

## A King With No Crown

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# A King With No Crown

by [Bottom\\_\\_lou](#)

## Summary

Louis Tomlinson's crush finally seems to notice him in his last year of high school, it doesn't even matter if it's his biology teacher, Mr Harry Styles. When Louis is dragged into Harry's difficult world of pain and violence, it all seems too much for Louis and even though he wants to back out, those three words and eight letters keep him going.

(Disclaimer: All credit goes to sharonbvb for the original trilogy "I am in love with my teacher". I am rewriting a Larry version with all three books in one)

## Notes

More tags added later.

I'm sorry that the first chapter is short, but others will be longer.

## Part 1: The One With The Beginning

Why is it that every time the cheerleaders and the jocks walk down the hallway of Blackridge High, there seems to be a bright light surrounding them all and dramatic music playing as they make their entrance? I often imagined myself walking with them, proudly wearing our school colours of black and blue. I would definitely be one of the cheerleaders, hopelessly waiting around for one of the jocks to notice me. The short skirt would be flowing against my tan skin, showing off my freshly shaven legs. The tight top fitting perfectly, hugging all the right places. The moment you walked down the hallway with a jock next to you, holding your hand whilst everyone stares, knowing that you have it all.

In reality, it goes like this: I walk into school wearing baggy pants that don't really fit me, I have an oversized plain blue shirt and a sweater three-times too big for me. My hair is always greasy so I hide it under a beanie and even when my hair does look nice, I can never find any clothes to make up for the fact that I'm basically poor. Yes, my parents do make money but they won't allow me to have any unless I get off my backside and get a job. It's hard when no one wants to hire a short eighteen-year-old boy, every employer seems to agree that I look about fourteen.

The locker slams shut next to me, both startling me and filling me with dread. I cautiously turn around, nervous to who I might find standing beside me. I exhale a sigh of relief when I find that it's just Ashton, one of my best friends. "Did you hear what I just said?" He asks crossing his arms.

I shrug, biting my lip, "Sorry Ash, what did you say?"

I continue to watch the cheerleaders and jocks walk down the hallway, clearly distracted from what Ashton was saying but desperately wanting to be part of the popular group.

"No, you need to listen to me when I say that they," He says pointing at the popular people, "will never notice you okay? So snap out of it, this is just a stupid phase you're wanting to be in."

"Hey! They come to my house almost every day! I could be one of them sooner than you think." I say with a flip of my brown fringe.

"They're not coming for you and you know that. They're there for your sister. Can we just go already?" He snaps in his Australian accent, ignoring my statement completely.

"You don't have to be so rude," I grumble, pulling him by his arm towards our first class of the day.

Mr Kennedy or as Ashton likes to call him, Mr Ken-Doll, comes into class wearing his usual black button up shirt and tight black dress pants. Looking as dreamy as ever which is why he gets the name 'Ken-Doll' because he looks exactly like one. He has the blonde hair and blue eyes the same as a real Ken doll.

"Equal lining division," He starts, placing his bag on the desk in front of the board.

I turn my head, uninterested in the topic of today's lesson, slightly to the right where the door is, gazing at the popular people sitting in their 'marked' territory of the classroom. Then turning my head to the left to focus on the nerds by the windows. "Tomlinson, quiet please." Mr Kennedy murmurs.

"I am," I say, cheeks blushing red at the eyes staring at me as I replied. Trying to hide my embarrassment by avoiding eye contact with everyone.

Mr Kennedy lets out a small chuckle, clearly amused at my current state. "I was talking about your sister Elena." He says, pointing to her, sitting in between all of her other popular friends.

Did I forget to mention that my sister is popular? Well yes, she is. She is one of the most popular girls in the school, ever since she cut and dyed her naturally beautiful brown hair blonde, she became sluttier than ever. A lot of the boys seem to like her, I mean obviously each individual has a type, but she can apparently win everyone over. I've heard rumours that even some of the damn teachers want her, I mean come on really? But, I am not going to strangle myself yet again with the real reason on why my sister is hotter and more popular than me.

Elena looked up at Mr Kennedy for a brief second before changing her focus onto Christian Sterling, one of our school's beloved football players.

"Your sister is such a bitch," Ashton snaps from beside me, rolling his hazel eyes. Scoffing as he continues to gawk at my sister, pure disgust lining his eyes.

I turn my head to my best friend with a small pout on my face. "She's never done anything to offend you or me so don't say that." I glance back to the board as Mr Kennedy began to draw lines on it. I lift my hand off the table to create a support for my head to rest on. I grab my glasses off the table to properly see what is being written on the board.

"The division and subtraction legalize by how many numbers?" Mr Kennedy asks all eyes turning to him as their mouths stop moving. When they shrug not knowing because of the previous conversations they were having, Mr Kennedy decides to call someone up to write the answer on the board. My theory for this method is that he just wants to embarrass one of us.

"Mr Meyers, please come up and answer."

Chris lifts his head at his name being called and closes the book he was reading to look at the board. He cocks his head to one side, finding difficulty in answering. "I don't know sir." With that, he opens his book and continues reading, not even bothering with getting up and writing anything on the board.

"Louis?" Mr Kennedy turns the question onto me, I quietly get up and walk to the front of the class with slight hesitation. I walk behind his desk and write my answer on the board.

"There is no number, seeing as division and subtraction are not equal to the numbers," I point at the board behind him, "That you have provided."

"Do you have a reas-"

"Elliot?" Everybody's eyes went to the door, looking intently at the sudden interruption. It seemed as though each person either groaned or sighed a lustful moan at the intruder. There he was, the boy- I mean man that I am in love with, my biology teacher, Mr Harry Styles.

Today Mr Styles and Mr Kennedy decided on black. Mr Styles wearing a black button up, the same as Mr Kennedy, except he had a few of the top buttons undone. Simply perfection. Five of the teachers from my school lived in a shared house, which explains why they usually wear the same kind of clothes. I mean they probably sit at the table during dinner deciding on what they will wear tomorrow. I giggle at the thought.

"Something funny Mr Tomlinson?"

My eyes grew wide at the realization of what I had done. I hang my head down as I awkwardly walk back to my seat. "No," I whisper.

Mr Kennedy nods and returns to his conversation with Mr Styles. Other students resumed their conversation as well, whilst I openly stared at my sister who looked like she could swallow Harry in with her eyes.

She started to subtly lick her lips as one of her hands traced down in between her tightening thighs under the steel table, whilst the other hand began to play with her neckline. I have to say its one of the most disturbing things I have seen her do. Although I have seen her do this to other guys before, it's a sign that she is out hunting and she has just spotted her target. All she needs is some ammo and that ammo is sitting on her chest and one huge bomb between her thighs.

I look down to my chest, wondering what it would be like to have boobs. I always thought that Harry was gay but if he's not, maybe I should just move on, considering I'll never have what he's after. I then look down to my butt, cocking my head to the side. It doesn't look that bad actually, maybe if I wore some tight fitting pants I could potentially look nice. Feeling a little proud of my self I fix my gaze back to Harry only to find him already staring at me. Seeing those piercing green eyes staring at me got me a bit excited. Harry Styles made eye contact with me, Louis Tomlinson! My mouth opens slowly as my eyes grew wide. He is still staring at me, how long should I be holding this intense gaze? Maybe I look like a crazy person, that's why he's staring at me.

Harry nods at whatever Mr Kennedy says and walks out but not before giving me a once over. "You okay?" Ashton asks, eyebrows raised. "You've got crazy eyes."

Removing my glasses and swiping my hand over my face to get rid of the accumulated sweat, I think of all ways to calm myself down finding that it seems impossible to do. I place my glasses back on my face and nod, "I'm good."

Dreaming about moments like these were awesome, but actually getting to relive true events and not silly dreams was something that is unexplainable. Dreams coming true in the real world isn't unheard of, but it certainly doesn't happen very often for me. To try and form a sentence right now on how I feel can be described in three words.

***I LOVE HIM.***

## Part 1: The One With The Spaghetti Crisis

Yet again I was right.

Andrew Miller, Elliot Kennedy, Thomas Gibson, Harry Styles and Bradley Anderson all decided to wear black, there was no part of me even remotely surprised. The verdict was clear they had all discussed it or just really like black. I understand that they all live together and while it is funny to see them match each other, it does make you wonder why they can't get dressed without copying one another.

But that's just the teachers, this is how high school amongst the students looks, our school is divided into four groups:

The Goths and people who did drugs; they sit outside, usually near a bin or in the parking lot where no one goes because that's the rules according to everyone else. No one messes with them unless you want to get expelled.

The Over-achievers; I still don't know why my friends and I didn't make it into this group, I mean we fit into their category of awesomeness. They are really weird with certain things, for example, you're only allowed in their group if you get straight A's in everything and you practically own a house made of glass. Which means you have to be smart and rich, two things I am not. Not to mention they rule all of the clubs, like the chess club, the science club and something involving the club of life? I still don't know what the hell that means, but you get my point.

The Jocks and Cheerleaders; my sister Elena Tomlinson, captain of the cheer squad, prom committee advisor and how can I forget, a beautiful boyfriend and popularity, unlike me. There are three rulers of this school and they are, my sister, Christian Sterling who is the quarterback for our school, he was a stoner but is now my sister's booty call and how can I forget about the last person Lucy Moore, the little mole in everyone's life, she pretends to be your friend but then she spills all of your secrets.

Lastly, the Band Geeks and the Virgins; Ashton, Chris Meyers, Joshua Watson, Charles Parkinson and myself are included in the group as well as a whole lot of other people. They label us as the 'virgins who are too ugly to bang'. There is so much hate at my school that, in a way, it cancels each other out. But nonetheless, our principal Jeffrey Lloyd hates bullying so if you bully someone you get expelled, or at least suspended.

"Oops!" Christian sarcastically says, laughing as he spilt my entire tray full of spaghetti on me, decorating me like a Christmas tree. Spaghetti was everywhere!

"Watch it." Elena snaps to her boyfriend, pushing him out of the way. "Are you okay?" She asks me, removing a strand of spaghetti from my oversized sweater.

"Yeah. It was an accident." Clearly, it wasn't. "I know you don't want to talk to me in front of your friends. It's okay, go ahead, I'll be fine."

"Go get cleaned up." Elena murmurs, obviously embarrassed. She turns around and walks back to her friends.

With a heavy sigh, I swivel around throwing away the tray along with the remaining spaghetti. As I walk to my locker I think back over the strict no-bullying policy and conclude that it is such bullshit. It is very evident that the principal and teachers do not really stick to their policy. Leaving the students to deal with this stuff. I know that some teachers don't care because I saw a couple lurking in the hallway, not even bothering to ask me. Do they just assume that I enjoy having food all over my clothes or something?

"Louis?" I steadily turn my head towards the speaker, seeing Harry looking at me with a small smile, his hands in his pant pockets as his eyebrows raise, gazing at my tan complexion.

"Hi Mr Styles," I unlock my locker with ease, slightly tense from earlier events and now anxious with my current situation. I pick out the books I need for my next class, returning my focus to Harry.

"Did something happen in the cafeteria?" He asks leaning on one of the lockers next to me. I can't tell if he's mocking me or if he's genuinely concerned.

"Um, it was just a minor accident. Nothing some soap can't fix." I laugh nervously, suddenly finding the floor interesting.

"You okay Louis?" My body stiffens as I slowly look up to see his stunning green eyes focusing in on my every move. I mentally question whether I am okay or not and I decide that no I am not. I mean I have spaghetti stains on my sweater, which I should probably take it off now anyway, and I am standing right in front of my crush smelling like day old squashed tomatoes. But that doesn't mean I have to tell Harry that.

"I am peachy." I sigh. "Not every day your clothes get to eat food as well." A slight pout forms on my face when I process the words that I just said. That sounded so stupid, why did I say that? He probably thinks I'm a complete idiot.

Harry chuckles, lifting his hand up to my face. I immediately tense at the sudden hand brushing through my hair. "Seems like your hair is hungry too." He whispers, removing a strand of spaghetti off of me.

"Thank you." I blush.

"That's okay." He says licking his lips.

I swallow my saliva, noticing that I started producing more at the quick action of Harry. "See you in Biology." He turns back around, heading towards room 12, Mr Preston's History class.

The locker catches my fall as I blissfully watch him walk away. "I...I..-"

"Louis are you stoned?" I look up seeing my best friend with his arms crossed and a pouty face. He sighs heavily as he lifts my arm around his shoulder to hoist me up. "Why do you



smell like day old cheese and tomato?" His nose wrinkles up in disgust as he lets go of me.

"I fell so hard I think I'm crashing, I-I'm crashing," I mumble dazedly at the door.

Ashton's arm came encircled around my waist pulling me closer to him. "How about we are walking, w-we are walking." He laughs imitating my tone.

I quickly pull him to a stop so I can take my sweater off and put it in my locker. I am fortunate enough to not have gotten any stains on my plain blue T-Shirt. I did, however, get some on my pants. Questioning whether I should ask Ashton for some spare pants takes less than thirty seconds. Knowing him, he probably keeps a change in his locker. "Hey, Ash can we stop by your locker to get me some fresh pants?"

"Yeah, sure, but I only have those new skinny jeans that my mom bought me." Oh. Maybe I should just stick with my spaghetti pants. I have to admit that I'm not very comfortable showing off my body in those tight jeans. But, what if Harry likes that kind of stuff? Am I willing to make myself uncomfortable just to impress my teacher? I look towards room 12 with a deep sigh escaping my lips. Yes, yes I am.

"Ok," I say with determination in my voice. We head to his locker whilst he gives me some strange looks, so I decided to admit some truth behind the reason for my answer, "I think I am in love with a guy who is old enough to be my uncle."

We walk into the boy's bathroom and I look in the mirror for a bit. "Well, luckily he is not old enough to be your dad?" Ashton gives me a cheeky grin, removing my glasses, also examining me in the mirror.

"Thanks for not cheering me up."

"Who is this guy anyway? Considering he is old and not a pervert."

"I'm not telling you." His mouth opens wide in disbelief, I quickly held up a finger silencing him, "Not until I am certain that I am in love."

He pushes my finger down and gives me another one of those looks, "What's the hold up then? You aren't going to get him and like you said, he's old."

"Shut up. What if he likes me?"

"Then it's rape." He says dryly.

"You're right." My eyes widen but quickly stop. "No, it's not, I just turned eighteen," I grumble, pushing one of the stalls open, holding the jeans in one hand and slamming the door shut with the other.

"Don't take too long," Ashton yells as I hear him jump up onto the bench, singing some random tune.

If this was a movie, what role would I have? Would I be the virgin who gets screwed, while my sister gets the guy that I love and my best friend is secretly having an affair with my

sister's current boyfriend? And whilst all this is happening I stand in a bathroom cubicle with my hand tightly grasping these jeans trying to pull them up, wondering 'what the hell is happening with my life'? Wow. What a movie that would be.

Well, the movie is definitely inaccurate. No way would Ashton go for Christian, but my sister would go for Harry.

It is the school policy, right? A teacher cannot date a student, not even a senior like me, or Elena? Even though technically I am legal, well not entirely, I must be twenty-one. Either way, this would still be a competition, even if I am first in line and Elena is one thousandth, Harry would still pick her. I mean she is perfect. I am just the dorky band guy still standing in a bathroom thinking of something that is never going to happen. Better to quit this crush whilst I am still in the 'infatuation part', I don't want to break whilst being in the 'love part' because then there is no turning back. Hell, I don't think there is any going back now, I am already in love with someone who knows I exist but is too old to be with me.

Ugh! I hate you Harry Styles for making me fall in love with you, even though it's not really your fault. Life is a bitch, apparently so is love.

"Louis? Are you almost done?" Ashton asks.

"Yeah, I'm coming." I finally zip up the black skinny jeans and open the door, walking out with zero confidence whatsoever.

"Wow." Ashton has wide eyes and a jaw hanging open. I look at my reflection in the mirror and shyly inspect the pants.

"Thanks," I say, blush rising on my cheeks. With that, we walk out and head to class.

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"I wonder where Mr Styles is," Ashton says tapping his pen on the edge of the desk next to me, the class is starting to go insane with no teacher for over twenty minutes. I hope Harry is okay.

"Sorry, I'm late," Harry says walking in whilst straightening his jacket, all eyes on him. I am pretty sure at least 87% of the school is in love with him. That would make my crush on him, not any different right? Crush, love, infatuation- I need a life.

"Considering that we are halfway through this period, how about just having a full free period?"

My peers begin to chant many yes's and thank you's. As expected, Ashton pulled out his phone and started to listen to music. I too started to listen to music, putting in my earphones and listening to 'Only Girl (In The World)' by Rihanna.

As the song begins I keep my gaze on my teacher and concentrate on his movement, Harry as well puts in one earphone and grabbed his pen to start marking some papers, his finger lightly tapping to the beat of whichever song he's listening to. Louis Styles has a nice

ring to it, it sounds so fancy. I begin to think of all the possibilities of us being together. I wonder what our wedding would be like. Would it be on the beach, like a cliché? That would be neat, not gonna lie.

The beat of Justin Bieber's 'Let Me Love You' begins to play in my ears and I can't help but smile. My foot begins to tap in time with the beat and my hips move a little. One thing no one knows about me is that I am a dancing freak, I could honestly dance until my heart stops. Although I can't sing to save my own life, I sound like a cat in mating season, agonizing and in pure distress, last time I tried to sing, I'm not kidding, someone called animal control.

That feeling is there again, the feeling I have when I get the urge to move. Dancing is my passion. I tap my best friend on the shoulder, holding up two fingers up. He nods as he slides his hand into his pocket and pulls out two pills. I pop them into my mouth and nod my head as a small thank you. I stand up and walk over to my future husband. I harshly pull out my earphone with a smile. "Bathroom pass please."

Harry stood up and seized the pass from his draws, then gave it to me. "Thank you, sir."

As I take a step towards the door, he sits back down. I walk into the hallway, eyeing both directions. 'Cry me a river' by Justin Timberlake begins to play and I can't help but move to the beat on the smooth floor. I turn the music up and moon-walk down the hall, doing twirls and lifting my hands up as I slide across the floor, back and forth. As I pause for a second, someone taps me on the shoulder. I quietly gasp and nervously turn around. "Oh thank god, I thought you were someone else."

Chris laughs shaking his head. "Wanna do it now?" He asks, ignoring my previous weird dance moves.

I nod as a soft giggle escapes my lips, pulling him outside.

"You already took some pills?"

"Yep," I answer.

He acknowledges my response and hands me a blunt. "I got this from the science geeks."

"Let me guess, Violet Young just cooked up something new?"

"Yes, it's called Lotion."

"Why Lotion? You tried it yet?" What is normally marijuana has been passed through the science lab and is now a newly discovered drug.

"Yeah, last night. I can't remember what happened last night, all I know is that my mum said I was having the giggles."

"I could use some laughter in my life, give me one more."

"Lou," He clears his throat. "Thirty each pop."

I roll my eyes and pull a one hundred dollar note out of my pocket, that I had earlier put in the jeans I borrowed, originally looking to get drugs from Chris. I pushed the money into his chest and took the blunt from his hand, "for the pills and the lotion."

He kissed my cheek and walked back inside. One thing the people of Blackridge High don't know that we, the band geeks, know everything, and get high from time to time. I have to get my mind away from Harry, knowing I will never have him, so what better to do than to get high from 'Lotion'. I giggle at the weird name.

Six minutes later I walk back into the classroom with a dazed look. "Pass," I murmur throwing the pass back onto the desk, startling Harry. I took a seat next to Ashton with a silly grin on my face. "Lotion." It is then that I let out a burst of laughter. I pull out another blunt from my pocket, waving it around.

Ashton grabs it quickly with wide eyes. "You insane? Do you wanna get expelled?"

The giggles have begun and I can't contain them. "Yes."

"Louis Tomlinson and Ashton Irwin?" Both our heads turn to the front desk where the voice came from. Harry points his finger at us and signals for us to go over to him.

"Yes sir," Ashton says standing up and walking in between other students desks.

I ignore him and stay seated with my hips swaying side to side as 'Paparazzi' continues to play in my ear, my shoulders going up and down.

'Louis!' All eyes came to me, whilst mine grew wide at everyone staring at me, especially Harry's frustrated appearance. "Come here!" Harry yells.

I slowly stand up, stumbling over my feet, I dazedly look at the other students to see gaped expressions. "Is he high?!" My sister whispers with outrage to her best friend Lucy Moore.

"Today Mr Tomlinson." Harry comments on my slow, turtle-like, pace.

I rush forward to his desk, accidentally knocking over a picture frame. Harry sighed heavily as he put the frame back in its place, the photo being of him and his four friends who are also teachers.

"I'm your biggest fan I follow you until you love me," I quote the song at him, "I love you, sir," I mumble.

Ashton steps hard onto my foot, letting my body clench from the pain. "Why do you want to see us, sir? Are we too loud?"

"You know, using illegal narcotics is forbidden on school grounds, not to mention the entire town," He says calmly leaning back in his chair.

"I don't understand." Ashton keeps his focus, revealing nothing.

"Mr Irwin, I know you are trying to protect Mr Tomlinson, but you will get into trouble as well."

Ashton shot me a look and returned his attention to Styles. "Like I said, I know nothing of the sort. Louis is not on drugs and neither am I." His arms crossed and an uninterested look appearing on his face.

"Oh, I know that look, that's his 'oh no you didn't' face," I said snapping my fingers from side to side, with my lips pursed.

"Shut the fuck up." Ashton whisper-yells, giving me a glare.

"Mr Irwin, Mr Tomlinson, meet me after school in my classroom. We can discuss your punishment then."

Ashton sighs and nods, "Okay Sir."

"I still love you, sir."

Ashton pushes me away from his desk. I walk back to my seat and sit back down, hitting my head against the table, "I want pie."

"I will get you pie, just shut up."

"Okay."

## Part 1: The One With The Uncle Realisation

I am still high or at least I think I am. Chris said that anger is the next emotion that I will face while I'm high. Well, that's what he said a few minutes ago. Whilst marching into the boy's bathroom, I could hear my friend shouting behind me. I stop dead in my tracks when I see a boy and Lucy staring at me. My best friend follows after me, also shocked.

"Are you lost, you look confused and unsure of yourself?" Lucy says with a growing smirk on her face.

My mouth turns into a shocked expression as I eyed my friend. I turn back to Lucy with a now angry look on my face, "Why are you such a bitch?"

The boy and Lucy's mouths popped open in disbelief from what I just said. My words coming as a surprise to them since I don't normally voice my thoughts so openly. "Are you just going to let him talk to me like that?!" Lucy yells at the blonde boy.

"We should go," Ashton whispers to me, nudging us towards the door.

"Nah, let's settle this, hit me with your best shot."

"Oh my god, Louis you are high," The blonde boy groans crossing his arms.

"What's it to you, little boy?"

"Louis," Ashton warns. I turn to him with a 'what' expression on my face, "That's your sister."

I pause, taking everything in, only to look around and realise that I'm in the girl's bathroom. How I didn't pick up on that earlier is a mystery to me, I'm just going to blame it on the drugs. I turn back and see Lucy's smug smile, blinding me with rage.

"Sorry," Ashton says to my sister, who was previously mistaken for a boy. He pushes me out of the bathroom, "are you insane, oh my god," His hand reaches up and slaps my face.

"Ouch!" I groan in pain, clutching my cheek tightly.

"Listen to me bitch! We are nerds, we don't go around doing shit like this okay, you need to calm down," he says, starting off aggressive but eventually lowering his voice, "You better get sobered up before we go see Mr Styles, go take a nap in the Chemistry lab," He rolls his eyes, shaking his head, clearly not impressed with my stupidity today.

I sigh and nod walking down the hallway. I knock twice on the door, opening it to see Mr Oliver Benson, the most amazing teacher ever! "Hey Mr B."

He looks up with a grin as he waves me over to sit in the chair in front of his desk. "I am high," I moan slumping in the small and uncomfortable steel chair.

"Haven't I taught you, kids, anything? I told you not to smoke at school, wait until you're at home," he says in disbelief.

"You are awesome."

"I know, I should be fired for what I did, well, what I am still doing," he starts to laugh and so do I. See this is why I love this teacher, he is like a student, basically an awesome friend for us geeks.

"I will defend you in court, Oliver!" I bellow, raising my fist up in the air.

"I know you will Lou, but for now take a nap, I will wake you up when the bell rings."

I nod as I rest my arms on the table and rest my head on top. I start to drift off to sleep.

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"Louis!" I quickly lift my head up, panic running through me as I look up at Oliver trying not to throw up.

"What?" I ask, confusion and tiredness clear in my voice

Oliver laughs and points to the clock on the wall. "Time to go."

"Later Mr B," I murmured, walking out of the classroom.

I stroll to the biology class, walking in and seeing my best friend already sitting at a front desk. I sigh heavily sitting next to him with a small smile.

He wraps his arm around my neck, kissing my cheek. "It's okay, better to do shit together and laugh about it when we are old right?"

"Hell yeah!" I agree.

"Mr Tomlinson?" My head turns seeing Mr Kennedy in the class.

"Sup," Both Ashton and I say.

Harry walks in handing Elliot a guitar. "See you in an hour," Harry says to him. He nods and walks out.

"Are you sober?" Harry asks leaning on his desk with his arms crossed, a disappointed look on his face.

"I was never drunk sir," I say firmly, my shoulders going back as I stand up straight with confidence.

"You are sober, good," He smiles. Good? "Anything you would like to say to me, Louis?"

My brow arches and my face scrunches up in confusion. "No."

Ashton starts to giggle, shaking his head.

"Nothing at all Louis?" Amusement spreads across his face.

"Uh, no sir, should I?"

"That's a shame," He says.

A gasp escapes my friend's mouth leaving me even more confused. "Why?"

"Mr Irwin, Friday detention for two hours. Mr Tomlinson? How about we talk in private. Ashton, you are excused."

"Your uncle!" Ashton yells, realization on his face, startling both Harry and I. Huh? Oh, now I get it.

"Goodbye Mr Irwin," Harry says waving him to the door.

"Meet you at your house," he says before exiting the class, shutting the door behind him.

Harry rests his hands on the desk and leans closer to me. "Uncle?"

"What?" I burst into giggles, "I know nothing of what he has said just now."

"Essay on how drugs can hurt your body, make it ten thousand words, each page a different organ."

"Are you fucking kidding me?!"

"Twenty thousand words."

"I hate you!" I can't believe I just said that out loud.

A pout spreads across his face as he shook his head. "No, you love me."

"No, I don't."

"Oh yes you do, you follow me until I love you," A half smile appears on his face. I don't share that smile as I remember my embarrassing singing at him earlier that day.

"No," I scoff, "I, no, loving, you, gross, teacher."

"Louis, you realize you are just blabbing out words right?"

I lean back on the table with my cheeks reddening. "When do you want the essay, sir?"

"Friday, then on Saturday you and I are in each other's faces for a full five hours. Fun, huh? Spending it with the one you love."

Oh my god, he is actually teasing me. "I don't love you Mr Styles. You are old, I am young. I like young boys, not old ones."



"Goodbye, Mr Tomlinson."

"Yeah, bye," I walk to the door, "or whatever," as I closed the door behind me I can hear laughter filling his classroom. Oh god, what the hell is happening to me?

-

"So the person you were talking about, the older guy you are in love with is Harry! Our fucking biology teacher!" Ashton yells, throwing his bag on the floor next to my bed. He paces up to my balcony door, opening it and turning back to calmly give me a look.

I roll my eyes, shrugging my jumper off, "oh don't give me that face, who did you think I was talking about?"

His hands come up to his hips as he gives me a slight pout, "he's gonna fuck you."

My eyes grew wide, "what? Are you insane?" I lie onto my bed pulling out my laptop from underneath my pillow, "don't be so dramatic."

"Me?!" Ashton gasps, "fucking dramatic!"

I lift up my hand squeezing my thumb and index finger closer together, "lower the volume on your dramatic outburst."

He crashes in front of me shutting my laptop, "I love you so much."

"Okay, I know, but I don't see you that way, Ashton."

