spend years together but they can’t live together.” Harry noted and Louis hummed, already seeing that weird picture of Lottie finding it hard to say goodbye to her boyfriend.

They were kind of lucky with that, never having to actually do that or experience that. Maybe only that one time when Harry left to New York without him for a week, and yeah, that is another thing about them.

“But don’t you think it happened so fast for us? Like we just never had enough time for dating even on holidays we always travelled somewhere and our type of dating was living together and in Uni we might have more time without football and basketball in our lives…”

“Enough time to not be in a rush.” Harry nodded, explaining exactly what Louis wanted to say. Louis didn’t wait to notice that it became more of a thing for them to finish each other sentences. “If it happens then we’ll learn.”

Louis snorted at how easy Harry made that sound. “As if it’s going to be so simple.”

“Of course it will. We’ll just have to talk.”

And this time Louis found himself being short of any type of remark. So instead he blushed quite intensively and chose to lean into Harry for a hug, hiding his face in Harry’s shoulder.

“I know I sound like a sap but you’re so cute.” Harry wooed and Louis stepped away to punch him. His sour face reminded Harry why he always told others not to tell Louis he was cute.

“Don’t call me that! I’m manly and muscly.” Louis glared and Harry tried not to smile fondly at this but he was screwed up from beginning, wasn’t he?

Gently Harry pulled Louis closer for a kiss, not missing opportunity to hug Louis around his hips. “You’ve no idea what your body is doing to me.” He murmured, pulling Louis closer, trying to feel his skin against his own.

“And that’s another thing.” Louis stated, placing his compared tiny hands on Harry’s shoulders, pulling away. “I feel like I don’t do body worship enough.” He admitted.

“You don’t have to.” Harry assured him because he never even thought about needing that. Like Louis incoherent moans or the way he reacted to Harry’s touches or addressed to him as sex on legs was more than enough.

“But I feel like I should.” Louis argued and Harry rolled his eyes, not up for persuading Louis otherwise.
After few days off of physical activities there were other things Harry wanted to do.

“Then stop feeling this way. I think getting you hard with just one touch or look is enough of a proof for me.” Harry smiled, showing his dimple and Louis gaped for a second before poking that dimple with his point finger.

“You’re an arrogant prick.” Louis shook his head and Harry reacted by suddenly pulling Louis closer, making him crash into Harry.

They almost, ALMOST fell off of that bar chair Harry was sitting on but on the last second he managed to gain his posture and safe both of them from quite a painful fall.

Though probably most of the fall would have been on Harry but hey, it’s now programmed in his body to react and protect Louis in a case of something bad happening.

“Oh! Thank you my curly hero for saving my life.” Louis chirped in girly voice and the view of Louis wiggling his arse in the pink satin panties popped out in Harry’s head, making blood flush to his dick.

“It was an honour, my beautiful boy.” Harry replied, clutching Louis hips more tightly than before, being straight forward with where he wanted this to lead.

Louis definitely picked on and froze for a second, probably debating if they should. Harry waited through that freezing moment patiently, knowing that sex wasn’t going to do that much of a damage and Louis didn’t have it in himself to say no. Not when Harry heard him wank in bathroom today before brushing Harry off that he was fine.

“Let me thank you properly then, my hero.” Louis flirted shamelessly; his fingers working on Harry’s shirt, pulling them up and then off of him, throwing them across the kitchen.

Harry watched passionately how his lover pressed his lips on his butterfly tattoo and stopped Louis when he reached his nipple.

“Upstairs.” Harry ordered, standing up, pulling Louis with himself.

“Hey! I want a short snog in the midway.” Louis complained when they reached the stairs and Harry won’t ever be able to understand how the hell they were able to reach the bedroom while actually being glued to one another.

But they did and they fell on the bad, Louis on top of Harry already sitting up, rutting against Harry’s hard-on.

“You look so beautiful.” Harry whispered, his hands running up and down Louis thighs, waist and back.

“Yeah? You want me to ride you?” Louis asked and Harry took it as personal offence, pulling Louis down by his hands for a kiss.

“Never.” Harry grunted, pressing Louis’ arse into his crotch, hardly containing his moans at the pleasure. “There’s no better view than seeing you under my body, all naked for me.”

Louis moaned, and pressed his tights tighter around Harry’s waist so he wouldn’t fall off when Harry turned them around.

“I fucking love when you’re like this.” Louis murmured.
They were now having two full snogging and rutting against each other sessions. Harry was kneeling, holding Louis waist and bringing him up to be closer for kissing, whilst Louis was with his hips in the air trying to add up to the rhythm of Harry’s hips.

“Like what?” Harry asked, breathing into Louis neck, which was so so hot. Too hot to keep from moaning Harry’s name and cursing.

“Harry shit! Love when you are all hungry for me.” Louis whined, hugging Harry’s waist to be closer, to feel every muscle, to have their skins touching. “Like you can’t get enough of me, like you want to claim me.” Louis kept talking, moaning and huffing to the rough and overly pleasant kisses placed on his neck, jaw and collarbones.

“Because I am hungry of you.” Harry replied, his hips shooting forward, hitting Louis’ crotch, sending pleasant waves through his whole body, making him dizzy. “Because I can’t get enough of you!” Harry kept shooting his hips forward and Louis was getting close.

There was pressure building up and he knew that he won’t last long.

It was too hot.

It was too good.

“Harry! Shit shit fu-Uck!” Louis moaned and screamed and arched his back and dug his nails into Harry’s back ready to cum.

He could already taste it in his mouth, the sweet pleasure going through his body. Only few seconds and he’ll be there, he’ll get that pressure off of his body and he’ll lay numb and happy.

Only that those few seconds didn’t come as Harry withdrew from the position.

“Want to make love to you.” Harry murmured softly. Louis glared not even a bit affected by the sweet name of their sex. Harry knew exactly what he stopped Louis body from happening and Louis thought about strangling him.

“We don’t make love, we fuck.” Louis argued, crossing his arms but then uncrossing them because Harry had to take his shirt off.

“Don’t pout bunny.” Harry scolded Louis playfully, his hands touching Louis naked body, pressing kisses here and there, leaving Louis no other choice but to relax and burry his hands into the nest of curls.

Louis thought of trying getting this over sooner, thought of scolding Harry because it was painful to be on the verge of cumming but he didn’t trust his voice. There was a high possibility that Louis would open his mouth and scream and moan instead of talking.

“I could come just from that.” Harry mumbled, licking and kissing the skin a bit own Louis tummy. ‘A few inch lower’ – Louis wanted to say but he wasn’t that fast because just as he opened his mouth Harry touched his dick and started stroking in, making Louis moan and actually cum.

He rutted into Harry’s fist for a proper half of a minute at least until and then let Harry kiss and touch him while he was in that post-orgasm bliss.

And Harry lived up to his words because just as Louis lazily blinked back to reality Harry groaned and buried himself in Louis tights clearly letting the sounds of having an orgasm.
For some reason it was so hot and funny Louis couldn’t help but giggle.

“Don’t laugh.” Harry grunted and Louis snorted, massaging the scalp of Harry’s head, guiding him to come back up for a kiss by slightly pulling his hair.

“I’m not laughing because of that. I feel quite honoured that I can make you cum just like that.” Louis teased, pressing his lips to Harry’s.

“Yeah?” Harry’s hands reached out for Louis waist, pulling them closer to each other. Louis nodded, lifting one leg to wrap it around Harry’s leg. “I could always cum just from that but I prefer not to.” Harry admitted and Louis laughed, smiling widely.

“You make me cum like three times, you’re not the one to talk.” He stated, also hinting up that he might go further. He also wondered if Harry could too and felt stupid because he had been with Harry enough to know that he really could.

“Give me like five more minutes and then I’ll be fully able to make you cum again.” Harry smirked and Louis blushed when Harry’s hands travelled down to spread his arse cheeks.

By the way, just if anyone is curious, Louis laughed a lot during the whole process of that second cumming and that was just because he couldn’t forget how ‘traditional’ Harry was, according to others.

Because Louis was actually splayed under Harry, legs wrapped around Harry’s waist while Harry went deep with each pound, reminding Louis just how he belonged to Harry and this was so so hot and so so perfect they might have stopped for short breaks just to make it last longer.

And they didn’t give a shred of fuck that one of them wasn’t supposed to be physically active because they were quite preoccupied by other things, like getting themselves exhausted and fully pleased.

“Mmmm ‘m cold.” Louis whined, lying wrapped around Harry’s body both sweaty and tired.

They had been trying to get back to normal breathing for like 5 minutes that required a lot of cuddling and at first of it Louis felt warm and happy with everything but now he was getting back to his usual self and was feeling cold.

“How can you be cold it’s warm in here.” Harry mumbled unhappily as he was too lazy to move and fetch a blanket for Louis.

“Pleaaase.” Louis whined his voice way too high pitched than it normally was but that’s alright because it got Harry to move.

“I’ll put a fucking heating for all year because you’re impossible.” Harry complained while sitting up and grabbing the blanket, wrapping it around Louis.

“You’re crazy if you think that eighteen degrees is enough. You’re like fucking Jacob from Twilight or something.” Louis argued, cuddling more into the blanket, hoping to get warmer.

He was right by the way when accusing Harry about the temperature in the house. For some unexplainable reason Harry was a bit number to temperature than Louis. Probably because he wasn’t that tiny or skinny but he insisted that having freezing temperature in room is fucking enough because it ‘helps to sleep’.

“Stop with Twilight references, Edward.” Harry rolled his eyes and Louis snorted, rolling over, bumping into Harry’s chest, which was his actual plan.
As expected Harry put his arms on Louis and Louis poked Harry’s chest with his nose a couple of times until Harry started to massage Louis’ scalp.

“Which one do you think was hotter in the movie?” Louis asked, yawning and hiding it in the blanket.

He pretended he didn’t notice that fond expression on Harry’s face that made him look like a fool.

“You.” Harry replied cheekily and Louis rolled his eyes, trying to contain a wide grin spreading on his face.

He couldn’t.

He was that much affected by flirtatious side of Harry and there was no reason to deny it anyways.

“Hey…” Louis smiled, lifting his chin to look at Harry. “Do you… Do you want to talk?” Louis asked a bit shyly and Harry’s face went from smiley to serious.

“Sure, what’s on your mind?” Louis bit his lip feeling a bit awkward changing the topic that made them go from all cuddly and funny to serious.

“Uhm… I don’t know.” Louis sighed as it was a bit too difficult to tell Harry things out loud.

Especially when he didn’t have words to describe those things he sometimes thought about.

Thankfully he had Harry who was like… Was there a book about perfect lover, person, comforter and listener? Because Harry with his green, everything seeing green eyes, and his concern was definitely a big help.

“Hey, you can tell me everything that’s on your mind. I am always here to listen.” Harry kissed Louis forehead and smiled encouragingly.

“Can we go back to that sometimes I feel thing? Where I tell what I sometimes feel and then maybe you say something too?”

Louis wasn’t even over with the question when Harry started nodding. “Sure, you start.” He said when Louis stopped to get an answer and Louis took a deep breath before opening his mouth again.

“Okay… Well then, sometimes I feel stupid next to you. Like you’re tall, gorgeous, curly – everything in everyone’s fantasy, you know?” Again Harry nodded and Louis kept going. “I mean, even if its lame I feel jealous of you and then I feel stupid that I feel jealous and then you talk about people you know and places you’ve been and things you want to do and you sound perfect and I’m there like I’m Louis… Just Louis…”

Harry gasped, pushing Louis away from the hug and glaring.

“You can’t make Harry Potter references while having a serious talk!” He shouted and Louis laughed.

“Why? Is there a book about how to have a serious talk?” Louis teased and Harry glared before remembering Louis’ words.

“You’re not just Louis, you know?” Harry smiled, plopping on his elbow. It was easier to look at Louis this way while they had a conversation like this. “But I feel jealous of you too, you know.
You always look like you have it all figured out. This is what crushed me with that University part and… You always have it all under control.”

“What do you mean I have it under control? You sound like a girl with eating disorder.” Louis snorted, looking over the bed for another blanket or a sweater nearby. There wasn’t anything and he was going to make Harry go bring him his warm sweater right after this conversation.

“Don’t be a dick and listen to me.” Harry asked, rolling his eyes when Louis showed him his middle finger at the word ‘dick’. “What I meant is that you’re like… Good captain, that puts everyone in their places, takes care of schedules, practices, schemes and you’re amazing with kids, you’re responsible, you know what you want and you’re so smart! And you don’t even look smart.” Harry exclaimed, finishing his tirade.

And alright, what? Louis – the person having everything under control? Wasn’t Harry aware of those emotional breakdowns Louis constantly had?

“You look like a fucking god or something, I mean you’re so fucking tiny and cute and you can do whatever shit and you still look cute!”

“Harry, let me remind you that I am not-“

“Shut up, you’re cute and we both know it.” Harry stopped Louis from complaining and alright, maybe this time Louis could not fight him on that. In the honour of this intense conversation. But better no one else gets confused because he was not cute!

“Okay, what I wanted to tell was that sometimes, when you want to you can look so fucking sexy. Like I can look at you and you just there like a fucking drug to an addicted man and this is pissing me off because you don’t look doubtful about future, you look so sure of what you want!”

Harry finished catching up on his breathing after this tirade and Louis just watched with his lips parted, slightly gaping.

“You mean to tell me while I am being jealous of your looks and ability to be charming and like perfect you’re jealous of me being good looking and perfect?” Louis asked and Harry nodded eagerly before registering the words himself and starting to smile.

“Well… When you put it that way…” He started but was stopped by Louis snorting and then he snorted too and then they chuckled and the chuckled turned into a laughter that left them with tears and Louis kept trying to tell the world jealous which ended up with them erupting with laughter again.

“This is crazy.” Louis giggled, brushing away the tear from the corner of his eye that appeared there from all the laughter.

“I think this also shows how much we love each other? You know like thinking that we’re not worth each other is better than thinking we’re too better for each other? Albert Camus in one of his books talked about how he could love his any other girl because the one he was with was not somehow exceptional, like he was emotionless and it’s good that we’re feeling passion for each other? Not the soulmates shit but like… I think you make me happier than others could.”

