

"Didn't you know him?"

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"Didn't you know him?"

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Harry's a psychotic child that kills out of jealousy

Notes

this is my first horror book so I'm sorry if it sucks, but hopefully with all the fucked up ideas I have it'll be awesome

THIS IS HORROR WITH BLOOD AND GORE DON'T READ IF YOU GET TRIGGERED BY ANY OF THAT OR ANY OF THE TAGS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

enjoy...

p.s there's dirty Lirry in here too because why not and Harry, Niall, Liam, Zayn, are all around the age of 16-18

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

"Harry! Stop! Please!" His best friend\boyfriend Liam screamed as Harry tickled him.

"Say the magic phrase, then. Say it!" He said giggling.

"Harry is the best person, and he has the best curls ever they're better than mine!" And finally Harry stopped tickling him letting Liam catch his breath, he lied next to him on the floor. Once they calmed down they looked at each other, both of their eyes flickering from eyes to lips until Harry pressed their lips together. It started as a simple kiss then turned into a full on snog session.

"Oh Harry." Liam moaned as Harry slid his hand up Liam's shirt touching his nipples lightly making him shiver.

"Harry! Liam! Where are you boys?" Louis called, they jumped apart and whiped their red puffy lips when the door started opening showing a slightly worried Louis.

"Why are you guys up here? Didn't you hear me calling? Anyway, Liam your Mum is here." Liam and Harry stood up. When they hugged Harry wrapped his arms around him and pressed his face to Liam's neck lightly nipping leaving some marks, Liam shuddered visibly.

'He's quite sensitive, this'll be fun' He thought as their embrace ended and Liam smiled shyly as he left.

"so you and Liam?" Louis teased.

"Uggh dad." Harry blushed.

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Harry walked into school and to his locker but stopped when he saw Liam and his laughing with Zayn - who Harry's Had trouble with since primary but Liam didn't know that- Liam continued laughing playfully hitting Zayn's arm then he walkd away. Harry stormed over to Zayn pushing him into a locker, holding into the collar of his shirt with a red face.

"Don't fucking go near him!" Harry yelled jealously.

"What if I do, what are you going to do about it?"

"You don't want to know what I'd do."

"You wouldn't do shit! You pussy." Before Harry could do anything the bell rang, he let Zayn's collar go and growled at him.

"Let this be a warning, if I ever see you with Liam you're dead." With that he walked off leaving an unfazed Zayn behind and going to class.

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Yet again, two weeks later, Harry saw Liam with Zayn. Liam leaning on his locker with Zayn's hand pressed near his head, Zayn saw Harry and smirked and leaned closer to Liam and put a seductive look on his face and licked his lips. Harry walked closer-so he could hear them better- but Liam still hadn't noticed him.

"You look really hot today." Liam blushed and turned his head away in hopes of Zayn not seeing he blushed.

"Th-thank you, but I have a boyf-" He got cut off when Zayn started licking and biting his neck, Liam whimpered at the feeling but pushed Zayn off and walked in the direction Harry was in.

"H-Harry! I wasn't, Zayn just," He struggled to get the right words out before Harry ran over to Zayn and punched him making him fall to the ground clutching his jaw.

"I hope you enjoy your last day." Harry whispered in his ear before running back over to Liam.

"Harry what was that!" Liam shouted.

"He shouldn't be touching what's mine! He got what was coming to him, that prick." Harry grumbled.

"You didn't need to hurt him, but thank you for protecting me." He kissed Harry's cheek. "Can I come over later?" Harry asked putting his arm around his boyfriend. "Yes of course!" Liam said excitedly. "I'll be there after I stop by my house then I'll be there." He smiled, he could tell how excited Liam was it was adorable.

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By the end of the day Harry had seen Zayn staring at Liam any chance he got and it made Harry even angrier, but it did bring him joy to see a bruise form where he had hit Zayn. When Harry got home he went straight to the kitchen and grabbed a large serrated knife and stuffed it in his bookbag.

"What are you doing, Harry?" Louis asked scaring Harry.

"Oh nothing! I was looking for a spoon?" He said more as a question not a statement.

"Why?"

"To stir something." He lied.

"Okay." He felt like Harry wasn't telling the complete truth. "I'm going to Liam's in a bit if that's okay." Harry said tossing his bag over his shoulder. "Yeah, sure. Tell his mum I said

'hi'." Louis said walking away, Harry was already out the door by the time Louis had finished what he was saying.

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Once Harry was there he didn't bother knocking Liam knew he was gonna be there, he walked into the quiet house.

"Liam?" He called, the sound of quick steps soon made their way into Harry's ears, once Liam was close enough to Harry he jumped into his arms.