He softly punches my arm letting out a small chuckle. "Shut up," he crosses his legs placing his hands on top. "I love you so much, you are my best friend and we have been through so much. You helped me when my dad left my mom for a hooker, when my mom had that cancer scare and when I accidentally burnt the shed and blamed it on you."

I laugh and nod, "great night."

He nods, "It was. I am always here for you, but for once in your simple pathetic life, where you think life is a movie or a book even though it is not-"

"Oh please don't weigh us."

He holds up his hands to represent a scale, "you never listen."

"On the right is Harry," he says, waving his right hand, "and on the left is Louis," waving the left hand. He moves his hands up and down, "now you see what is happening here?"

"Um, no, you just look crazy."

He claps his hands together hard. "This is whats going to happen. Bam!"

"Get to the point," I say, getting a little annoyed.

"My point is Louis, that if you fall for a teacher things are going to get so... crazy," he says with a soft smile, trying not to hurt my feelings. "It is going to be weird, and now he kind of knows you have a crush on him because you told him, I mean who does that?"

"Oh, I don't know," I scoff, "me."

"Right!" He starts laughing and I join him.

My door slams open, probably leaving a small dent in the wall, and my sister comes into my room shouting, "Louis William Tomlinson!"

"Do you mind closing it again and then like, making your hand into a fist and knocking on the door with it?" I ask sarcastically.

"Mind telling me what happened at school today?" she snaps at me.

"Um, well, it started with lotion and ended with detention."

"What the hell is lotion?" Elena asks confused.

"It's a new drug," Ashton answers before I could.

"You're using drugs?" She gasps.

"So? You are having sex, what is the damn difference? My enjoyment is through my mouth and yours is through your vagina."

"Well, at least I am not going to look like a washed out junkie."

I nod slowly, "true because you can't look like a junkie and a slut at the same time."

"Actually you can," Ashton adds, deep in thought.

"You are acting like a bitch now Louis," she spat out irritably, "do you know why I'm nice to you? It's because mom and dad begged me to, seeing as you are a loser and a freak and nobody talks to you," she twirls around and walks out the door slamming it shut behind her.

I slowly turn to my friend with my eyes narrowed and my arms crossed. "What was that?" he asks me.

"I just realized something. My sister hates me and not for what I did now but what I did first, I mean Elena was always called the rebel and now I've done something rebellious."

"What are you getting at? She's jealous?"

I shook my head quickly, "no, she is just afraid I will get the spotlight for once. Seeing as she is always in it. That lotion gave me a new view on life, I am not going to be that nerd anymore, I am not going to be the sappy virgin and I sure as hell am not going to go out the doors of Blackridge High as a *loser* or a *freak*, this is my senior year and I am going out with a bang, something that people will remember me by."

I walk to my bathroom with a heavy sigh, thinking of something I could do that would impress my sister, my peers and hell maybe even my teachers. Then it came to me.

"As what?"

I turn and faced Ashton with my head held high and my butt pushed out to appear bigger. "Imagine dramatic music when I say this and then ask me again."

Ashton jumped off of my bed with his eyes wide, "as what?"

"The boy who got fucked by his biology teacher!"

## Part 1: The One With The Checkout Dilemma

"You look stupid." Ashton sighs, shaking his head.

I look down at my 'new and improved' outfit, realizing that I actually do look ridiculous. The tight shorts did not make me any hotter. My aim was to accentuate my ass but the shorts are a bit too big for me and make me look like I'm wearing a potato sack. The black shirt I am wearing is suffocating me and I really wished I had tried it on before now. At least my vans are cute.

"I do," I reply, slightly disappointed in my attempt to look hot. "I can never dress like a slut."

"Don't say that, you can definitely pull off a whore." Mr Benson laughs walking past us.

"Thanks, Mr B!" I yell as he walks away. He gives me a thumbs up and walks into the administration office.

I continue to talk to Ashton about my outfit insecurities when I hear, "Look who is trying to fit in."

I know that loud voice anywhere, unfortunately, it's not a good one. I look to my left just in time to see Christian to smack my ass. I let out a small squeak and my face starts to turn red.

"Nice try Louis," he says and continues his walk to wherever.

Ashton rolls his eyes as he watches Christian's figure disappear into another hallway. He turns to me and pulls out something from his bag. "I bought baggy pants," he murmurs, waving them in my face.

"Thank god," I sigh in relief, grabbing the pants from his hands and running into the boy's bathroom. I locate a stall and rush to close it behind me. I pull down the shorts very easily as they were without a doubt too big for me. "Never again."

"I think this plan is insane, I mean why try and impress him?"

"I don't know for popularity," I grunt, pulling the pants up my legs.

"Maybe you really do love him."

"No!" Yes, I do very much, I want to date my teacher so badly that I will pretty much do anything at this point.

The bell rang above our heads just as I was walking out of the stall, both Ashton and I rush to biology, seeing as it was our first class this Friday morning.

I have no idea what I am going to do with myself this afternoon because it was my fault that my best friend is in detention. Maybe I can see if Joshua is able to hang out instead, we'll probably just watch Friends and eat popcorn.

"Sex," Harry announces. "What is sex?" He is looking dapper today in his formal black suit.

"We know it as reproduction, but what is it? Pick two people and discuss it. I will hand out paper for you to write down everything you know and what you think it implicates."

Ashton looks at me with a roll of his eyes at the topic of today. I nod at him and grab two pills from my pocket. He smiles and reaches over to get one, popping it in his mouth. I have the other one because I need to take the edge off. It feels as though there is tension between myself and Mr Styles, even though there isn't, but I just can't look at him without feeling embarrassed because I tried to impress him.

"How was it?" Violet Young slides in sitting next to us, inquiring our thoughts about the drug she developed.

"What do you think?" Ashton says to her, trying to imply that this isn't the first time we have tried it.

Violet just giggles at us, happy that Lotion is doing well around the school. "Anyways, let's focus. What is sex?"

Harry didn't specify how he wanted us to write it down. I didn't want my answer to seem immature so I just shrugged and turn to Ashton who also didn't seem to want to give an idea. Other students in our class would probably just assume that because we are virgins we don't know anything when in reality I do. I just can't say it to my future husband.

"Need help?" I look up and then quickly look down seeing Harry towering over me.

"Why don't we just google it?" Violet suggested, ignoring Harry's presence.

"You guys are seniors you must at least know what effect it can have."

Ashton starts to laugh, secretly knowing what affect Harry has on me. I keep my head lowered when Harry specifically asks me. "Louis are you sure you don't know?"

"No," I reply, too embarrassed to give my potentially childish answer. Continuing with circling my fingers along my biology textbook instead of making eye contact.

"Can I please see you outside for a moment Louis?" There my head shot up, sudden anxiety flowing through my body at the thought of being alone with him. The look Ashton has on his face is not supportive of my current situation but rather mocking me.

"Okay," I get up and follow Mr Styles out of the classroom. Others watching in amusement probably thinking I have gotten in trouble and wanting to see my punishment. I also have similar mental questions about why I am being taken out of the room and if I really am in trouble.

The door closes quickly behind me, with Harry pushing it shut to block out the noise inside. He now has his back against the door and I am awkwardly standing in front of him.

"I am sorry for teasing you Louis but you should know not to use drugs on the school grounds. I didn't even know you were using them," Harry grumbles at that last bit, acting as if it was a fact that should be memorised into his head.

What confuses me most is that we haven't even mentioned drugs since the day I was caught. I don't know how he thinks he was teasing me because I'm pretty sure he wasn't. It makes me wonder if he just wanted me out of class, which excites something inside of me. If that is the case then it was a stupid excuse to bring up the drugs again. I don't even know what to say, so I kind of play along.

"I have finished most of the essay that you wanted me to do, I just need to do the heart and brain."

"You are quick," he whispers.

Whilst we are on the topic of my drug usage in class I decided to apologise, "I am sorry for what I said about loving you and stuff."

Harry leans in removing a strand of my hair out of my eyes. "Don't be. Also, you should push your hair to the side a bit more so everyone can see your blue eyes."

With that, he walks back inside and I am left standing there with a bit of shock at his 'forwardness'? I guess that's what one would call it. What the fuck just happened?

The school day was over and Ashton headed to detention, just his luck that he got Mr Kennedy our math teacher. Ashton was grateful that he got him instead of the older cranky teachers at our school. He used to have a crush on Mr Kennedy in freshman year, since then he was over it.

"Dude," Joshua says as we walk into Walmart. "What did you think of the song I've been working on?"

"You've got a lot of talent Josh," I acknowledge politely, walking into the candy aisle.

"I do," he laughs, agreeing with me.

"How about some M&M's and chips?" I suggest. "It would be great with the popcorn."

"Sounds good, I will go get some Redbull." Josh went to another aisle close to mine while I went in search of my suggested items. "Skittles as well." I remind myself to get on the way out.

"Hello, Louis." I stop at hearing his deep voice, dramatically turning around to face him. Surprised to see my biology teacher with casual clothes on, a tank top showing off his- wait

since when does he have tattoos? He also has ripped skinny jeans and Chelsea boots. He looks almost like a normal teenager. What?

"Ha- Mr Styles. What a surprise to see you here." Really Louis?

Harry arches his brow and gives a small nod. "What are you plans for the weekend?"

"Um," nothing. "Hanging out with friends, maybe go out."

"Don't forget our date on Saturday."

"We don't have a- oh. Detention." I shrug as if it's not a big deal.

Harry looks at me for a moment before putting his hands in his jean pockets. "I see you pushed your hair to the side."

"Yes, sir."

"You can call me Harry outside of school."

"Yes, Harry." I correct myself with his input. My heart beats quicker and my hands start to slightly sweat at the wonderful situation presented to me.

"Well it was lovely to see you," he gives me a small wink and I am left breathless as he walks away.

"Bye," I whisper. I feel really stupid for ever thinking I would get with him, I mean I can barely hold a conversation with the man. It seems like it was just a silly fantasy embedded into my head by my desire for Harry Styles.

"Why do you make faces when you think?"

Joshua interrupts my thoughts and I am left with his questioning. "Huh? No, I don't," I deny. "You got the drinks?"

Josh nods his head and we both walk over to the self-checkout. Both of us have had difficulty in the past with this wretched machine being too hard for us to use but today we were going to give it another go.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Josh asks.

I motion for him to use the checkout, silently giving my approval to go ahead and use it. "Place the item on the scan thingy."

Josh reaches into our basket to grab the skittles first, placing it on the scanner. "What now?" he asks confused.

"Please place the item in the bagging area," The computer voice says, startling the two of us, we both took a step back from the machine before I comply and take my time putting the skittles in the bag. "Please place the item in the bagging area."

"I did," I grumble at being told twice.

"Please place the item in the bagging area."

"Oh my fucking god I did it already." My tone becoming harsher by the second.

"Please place the item in the bagging area."

"Fucking hell woman! I did place the- "

"Can I help you?" A deep voice asks.

"No!" I shout without looking at the person who is just trying to help.

Curious shoppers turn to Joshua and me, eyeing our every move. Most are annoyed at my outbursts but I'm too angry at this stupid machine to care.

"Dude chill." Josh chuckles nudging me.

I can feel another person behind me and I was about to kindly ask for their help, even though I rudely declined their previous offer when the machine continues. "Please place the item in the bagging area."

"How about I shove my foot up your ass!" I exclaim. Next thing I know, Josh is gripping onto my arm and pulling me away from our checkout.

The voice who said 'can I help you' is matched with a face and my breath hitches because of course, it has to be Harry. Why does he seem to see me in my worst moments? First the spaghetti and now this.

"It has to be on the red dot Louis," Harry says pointing to the sensor. "You didn't do it."

"Oh," I say, embarrassment clear on my face, the stupidity of my previous actions catching up to me.

"Thank you, Mr Styles," Joshua whispers.

"Your welcome." He looks at us both before walking past and his hand brushing against my waist. Tingles appear where his hands just were and I openly stare in awe at his retreating figure.

"Dude place the item on the scanner," Josh says to me, pulling me out of my trance.

"Why don't I place you somewhere where it hurts. Let's just go to a real checkout with a person because this thing is really pissing me off," I groan angrily, marching straight towards the woman behind a checkout wearing the ugly blue vest as the uniform.

My mind wondering back to the moment just passed.

Why did Harry brush me?





## Part 1: The One With More Than One Kiss

The outfit choice for my Saturday detention was simple. It was my plain white shirt and some black tracksuit pants that cuff at my ankle. I paired my outfit with my Old Skool vans and an Adidas jumper in case it was cold. My hair is styled to the side, pushed out of my eyes, the way Harry suggested.

"Mom, Ashton is picking me up and I will be staying at his house because we are debating what to wear for the spring formal." I ramble on and on about the formal that's in a couple months to my mother so I could distract myself from thinking about the five hours I am about to spend with a man who recently saw me argue with a self-checkout machine. The man who also knows that I love him and would follow, even though I apologised and totally convinced him that I was joking. If I was Harry I would get a restraining order against me.

"That's okay honey, your sister is also not going to be home, she is spending the weekend at Lucy's house." No mom, more like Christian's room, under the sheets doing the 'sex'.

I just gave a nod, with my lips slightly apart. "I still don't get it, five hours? That is a bit harsh on a study group, don't you think Lou?" It slipped my mind to tell my mother what I was really doing today. I couldn't tell her about the drugs and my detention, I would get spanked or at least grounded. I lied and chose to mention a study group session in the school library that I was required to go to.

"Yeah, it's almost finals so the more we put in the more we get out." To me, it sounded as if I had just quoted a porn video, one that I may or may not have watched with Josh last night. We were bored and decided to spice up the night by watching some interesting videos. I mean Josh and I are both full on virgins. Never been kissed, touched, fingered or had sex. Never ever. It felt pretty pathetic for someone who wanted to have sex with their teacher. The reality is that it was sadly not going to happen.

"Oh god- " I am going to die a virgin aren't I?

"What is it, honey?"

I turn to my mom with my eyes narrowed before reassuring her that I'm fine and I laugh giving her a thumbs up.

My mom kisses my cheek and saying her goodbyes when we pull up in front of my school. I grab my gym bag from the back seat and open it to shove my jumper inside. I zip it back up and shut the door behind me, waving to my mom as she drives off.

"I can do it," I begin to give myself a pep talk. I head up to the doors leading me inside the school. " I mean you didn't mean to tell him that you love him, he knows you were joking. He doesn't want you anyway Louis, have you met you? Well yes, I have met me but still, sitting with him isn't a threat to your life so why are you so nervous? Oh I don't know may- "

"Louis, who are you talking to?" I look around and see Harry entering behind me, letting the door close by itself. I realise that I was just caught talking to myself, heat washes over my face. My eyes find the floor very fascinating all of a sudden, while I comprehend my freaky behaviour.

"Who me?" I scoff. "No one."

"I'm glad you could make it," he chuckles.

"I didn't really have a choice Mr Styles, or did I?"

"No. Do you want to continue walking or just stand here all day?" he suddenly asks.

Oh. He motions for me to move forward with his hand on my back and after we take a few steps he drops it, much to my disappointment he doesn't touch me the rest of the walk there. We continue and I get the feeling like I am in one of those movies where the girl is alone in the school hallway and the killer is behind her waiting for the right moment to strike. Then he'll slice her head off and make love to her corpse. Am I that girl now? Will Harry kill me and make love to my corpse?

"Louis are you okay? You look confused and yet scared at the same time." Damn that porn movie. It's replaying in my head and now I'm worried but unfortunately a little turned on. For some reason, I want to live it out in real life, right here, right now.

"I'm good. Library?"

"Yes. Come along." He walks ahead of me down the hall and I follow him slowly. I admire his skinny jeans and the black dress shirt tucked into his pants, belt securely fastened. His boots lightly tapping on the floor everytime he takes a step forward. The briefcase he holds swings back and forth, while his other hand comes to roughly run through his hair. The way he slides his fingers through his curly hair makes me want to do it.

Get a fucking grip, Tomlinson! He is just one man. Every time I look at him I feel like I am on the Titanic and I am sinking further in love with him. Some would say I am a naive teenage boy but I know that I am not. I am a mature adult, one that is capable of having an intimate relationship with his teacher. Others may disagree but those people clearly haven't met the beauty that is Harry Styles. I know that my family would be very disappointed if I brought home my teacher one day. I would die If we were dating and I had to tell my parents. I wouldn't really care for Elena's opinion because I know that she would be so jealous that I did have a relationship with him. But then again, I won't have to worry about any of this because it's not going to happen.

The possibility that I would screw my teacher in the library is one in a million because I would actually need the confidence to initiate it. "You seem troubled," Harry says with a concerned frown on his face. He sits down across from me and stares.

"I'm fine."

"Your essay." He orders me to get.

"Right." I bend down to my bag, not noticing Harry staring at my ass as I pull out the papers. I slide it over to him with an annoyed look on my face. "Every organ." I take the seat across from him.

"You're a very angry man aren't you?" What? I am not an angry ma- wait he called me a man? He does think I am mature. Either way, I am not an angry person, just because I was about to attack a mechanical robot does not mean I am an angry person! Wait. Now I am getting angry.

"I am not Mr Styles. But if I am, I don't normally show it."

"Normally?" Of course, he would pick up on that.

"Well, as you may know, teenagers usually have many anger issues. With school, friends, family." Teachers, you. I mentally give him the middle finger for all the problems he has caused me to have.

"I see. Why don't you do something to release that stress and anger. Something physical can benefit you," he says, voice getting deeper. The sexual reference flying straight over my head.

"I dance."

"Really? I would never have guessed." He eyes my body up and down. It makes me feel a bit insecure, feeling as though I could have tried a bit harder on my outfit. I start to fiddle with the end of my shirt and Harry intently watches me.

He abruptly sits up in his chair and looks down at the papers in front of him. Once again he roughly runs a hand through his hair, I am guessing he does this when he is stressed.

I lower my head and grab a pen to begin writing out the school rules about drugs, one hundred times. That being the new punishment I was assigned from Harry since I had completed the essay. I just wish that I could do it on the computer because my hand was getting sore and I could just copy and paste it, I would be done in no time.

Harry was scribbling some notes on a piece of white paper. I subtly look over to see what he was writing. I caught one sentence that said *'people say we shouldn't be together'*. I can admit that I can completely relate to what he has written. Ashton doesn't think Harry and I would be a good idea and my parents would one hundred percent be against it. I question who that sentence is for, is it me? Wow, I can't believe I would actually think that. I sound exactly like an immature teenage girl, hoping her crush will like her back.

His hand suddenly appears a lot closer to mine when I look up again. I feel the temptation to reach across and link our hands together but that would be weird and make him uncomfortable. Just an inch closer and we are holding hands though. My brain doesn't allow me to move my hand forward, so instead, I am drawing it back to my body to pretend to rub my neck before placing it on my lap. Harry lets out what I'm assuming is supposed to be a small sigh, although he does it quite loudly, maybe I was intentionally supposed to hear it. The likelihood that I am over thinking this whole situation is very high.

It has been an hour and my hand is really starting to become sore. I politely ask if I can take a break to go outside and get some fresh air. He agrees to let me go and I am left dumbfounded when he gets up to follow me outside the building.

"You are going for a smoke yeah?" he asks when he notices the look on my face. I try not to make eye contact with him when I give a slight nod. "I'll join you."

He will join me? How could I forget that he is a smoker too? It was another detail that I had memorised into my head about him. Facts are stored in my head so I can remember as much as I can about this man.

Shakily, I pull out the pack of cigarettes from my pocket, nerves running throughout my body. I have never smoked in front of someone before and my first time is with my teacher. Harry looks so hot taking a drag from his cigarette. The way he calmly blows out the white thick smoke is kind of a turn on. He rotates his body to me whilst leaning against the wall and probably notices that I am uncomfortable. "You are eighteen Louis."

I don't feel like correcting him to say that I feel like I'm twelve next to him because I suppose he was trying to make me feel better about smoking with a teacher. His eyes become more focused on me and he curiously asks, "Are you okay?"

"I'm alright," I confidently say, deciding to just ignore my nerves and pull out a cigarette from the pack that I very tightly held in my hand. Quickly putting it back in my pocket and wiping the sweat on my pants. I place it in between my lips but before I could light it, Harry had pushed himself off the wall and taken the minimal steps to me.

"Let me light it." He now stood in front of me and held the lighter up to my cigarette. "I want you to be able to have an open relationship with me, similar to the one you have with your chemistry teacher Mr Benson."

Really? Has Harry ever slept with my best friend? I forgot to mention that I know Ashton is having a secret relationship with Mr B. No one knows I'm not even supposed to know. The only way I know is because I was staying at a hotel near my grandparent's house and coincidentally saw Ashton walking into a room with Mr B. He has no idea that I know but he should not be judging me for liking Mr Styles when he is having a relationship.

"Do you feel comfortable with me Louis?" Harry asks, distracting me from my thoughts. Do I? Of course, I don't, it feels as though I can hardly speak to him without getting butterflies. I won't tell him that.

"Yes, I do Mr Styles." I lie straight to his face.

"Well that's good because this is gonna be weird," he states.

What does he mean by that? "Weird?"

He nods and instantaneously I am pushed up against the wall. His fingers graze my cheek and he looks deeply into my eyes. They start to close and I panic when he leans in with his lips brushing mine. He gently moves his lips against my mouth and I feel the softness of his

plump bottom lip pushing now more forcefully. The fingers on my cheek slide down my neck as his tongue gains entry into my mouth. I'm not even sure what I'm doing, I wasn't even sure if I was kissing back. I try and keep up with his feverish kiss, his lips moving faster, more urgently, as if he is running out of time. Both hands slip past my shoulder, down my back until they are tightly gripping my ass. Groping my cheeks with a strong desire.

Harry pulls away out of breath and I am left leaning on the brick wall, trying to stabilise myself and while catching my breath. He takes a step back and analyses my body language. A small smirk appears on his face at my current breathless behaviour. "How do you feel?"

I ask myself the same question in my head. The love of my life just kissed me. I should be jumping around and doing cartwheels. So why am I not feeling that way? I'm unsure of the way I feel at the moment.

"I am gonna get back to you on that one," I say, lifting my finger up slowly. I had calmed down a bit, now just leaning against the wall with wide eyes as I finally just accepted our previous actions. "Give me a minute."

"Please say something," Harry pleads, suddenly feeling a little nervous at my lack of response to him kissing me.

My head raises and I make very little eye contact with him before saying, "Can I please go home?"

"Um, sure, that's fine," Harry says, trying to lighten the mood. He gives me a small smile before leading me inside. There is a hand on my lower back to guide me in but I tense and he drops the hand immediately.

I am pretty sure that I am in a state of shock because normally I would be wanting those touches. Maybe I need to relax and think this through before I get worked up about something that I wanted in the first place.

We walk back into the library and I bend to pick up my bag but not before tossing on the jumper that I brought with me. The main entrance comes into view and he stops me with a hand on my shoulder. "Wait," he nervously approaches the topic that we were both thinking about. "I am sorry if I scared you."

"Don't worry, you are a good kisser, I just have to go home and cry now," I embarrass myself by saying. My shoulder pushes to the side to get out of his grip and I quickly head out of the school without even looking back. The walk to the nearest bench seems to take forever and when I look up I see dark grey clouds, it was probably going to rain soon. I pull my phone out of my bag and call Ashton to come pick me up but he doesn't answer. I leave a message in his voicemail to come pick me up and my location.

The bench that I am sitting on starts to get uncomfortable when I feel a wet drop land on my forehead. I let out a deep sigh and pull my hood over my head to keep me a bit dryer as the rain starts to pour. There is no undercover area for me to stand so I am left to watch the cars occasionally drive past while I get soaked.

A sleek black car pulls up in front of me. "Fuck off," I yell, assuming they wanted to convince me to get in the car with a stranger. The window rolls down and Harry can be seen sitting inside. Oh god.

"Let me take you home."

"I am perfectly fine waiting for Ashton to pick me up," I say stubbornly. Really I would love a ride but I am still faintly overwhelmed, yes I found a word to describe how I feel, about what had happened.

"Come on Louis, don't be so stubborn," he laughs.

"Is that suppose to be amusing?" I ask with my brow raised.

He shrugs with an irritated look on his face. "Louis get in the fucking car!"

"Yes sir," I reply quickly, quite startled that he yelled at me. I hurriedly open and close the door behind me, sitting pleasantly in my seat.

"Where do you live Louis?" He has a pleased expression because I complied with his orders.

"I won't be going to my house, please drop me off at Ashton's house," I give him the address and he heads off in that direction but not before noticing my shivering behaviour and giving me his jacket. I felt a little uneasy at having two jackets on but my other one was still wet from the rain.

"You must be freezing."

I pull his jacket more firmly around me and thank him. It is mostly silent the entire ride there until Harry turns on the radio to cover the tension in the air. "We're here."

"Thanks for the ride, I am so- "

He cuts me off by attaching his lips to mine and this time, with the little experience I have, I am not holding back. My arms wrap around his neck and he pulls me in closer. The kiss feels very rough but passionate.

"God you're so hot," he says as he pulls away to start kissing my neck. However, I lift his head back up to stop this from going too far. He strongly gazes at me before giving me another quick kiss.

I pull away with a heavy sigh and say, "Well, I gotta go."

I cut him off from saying anything by ripping his jacket off of me and roughly pulling my bag out of the car. The door slams behind me and I rush up the pathway to Ashton's front door before opening it. I quickly say 'hello' to his mom then I run up the stairs, taking two at a time, I burst into Ashton's room and collapse on his bed.

Wow.





# Part 1: The One Where They Don't Really

## Chapter Notes

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

"Hello Ashton," I say, scaring my best friend as he walks through his bedroom door to find me lying on his bed. His face went pale.

"Hi!" he laughs, trying to cover up his suspicious behaviour.

"I was sat in the pouring rain waiting for you, all I needed was a man and he was kissing me," I snap through gritted teeth. I change my tone to overly cheerful so he can catch my underlying sarcasm when I say, "how was the hotel?"

"Hotel?" he scoffs. "What hotel are you talking about, I was with Chris."

"You are lying straight through your fucking teeth. I have known for a while now but leaving your friend in the rain, now that's just low Ashton." The pout I give him is extremely exaggerated but sort of revealing how I felt at the time.

"Okay, I have to tell you something."

"Oh, wow, really?" I ask with as much sarcasm as I can muster.

"Yes," he states dramatically, but before he can continue I start blurting questions at him.

"How long? Why did you judge me for liking Harry? How are you secretly dating our chemistry teacher?"

He sighed heavily shaking his head, probably annoyed at my questions but I don't care because I want answers. "A year or so. Do you remember when I started acting strange and I wanted to be alone?" I nod. "Well, that's when it happened."

"That's when it happened? Oh my god," my eyes grew wide. "Are you still a virgin?"

"No, not really," he says awkwardly, looking down in what I hoping is shame from not telling me.

"What?!"

"I know, I should have told you but anyways, I really like Oliver, he is sweet and funny," he laughs, "and horny," he adds.

"I just threw up in my mouth," I gag.

He looks at me apologetically, his eyes telling me just how sorry he is for not saying anything. I sigh, silently communicating that I have kind of accepted his apology. We stay quiet for a few minutes, mindlessly looking around his room. "How was detention?"

A gasp escapes my lips as my best friend just smiles at me. "Do not change the subject young man."

"Yes, I will," he laughs softly. "I am sort of having a relationship with my chemistry teacher, so what?" I cross my legs and held out my hands to represent a scale, just like he did with me. "Oh god Louis, are you weighing me?"

"Oliver," I whisper raising my left hand. "You." I lift the right. "Bam!" I smash my hands together.

"Haha, very funny. Now come on, you are my best friend, please don't judge me." He starts off sarcastic but then turns very serious and pleading. Begging me to be supportive of his situation. How can I not be supportive when my teacher kissed me?

I sigh deeply and nod. "I am not going to judge you," then I confess, "Mr Styles kissed me."

"What?!" Now it's his turn.

"Yes," I imitate his sarcastic tone from before. "My teacher may or may not have kissed me, so what?"