“You and your literature are so sappy.” Louis masked his blushing with a snort.

“And just because it’s an honest talk – I’m sometimes afraid of us evolving differently as people.” Harry admitted, his free hand hugging the blanket wrapped around Louis waist, making Louis feel so protected.
“Like when couples break up because one is making a career, changing every day while the other is staying exactly where he is?” Louis asked, wiggling to get closer to Harry and pouting that there was only one arm around his waist.

“Yeah, when they become too different and one starts to believe the other is dragging one backwards.”

Louis nodded seriously, not missing the opportunity to tease Harry about it. “Well, at least we for sure know that it won’t be me.”

“You little shit!” Harry laughed jumping on Louis, pressing all of his weight on him, crushing Louis insides. “Take that back!”

“Never!” Louis screamed, pointlessly trying to get away.

He was trapped inside the blanket, pressed into the mattress with Harry abusing his power.

“Take that back or we’ll stay like this forever!” Harry repeated and Louis only laughed, pretending to choke to get Harry away.

“You’re crushing me!” He tried to get his arms free but it took him about two minutes of trying and denying Harry.

He was finally free and taking deep breaths while Harry still laid half on top of him with his wide goofy smile.

“You’re alright?” He asked in fake curiosity.

Louis glared at him because he knew Harry was faking it and he was not sorry for that at all.

“I hate you.” Louis stated seriously and Harry if it’s possible smiled even wider.

It made Louis wonder how Harry never hurt his jaw with this stupid constant grinning.

“You love me, c’mon, let’s go shower and then eat sushi you’ve brought.” Harry nudged him, standing up and Louis whistled his eyes running up and down Louis body.

“I think I could eat something else today.” He grinned looking at Harry’s cock. “But I guess first we should get Viagra for your soft Styles the second.”

“I think I should poison you.” Harry glared with that silly smile still on his face.

Louis rolled his eyes instead of answering and turned around, showing that he was not going to get up by himself.

Instead he waited for Harry to rip the blanket off and drag Louis out of bed by his ankles and then carry him to the shower where Harry showed exactly how soft his body parts were.

Soft enough to make Louis tear up and choke.

*
It was way past Harry’s bedtime as the curly haired boy is used to waking up extremely early and now it was nearing to midnight but neither of them really cares.

Too lazy and too comfortable to move they are lying on the sofa in the living room, random documentary Harry had chosen playing on TV and both of them are rather preoccupied by… To everyone’s surprise not by kissing but by scrolling through their phones.

Louis could even sense Harry’s displease on the current situation but opted not to ask if he wanted to do something else because Louis was simply too comfortable not to move.

“Hey, we should go there this summer then!” Harry interrupted Louis attempt to concentrate on reading the meme he had found on Instagram so with no excitement he looked up and glared.

“What are you fangirling about?” He asked, turning to the screen where Harry was pointing.

“The Machu Picchu, they are talking about minimizing the number of tourists so we could visit it this summer.” Louis watched the screen for a few more seconds, taking in all the nature and ancient temples.

Yeah, it didn’t sound so bad despite the fact that they were already going to Switzerland.

“Do you really plan on spending whole summer travelling?” Louis huffed, showing curiosity but not displease to the whole situation.

He still felt like a prick for neglecting Harry’s request to go somewhere during Easter holiday, when they came back from Amsterdam. Plus now he knew the reason why Harry was so eager about it.

“Well… Not all? But most of it?” Harry sounded suggestive and Louis hummed.

“We could also visit Argentina? Like if we’re already going that far we can spend some more time around there?”

All it took was one glance at Harry to know that Louis did the right thing. Because the smile he had radiated pure happiness and those green eyes shown so bright, Louis blushed and smiled back too.

“Yes. Only if you want to but I want to.” Harry nodded eagerly and Louis almost mocked him that he looked like a child while doing this.

“I do.” He confirmed instead of laughing at Harry and moved to kiss Harry. “If it’s alright during summer.”

“It should be. And we could also visit Bolivia. It’s between Peru and Argentina so…” Harry trailed off, looking at Louis suggestively.

And damn, if anyone were to tell Louis that by the end of his senior year he’ll be planning going to South America to visit three countries he would’ve laughed into their faces and told them to shut up.

Look how that turned out to be.

“Yeah, sounds good to me.” Louis agreed. “But that’s all – Switzerland and South America and then we’re staying home, preparing for next year.” Louis compromised and Harry instead of agreeing to that hummed. “Seriously, you can’t drag me around the world all the time.”
This complain sounded ridiculous in Louis’ head because Harry could. Of course he could and besides that Louis wouldn’t mind it if he did. Not at all.

But he was not going to admit this out loud.

“Not around the world. Moscow is pretty close, you know.” Louis rolled his eyes and scrunched his nose.

“We’re not going to fucking Moscow, Harry.” He complained and crossed his arms before continuing to argue. “If anything we’re visiting Sankt Petersburg.” He added and Harry laughed.

“There’s always an option to visit both.” Harry smirked suggestively and Louis groaned before falling on top of Harry, cuddling into his chest.

“You’re impossible.” He stated and Harry only chuckled, wrapping his arms around Louis. “You’re not allowed any documentaries or you’ll decide to drag me like into some weird ass place like… I don’t know what is it but with you it can be extremely weird I’m sure.”

“Don’t worry baby, we’ll have holidays for that.” Harry laughed and Louis groaned playing displeased though both of them knew that he wasn’t.

He was happier than he ever thought he will and now he was sure Harry was too.

Chapter End Notes

As always leave Kudos and COMMENTS - they are highly appreciated.

INSTAGRAM:
Mine - sbalkauskaite
Harry's - harroldsnotmname
Hello my loves and welcome to the new chapter, hope you were waiting for this and I'm sorry it took so long.

To be honest, I was almost sure I won't update today but I did!

So I am proud of myself and I hope this chapter will be good. You are the judges of that.

Talking about school it is still stressful so sorry if I don't reply to comments today. I'll try to do that until Wednesday, I read them all I promise but I just don't have time to reply.

The day after that was definitely better.

Well, not better enough for Louis to actually wake up and go to school. No, he argued with himself over that, deciding that it was not good to leave Harry alone and that he’d rather ignore the world than go into that building to listen how they had to prepare for upcoming exams.

This is a little background story of how Louis and Harry ended up in the bed until 10 o’clock, laying splayed on the big mattress talking about things and being lazy in general.

“Mm?”

“Mm?” Louis replied incoherently, watching how Harry’s pale skin looked against the white bedding.

Delicious – if anyone’s curious too.

“I think I should quit yoga and boxing and sports in general and just stay in bed till the late a.m. all the time.”

And as much as perfect it sounded – to have Harry in bed to wake up with him – Louis snorted.

“You’ve been fidgeting ever since you have been ordered to cut it off.”

“Yeah… I know. But sometimes it’s nice to stay like this.” Harry argued and Louis couldn’t disagree with this.

There weren’t many mornings they could spend like this. Maybe on special occasion they could stay in bed on Sundays, every other day Louis had early practices (the ones he had been neglecting this week) and Harry quite stubbornly woke up early even if he wanted to or not.

“That’s what I meant, when I said that we don’t have much time for ourselves.” Louis reminded their previous conversation about it, wondering how it will be on summer when all the company they’ll have will be one another.

“But just look how much we enjoy it.” Harry beamed and Louis took a moment to admire his boyfriend.
Messy nest of curls, wide smile with dimples, pale, silky skin with tattoos littered all over Harry’s body – he looked like a model of some kind and Louis loved him.

Louis loved him so much his heart ached even at the thought of spending one day without this goofy and overly tall boy.

“Actually, I would rather be somewhere else, so…” Louis trailed off waiting for Harry’s attack.

It came by Harry gasping and tickling Louis sides, pulling him closer to trap Louis in his strong grasp, hurting Louis pride in the process.

Not that there was much left of it, was it? When your boyfriend is the size of a mountain and has the strength of a hulk and is really very into treating you like a cat that needs constant cuddles you come to embrace it and accept it as your destiny.

“Kitten.” Harry argued, when Louis stated this idea out loud and referred to himself as a cat. “You’re my little tiny kitten, not a cat.”

“Go make breakfast.” Louis ordered, gathering his last pieces of sass before he became all cuddly and soft too. “Garfield.” He added, trying to fight Harry as the asshole pinched Louis red cheeks.

*

Louis was spreading nutella on his toast while watching Harry doing the same only using peanut butter.

“Banana?” Harry offered the slices of fruit after putting half of them on his own toast.

While taking the offer Louis thought how much he liked this exchange and how much he loved the way Harry prepared them coffee – plain black for himself and latte for Louis.

“Thanks love.” Louis smiled, accepting the cup, taking spoon to take milk foam at the top.

“Mhmm,” Harry smiled, sitting down next to Louis, turning to his side so they would be face to face. “I actually think of going to school today.” Harry stated and Louis, who was almost swallowing the new spoonful of milk foam, choked. “Well, good to know you’re positive about it.”

Harry joked, harshly patting Louis back even though that was not that necessary.

“’m fine.” Louis waved his hands in the air.

There were some tears prickling in his eyes and Harry laughed before reaching out to pat again. This time Louis pulled away with a joke upon his sleeve.

“Stop hitting me.” He complained and Harry cackled before biting into his sandwich.

“That’s what you get for laughing at my attempt to get education.” Harry mumbled while chewing and looking rather disgusting.

Also, he had peanut butter smeared at the corner of his lip and Louis would be damned if he didn’t laugh at this.
“Did you eat booty or what?” He asked snapping the picture of Harry, turning the phone around to show.

“I don’t know? Have you ended up in a bad case of diarrhoea?” Harry answered back, licking the smeared peanut butter, while Louis stared at him mortified and disgusted.

“You’re disgusting.” He stated, looking at his sandwich in dislike.

“Oh c’mon, give me a kiss baby.” Harry leaned forward, pursuing his lips. “You might get a taste of it, it’s rather delicious.” He added and Louis pushed him away.

“You are so gross!” He screamed while Harry still tried to corner him with that kiss.

And he finally did. They kissed slowly with Louis fingertips running down Harry’s jaw, feeling that sharp corner as Harry opened his mouth.

Then, after about thirty seconds they pulled away, carrying on with eating and going through Instagram together, debating what pictures they should be hearting.

* 

Exactly as planned Harry prepared his sports bag and got ready to go to school together with Louis, who was attending only practices during this week.

“You know you can’t actually do sports?” Louis asked, eyeing the bag carefully.

Harry hummed and nodded, before taking Louis’ bag from his hands and putting them in their backseat.

“I do but at least I can get acquainted with strategy, especially if I’m planning to join for even ten minutes.”

Louis didn’t argue on that.

He wouldn’t dare and he decided that it was not worth it. After all the concussion wasn’t that bad and he knew that if it was him in Harry’s position he’d be the same.

So he opted to just go with it and took his dearly missed seat in the passenger’s place.

Driving was fun, he couldn’t deny that.

But what was more fun was to sit next to Harry and whine about something or tell him stories of his day. Harry was way better at multitasking that Louis anyways.

“What the fuck did you do to my car?”

Louis heart literally skipped a beat as he look at Harry with his eyes wide and scared of actually damaging something but not noticing it. Turned out there was nothing of such kind.

It was just Harry, who was kind of sandwiched between seat and wheel, his knees bumping into the wheel because of how much Louis had pushed the chair forward.

There was nothing funny about it. NOTHING. Harry had no reason to smile like an idiot right
now.

“Fuck off.” Louis scoffed and Harry laughed, throwing his head back.

“Oh my god, this is so cute.” Louis only glared, crossing his arms and continuing to glare stubbornly waiting for Harry to get that chair back into his favoured position and leave this thing behind. “Take a picture of me.” Harry asked, giving his phone to Louis.

“Don’t even think of it or I’ll throw the damned phone through the window.” Louis threatened and he felt like he really could.

“Lou-“

“Fuck off! And fucking drive.” Louis groaned in frustration and snapped a quick picture of Harry. “For your eyes only.” He threatened, handing the phone to Harry. “Try to post it and I’ll bite your Styles junior in a heartbeat.”

Harry cackled and withdrew the chair to his preferred position.

“Do you think we should go somewhere to eat after practicing?”

Louis bit his lip while watching Harry concentrating on the road. There was something extremely hot about the way Harry was driving this car.

Also, there was an unpleasant churn in Louis’ stomach at the mention of going to dinner and practicing.

Last practice before his last game.

Last game ever.

He might never be the captain of football team again. Scratch that. Never again will he be captain of football team again.

“Babe?” Harry glanced at Louis worriedly.

“Not sure yet.” Louis answered, voice slightly trembling. “You know last practice and last game. Don’t know if I’ll be able to swallow a thing.”

“Yeah.” Harry nodded.

For a spare second their eyes locked and Louis could see the same emotion in them and it was more comforting than anything else.

* 

There was a few surprised gasps and cheery greeting when Louis walked into the changing room with Harry strolling by his side and Louis kept smile on his face while Harry was surrounded my his teammates.

“Trying to seduce me, Tomlinson?” Harry finally came to put his back next to Louis right when Louis took his shirt off.
There were few very obvious hickeys and Louis felt a little bit self-conscious about it as now everyone around them knew exactly where they came from.

“Mmm, don’t think you’re actually my type.” Louis winked and bumped into Harry with his hip.

He watched that amused and challenging smirk appearing on Harry’s face, meaning he was just about to do something – grab Louis by his hips, turn him around and press into the wall or something very similar and very sexual.

“Stop causing a scene.” Stan stood up between them, arse turned to Harry, pushing Louis away.

“Get away from him.” Harry scowled, grabbing Stan by his bicep and Louis reacted fast gently pushing Stan to the side and glaring at Harry with displease.

“There’s no scene.” Louis smiled cheerily, grabbing his sports shirt and putting them on. “And why are you planning on changing if you still can’t do physical activities?”

Louis hated how much he sounded like a mother or like a Harry when he talked to Louis about something similar but it was a question he needed to ask, he couldn’t just ignore the fact that Harry might be planning on doing differently from what he was allowed.