"Hey baby." Harry said kissing Liam, Liam was quick to kiss back Harry's hands caressed Liam's back slowly moving down to his plump arse, he kneaded the covered flesh in his large hands.

"Oh, Harry." Liam moaned into the kiss.

"Hm? You like when I play with your arse?" Liam whimpered in response.

"I'd feel even better in you." Harry said pulling away roughly licking and biting Liam's neck.

"Mine." Harry growled creating marks all along Liam's neck.

"Yes, yours, only yours." Liam bared his neck more for Harry, his name falling from Liam's lips.

"Come here." Harry said pulling Liam over to his couch, he pushed Liam down onto it. He went between the slightly thick thighs of his partner, he pulled off Liam's shirt then his own he kissed the pale chest in front of him teasingly kissing around his nipples but not actually ever touching them.

"Fuck, please Harry!" Liam begged absolutely needing that stimulation, Harry gave into Liam's begging and sucked and licked the small perky nipples.

"Ah! Yes, just like that, keep going please." Liam moaned loving the feeling of Harry's lips on his skin, Harry loved how responsive Liam was to his touches, he could listen to Liam moaning for hours on end and not get sick of them they were beautiful.

"We should take this to your room don't you think?" Harry asked with saliva covered swollen lips, Liam eagerly nodded.

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Later that night once Liam was sleep Harry slowly crept out of Liam's bed and put on gloves - he didn't want his finger prints anywhere in Zayn's house - and snuck out of Liam's window with his bookbag -that contained the knife from his kitchen and change of clothes just in case - and went down the street to Zayn's house and snuck into his window and closed it quietly. He looked around Zayn's room seeing posters and a messy desk with a lit lamp on it, Harry

lightly straddled Zayn as he slept and grabbed his knife then shook him but he didn't wake up.

"Zayn, Zayn, wake up." Harry whispered into the sleeping boy's ear.

"Mum go away." He groaned.

"It's not your Mum." Harry smirked as Zayn's eyes flew open, his mouth opened to scream but Harry quickly covered it.

"Make a sound and I'll hurt you worse." Zayn bit Harry's palm and Harry instinctively pulled his hand back, Zayn pushed the smaller boy off him and ran out of his room making Harry chase after him. Luckily they weren't making enough noise to wake up his family but there was the sound of feet pattering around on the hardwood, Zayn ran downstairs to the living room and tripped he cursed as he bumped his head on the wall. Zayn backed into a corner, he mentally cursed at that decision.

"Well, well looks like you're cornered..." Harry mockingly pouted and stabbed Zayn right in the chest Zayn let out a strangled noise and started choking on his own blood.

"It sucks you've gotta die like this doesn't it? Well for you anyway." Harry laughed, stabbing him more in the chest and in the stomach hearing squelching and cracking sounds of bone breaking under his knife, he was glad he chose a serrated knife because it tore at Zayn's flesh making it much more satisfying.

"You said I was a pussy, is this a pussy thing to do?" He asked Zayn even though he knew he was already dead, but Harry continued stabbing him until his arm got tired. Pretty soon he noticed there was blood all over the room and him so he was glad he brought that change of clothes.

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Harry changed his clothes and cleaned the blood off of his face then took his knife and dipped it in Zayn's blood and started writing on the wall "Oops :(" he laughed at the writing for a moment before grabbing his bookbag putting the knife back in it then climbed back out the window and going back to Liam's house where he washed the knife and cuddled his boyfriend until he'd fallen asleep.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harry's eyes fluttered open to see Liam shaking him.

"Liam, what happened, why are you crying?" Harry noticed Liam had puffy red eyes, like if he had been crying.

"Zayn, last night he died. He was murdered." He said quietly with a few tears falling, Harry fake gasped and hugged Liam trying to calm him down.

"There's no school today, can you stay with me?" Liam lied in the bed next to Harry, he wrapped his arms around Liam's waist and brought him closer.

"Of course babe." Both of the boys looked up when two light knocks came from his door.

"Come in." Liam's mum walked in with a look of sadness and pity, she sat on the bed next to the cuddling boys.

"How are you guys?" She asked softly.

"I'm shocked someone would do that to Zayn." Harry said with a fake sound of sadness in his voice.

"I can't believe someone could do that to him! It's awful!" Liam cried out, Harry didn't even feel bad but he was upset that Liam was upset.

"Okay well I'm going to go to the market, do you need anything?"

"No we're fine." Harry said, she nodded and left his room.

"Liam?" He didn't answer he just started sobbing into Harry's shirt getting it soaked with tears, and Harry started feeling bad because Liam kept letting out wrecked sobs breaking Harry's heart.

"You're really upset about this aren't you?" Harry asked starting to realize what he'd done.