The shock on his face is evident that he wants me to explain in further detail about what happened. His questioning begins and I decide to share everything that happened from the moment I walked into the school this morning until he dropped me off at Ashton's house.

"So, he drove you here and kissed you again? Oh, he definitely wants to bang," he says clapping his hands proudly.

"Yes he did drive me, yes he did kiss me and no he does not want to bang me," I say dismissing his words, my eye roll noticeably showing.

He shakes it off by laughing and asking me, "do you want to know how to have sex with an older guy?"

"Gross no!" I yell in disgust.

"Oh come on Lou Lou sooner or later he is- "

"Ashton no."

He continues laughing, shaking his head in amusement. "It's dirty."

"Uh leave me alone," I laugh, running down the stairs, not looking behind me to see if he was following. From the sound of heavy steps on the staircase, I could guess that he was hot on my tail.

"Dirty and filth- " The two of us stood dead in our tracks seeing Ashton's father with a grim look on his face. Oh god. Had he heard what we were saying?

"Your mom made chicken," he says in a stern voice. We both try and hold our laughter in at the seriousness of his sentence.

"Thanks." Ashton nods his head. "Dad." He walks away and we both let out a relieved sigh and a small chuckle. He turns to me and says, "thank god that's over, it was unbelievably awkward."

A sudden thought comes to me, "hey, what would your dad do if he found out you're having sex with a guy who is old enough to be your dad?"

"Let's get something straight, uncle, he is old enough to be my uncle," he says. "Anyways, how about we go get some chicken and pie? No boy talk."

"No boy talk," I agree.

Ashton and I decide to go to the movies rather than sit home and do the exact same thing. We are going to see Titanic in 3D, eating our popcorn and drinking our soda. Yes, it is a girly movie but it's our favourite. The mall is pretty quiet this time of the night. When we reach the cinemas we both gawk at the hot teen boys with their girlfriends and friends. "We should have invited Chris, Josh and Violet, now we just look like nerds."

"Hello," Ashton snaps at me, "we are nerds and- oh my god it's like animals outside of their habitat," Ashton heavily breathes.

"What are you- " before I could finish my sentence he is spinning me around and my eyes widen and my blood runs cold. "What are they doing here? They aren't supposed to be here, they're old!" I whisper-yell softly gazing at Harry, Elliot and Andrew, also known as Mr Styles, Mr Kennedy and Mr Miller.

"We are next in line, come on," Ashton commanded. We walk slowly next to our teachers, both hoping that they don't notice us. I casually look over to see what movie that are watching and discover that it is the new Batman movie.

"Let's just pretend to talk," Ashton suggests.

"Why?"

"Oh my god he is so hot right?" Ashton says, very loudly and obvious to those around us.

"Who is- " I feel a body behind me, suddenly close to me and it startles me a bit. I accidentally fall back onto the body whilst I was turning to face them, my shoes getting caught up. A strong hand catches me around my waist and I look up to see who it was. I don't know why it couldn't have been anyone else other than Harry.

"Louis."

I slowly pull myself away from him, I grip his hand and release my waist, awkwardly facing everyone. "Mr Styles, Mr Miller, Mr Kennedy," I acknowledge them all.

"Surprised to see you two here," Elliot says. Is he kidding me? We do hang out like normal humans do, we are not fucking cave men! Relax Louis, you are not an angry man, you are not an angry man I repeat to myself.

"Yeah," I laugh, "Batman, cool." I point to the poster behind them.

"Yeah. You okay?" Harry asks, his eyes just on mine, intensely staring at me. Whereas my eyes are trying to escape his and look at anyone but him. I think he is referring to our kisses beforehand. This topic making me even more nervous than what I was.

"I'm good."

"We have to go now, the line has moved up," Ashton says, grabbing my arm so we head off.

A few minutes into the advertisements and Ashton decides to address the situation from before, "Harry cannot keep his eyes off you. I think he was looking more at your lips though, the way he was biting his lip, you could tell he was trying to hold back from pushing you against the wall and doing unspeakable things to your body."

I ignore everything he says. "I didn't even notice, the floor was way more interesting to look at, anyways I need to pee."

"Go, I'll be right here eating your popcorn," he says absentmindedly.

I sigh and stood up, walking out and down the stairs to the bathroom. As I am walking in, Harry is walking out, his head down not noticing me. We bump into each other and it causes him to look up and see me. "Hi."

"Oh shit. Hello Harry, I mean Mr Styles."

"I've told you before, call me Harry outside of school." I nod and look down again. "Are you sure we are okay, you barely look at me, Louis."

My mouth quirks at him noticing my behaviour. I completely throw him off guard when I grow some confidence to say, "you are a great kisser."

Harry chuckles in surprise and nods. "So are you."

"Thanks," I say, going back to my shy blushing self.

"I hope things won't be weird at school."

I shake my head almost instantly. "It won't be. I will not be weird and neither will you. I mean you kissed me, which was great by the way." I say the last part to reassure him that things are okay between us.

Harry reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small white card. "Here." I seize the note out of his hand and find his name, phone number and email on it. "My personal info, call me okay. I

don't want it to be weird between us, you are my favourite student."

I question why he walks around with what appears to be a business card in his pocket. I mean, he is a teacher, what would he need a card for? "I will add it to my phone now."

"I have to go," he says looking out towards the entrance before looking back at me and leaning down to whisper in my ear, "I really hope you call me before the weekend is over, I would love to taste your lips again." With that, he walks away with a smug grin on his face.

Breathless, I practically run back to my seat with a huge smile. Ashton had already started on my popcorn but I was too excited to tell him off, instead, I nudge him. "Look," I whisper handing him the card.

"You picked up a boy? Who was it?" he asks.

"Harry. He wants me to call him and taste my lips again."

"Tonight, when my parents are sleeping, you shall call this man and get in his pants."

"Right," I say, unsure. Who knows? Things might work out.

As soon as Ashton's parents go into their room for the night, my heart starts to race faster than ever before. Wild thoughts run through my mind making me very nervous. I have never had to do something like this before. I get up off Ashton's bed and pace back and forth.

"Dude! Calm the fuck down." Ashton harshly whispers. I tap my fingers aimlessly on my iPhone screen that's not even on. I take a deep breath and turn my screen on. The bright apple logo appears signalling that I will have to actually call Harry in a couple seconds.

"How do I do this?" I ask, twirling around to face him. "Oh god do I say Hi or Hello? It all depends on that, I am freaking out Ashton!"

He rolls his eyes at me and sighs. "Uh just say Hi Harry it's Louis. That should be fine, don't be so weird."

I fall onto the floor and reach into my pocket so I can grab the white card. I notice that he also included his email. Why? He is just a teacher, I am still so confused as to why he carries a business card with him.

"I am doing it, I am doing it," I repeat as my best friend sits next to me with a notepad, I have no idea where he got that. He quietly starts writing something on the paper in big black writing.

"Call him."

I nod and type in his number, the phone rings and I put it on speaker so Ashton can hear it as well. He moves to sit in front of me and as I am waiting for Harry to pick up, I notice what he has written on the paper. **Hi Harry, it's me, Louis.**

He has given me instructions on what to say to Harry, I smile in appreciation.

"Hello?" I hear on the third ring.

"Hi Harry, it's me, Louis." Ashton rips off the page and listens out for what Harry will say next, prepared to furiously write down a response for me to say. I mentally thank him so much, I have never been good at phone conversation.

"You called."

**I did.**

"I did," I whisper with a small chuckle at my short delays in talking to Harry because of waiting for Ashton.

"Are you still at Ashton's house where I dropped you off?"

**Yes, I am, why do you ask?**

"Yes I am, why do you ask?" I inquire with wide eyes at my best friend, nervously waiting for Harry's response.

"Can I come pick you up?" he asks with a husky voice. I can't contain my gasp and apparently, neither can Ashton. I impatiently wait to see what my response will be.

**Yes.**

I quickly glance without processing what the paper says. "Yes- what?" I turn to Ashton with an incredulous look.

"Great, I will pick you up in thirty minutes." With that, he hangs up, not leaving any room for me to protest after I realised what I had technically agreed to.

"Ashton are you insane?! I can't go to a grown man's house! Let alone my teacher."

He lets his laughter burst and I just watch him, very annoyed. He tries to catch his breath as he giggles, "you gonna get banged. I'm so proud of you."

"He is going to pick me up in thirty minutes, Ashton. My teacher is going to pick me up in the middle of the night, to do what? He isn't going to want to just talk. He wants to taste these lips again," I snap, brushing my fingers across my lips. "And I have never felt so nervous and freaked out in my entire life!"

"Oh hush." He continues to laugh at me, pushing himself up off the floor and onto his bed. "You will do amazingly, besides he seems to really want you. Oh, by the way, you might want to change out of those ugly pyjama's."

"You're right," I laugh nervously, I walk over to Ashton's closet and look through his clothes. "What should I wear?"

"How about the same clothes you wore today? You don't want to be all dressed up for a man that just wants to rip your clothes off anyway," he says dryly.

"I don't even know why I am asking you," I groan.

"Are you gonna shave Louis?" I slowly turn to face him with an unimpressed look.

"Why would I, Louis Tomlinson, shave?"

"Guys don't like hair-"

"No!" I shout. "Don't say it." Ashton has just added another worry to my list for tonight. I already had other concerns about sleeping with my teacher and now he has just pointed out that I gotta worry about how down there looks. Personally, I didn't think it mattered but Ashton has actually been with someone so he probably knows what he is talking about, right?

"Oh come on, he is a biology teacher Louis, he has probably seen more dicks and vaginas than the two of us."

"You're not helping." I storm into his bathroom.

A few minutes later, and with a couple of cuts, I walk out of the bathroom. "So did you shave?"

I bite my tongue from going off at my best friend. Instead, I just pick up my phone and hold it tightly in my hand. "I am itchy as fuck Ashton."

"I shouldn't laugh right?" He asks, biting his lip to hold it in.

"No!"

My phone starts to vibrate and a ringtone sounds throughout the room. I look down at the screen and see Harry's name. "Hello?"

"I am outside," he says softly into the speaker.

"I'll be there in a sec." I hang up and rub my face with my hands.

"You should go," Ashton says from beside me. I nod and quickly grabbed my glasses from the bed and place them on my nose. I quietly walk down the stairs only to notice that I am not being followed. However, I hear Ashton coming down behind me when I wait near the door. He has something in his hand. "Here," he says, shoving the object in my pocket.

"What is it?" I ask as he opens the front door, trying to pull it out and see what it is.

"Don't look at it now," he giggles from behind his hand, literally pushing me out the house. Harry's car is parked on the street and I slowly walk over to it, the air in my lungs vanishes. I open the door and climb in with a sudden sensation to vomit.

"Hey," he says softly, placing his hand on my thigh as if to reassure me.

"Hi. Where to?" I ask with a smile small, already having a good idea of where we are going but just wanting him to confirm it.

"My house." He starts the engine and drives away from Ashton's place. Butterflies are in my tummy and they are making me so sick. They are making me so sick that I completely forgot to put my seatbelt on, I guess I just forget things when I am with Harry. "Seatbelt Louis." I turn to look at him with my eyebrow raised, trying to act cool and calm in front of my teacher.

"What am I five?" I sass.

He chuckles as he speeds up. I put it on anyway just to please him. "Don't you live with four other teachers?" I inquire. Oh god. Are they going to be there whilst this man takes my virginity? That is not how I planned the night going.

"Yes, but they are out at a bar and will be home late," he says, "I think." The last part he says to himself, probably not intending me to hear it and that doesn't make me feel any better. To distract me, he starts moving the hand on my thigh up and down, hoping I didn't hear the last part.

He turns down a very expensive neighbourhood. I gape at all the houses that we pass by. All of them are huge two-storey houses, some might even be three-storey. I notice him slowing down, indicating that we are going to stop at one of these houses.

"Wait, do you live down here? Dude, how much do you get paid?" I thought teachers got shitty pay? Apparently not, especially if they are living in houses like these. Harry didn't reply, just left me wondering which expensive house we would be stopping at. He kept driving until we reached a beautiful huge white house. My eyes grew wide as he stopped the car in the driveway. I took my seatbelt off and quickly grabbed my phone, sending a message to Ashton. **Dude, I am here at Harry's house.**

**Ashton Irwin: You're gonna get banged so hard :)**

Really Ashton? I shook it off and put my phone in my jacket not bothering with replying. I didn't even notice Harry coming around the back of the car to open my door. I give him a small smile.

"Come on." He holds out his hand for me to take. I place mine in his and we walk to the large front door. There is silence between us as he opens the door and leads me inside. "Something to drink," he offers me. Is he going to try to get me drunk so I'll sleep with him? He really doesn't have to worry about that because even without the drinks I'll still sleep with him.

"No thanks."

"Come, let me show you to my room." Harry grins pulling me upstairs. My heart starts beating even quicker. He really isn't wasting any time trying to get to it. He rushes to open his bedroom door, clearly in a hurry to get this started. My breath hitches at the thought of what



we could be doing on his bed, that is until I look around the room and notice the curtains with cats on them.

"Oh my god, cats?" I ask.

"I love cats."

"Yeah, you do." I try to look at the neatly made bed with black sheets, to keep me from looking back at the childish curtains. Harry shuts the door behind me and of course, my nerves come back.

"I want to apologise for the way I have been acting towards you Louis. I am your teacher for god's sake. I could get fired for what I have done."

He's only kissed me, I don't think it's as big a deal as he is making it out to be. Yes, it is still illegal but it was just a kiss and that's all. "It's not like you raped me." I frown when I process my words and he gives me a look.

"It's weird you know," he laughs, sitting down on his bed. "Most of the girls flirt with me, occasionally some guys do as well. You, however, don't. I originally thought you were gay but for a minute there I was starting to think you were straight. But when you were high I immediately knew you weren't." Wait, he thought I was straight? He thought I liked pussy? Well, at least I know that I can pull it off. "Why do you make faces when you think?"

"What? No, I don't," I quickly dismiss him even though I know I do because everyone tells me. "You were saying something about me liking girls," I grumble sitting next to him.

"Louis, I am really sorry for giving you that detention slip," he changes the subject, moving closer to me. His shoulder brushes against mine because of how close he is sitting next to me. "I just wanted an excuse to be close to you."

What? My biology teacher wants to be close to me? "I...uh." I am completely lost for words. Does he want to be in a relationship with me?

"Louis," he sighs, placing his hand on my leg again but this time a little closer to my- well you know. I start to feel a bit itchy from shaving and I shift at the need to scratch. Harry senses the pained look on my face, I think he assumes I'm turned on by his hand being so close to my dick but no, I'm just really itchy. He gets the wrong signals and leans further towards me, still moving his hand up my thigh, ever so slightly inching closer. "I really like you and I know you like me. Trust me, you have no idea how much I want to kiss you right now but before I do, I need you to please promise me not to tell anyone, I don't want to get in trouble."

"Wait, backtrack a bit. Do you want to have a relationship with me?" That was all I got from what he just said, I was too distracted by that damn hand on my leg.

"What I want right now is your tight little body underneath mine," he whispers into my ear before pulling off my glasses and setting them down on his nightstand.

He turns back to me and slowly pushes me down on his soft bed, he covers my body with his. I stare up into his eyes and he checks I'm alright before leaning in to press his lips against mine. Our eyes close and he starts kissing me with a rough passion. I try and keep up with him. He bites my lip and slides his tongue into my mouth. Both of our tongues collide in a passionate french kiss. We are making out on his bed when he slides his hand down my chest and rests his hand on my hip. My body reacts to his by slightly grinding against him. That's when he takes a chance and cups my dick in his hand and starts rubbing. I grind into his hand and let out a quiet moan into his mouth. With the little experience I have, I wrap my legs around his waist as I continue to grind into his hand.

Harry stops cupping me and grabs my waist to switch our position so I am on top of him, with his beautiful body beneath me. His hands quickly move to ass, squeezing and pulling at it. I pull away from the kiss to arch back into his touch, completely breathless. From underneath me, Harry is looking up at me with a strong lust filled gaze. He sits up and shuffles backwards to lean against the headboard, holding me against his chest. I start to pick up a couple of moves and decide to grind my ass into his dick. He grabs my ass hard before slapping it. I let out a surprised and shocked moan. "You have such a tight ass, I can't wait to get inside your hole as well."

Inside my head, my immature self is giggling at what he just said but on the outside, I try to remain as mature and satisfied as I can. Harry doesn't notice my slip up and instead takes one hand away from my ass to reach up into the back of my hair. At first, I think he is going to play with my hair, that is until he grips onto a chunk of my hair and pulls it back so my neck is arched and bent at an awkward angle. He now has plenty of access to my neck and doesn't waste time pressing his lips against my throat and sucking. As he is sucking I notice his teeth biting my neck, it's a bit painful but the pleasure overwhelms me and I moan as he does it.

Before we go any further, for some reason my brain feels the need to inform him that, "Ashton knows about you."

He pushes me down onto the bed again, hovering over me before detaching his lips from my neck and saying, "and I know about him and Oliver."

"Wait, what?"

"Oliver is my friend, I already knew. Also, I saw them going at it after school," he says as if it's no big deal, then continuing to kiss my neck.

He is probably trying to distract me but now I have an image of Ashton and Mr B doing it. Whilst thinking of Ashton, I remembered him shoving something in my pocket. I sit up, pushing Harry up with me so that I could easily access my pockets. I dig in and pull out a small square shaped object. My eyes grow wide just by looking at it. A condom. Really Ashton? Harry takes it from my hand and looks down at me. I couldn't tell what reaction he was having.

"You thought we were having sex?" he asked, amused.

I try not to look embarrassed but I could feel my cheeks heating up. "No," I scoff. "Ashton put it in my pocket before I left and I forgot about it."

"Do you want to have sex with me Louis?" he asks, amusement disappearing and only serious and curious emotions left on his face. Ummm...

"I am-"

"Yeah, yeah, I know you are a virgin. I figured it out when I asked you sex-related questions in class," he says dryly, brushing his hand across my nipple, making it hard. "The question still stands, do you want to have sex with me, Louis?"

"Um, I am not sure." I shrug, biting my lip. Now that I am fully processing this, I am starting to have second thoughts about doing this. Maybe it's a bigger deal than I originally imagined.

He leans in giving me a kiss. "I won't pressure you, I am not some hormonal teenage boy." I couldn't help but feel a bit offended, thinking he was referring to me.

"So, what do we do now?" I ask.

"Look, I am going to take you back to your friend's house, and then on Monday, we will act as if nothing happened. When you are completely sure you're ready, I promise I will give you the best fuck of your life. Your tight little body will be underneath mine and you will beg me to fuck your beautiful hole until you can't walk straight." He kisses down my neck as I moan in response to his promise.

"I can't wait."

"Good. Now let me take you home." He slowly gets off me and reaches to his nightstand to grab my glasses. I fix my hair whilst he puts my glasses back on. "Message me when you are going to sleep okay?"

I nod and then debate if I should give him one last kiss or not. He smirks as if he can tell what I am thinking. "You don't have to ask you know, you can kiss me." I blush when he answers my mental question.

He stares into my eyes and waits for me to be the one to initiate the kiss this time. I lean in intending just a quick peck but Harry has other plans. He slides a hand around my neck and holds me in place so that I can't break away. I think he did this to have me stay a bit longer. He pulls back and places a kiss on my head.

After he drops me off I get to thinking about his promise. I kind of regret rejecting the best fuck of my life right now.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for all the positive comments :)

# Part 1: The One With The Clinic

## Chapter Notes

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

On Sunday morning I woke up with a headache, the problem with that was I didn't drink last night. Don't people who have drunk too much the night before wake up with headaches? Isn't that how it works? But I didn't have one sip of alcohol. I had something way more intoxicating, my biology teacher. The tall God with beautiful green eyes and full pink lips. Just picturing him in my head made me want to do unspeakable things to him, but as recently discovered, I am too fucking scared to do anything. Scared that he won't find me attractive underneath my clothes. I don't have the best body type, I certainly don't have a tight little body or whatever he said. What I do have is brains. That is exactly why I am here at a clinic with my best friend on a damn Sunday morning that is three miles out of town.

"Morning after pills, um, what else?" My best friend asks, going through the pamphlets that the clinic offers. This is so weird. This is my first time being anywhere near one of these places. I mean I have never wanted to have sex before. Being here was just really overwhelming, it made my heart pound in my chest. Just like females I had shit to worry about, and I'm not just talking about it potentially hurting, I'm talking about the aftermath of having sex. That's right, I'm talking babies, I'm talking getting STD's and all that shit. All that nerve-racking stuff that is usually associated with girls because no one ever talks about what gay guys go through during sex. No one even mentions the fact that guys can get preggo too. I mean, hello? What am I suppose to do with a child? Girls constantly worry about guys leaving them when they find out they're pregnant, but what about me? Will my biology teacher leave me after he finds out I might be pregnant after we have sex for the first time? Technically while I am at school he can't leave me, well, I guess he could walk out of the classroom? I don't know.

"Uh." I pull my beanie down lower to try and make myself invisible. Attempting to completely get out of this situation. "I don't know, I'm new at this."

"Louis, I am pretty sure Harry doesn't have AIDs or HIV or ADSL."

I look at Ashton confused and annoyed. Why is he mentioning this at all? "Just say STD, you don't have to start listing them and ADSL is a landline, not a disease." I shake my head. For someone who has already had sex, he doesn't seem to know his stuff.

He bites his lip and nods. "Sure man, whatever, he still doesn't have it." He pats me lightly on the back, probably to reassure me before returning to a pamphlet about herpes. How would Ashton even know if Harry has any diseases anyway? I am hoping that Harry is a decent enough guy to at least tell me if he has anything before having sex with me and passing it on.

"Why don't you just let me use your pills?" I ask him. This whole thing would have been so much easier if he had just given me what I need so I didn't have to come down here and go through all this embarrassing stuff.

"Let's get something straight. Friends share food, sometimes maybe even boyfriends but friends do not share birth control pills, don't be stupid."

I grunt, annoyed that he wouldn't help me. "Mark Tomlinson?" A woman from the front desk called. I am hoping that my dad doesn't by any chance use this clinic because I am basically faking a medical history in his name just by being here. But I am just too embarrassed to use my own name.

"I still can't believe you used your dad's name," Ashton quietly laughs beside me. As if he's never done anything crazy like this. I roll my eyes.

"Here." I stand up, addressing the nurse? I kick Ashton's leg to get him to listen to me. "Come in with me." I really didn't want to go through this alone so naturally, I beg my friend to help me out when I am too scared to do anything.

Ashton and I follow the small nurse down the hall and into a brightly coloured room. Inside there were even more pamphlets. Many diagrams were shown throughout the room of the female and some male anatomies. Contraceptive posters covered the walls, as well as pregnancy information, in case the contraceptive was a miss. I mentally chuckle at that.

The nurse headed back to the front desk and inside the room was a young woman scribbling something down on her notepad. She looked up at our presence in the doorway and I could see her sparkling hazel eyes wanting to welcome us. She set the notepad down with a flick of her short choppy brown hair and said, "Please sit."

I turn to my best friend and give a look. He urges me towards the seat and I slump down in the hard wooden chair. I roll my eyes at the fact that the doctor gets a comfy seat and I don't. They could at least have me feeling pleasant whilst I'm here and they aren't achieving that. They had one job.

"Good morning, I am doctor Williams, what can I do for you?" she asks with a warm and reassuring smile. I wanted to scream 'nothing' and storm out of here, preferably without red cheeks. However, I remain calm on the outside and return her smile.

"I... Birth... Something," I mumble out random words, not actually forming a proper sentence. My cheeks heat up anyway when she laughs and nods.

"Mr Tomlinson are you ready to have sex?"

Wow, okay, I didn't know this was an intervention. I was not expecting that question to just be thrown at me. Kind of personal doc. If I knew this was going to happen I would have just avoided it and gone to buy some condoms instead. Although, I guess in some way she needs to know this stuff? Maybe?

"Yes, I am," I whisper nervously. "I am ready for that, yes."

"And how old are you?"

"I am eighteen," I answer. Oh god, is she going to question me further? My legs push against one another in an effort to close, indicating how uncomfortable I felt. Ashton was wondering around the room looking at everything, in fact, he was checking out the 3d model of a penis and what it looks like from the inside. He laughs and points at it.

"Dude, that's what your dick looks like from the inside," he continues laughing like the immature idiot that he is. I get the sense that he is trying to freak me out but it's not working.

"Are you sure you are ready for this? Your boyfriend isn't forcing you into this, is he? You can be completely honest," the doctor asks, ignoring Ashton's behaviour. Why would she be asking me this stuff? More importantly, would Harry ever do that to me? I mean he doesn't seem like the type of guy who would but if I keep denying him he might just do that. Panic starts to settle over me at the possibilities. She notices my confusion at first and says, "I'm sorry but I have to ask these questions, there's nothing to worry about."

"Oh." I shrug. "We have known each other for four years now, he isn't forcing me into anything." That's actually true, Harry and I have known each other for four years. I was a young freshman when I had first met him. At the time he wasn't my teacher but instead a handsome man who had saved me from getting hit by a football. That moment for me was love at first sight. Since then, my feelings have intensified and I have waited to be with him up until now.

"Very well." She acknowledges my answer and stands up heading towards the door behind me. "Just give me a moment." With that, she leaves the room.

I am left in the room with Ashton who is still checking everything out. I stand up to go over and see what he is looking at. "Dude, check it out," Ashton nudges me towards another picture of a penis. "Oliver is a little bit bi- "

"No," I snap cutting him off completely. "We are not talking about penis sizes right now, maybe later."

The doctor comes back just as Ashton and I take a seat again, she has two sets of pills in her hand. She sets both of them down on a table with a soft smile. "Take one of these every day," she says, lifting up the pills that she was indicating to in front of me. I notice that she writes 'every day' on a sticky note before attaching it to the pills to remind me which are which. Next, she holds up the other pills, "If you are unsure or you want to be extra cautious after having sex, you can take this with water, it's called-"

"The morning after pill," Ashton interrupts. Wow, I'll be taking the same pills as every other girl at my high school. I'm so relatable now, I note my own sarcasm in my head.

"Exactly. Now, you will have to wait at least seven days before you have intercourse, understand?" I nod. "I also put some condoms in this little 'gift bag' for you." She adds the pills to the bag.

I turn to Ashton who begins to go red, I am the same as well. I hope I don't laugh. I'm trying to seem like a mature man now.

On the way out the doctor gives me a lollipop and I smile. "Thank you, doctor."

"Sure, be safe boys." My best friend nods his head, whilst I look at my gift bag. We both head out of the clinic, pause and laugh. What an interesting morning it has been.

It was now late that Sunday evening and I was just thinking back to what a fucked up weekend this has been. I was currently hiding my birth control pills before my parents saw them and killed me.

"Hey sweetie, how was Ashton's?" my mother asks when I enter the living room.

"Good, we went to the movies." I sucked face with my teacher, went to a clinic and got some condoms and pills. "And then we just chilled," I say giving a small smile, trying not to give away the fact that I hadn't included everything.

"Sounds fun. Your plate is in the microwave, I made chicken just like KFC." Oh dear god. My mother is the worst cook ever, she's worse than me. The number of times that I have gotten food poisoning was too many to count.

"Oh, Mum, you cooked?" I tried to sound supportive but I'm not sure my message came across. I distracted her by asking where dad was.

"He'll be home soon," she grins. "Don't tell your father alright, but I kinda bought KFC." I knew it.

"I won't tell, but I am getting tired so I am just gonna turn in. Night mum." Before she can protest that I haven't eaten, I turn and head towards the stairs. Instead, she just calls goodnight behind me, already knowing that she won't be able to change my mind.

As I am walking to my room, I hear a voice coming from Elena's room. I peek through the crack of her partly open door and see that she is alone and on the phone. She looks pissed off. I wonder who she is talking to?

"I get it but what about school?" What about school Elena? "I want to run away with you as well, you know how much I love you, Elliot."

My hand covers my mouth to conceal my gasp. I couldn't believe what I just heard. My sister loves Mr Kennedy, my maths teacher? The one who looks like a Ken doll. Oh my god, I can't breathe this is too good. Also, why is it that every teacher seems to want to fuck their student? Are other schools like this? I doubt it. Maybe I can blackmail her, no that won't work because I am sort of dating Harry, I think?