“Jesus, do you have to put salt on my wound?” Harry pouted and Louis snorted, Stan standing next to them long forgotten as they were having a tiff.

It was about Harry might doing some physical exercises and Louis complaining about it until it was time for both of them to go and Harry left excited with his basketball gear, planting a sappy kiss on Louis’ cheek.

“How cute.” Liam scoffed sarcastically, dragging Harry the opposite way as Louis turned outside, scowling at the grey sky, hoping it won’t start raining.

*

“Wet like fucking pigs.” James complained, glaring at Louis.

As if rain was Louis fault. Yeah, he himself went out and danced little rain calling for the rain god so they could get wet while practicing and might even too cold than Louis preferred.

“Well, I mean you were dry pig before nothing really changed.” Louis bumped at James with his shoulder while walking by and…

And he was expecting for James to throw that ball he was holding at him. He really was. Actually this was the main reason Louis replied to this complaint because he was getting enough of James attitude and also because he had to convince his couch James was NOT suitable for captain position.

As a captain himself, Louis of course, had a say and his couch was not allowed to choose someone Louis didn’t want to. Although, it didn’t mean his dearest couch hadn’t tried persuading him.

Not that Louis budged. No. They opted for, in his opinion, the best choice – Austin, who might not be the best in football but he definitely had the skills of a good leader that could solve
problems, not cause drama, like dearest James of course did.

Back to the James and that ball, the ball hit Louis back and even if that wasn’t painful it was enough to make Louis snap.

He turned around in flash speed and pushed James into the wall, ready to punch him if needed.

“Just give me a fucking reason you prick.” Louis breathed under his breath, aware that James was taller than him but not at all intimidated.

They were standing in front of a door getting them back into changing room and others were already inside.

Louis was thriving with idea of punching James. After he gave him so much shit it was one thing Louis suddenly wanted to do.

James laughed sarcastically, crossing his arms. “Yeah? You sure you can reach? Because I won’t hold back.” He threatened and Louis flared his nostrils in anger.

“Oh please do.” Louis sassed, throwing his arms in the air. “I would LOVE to see what Harry will do to you if I come back with even a teeny tiny bruise.”

James was about to reply when door’s opened and Harry stood on the doorstep.

“What is going on?” He asked, looking back and forth from James to him.

“Ah nothing, James and I just talked about tomorrow, nerves you know.” Louis chirped, walking straight into Harry and purring, or at least trying to, when he felt his cold body being comforted by Harry. “How did it go?” He asked glancing innocently as if he hadn’t just wrapped his wet body around Harry.

“Good!” Harry cheered. There was wide grin on his face as he lead Louis into the changing room, “I’ll be playing during the second part and if everything’s alright they’ll let me out at the end for a couple of minutes.”

Louis hummed, happy that Harry didn’t scowl of what he just did. Yeah, suck it James, to your fucking face, Louis beamed glad Harry was so cooperative even with no idea that he was.

“That’s great love!” Louis wrapped his arms around Harry’s neck and tiptoed for a kiss, opening one of his eyes to look how James walked pass them into the showers, where others were already.

Harry was staring at Louis comically as they stopped with kissing and Louis blushed, biting his lip as he realized being caught doing what he was.

“So? Care to tell me?”

Louis shrugged. “Tell you what?” He asked as if he was oblivious to his own actions.

“Alright.” Harry just shrugged as if Louis hadn’t just kept something from him.

He wondered what measures Harry will take to cause Louis to talk.

And it turned out not to be much.

Just a tiny bottle of waterproof lube, showers and Louis turned around, lifted from the ground with his legs wrapped around Harry’s waist, back pressed to the wall.
“Are you fucking serious?” Louis cursed when Harry stopped and looked questioningly, obviously still curious about the answer.

“Curious more like.” Harry replied with a sly smirk and Louis scoffed, buckling his hips, hand reaching down for his dick to stroke it.

If Harry wasn’t going to give him an orgasm he’ll take one.

Turned out it wasn’t that easy as Louis couldn’t bounce on a cock and get it to brush against his prostate as it usually did.

“Having fun?” Harry smirked, standing under the shower, looking like some freaking Greek demi-god. Because were Louis to stand like this he would slip, choke on the water or just embarrass himself some other way.

He for sure wouldn’t look like sex and wouldn’t strike as Louis orgasm.

“I can’t believe you’re serious.” Louis grumbled, desperate for friction and tried jumping up and down, his back unpleasantly slippery against wet wall.

Harry sighed, holding him tighter and guiding his body the right way and seriously, this had to be some kind of talent because Louis arched his back and moaned loud enough to fill whole empty school.

“Wow baby, there might be some people.” Harry laughed, leaning to kiss Louis. “And tell me why you’re showing off in front of James.” Harry demanded again, pulling away from Louis, not moving his precious dick the way he was supposed to.

Louis groaned, hating this childish attitude of Harry. Did he really need to know that Louis was in war with James because James had humiliated him some time ago? And also that Louis was kind of jealous and competitive?

The answer was no or at least not everything.

“He doesn’t accept my authority and he always interfere and puts his nose in our business.” Louis replied, a little bit too desperate to cum.

Harry must have noticed this too as he came back to guiding Louis up and down, while leaning to suck lovebites on his neck.

“Fucking love when you’re so bossy around others.” Harry grunted, slowly speeding up as Louis clutched his boyfriend’s arms as if there were no tomorrow. “Especially when I know how you actually are.”

Louis waited for Harry to add how he belongs to him, how Harry owns him and how Louis has no say in things, which was not truth but in the heated moment like this Louis was kind of desperate to be submissive.

And even though Harry didn’t say those words the ones he actually did was enough to make Louis moan and go lump in Harry’s arms – happy puddle of joy, slowly blinking, trying not to snooze was the thing Louis turned into.

And it was so freaking good to give himself to Harry, to stop worrying about everything that was going to happen tomorrow or the day after because he was sure Harry will take care of it all. Of him.
“Baby, do you want to go out to eat?” Harry talked gently, trying to not be loud with anything. Louis very simply went a bit under and Harry couldn’t blame him.

He saw how fidgeting Louis was and he knew that before tomorrow the best thing Harry could do as his boyfriend was to make his boyfriend depend on Harry and relax himself.

The only flaw of the plan was that Harry didn’t think about driving back home with a short gap between them.

Obviously, Louis became really cuddly, whining when he had to let go of Harry, not thinking rationally enough.

It ended up with Louis fading away, almost sleeping and Harry really didn’t feel like cooking today but he also didn’t feel like fast food was something to go by.

So even with the lack of elaboration from Louis side, Harry opted for Jamie’s Italian take away, he ordered on the phone and even made a deal to get it brought to his car parked at the entrance.

He was extremely thankful and left generous tipping, actually speeding up a bit too much in order to get back home, to feed and cuddle Louis.

The only thing that stopped Harry from it was what he saw when he walked inside into his house. Gemma and his parents were sitting outside on a patio, having a conversation and Harry now agreed to Louis that they needed to be informed about their showing up.

“Hey.” Harry smiled, walking outside, Louis and bag of food left outside.

He figured he had few minutes to spare as Louis was sleeping and food could be eaten half warm or heated.

“Brother!” Gemma squealed, jumping on Harry, giggling as Harry almost fell.

They lingered a minute longer wrapped in a hug until she finally stepped away, leaving Harry to greet his parents.

“What are you doing here?” Harry finally asked after whole hugging and kissing part, getting embarrassing number of cheek kisses from his mother.

Apparently, it was a thing to do after your son got somehow hurt.

Harry was glad Louis wasn’t here with them to witness it or he wouldn’t hear the end of it.

And talking about Louis the boy appeared on the patio with the bag, looking more asleep then awake.

“Figured we can eat here, you left.” Louis mumbled, walking straight into Harry’s chest.
Harry was almost too late to react because Louis didn’t even carry his own weight as he expected Harry to hold him, which Harry did.

“We talked with Jay and decided to come and cheer for both of you!” Anne chirped and Louis looked up startled, only now noticing they were not alone.

“C’mon, let’s sit down.” Harry guided Louis on one of the chairs. It was only matter of time how long it will take for Louis to fall asleep again (one minute if anyone curious).

“You didn’t have to.” Harry replied, though he was more than thankful they did.

The last match meant a lot for him.

“Don’t be ridiculous.” Gemma snorted. “Your boyfriend’s tired?” She asked, sparing a glance to Louis and Harry looked down.

Louis was indeed asleep, curled in Harry’s lap and dead to the world. It was beyond Harry to understand how this was even possible, to sleep like this but he was not going to question it. No, he was going to hold Louis, rock him back and forth if needed and talk with his parents, while trying to eat his take away dinner.

And so they sat there with Harry being half fed by Gemma, half trying to eat on his own, Louis comfortably sleeping and Styles family having quite lovely talk about everything they’ve missed about each other.

Sky turned dark, stars appeared and they lighted up some candles and Gemma brought some fairy lights from he own room and it was comfortable and really special.

Louis eventually woke up, grabbing take away and munching food while talking louder than Harry, telling all the embarrassing things that had happened not even bothered when some food landed on Harry’s jeans.

“Well thank you, baby.” Harry sighed dramatically as Louis just shrugged and stabbed Harry’s thigh with a fork, popping that peace of meet into his mouth as Harry groaned at not so pleasant feeling.

“Anytime love.” Louis just smiled cheekily and Harry gripped his boyfriend’s waist, pulling him closer for heat.

They stayed outside until really late and until they got very cold, even Harry’s teeth were chattering when they returned inside but it was very easily fixed by warm shower and cuddles as both boys shared body heat and kisses.

“Love you.” Harry murmured into Louis soft brown hair.

“Love you too.” Louis replied, his tiny frame wrapped around Harry and the last thought Harry had was if one of them were ever to say ‘I love you more’ for how long would they fight?

Hours? Days? It would take them long time to agree that they loved each other equally as much and they had enough time for that.

They had a lot of time ahead and Harry couldn’t wait to waste all this time with Louis by his side.

Chapter End Notes
Kudos and COMMENTS if you liked it and want to talk about something.

INSTAGRAMS
Mine - sbalkauskaite
Harry's - Harroldsnotmname
Chapter 48

Chapter Notes

Hello dear readers,

I am sorry for taking a while with this but hey, at least it is really long update and I think it was worth waiting.

I hope all of you understand that and you'll enjoy this chapter nevertheless.

Also, I will take few days with replying to comments so stay patient and don't stop leaving them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Friday morning, or the day also known as the last Louis’ match game and the day when Louis lost all his sanity, rolled around at 8 in the morning, bringing both boys from sleep.

Harry blinked himself awake, reaching for the alarm, opening his eyes just in time to see Louis bolting into the bathroom.

Apparently, on this occasion Louis turned out to be morning person at its fullest, while Harry opted to lie a bit longer.

A comical change of their characters as it was always the other way around but after week off Harry’s sleeping habits had deformed a little bit and Louis was having adrenaline rush.

“Breakfast?” Harry mumbled an offer while Louis ran to the close still with toothbrush in his mouth.

“Nhgrr.” Louis replied incoherently, shaking his head and Harry turned to look at the time.

Full two hours – that’s how much time Louis had before his practice in school.

It was a full day for Louis with almost no time off. Three hours practice, one hour break, another short practice, then moving to the stadium and getting ready for the match that was scheduled at six in the evening.

“Baby, please you’re not being reasonable.” Harry tried, earning only a glare.

Lovely how much his comfort was appreciated, he thought, rolling his eyes and going to Louis, stopping only when facing the boy.

“What?” Louis asked, arching a brow and trying to look mean while holding the toothbrush in his right and.

Harry smiled at the view and leaned in to kiss Louis’ forehead. There was no surprise that Louis whined and tried to pull away just as the fact that Harry didn’t let him, and hugged over Louis tiny frame to hold him closer.

“C’mon, let’s go to the bathroom, brush our teeth and have a proper kiss.” Harry winked, pulling
“My hands are shaking.” Louis said, showing his shaking from nerves arms.

Harry was just wiping his mouth with a towel, glancing at Louis hands worriedly. It was probably that after time of adrenaline rush and Louis looked now vulnerable, almost haunted.

“You know, there’s nothing to be afraid of.” Harry smiled, wrapping arms around Louis waist, glancing at Louis lips as if asking for a kiss.

“It’s easy to say.” Louis sighed, tiptoeing and pursuing his lips.

Harry wasted no time to close his eyes and distance between them.

“You’re the best football player, you did a lot practicing through these years and there’s nothing to be afraid of.”

“I know but…” Louis trailed off and Harry nodded.

It lingered unsaid in the air between them. This was the last. And now it hit them both that this was actually the last games for them. They were soon going to close this page of their life and it was terrifying – like when you kind of wanted to stay but bigger part of you was excited to move forward.

Excited to see the life, to experience it, especially with the loved one by your side but at the same time… It was scary, it was unpredictable, it was not something you’re used to.

“I know it too. But I’ll be there cheering you up with pink glitters poster and your sisters by my side so there’s nothing to worry about.”

Louis smiled gratefully, nudging Harry’s shoulder with.

“So… Bacon?” He smiled widely, crinkles forming around his eyes and Harry barked a laugh, throwing his head backwards before nodding and pulling Louis to kitchen for breakfast.

*

Six bacon sandwiches, two coffee cups and about twenty kisses later Louis left with a promise to call Harry at least every few hours and a threat that if Harry laughed at the way Louis drove the car our of garage he will be driven over.

Harry didn’t laugh, however, he felt a pang in his chest as he left Louis go alone and wondered was that a type of possessiveness. Earlier that week it didn’t bug Harry that much but still the other days Louis was less stressed than today.

“You’re going to mop in the garage for a longer while or what?” Gemma appeared in the doorstep and Harry glared, showing his middle finger but following her inside.

His parents were already awake too and he planted a kiss on their cheeks, hugging his mother, while offering them what was left of the sandwiches.
“Nah, it’s alright, Jay invited us for late breakfast, thought we should all go, huh?” Anne smiled softly, while Harry almost let the cup, he was holding, slip on the ground.

Since when his and Louis’ mothers were even in talking terms? How the fuck did they know each other? You need to have number to send or give an invitation, how did Jay got one?