"O-of course I'm upset one of my friends was murdered!" Liam whisper shouted. Harry sighed patting Liam's thigh.

"Can I help you feel better?"

"H-how?" Liam sniffled

"There's that new ice cream shop a few streets over, how about we go there and maybe walk around the boardwalk for a while?" One of Liam's favourite places where they lived was the

boardwalk, Liam nodded Harry held Liam's hand slowly walking him out.

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The walk there was mostly silent which left Harry stuck in his thoughts thinking about what he had done the previous night.

'He was an asshole he deserved to be killed' 'no he didn't he was a person, with a life that can't continue because of what you did' thoughts just kept running around his head, it started aching.

"Harry!" He was taken out of his thoughts by Liam's voice.

"What did you say, got lost in thought I guess.

"Oh, well I said we're here." Harry looked up and saw the new establishment they walked inside ordering their ice cream and making their way to the boardwalk holding hands enjoying their ice cream. For a while Harry had forgotten the guilt he had been feeling and he could see his lover was feeling better. His wide smile that could light up towns, and his amazing loud laugh completely cleared his mind of all thoughts that weren't about the boy in front of him who was explaining how spoons were awful.

"Spoons are just horrid." He finished his twenty minute tangent, Harry giggled at the thought of spoons scaring Liam when if he knew what Harry had done he'd be afraid of him more. Harry's phone suddenly rang loudly interrupting their conversation, it was Louis.

"It's my dad." He answered Liam's questioning look. "What's up?" Harry asked moving his hair away from his face.

"It's, um, the police they want to question you." He paused. "About Zayn's murder."

"Oh." Harry wasn't expecting that.

"I'm at the station, please get here immediately." Louis said softly he didn't want the boy to get scared but he didn't want him to not take this as serious as it is.

"Yes, of course. See you soon." Liam had his head tilted to the side like a confused puppy, it was adorable. "The police want me at the station to question me about Zayn's murder." He repeated what his father had told him.

"Oh." Liam's heart beat rapidly, he didn't know why. They finished their ice creams and



watched the sunset as they walked off the boardwalk. Liam was worriedly chatting speaking quickly hardly stopping, it was a clear indicator he was worried.

“Li, calm down. I’ll be fine, it’s just some simple questions.” He assured the brown eyed boy, Liam took a deep breath and grabbed Harry’s hand which was much larger than his, he knew he had nothing to worry about.

Harry noticed when the police station came into sight Liam’s hand started sweating.

“Love, don’t be so nervous or they’ll think you killed him.” Harry joked trying to lighten the mood, succeeding Liam cracked a small smile and chuckled. Harry and Liam walked straight in, two officers and Louis turned their heads towards the door.

“You must be Harry.” One of the officers said getting up to greet Harry.  
“I am.” Harry said.

“And you are?” The officer asked Liam.

“Liam. Liam Payne.” He said nervously, god he was more nervous than Harry and Harry was the one who actually killed Zayn. Harry squeezed Liam’s sweaty hand calming him down.

“Great, we were going to call you in next but since you’re already here there’s no need.” He stated gesturing for them to follow him into a room.

“before we start, would anyone like water or anything else?” Everyone shook their heads ‘no’.

“Let’s get to it then.” He smiled at them, he did seem sweet.

“Mr. Styles you do understand why you’re being questioned today correct?” Officer ‘Paddington’ asked holding a notebook and pen.

“Yes, sir.” Harry said politely.

“We have a report that says you had a physical altercation with the victim, Zayn Malik, the day of the murder. Why?” Harry still felt oddly calm, his breathing was steady, and his heart beat was slow.

“Petty teenage drama.” He said.

“Even ‘Petty teenage drama’ still needs to be discussed. What was the reasoning of the attack?” He looked to Liam quickly while officer Paddington wasn’t looking and got a small hardly noticeable nod from him.

“He had Liam against a wall and was chatting him up, then Liam told him he has a boyfriend, me, and Zayn didn’t listen and touched Liam. With no permission from Liam, just to piss me off.” Harry tried staying calm so his tone wouldn’t change making it obvious how angry he was.

“Liam is this true?”

“Yes of course, I-I have a mark.” He said uncovering a part of his neck showing a mark Harry didn’t make, he didn’t show the marks Harry left though, he made sure he didn’t. Harry clenched his jaw then calmed down not wanting to raise suspicion.

“Oh, my. Is that all Zayn did?” Liam nodded embarrassed. “Harry have you had any other physical or verbal arguments with Zayn Malik.”

“Anyone who’s be in school with Zayn since primary has had a fight or two with him, that was the first time anything physical has happened between the two of us though.”

“Anyone you say? Mind naming a few?” Paddington asked.