I quietly pass Elena's room but then slam my door shut so she knows I am home, not enough information to know that I heard who she was talking to. I mean there is no Elliot at our school, who else could it be?

Could my life end up being like that? Wanting to run away with my teacher. If I take the chance and go on this open road and supposedly have sex with Harry, what troubles will life give me then? I hope the answer isn't a child, I am too young. And I hope it's not herpes or Harry going to jail. Know what? I am not even gonna sweat it, screwing with Harry that is, because I am not the only one who is getting screwed. If I go down, I am bringing Elena with me.

It feels like there wasn't anything I couldn't do. I felt awesome. Maybe it was because for some unknown reason I felt like wearing yoga pants to school that Monday. Don't ask where I got them though. I don't even know, they just appeared and I thought I would feel good about wearing them. Hoping to only attract the attention of my biology teacher. I finally decided to show my ass to the world in these tight-fitting pants, not only that, but I am wearing a shirt that actually clings to my chest. I clean up pretty nice when I want to. I do have an emergency jumper in my bag in case my confidence runs out.

The sound of my skateboard wheels rolling on the concrete ground brings me back. The first thing I notice was my best friend doing flips on his board, he also seems to have dressed nicely today. He looks amazing in his graphic t-shirt and black jeans.

"Morning, did you have your pill?"

"Really Ashton? That's how you greet me?" He waits for my answer. "Yes, I drank it," I grumble. I slow down on my skateboard and come to a stop. My foot bounces onto the end of my skateboard to bring it up to my arm to catch it.

We head to our lockers to put our stuff away and grab our books. For once I actually felt cool walking down the hallways of the school. More of our friends come over to us two and we start discussing the spring formal.

"So, Josh, what's the theme for this years spring formal?" I ask him with a grin.

"Masquerade ball." I turn to Ashton, both of us having similar thoughts in our heads about all the possibilities of having masks. The main theme in my head is that people don't know whose face is behind the mask. Not thinking of anyone in particular, Harry. "Sounds good right?"

"Yeah man!" Ashton encourages Josh.

The bell rang through the old speakers and startled me as usual. They really need to get that fixed, I hear them every day and yet they still sound so rickety and broken. I'm pretty sure the school isn't that old.

"See you in Bio!" I yell at my friends as I rush down the hallway. Pushing past multiple bodies is difficult, especially when you keep bumping into people and having to apologise every single time. They should just move out of my way so I can get to class and we don't have to go through the pushing and shoving routine. I manage to reach my history class on



time and then I remember all the shitty people in this class and I question why I was in a hurry to get here.

My sister was already in class, talking to Christian. Ugh. I mentally shudder when I see him. His light brown hair pushed up into a quiff like all the other dickheads at this school. His body leaning deep into his seat, basically slouching all the way down. My sister is leaning into him, her hand on his arm, trying to keep his attention on her and not other girls that he is probably planning on fucking.

Instead, I walk straight past those two and head over to my friend Charles Parkinson, although he prefers to be called Chuck. "Hey Louis," he greets me.

"Hey Chuck, did we have any homework?" I ask, placing my history textbook on the desk next to his.

"I don't know," he laughs, drawing something in his book. He is a very talented artist, he can draw just about anything. Any girl would be lucky to have him. I'm pretty sure he has a girlfriend but we aren't that close so I have no idea.

"Good morning class." At this school, there are three teachers that I would say are the definition of hot. The first being Harry Styles, obviously, he will always be my number one. The second being Noah Davis, my music teacher, he is amazing at playing the guitar. And finally my history teacher Mr Eric Peterson, a really sweet guy with an adorable Scottish accent.

"Who knows anything about Hitler?" Mr Peterson asks, taking a seat on his desk with his pen in his mouth. That's his trademark. Pen in his mouth, ass on his desk. It adds to his cuteness. I rest my head on my palm, my watchful eyes on my history teacher. "Louis, who do you think this man is?"

Oh shit. I hate when teachers do this. I rack my brain to remember who Hitler was before accidentally saying the wrong thing. "Adolf Hitler was some dude who killed a bunch of Jews. He believed that the perfect person had blue eyes and blonde hair, if that was true I would be dead," I'm not sure why I mentioned that. I continued on, "he was the leader of the Nazi thingy. He was a bad person and I'm glad he's dead."

A couple students chuckle at the last part. "You are on the right track Louis, good start," Mr Peterson laughs. "Hitler's Nazi Party became the largest democratically elected party in Germany at the time, this also leads to Hitler being appointed chancellor in 1933."

Wow. Why am I even taking this class? I won't even need to know this in the future. I mean like what if I wanted to become a stripper? I'm pretty I won't be giving someone a lap dance while reciting all I know about Hitler. That probably won't get my potential future customers off.

Before Mr Peterson can continue talking, some kid knocks on the door and walks into the class giving a note to him. The classroom is silent whilst we all wait in anticipation to find out what the note says. "Louis Tomlinson you need to report to the administration office."

Oh god. What have I done now? My chair makes a noise as I pull back from my desk and head out the door. Endless possibilities floating around in my head at what I could be called out for. What if they find out about Harry and me?

"Hey Mrs Kimberly," I address the woman at the front desk. The elderly woman looks up with a small smile from hearing my voice.

"Louis, dear, how are you today?"

"I'm fine, thank you. I got summoned up here, is there something wrong?"

She laughs and shakes her head. I take that as a sign to let out the breath I was holding in. "Nothing's wrong dear, you just need to find Mr Styles." She picks something up off of the desk and examines the paper. "You're helping him with the spring formal and he said that he needs the keys."

Umm... what? I have no idea what she is talking about. I don't have any keys, I'm not even part of the organisation team. Fuck. "Where is Mr Styles?" I ask. Maybe if I find him I can figure out what the hell she is talking about.

"He has a free period at the moment."

"So, he's in his class?" I hope he is because I have no idea where else he would be. She nods in reply and I thank her before we say our goodbyes.

I head off to his classroom, not having any idea why he needs me. Maybe he wants to talk? Does he not know a thing called texting? Mentally, I thank him for getting me out of what I'm assuming would have been a boring history lesson, despite having a good teacher. Sometimes even good looking teachers can't fix boring subjects.

Before I just fling open his door, like a douchebag, I decide to knock and wait patiently for permission to come in. Remember, I'm trying to take up as much time being here instead of class. "Come in," he calmly voices.

He looks up with a smile when I appear in the doorway. He stands up and comes over to me, tugging me inside and locking the door behind me. He closes the blinds before saying, "Hi."

"Hey, um, I don't have the keys." I hope he wasn't expecting me to have any because I honestly have no idea what the hell I'm doing here. Maybe keys was an excuse to get me alone? Oooh, I like that.

"I know," he chuckles pulling me closer to him. "I just missed you is all." Wow, it's so weird to hear him say something like that. I have always dreamed of him missing me as much as I miss him. I just smiled instead of telling him my wildest dreams about the two of us.

He rolls up his sleeve to check his watch. "Twenty minutes."

"What happens after twenty minutes?" I question. What is he planning?

"Until the bell rings. You're hiding something from me."

What? How does he know I am hiding something? Technically I'm not hiding anything, I just haven't told him that I went on the pill for him, if that's what he is referring to. What a wild guess that I was hiding something though. I honestly have no idea where that even came from. Now that I think about it, should I tell him I am on the pill or are we not at that stage in this- whatever you would call what's happening between us?

"Me? No."

"Louis I know when you're lying, you bite your lip and play with your hands." Should I be worried that he is paying so much attention to me in class? I mean not even Ashton knows when I'm lying.

"I kinda went on the pill," I confess, not making eye contact with him. I wasn't prepared for his reaction. Would it be good? Would it be bad? I don't know about him.

"For me?" I think this is a good reaction but a dumbass question. No, I went on the pill for the homeless man around the corner from Starbucks. What was he thinking?

"Um, yes."

"Please look at me," he pleads. I tilt my head up to hold eye contact with him. "Does this mean you want to have sex?"

Why else would I be on the pill? "Yeah."

"Well then I must confess, you look extremely fuckable right now." Beautiful was the word I was actually looking for but thank you, thank you for the worst compliment ever.

"Thank you, sir." I really wanted to laugh at this point. This whole stupid conversation just made me want to burst into laughter but I kept it in, I need to act mature.

Harry's palm brushes my cheek softly as he looks into my eyes before leaning in to kiss my lips. This soft and sweet kiss didn't last long as he pushes me against the classroom door. Lips are roughly colliding with mine and I try to keep up. It seems I'm not fast enough as he decides to trail his lips down my neck, biting and sucking on my skin. What is up with all this neck biting? He slides a hand down my back and into my pants, fingers digging past my underwear and in between my butt cheeks. The tip of his middle finger reaches my hole and I jolt with nerves. He sensually rubs around my hole before asking me, "how long?"

"Seven days, sir," I pant.

"I can't wait that long," he says. His finger is still circling my entrance before it stops right on my hole and pushes in. I gasp at the feeling of his finger pushing inside of me. I lean forward to hide my head in his neck to conceal my moans but he pushes me back so my head is arched against the door. He studies my faces to see my emotions, also to witness the pleasure I'm feeling from his finger. He continuously pumps his finger in and out of me, all the while I am blissfully moaning against the door with Harry taking it all in.

"Harry," I breathe when he slaps my ass.

"You're so tight," he groans into my ear. He grinds his erection onto mine and I can feel how hard he is. I can't wait for the day that he actually fucks me.

Just when I'm about to come, the bell rings above us. Worst timing ever. "Shit." Harry quickly pulls his finger out of me with a heavy sigh. My legs feel like jelly. I wasn't expecting him to lick his finger with a moan. "You taste heavenly." Ew, that finger was just in my butt hole and now you are licking it.

"Um, thank you?"

"See you later okay?" He leans in to give me a sweet kiss. "You need to go babe."

"Right, I'm going now." I unlock the door and walk out. I rush to my locker to get my emergency jumper and pull it down to cover my erection as I walk into the hallway. "What the fuck just happened?"

It was lunch when I spotted Ashton. He looks up at me with a smile, his mouth filled with food of course. "What's up boy? You don't look well."

"I feel like you can sense that something happened to me this morning, something weird but awesome at the same time."

"What?"

I look around at other people, hoping no one is listening. "Harry fingered me," I whisper.

"What?!" he yells, eyes turning to look at us. "Don't look at us!" he spits at everybody. I lower my head, not making eye contact with them. Ashton loves to embarrass me all the time by causing a scene with people he doesn't even know. He focuses back on me, "so are you okay?"

I lean in to whisper again. "He licked his finger," I say disgusted, remembering what he did right after he pulled out of me. I shudder at the thought of a beautiful man doing something so gross, how could that taste nice?

Ashton's eyes light up as he nods slowly, "I love when Oliver licks- "

"No, just don't," I say, putting my hand up to stop him from continuing with his sentence. Images flash in my head of those two going at it, that's just another reason to shudder. I try to think of anything better than my best friend and my chemistry teacher fucking and apparently licking each other. I decide to change the subject. "Anyways, how the hell am I going to face him during next period?"

"Wow, sucks to be you. Now you have to face him while he gives you a lesson about the human body during sex, that's the next lesson right?" he says all excited, with a hint of sarcasm. Acting as if Harry didn't tell us that we'd be learning that next class. Ashton is so fake but clearly, he is thrilled with the pain I am about to experience.

"You're not helping."

"I am too, I'm freaking you out, it's working, right? I think it is." He shifts in his seat, eyes wide with excitement. He just can't contain it.

"I hate you," I say, frustrated with this situation.

"Nah," he laughs, "you love me, baby." When the bell rings Ashton quickly gets up and giggles all the way to our lockers, ready to get his stuff and torture me all throughout class. "You ready for bio and a bit of finger licking?"

"Go to hell."

## Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry it took me a bit longer than normal to update. My updates may take a week or so because the other chapters were pre-written. I'll try to post as frequently as I can :)

## Part 1: The One With The Sex Lesson

The minute I walked into that classroom I was instantly reminded of what had happened earlier. Of why I was wearing my emergency jumper and how convenient it was at this very second because I was now sporting a semi just thinking about Harry and his fingers.

I glanced over at the door that I was previously pushed against and fingered, he technically could have fucked me if he wanted to, at that moment I probably wouldn't have been opposed to the idea. Life was great. Just kidding, it was a total fucking mess, well, if we get caught that is.

Ashton was being his regular annoying self and kept eyeing me with a huge grin on his face. Waiting to see my reaction when Mr Styles came in, waiting to see me suffer throughout the class, waiting to see me sweat. But I will not crack that easily, I won't sweat in front of Ashton or anyone.

Underneath this calm facade I was putting on for Ashton, I was trembling with fear on the inside. Nervously waiting for Harry to make an appearance and start teaching.

Today we are talking about one thing and that thing is sex. The one thing I am anticipating actually doing with him. Yes, it is a natural thing and all humans do it. But when it comes down to me physically doing it, it makes my heart beat so hard. Of course, I want to do it with Harry but I'm scared I won't satisfy him. Sure, I can joke about it with Ashton, acting as if I'm cool with it but in reality, nothing scares me more.

"Good afternoon class." There he was, the man with the legendary fingers. "Most of you are eighteen and mature, well some of you. I can assume that you all have a fairly good idea what sex is. Today we will be covering all things sex-related. If you aren't comfortable with that then please leave the classroom." No one moves, students all remaining seated. "Good, let's begin then."

"The vagina plays a significant role in sexual intercourse when talking about pregnancy. However other things can be considered sex, such as oral sex and anal sex. For vaginal sex, the vagina creates a moisture, meaning it lubricates itself, to allow for better penetration." Harry looks over the students until he finds me and continues with the lesson. "The penis becomes erect and is ready to penetrate either the vagina or anus if he is gay."

Ashton turns to me with a cheerful smile. "Hey, Louis did you want him to penetrate your anus?" he whispers to me.

"Shut up Ashton." My cheeks heat up as Harry makes eye contact with me, afraid he and other students had heard what Ashton had said.

After a couple seconds Harry continues, "To reduce friction for anal penetration, a lubricant should be used. As I already explained, vaginas are self-lubricating." He walks around his desk, after previously sitting on it, and takes a seat in his chair.

"The vaginal or anal wall can create friction for the penis during sexual intercourse which can stimulate it towards ejaculation, this can enable fertilization."

There was so much sex talk just then, my little heart might just explode.

My lips are pressed tightly together as I hold eye contact with Harry, which was the hardest thing to do while he talked about that, no pun intended. All I wanted to scream was 'I want you to penetrate my anal wall, Mr Styles'.

"I'm sure some of you in this room have already had sex but I want to emphasize how important it is that you be safe. Condoms are great but they don't always work. Sometimes sperm manages to find a way out of that condom. This is why you should always check for holes in the condom, also, the use by date can be an indicator of how likely it is for a hole to occur during sex. Even birth control doesn't always work, you can get pregnant whilst you are on it."

"What?" Ashton and I both say synchronised, eyes wide and apparently loud enough for others in the class to turn to us, including Harry.

"Yes, you can get pregnant while you are on the pill." He looks directly at me while he says this, trying to emphasize that just because I am on it doesn't mean it will work.

Oh my god. Why didn't the clinic doctor tell me that?

"I just want to say that you should always respect your partner, you don't push them to do something you want to do, especially if they don't. Just remember that it is your girlfriend who gets pregnant or if your gay then your boyfriend. They are the ones who have to give birth and raise that child, so always respect them."

"That is so deep man," Ashton says beside me. I don't know if he was joking or not but it caught Harry's attention.

"Shut up Ashton," Harry laughs, shaking his head. "Start reading page thirty-four in your textbook and answer the questions. I will hand you back your papers on the brain."

I turn to Ashton as we both open up our textbooks. "I don't get it, respect? Is he kidding me? Where did that bullshit come from?"

He rolls his eyes and sighs. "He has to say that, he's a man. You think any guy cares about respect? Something you should know about men Louis, it's that all they want is one thing and that's all. They just wanna fuck you. To be honest I'm surprised that Oliver and I are still together. I thought that after he took my virginity he would dump me. Let's just hope that Harry doesn't do that because if he does I won't hesitate to beat him up for you."

"Aww, Ashton that's the sweetest thing you've ever said to me."

He scoffs. "Let's just get on with sex."

"Ashton, Louis, nice work." Harry startles us both. He places both of our papers down on the table with a warm smile. His hand comes up and rests on my shoulder. "Good job Louis." He

winks and then walks away.

"Cool, I got a B," Ashton says, not even noticing the exchange between Harry and I, too excited by his grade.

I hold up my paper and see that I got an A. This wasn't unexpected. It may seem like Harry is favouring me and giving me good grades because I'm 'hanging out' with him. In reality, I'm just pretty smart. Unless I'm not and my entire biology grades have been based on Harry's attraction to me. Maybe I'm not as smart as I thought.

"Louis, turn the paper around, he wrote a note on the back."

I do and I see a sticky note with the words 'Afterschool, you and me.' Yep, he's definitely favouring me. My heart drops a little that he's doing this. I didn't think he would stoop so low to actually change my grades to make me like him more.

Ashton's still waiting for some sort of positive reaction from me. I give in to his silent demands and jokingly say in a serious tone, "Oh yeah, he's gonna fuck me."

When Ashton is satisfied he turns back to his book. I take this as an opportunity to scrunch up the note angrily, get up and put it in the bin. Harry watches me with confused eyes. He clearly doesn't understand what he's done wrong. Not getting that I don't need him to play favourites, he should treat me like everyone else, except he fucks only me.

I head back to my seat with Harry still watching me. I look down and continue my work, not making anymore eye contact with him. He goes to stand up and ask me what's wrong but the bell goes making me jump in surprise. The lesson going by quickly.

I collect my stuff and get ready to go. My seat being close to the door means quick access to get out. Harry stops us though.

"I just want to say one thing befor- " I don't hear the end of his sentence because I storm out, completely done with his shit. First, he says to respect your partner and then he is changing his mind and fixing my grade and improving it behind my back to make me feel better.

While I may be mad at him, one thing is for sure. I never want to talk about sex again.

"Louis!" I hear someone call me. After being friends with him for years I could instantly recognize Ashton's voice. "What's wrong?" he asks when he catches up to me.

"Nothing. Don't worry about it." I dismiss him.

"Oh. Well, Mr Styles was calling for you. He told me to tell you that you need to go back and see him."

"Fine." Not wanting to start anything, I stomp back to the biology room.

Harry was pacing in front of his desk. His head looks up at the sound of my arrival. He sighs in relief, clearly happy to see that I had come back. "Why the hell did you storm out of the room?"



He probably won't understand, I'm guessing he thinks that he's doing a nice thing but to me, it feels like I'm whoring myself around just to get good scores for exams. I don't want to be that person. "You changed my grade and I'm not okay with it."

"What?"

"You gave me a good grade based on favouritism. I'm not okay with you doing that. I'm not about to sleep with you just so you'll improve it."

"Louis, I wasn't doing that. You earned it fair and square, I promise you that. I wouldn't do that to you, babe. Unless you really wanted me to."

"I don't want you to."

"I won't."

"I'm sorry for accusing you of doing something you didn't."

"Come here." He opens his arms and I come forward for a hug. He wraps his arms around my waist and I wrap mine around his neck. He burrows his head in my shoulder and gives a small kiss to my neck. It's sweet and I feel bad for being mad at him.

The kiss reassures me of what I want to do. Of what I had thought about during that lesson. What I am now officially going to agree to do. I have made a confident decision that after school, I will lose my virginity.

When Ashton and I saw Titanic last Saturday I had cried so much. I had imagined that Harry was Jack and I was Rose. It made me want that kind of relationship, except I don't want Harry to die in the ocean. However, I do want to make love to Harry just like they do in the movie. I want that to be me in the car with my hand sliding down the fogged up window. I want to hold him in my arms afterwards.

Who am I kidding? My first time is probably gonna be on the classroom floor or maybe even his desk, knowing him. He looks like the kinda guy who would want me bent over his desk and begging for more. So much for a special 'losing my virginity' story.

"Are you alright Louis?" I turn and look at my friends. After I had left the classroom I had come to meet up with Violet, Chuck, Ashton, Chris and Joshua. They were currently all eyeing me weirdly.

"Yeah, why?"

"You're making that face again. You know, the one where you- "

"I know, the face I make when I think. I get it, everyone tells me that. Besides, I'm fine."

Josh changes the subject. "Are we still heading to the skate park after school?"

"I can't." Ashton and I say. We both give each other a look that silently asks 'you too'? His eyes widen when he guesses that today will be the day that I lose my virginity. He has a proud smile on his face.

"We'll see you guys later," I say. They all head in a different direction leaving Ashton and me behind, ready to head back inside the school. We walk through the doors and walk in silence down the hall until I decide to break it. "So, uh, you going to chemistry?" I ask awkwardly.

"Uh, yeah, you going to biology?"

"Yeah, man, I'm heading there now." There was something awkward going on between us and I don't know why. Ashton and I have never been like this. "Why is this weird Ashton?"

"I don't know, maybe it's because we are both screwing our teachers," he says with a laugh, trying to ease the tension. It doesn't really work.

"No." I shake my head. "You're screwing your teacher, mine just fingered me."

"That's true, but you are going to and I have never been more proud. My baby boy finally putting on some big boy pants and growing up. You should probably go just to get in some bonus Harry time before the fucking begins." He pats me on the back before we head down separate hallways. We both give a small wave goodbye. I continue down the hall until a body is crashing into me from behind and I feel arms wrapping around me. I check who it is over my shoulder and see Ashton's head buried in the back of my neck. "Good luck and have fun, baby boy."

My arms wrap around him at an uncomfortable angle and I kiss his head. This will be the last time I see Ashton as a virgin, after this I should hopefully have lost my virginity and become a man. He lets go and makes his way back to the chemistry lab.

As I came up to Harry's classroom I noticed him coming out of it. He shuts the door behind him and turns to face me. A smile takes over his face. He checks to see if other people are around us. No one is here except for him and me. "Hi," he whispers.

I bite my bottom lip. "Hi."

He comes closer to me to minimize the gap between us. His shirt is nicely tucked into his pants, a belt fastened around his waist. He was wearing his typical all-black outfit. It was so attractive though. I liked that I knew what to expect out of him, I liked that he was predictable in the sense that I don't have to watch out for him.

"Kiss?" he asks. What? Why would he want to kiss me in the school hallways where anyone could just walk by? I mean I know it's after school but other teachers are here. While I'm overthinking this in my head, Harry doesn't give me the opportunity to answer. Stepping closer until his lips meet mine is a gentle kiss. Not like earlier today where I was literally shoved up against something and kissed as if his life depended on it.

This kiss was soft, calm but also over very quickly. I guess we can't just stand here and kiss all day at the risk of being caught. "You're so sweet," he says after pulling away.

Something about that just made me want him more than ever. Maybe it was the seductive look he was giving me. But I don't think I can wait any longer. I don't want to have to keep questioning whether I should do this, I want to decide right now. Right at this moment.

"Harry, I can't wait seven days," I confess, letting him know that I want to have sex with him now. He looks at me with wide eyes, clearly not expecting me to be ready so soon. Isn't this what he wants though?

"Didn't you pay attention in class today?" he asks, cocking his head to the side.

"To be honest, not really. All I heard was penis this and vagina that and for the love of god, way too much penetration," I say dryly. I can see just now why people would think I'm immature. I wasn't trying to be but it just came out.

"Really?" he questions with an amused smile. I didn't think it was funny but whatever.  
"Louis, sex is- "

"Yeah, I get it." Did I just cut off my teacher? This is supposed to be a romantic moment where he takes me to some secluded spot and takes my virginity by making love to me. However, here we are, still standing in this hallway whilst I cut him off.

"Did you just cut- "

"Yeah, I did." Oh shit.

"You did it again, stop cutting me off Louis," he says sternly. I shy away because I don't like the fact that he's getting angry with me. I hate being scolded. He changes his tone to concerned, "Louis we've been talking about this a lot, about sex, and I don't want to pressure you, angel. I don't want you to feel as though you have to do this."

For a moment I really consider what he is saying but I know that if I think about it too hard then I'll change my mind. I want to do this now, with him. "I want you to be my first."

His fingers brush against my cheek, grazing it softly, happiness in his eyes. "Okay."

"Really?" I'm a little excited honestly, I just want to get this over and done with. Okay, wow, that's the way I'm talking about having sex with Harry? Like I'm talking about ripping off a band-aid. What the hell is wrong with me? This is supposed to be the greatest experience in my life.

He chuckles and runs his hand down my arm, all the way until he reaches my fingers and intertwines them with mine. "I'm going to show you a real good time princess. Now, where do you want me?"

A smile spreads across my face, I can't contain my excitement anymore, shoving my nerves deep down inside me. I don't even care where he fucks me, as long as it's now. "Anywhere."

He walks with me, away from the classroom where I had thought he would take me. He heads out of the school, dropping my hand when a few teachers are spotted getting into their

cars. I can't see any students. My mind wonders to where the hell Harry is taking me. He sees my confused face and replies with one word only.

"Car."

## Part 1: The One With The First Time

Harry drove us to a nearby hill. It was a secluded area overlooking the town. Whilst that sounds kind of romantic, it's actually not. This hill is a popular spot for having sex and getting drunk, to be honest, I'd rather have been in a bed but Harry is in charge now.

He didn't appear to be nervous, I mean why should he be? He's a twenty-something-year-old man who's most likely had sex, plenty of times. It's kind of shocking that an eighteen-year-old is a virgin in this generation. I mean everyone else is whoring around so why can't I? At least I am doing it with the man I love.

What am I saying? The man I love, my god that sounds so stupid. I hate sounding like a teenage girl. I might think I love him but he certainly doesn't love me.

The sweet sound of rock music fills the car while Harry kisses the side of my neck in the back seat of his car. I thought that listening to 'My heart will go on' would be a nice romantic song to listen to but no, fucking rock and roll is what I will be losing my virginity to. This just keeps on getting more romantic. I try and push all that aside and just focus on Harry and me in the back seat of his car. I suppose it's about who I'm with during this 'moment of passion' and not the setting. Just focus on Harry.

"Princess?" Who? Oh, right, that's me.

"Yes?" I nervously ask. Don't break a sweat you little bitch. You're a grown man who's about to have sex, so start acting like one.

"You are so beautiful," he says, running a hand up my neck to take my glasses off. He gently places them on the front seat and then returns his focus onto me. Great, now my vision is one hundred per cent worse because stupid little me forgot to wear his contacts. But then again how was I supposed to know that I was going to have sex today?

"As I said in class, condoms don't always work and I want you to be aware of that. However," his voice begins to get shaky, "I am willing to take the risk with you." Pfft, yeah right. That sounds sweet but I swear the minute I'm knocked up he's gonna make a run for it.

I just have to take those morning-after pills and I'll be set, I hope.

Harry continues to run his cold hands along my back until he reaches the hem of my shirt. "Lift up your arms." I bring my arms up so that he can pull my shirt off of me and toss it in the front seat. He undoes the button on my jeans and I awkwardly help him slide them off.

Where are you supposed to look when you have sex? The ceiling? Oh, that's one of my favourite places to look, probably after looking at the floor.

Now I'm just in my underwear and if I'm honest, I'm kinda cold. I sit and wait while Harry pulls off his shirt. My eyes gaze over his body as I check out his tattoos, he has more than I thought. I can feel myself twitching in interest and my heart beating faster in nervousness.

I lay down without any orders and pretty much just sit there and watch. He pulls out a condom from his jeans and I have so many questions about that. How long has he had that in his pocket? Did he just assume that I would say yes to having sex with him? Or is he manipulating me to have sex with him? I really don't know.

He unbuttons his jeans and undoes the zipper. He begins to pull down his jeans when I catch a glimpse of his, is that, oh my god, Batman underwear. Wow, he really knows how to turn someone on. His pants are fully off and now both of us are in his car almost fully naked.