Harry glanced at his cup, knowing that he was exasperating, he blamed Louis for this, almost completely sure that this he was overreacting and that it rubbed onto him from Louis.

“Yeah.” He nodded, brushing the thoughts away. It was not good to think about Louis that much – they had been separated for only a couple of minutes. He had all day to go by so better to keep himself occupied.

Now, when Harry said he was surprised that his mother and Jay talked to each other, he my no means meant this… Hugging and cheek kissing happening in front of his eyes.

“C’mon in! How was your trip to here? You didn’t stay in London until today as planned?” Now, Harry didn’t even fucking know that his parents were supposed to come from London.

But apparently Jay did, just as his mum knew that Jay and Dan had taken day off to be on time to Louis match.

Like this was some new level thing in Harry’s eyes. Not that he didn’t expect them to like know each other but… Jesus they read the same book to meet up and discuss it, what the hell?

“It started with a message on Facebook.” His father stated, leaning in to Harry’s ear. “And next thing I know they are talking for two hours about everything.”

Harry snorted, rolling his eyes and looking at two women talking like best friends.

“When did it start?” He asked, addressing to his father that was now a few steps away and he ended up throwing this question at Gem.

“Week before you left for Aspen.” She replied, taking off her shoes and walking into the kitchen.

Harry ignored the fact that it looked like Gemma has been there before and tried not to think too much about it.

Even if it was obvious that everyone knew their way around.

“Harry!” A loud squeal distracted Harry from eyeing his family members suspiciously as two toddlers jumped on him, screaming his name and giggling like crazy.

Easy without any problem he gathered them both in his hands. “Hi, little ones.” Little shits, Louis would say – Harry thought before paying his attention to the kids, who were now incoherently screaming about poster they were making, fidgeting to be placed on the ground.

The moment Harry listened his both hands were taken and he was dragged into the glittery mess of a living room where he guessed all Louis siblings were working on a really huge mess of a poster.

There were a little bit of everyone on that poster – Lottie’s lovely cursive writing and Fizzy’s drawing, then probably Daisy’s and Pho’s colouring with every possible material and plenty of doodles that Harry guessed were done by the youngest ones.
He couldn’t wait to add something to this poster.

*

Louis was biting his nails and was sure that at one point he will go further enough to make it bleed. But he couldn’t help it.

They spent whole day training and hanging out, making their team bond stronger and Louis even sat next to James in the restaurant they ate at on the way to the stadium.

He did everything a good captain needed to do and now… Now he felt like feelings he had been avoiding all day was coming back to him.

And on top of that he didn’t have a lot of time for calling Harry so they had one call when Louis didn’t get near enough soothing and now he had five minutes before going to the pitch.

“Hey, Lou, ready?” Stan nudged him from his trance and Louis gulped before nodding and looking at his teammates, taking a deep breath before saying an honest, motivational speech he was preparing for.

*

“He’s here! Harry he’s here!” Daisy jumped in Harry’s arms and he had to hold her tighter if he didn’t want to drop her.

“I can see it.” Harry laughed cheerily, glancing at Louis, who looked a bit haunted from where Harry stood.

Wasting no time Harry stepped forward to and walked to him, taking a closer look at him.

“Hey Styles! Just because you’re photographing it doesn’t mean you walk around disturbing my kids.” Louis’ coach teased him as Daisy jumped from Harry’s hands into Louis’.

“Hi!!!” Daisy squealed into Louis ear and Harry laughed, watching Louis trying to mask his flinching.

“I leave you for one day and you find yourself a boyfriend, huh?” Louis mocked Daisy, pinching her cheeks.

Harry watched how Louis shoulders relaxed as he talked with his sister and Harry got his camera, snapping a quick picture, shooting Louis a dimply smile.

Actually, camera and snapping pictures was Harry’s grand plan that placed him way closer to the field than others. He had to give up holding the poster for that but instead he was going to snap so many good shots of Louis and others that it was all worth it.

“Will you bring her back to the others?” Louis asked, looking at Daisy, who was now terrorizing Stan, trying to jump on him.

“Mhm.” Harry nodded, hugging Louis by his hips and pulling him closer.
“Where are you sitting?” Louis asked again, hips touching and lips only few inches apart.

“Hmm, under you if I’m lucky tonight.” Harry smirked and Louis gasped, using his hands to slap Harry’s chest.

“You’re such a dick.” He whined, looking around before tiptoeing to reach Harry’s ear. “You know I don’t like riding you all that much.” Louis smirked, stepping away, quickly turning over his heel to walk further from Harry.

“C’mon Dais, let me take you to your seat.” Harry sighed, glancing at Louis, who was now bent down doing stretches.

Harry knew some better stretching Louis could use.

God he loved this boy.

*

Every drop of anxiety, worry, doubt disappeared after it was signalled that the game began. It was replaced by adrenaline and concentration on the game and Louis felt everything around himself disappearing as he kicked the ball and ran trying to get closer to making a goal.

The match was difficult – an actual pain in the arse and not a pleasant one. Needless to say the other team was just as good as Louis’ – not like they could have been fighting for gold in other terms.

From where Harry stood, even if he wanted to be overly cute and lovely he couldn’t say that Louis was obviously better or that his school team was obviously better.

They were equal. Some may say that too equal and few moves made Harry wonder that the opposite team might be better than Louis’.

Not that he said that to anyone.

During that fifteen minutes break he spent by Louis side, listening to him giving orders, making plans and kissing his sweaty forehead promising that they were holding alright.

0-0

That’s how the second part of the game started and the opposite team changed their tactics into something that constantly kept stealing ball from Louis’ team and if not their keeper there might not be here, having ten minutes left and a chance to make it equal.

“C’mon baby, you can do it.” Harry murmured to himself, holding camera closer, waiting for a time to shoot.

And the time came.

James got the ball and ran forward, successfully ditching others until finally being close enough to shoot. Then he’s cornered and there is Louis running and Harry’s fingers whitens around the camera and he’s pressing camera to his nose only that the goal doesn’t come.

Here, right in that moment, Harry finally understands all the huffing and whining Louis had ever done over James.
Fucking idiot passed ball to fucking Stan, who, even if a good player, not as good as Louis, who wouldn’t have lost the ball. Who could have triggered the goalkeeper, Harry knew it could have.

Louis was famous for his triggering goals, for his tactics, for his sixth fucking sense when striking.

But no.

Idiot James had decided to pass ball to Stan, who was less than prepared and was cornered immediately as being too close to opposite team.

It didn’t look like a lot of people on the field had registered that, Louis bolted to follow the ball and people in the seats were probably too far to acknowledge how James hesitated and chose wrong on purpose.

But Harry did, and he cursed under his breath because it was nearing to the end and if Louis team was going to lose he was going to strangle James with his own fucking arms.

However, Louis Tomlinson wouldn’t be the best boyfriend, player, person, everything if one minute left he wouldn’t take a ball and fly through the whole pitch, getting a goal right before signal, announcing that the time was over, chirped.

And Harry snapped his camera non-stop, promising to frame the picture and put it on the wall in their bedroom, living room. Fuck, he was going to put it in every room. Together with this group hug picture that the team was doing.

*

Louis was buzzing. He was laughing, jumping on everyone and hugging everybody, especially his coach. But he didn’t cry. It was just sweat that made his chest heave and he didn’t sniff as he hugged all of his teammates.

There was still some time for them to be together. A bit less than two months but they were still going to be together during lunch, maybe on weekends.

When he leaves for school then he’ll think about, now it was time to go shake hands and get the medals.

And Louis tried not to smirk when he shook hands with the losers. He really did. But he couldn’t help it, he was too proud of himself, too happy.

The happy buzz didn’t rub off of him even after the whole winning show thing was over and he went into the showers together with others, ignoring how actually weird it was to be surrounded by others.

He made a mental note to tease Harry about others seeing his precious bum. He wondered what he could get from Harry after that.

Harry.

Harry, who not wasn’t here, even after Louis stepped out of shower and he tried not to pout because… Because he really hoped Harry to come here?
“Heyyyy!” Stan screamed in Louis ear, grabbing his arm and welcoming in a hug.

“I would really appreciate if you wouldn’t grope my naked boyfriend, Stanley.” Harry’s voice sounded amused but Louis knew that there was a twinge of jealousy in there.

“Not naked, I’m with a towel.” Louis beamed, stepping away from Stan and looking at Harry, who was standing in the middle of changing room, looking like a goddamned model.

One day Louis was going to rub his hard prick against those long legs and he was going to come just by that. He can bet on that.

“Mhm.” Harry hummed, walking to him, one hand behind his back.

“What’s there?” Louis asked, trying to tiptoe and lean to the side to see.

A little bit pointless, seeing how Harry’s broad frame was making all his attempts worth nothing.

“How… I don’t know, want to guess?” Harry teased and Louis bit his lip, trying not to blush. Trying but not succeeding.

“A bunch of flowers.” James interrupted their heated scene and Louis pouted, crossing his arms as the surprise was now ruined by James.

“Hey, use your eyesight wisely or it will be removed.” Harry snapped at James, sounding like he was laughing but Louis saw how his jaw tightened and while others laughed he knew James was very close to making Harry snap.

“Give it to me!” Louis demanded, tugging sleeve of Harry’s coat, getting back all of the attention.

“To my beautiful boy, I knew you’ll win, baby.” Louis went from slightly pink to fully red, matching the colour of roses he was clutching in his hands.

“No you didn’t.” He pouted, trying to hide away his blush.

Harry saw right through him and chuckled, wrapping an arm around Louis naked shoulders.

“Of course I did.” Harry insisted, ignoring perplexed stares from others. After all, he might have been a bit of show off. “Now, get dressed, I don’t want you getting a cold.” Harry smiled, stepping away, looking over his shoulder, making sure that he masked Louis from others.

“Jesus, you’re so possessive it doesn’t even make sense.” Louis grumbled, shuffling around, trying to be quick with getting dressed – he was cold after all.

Harry waited patiently, striking up a short conversation with others and declining few offers for the night.

It wasn’t anything grand, no one planned anything due to tomorrow final game of basketball team and they either wanted to celebrate together or not at all.

So Stan offered joining his family for a dinner and Austin mentioned something about going out. Technically, Louis should be agreeing to this, he should be going out and maybe even initiating it – as he used to every other year.

But today he knew that Harry was not in a mood to celebrate Louis’ winning when his own was upcoming so Louis had to choose – going alone or staying with Harry and not going. Obviously he chose the second and accepted an offer to go to his mother for dinner, where Harry’s parents
and Gemma were going to join them.

“Hey, did they get on well?” Louis asked as they were walking to the car – flowers in Louis’ hands and Louis’ sports bag in Harry’s.

Apparently their families had an official meeting today and he was curious how did it go.

“Yeah, about that, I think that my mum and Jay had already… You know, talked or something.” Harry scratched his neck and Louis snorted, glancing up at him.

“Of course they did, I’m not even surprised.” Harry gasped, staring and Louis with his eyes wide.

“What do you mean ‘of course they did’?! You knew they knew each other?” Harry exclaimed and Louis laughed, nodding his head.

“They always knew each other, my mother would even call your mother from time to time to update on our principal visits.” Louis shrugged and kept walking, not even looking back at Harry, who was left behind. “Ouch!” He gasped, grabbing on his bum that Harry had just slapped.

“Oh, stop pretending it hurt.” Harry rolled his eyes playfully and Louis looked around the parking lot before jumping on Harry’s back and biting his neck.

“Carry me, I’m injured now.” He demanded and Harry did that without a single complain.

Louis considered himself being a good animal trainer on this.

*

Dinner at Jay’s was as always – loud.

Funny, homey, welcoming and nice but loud.

“See? This is why I moved to yours.” Louis mumbled in the middle of the dinner, when Daisy and Phoebe started fighting about last piece of chicken breast.

They had barbecue outside and by the time Louis and Harry arrived food was almost done and there were plenty of beef but for some reason they decided that they were never going to eat chicken in their life again.

Normally, thriving and finding it hilarious toddlers joined squealing and screaming and Harry admired how well Louis’ family dealt with the problem.

“Enough! You either stop or neither is getting the chicken and you go without having dessert!” Louis shouted, earning a ‘thank you’ from Jay, who together with Dan tried to calm down the youngest ones.

“This is giving me a headache.” Gemma murmured under her breath for only Harry to hear and he rolled his eyes, not agreeing with her at all.

This was giving Harry hope and things to expect in the future because Louis was now sorting the last piece of chicken in two parts, giving equal parts for both of the twins, who didn’t dare to shout.

He caught his mother looking at him with understanding smile and bit his lip trying to contain himself from grinning.
“Done. Now act nice or I swear to God I’ll sent you upstairs with only a vision of what dessert looks like.” Louis threatened again before sitting back down.

They carried on with dinner after that like nothing has happened but for Harry a lot had happened. It’s like his brain got the idea of Louis being an amazing parent and now he couldn’t stop taking pictures of Louis with his siblings. Even after being threatened to get his phone thrown away.

*

“Thank you guys for a nice evening.” Jay hugged Anne and Des that were walking through the door. Louis watched as Gemma followed them, leaving to stand in front of his parents.

“Hey.” He smiled, opening his arms for a hug.

“Oh, Lou.” His mother sighed, leaning in and practically burying herself in his embrace.

“Hey mum.” Louis giggled softly, hoping she won’t start crying. It would be hard for him not to cry too.

“I am so so proud of you.” She sighed, cupping his face in her hands and placing sloppy kisses all over his face.

“Mum stoop.” Louis laughed, not stepping away. “Harry’s watching, he’ll think I’m not cool.” He pouted and her mother snorted, pulling him in another hug.

“You’re the coolest kid I no.” She smirked pulling away. “Now go and text me when you get back.” She ordered, hugging Harry.

They were a bit sentimental after today. Louis siblings went to the living room to watch a movie throwing him a short waving or a goodbye, after all, they were going to see him tomorrow.

But his mother chose not to comprehend that and she sighed and whined and hugged him and almost cried because of how proud she was of Louis winning his last game.

“Try to keep him safe.” Jay joked, pulling away from Harry and Louis rolled his eyes.