“Just off the top of my head, Alexa James, Jeff Kai, and Maz Turniff are just the ones I’ve personally seen, them either yelling at each other or Zayn acting like a di- jerk to them.” Harry said starting to become bored with speaking about Zayn. “Just ask anyone in his grade and they’ll tell you he’s either bullied them or they’ve fought physically or verbally.” Harry knew he might have thrown a few people under the bus but he needed the suspicion off him so he didn’t mind having someone else possibly be blamed for his own crime.

“Where were you both at 2:03 am last night?” He asked jotting down their previous answers.

“With Liam, I was with him all night.” Harry had noticing Liam smiling to himself at the memory of what they were doing.

“Anyone who can verify that?”

“Me, Harry came home after school asked if he could go over and I said yes.” Louis said speaking up finally.

“Harry I would like to let you know you are one of the seven people we believe could have killed Zayn Malik, you and the others are the ones who have had the most noticeable violent encounters with the victim in the last year.”

“Seven? Who are the others?” Harry questioned.

“We are not at liberty to discuss that, before we end thus I would like to get ours and Liam's fingerprints please.” Harry and Liam let them take them with no fight. “Okay well thank you this questioning is over, you’ve given us lots of information.” He smiled as he let them leave the room.

“Can we give Liam a ride home?” Harry asked wrapping his arm around Liam’s waist.

“Sure, is that okay Liam?” Louis asked looking over his shoulder at the boys.

“Yeah.” He replied doing the same action Harry did to him, Harry was more fit than Liam, Liam still had baby fat around his waist and thighs. He definitely felt insecure about it but Harry loved Liam’s baby fat, he loved holding onto Liam’s cute squishy hips while they kissed or hugged. Louis drove completely lost in thought, worrying way too much.

‘could Harry have murdered Zayn?’ ‘he couldn’t have right?’

They soon pulled into their driveway, the young boys whispering to each other and giggling as they left the car.

“Dad?” Harry said snapping Louis out of his distressing thoughts.

“Hm?”

“Liam and I are going up to my room to study.” He said pulling Liam into the house and up to his room, Louis sighed walking into his kitchen starting dinner.

“I’m cooking so don’t be too long!” He yelled as he heard Harry’s door close, he searched through his kitchen drawers for a bread knife but had no luck finding it, earlier events flooded into his mind.

“This is a picture of what we suspect the murder weapon to be.” Louis had just called Harry and was about to start nervous sweating when he saw the picture of the knife, it looked identical to one he owned but he kept quiet about it.

“I’ve never seen that before.” Louis lied immediately feeling guilty for lying.

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“Where’s that fucking knife, I know I have it!” Louis exclaimed not wanting to think his son actually was a murderer. The rest of him cooking didn’t go so well he had left the chicken in the oven too long and burnt it so he just ended up ordering a pizza.

“Boys! Pizza!” Louis called out immediately hearing footsteps running down the steps.

“If you’re not careful you’ll fall.” Louis laughed as Harry’s socks made him slide on the wood flooring, his award winning smile showed and he giggled adorably, Harry couldn’t possibly have murdered Zayn.

“Thanks dad!” Harry said stuffing his face with a slice of the pizza laughing when Louis jokingly scolded him for not using his manners.

“How’s school going since…” Louis asked awkwardly referencing Zayn’s murder, Harry rolled his eyes for a second Louis had barely caught it.

“Everyone is talking about it, there’s going to be a like memorial type thing this Wednesday for him.” He grumbled.

“Harry at least pretend to care, he’s dead.” Liam said seeing right through him.

“It’s hard to care about someone who you’ve had shit- sorry dad - issues with like basically all your life.” Harry sighed picking at the cheese on his pizza.

“I just… I don’t understand how there’s someone out there who murdered Zayn just walking

around not in jail.” Liam said disgusted, his tone made Harry’s heart sink, if Liam found out it was Harry would he no longer love him?

“Well with the way he treated people, maybe it was deserved.” Harry tired being careful with his words so he wouldn’t incriminate himself, Liam rose his eyebrows at him.

“He didn’t deserve that, maybe the punch to the face but not that.” Liam said gently slightly upset Harry could say that, but he didn’t completely disagree with him.

“I definitely side with Liam Harry, nobody deserves to be murdered in the brutal way Zayn was.” Harry found himself smiling at the memory, but quickly stopped before they could notice.

“Whatever we don’t need to agree.” Harry shrugged turning the TV on, Liam and Louis looked at each other with confused faces, they watched TV in silence all thinking about Zayn’s death but for different reasons.

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry I took so long to update this, but I hope you enjoyed mates!

xx

## End Notes

Welp I hope you enjoyed this, this first killing was kinda meh :\ but I promise it'll get better :-)

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