The reality of what's going to happen sets in and I can feel my heart thumping against my chest. I try to take deep breaths and close my eyes to relax. My mind is running a bit wild with thoughts jumbling through my head. I don't even notice that Harry is pulling down my underwear until I feel a wet finger at my hole. I jerk upwards onto my elbows when I feel it trying to enter.

This is a situation that I never thought I would find myself in, me on my back, resting on my elbows in the backseat of a car while my teacher fingers me. He slides his finger in and out gently while I am still trying to calm my nerves. He slowly brings my right leg onto his shoulder and my god how flexible does he think I am? My head gets placed into the car door and this is really not romantic. I'm officially going to be losing my v-card in a black Mercedes.

Harry leans down to join our lips in a kiss as he keeps fingering me. When he feels that I'm not so tense he adds another finger but then I tense again, uncomfortable with the new intrusion. Gosh, I really need to learn to relax.

I run my fingers through his hair and rest my palm on his cheek. Our lips move together in passion and he adds a third finger. He stretches me open and I gasp at the pain. This seems more painful than last time. I don't know if I'm ready for the real thing if even this hurts.

Harry pulls his fingers out and stops kissing me. He is hovering above me, looking me in the eyes when he asks, "You nervous?"

My heart is racing but I don't want to tell him how scared I am so instead I whisper, "No."

He guides me off my elbows until I am resting my back completely on the seat. I do the same breathing exercises as before with my eyes closed. I can hear Harry shuffling around and I assume he is taking his underwear off. My eyes open and all I can see is Harry and his fully erect penis pretty much staring me in the face. He is leaning across to the front seat to grab something from the compartment, I assume it's probably a lubricant. He faces me again and is tearing the condom wrapper open. He glides it down his penis and squirts some lube onto it.

Harry looks back to me with a smirk. My nerves returning when he hovers over me again.

"Shhh," he whispers to me. I guess that's supposed to be him reassuring me?

He looks down to where our bodies are about to be connected and holds himself up with one arm while his other arm reaches between us and guides his penis towards my hole. I close my eyes because I'm too nervous to look.

All I feel is pain as he tries to enter my most private area. "Princess, you need to relax, you're too tense love."

"But it kind of hurts." I don't want to tell him that it sort of feels like he is tearing me in half down there because he might think I can't take it, which, I don't know if I can.

"It'll get better as the pain fades away, I promise. But, Princess, I can't really continue if you're in this much pain."

"No! No, I'm fine, I promise. I just need to adjust." This is my one chance to be with him and I don't know if I'm gonna get another so I need to power through this pain. I mean the pornstars seem to enjoy it so surely I can, right?

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm fine, just keep going."

"Alright, just relax Princess, take deep breaths and try and unclench from around me."

I do as he says and breath deeply, trying to relax. As soon as I unclench a little bit he slides further in me, but only a little bit because I tense up again. This process continues until he is all the way inside me. He leans down and gives me reassuring kisses along my neck until he is kissing my lips. I relax into the kiss and he very slowly starts making little thrusts in and out of my hole. It still hurts a lot but not as much as before.

"God I have wanted this for such a long time," he says. He moves his head down my neck and starts sucking on my nipples. He swirls his tongue around the left one and then moves on to the right one, sucking and tugging on it. A wave of pleasure comes over me and I start properly enjoying having sex with him.

His thrusts get slightly fast and I feel him hit a bundle of nerves inside me. I moan in pleasure. He starts to repeatedly hit that spot and I continue to find pleasure in having sex with him. It's still painful but there is now an element of pleasure so I guess it's alright.

"Oh, sweet salvation." I breathe, now he's making me feel really good and judging by the small grunts he occasionally makes, I'm assuming he's feeling good too?

He leans back and pulls me up gently with him, his thrusts have stopped. He moves us around until I am sitting on top of him with his erection deep inside me and his balls pressed against my ass. Wow, this hurts.

"Come on princess," he whispers, "let me hear you say it."

Ummm, what is he wanting here? "Say what?"

I wrap my legs around his waist and try to make myself a bit more comfortable.

"Tell me how much you want me, how much you need me."

He leans further down so that I'm forced to unwrap my legs and just rest them on the seat. Is he letting me be in control? I don't want to be in control! I can't do this. He can't seriously be expecting me to ride him on my first time having sex. I flashback to when Josh and I were watching porn and I remember one video where a girl was riding a pizza man. But I'm quite sore, I swear my buttocks are slightly torn.

I muster up all the courage that I have and hide the pain so that I can please this specimen of a man beneath me.

"I want you, Harry, I need you." I try to keep in my giggles at my words and start rotating my hips. I move around slowly, as not to hurt myself. I then begin to rise as high as I could without the tip of his penis coming out. Then slowly fall back down. It honestly doesn't feel too bad, I was expecting worse. I begin to ride him quicker as we both enjoy the feeling of pleasure.

My phone begins to ring on the front seat just as I start hitting that bundle inside me again and I don't even think about answering it because it feels too good. My eyes are shut as I repeatedly hit that wonderful bundle again and again. However, I feel Harry shuffle underneath me and I open my eyes to see him reaching for the phone. What the fuck?

"Answer," he breathes.

"What?" I moan.

"Answer it for me princess, come on, do it for me." I grab the phone in frustration and stop my movements. Harry places his hands on my hips and brings his knees up behind me, I decide to rest on them while I answer the call.

"Hello," I answer in a low tone. Harry is smirking below me and he starts to lift me up and down on his dick. My eyes go wide in shock at what he's doing.

"Sweetie, where are you?" Oh my god. My poor mother.

"Um, Hi Mum. I will be home in... in... oh my god." Harry hits the bundle inside me and I completely forget who I'm talking to.

"Louis, are you alright?" Actually no Mum, I'm not. I'm currently losing my virginity, so if you could call back in a half-hour that would be great.

"I just saw a bird fly into a window, be home in twenty." I hang up and throw my phone back on the front seat while Harry continues to thrust harder inside of me.

I lean down and join our lips together. He thrusts a few more times before he reaches a hand between us and starts stroking my erection towards a sweet release. The amount of pleasure that I feel when I have my first orgasm is amazing.

Harry lets me come down off my post-orgasm high and then continues to thrust for a few more minutes before he releases into the condom. We lay there catching our breath until Harry slides out of me.



"You were fucking amazing my princess."

I literally can't even respond. My breathing hasn't returned to normal yet.

"Out of words?" he asks with a smirk on his face.

I roll my eyes at him and we begin to get dressed. He gets out of the car when he is fully dressed and chucks the condom in a nearby bin. I sit in the car and process everything. My legs are still a bit shaky.

"Next time we do it in my classroom, then my bed and maybe even the library."

Is he joking? I'm too tired to think of anything else other than having a nice warm bath and laying in bed.

-

The drive to my house took nine minutes and thirty-seven seconds, yes I counted. I personally feel like it's awkward between us but for Harry, everything is perfectly normal. He has one hand on the steering wheel and the other is holding my hand. Does this mean we are official?

"Are you taking a date to the spring formal, Louis?"

I turn to him shaking my head. "No, I'm going as a group with my friends, why?"

"No reason, I'm chaperoning with a few of the teachers," he says dryly as if it's going to be the most boring thing in the world.

A small giggle escapes my lips. "You gonna be in a mask?"

"Maybe." A shy smile appears on his face. It's the first time I've seen him with that expression. He looks past me and gazes at my house that's across the street from where he parked. "I want to dance with you at your formal so, save me a dance. You better go because your parents will probably be worrying."

He leans in to give me a kiss before I can respond to him. "Text me when you go to sleep."

"I will." I smile. I grab my stuff and get out of the car. I wave goodbye as I cross the street and enter the house.

Why do I feel like shit? Surely I should be feeling like a new and improved man but I don't, I feel like shit. And what about the formal? He's crazy if he thinks I'm going to dance with him at formal. I mean I know we have masks but that doesn't entirely get rid of your identity. And I still want to have fun with my friends without thinking about my teacher watching me the whole night. I'm young and I want to get high and make mistakes. Harry isn't gonna let me do that.

One thing's for sure and that is that my ass hurts.

-

I had sex with my biology teacher after 1 month of "dating" and now I'm eating breakfast with my family, there is something wrong with this. I have never done anything so cool yet scary.

"Elena, sweetie, you haven't touched your eggs, you okay?" My father asks pointing his fork to her full plate. Maybe a certain teacher has taken away her appetite. She won't seriously run away with him will she? That's just stupid. Even I wouldn't do something as idiotic as that. Who am I to talk though? I had sex with my teacher in the back of a car. Who am I to judge what my slutty sister is doing or who she's doing.

Elena quickly stood up running out of the kitchen with her hand covering her mouth.

I wonder what's up with her, I mean she can't be pregnant, can she?

"Um, people are throwing up in our school like non-stop, looks like El got it. Probably some bug going around." Don't know why I am defending her, maybe I want to protect her or maybe I want to cover my ass if I get caught, who knows?

"She should stay home," Mum says, sipping her horrible smelling tea.

"I'm fine," Elena mumbles walking back into the room and grabbing her jacket. "I have to go. Louis, you want a ride?"

What? Why would I want a ride with her? She hates me.

"Sure, I guess." Better to avoid any argument. I change the conversation and I turn to my father and say, "Hey, Dad, can you make pasta tonight?"

My dad laughs, picking up the newspaper on the counter, "I was thinking we could go out to eat, maybe that fancy sushi place?"

Not sushi, anything but sushi.

"Elena, you like sushi right?" Mum asks.

"I'm not in the mood for -" She gags again before she can finish her sentence. "- fish." She takes a slow breath, calming herself. She heads out the door towards her car.

"Mexican?" I suggest.

"Sure." They both agreed.

"Cool, I gotta run, Elena's waiting."

-

When I get in the car I eye my sister up and down. "Don't you hate me?"

"What? No, of course not, you're my brother, I practically have to like you." She starts the car and drives off. She sighs, "Why are you covering for me, Louis?"

I pull my beanie further down and shrug in my seat. "You're my sister, even though we have our differences I will still protect you." Bullshit.

She turns to me and says, "My period is late."

Alright, I didn't need to know that, we aren't close and I'm not some girl that can relate and be like 'oh my god honey no, I'll pray for you'.

"It happens sometimes, doesn't always mean something." I think I heard that somewhere and I guess it's reassuring advice.

"No, I think I'm pregnant." She spits out.

Oh, okay. How do I respond to that? Do you know who the father is, idiot or math teacher? All that I can say is, "You sure?"

"Well no, I haven't taken any tests yet." Ah yes, I am familiar with the whole peeing on a stick thing.

"You could go to a clinic if you want? We could go after school?" Why would I suggest that? If I go back to that clinic they'll recognise me and then Elena will know I've been here, god I'm stupid.

"You would do that for me?" She asks in a soft voice.

Well, I have no choice now. "Yeah, sure."

"Thank you so much, you have no idea how much this means to me."

"Anytime."

We're both silent for a little bit but I break the ice because I need to know who this freaking father is. "Is it Mr Kennedy's?"

She turns to me with wide eyes, clearly shocked that I knew something was up between them.

"How did you know?" Wow, was kinda expecting her to be all 'mind your own business' and 'that doesn't concern you' but I guess this sibling bond continues.

"I kind of overheard you talking to him."

"Please don't tell anyone, not even Ashton, I have a reputation to uphold." She practically begs me. I feel as though I have some power over her but I won't use it against her, for now at least.

"I won't, I promise."

A heavy sigh of relief escapes her lips. "Great. Now, let's play some music and forget all about this."

If she is pregnant with his baby then things could go really badly. Getting pregnant from your teacher is just shit waiting to hit the fan and craziness will follow.

-

"Look, that's just the way it is and what the fuck were you doing accepting a ride from your sister?! Are you crazy? She hates you." My best friend yells.

"She offered and I couldn't say no. I forgave her for what she said and she forgave me."

"Oh really? She forgives you for calling her a whore and a boy, oh, and not to mention you wanting to kill her best friend while you were as high as a kite?"

"Sure," I laugh, opening up my English book to the poem we are currently reading. "We're also going shopping after school." Lie.

Ashton's eyes grow wide. "No!"

"Why do you always yell in my class Ashton?" I turn my head and see Miss Parker, Rachel Parker. She is an older woman that has a few sprinkles of grey in her deep brunette hair.

"Louis, switch places with Jacob." Oh god.

"No!" Both Ashton and I yell.

"You two are always talking and laughing in my class, so come on. Louis, you are with Christian and Jacob with Ashton." Miss Parker sits behind her desk with a 'no arguing' expression. Now I know why she's still single. Bitch.

I didn't even process who I was sitting next to. Of course, it has to be Christian, the guy I hate most.

I collect my things and slowly walk over to my new assigned seat in sadness. I'm slightly shaking when I sit down, pulling my seat as far away from him as possible.

"Is it my imagination or are you getting hotter?" He says in a husky voice.

"What?" I snap, unbelievably confused at the words coming out of his mouth. So many things are wrong with that sentence. He's definitely just teasing me because he knows I'm gay.

"Have you ever had sex with a real man?" As a matter of fact, I have, yesterday, in a car.

"Ugh, please don't talk to me. You and Elena are together."

He leans towards me and I can smell his awful aftershave. The smell is so powerful I physically force myself not to gag.

"I can make you popular Louis." He subtly puts his hand on my thigh it makes me jump in shock.

"No." I slap his hand away from me as if he were a fly. "Leave me alone."

"Whatever you say, princess." He laughs, moving back to his side. Hearing that name makes me feel disgusting when he says it but so beautiful when Harry says it. Gosh, I miss Harry.

-

"Hey," Harry says softly as I enter his classroom at lunch.

"Hi," I reply shyly. I sit on his desk as he locks the door and closes the blinds ensuring there will be no distractions or interruptions.

"How has your day been so far princess?" He asks, making room between my legs so he could stand there. Hearing that name again reminds me of Christian and that makes me cringe.

"Sucks, yours?" I say with a smile.

"Been missing you, as you know I am not teaching you today. And why does your day suck princess?" Harry asks quietly, unzipping my pants. Oh god.

"Well, I got molested today in class and my sister is - well we don't really know- pregnant with Elliot's child." Harry's hands stop on my thighs and he looks up into my eyes, they are clouded over in anger.

"Who?"

"You know your friend Elliot, the guy who teaches math- "

"Who touched you, Louis?" Oh, that.

"I uh, that's not important right now," I scoff, waving my hands around. "It's nothing, really. Anyways, don't tell Elliot about my sister- "

"Who touched you, princess?" He does not want to let this go, does he?

"He didn't really touch me, he just said some creepy stuff to me involving sex and whatnot." I lean in for a kiss to distract him but he pushes me back.

"Name."

"My name is Louis."

"His name Louis."

"Christian." I give up and unwillingly say the name.

Harry breathes deeply as he pulls off his jacket in annoyance. "I'm going to kill him."

"No." I snap, worried. "He can't know that I told you, boys act creepy all the time, it's fine."

He pulls his shirt over his head. "I don't like when people touch you. I get very jealous, Louis."

He lifts me off the table and pulls my pants down. Is he really trying to have sex with me now? Oh well. I take off my top as well. I guess this is what I should expect from him now?

"You jealous? Pfft, sure." I scoff, helping him with his pants. I lean in for another kiss but he pushes me away again.

"I will find some way to punish Christian, in the meantime, what are you gonna do about your sister?" He asks while searching around his desk until he pulls out his wallet and grabs a condom.

"I don't know, but please don't tell Elliot." Harry takes off his underwear and takes the condom out of the packet. He rolls it down his length. "I'm going with her after school to the clinic, so we'll find out if there is a fetus."

Harry chuckles and nods. "It's called a baby, Louis."

"But it's technical name is a fetus."

He laughs again but grabs the back of my neck and gently leans in for a kiss. I think about denying him just because he has been doing that but when I feel his lips against mine I shut up and enjoy it.

We run our hands over each other's bodies and he pulls down my underwear. His hands roam over my ass, squeezing and pulling. I'm getting so aroused from his actions alone.

He guides my body back onto his desk and gently leans me back. He hovers over the top of me and my legs rest on his back. We continue to kiss, our tongues moulding together as if they were one.

I feel his finger swirling around over my hole until it enters. I'm still tender from yesterday but lunch will be over soon, so I try and relax as much as possible.

His finger is pushing deeper and deeper inside of me until another accompanies it. He continues the same motions and before I know it, three fingers are inside of me, brushing against my prostate. I feel heavenly, my body responds in little gasps as he continues to please me.

Once I am ready, he wraps a hand around his member and stretches me open wider. His fingers were close but not enough to fully prepare me for the real thing. He starts off slow but knows we are running out of time so he picks up the pace.

He places a hand between our sweaty bodies and grabs my erection in his hands, stroking me closer towards an orgasm. He thrusts faster and faster and I can tell he is getting close. His body staggers for a second while he releases inside of me. He takes deep breathes and

continues stroking me. I feel my body tense up and I feel overwhelmed when cum is bursting out of me.

We both lay there for a few minutes catching our breath. He places kisses along my neck until his lips reach mine in a quick peck. He pulls out and removes the condom. Where he is going to put that I have no idea.

I check the time and we have about three minutes to get dressed. I fix my hair and grab a few tissues wiping off my own cum. My clothes are on and so are Harry's. I get my iPhone camera out and see that my face is flushed red. I try and fan my face to stop being so red but not much changed.

Hopefully, It won't look too obvious.

"I'll text you later okay?"

I peck him one last time and say, "Okay."

We say goodbye and as I walk out the door cautiously, I hear the bell ring above me. The first thing I see is Ashton leaning against the wall with a disapproving look. "You left out one tiny detail Tomlinson."

"Louis your jump-" Harry stands dead in his tracks, kind of like myself, holding my jumper.

"Major details Tomlinson." Ashton gives Harry an evil glare.

I grab the jacket out of Harry's hand and walk away from both of them. I look behind me and see Ashton still glaring at Harry. "You better give me an A." He demands.

Oh my god.

"Wait up!" Ashton yells behind me. He grabs my arm and pulls me to a stop.

"I'm your best friend and you just forgot!" He exclaims. "Sum it up in four words, go."

"Yesterday. Car. Today. Big."

"Really?"

"Yeah." I chuckle.

"Get it, honey!" He says, giving me a high five in a corny way. "When you didn't show up for pills I knew you had a new addiction."

"Oh yeah, he's good."

"Ew, I hate you."

"Aw, I hate you too."

Gosh I love my best friend but I don't know if I can tell him about Elena, but I mean why did I tell Harry? Huh, I never thought about that, maybe I shouldn't have said anything. Well, I was distracted...



## Part 1: The One With The Supposed Cheating

The clinic isn't too crowded. Elena and I are sat in the exact same spot that Ashton and I were in recently. However, this time, I'm the one calmly reading the pamphlets about herpes while Elena is furiously bouncing her leg in anticipation. Wow, I feel great. I'm not stressed or worried about anything, I must say, it does feel good.

"You nervous?" I ask her, even though I can clearly see the answer as it's written all over her.

"I'm fine. Thank you for coming with me Louis. I know we have our differences but I really appreciate this."

A small smile forms on my face and I say, "No problem."

We sit quietly for a bit longer and I think back to when I was here. The thought hadn't occurred to me that the nurse might remember my name. It probably wouldn't be a good thing if Elena knew that I went here one time. My secret would be exposed. I swear if that nurse tries anything I'm gonna...

"Lucy Moore?"

Wait, Lucy's here? As in my sisters best friend, Lucy is here? Well, that's not surprising.

"That's me," Elena says, standing up. Oh, wow, she's good. Thinks the exact same way I do, I guess we are related.

"Mr Tomlinson, how are you?" The nurse asks me. That bitch. I knew she wanted to expose me but please I'm begging you don't say anything more.

"I'm good thanks." No, I didn't ask how she was, I wanted to shut down any questions that could be coming my way. Elena looks at me with a confused expression. I ignore her completely and just focus on the nurse in front of me.

The nurse gestures for Elena to follow her and I wish her luck. She gives me a quick hug and follows the nurse. I sit back down and put the pamphlet away. As I'm about to grab another one, I feel my phone vibrate in my pocket. I grab my phone and see that it's a message from Harry.

**Harry Styles: Missing you.**

A small smile lights up my face at the thought of him missing my presence. **I miss you too. I'm with my sister at the clinic.**

He replies almost instantly:

**Harry Styles: That's good, princess. You want me tonight?**

Is he serious? We just had sex a few hours ago and he wants to go again? Is he actually kidding me? My asshole needs a break sometimes. I'm like a phone that needs to be recharged after use which means you shouldn't use me until I'm 100% ready to go. Wow, I just compared me having sex to a phone, I feel like that's a new low for me.

**I'm going out with family tonight.**

**Harry Styles: So that's a no?**

**It's a no.**

**Harry Styles: Are you playing hard to get Mr Tomlinson?**

**No, I am not Mr Styles.**

**Harry Styles: Oh, well, I actually like to play. Guess I'm just going to hang out with the boys. Have fun with your family while I suffer without you.**

Wow. My eyes widen. He likes to play huh? Interesting. He's gonna suffer without me? Clingy much? Nah I'm just kidding, I'll miss him too. I could never say this to him in person but for some stupid reason, I decided to send it as a text that will be saved forever.

**Don't be a pussy.**

The second I pressed send I knew it was stupid. What was I thinking, calling my boyfriend (?) and teacher a pussy? I'm such an idiot.

My phone vibrates and now I'm really scared.

**Harry Styles: Why don't you say that to my face? And you know Mr Tomlinson, I am still your teacher, I can punish you.**

Oh god.

"Why are you smiling at your phone?" I look up to see my sister with a smirk. I hope she didn't see who I was texting. If she found out about my relationship with Harry I would actually die.

"Oh, I'm just playing a game," I mutter, putting my phone back in my pocket.

"Uh-huh, sure." She smiles. Thank god she doesn't question me further.

"So." I stand up, "What's the verdict? You having a fetus?"

She bursts into laughter, "No!"

I instantly hug her. "Oh my god, I'm so happy for you."

I really am happy for her, I don't know how she would manage with a kid. My parents would definitely kill her. Which means they would probably kill me too if they knew I was having a

relationship with my teacher. Surely 20 years from now it won't matter, right? I just have to hope and pray that they never find out and that I never get pregnant. Also, how am I supposed to know that I'm pregnant? Guys don't get periods so am I just supposed to wait until I get fat? This is something I probably should have asked when I was here last time, but shouldn't the doctor have told me?

A big sigh of relief escapes her lips, "Clean slate?"

I nod, "Clean slate."

Thank god. This means no more fighting and arguing. I'm glad everything is fine between us now. I'm still not telling her my secrets though.

-

My family and I are all gathered around the table, sitting in the corner towards the back of the restaurant. We have all placed our orders and are now chatting while we wait for our food to arrive. There are a few couples tonight and another family so it isn't too loud in the restaurant but we do have to speak up a bit.

"I would like to make a toast." My father holds his glass of wine in the air with a smile. "I'm proud to have two lovely children and a beautiful wife. You may make your old man grey but you also make me proud. Thank you guys, and when you go away to college I will miss you very much but I will be grateful to have two children who are achieving things in their lives instead of being pregnant or on drugs."

Elena and I both look at each other with a guilty look on our face. Druggie is me and almost prego is her. Amazing how he can make a toast that relates so literally to us, it's almost as if he knows something. Hmmm.

We all cheers and our food starts to be brought out. I ordered the nachos and it was surprisingly spicy, yum. We reminisce about the old days when Elena and I were little kids and all the silly things we used to do. This dinner has been so great, I don't have to think about anything or worry, I'm just calm and enjoying time with my family. Everyone is at peace and we're just having a good time. Everything seems to be falling into place.

"Have you two decided which college you're going to?" Mum asks.

"Um, I kind of got in at Stanford." Elena laughs.

"Really?" Well, this is news to me. I give her a hug. "That's great!"

"I'm so proud of you El, you worked hard and it really paid off. What about you Louis?" My dad asks.

How do I explain to my parents that I don't really want to go to college? I mean I got in at plenty of schools some not even in this country if that's possible. But I just don't really want to go, it's not for me, it's boring.

"I got into Manchester University, in England," I say, quietly.

"What?!" My parents yell. People at other tables look at us in annoyance. "England?!"

"That's amazing bro." Elena encourages me.

"I'm so proud of you son, that really is incredible."

"Thank you. Excuse me, I need to go to the bathroom." I stand up and head towards the bathroom, as I'm walking there something catches my eye. Oh jeez, my teachers are here. Are they stalking me or something? Obviously Harry is with them. He's with his boys. They are all sitting at the bar with drinks in hand.

I stand in the entrance for the bathroom watching them. Harry is laughing with his friends, not a care in the world. I thought he said he would be missing me? Looks like he is.

"What are you doing?" My sister startles me when she comes up beside me.

"Our teachers are here," I whisper.

"Really? Is Elliot with them?" She asks.

I nod and point to where he is, sitting next to Harry, chatting away. "He's ordering what looks like whiskey with Mr Styles."

"You like our Biology teacher?"

A scoff escapes my lips, "No, he is so not my type."

Well, I suppose since I have had a crush on him for years and I let him fuck me, he might be my type, only a little bit though.

Two girls, dressed very poorly for being in a family-friendly restaurant, approach them, and I felt the anger inside me rising. The blonde one rests her arm around my man's neck, brushing her finger against his cheek. I briefly hear Elena grumble but I'm too distracted by the sight in front of me. I guess Harry was right, I am an angry man and also a jealous one.

Harry pushes the girl away and says something but she doesn't appear to be listening or caring.

"Bro you look like you're about to explode." I feel like I'm about to explode.

My hands turn into fists as Mr Miller nudges the girl back into Harry. I want to rage.

"We should probably go." Elena pulls me with her and drags me back to our table. I can't eat now, I'm like a raging bull. I grab my phone and send him a text from under the table.

**I miss you.**

I lean as far as I can to the side of my seat in an attempt to see the bar. He doesn't check his phone. Why isn't he looking at it? He has a sip of his drink and eyes that slut. Oh no, I know that look, that's his sex look. That motherfucker. I want to leave. I want to go home and cry.

We are still sitting in the restaurant twenty minutes later. Harry and the rest of the teachers have gotten up to leave with those sluts following behind them, drunk as anything. God, they do know it's a family-friendly restaurant, right? I can feel myself getting even angrier. Just breathe Louis, just breathe.

-

As soon as we get home I am marching to my room. I call his number immediately. He cannot seriously be cheating on me right now. I thought maybe he might have had feelings for me whether they were loving or something similar like I do for him. That bitch. I mean I am basically eighteen, maybe he wants someone more his age? Maybe I'm not good enough for a man like him. Maybe he likes girls more than guys, more than me.

Shit. No answer. I am officially freaking out. This is not good.

"Hello?" At least my best friend can answer the phone.

"I think he's cheating on me, come pick me up, now." I hang up and take my glasses off. This is getting serious now. I put my contacts in because I might have to hit a bitch tonight and I don't want my glasses to break if she fights back. I grab a beanie and march downstairs. I pull a jacket off the coatrack and wait outside. On second thought maybe I shouldn't hit a girl because you know, guys can't hit girls. Well, I'm gonna have to punch something because I'm mad.

-

"Um, Louis, what are we doing here? Why not just confront him at school? This is weird, us being outside of our teachers' house. It's creepy," Ashton mumbles.

"There's only one car in the driveway and that's Harry's. The other's must have gone out."

"Please don't tell me you are actually planning on trying to catch him in the act. That will end badly for both of you," He says.

I know he has some reasoning behind what he says. If I do find him cheating I'll be upset and pissed at him, I would hope that he at least feels guilty. And if he isn't cheating then I look like an idiot and he is confused? I don't know how he would feel, maybe angry that I accused him?

"Hey! I gave that man my damn virginity, he could at least treat it with respect! He fucked me and now I love him, maybe, I don't know. I know what I'm doing is stupid but I've got nothing to lose. It's time that I start acting like a man." I snap and get out of the car.