Seriously, this whole joking about him was getting out of hand. It was not like he was walking danger. Last time he checked it was Harry, who got a concussion and was almost banned from playing his last games.

“I always do.” Harry, sappy as he is, replied to her, lovingly looking at Louis before wrapping arm around his waist and letting them go outside.

“About time, we’re freezing out here!” Gemma complained, as Harry was the one taking them home.

“You can always walk.” Louis replied, sticking his tongue out.

Gemma showed him his middle finger and stayed silent until Louis went for his usual place.

“Go away, I’m sitting here.” She stated, almost pushing Louis away. And by almost Louis means she fought to get the door opened and Louis pressed himself on those door’s, for her not to succeed.
“For God’s sake Gemma, leave my boyfriend alone!” Harry laughed interrupting their short and pointless fight.

It was some sort of a pattern – Louis knew he liked her and she obviously liked him too after few incidents.

There was no point hiding it and they had chatted a couple of times, called to each other and all that. But sometimes when they were actually together they kind of had to tease each other. It was not to make one another angry it was more in a funny manner but they still did it.

“This is not fair.” She complained crossing her arms.

“Yeah, well you could’ve gone with your parents.” Louis rolled his eyes.

He really didn’t know Gemma was going with them anyways and now he wondered why. Because if for some abnormal reason Harry’s parents decided to leave without going to Harry’s game tomorrow he was going to personally bring them by their necks.

“I couldn’t, they are driving to the airport to pick our grandparents and then they are staying at the hotel.” Louis hummed, glancing at the clock. It was late. Late enough to make him wonder whether Harry was in condition to drive.

“You won’t fall asleep while driving?” He asked, climbing into his seat, glancing at Harry, who was covering a yawn.

“No, I don’t think so. What? Want to take over?” Louis shook his head.

The opposite from what he wanted was to drive after such emotional day like this. It was nearing midnight and he wanted to cuddle into the blanket and sleep for forever.

“If you’re too tired, I can.” He shrugged but didn’t fight too much when Harry said that it was alright.

*

Harry yawned and scrunched his eyes, glancing at the clock, who said it was nearing 1 a.m. – as for him it was crucially late but there was still book in his hands while Louis brushed his teeth in the bathroom.

There was one thing Harry couldn’t stop thinking of.

“Hey, do you think you could’ve goaled more than once?”

Louis appeared on the doorstep his hair soft, toothbrush in his hand, slight frown on his face – perfectly fuckable, if you ask Harry.

“What is it? Making me overthink reason of living?”

Harry shook his head, no; it was not what he wanted. He just couldn’t get it out of his head that scene with James passing a ball to other player but not to Louis.

“Noo, this is not it. You did great.” Harry complimented and Louis hummed, stepping back into the bathroom, probably to get over with his teeth-brushing thingy. “Just that for a second I thought
you’ll make a goal but then James passed a ball not to you.” He added and as predicted, Louis appeared in the doorstep with no trace of toothpaste in his mouth.

However, there was a not so slight frown on his face now and Harry watched how he turned off the light and closed the door before walking towards him.

“Look, it’s not like we can talk to who and when we’re passing a ball. I don’t really like James but even I don’t criticize his thinking in the situation. It is difficult on the pitch, Harry.”

“I know it is, I’m just saying that you guys had a strategy that was different.”

And at that moment when Louis went from a frowning to a proper annoyed face expression and looked like he was going to punch Harry, he has thought about using different approach over the topic.

Just that now it was a bit post-factum.

“Are you seriously questioning my strategies? Harry what the fuck?!” Louis exclaimed, glaring at him angrily and Harry sighed, rubbing his eyes.

It was too late for trying to explain this, he was too tired for that.

“Not even for a spear second did I question your strategies, this is not about that.” Harry stated, reaching out for Louis wrist, to bring it closer to his lips and kiss it.

He considered himself lucky when Louis didn’t pull back.

“Then what is it? I had my final game, I won – why are you trying to make this situation shady? Can’t you be just happy?” Louis huffed and Harry bit his lip, waiting too long to reply as Louis carried on. “You know you should be giving me a celebration, winning sex not a moral about something that you didn’t like!” He complained again and Harry reached out to stroke Louis thigh.

“I can give you celebration sex now.” He suggested though he doubted he could.

Well, of course he could but it would be sloppy and he wasn’t all that into sex right now – it was one o’clock in the damned morning. He had his own game tomorrow.

“No, you can fuck yourself, I’m angry at you now!” Louis overreacted, grabbing a blanket and throwing himself under it, turning to face other side.

Harry sighed, leaning close to Louis, placing a kiss on his cheek.

“We can always have making-up sex.” He suggested because he was willing to do it.

“Not that type of angry.” Louis replied, not even paying attention to the slight cheek kisses Harry was giving.

“Oh, come on; let me take care of you? Unless you do want to go to bed on bad terms?”

He knew he had Louis by the way his posture changed when Harry asked the final question.

Slightly he turned his head to look at Harry and blue eyes gazed into Harry’s green ones, making him feel like Louis was observing him.

And he probably was because next thing he did was reaching out to Harry’s side of bed and
turned the light off.

“You look like the one who needs to be taken care of.” Louis stated, lifting a blanket and inviting Harry for a cuddle. “Plus, we’re both too tired for sex. I feel like I could sleep through orgasm.”

Harry laughed, making himself comfortable, laying on top of Louis, head on his smaller boyfriend’s shoulder.

“Despite the fact that it’s you I think I could go soft anyways, I am that tired.” Harry felt Louis chest vibrating from laughter and yawned again.

Immediately there were Louis fingers, massaging his scalp.

“Sleep, love, big day tomorrow.” Louis whispered into his ear but Harry was already drifting to reply.

*

“I didn’t know you can cook.” Gemma gasped, startling Louis from his place in front of the pan where he stood making pancakes.

Pancakes for Harry, who slept-in longer than Louis.

“Don’t touch them, they are for Harry.” Louis commanded, flipping another pancake and avoiding Gemma’s long fingers trying to pinch his side.

“What did he do to own this pleasure of you making him breakfast?” Gemma asked, reaching for three plates.

Louis tried not to stare as she did so but he couldn’t help himself – she was almost same height as he was but Louis could swear she didn’t struggle that hard. Perhaps, she was an inch taller?

He grunted under unpleasant thought and turned to flip the pancake.

“Hey, I asked a question.” Gemma nudged him.

“What?” Louis looked over at her just in time to see her rolling her eyes.

“It’s like you can’t function properly without my brother hear, you lose your sight or your hearing.” She teased playfully.

“Oh, sweetheart, it’s alright to be jealous, you don’t have to hide it under your rude demeanour.”

“Strange how you think I couldn’t punch you.”

“Why would you ever want to punch my boyfriend?”

Harry entered the kitchen enlightening everything around. His sweatpants were hanging low on his waist and he had no shirt on.

Damned Gemma and her appearance in this house or Louis would definitely go on his knees to take some of Harry’s into his mouth.
“He’s making fun of me.”

“Do not.” Louis pouted and Harry looked like he didn’t even notice Gemma’s words as he turned to kiss Louis pout away.

“Smells nice.” He commented, nuzzling himself into the crook of Louis’ neck, leaving few wet traces from soft kisses.

“Yeah? ‘M making pancakes.”

“You are?” Small smile played on Harry’s bright face, as he sniffed and glanced at the pan. “And to what do I owe this pleasure?”

“Nothing.” Louis LIED – with capital letters because there was a reason behind this grand gesture.

There was a reason why he didn’t force Harry to wake up and go downstairs to slave in the kitchen but he was not going to admit that. Like hell he’ll loudly admit that it was because of that cuddling position, when Harry wrapped himself around Louis like a shield and after Louis tried to untangle himself mumbled ‘Louis’ and huffed.

“Alright, want me to take over?” Harry offered kindly, his long arms wrapping around Louis’ waist.

If not Gemma, pretending to gag in the background, Louis would initiate it to go further than just slight kissing.

“Nah, get syrup and other things and I’ll finish with these.” Louis replied into Harry’s lips, trying to control his own body to not get any parts hard.

After all, they were quite on a break this week.

“I didn’t even know Louis can cook.” Gemma admitted, eyeing the pile of pancakes.

“He can.” Harry nodded eagerly, clasping Gemma’s hand away as she tried to reach out for some in the plate. “Wait, I need to get my camera!” He shrieked, running to the living room.

Louis considered attaching the damned camera to him, gluing to his neck because it happened too often – Harry suddenly running to get his camera to take picture of something.

“Jesus.” Gemma murmured under her breath and Louis snorted.

“Yeah, and I have to live through this every day.” He sighed, ignoring annoying snap of the camera as Harry, with no doubt, took picture of him first thing when returning.

It took five more minutes of just jealously looking at breakfast getting cold and then they actually dug in. Gemma admitting she was surprised and pleased by Louis cooking abilities and Harry beaming like a child or proud mother or combination of both actually.

Also, they picked on a small talking, letting Harry do the most of it and trying not to groan at the joke of the year. “Is pancake is a cake made in the pan or pansexual cake?”

Pathetic, if you ask Louis, totally disastrous and undeniably sad.

But he loved those syrupy lips too much to not find it at least a bit amusing, so yes, he might have
giggled and even worked up on a proper answer to make it into discussion about the identity of the pancake.

However, finally when the breakfast plates were too empty to pretend they were still eating, Louis had to say goodbye to those sweet lips.

“You’ll be alright?” Louis mumbled into Harry’s lips, too comfortable to step back.

Calm him crazy or whatever but he physically needed to be glued to Harry – it felt too good to step back.

“Of course, I’ll text you.” Harry promised and Louis laughed because he doubted Harry will text him.

Unless the world was ending and there was no other way to contact Louis then maybe yes, otherwise he was sure to expect FaceTime call.

“You won’t.”

“Yeah, I won’t.” Harry agreed, smiling softly and they probably looked like two idiots, hugging each other tightly, not wanting to let go and talking nonsense so they could postpone their goodbye.

“Yeah… I’ll bring a poster.” Louis giggled, inhaling Harry’s scent.

Jesus, they were starting to become ridiculous, it was just few hours separately.

“I’ll be searching for you in the stands.” Harry’s lips reached Louis’ forehead and Louis tightened his grip around Harry’s waist.

If he held long enough and hard enough maybe Harry would stay.

“Alright, you’re starting to get pathetic. Stop it because anytime our parents may come back and then they’ll see how both of you are delusional and they’ll hospitalize you.” Gemma interrupted, trying to get in between.

“And you’re leaving me with her.” Louis sighed, pretending to sniff and cry.

Harry laughed, stealing one quick kiss, grabbing his sports bag. “Gemma, be nice to Louis.” He smirked and Louis ignored his remark staring at white closed door for a minute before coming back to kitchen.

Harry’s parents, together with his grandparents, came back not long after and entered the house with loud chattering and big smiled.

Surprisingly enough, this time Louis didn’t feel like an intruder. Maybe just a tiny bit but not all that much because Gemma actually made sure he was not alone and Harry’s grandparents were rather eager to talk to him.

Also, his own family came to visit around lunch time and brought plenty of paper that had to be coloured and turned into two posters.

It was fascinatingly beautiful to watch his own family interact with Harry’s, two suddenly becoming one family as Harry’s grandpa held snoring Ernest in his lap not minding even a bit.
Louis made sure to snatch a picture and send it to Harry, only getting a little bit sad when getting a reply how much Harry would want to be with them.

Creepily inseparable they were and with a bit of anxiety Louis waited for the evening.

Game was on the other side of town and day happened to be total shit. It was raining heavily and Louis was only glad it wasn’t like that yesterday.

What he wasn’t glad about was having to drive all the way to that place with four more people in a car, he was driving.

“Daisy, would you please stop screaming?” Louis scolded her sister slightly.

Apparently, Daisy thought it was funny to scream from the bottom of her lungs about how much she wanted fries, like Louis could stop in the middle of the road to get her those damned fries.

“Harry would get me some!” She argued and Louis groaned, thanking God that at least Phoebe wasn’t like that. The other twin giggled softly, while playing on her phone, opting to not join her sister.

“Yeah, well Harry’s not here and he won’t be later so if you don’t stay silent you won’t get them at all.” Louis threatened and Gemma snorted from sitting next to him.

“What? Is that some kind of a game? You and Harry playing bad and good cops?” She teased and Lottie from the backseat decided to join her.

“Apparently, it’s their type of parenting.” She added leaving Louis to listen how himself and Harry would be as parents.

He regretted telling Daisy to shut up.

*

The court was packed.

They didn’t even come late, quite early to be honest and it was already packed, full of people with posters, shirts of school colours and so on.

Louis had to physically fight for his seats and even then they got them too further than he preferred, which is how he ended up kissing everyone goodbye and joining his own teammates, who kinda had VIP seats.

Gemma trailed by his side so he wouldn’t be like completely alone and had someone to hold sickeningly pink poster with.

It didn’t take long for others to pay attention at her and eye her curiously – some of course knew, who she was, some had not, some had shown too much interest.

And you can even guess who.

“So you’re Harry’s sister?” James asked the obvious and Louis glanced at him irritated because James switched seats just to be next to Gemma.

“I am, yeah.” Gemma smiled to James sweetly and Louis wanted to nudge her, inform her to
whom she’s talking to but he didn’t.

Because the game started and he was too bothered eyeing his hot boyfriend than being curious about asshole talking to Harry’s sister.

Gemma was way older anyways, probably even had a boyfriend.

And Harry there for sure had a boyfriend, who was now eager to see him with those curls bouncing as he walked and looked all juicy and delicious.

But nervous.

Narrowing his eyes Louis bit his lip and wondered going down to talk to Harry because Harry was nervous.

He kept tugging his curls, playing with his hair in a rougher manner than he usually did and Louis knew that Harry did that only when anxious.

It didn’t get better during the first round.

Harry stayed on the bench and just as predicted the team had it hard. It wasn’t pathetic, no way; they weren’t like obviously losing but still first round ended up in 35-42. Harry’s team losing and Louis hoped for the best as for the 2nd round it was Harry’s turn.