I quietly run to the front door and think about knocking but that would ruin the surprise of me being here. I gently turn the handle to see if it's unlocked and it is. What an idiot, leaving the front door unlocked. I open it softly, shutting it behind me, making as little noise as possible. I creep up the stairs and head for his room. His door is in front of me, closed obviously. Well, here we go...

I'm entirely unimpressed when I open the door. He's laying on his bed and she is hovering over him. He has a hand on her shoulder that could either be pulling her forward or pushing her away. They aren't kissing so that's a relief, I guess.

He gasps upon seeing me and forces her off him. "Louis, it's not what it looks like."

Slowly, I walk into the room, my eyes are wide and I'm staring blankly at the two of them. I can't even force myself to say anything. I'm speechless, I mean I knew it was coming but I'm still shocked.

"Who the hell is this?" The blonde slut yells.

"That's my boyfriend-" Aw, "- that I told you about but you didn't fucking listen!" Harry yells. It kinda scares me and I avoid looking at him. Nice that he called me his boyfriend, shitty that he cheated on me.

I look around the room and see his lamp is out of place, his book is thrown across the bed, probably bending some pages, his shirt looks slightly torn and he has lipstick on his cheek, but it's weird to see him in pyjamas. If anything I thought he would be shirtless and probably pantless.

She looks like she is about to say something but I cut her off, "You want a black eye?"

"Um, excuse me, you can't hit a girl!" She yells and grabs her top that's on the floor.

"You wanna test that?" I'm so angry I could probably hit her right now. I might feel slightly bad about it later but with how I'm currently feeling I wouldn't even care.

"What is going on- Louis?" Elliot comes flying in, clearly shocked to see me. Too much is happening at one time, I'm feeling so overwhelmed by everything, I need to leave.

I look back at Harry, he's still standing there, looking innocent. He hasn't even apologised. I feel like the decent thing to do when someone has caught you is to say sorry but apparently it's just to look like you didn't even do anything.

"Go to hell Harry Styles and don't return." That's all I say as I storm past my teachers and the slut. I run down the stairs, trying to hold back tears and failing. As soon as I get to the car, tears are streaming down my face and I tell Ashton to take me home.

"You okay?" He asks, knowing that I'm not.

"Oh, I'm fantastic."

-

"Where have you been?" Elena asks when I walk through the door and she exits the kitchen. "It's just after 1."

"Um, me and Ashton were just going on a late-night drive," I whisper. I have stopped crying, for now. I can feel another load of tears coming but I hold them back until she tells me to go

to bed. We say goodnight and I watch as she walks up the stairs.

Here I am standing alone in this big house and the tears keep building up until they spill over and are running down my cheek.

How did it come to this? I thought we were doing good. I thought we were happy and passionate about each other. We're in the honeymoon phase, aren't we? Where we can't keep our hands off each other, well he can't keep his hands off me. Did he cheat on me because I said no to him? I really couldn't have sex with him again, I was with family. How can he not understand that? And he was the one who said 'I'm not a teenage boy who will pressure you for sex', fucking liar. The minute I don't have sex with him he's running to someone else.

A soft knock on the door startles me. Surely it wouldn't be a burglar, why would they knock? I walk over to the door and open it seeing Harry with red eyes that look sad, just like mine.

"Louis."

"Harry."

# Part 1: The One With The Breakup

## Chapter Notes

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

"Harry." I breathe. I couldn't say anything else. I was stunned that this man was in front of me, in front of the house that I live at, where my parents live. He must have some balls showing up here, especially since he cheated on me. I feel dead inside. I'm completely numb.

"Can we please talk?" I nod slowly. I suppose I have to hear him out sometime. He lets out a sigh of relief and I close the door behind me, heading over to the chair on the porch and sitting down. Harry sits next to me.

"I didn't cheat on you, Louis."

Oh really? It sure looked like you did. I feel myself getting angry and I have to remember that it's 1 in the morning. No shouting will be taking place today.

I turn to him with my brows raised. "Then why was that girl on top of you?"

"The guys wanted to go clubbing and I wanted to head back, so did Elliot. The girls went with him, not me. I told the blonde one that I was in a relationship when we were at the restaurant but she didn't listen to me, princess. She kept trying to make a move on me and I kept pushing her away."

"First of all, don't call me that. Secondly, why didn't you respond to my text or my call?" Clearly I am hurting here and he still hasn't apologised. This guy is really pissing me off.

"I forgot my phone at home," he sighs heavily. "I would never hurt you, Louis." How can he say that when I'm hurt right now? Dickhead.

"But that's the problem, you did hurt me, Harry. To be honest, now that I think about it, I don't even know if I can call this cheating because you never asked me to be your boyfriend. For all I know, you could be fucking other students too. How do you think that makes me feel?" I'm so mad. Not even with him entirely, I'm mad at myself. How could I be so stupid? Did I really think I loved him? Did I really think a relationship with my teacher would work? God, I'm so naive.

Harry reaches for my hand but I swat his hand away. "Don't touch me."

"Don't you believe me?" he asks.

"I do believe you. You say that you will never lie to me but I just can't -" I really didn't think I would ever be the one to end my non-existent and questionable relationship with my teacher. "I'm breaking up with you."

Tears form in my eyes and roll down my cheeks for the third time today. That's a new record.



"Please go."

"Don't do this," he whispers, standing up and placing his hands on my waist, I let him. What looks like tears begin to form in his eyes, but that can't be right. He probably just doesn't want me to expose what happened between us and now he's worried about his reputation. "Please."

"Three words, eight letters. Say it and I'm yours," I whisper, trying not to break into a thousand pieces in front of him like I basically already have.

"I... I..." My heart sinks when he doesn't say it but did I really expect him to? We haven't been dating or whatever for that long. I just thought that somewhere inside him he may have had feelings for me too.

I push his hands away from me and step backwards. "Go. It's over."

"Louis," he pleads, tears in his eyes.

"Harry I asked you to leave." He stands there for a bit longer until I can't take it anymore and I walk inside, closing the door behind me. My body slides down the door as I sob like a little bitch who didn't see this coming.

"Stop crying," I tell myself. Get a grip, Louis! You knew this would happen sooner or later, so it happened sooner, so what? It shouldn't matter, I mean besides giving him all your firsts, it doesn't matter. At least you didn't tell him you loved him and ruined everything because he clearly doesn't love you back.

-

My reflection in the mirror looks like shit.

"I don't want to do this anymore," I tell myself.

It's been three days since I left my room. I lied to my parents and told them I was sick. With the way I'm looking, I'm not surprised they believed me. I had switched my phone off and that meant that I hadn't checked any messages from the past few days, not even from Ashton. But I have to face them sometime. It's Friday and tonight is the spring formal. I was really looking forward to going and if I want to go I have to suck it up and see him.

My suit for tonight was tailored and fit me nice and tight, even I have to admit I look hot as fuck in it. I also have my mask ready and waiting. Maybe if I go to the formal tonight Harry could see how good I look and how over him I am, even though I'm not. Unfortunately, I don't think my parents would let me go to formal and not school, so it's either both or none.

I push my fringe to the side as I style it in the mirror. Jar of Hearts begins to play on my iPod and as the song continues a tear slides down my face. Definitely not over his ass. I grab some skinny jeans, yes I went shopping, I have a whole new wardrobe now as part of my post-breakup I'm-looking-good-and-you're-a-piece-of-shit style. I find it funny that while we were

together I looked like shit and now I'm looking damn sexy. I finally had my glow up. Thank god. It was long overdue.

For the first time in three days, I turn on my phone. I have five new voicemails and about fifty messages.

I hold my phone to my ear and listen to the first voicemail.

"I'm gonna kill that motherfucker-" I press delete, not wanting to hear about how Ashton is going to murder Harry.

The next voicemail is from Harry and I don't know if I can listen to this.

"I haven't heard from you in three days Louis. I miss you so much, please don't make me beg. I will if I have to." I delete all voicemails from Harry. I look at my messages and see that I have a few from my friends but mostly from Harry.

**Harry Styles: Please.**

**Harry Styles: I hate that you aren't replying.**

**Harry Styles: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-2U0Ivkn2Ds>**

The last one is a link to some video. I hesitantly click on the link. Say Something by A Great Big World and Christina Aguilera starts playing. Tears are immediately brought to my eyes. I don't even understand. He said he didn't love me, why is he sending me this? Why is he drawing me back to him? I'm so confused.

Frustration builds over me. He's sending me so many mixed messages. In my annoyance, I too send him a link to a song. A song from the queen of breakups herself, Taylor Swift. She knows what I'm going through and has the perfect song for me to shove in his face. Bad Blood. It fits our relationship perfectly and it's a real slap in the face after the song he sent me. I know it's petty but this song sums up how I feel entirely.

His response is almost instant.

**Harry Styles: Baby don't be like that.**

Well, maybe now he knows that I am no longer sad but pissed off. I thought we were going strong but apparently not.

-

My emotions have definitely changed to anger. So What by Pink is playing loud in my ear as I walk to school. I pull my beanie down further and stop at my locker. I grab my biology book and slam the door shut. The bell rings as I walk to class.

When I walk in I see my sister give me a huge smile. I just nod and head to my seat next to Ashton. He grabs me in a tight hold when I reach him. He pulls out my earphone and sighs.

"I missed you so much. I threatened that fucker for days."

"Okay," I whisper, sliding into my seat and placing my stuff on the table. I don't really want to talk about what happened. I really just want to leave it behind me.

My gut screams at me to look up and when I do I see him walk in. He stops dead in his tracks when he sees me. He quickly collects himself and acts as if nothing happened. A true professional whereas I'm ready to burst any second.

"Yesterday we talked about the heart," Harry says.

My foot taps lightly on the floor as Blow Me One Last Kiss plays, clearly Pink is my soulmate at this point in time. Ashton nudges me and I look up to see Harry in front of me. "Take out the earphone please Louis," he says quietly.

My head cocks to one side and I murmur, "Or what? You gonna break my iPod like you did to my heart?"

"Don't," Ashton warns me.

"Please," Harry begs.

I roll my eyes and take the earphone out. "Happy?"

"Far from it," he mumbles and walks away.

A heavy sigh escapes my lips as I turn to my best friend. He's giving me a look. "What?"

"Look, I love you but don't put your shit on me okay? He's the one who cheated not me."

"Shit you're right Ashton, I'm sorry. I just don't think I can do this. I can't pretend that he is just a teacher when I knew him as more. I shouldn't have done this." I groan, pulling off my beanie. I let my fringe become fluffy with no intention to smooth it over. God, I wish it was the formal now so I could have my mask cover my face.

"Trust me I understand but don't let this one man ruin you. Bro, he just took your virginity, that's it. That's basically all he was to you. He was just a fuck."

How could he say that? Just because his relationship worked out. He knows how important Harry was to me, he still is important to me, he probably always will be.

"Ashton, shut up," I snap. "God, I need a hit." I stand up and walk to Harry's desk with no emotion.

"Bathroom pass please."

Harry shakes his head and sighs. "Louis you've ignored me for three days, please just talk to me."

"Say it." No response. Why do I even bother with him? He doesn't love you back so get over it. "Just give me the bathroom pass."

"I'm not going to let you use drugs, Louis."

I begin to laugh. "I'm not." I am.

"Fine." He slides the pass over, obviously defeated. I grab it but he catches my wrist before I could leave. "I said I'm sorry Louis."

"Can we take this outside? I don't need the entire class knowing about this," I say.

He stands up and we head outside. Finally some privacy.

"Louis, baby, I'm sorry."

He just won't let this go, will he? Don't worry, I'm not going to report you, so you can stop acting as if you actually care about me. "I said we are done. You can't fix this that easily."

I hate to admit it but the longer I stand here with him reminds of how much I have missed him these last couple days. Why did this have to happen?

"Louis, please, tell me what to do to fix this. I can't sleep, I can't eat, I can't do anything without looking like a lovesick puppy."

Something tells me to believe him but I just don't know if I can trust him. If we ever do get back together I need to not be a naive little bitch.

"I don't know the answer, Harry. I can't tell you what to do because I don't know how you can fix it. Maybe we should be talking about this some other time when we have both calmed down because it is taking a lot from me to not start crying right now." Wow, that's probably the most reasonable thing I have ever said. I didn't know I could be so mature.

"Why don't you meet me at lunch and we can talk this out more?" That's not exactly what I meant. I meant more than a couple hours, more like a few days, a week, I don't know. But I suppose I have to appreciate that he's really trying to solve things.

"Lunch," I say with a smile and I walk to the bathroom.

Well, at least I feel better. I'm not crying like I thought I would so that's a good thing. I'm still not sure what to do but I'll figure it out sometime.

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter was short, next one should be longer : )



## Part 1: The One With The Spring Formal

The bell rings and I'm forced to walk to the Biology room. Well, 'forced' is a bit exaggerated but I feel like I'm not meant to be having this conversation. It all seems a bit too mature for me but I guess I should have expected this considering I am in an adult relationship. Well, I was. Again, what was I thinking?!

"And where are you headed?" Ashton asks.

"Biology, he wants to talk." Why couldn't my relationship be like Ashton and Mr B's? They are just like me and Harry and yet they haven't broken up within a month of being together. In fact, they've made it to a year. Life's not fair.

"Okay. I hope you two work things out," he mutters. He gives me a thumbs up and walks to the cafeteria.

My walk of death continues and along the way, I try and come up with a reasonable explanation for what I saw that night.

Okay, so I walk into his room, more like barge into his room, and I see Harry on his bed with his shirt ripped. He had red lipstick on his cheek. So if I try and think about this logically, he could have been sitting on his bed when she bursts in. He might have been freaked out and said something like: 'what do you want?' Being the slut that she is, she probably would have said something cringy like: 'you'.

Then, she jumps on top of him and kisses him but he turns away and she just catches his cheek. He tries to push her away but she grabs ahold of his shirt and rips it by accident. That's probably when I burst in and see them in the suggestive position that they were in.

Oh my god. Was I on my period that day or something? What the fuck was wrong with me? Did I suddenly turn into a teenage girl? I'm insane. I'm crazy. I really overthought that entire situation. What's happening to me? I used to act like I was emotionless and now I sound like I'm PMSing. Maybe I'm on my unofficial guy period.

"Louis?" I turn my head and see Mr Kennedy. Oh shit, he knows. He's not gonna tell anyone, is he? Because I've got some stuff against him, so he better not say anything.

"Hey, Mr Kennedy."

He looks around and I'm assuming checks for students. The coast is clear.

"Harry didn't cheat on you. He loves you." He loves me? Oh please, I'm not stupid, I know he doesn't love me. Do these teachers think I'm that gullible? I mean come on, he can't even say it to me, I don't think he'd be telling other people.

My best bet is to play dumb. "I don't know what you are referring to."

"Look, I know alright? I knew from the start. I saw the way he looked at you that day he came into my classroom. I'm not stupid," he laughs. The way he looked at me that day made me feel so special. If Mr Kennedy noticed then I wonder if anyone else did.

"You going to tell?" I ask, nerves running through me. While I may have some shit on him, I don't know if anyone would believe me. Best to play it safe. If he's going to tell on me and Harry, I'll do whatever he wants.

"Harry is my friend, I would never do that to him," he says, arms crossed.

Well then, protect him but not me, I see how it is.

"I know about you and Elena." Now he turns to me with fear in his eyes. "Don't worry, I won't tell. But I'm doing this for her, not you. I also won't tell her that you're the one who cheated on her. I want you to know that my sister is in love with you and she's willing to run away with you, but if you don't want her just be honest and don't string her along. Please," I sigh heavily and nod.

"Now if you'll excuse me, I have somewhere else to be," I say. Wow, am I maturing? What is this? Harry better be ready for my new found maturity.

I open his classroom door and quickly close it behind me when I see him with his head in his hands, sobbing like a little kid. I've never seen him like this, never seen him look this vulnerable. It's so new to me. Completely unexpected. Normally he's in charge but now I feel like there has been a power change.

"Hi," I say as I close the blinds.

"Hey," he says softly.

Well better get this conversation started now rather than later. I'd like this finished sometime before lunch ends.

"Am I just a kid to you?" I gulp. Just take a few deep breaths and relax. I'm a calm, mature adult. I can do it.

"Of course not. I don't think of you like that." He stands up and comes over to me. "I really like you, and as I said, I would never cheat on you. That would be the worst mistake of my life because then I would lose someone so precious to me. Why would I want that? I'm not crazy."

I feel like he is buttering me up but at the same time, it's so hard not to fall for him. He's so sweet and kind. Gosh, I am falling hard for this man.

"Aren't you going to ask me why I was at your house that night?"

He slowly shakes his head. "No, I saw you were at the restaurant with your family. When I saw you all I could think was: god I want to let the world know you're mine. I want to be able to hold hands with you in public. The way I'm feeling right now makes me not care about people finding out and me getting fired. I just want to be with you. You know?"

One thing's for sure and that's that I completely understand how he's feeling. But I don't want to risk him losing his job.

"And what about the three words and eight letters?" I ask quietly.

"I can't say it right now but I feel it. Why do we have to make a big deal out of this?" Don't cry Louis, keep it in. You knew this was going to happen anyway.

"It's a big deal to me, Harry. I don't want to feel like you're just with me because you think it's hot to have sex with a student. I want to know that you're here for me, not some kink or whatever. It's important to me and I know that's selfish but I can't help the way I feel." A single tear escapes my eye. Not this again.

Harry sighs heavily, shaking his head. "I just want to be with you, Louis. I know that I hurt you and I'm really sorry about that but please give me another chance. I promise you I'm not with you just for sex. I care for you but at this very second, I can't say the words. Soon, princess, soon." He goes in for a hug and I let him. I missed him. I miss everything about him. "Please?"

I wipe the tear away from his face and sigh, "You aren't going to say it but I want you to hear it from me. I love you, Harry Styles. I have loved you since you saved me from that football. I have loved you the moment you spoke to me. I never in my wildest dreams thought that you would ever like me back. But you do and I couldn't be happier. I just didn't think we'd end up like this." I laugh. He does too. "Harry, I love you."

His lips meet mine in a slow kiss. I thread my fingers through his hair. My lips work with his and I respond to his touch. I pull away to tell him once again, "I love you."

The door swings open and my best friend walks in. "Oh sorry," he laughs, looking at our startled expressions. "Got the keys from Oliver. Dude, it's here."

"No way." A small smile appears on my face.

"This is gonna be so good. Senior year has officially started."

I turn to Harry and say, "even though I would love to stay here, I'm also still in high school and I really want to see this."

He kisses the top of my head and nods.

Ashton and I laugh and run out of the room. The props for our Spring Formal have arrived. Time to start setting up. This is gonna be fun.

-

Everything is ready. It took a couple of hours to clean the room and set everything up. The food area needed to be prepped and the music station needed to be sorted. Everything is perfect, hopefully, the night will be too.



The boys are here as well as Violet and we are all talking about this and that. We are all so excited for tonight. I can't wait. Harry and I are back together, I get to dance and have fun with my friends, everything is perfect. I wish life could always be like this.

Soon we are all getting ready, Ashton and Violet at my place. Ashton comes out of the bathroom in a blue suit with a plain white t-shirt underneath. Simple but classic. I love it. Violet is wearing an off the shoulder red satin dress, she looks elegant and stunning. We clean up nicely when we want to.

I, myself, am wearing a tight black suit that hugs my body and makes me feel hot. My self-confidence has peaked. My fringe is swooshed to the side and my skin is clear. Wow. This is going to be an awesome night.

Josh ordered a limo for us and he arrives with Chris and Chuck at my house. Mum makes us pose for photos before we head off and have the time of our lives, masks in hand.

-

Music blasts throughout the speakers in the gym. We enter together in our group and some eyes turn to us. Yeah, I know, we look good.

Josh and Violet rush off to the dance floor and begin dancing. Smiles light up their faces and they look like they are having the best time. Dancing like no one's watching.

"I'm going for a smoke, wanna come?" Chris asks as he heads towards the back. While it does sound tempting, I really want to get something to drink and find my man.

"Nah, I'm good." He heads off with Chuck, leaving Ashton and me to head towards the drinks.

There are many people here, some look like they may be slightly intoxicated or just really enjoying themselves. There is some kind of smoke machine in the room making it a bit hazy and hard to breathe.

I look around for Harry but see him nowhere. I suppose it would be hard considering everyone is in masks.

Ashton nudges me. I look at him and I see him subtly point at the men in masks approaching us. I can just make out the outline of Harry's face under his black mask that matches his suit. He hasn't noticed me yet and I step back so he can get to the punch bowl.

"Wanna dance?" I ask in a high pitched voice. He laughs and still doesn't notice me.

"I'm taken, sorry. Thanks for the offer." So I really am his boyfriend? It's official. That makes me so happy.

"Sucks to be you." I grin and forget about my drink. It's time to head to the dance floor, I have been here way too long and I haven't danced once.

I don't recognise the song playing but it sounds good enough to dance too. My hips sway from side to side. My body relaxing and moving to the music. I feel so at peace. My eyes close as I continue to move. They reopen and land on Ashton and Harry talking to each other. I'm glad they are getting along.

Suddenly the music stops for a moment and an older song comes on surprising me. I didn't think they played old songs anymore. 'Save the last dance for me' by The Drifters comes on. What a wonderful song, one of my favourites.

Once again I am swaying to the music when a minute later I feel someone come up behind me. Hands reach for my arms and spin me around. Harry is so close in front of me where everyone can see if they recognise who we are. That all gets lost in my head when he starts to sing to the song in my ear and whispers, "Baby, don't you know I love you so? Can't you feel it when we touch? I will never, never let you go. I love you, oh, so much."

Then he lets go of me and walks away with a smile on his face. Oh my god. What was that? Did he just say he loves me in song? I'm stood in shock. The song continues to play on the loudspeaker. Others are still dancing around me but I just stare after Harry, watching as he fades into the crowd. Am I supposed to follow him? I don't realise how long I've been standing there until another song come on.

That's my cue to move. I make my way out of the dancing bodies around me and try to find him. I look everywhere, finding anyone but him. Where did he go? Finally, I spotted him leaning against a wall near the exit talking to some other teachers.

My approach is quick and he notices me coming, I nod my head at the exit and hope he follows me as I walk out. When I look behind me, I see him coming. We head down the hallway and I stop near his classroom seeing no one around us. He grabs a key from his pocket and unlocks the door.

As soon as we are safe inside the classroom I am on him. My lips collide with his in a hungry haste. It's been too long since I have been close to him. We fight for air as our lips move against each other, needy and desperate. He pulls away slightly and answers the question I had been wondering since the dancefloor, "I love you."

I feel like crying when he says these words to me. My emotions get the best of me and I do. Happiness fills my body. My smile overtakes my face and I wipe my tears. What changed? You know what? Who cares, he loves me.

"Say it again," I beg.

He kisses my left cheek, "I love you." Then my right, "I love you." Finally, he leans in and slowly kisses my lips, drawing back and saying, "I love you."

Tears stream down my face and I have never felt more overwhelmed. Arousal stirs within me and I rush to pull off his suit jacket. "Keep the mask on."

"Now?" he asks, trying to hurriedly undo his shirt buttons.

"Yes. I love you, I need you now." I kiss down his chest and swirl my tongue over his tattoos on his stomach.

His breathing is more noticeable as I drop to the ground on my knees. My hands reach for his belt and undo it in a hurry. We have to be quick before anyone finds us. Our eyes meet as I look up at him excitedly, undoing his zip and starting to pull down his pants. Before I can go any further he's lifting me off the floor onto my feet. He pulls me close and starts kissing me. Wondering hands find my front and start taking my pants off as I had intended to do to him.

Movements against my skin cease for a moment as he fumbles to get something from his pocket. He pulls out what appears to be a condom. How is this man prepared for everything? Lips return to mine but they are slower this time, not rushing to steal my breath but trying to savour the moment almost. One hand makes it's way to my behind, kneading the flesh in a soft massaging way while the other rests on my face.

Gently, he breaks the kiss and presses his thumb to my lips, caressing them. His index finger replaces his thumb and he slowly slips it inside my mouth.

"Suck."

I hold eye contact with him as I swirl my tongue around his finger inside my mouth, moving my head back and forth along the digit. He adds a second finger and I do the same. Sucking and swirling my tongue around both fingers, getting them nice and wet. He removes both fingers and spins me around so I am pressed up against the classroom door.

My underwear was long gone. One hand holds my buttcheek to the side so he can precisely push his wet finger in my unprepared hole. He does so while his lips find my neck and start sucking. I hold back a moan when he thrusts his finger in and out, pulling on my tight entrance as he goes, causing me to feel a dull ache that's overwhelmed by pleasure. A second finger accompanies the first after I start to relax. Both carefully stretching me and preparing me for the real thing.

He stops momentarily in order to roll the condom down his length. I hear him spit into his hand and I'm assuming rubs it onto his penis. Then he grabs my hip in one hand and holds his penis in the other, guiding it to my entrance and ever so slowly pushes in. I focus on relaxing as he struggles due to my clenching. The second I unclench he bottoms out and I can't contain the moan that escapes me. Behind me, I hear him grunt as he starts to thrust. He slides in and out drawing pleasurable moans out of me. His pace starts to get quicker. A hand finds my hair and tugs causing me to arch my neck painfully. What is with him and hair-pulling? He leans forward and awkwardly attaches his lips to mine.

"I love you." He breathes in between kisses.

The thrusts pick up and I reach down and start playing with myself. Jerking myself off until my orgasm builds and soon enough I cumming while moaning, "I love you."

He continues to thrust inside of me before he loses his rhythm and cums, groaning in my ear. The two of us remain there panting heavily.

Life is great once again.

## Part 1: The One Where Louis Isn't Ready

The sun was attempting to peak through the window. The morning had arrived and I had no clue about the events of last night. I rubbed my eyes and looked to my left only to find Harry's face right in front of mine and discover his hand gripping my butt tightly. He looked so peaceful when he slept, the way his hair fell across his face and he breathed slowly.

I looked around, realising it definitely wasn't my room. Thank god, my parents would have killed me. The alternative wasn't much better though. How on earth was I going to get out of here without one of my other teachers noticing and questioning me? This was a nightmare. What the hell happened last night?

*"How much?" Harry had asked, slapping my butt as sat on top of him, once again naked in his car on that damn hill. I consider it my virginity hill for obvious reasons. I wanted to have sex in a bed but oh no we're back here again.*

*"How can I possibly define how much I love you?" I replied, rising up and down on his length. This was our second time having sex in his car and I have to say, I'm definitely not nervous this time. I had originally suggested that I give him a blow job as I had never done it before but he declined and had suggested something else. This was something else.*

*His hands rest on my waist and helped to guide me up and back down.*

*"Would you do anything for me?" Harry licks his lips, gazing into my eyes, almost as if he was searching for an answer. The only thing he would find is the pure lust I have for this man right now and also for my teacher, although I wish he wasn't. "And I mean anything?"*

*The seriousness in his voice is enough to make me stop moving. I mean, I'm not going to sell my soul for him. "Define anything."*

*"I want you to promise me something."*

*Well if it's just a promise then sure I can do that, as long as I'm not forced to kill someone then sure I can make a promise.*

*"Anything," I tell him, trailing my finger down his mask. Yes, we still for some reason have our masks on, and no I don't know why. He's really strange at times. I guess I'm gonna have to get used to this.*

*"After graduation I want you to move in with me."*

Oh no, I forgot that happened last night. I'm such an idiot. Why did I come back here of all places? Especially after what he asked me last night.

I slowly turn my body away from Harry and carefully get off the bed so I don't wake him because I really don't want to continue last night's conversation. Our clothes are scattered all over the floor, obviously being flung anywhere, probably in a lust-filled hurry. It won't look

good if I wear my suit out of this house. That will definitely be the biggest walk of shame. Instead, I head over to his closet. He won't mind, right? I take one of his shirts and grab a pair of jeans that look like they'll be a little big on me. I just have one problem, where is my underwear?

"Harry!" One of the other residents of this house yells. Shit, I'm not supposed to be here. I quickly duck down on the other side of his bed. "Harry, wake up."

I'm pretty sure Mr Gibson is the one calling. He opens the door just as Harry says, "What did I tell you about knocking?"

"We need to talk to you, get dressed and come downstairs." With that, he turns around and closes the door behind him.

"What the hell were you thinking? Why would you bring me here when there are other teachers living here?" I whisper-shout, just in case anyone can hear me. His head shot towards me when I stand up from my hiding spot.

"Louis, I thought you left me." A relieved expression appears on his face. Why would I leave him? "What are you doing on the floor?"

I gave him a look. "Only Elliot knows about us and by the way did you forget that the Vice Principle lives in this house?"

"What's your point?" he says, getting up from the bed and putting some underwear on. I really need to ask him where mine went.

"My point is, you dumbass, that I could be expelled and you could be fired." It's like he doesn't care if he loses his job but someone in this relationship has to. If he is fired then he doesn't have another job to fall back on and I'm sure no one wants to hire a teacher who had a relationship with their student.

Harry smiles at me as he starts pulling on the jeans that I had taken out of his closet for myself. "Well, my point is if I'm fired then maybe I can move in with you sooner."

Oh god, we're back to that conversation. I really don't want to talk about this. "Why don't we talk about something else, please?"

His smile drops. "Louis, why don't you want to live with me? Can't you understand that I want to be with you? Don't you want this? I thought that you would want to live me, after all, you love me don't you?"

This bitch. I can't believe he would throw that in my face. Of course, I love him but it's too soon to move in together, even if it is after graduation. I just really don't want to discuss this right now, but it looks like we're going to.

"Harry, you know that I love you-"

"Then move in with me."

"-but I'm not ready yet. I need some time to think about this. Can you be decent enough to give me more than a couple of hours to think about this? Because I don't know if you know this but this is a big decision for me. I'm only eighteen for god's sake. I've got other things to think about like which university I'm going to, or if I'm even going to one. I need to think about what I'm doing with my life first before I can even think about whether I'm even ready to move in with you."

He is now fully dressed while I'm still standing here naked and wondering where my underwear could possibly be. He looks upset but I am too. I hope he understands that I haven't thought about anything to do with this relationship. Which I guess is kind of unfair because I don't want to keep him waiting as he already has his life sorted. But I do want us to be on the same page and that page for me is not being ready yet.

"Okay. I'm sorry I pushed this on you. I need to learn to be more understanding, I'm sorry. Take your time and when you definitely know your answer, I'll be waiting."

"Thank you." He pulls me in for a hug which I gladly accept.

When he pulls away he walks over to his suit jacket that was lying on the ground. He digs around in the pocket and pulls out my underwear. I'm not even going to ask why it was in there. I just silently take it and start to get dressed, taking out another t-shirt and some jeans from his closet.

"I'm taking your car home by the way," I say when I pull his shirt over my head. "One of your friends can drop you off at my place to pick it up because my parents are gone all weekend."

"Why don't I just drive you home?"

"Because I need some space and you're needed downstairs. Plus you're the one who brought me here in the first place and I'm not walking home. Now, please give me your keys and help me climb out of the window."

"Wait." He grabs my arm. "Before you go, please tell me you love me. I don't want to leave this on a bad note."

I let out a sigh. At least he's trying to be a good boyfriend. That's one of the things I love about him.

"I lo- ..." I mumble the last part just to annoy him.

He grabs my waist and pulls me in. His fingers start tickling my sides and I let out a giggle. "Say it." I shake my head. "Say it." I shake my head again. "Say it or I'll spank you."

My head perks up at that. What? Why does he want to spank me? "You wouldn't dare."

"Say it or I'll do it." His eyes turn serious and suddenly I can tell that he means business. That look definitely doesn't suggest that he's playing around. Does he seriously want to do that to me? Because I don't like the sound of that.

I give in and say the words he's looking for. A cheerful grin appears on his face and it makes me smile too. Before I hop out the window he reminds me to think about moving in with him. I please him by smiling and telling him that I'll do just that.

I wonder how Harry will react when I tell him that I got into a university in another country. Maybe he'll surprise me with a going-away party? Yeah, I doubt it.

-

The karaoke machine has been set up with a little help from my Dad. Ashton and I each have a microphone and are singing along to a song from Grease when my family come down the stairs, suitcases in hand.

"We haven't even left yet and you two have started a party," Mum says, laughing as she puts her bag down.

Elena is next to walk into the living room. A frown on her face.

"I'm all packed," she sighs. "Ready for this week to start and end."

While I'm having a good time this weekend, the rest of my family is off spending freshman orientation week at the university Elena is considering. Sucks for her because she'll be with my parents all week but great for me.

My sister pulls me in for a hug and whispers in my ear, "I love you, bro. Please be careful. Mum and Dad will kill you if they find out about Harry."

What? How did she know about him? Clearly, my face gives away my confusion as she just laughs and says, "I'm your sister, and he has a specific number plate that I've seen in the teacher's parking lot at school, and that car just so happens to be near our driveway."

"Love your new car, Ashton. Your parents are spoiling you." My father says. Elena gives me a look and I just smile.

Ashton looks confused for a second so I jump in to save him.

"It's only a rental Dad. Ashton's parents would never trust him with his own car." Dad nods in acceptance before grabbing the luggage and taking it out to the car.

Once the car is loaded up my parents say goodbye and remind me that no one else can come over. Mum doesn't want anything getting destroyed so I promise that it will only be me and Ashton and that we'll be careful. As soon as they're gone Ashton hits me with the hard question that I still don't want to talk about.

"So," he says, lounging on the couch, "You gonna move in with him?"

"No," I scoff. I'm not ready for that yet. I distract him and ask, "Do you have any weed?"

He sits up and looks through his bag. He shakes his head before he stops for a second and then a devilish look appears on his face. "Nope, but Violet gave me some more Lotion. What



do you say we smoke some of this and go for a swim."

"Sounds good," I say with the same expression on my face.

It's not long before we have music playing and we're both holding some Lotion and releasing clouds of smoke. Dopey smiles appearing on our faces. Ashton starts jumping up and down on the couch and I need to drag him off when I remember my mother's warning.

"Come on," I encourage him. Holding his hand as we head towards the pool in my backyard. As soon as he sees the water he is stripping himself of all his clothes and jumping in. Normally I would mind that my best friend is naked in my pool but I'm too happy to care.

Ashton is splashing around in the pool and I join him, taking all my clothes off too. I have a beer in one hand and my blunt in the other. The two of us splash around together, taking turns pretending we're Rose and Jack. I think we like that movie too much.

Soon we start talking about anything. We talk about relationships, food, family, anything that comes to mind. We're both sitting on the pool step, right next to each other, barely a centimetre keeps us apart. He turns to look at me and I look back at him. We're silent for a minute and then he leans in. I wonder what he is doing and then his lips touch mine and I forget. We're both too high to remember this anyways.

I hear the sound of footsteps wandering in the house but I pay no mind to it and continue kissing my best friend.

"Are you sure his parents aren't home?" I think I hear someone ask.

"No, he told me they're out of town." Another voice replies.

Suddenly the voices get louder and Ashton stops kissing me in time for me to see Harry staring at me with a shocked expression on his face.

"Louis?"

A giggle escapes my lips, "Hi."

## Part 1: The One With The Punishment

The look on Harry's face was pure shock. For a second I thought to myself 'what is my teacher/boyfriend doing in my backyard, is he lost?' These drugs have really taken a toll on my poor brain. I remember the last time I had Lotion and told Harry that I loved him in class. Wow. How stupid was I back then? Honestly, not much has changed.

Ashton pulls away from me and starts laughing, so much so that he is struggling to breathe. Oh right. My boyfriend just caught me kissing my best friend. Surely that doesn't count as cheating, right?

"It's not what it looks like. Ashton is my best friend so it doesn't mean anything." I say to Harry as he looks down at me with a disapproving face.

"Get out now."

Well, he's mad. All of a sudden, I become very aware that Ashton and I aren't wearing clothes.

I shake my head and say, "Can't."

"And why not?" Harry asks, seemingly getting very impatient.

This is awkward. "I'm not wearing any clothes," I mumble.

Harry releases a disapproving sigh and Mr Kennedy walks back into my house. I look up into his eyes and I am reminded of how beautiful they are.

"Your eyes are so green," I whisper to him as he kneels in front of me. "They look like the grass."

Giggles start to rise out of me and I can't help laughing in his face. His eyes are just too pretty. The frown on his face deepens but all I see are those eyes.

"Louis, what did you take?" He has a tight grip on my chin as he holds me steady and commands my attention, whether I can actually focus on him or not. I can't help but move around as I can't keep my laughter down.

"Louis, look at me!"

My body flinches at the unexpected yell. "Are you mad at me?"

He shakes his head. "No, I'm not. But you need to stop this. Stop taking drugs, you know they are harmful to you. And you're taking them just before finals, I mean- why?"

Maybe it's because I don't know how to tell you that I'm moving away for college. That I'm scared to leave you. I'll be gone for a while and who knows how long it will be before I see you again. This is a stressful time of year with exams and my future being decided for me. I

can't handle it and I just need to take the edge off. But of course, I could never tell him this. I just couldn't.

Mr Kennedy returns from somewhere inside my house and he is holding out two towels. He hands one to Harry as he heads towards Ashton to help him out of the pool. Ashton is still an absolute mess and doesn't try to hide anything.

"Hey, Mr Kennedy." He purrs. Mr Kennedy makes a face at him but still tries to be polite and does his best to try and cover up Ashtons' naked body. Together they go inside and next Harry is trying to wrap me in a towel as he lifts me out of the pool.

As soon as I'm wrapped up and resting my head on his shoulder he is whispering in my ear, "You pull a stunt like that again Louis and I will be forced to punish you."

I can't control my laughter as I say, "Wanna spank me Mr Styles?"

Harry somehow looks even more annoyed by my actions and takes my arm in a strong grip. He hurriedly drags me inside while I do my best to have a firm hold on the towel. My feet do their best to keep up as I'm pulled up the stairs, trying not to trip on one in his haste to take me wherever it is that we are going. Once at the top of the stairs, he stops to ask, "What room?"

I'm sorry but what the hell is going on here?

Shocked and a bit confused, I point to the one that's open and he pulls me inside and closes the door behind him. He throws me onto the bed and I feel it spring up underneath my body. I rest on my elbows and for the first time since he has been here I take him in. Harry is wearing another all-black outfit. Does he own any other clothes?

"You going to a funeral?" I joke. He looks at me with narrow eyes and now I'm getting worried. His body tenses and he starts to pace in front of my bed. Uh oh.

"You know what?" He stops directly in front of me. His hands are working on the buckle of his belt and when he undoes it he slides it out and snaps it against his hand. "You might just need to be punished."

Um. I'm sorry, what? I'm not prepared for this.

"P-Punished?" I ask, voice trembling. I don't think he realised I was kidding when I asked him to spank me.

Harry's eyes appear darker as he takes another step towards me. He leans down above me, hands on the bed resting next to my body.

"Take off the towel, now." He whispers.

He's kind of scaring me. Is he being serious or is he just joking around? His pupils are so dilated that I can barely see any of the beautiful green from before. I don't know who this man is standing in front of me but I don't think it's my Harry.

"Why?" I ask.

"Because Louis, I am your teacher and I'm asking you to take off your towel. When I ask you to do something, you do it. And since I'm becoming impatient, I want this done now." He licks his lips as he looks at me with a hungry look forming in his eyes.

He helps me up from the bed so I am standing very close in front of him. I can feel the heat radiating off him. This is definitely not my Harry. Slowly, I release the towel from my body and Harry takes a step back so that I can drop the towel completely. Now I stand before him, naked and a little bit high. His eyes rake over my body and even though he's seen me like this before I can't help but blush. I'm doing my best to try and focus.

"Like this?" I whisper softly into the silent room. Harry's eyes are still glancing over my body. His eyes are now entirely black. I miss the green.

"Speak when spoken to," He says. "Now I want you to get on the bed and lie on your back. No talking."

My eyes grow wide. Excuse me? I'll speak whenever I please. But he looks very serious right now so, just this once, I'll listen to him. Instead of grumbling to him, I do as I'm told and lay down on my back with my head resting on the pillows and just barely touching the headboard.

"Lift your arms up in the air."

Where is he going with this? I comply with his orders and have my arms stretched up above me.

"Now spread your legs until each foot touches the edge of the bed."

I sigh heavily and spread my legs. If he wanted a clear view of my ass he could have just asked.

"Good boy." He whispers as he walks up to the bed. Harry grabs my hands and holds them together. He secures the belt around them tightly so that I can't move them. "Move and I will be very mad."

I didn't dare move an inch. If he isn't very mad at the moment, then I don't want to stick around to see him get worse. My hands are very uncomfortable at the moment not that I think he was intending for me to like them like that.

Harry takes a step back and I have a clear view as he loosens his tie and unbuttons each of the buttons on his shirt, lazily looking at every inch of me with a proud smirk on his face.

"Rule number one: move and you will be spanked. Rule number two: do everything I say. Can you do that Mr Tomlinson?"

Absolutely not. "Yes."

Who does this guy think he is?

"Good. Now, the first time we were together, what was it that we didn't get around to doing? Something that we hadn't fully embraced." What is he talking about?

"Er - I can't remember," I say. The first time we were together? I mean, didn't we just have sex? What can you not get around to doing with sex? Seems pretty straightforward to me.

"Do you have a scarf?" Okay now surely he's just making things up. What do scarfs and sex have in common, I mean really?

"Yeah, in the closet."

He nods and walks over to my closet, wearing only pants, and opens it to search for the scarf. I notice that he grabs the red one that my grandma bought me for my birthday a couple of years ago. That is sick. I don't know what he's planning on doing with that scarf but if it's sex-related then that is just gross. My grandma would not be happy to know that the scarf she got me is about to be tainted. I'm not going to say anything though. Don't want to break the rules and all.

"Lift up your head and close your eyes."

I awkwardly try and hold my head as high off the bed as I can which isn't that easy to do when your hands are restricted above your head. I close my eyes and I can feel my heart hammering in my chest. He gently ties the scarf around my head and I'm thrust into darkness.

When I hear my door open and close that's when the panic really starts to settle in.

"Harry?" No response.

My hands shake slightly and my heart continues to pound in my chest. Surely he can't leave me like this. What feels like hours go by as I just accept the fact that I have been left like this, in reality, it's probably been a couple of minutes.

I'm freezing cold and I just want to turn to the side and sleep but when I hear the sound of the door opening I make sure to remain completely still. Can't forget about rule number one.

The bed dips as it takes the weight of another person.

"Harry?"

"Yes, Princess, it's me." I can practically hear the smirk that's on his stupid face. How could he leave me alone like that?

The sensation of his cold hands on my body makes me shiver. His palms rest on my waist and slide further down my body. If I wasn't so cold I probably would have been more turned on.

"This will be cold." I'm already freezing but alright.

My body twitches as something cold and wet drops just above my cock. I fight the urge to arch my back but am unsuccessful and the wet substance runs further down.

"Ah, no moving."

Harry moves around the bed so that he is positioned in between my legs that are spread just as he requested. One of his hands rests on my hips while I feel the other has found its way to my hole that is clenched tight because as I have said before it's fucking cold.

He circles the digit and somewhat gently breaches the entrance. The pain that I'm still getting used to is back. I gasp as he slides the finger in and out, now realising that his hand is soaking wet. Where did he get lube from? Actually, I really don't want to know whose room he went into to find that.

Instead, I continue to focus on the way his finger is stretching me open. His lips are kissing my belly ever so softly, moving up to kiss each of my nipples. Tenderly using his tongue lap at each one, giving them both a suckle and a gentle nibble. When I feel his teeth tugging at my nipples I can't help but squirm as my cock is now completely awake.

Another wet finger is inserted into me. The stretch is still slightly uncomfortable but I know will ultimately feel good. His other hand has made its way down to my cock and he wraps his hand around it. Suddenly, I love the feel of his cold hands against my body that is heating up quickly.

"Harry, please." I attempt to move my hands because I just need to touch him, to hold his body against mine but I am bound by his stupid belt. "Please."

"You know," his fingers push in even deeper, his pace speeding up. "This is meant to be a punishment but I think you're enjoying this a little too much."

Oh please. How is this meant to be a punishment? The only thing that sucks is that my hands are really uncomfortable. Is it weird that I kind of like it though? The way his belt is rubbing against my wrists, bound so that I'm forced to do whatever he says. Woah, what the fuck? What is wrong with me? Since when do I want to listen to anyone?

He hits that bundle of nerves inside of me and keeps sliding his fingers in and out at a delicious pace. My breathing becomes ragged and breathless moans escape my mouth. My orgasm threatens to explode when he wraps his lips around the wet tip of my cock. He bobs his head up and down, sucking me closer to that orgasm.

My frustration builds when both his hands and mouth are removed from my writhing body.

"I want you hard just for me, Princess. No one else."

"I am, I promise. Just you, only you."

I could never think of being with anyone else. All I need right now is him and he's taken that away from me.

I'm mistaken when I feel the cold, wet head of a cock prodding at my puckered hole. Waiting and longing for him to be inside me. He teases me by pushing just hard enough so that I

begin to stretch around him but not enough to sink into me completely. I feel him lean down to hover over me. His lips tickle my ear.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Mr Tomlinson."

In one quick movement, he thrusts into me. Impaling me onto his very hard cock. I don't have time to take in a breath or adjust to the length inside me. He begins pounding into me at a lightning pace. Definitely no lovemaking going on here.

I hear him grunting above me as he continues to stretch me open and any pain that may have been there is instantly replaced with pleasure when he finds my prostate. Loud moans are unintentionally spilling from me.

"There it is."

There is no doubt in me that he has the cheekiest grin on his face right now. I just wish I could see it. Why can't he take this blindfold off me and while we're at it, why can't he release my hands from his belt?

My pending orgasm from before is fastly approaching as he wraps a hand around my length. Sliding and pulling his lovely hand up and down my leaking cock all the while slamming his hips against mine like his life depends on it.

"You like that?"

"Yes." I breathe.

I'm so close I can feel it. My body begins to shake as he continues to thrust hard and fast into me. Never slowing down. As soon as his lips wrap around my nipple, I'm exploding into his hand and on my tummy.

I clench around him as the overwhelming pleasure becomes too much. My body is still shaking as he drains the last few drops of my cum out of me.

His hips keep pounding into me until they become sloppy and I know he's close too. I feel his lips back on my neck as his moans become louder. He bottoms out and holds his hips still against me as I feel him release inside of me. His hot cum fills me up and I moan at the feeling. A few lazy thrusts push his seed further into my hole before he is pulling out.

My hands are unbound by the belt and I immediately reach for him. They wrap around his back that is glistening with sweat, as I hold him to me. Oh, how I missed touching him.

I feel him lift his head from my neck and his soft lips land on mine. It's one of those sweet affectionate kisses that reminds me why I love him.

Some amount of time goes by of us laying together before he finally removes the scarf from my eyes and I'm greeted with clear green eyes.

He pulls away from me and begins to get dressed. As he's buttoning up his shirt and covering up those sinful tattoos, he turns to look at me. I'm resting on my elbows and admiring the

man in front of me.

"You moved."

"I thought you were joking," I say, as he tosses me some clothes.

I push myself off the bed and begin to put my boxer briefs on. His hands halt my movements as he grabs my wrist in a tight grip.

"Princess, I never joke about that."

He lets go of me and moves around me to sit back down on the edge of my bed. I watch as he pats his lap and says, "Lay down."

Slowly, I walk to him. My eyes widen and my mouth hangs open. What is he going to do with me? Surely he's kidding. Have I died and come back as a submissive or something? No. No, I haven't because Harry isn't a dominant. He just likes rough sex that's all. I mean come on, he would tell me if he was. No, it's not possible.

I lay down over his lap facing the window.

"Five should do it."

His palm is caressing my right cheek. Tenderly rubbing it. Well, this isn't so bad- Slap! I feel his hand smack my cheek like a whip.

"One," he whispers.

Ouch.

He does the same with the left.

"Two."

Damn does this hurt.

"Three."

But why am I enjoying this?

"Four."

The pain is unreal but I feel this need, this want inside of me to feel it again.

"Five."

The sting from the last slap lingers on my cheek and I can't help but miss the feeling when it diminishes. What is wrong with me?

He pulls me up on his lap, tucking me into his chest. I feel his heart pounding and I'm reminded that mine is doing the same. We're both panting and we sit like that for a few



minutes before I feel overwhelmed with the need to sleep. Well, the Lotion must be wearing off then. I'm exhausted but at the same time, I want this to never end.

"Promise me you will not do drugs. If I catch you doing them again it will be harder."

I gulp and nod. "I promise."

"Give me a kiss."

I look up into those eyes that are once again pitch black. I lean in, closing the distance between our lips in a chaste kiss. God, I feel like I crave him all the time. The rush I feel when I'm with him is unmatched.

"Eight letters, three words."

"Three words, eight letters," I whisper back.

He gently removes me from his lap and stands up. He walks over to his lonely tie on the floor and bends to pick it up. His body turns to face mine and he reaches up to my neck to wrap the tie around it. Huh?

"See you Monday."

And with that, he walks right out the door. I'm left shocked and confused as I put my underwear on. I turn around and crash onto my bed with my face in my pillow.

"Fuck!" I scream into my pillow. What on earth did I just experience?

"You're one to say." My heart is speeding up in my chest as I turn to face Ashton, who is leaning on my door frame with a beer in hand and an unamused face. Shit! I completely forgot he was downstairs. "You getting fucked while I make small talk with our math teacher is really classy, Louis."

Oh god.

"Ashton, look I'm really sorry but can we not do this now? I'm in pain and I want to be alone." I turn away from him and smash my head back into my pillow.

I hear him sigh and close the door behind him.

Now, onto some more pressing matters. Am I a submissive? No, I can't be because that would make Harry a dominant and he can't be a dominant. I'm going to prove it. To myself and most importantly to my currently very delicate ass.

# Part 1: The One With The Assembly

## Chapter Notes

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

I'll be the first to say that I look and feel like absolute shit today. I have not dressed to impress. My outfit consists of some tracksuit pants and an overly large sweater. This morning was not a great morning. There was no cooperation from my hair and I have a pimple just starting to form on the centre of my chin and I may have overslept. Just maybe. But to be fair I was up late last night googling anything that involved submissives and dominants. My search history was definitely deleted after that.

Ashton does a double-take when he first sees me. He slams his locker shut and rushes over to me. "What happened to you?"

Surely I don't look that bad. He's overreacting. God, I am so tired right now. Never again. Staying up late is not my forte.

"Huh?"

I close my eyes and rest my head against my locker. Already done with this conversation. I appreciate the concern but I'm too exhausted to do this right now. Not only is my head sore but so is my arse because of course it is.

"You look like a druggie."

Honestly, I feel like one. I mean I kind of am one? Well, not anymore, got to stop for Harry. Now he's the only withdrawal that I'm missing and desperately craving. I guess you could say his love is my drug. Wow, that's cheesy.

"I do not."

I open my eyes and dare Ashton to argue with me.

"Are you sure? I mean have you looked in the mirror? Because your bags are so dark it looks like you were punched in the face."

And doesn't that just make me feel pretty?

"Can you please just stop talking? I am tired and my body feels like it was hit by a truck," I snap at him.

He doesn't seem to take notice or care about my attitude towards him as he wraps an arm around my shoulders and drags me down the hallway. I don't know how he puts up with me but I love him for it.

"Next Monday it begins."

Fuck. How could I forget something that important? This will make or break me. Finals. I shudder just thinking of the word. The thing my entire education has been building towards and it's here. Damn, I don't think I can do this.

"Yep," I mutter. I can almost hear the excitement in my voice. I'm absolutely oozing with enthusiasm.

Together the two of us walk into the assembly hall. It's starting to fill up with other students and teachers. I spot Josh and Chris sitting at the front. The bloody front, are you serious? Why would they sit there on a day when I look like shit?

"Why are you sitting in front?" I ask.

"Why are you dressed like a homeless person?" Josh counters. He puts a hand on my shoulder and pushes me down into the seat next to him. This day just keeps getting worse and worse. Before I have time to question him further I'm interrupted by the principal asking us to stand for the national anthem.

Slowly everyone makes their way to a standing position, including the teachers. Damn, I am not in the mood for this today.

In my head, I zone out thinking about my bed and something involving whips and chains. Is Harry going to suspend me from the ceiling with clamps on my nipples? Maybe I shouldn't have done so much research and I don't think watching those specific videos was helpful. I really hope my parents don't have access to what I was looking up last night because that would be one hell of an awkward conversation. And what would I say? Oh yeah, I was doing research because my teacher wants to tie me up and fuck me like there's no tomorrow.

At some point, everyone starts taking their seats again and I follow as well. My eyes glance around the room looking for a particularly lovely green pair. Sure enough, I find Harry sitting next to Mr Kennedy, both looking as hot as ever I might add. Today my 'spanking' boyfriend is wearing a blue dress shirt with the first couple of buttons undone and the sleeves rolled up, as well as tight-fitting black pants and pointy black boots. God, it should be illegal to look that good.

"Before we begin with announcements, the student body has decided on the senior trip." Please say Disney World, please say Disney World. "Colorado for the snow!"

What! Cold weather? No, I hate cold weather. I turn to Ashton who is also shaking his head. Good, I'm glad I'm not the only one unhappy with that decision.

"Really Josh?" Both Violet and I whisper to him.

"Hey, I was for Disney World too," he grumbles, a small pout forming on his lips.

"Now, Mr Davis, Mr Benson, Mr Miller and Mr Styles will be accompanying the seniors on this ski trip." Ashton wiggles his eyebrows giving me an all-knowing look and I can't help but grin back at him. I guess both our men will be on this trip, lucky us. Mr Lloyd continues

talking but I struggle to pay attention because I'm too excited thinking about this trip. Sucks that it's a ski trip though.

I turn my head to once again find Harry gazing at me with his brow arched. My eyes roll to the back of my head and I bite my lip in a very suggestive manner. He smirks at me and shakes his head trying to conceal his laughter.

"On to a more pressing matter. I will not mention names but I have recently been made aware of a particular relationship that is considered highly inappropriate and intolerable by this school."

Any sort of sleepiness that I had felt completely vanished as my eyes grew wide and my heart started pounding in my chest. I turn to look at my best friend who is also looking at me with the same shocked look. My sister, who is in her usual seat in the back row, is already looking at me with a concerned expression when I look her way.

Holy shit.

I struggle to control my breathing as I once again, although this time nervously, shift my eyes to where Harry is sitting. He gives me a subtle shake of his head and discreetly taps his nose twice with his finger. Okay, and what the fuck does that mean Harry? I don't know morse code or whatever that's supposed to be. Just tell me what you mean, yes or no!

"There will be no fraternising in my school. These people know who they are and I would highly recommend ending this relationship before legal action is taken."

Murmurs are heard all throughout the assembly hall as people wonder what is going on, while Elena, Ashton and myself are currently trying not to shit ourselves.

I've just about had enough of this day when a student is called to the stage to sing something. I really wasn't paying any attention. I place my earphones in my ear and hit shuffle. My head softly bobs from side to side. Harry is watching me with hawk-eyes and holds his hand up to his ear and does a yanking motion. I don't care at all that he wants me to remove my earphones and be a well-behaved student. Not today.

Harry's mouth forms into a grim straight line. He mouths something at me that I can't quite catch from this distance but I'm sure I don't want to know anyway. He is not a dominant. He is not a dominant. I keep repeating that in my head until Mr Lloyd comes back on stage and continues with his announcements. I take one earphone out so I can listen if anything else important is mentioned.

"We have three achievement medals to give out today," Mr Lloyd states, looking down at his piece of paper. "Mr Styles, if you would please help me hand them out."

Harry makes his way to the stage and Ashton gives me another suggestive look but I just roll my eyes and ignore him.

"Joshua Watson for his excellence in the math quiz!"

Josh stands up as our group mutters 'nerd' under our breaths. He just eyes us and grins walking up to Harry who hands him his medal.

"Elena Tomlinson for her excellence in the glee club!" I couldn't help but clap for my sister. She walks up to Harry as he also hands her the medal. She eyes him before walking off to stand next to Josh.