And that is when it turned to shit.

Seriously, it was pathetic to watch. Sad and pathetic and Louis didn’t know what to do because whilst others kept doing alright and keeping up with the pace Harry for the first time in his whole basketball career looked like beginner first getting out his chance.

The result was sad to watch 77-59 and when there was announcement that round had ended Louis jumped from his seat practically flying to the place where his team stayed.

Stupid, as he might not have been let through if not their coach noticing him on time and motioning to let him get past.

So he did and without blinking he went after Harry, grabbing his wrist and dragging him out of the court for some more privacy.

They had ten minutes break and he knew Harry needed three to drink and talk to his coach, plus he had no idea if Harry will go back for the third.

He had to work quickly.

“What the fuck?” Louis accused and Harry flinched at his rough tone.

Okay, so maybe Louis choice of words wasn’t the best one but he was lost and angry and disappointed and well maybe he and Harry were that cool couple that didn’t lose.

Probably not, because the main idea was that Harry couldn’t handle to lose and Louis had to work to get him to win.

“I can’t do this.” Harry whispered, not meeting Louis’ eyes. “I missed all week of training and now I am out in the field embarrassing everybody and I can’t do this. I will lose and I can’t-

“Harry’s breath hitched and he let out a wail and Louis got into the mood he rarely got with Harry.
It’s when your sibling is on the verge of bursting out in tears, of crying like a baby – Louis jumped into action.

He pressed his lips into Harry’s for a deep passionate kiss and then turned out, determined expression on his face.

“Turn around.” He ordered, surprising not only Harry but himself too.

They were in a fucking hallway. Yeah, people didn’t walk here during games and there were no cameras for this corner where they stood but still.

This was public place, this was Louis – he wasn’t the one to order around.

And now he suddenly was.

He ignored his inside thoughts, kneeling in front of Harry, tugging his shorts down.

Five minutes, Louis could do it. He hoped he could. Harry was not hard and Louis couldn’t blow him. But he could try rimming him.

“Lou-ugh!” Harry gasped as Louis licked around, and Louis was actually scared this won’t work so he tugged Harry’s cock a couple of times until it hardened and then with a power not known to himself he managed to turn Harry around and then start sucking him like there’s no tomorrow.

And by that he means he literally gagged and sucked and moaned and groaned and let Harry to ride the fuck out of his mouth and he couldn’t properly talk when this was over.

What he managed was a powerless threat. “Lose and you can forget how that feels.” Was all he said as green irises gazed into his blue ones and Harry pressed quick kiss before rushingly running back.

Louis stayed there for a couple of minutes, leaning into a wall, trying to get his breath back after literally being denied some oxygen.

Finally, he fathered himself and slowly walked back into the court and back to his place, nodding to that thankful smile of Harry’s coach and ignoring the look on Gemma’s face by examining very interesting court that had female cheerleaders dancing.

“Did you not swallow it that you can’t open your mouth or what?” She finally mocked him as Louis deliberately ignored some of questions that were passed on him, playing that he didn’t hear it.

“Sore throat.” Louis managed to whisper and for a second Gemma looked worried but then snorted and smiled knowingly, opening her mouth to tease him.

“I’ll try getting you some warm tea.” She suggested, already on her feet and Louis saw her walking away with his mouth opened.

She only managed to return when the third period had already started just in time to see Harry doing miracles on the court.

“If he wins you’re the one to congratulate.” She stated calmly handing him a cup of really shitty tasting tea but Louis smiled gratefully and gulped it carefully as it still did his job of fixing Louis fucked out throat.

By the time Harry reached 83-81 for his team (his one was winning) he was taken out of the field
and Louis worriedly followed each movement of his, ignoring the actual game until he was sure that Harry had no headaches, no problem breathing and everything was fine.

Turned out it was not only fine it was perfect even.

Third period was won by them 89-88. The defence of Harry’s team was remarkable; Louis even made a mental note to compliment him on that. Getting points wasn’t that easy once Harry was out from the court but they managed to do it quite well and when the fourth period came Louis literally started biting his nails.

Harry didn’t go to play immediately and Liam was taken out so they kind of were left without two best players and in the middle of it the result was not in their favour. 113-109 and that is when Harry Styles made his fucking comeback and crushed everyone who had ever doubted his abilities.

Louis screamed from the bottom of his damned lungs, adrenaline pumping in his veins, making all ache of his throat unfelt and he had literal tears in his eyes as Harry locked eyes with him from his place in the middle of the court, smiling softly as others cheered for his victory.

“Good job.” Gemma hugged him and Louis was not even going to deny this – he sobbed into her shoulder, that’s how fucking happy he was.

*

Sweat and smell of old socks hit Louis’ nose as he entered the changing room where Harry’s team was situated.

“Here he is! The most amazing boyfriend anyone can ever have!” Harry cheered, hugging Louis waist and bringing him closer for a deep kiss.

Everyone clapped around, cheering for Louis as he stood there a bit embarrassed, clutching Harry’s sweaty shirt, trying to mask his reddened cheeks.

“Congratulations.” He murmured, giving a package to Harry, earning a confused glance.

They didn’t exactly talked about presents due to the occasion and it didn’t deem necessary but Louis had this plan on giving Harry present for a long time and yesterday after receiving flowers he just knew it was right thing to do.

“What is it?” Harry asked, eyeing the neatly wrapped package – complete opposite than what he had received previous times.

Louis rolled his eyes, ignoring the question and waiting for Harry to unwrap it. Others were starting to leave the room, going to showers and Louis wanted Harry to do the same. They had a party scheduled for this evening.

“Lou…” Harry’s breath hitched as he unwrapped the paper.

“For your addiction of taking pictures.” Louis smiled sweetly. “You can easily attach it to your phone and you know get better quality of pictures. You can use it on different phones so if you change yours, like you were talking you wi-“

Louis was interrupted by deep kiss, Harry’s long arms wrapping around his waist and pulling into a crushing hug.
“I will fucking marry you. Not today but I’ll marry you and I’ll make you the fucking happiest man alive.” Harry promised, their foreheads touching as he made promises. “I wouldn’t have won if not you.” Harry added, straightening himself, placing a kiss on Louis forehead.

“I am glad you like it.” Louis mumbled and Harry glanced at him with a smile playing on his face.

“I love you.” He said before leaning into another kiss.

“I love you too but go to shower because you smell.” Louis crunched his nose and Harry laughed, stepping away.

“Oh, I uhm…”

“No, I don’t want to join.” Louis replied, taking a seat next to Harry’s belongings and taking Harry’s phone to scroll through apps.

Once again, Louis knew they were about to go to the party and not home so he may as well use Harry’s phone battery rather than his own.

“Not what I meant.” Harry teased, taking his toiletries bag and a towel. “I have some pills you know… If you need them.”

“Is this your way of apologising for fucking my throat?” Louis blinked innocently and Harry clearly doubted before kneeling in front of him.

“I didn’t hurt him, did I?” He asked attentively and Louis poked Harry’s shoulder with his shoe.

“Did you get another concussion?” He teased getting his naked ankle slapped.

“Take those mint pills and shut up.” Harry laughed, scurrying into the shower, leaving Louis to scroll through Instagram and maybe messages.

Though if he had tried to learn something about Harry and people he talked to there was practically nothing.

Last text message was sent to Louis, reaction to the picture of Daisy and his reply and the previous one was conversation with Gemma three days ago and it was actually Louis chatting on his phone.

Seriously, if you wanted to get yourself a boyfriend who’d be faithful try Harry, who rejected the art of text messages in twenty first century.

* 

Louis never ever thought about this but really it was only the question of time when Harry will meet some of Louis’ exes.

Well, maybe not that much of an exes but something that lasted for one week or two. There weren’t many guys, only a few but still they were from the same city just different school.

But when one team of your city goes to basketball or football finals you cheer for them and later on you party with them.
So basically that is how Louis’ ex named Mick ended up in the same party at Stan’s.

And that is alright, no bad blood between them. Maybe a bit on Mick’s side who was left behind by Louis saying he was a bit shit in bed and lasted only a couple of minutes but besides from that Louis couldn’t be bothered by him even if he tried.

Try entering Harry Styles to this situation and… And then it changes everything.

“Tomlinson.” Mick acknowledged him whilst Louis was standing in the living room with people coming up to him and congratulating, while also commenting on his goal and how well he did in the game.

Harry was somewhere back in the kitchen, last time Louis checked he had been also busy by talking to other people and that was fine. It wasn’t like they were glued to each other all the time and there were other people, who wanted their attention.

“Mick, hi.” Louis nodded, offering his hand to shake.

Last time he had met this guy he accused Louis of being a slut and an asshole so he hoped that now same thing won’t happen.

And it didn’t, quite the opposite. Mick stayed glued to his side for five minutes, commenting on Louis amazing physical shape and throwing suggestions of meeting up some time and maybe exchanging numbers.

Literally nothing could shake this guy off and Louis finally smiled saying that he kind of had to go find his boyfriend.

“Oh, I know how well you do dating, Tomlinson.” Mick laughed and Louis wondered if he lived under the rock. Like himself and Harry (not to brag) were like two the most popular people among city’s teenagers because of winning games and all that.

How the fuck did he not know Louis was with Harry?

“I do actually.” Louis smiled politely, starting to walk back to the kitchen. He needed to find Harry ASAP.

“I might as well suggest threesome or something.” Mick nudged him, following Louis around not stepping back even when Louis went to talk with Stan or his other teammates.

Louis wandered around all of the rooms and he started to seriously hate Harry as the boy was nowhere to find.

Seriously, just when Louis needed Harry, out of all possible times, he chose this one to disappear.

“C’mon let’s go dancing.” Mick tugged Louis arm, when they entered living room were a lot of people were dancing.

“No, I’m fine, not much into dancing.” Louis pretended to smile, glancing around; maybe he could send a help request to someone familiar.

“Oh, stop playing hard to get, that story about boyfriend was obviously bullshit.” Mick laughed, tugging Louis harsher this time, practically pulling Louis with himself.

“Are you deaf? Fuck off.” Louis exclaimed, stepping back and getting ready to actually punch this asshole.
The guy in front of Louis laughed mockingly, as if this was the funniest joke to hear and reached out again.

Louis didn’t think twice punching him straight into the jaw.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?!” Mick roared, clutching his jaw and pushing Louis into a wall.

His back painfully hit the wall and Louis grunted, trying to gain his posture so he could do that again.

“With me? Get your dirty hands off of me you prick.” Louis shouted back.

People around them slowly started to look over rather than continuing dancing. Louis chose to ignore that part, thinking that if they attracted more attention somebody would choose to get involved and separate them.

“You fucking faggot, waving that ass in the air like you’re so hard to get, should be grateful I am even offering!” Mick mocked him and for a second Louis debated if he was fit enough to take this guy down.

He wasn’t.

But Louis Tomlinson would be damned not to try. Not when he was being humiliated like that.

So he gathered his strength and pushed Mick away, punching him one more time, unsuccessfully aiming for the eye. Mick managed to flip him over and they were screaming at each other incoherently, people around them trying to kind of separate them but most probably didn’t want to get hurt as no one actually pulled them away.

By the time somebody actually took Louis by his shoulders and pulled him away he was sure there were few obvious bruises on his body.

(Switching to Harry’s POV)

Harry for the millionth time today was telling a story about getting a concussion one week before his final game and slowly sipped from his cup filled with vodka and orange juice – mostly orange juice but he had a plan to slowly get his drinks stronger.

He was telling about that time when doctor told him he had to stay off of physical activities for one week when Liam nudged him.

“Hey, uhm, I am not sure but I think your boy got into fight.” Liam informed him, motioning to the living room and now when he tried to listen he could hear some sounds coming from the inside.

Without even apologizing to the people he was talking to Harry ushered inside and turned into the living room meeting with quite a spectacle.

Louis and some guy were screaming at each other something Harry could not register, throwing punches here and there, more missing than hitting what they aimed for.

“Oh, that’s enough.” Harry stated loudly and intimidatingly, gathering everybody’s attention except Louis and the other guy.
So he left his drink on nearest flat surface and ran to separate them before some real damage could’ve happened.

He grabbed Louis by his shoulders and with no bigger problem lifted him, pulling him away. As it was expected Louis didn’t go down without a fight, he was trashing in Harry’s grip, screaming from the bottom of his lungs about ending that guy.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa!” Harry shouted as Louis almost escaped. “Calm the fuck down.” He ordered and there was a second of fighting but then Louis registered that it was Harry and complied.

There was a smirk playing on Harry’s face, almost ready to mock Louis, who managed to get into a fight. He was rudely interrupted.

“Oh, thank god you got this fucker off of me. Fucking faggot doesn’t know his place.” Harry immediately froze, his steal grip loosening on Louis as he stared into this fucker.

“Yeah?” He asked not recognising his own voice.

“Yeah, should fuck him dry this piece of shit.” The fucker added and Harry saw red.

Like he didn’t even think twice before jumping onto the guy, knocking him off, throwing him on the ground and kicking him.

“DON’T YOU FUCKING DARE TO EVEN LOOK AT HIM YOU PIECE OF SHIT!” Harry roared, louder than actual music playing in the room.

“Harry! Jesus, Harry calm down!” Louis jumped in front of him and the room was in awe.

Like the couple most of them knew to be together were stopping each other for fighting the same person, who was now clutching his stomach and trying to stand up.

“Get the fuck away from this house and don’t even look at my boyfriend or I’ll stab you.” Harry threatened, tugging Louis to his side and somehow nobody in the room was left in doubt.

*

James was sitting in the kitchen when Louis and Harry entered a room looking in an argument. His head perked in interest as he looked at Luke, Stan, Austin and Liam trailing behind them.

“Did you really have to attack the same guy twice?” Liam complained as Stan went to get some ice.

“Fuck off.” Louis and Harry replied simultaneously as Louis took a seat on top of the table.

James watched Harry as he took ice from Stan, putting it around Louis wrist, murmuring something only for Louis to hear.

“What happened?” James asked, turning to Austin, who shrugged, motioning at the couple.

“A guy tried hitting on Louis, Louis punched him, Harry separated them and then Harry punched that guy too.”
James snorted not looking away until Harry and Louis kissed, gripping each other disgustingly.

*

They had ended up upstairs in one of the bedrooms that by the looks of it could have been Stan’s parents.

Harry was not sure. He was kind of too busy with the beauty in his arms, trying to taste his lips.

“Harry…” Louis moaned into his ear, rutting against Harry’s prick and Harry grunted, ripping off Louis shirt.

“So fucking beautiful.” Harry moaned, pushing Louis on the bed and sitting on top of him, leaning to smell his stomach, belly button, his ribs, to lick and taste them.

It was like his personal drug, personal addiction – tasting and feeling Louis.

Harry could swear there was something special about this caramel skin and his brain was too intoxicated to comprehend his actual actions so he was left acting by pure lust.

“Let me blow you.” Louis moaned, his hips going up and down, lips meeting Harry’s.

Louis tasted like vodka, lemonade and something different – very Louisy.

“Yeah, yeah baby blow me. Let me see your pink lips around my cock.” Harry slurred almost falling down as he tried standing up.

They were fucking wasted.

Him and Louis.

They were so drunk and they were going to have sex.

Harry moaned at the thought, yanking Louis by his hair to come closer to his crotch.

“Fucking love this.” Louis nuzzled his face into Harry’s crotch covered by jeans, massaging Harry’s hard prick with his nose.

“Fuck baby, you’re so beautiful like this.” Harry whined, pushing Louis face further into his crotch, moaning at how good it felt.

“Yeah? Would look better with this inside my mouth.” Louis teased, standing on his knees, reaching out for Harry’s simples sucking them hard, probably leaving marks.

“I will put it in your mouth.” Harry promised, moaning, hands running up and down Louis’ body as he tried to pull Louis closer to his body. “Will fuck your throat so good, everybody will know you’re mine.”

His.

Louis was his.

Nobody else’s but Harry’s.
This beauty, blue eyes, thick arse, pink lips, sucking on Harry’s abs – this boy was his.

“Yours.” Louis nodded eagerly. “Make me yours, mark me as yours.” He talked between kisses and Harry used all of his willpower not to push Louis back on the bed and not to fuck him so hard that everybody in this fucking house could hear.

Instead he allowed Louis to tug his jeans down, freeing his cock, letting him smell it and nuzzle into it through the fabric of his briefs.

“God, you’re so perfect. So perfect. My little bunny, my boy.” Harry moaned and even screamed when Louis sucked only the bottom of his V-line.

He tried to give Louis’ a sign not to do that, he tried tugging his hair but it didn’t work and Harry ended up cumming like this – Louis sucking on few sensitive spots, looking too hot for Harry to try and stop himself from that.

“Seriously?” Louis whined, finger trailing against the wet patch of Harry’s briefs, pout forming on his face.

“Turn around.” Harry ordered, doing that for Louis rather than waiting for him to comply.

He might be soft now but he knew for sure that he could always rim Louis long enough for him to cum at least twice.

*

Chapter End Notes

Please don't forget Kudos and COMMENTS (I do not know when I will update next. I will try to have it by next Sunday but I think it might take two weeks again, stay tuned and follow Harroldsnotmname on Instagram).

INSTAGRAM
Mine - sbalkauskaite
Harry's - Harroldsnotmname
Chapter 49

Chapter Summary

The day after the party and some time for themselves

Chapter Notes

Hello my dear readers and thank you all that will stay until I finish this note.

Now, I am feeling extremely bad about letting all of you down by not replying all the previous comments you've left. I know there are like few more I haven't answered since last update and I feel so bad about it....
I mean, I am always telling you to comment but I didn't even reply to that and this is very bad behaviour and you have all rights to stop commenting, reading and start hating me because I showed the type of disrespect I had no rights to.

Also, please assure me that it is going alright (this fic) I personally love where it is going, I love the way I turn things but I still need assurance that this isn't stretched because I don't want to finish it yet but I am not planning huge drama things (except one with James) and unless something changes there will be a lot of fluff and I don't want to bore you... Please share your opinion with me.

Last but not least, I am really sorry for taking so long with updates. I am honestly drowning in work. The ones who follow me on Instagram might have seen that I am also radio presenter and writer at newspaper so doing that while being senior is fucking difficult. On top of that I am trying to get my drivers licence and dealing with uni stuff so I am physically not able to write as much as I would like to and give you as many chapters as you deserve....

Now, thank you all that kept reading this huge note until the end, you are now allowed to go read the update and try your best to enjoy it.

<3 <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Harry Edward Styles!” Louis entered Stan’s kitchen loudly, few sizes bigger stained briefs hanging on his hips. “You’re a fucking asshole.” Louis announced, looking directly at Harry.

“Hi.” Harry laughed, his sides falling out of the way too small underwear.

“Hi my ass you dick, I fucking hate you.” Louis glared, glancing over at other guys in here. They were all either his or Harry’s teammates so he decided it was alright to argue in front of them.

“Did you really have to take my briefs? After cumming in yours?”

“Oh, I didn’t notice.” Harry shrugged, obviously lying because how the fuck can’t you notice you are putting S size briefs on your extra fucking large body.
Okay, Louis might be exasperating it a little bit. The measurement difference wasn’t that huge but seriously it was clearly Louis’ underwear – bigger for the bum and smaller for the waist, also known as exact opposite for what Harry needed.

And this happens often for them, mixing their briefs and other clothes, it’s not usually a big deal.

You see that word ‘usual’? Yeah, its meaning doesn’t include today.

“Then get fucking glasses on your fucking face because these are mine! And not only did you take them but you left me these dirty ones from the time when you couldn’t be a proper man and keep yourself hard for more than five seconds!”

Everyone in the room was looking at Louis as if he was delusional.

Harry noticed that much and even he was surprised at this outburst of Louis’. Entering kitchen trashing and screaming like some crazy man wasn’t Louis type of behaviour. Not over such a tiny thing, not after going to sleep on good terms, not out of nowhere.

But instead of snapping back Harry saw his precious tiny boy, with too big and dirty briefs on his small frame, hands on hips, glaring like tiny kitten.

And Jesus, Louis was like Harry’s mother when his father would give him cookie before lunch. With this posture Louis was an amazing picture of future to be mother and Harry couldn’t even remember what the row was about because he had this idea of young replica of himself or Louis being somewhere here hiding with a cookie while Harry was to take the blame.

“Alright,” Harry nodded obediently and understandingly, trying to soothe Louis and calm him down. “Do you want to exchange them? I can take them off and give to you.” He offered simply and Louis blinked in surprise not getting shout at back.

It made Harry wonder why. More often than not in arguments Louis would get surprised by Harry’s calm attitude and it was a mystery for Harry what did Louis expect? It was always better to reach for a compromise and normal conversation rather than shouting at one another.

The only explanation Harry had was the way Tomlinson’s household worked. Everybody was loud in there, with no exception and sometimes if you wanted to be heard… Well you had to be loud.

“You snored all night and I couldn’t sleep.” Louis changed the topic, accusing Harry about something he had no idea about. “And that’s why I had to go search were to sleep and then I couldn’t sleep without you and then I returned and you were still snoring.” Louis was not pouting and pouring his heart out.

Harry reached for Louis; from his place in front of the table and brought closer, letting Louis nuzzle his face into Harry’s naked chest. It was painfully obvious that Louis was practically naked in front of others and Harry possessively wrapped his arms around Louis shoulders to keep them closer together.

But if anyone asked it was only to keep Louis warm.

“I am sorry about that.” Harry apologized sincerely. Louis stepped away and glanced into his eyes as if asking for a kiss. Harry smiled, pecking Louis’ lips and pulling away, motioning to the Listerine near the sink. “You can wash your mouth with that.” He smirked and Louis hummed, going to do just that.
Harry’s eyes lingered second too long on his boyfriend gurgling and washing his mouth and he himself had no idea why it looked sexy.

“So, my parents are like gone for couple of days but I’d still appreciate if you helped me clean.” Stan interrupted the awkward atmosphere as others kinda observed Louis and Harry exchanging their now deeper kiss.

“I can pay for the cleaner if you want to.” Harry offered being nice and not even thinking about getting punched. “Ouch!” He flinched from Louis. “What was that for?”

“Being posh.” Louis shrugged and turned to Harry’s empty plate, starting to talk before Harry could think of any remark. “What’s for breakfast?” He asked innocently as if he hadn’t just punched his own boyfriend.

Harry needed to make a promise to himself that he wasn’t going to use Louis’ DNA for their future kids or he was going to get bold and grey before thirty.

“There’s some leftover pizza.” Harry motioned at the fridge and now, okay, listen closely.

This was not because he was lazy to cook for Louis. Hell, no. He woke up early and had already prepared breakfast for everyone in the kitchen. It was not because of that. Never would he even turn down opportunity to feed Louis.

But the truth to be told Louis loved fast and unhealthy food, consciously opting to make his body suffer. Which is why the first thing Harry did was searching for pizza and hiding it in the fridge for Louis with an idea of Louis being thankful and happy about it.

And Louis was. He simply hummed turning on his heel, ready to go to the fridge and search for it and Harry knew what the problem was right when Louis froze in the middle of the action.

“What are you eating?”

Harry’s eyes went wide in horror as Louis addressed at James and he could already see seconds passing by, coming to the moment where he was going to be a dead man.

“Scrambled eggs…” James trailed off, confused and alright, okay, YES – Harry made that.

But he had made that to everyone! Liam and Matthew still had their plates half-full and it was not him to blame that James was the only one in front of Louis now.

“Who made that?” Louis asked again and Harry thought of shaking his head but it probably wouldn’t have worked out anyways.

Louis knew the recipe of Harry’s morning scrambled eggs with that cheese toast and bacon.

“I-uhm, Harry…” James looked at the curly haired boy quizzically, more addressing to him than answering Louis’ question.

Harry imagined small babies turning into little devils like in that movie the Incredibles – the same thing was happening in front of Harry now.

“You made James breakfast?”

Faster than Harry could register Louis turned around, staring at him angrily, ready to snap and Harry opened his mouth ready to say no.
Then he closed it

Opened again.

Closed again.

“Well… It depends how you define word making…” Harry trailed off. “And I didn’t make it specifically for him.” He added rushingly before Louis could scream.

Harry was more than a little bit aware that others were in this room.

His and Louis’ serious arguments always ended up in sex, which was not an option right now, also, that part before sex was quite nasty.

“But he’s eating it, isn’t he?!” Louis exclaimed, crossing his arms, sending daggers towards James.

“Yes, but-“

“And you told me to get LEFTOVER pizza?”

“Yes, but-“

“Fuck you.” Louis spat, not moving, staring at Harry intimidatingly.

Now, he still looked cute, like a kitten and something Harry was going to love forever but Harry wasn’t a fool and he could see that Louis was obviously pissed.

“I can make you something.” Harry suggested and Louis laughed humorously, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Oh, you can?” He asked in a mocking tone and Harry sighed, standing up from his seat, walking to the working space.

He decided not to acknowledge his hangover headache right now while he literally had Louis prepared and ready to kill.

Not that Harry ever gave any clues to Louis but he was quite a show off and exhibitionist on some level. He loved PDA, all kissing; touching and sickeningly sweet together thing was what Harry lived for. Louis? Not so much, only when he wanted to show off to someone in particular. But Harry? Nah, he had always wanted to show off his boy and their relationship.

And that is why the current state of their behaviour kind of let him down and he was trying to sooth it with gentle acting, which he probably would do anyways. But now, in front of others Harry was aching to do it.

“Uhm, you want bacon?” Harry asked, looking at Louis over his shoulder, which looked busy scrolling Harry’s mobile phone.

“Yes.” Louis grunted, not looking up but only clearly hesitating.

Harry gave him ten minutes. Or maybe five. Noting that Louis was only in his underwear, likely to get cold very quick and James was sitting in front of him, Harry gave him five minutes until Louis would stop his blood from boiling.

Almost right, he had missed only by two minutes because three minutes passed and cold arms were wrapping around Harry’s middle, goose bumps visible on Louis’ forearms.
“Sorry I’ve shouted.” Louis mumbled into Harry’s bicep as if he was ashamed of that.

Harry only hummed and smiled, kissing Louis forehead and lifting him up on the counter.

“It’s alright, I’m sorry I’ve told you to eat pizza.”

“Uhm…” Louis blushed furiously and Harry chuckled.

He knew Louis better than himself after all, didn’t he?

“I can heat it.” Harry suggested already opening fridge door and taking the box, ignoring Stan’s complains that he didn’t know there was some left.

Because there wasn’t. Not for them. Only for Louis. Reserved for Louis Tomlinson, by Harry Styles, suck it Stanley and others.

“You don’t…” Louis trailed of glancing at the pan and then at the box. “Have to.” He finished sourly, almost wincing at his own words. And seriously, could you ever be angry at that?

He looked like a little bunny, precious Harry’s boy and if they were to be alone… Well, that is only for Harry’s imagination and he should not think about it now otherwise he would be showing quite a tent in few sizes too small underwear.

“It’s alright; I bet someone wouldn’t mind more food.” Harry shrugged it off, one hand placed on Louis’ knee.

Harry needed to get finished with this food and then dress him up or Louis will be having his knees in pain later on and might turn blue, like Loki in Thor’s movie.

“But not James.” Louis whispered into Harry’s ear and he couldn’t stop himself from cackling as he stared lovingly at Louis. “And I want bacon.” He added and Harry didn’t think twice before kissing him.

God, right now he wouldn’t even think twice about fucking him right in front of others. But Louis already had that flourish blush on his cheeks and Harry decided that it was enough or they would make themselves embarrassed.

Finally they settled at the previous seat, Louis munching on his food, drinking coffee and scowling at Harry’s dark cup of shit as he referred to it.

But besides this exchange of looking at Harry’s cup and balancing on his lap they didn’t even acknowledge each other. Louis was too busy shivering and eating while Harry replied to questions thrown at him.

Apparently Louis and him moving to London and entering the same University (no, Louis didn’t listen Harry’s opinion about Imperial) was extraordinary news.

“But wow, they actually accepted you both to the UCL? It’s sick.” James whistled and it Louis reacted like a bolt, lifting his chin and glaring.

Not that he was jealous or something but sometimes it took longer for Harry to get Louis’ attention.
“Well, James, my boy is like the footballer and mathematician genius at the same time so they had no reason not to accept him. Therefore, maybe they agreed to add me up because they knew I am dating him?” Harry joked, ruffling Louis hair and quickly sorting them out after a whine.

“Don’t be ridiculous, I am sure you’re hella smart.” James winked and Harry’s jaw got hit by Louis’ head. So much for leaning in to kiss Louis head.

Ouch.

“He’s dumb as fuck, I’m sure Harry bribed them to get in.” Louis snorted and Harry rolled his eyes, rubbing his sore jaw.

“Can you not tell others that I bribed University into accepting me?”

“Kiss my head, you f**ker, it hurts now.” Louis insisted and there was literally nothing Harry would rather do.

And then Louis shivered so bad Harry felt on alert of doing something about it.

“I have another set of clothes in car, want me to get it?”

“Did you have it all along and didn’t bring it so I just had to wear this shit of yours?” Louis grumbled, motioning to the stained briefs and Harry seriously needed to get him to sleep as soon as possible.

Tip toing Harry returned to the kitchen and glanced one more time at the finally sleeping figure of Louis.

Now everybody could relax because by the time Harry returned from his car Louis was throwing a tantrum about how others knew shit about math and talked shit about too hard exam of math.

To calm him down Harry literally dragged him out of the room, dressed him up and forced to cuddle on the sofa in the living room until Louis was softly breathing, looking like a sweet innocent angel.

Call Harry delusional but this was the best thing that has ever happened to him.

“He’s sleeping.” He smiled entering the kitchen, voice just a tiny bit above the whisper. “Sorry about that by the way, he gets snappy when he’s tired and we stayed in different place so he slept few hours at most and he didn’t had his pyjamas so probably got cold too.” Harry shrugged, taking Louis empty plate and going to clean it.

“Why are you patronising your boyfriend?” James snapped and Harry tensed, clenching and unclenching his jaw before turning to look at him.

“Excuse me?”

“Just saying, you treat him like a baby and he’s acting like an asshole.” James shrugged as if it was not a big deal for him to just talk shit about Louis like that.

Well, news is – no one talks shit about Louis. Unless Harry allows it. And James was not going to be allowed something like this ever.

“James, asshole doesn’t even describe half of your personality so would you kindly fuck off?”
Harry smiled, his hands clenching plate a slightly too hard. He wasn’t the type of person to snap or to be rude to someone. Exceptions were made when it was about Louis. “Oh, just saying you know.” He added mockingly after noticing frown on James’ face.

It was an awkward silence for a couple of seconds until Liam coughed and asked about helping to clean.

“Yeah, I can also join because Louis’s going to be sleeping for a while I guess. You don’t mind?” He looked at Stan, who just shrugged as if it was not a big deal.

“Nah mate, it’s whatever.” Stan said and Harry thanked him before turning back to doing the dishes.

Maybe Louis was right when he said Stan was a nice guy and a something Louis considered as an actual friend.

But not James, who walked around not going home as house slowly cleared out, staying for cleaning up (Harry will simply miss that part that Luke was James’ ride home and he stayed here too because he was too hangover to drive).

Harry had felt himself starting to actually dislike James. First because of that football match thing and now because no one talked shit about Louis.

No one.

He was going to protect Louis’ honours until the day he died because Harry was no fool – he knew that Louis was the best thing happened to him. The one he loved and the one he could find his shelter at. Louis would console him and take care of him if needed; he had proved it more than once.

And in return Harry loved taking care of Louis. He accepted it as a sign of being needed and he was not going to fail on his duty of being Louis’ caretaker.

*

It was nearing the four p.m. and by that time Louis had woken up three times.

James had counted.

And he also glared as all those times Harry went to Louis, laying down with him and cuddling until he would stop whining, writhing and would fall asleep again.

It was absurd, completely ridiculous. As if Louis was some kind of a fucking child.

Like he needed Harry to just give up what he was doing and run straight to Louis for stupid cheek kisses and disgustingly sweet words.

Let alone this left Louis sleeping while they had to be ‘silent’ as they cleaned the entire house. Harry was being utterly ridiculous on that and scolded anyone, who tried being too loud and could supposedly wake Louis up.

It made James question why he even thought of staying here but first of all his ride home was Luke, who hadn’t been feeling well and even as hours passed didn’t start looking better too. That’s basically how James ended up stuck in here. And secondly, he might have been a bit
curious about Harry and Louis.

Not that being curious is a crime, is it?

Sighing James stared at the table in front of him full of the Chinese takeaway Harry had ordered.

He couldn’t help but notice that Harry didn’t approach Louis to invite him for their late lunch and James wondered if Harry was going to be shouted at for this.

There was no chance Harry could stay patient through anger scenes like that that many time, right?

So with a huge expectations James waited for a second Louis would wake up and enter the kitchen with a huge scowl, ready to scream his lungs out.

*

Harry swallowed a mouthful of his crispy aromatic lamb when he noticed Louis entering the kitchen with a blanket wrapped around his shoulders.

Soft – that was the first thing Harry had noticed about Louis.

Fluffy hair even after being unwashed since yesterday, eyes deep blue, skin soft and face expression cloudy as if hardly realizing where he was.

Harry reacted probably even sooner than Louis noticed him – he stood up, going straight up to Louis, while still chewing his food, and then he brought Louis into a hug.

“Hey, baby.” Harry whispered into his ear, debating whether he should lift Louis and take him to the table. There was no doubt Louis went a bit under – with no logical explanation why, he just did and now Harry had to take care of him.

It turned out that Louis walked by himself just fine but stayed incoherent to his surroundings, nuzzling himself into Harry’s chest, softly huffing as Harry balanced him in his lap.

“Yes, hi Louis.” Liam said with his brows raised and Harry gently shook his head, careful not to move Louis that had his forehead now placed on Harry’s jaw, but enough to inform Liam not to talk to him.

Only six of them were now in the kitchen – Stan, Harry, Luke, Liam, James and now Louis so it was pretty quiet and not that much attention than Harry would like to get, when Louis was more asleep than awake.

“Is he sleeping?” James asked, straightening his neck, trying to look at Louis face.

“Not sure.” Harry replied and was disturbed by Louis whine.

Faster than he could ask what there were lips crashing into his and a deep, passionate and a bit bad tasting kiss was happening in front of others.

“Attention.” Louis demanded when he pulled away and Harry cackled, arms wrapped around Louis, eyes on him.

“There’s a song.” Harry smirked before opening his mouth again. “You just want attention, you don’t want my loooove.” He sang as Louis rolled his soft blue eyes, tugging blanket to his chin.
“I could say it’s a lie but for obvious reasons I won’t.” That cheeky smile following afterwards was the only reason Harry didn’t pinch his sides.

“Are you hungry?” He asked instead and smiled when Louis gawked how takeaway from Chan’s was his favourite.

As if Harry didn’t know that.

*

They ended up leaving pretty soon after Louis woke up and they finished with eating.

Sadly, Luke didn’t get a lot better and the decision was made that Louis and Harry were to take them home.

Now, having sat James and Luke in car with both of them wasn’t exactly on Louis’ wish list but Harry, the dumbass that he is, couldn’t help but be nice and offer a ride home.

“Uhm, there’s a pillow in the backseat.” James announced, sitting in a backseat.

Louis scowled. As if it was forbidden to have a pillow in car.

“If you look around closely you might also find lube and condoms Harry and I sometimes use for fun.” Louis couldn’t’ help but snap.

“You’re so disgusting.” James rolled his eyes right when Harry opened car door.

“Hey, thought you were driving?” He smiled, climbing into his seat, leaning into Louis for a kiss.

“Why would I drive?” Louis rolled his eyes, taking Harry’s phone into his hand, thinking about choosing some music.

“Because it is your car?” Harry rolled his eyes and Louis lifted his eyes, not that interested in music.

Since fucking when Harry’s jeep was considered to be his car? Did he like miss a couple of weeks in his own life?

“What?” He asked dumfounded.

“Well, you always take this car.” Harry shrugged, turning the engine on.

Louis pretended not to see James who he saw starring in the mirror.

“You mean those three times I couldn’t use you as my driver?” Louis smirked and Harry laughed, placing his hand on Louis’ thigh.

“Exactly.” He nodded seriously and Louis snorted, looking down at the phone. “Or I could buy you a new one.” He stated innocently and Louis almost kicked him.

“I don’t need a car, Harold.” Louis rolled his eyes, glancing to the mirror again.
Question – can you go to jail for stabbing person’s eyes with a mirror?

“But I want to buy you one. It could be like a present, you gave me one last night.” Harry argued and Louis groaned.

“I bought you a lens.”

“Doesn’t change a fact that it’s a gift.”

“Do you really want to make presents giving a race of some kind?”

“Guys!” Luke groaned from the backseat. “I’m trying to hold back from vomiting everywhere and you shouting is not helping.”

“Do not puke in my car!” Louis looked over his shoulder at him and pretended he didn’t see that smile on Harry’s face.

“Your car, eh?” Smile stayed on Harry’s face even when Louis threatened to punch him.

*

“Ice-cream for dessert or sex first?” Harry offered, leaning into the fridge, holding a box of ice-cream.

Louis bit his lip thinking if he could wait.

“Sex.” He nodded assuringly and Harry pouted, looking at ice-cream with pity. “Or you can eat those off of my stomach.” He added with a smirk and laughed at Harry’s expression.

“Jesus, Lord I love you so fucking much.” Harry practically ran to the living room.

“Amen.” Louis snorted, following him. “But hey, make that quick, I still have math test coming up tomorrow.”

“Like you need to study for that.” Harry complained, reaching for Louis and bringing him down, making him fall on Harry’s chest.

“I don’t but I can pretend that I do.” Louis shrugged and squealed when Harry pressed a cold ice-cream box into his naked stomach.

“Mhmmm… You’ll be so delicious for me today?” Harry moaned into Louis’ neck and Louis shuddered as goose-bumps appeared on his caramel skin.

“Yeah, Harry, been so empty, so empty without you.” Louis moaned, arching his back, legs clamping around Harry’s waist as he sought for friction.

A really loud moan escaped Louis’ lips as Harry pulled him even closer, putting one hand on his arse.

“Will make you feel good baby, fill you up.” Harry promised, slowly taking off Louis remaining clothes as Louis did the same to him.

There was nothing exceptionally sexy about it, quite the opposite, there were a lot of scratching
and almost falling off of the coach but they simply couldn’t help it.

They were really hungry for each other and the fabric separating them was indescribably annoying and they might have ripped something while throwing away, Louis for sure knocked off a candle when throwing Harry’s shirt away but they didn’t give a fuck.

Being closer, skin to skin what mattered in this moment of heat and when Louis was finally naked in front of Harry, when Harry could kiss everywhere he wanted to the real pleasure began.

“Please let me suck your nipple.” Louis moaned, hands rummaging Harry’s body up and down as they kissed.

“Yeah, yeah baby.” Harry rolled them over letting Louis do what he wanted to while working on opening ice-cream.

The moment it was done Louis was placed right under Harry again, his naked body gluing to the leathery coach but he didn’t give a fuck because now there was salted caramel ice-cream on his body and it was so fucking cold and then Harry’s tongue was so warm on his stomach but when Harry kissed his inner thigh it was cold and Louis kept jumping, writhing for friction and reaching to get a kiss from Harry to get that taste of ice-cream.

“Harry, fuck need you so much.” Louis moaned, toes curling as Harry sucked his skin.

“Yeah? You’re like caramel Lou, you taste like one now too.”

Harry was a sap with is words for sure but Louis loved it so much.

He loved how eagerly Harry fingered him open, making sure Louis mouth had his lips to kiss or his nipple to suck.

Harry showered him in attention and praise as Louis moaned, letting Harry know exactly how much he wanted him.

“Please, Harry please, need you, need you.” Louis whined, his body working at its own rhythm together with Harry’s fingers splitting him open.

“You want that? You want me?” Harry questioned, already lubing his cock and Louis cried out when the tip of Harry’s dick touched his rim.

“Yes! Harry yes please! Need you, need you, please.” He was desperate he almost pushed himself on Harry’s cock despite being in quite trapped position.

Louis couldn’t help it. He was that hungry. He was starving for sex, after this week of almost being on a dry spell he felt deprived of sex, of Harry.

There were two large hands holding Louis waist, pulling him up. Harry ordered him to wrap his legs around his waist and the moment he did Harry pushed in with no mercy.

He pulled out and then pushed in before actually starting pounding into Louis tight heat restlessly having no damned mercy.

Whole England could have heard their groans and moans as they gripped each other, pulling each other closer until bruises formed on their skin.

And even then they didn’t quite stop. Harry changed the position, bringing Louis into his lap, gaining better access to brush against his prostate. Louis wailed and moaned at the extremely
pleasurable position, which made him even think of being in a slight pain – the overwhelmingness of that pleasure reached that high.

He was being powerless top while Harry had his strong arms wrapped around Louis’ tiny frame and feeling that protected, that taken care off was indescribable and Louis came.

He came hard – tasting and seeing stars, kissing Harry’s sweaty and ice-creamy mouth moaning his name into his lips as Harry kept fucking the orgasm out of him.

It was that intense that only five minutes later Louis registered Harry hadn’t been moving since he came and noticed the wetness inside of him.

“Hmm, full of you now.” He mumbled into Harry’s chest, slightly opening his mouth to take the spoon full of ice-cream Harry held in front of him.

There was a slight chuckle, making Harry’s chest vibrate and Louis shake together with his body.

“I’ll be damned if I won’t put ring on you.” Harry said and Louis blushed staying slightly silent for a couple of seconds.

“Another.” He finally demanded for ice-cream and he got Harry’s lips tasting like salted caramel instead.

No one could hear him complaining.

Chapter End Notes

The same sentence as always - do leave a comment and a kudo if you haven't yet.

Also follow me on Instagram: sbalkauskaite
And for some visuals you can use Harry’s fake one: Haroldsnottomname

All the love xxx

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!