"And last but not least the person who has tracked the record in Chemistry, Ashton Irwin!"

Everyone in my friend group is silent for a second before bursting out laughing. Wow! Our very own little Ashton. He has a blank look on his face as if he hasn't realised that his name has just been called.

"Ashton?" Mr Lloyd calls again, waving him up on stage. Ashton hesitantly gets up and makes his way toward the stage with everyone's eyes on him. His face is bright red and he seems eager to get this over and done with.

Oh, this has just made my day.

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And I'm back to feeling like I could throw up any second. I can't help but feel like there are eyes watching my every move. I know it's just paranoia from what Mr Lloyd said at the assembly but what if what he said was about me and Harry? There is no way to know if it's about me, Ashton or Elena. My school really is fucked up, isn't it?

Something catches my eye on the way to class. Harry and Mr Kennedy are in what looks to be a heated discussion in my math classroom. The door is just slightly ajar and I hide out of sight so that they can't see me but I can still hear them.

"You are insane!" Elliot tries his best not to yell but he sort of fails as his frustration seems to get the better of him. He appears to be pacing around the classroom, hands pulling at his hair.

Harry just chuckles, looking as calm as ever, sitting on Elliotts' desk. He licks his lips and says, "It's hard to resist a bad boy when he's a good man."

He is certainly right about that one. Got to give credit where credit is due and all that. He really is one hot fucker. God, I'm so lucky to have him.

"Louis is just like Elena. They're soft, have a heart of gold, smart. You're just going to ruin his innocence like that?"

What are they talking about?

"I already ruined his innocence when I took his virginity."

Um, excuse me? You, sir, shouldn't be talking about my virginity like that, thank you very much.

Elliot scoffs standing in front of Harry. "I'm surprised you waited until now."

"Well, I couldn't have had him when he was a damn freshman. He's eighteen now."

No, seriously. What the fuck are you talking about? Was he eyeing off my virginity or something?

Elliot gives Harry an unimpressed look, arms crossed. He shakes his head and says, "Love has no limits. If you love him then you will not hurt him."

Harry rolls his eyes and sighs. "Love has no limits but it does have a safe word."

I can see a smirk beginning to tug at the corner of his mouth. Well, someone is pleased with himself. I remember seeing the phrase 'safe word' in my search last night. Please don't tell me he really is a dominant.

"When are you going to tell him?"

"When he graduates. I'm not scaring him off now after all we've been through. I love him too much for that."

That's sweet but what aren't you telling me?

"But he had a taste?"

That smirk has returned and is now becoming a full-on grin. "Oh yes, he did. Been giving him hints here and there."

What the fuck are you talking about?!

"Harry, you spanked the poor boy!"

He did indeed.

"Spanking is just a one-handed round of applause in appreciation of a truly magnificent ass."

Now I know for certain: gentlemen in public, master in the bedroom. Holy shit.

Fuck it. I'm sick of them talking about me behind my back. That and I really need to talk to Harry about anything and everything. What the hell is he not telling me? This man is a bit too secretive for my liking.

I knock on the door and open it with a small smile. It's definitely a fake one but they don't need to know that.

"Louis." Both Harry and Elliot turn to address me. Harry with a satisfied smirk and Elliot with a look of unease. Oh god, what have I just walked into? Maybe this was a bad idea.

"Uh, hi. May I have a word with Mr Styles?"

Elliot starts to grab his things, muttering, "I'll be in the staff room."

Once he leaves, making his way hesitantly out the door, Harry is motioning for me to come and stand in between his legs while he leans a bit further back on the table to make room for me.

"I'm really sorry about the other day when I was using drugs again. And I guess for today for looking like crap."

I realised that I hadn't fully apologised for what happened on the weekend and I figured maybe if I do something nice for him, he'll tell me what he's apparently keeping a secret from me. You know, psychology strategies and that stuff.

"Hey, it's alright. Are you feeling okay, Princess?" he asks, pulling me in closer and wrapping his arms awkwardly around my waist. The height difference is really making itself known right now, especially since it's normally me sitting on his desk, wrapping myself around him like a baby koala to its' mother. Oh, how times have changed.

"I'm fine. I feel like throwing up but that's normal."

"Did you take your birth control pills?"

Bit personal, don't you think? Trust me, I'm not pregnant with your kid. I think I would tell you.

"Yeah, I did."

He breathes a sigh of relief. I don't know if I'm meant to be offended or not? Do you not want a kid with me or what? I mean I don't really want one either but I'm a bit hurt that you don't want one with me. Wow, I don't need to be getting upset about this. I literally don't want a baby either.

Before I get too in my feelings, I change the subject to a very important one. "So, are we caught?"

"You talking about this morning?"

What else? I nod.

"No. I don't know who the principal is referring to but it's not us, Princess." He gives me a reassuring smile but I can't help but still feel anxious. I mean if he doesn't know who has been caught then how does he know it's not us?

I exhale a deep sigh.

"So you're coming with us on the ski trip, that's exciting."

"Happy?" He can't contain his grin. Not so much babe. While I love that he will be there, I don't love that I will have to suffer through freezing cold weather.

"Thrilled."

"Would you mind if I told you that I am so hungry for you right now? That I'm lost in my thoughts of you. That I can't think of anything other than devouring you and fucking you so hard every time I see you."

Damn. He sure knows how to turn me on.

"The assembly hall," I whisper. I'm so scared about being caught that I can't even convince myself that I'm not also a little bit turned on about the idea of someone catching Harry fucking me in his classroom, and this isn't even his classroom.

"I couldn't stop looking at you. Every time you bit your lip or smiled I got hard," he whispers back, kissing behind my ear and beginning to trail down my neck.

"Harry," I breathe. My pants begin to tighten at the arousal stirring in me.

"I'm dying to have your lips on mine."

Immediately my lips are smashing against his in a hungry desire. I moan into his mouth and his tongue takes the opportunity to dive into my mouth. Licking and sucking my tongue. His hands slide down to my ass and squeeze and pull. He gives a playful smack which makes me jump a little. Crap I'm still so sore.

"I want you to push me against the wall and do dirty things to me," I practically pant into his mouth in between kisses.

"Not now," he groans.

"Just a taste," I beg. What has come over me? Before I was basically shitting myself at the possibility of being caught and now I want to fuck him in any room I can get him in. I just need him inside me now, even though I'm in the worst possible place for him to do that.

My hands reach the front of his pants and I am palming his growing hardness through his sinful pants. I love feeling how excited he is to have me touch him, to see how much he wants me. I start to undo the zip on his pants and I break the kiss to step back and say, "Please."

He hops down off the desk and I take that as my cue to get down on my knees and tug both his pants and underwear down just enough so that his big, hard cock springs free and hits me in the face. Wow. This is my first time coming face to face with it and I have to say it seems a lot bigger up close.

Tentatively, I reach a hand out and grab ahold of the impressive girth. How has this been inside of me? I curiously stroke my hand up and down the length, giving a couple of gentle tugs. My tongue circles the head and I lap at the sticky precum. A bit salty but not too bad. I suckle gently at the tip and look up to find Harry's eyes closed and his breathing picking up.

A hand has found its way into my hair and he slowly begins to thrust into my mouth. I bob my head up and down on his hard length, using my tongue to swirl around and suck. His pace



picks up a little and I try my best to go as far down on his cock as I can until it's hitting the back of my throat and I'm trying not to gag.

Low moans and groans start to fill the room and he continues to speed up. Forcing my head down on his cock, deepthroating me.

"God, you're amazing," he grunts.

Tears start building up in my eyes from his cock hitting the back of my throat repeatedly. I hold onto his thighs and give them a couple of taps, hinting at him to slow down but he appears to be too lost in his head.

He thrusts a couple more times before I feel him release into my mouth. I find myself swallowing everything he gives me. Like it's a gift just for me. Is it weird that I find myself loving the taste and wanting him to do it again? I lick my lips hoping to taste more.

I lap my tongue at the head a few more times to make sure I have every last drop before he is pulling me to my feet and shoving his hand down the back of my pants. He quickly thrusts a finger into my unsuspecting hole. I'm already halfway to my orgasm as pumps his fingers continuously inside me. Hurrying as we are running out of time.

"Who do you belong to?" he whispers, as he kisses along my neck.

"You." I pant like I'm an animal in heat. "You, I belong to you."

"Good answer."

I bury my face in his neck and hold onto him tight as my orgasm threatens to explode. He somehow managed to get three fingers in my relatively sore entrance. But I don't care about the pain as all I can focus on is the pleasure as he thrusts his fingers in and out of me at a lightning pace. His other hand reaches into the front of my pants and into my underwear. He strokes my hard member to an unbelievable orgasm, all while fingering me and sucking bruises on my neck. This man is an animal.

I swear I see stars when I explode into his hands and moan loudly in his neck. I shake as I'm overcome with pleasure. My breathing has become uneven and I nearly fall onto him as I lose the ability to keep upright, my body overcome with bliss and sudden exhaustion.

The bell rings and it is then that I realise I missed my art class. But I really did not care one bit. I was creating art with this man in front of me and that's all that matters.

Hi,

I just want to say that I'm sorry for the very inconsistent chapter uploads. I can struggle with motivation in writing but I wanted to let anyone who is interested in this book know that I will finish this book one day. I haven't given up yet. I'll try my best to be more consistent with posting chapters but I can't promise anything. Thank you for the support over the years it's taken me to just upload these chapters.

## Part 1: The One With The Apartment

It is a fine Tuesday morning where Ashton, Chris, Josh and I are standing at the lockers trying to think of something exciting to do before the ski trip that is fastly approaching. All of us remain silent, deep in thought.

"I've got it!" Josh yells, startling us. "How about we go to the woods and burn a bunch of stuff?"

"No." Ashton and I both disagree with that idea. How old does he think we are, thirteen? Come on now.

"Then what do you guys wanna do? Because I've got nothing."

We really are lame, aren't we? How is it that none of us can think of something cool to do before the final trip of our high school years?

"Nothing. Just make sure you guys have some Lotion and a few beers for the road trip and we'll be set," Ashton says.

Well no Lotion for me. I can't afford to be spanked again but I haven't told Ashton that yet and I'm debating if I should or not. I mean, how private is Harry wanting to keep this relationship? Because clearly, Mr Kennedy knows something. More than me at least. This week is going to be so tiring, today too by the looks of it.

"New kid." Chris nods his head in the direction of this supposed new person. Our heads all turn in unison to check out who is the fresh meat.

I'm surprised to see a younger guy standing outside the administration office. "Freshman."

"He looks so-" I begin.

"Fresh?" Ashton raises his eyebrows as he finishes my sentence.

"Yep." He laughs at the obviousness of my statement. I guess a freshman looking fresh isn't out of the question. His hair is dark and up off his forehead in a quiff. He has what looks like the faintest of stubble on his chin which is surprising because I'm assuming he's only about fourteen or fifteen. It's his eyes that make him look young though. The warm brown that isn't surrounded by creases caused by early forming wrinkles. Unlike me who should maybe start using some kind of moisturizer as I have those crinkles around my eyes, especially when I smile.

He's pretty attractive, I'll give him that but I'm more into older guys. Particularly ones with penetrating green eyes and long curly brown hair. And tattoos that cover his fit, gorgeous body. And a massive co-, alright I need to stop before I get hard in front of everyone.

"I wonder wh-"

"No." Ashton interrupts me before I can ask about the new guy. He gives me a dirty look. What's his problem? I'm not actually interested in him. I have a boyfriend and besides he's too young for me, while the stubble makes him look older, underneath it he's probably mentally about twelve. And I'm not into that. Oh my god, is that how Harry sees me? If so, yuck. Why is he even with me? I don't want to look too deep into that.

"Come on, let's get to class," Josh says, grabbing Chris' arm and marching down the hallway. Ashton pulls me into a side hug before heading off the opposite way to his Chemistry class. I have an off period and I'm suddenly wishing I could be at home right now. Instead, I am left by myself in the hallway, where other students are quickly disappearing.

"Excuse me?" I turn to my left and see the new guy with an unsure look on his face. I give him a small encouraging smile as he asks, "could you please tell me where the Biology classroom is?"

Oh, I most certainly can.

"Sure, come with me." I push off my locker and start heading to Harry's classroom with the newbie following close beside me. "I'm Louis, welcome to Blackridge Highschool." The home of teachers who fuck their students. That should be our new motto.

"I'm Luke but everyone calls me LJ."

"J stands for?" I ask.

"Johnson."

Right. Luke Johnson. Nothing will ever beat Harry Styles.

"You're a senior right?"

Just as I was about to confirm, Harry's class comes into view and I excitedly knock on the door. What? I haven't seen him all day. I hear his sexy, deep voice telling me to come in and I open the door with a shy smile on my face.

Harry looks up at my entrance and a cheeky grin struggles to not show on his face. However, when Luke enters the class behind me whatever smile Harry was attempting to conceal is immediately gone. An unamused look settles on his face instead.

I quickly glance to look at the freshmen in his class to see if they have noticed Harry's abrupt change in emotions but most of them are checking out Luke, and lucky him because a few people seem interested.

"Mr Styles, you have a new student." I motion Luke to come further into the classroom so that he can hand his paper slip from the office to Harry.

Before he can hand it over, Harry is snatching it from his hands and giving the note a quick once over and saying, "Welcome Mr Johnson, please take a seat." He then turns back to me. "Mr Tomlinson, a word?"

I give a slight wave to Luke as Harry is ushering me out of the room, closing the door behind him. He leans against it with his arms crossed over his chest and I stand in front of him, posing the same way.

"What are you wearing?" His eyes trail down my body taking in my outfit which I was quite proud of actually.

"What's wrong with it?" I counter. He continues eyeing my not-that-short denim shorts and my maroon top that is slightly exposing my collarbones. I don't think there's anything wrong with it. He's overreacting.

"Are you teasing me?"

I scoff, shaking my head. I roll my eyes and say, "No, it's warm outside."

Believe it or not, not everything I do is with your cock in mind.

"Cover yourself up, Princess." He leans in to give me a kiss but I push him back. Not in the hallway, are you wanting to get caught? "Are we still on for after school?"

"No." I can feel the pettiness in me taking over. "I'm not in the mood."

"Princess." There is pure warning in his tone.

I groan and look into his eyes. "Why can't you take Elliot or someone else?"

What can I say? I'm not in the mood to fucking go. Mostly because I haven't even made up my mind about the whole situation in the first place. Although I have been thinking about it occasionally, I still haven't decided.

"Because Louis, you're going to live in the apartment as well, not just me. You should see if it suits you."

Suits me? Are you kidding me? It's not a pair of shoes.

"They're gonna think I'm your child, Harry."

"Well, you're far from it." He slowly leans in to whisper, "Maybe we can even christen the place."

With that, he walks back into his room and I am once again standing in the hallway by myself. Trying not to think about Harry fucking me in our potential apartment. Is he serious? I guess I'm down but it is weird to have sex in a stranger's apartment.

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"Mom!" I shout. I'm searching through our pretty much empty fridge. "We need juice."

"Mom and Dad aren't here," Elena sighs. "Something involving golf." She jumps onto the counter, swinging her legs back and forth. "So I kinda pissed my pants when the principal

yelled about that shit."

I shut the fridge, twirling around and leaning on it. My arms cross against my chest and I take in a deep breath. "Yeah, I kinda peed a bit too. Do you know who he might be talking about?"

Man, I pray to God that it isn't about me and Harry. I don't know what I would do if we were caught and he went to jail or something. Honestly, I don't know what would happen to him or me for that matter. Not that I want it to be about Ashton or Elena either but I mean better them than me.

"I have no clue but we really need to find out. Speaking of which how are you and our Biology teacher?" She asks, wiggling her eyebrows suggestively.

"We're good. How are you and our Math teacher?" I'm not going to tell Elena that Elliot has been cheating on her because I mean who am I to interfere in their 'relationship', it's not my place. Besides, I'm not entirely sure if they even are in a relationship or if Elena is with Christian and she's the one that's cheating. We really aren't that close.

"Good. Why are you dressed like Dad?" She asks pointing to my outfit.

I'm currently wearing one of my Dad's white button-up shirts and black dress pants. My hair is up in a quiff and I'm also wearing nice shoes. I'm hoping that this will convince this apartment salesperson that I'm older than I look. I'm not a baby, I swear.

"Harry wants me to move in with him. We're going to look at an apartment," I say, grabbing an apple from the fruit bowl.

"I hope you're moving in after graduation."

I nod. "Of course. I haven't told him about Manchester yet though. I was kinda thinking that I should go."

Elena chuckles, brushing back her short hair. "Mom and Dad will be pissed."

"Gee, you think?" I laugh, biting into the wonderfully juicy red apple. I wonder which would make my parents madder: me moving to England or me moving in with my teacher. Hmm. Probably the Harry one. I'm just glad that Elena and I don't have any tension between us. Who knew that a 'pregnancy' scare would bring us together. I mean we do have one thing in common. Both the Tomlinson kids are fucking their teachers. Our parents must be so proud.

I glance at the time and grab my blazer from the chair that it was neatly resting on. Quickly slipping my arms through the sleeves and adjusting it so that I look presentable.

"I have to go, cover for me?"

"I'm going out with Elliot tomorrow, same?"

"Yep." I throw my apple in the bin and rush to find a mirror. Eyeing my reflection, I'm reminded of when I last wore this outfit. These are basically my 'interview' clothes as I wore them to most of my college interviews.

Looking into the mirror I find a boy that is ready to go to work but in reality, I'm going to look at an apartment with my boyfriend who is also my teacher. Lucky me. My pants are nice and fitted, particularly around the ass which I'm not entirely sure if Harry will be happy with or not. I do the button on my blazer and head out the door, pushing my glasses up on my nose. I decided to keep them on because they make me look smart and grown-up - I most definitely am not.

"Oh wow." Ashton grins as I climb into the car. "You look mature."

"I know."

"So where are we going?"

"Oh." I turn to him with a small smile. How could I forget that I hadn't told Ashton about the whole me moving in with Harry? Must have slipped my mind with everything else that's going on. When did my life get so messed up? "Harry wants me to move in with him and we are going to look at apartments today."

"Really?" The expression on his face surprises me. I thought he was going to be mad or shocked but he looks like he's trying not to laugh. "You gonna play housewife or something?"

I scoff, shaking my head. "No. Never."

I wouldn't be caught dead being someone's pretty little thing that they keep locked up in their house all day, waiting for my husband to return from work so I can feed him and clean up after him. No way. The fact that Ashton even suggested that has me feeling irritated just thinking about it. I'm no one's pet even if I do act like a lovesick puppy at times.

"Did you know that three out of ten teenagers get pregnant by the time they're eighteen? And most of the time their boyfriend is older than them," he says, speeding up as we take off down the street. I'm sure that statistic is fake.

"What exactly are you getting at sunshine?" I snap.

He turns to me and gives me a look. "Are you sure having sex without a condom is safe? I mean you heard what your boyfriend said in class. Birth control doesn't always work. I'm not ready to be an uncle, I'm too young."

Harry and I have only done it without a condom a couple of times. I'm not going to get pregnant just like that and besides birth control has a high-efficiency rate anyways. Well, obviously as long as I take it, which I have been.

"I'm not going to get pregnant." Not yet at least. Preferably not ever.

I reach out to turn the volume up to block out any more of this conversation.

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"Should I wait for you?" Ashton asks, tapping his fingers against the steering wheel to the beat of the song playing through the speakers.

"Nah, I'm good." I lean in and give him a quick kiss on the cheek before climbing out.

The building in front of me is massive. It's that time of day when the sun is shining off the windows of the building and giving it a lovely glow. This place looks expensive. I walk inside and try to calm down my heart that is pounding in my chest. I'm so nervous and I don't know why. It's only an apartment tour. No stress.

Two minutes and twenty-four seconds went by in the time it took me to walk to the elevator, get inside, reach my intended floor and look for the number of the place Harry told me about. I found the door already open and I took a deep breath before walking inside, wiping my sweaty palms against my pants.

"I'm sorry I'm late," I say as I step further into the room. Harry is talking to a blonde lady in the spacious living room. Wow, she is the embodiment of the hourglass shape. Damn, I'm jealous. Her long blonde hair falls down to her tiny waist in effortless curls. Her huge boobs sit high on her chest, almost bursting through her shirt that needs a few more buttons done up and her ass is prominent in her short pencil skirt. Fuck. I think her ass is bigger than mine. I'm praying that Harry hasn't noticed.

"No worries." Harry smiles, embracing me with a strong arm around my waist.

"So, this must be the hubby."

"Indeed. My husband has been so excited to see this place." His husband? When did we get married?

"Monica Pierce," she introduces herself, holding out a pale hand which I grab and politely shake. Her eyes are only focused on Harry, however. I squeeze her hand a bit more firmly before letting go. My attention returns to Harry and I find him smiling down at me. He leans in to give me a quick peck which Monica averts her eyes for. Yeah, that's right bitch, he's mine so kindly back the fuck off.

"Mr Styles would you like a tour?" I discover that it's actually me she's referring to. Oh wow. I have always dreamed of the day that I would become Mr Louis Styles. And for the moment it's not just me wishing desperately but an actual person is calling me Mr Styles. This is a more euphoric feeling than being high.

"I would love one."

"Well." She gestures around her. "This is the living area." She points to a lovely white marble counter. "The kitchen. Mr Styles, if you love to cook then this is the place to be." That's pretty presumptuous of her, especially considering I can barely cook an egg. What the hell would I be doing in a kitchen? Oh, wait. Having sex. Obviously.

We walked down a hallway up to double doors. She opens it and I gasp when I look inside. "Oh my God."

"He likes it." Monica nudges Harry with a wink. Bitch.



The bedroom was truly magnificent. The walls were a bright light grey colour. She mentions a walk-in closet but all my attention has gone to the stunning view from the balcony. I can see the entire Skyline from here.

"You like it?"

I spin around and nod. "I love it."

"Now, there is one main bathroom and a guest bathroom," she says, heading out of the room and back into the hallway. Everything in this place is big and luxurious looking. How can we possibly afford this place?

We follow closely behind her as she points out the guest bathroom and other features of the apartment.

"This all looks great. How many rooms are there?" Harry asks, his arm still securely around me. I find myself leaning into the hold.

"Two."

"I have something planned with the guest room." He goes back to open the door of the room. "I want to remove that window so there is no light and I also want to renovate the whole room myself." Huh? You want to do what now?

"If you wish to do that then you'll have to-"

"We'll take it." Harry turns to look at me. "Right?"

"Um. Yeah. Yes, we will take it."

Man, that rent better be affordable. He knows I don't have a job, right? I mean- "Just to be clear Monica, I am buying this apartment not renting it."

What? In what universe can he afford to buy this place? None of them.

Monica's eyes are wide as she nods excitedly, heading back to the living room to grab her folder. "Shall we sign some paperwork then?"

She begins pulling out many different forms from her folder. Harry continues discussing his plans for the room he wants to be renovated as she looks over what she needs. Is he actually serious about wanting to buy this place? For us? For me? He has to be kidding me. The paperwork is all set out on the counter and I glance at a couple of things before I notice the price. Over two million dollars for this place. Is he insane? I could faint right now.

"Please sign here." She motions to a few different spots on the paper. The million-dollar paper, mind you. Harry clicks the pen and begins scribbling his signature in the appropriate spots. Reading over anything necessary. I can't look at the rest of the process, too overwhelmed by the fact that he is buying something so expensive. I really need to lay down.

"Welcome to your new place!"

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"Two million?" I ask. The shock still hasn't worn off even as I hop into his car. Does he even know what we can do with that kind of money? And no, it's certainly not buying a damn apartment. If it was me, I would travel the world and stuff like that. Not spend it all on an apartment. "I mean you're a teacher. Where the hell did you get that money, Harry? Are you a drug dealer or something? Or maybe a prostitute because you've got the looks."

He gives me a sly look. "Yes, I'm rich. So what?"

Excuse me?

"I'm sorry, what? Are you doing this for me or for you?"

"I'm doing this for us," he snaps.

Oh. I suppose that's a possibility too.

"So, what are you going to do with that room?" That's a question that's been bugging me since he mentioned the whole renovation thing.

He chuckles at the question. "It's- well it's a room I think we will both enjoy. Me the most but I'm sure you will grow to love it too."

Um. That really raises more questions than it answers. Why can't he just be straightforward with me? It's really not that hard. I have a feeling that he's not going to answer any more questions about that room so I decide to move on for now. I'll ask him later.

"Where are we going?" I ask instead of the thousands of other questions I want to ask him.

"My house. The boys aren't there."

"Are you going to drive me home or do I have to steal your car again and climb out the window?" I couldn't help the sarcasm pouring into my words. Surely he knows how careful we have to be at the moment and going to his house that has way too many teachers is risky.

"How about you stay the night?"

I laugh because I assume he's joking. That is a sure-fire way to get caught. "No way in hell."

"Can you stop it, Princess?" He snaps, once again. "I just want to spend some time with you. You know, maybe explore a little bit?"

"Explore what?"

He licks his lips and places a hand on my thigh. "Let's have some fun. You still want me to push you up against the wall?"

I gulp as I nod slowly, my eyes growing, as is something else. "If you want to."

"Just remember one thing, Princess. I will always want you, want to be near you and want to be in you. You are mine, no matter what."

My cheeks go red and a shy smile appears on my face. I place a hand over his one on my thigh.

"Yours."

For the time being.

## Part 1: The One Where They Test The Waters

God, what am I doing here? The last time I was at Harry's house I had to hide from my fellow teachers and then climb out the window like a criminal. This is such a bad idea.

"Do you want anything to drink?" Harry asks as he walks behind the little mini-bar set-up that they've got going on. Something tells me from the look in his eye that I'm definitely going to need to have something in my system to be able to handle whatever he has in store for tonight. Lucky me.

"Beer," I spit out, taking him by surprise.

He looks at me with a small amused smile, a chuckle escapes his lips as he fondly shakes his head. What? I can drink beer. I might not look like it, I mean I'll be honest and admit that I'm not always the best at holding my liquor but I can be responsible.

"Coming right up, Mr Styles." He gives me a wink and I can feel my heart speed up in my chest. First, the apartment lady says it, and now him. How am I going to be able to handle it if I do one day become Mr Louis Styles? I'll probably have a few years to prepare before that happens. I have no idea how I would react if he did ask me to marry him. But again, that's ages away.

When I become present again I notice that Harry isn't in the room.

"What is happening to me?" I whisper to myself, rubbing my hands over my face. "I'm going insane."

Harry won't ask me to marry him. I'm stuck in wonderland again. I can't help it though. Sometimes I get lost thinking about our future and how we're going to be married someday with kids. At least that's how I see our future. When I look at Harry, half the time I have no idea what he's thinking.

"Let's go upstairs." I remove my hands from my face and turn to see Harry with two beers in his hands. I nod, grabbing one of the beers from him. We walk in silence up the stairs. While he unlocks his bedroom door, I unbutton my blazer. Shrugging it off while I walk into his room. It looks the same as always. The bed sheets are fresh and tucked in nicely. Everything is neat and tidy, except for my blazer that I throw over a chair.

He walks over to a shelf and I flop onto his bed, exhausted from the day.

"Wanna watch a movie?" I look over at him, he has his back turned. I can see his hands gliding over his collection of DVDs, stopping over a couple to pull them out slightly. He glances over them and shows me a few options.

"No thank you," I say. I'm too tired to focus on a movie right now. Sleep is beckoning me. I take a couple of sips from my beer to help keep me awake. Harry said he wanted to have some fun tonight so I need to be alert.

"Okay." He puts the movies back and starts to walk toward me. "What did you think of the apartment?" He places his beer next to mine on one of the bedside tables before walking over to the window to close the curtains.

"I am in love with the balcony," I whisper. It feels like our little secret. I'm going to be moving into an apartment with my teacher.

"What do you think of red?" Harry asks, twirling around and removing his jacket.

"Um, it's nice I guess. It's just a colour." Why are we talking about colours?

"I think red should work. The bed will be queen-sized with pillars and it will need to have those storage drawers." Is he still talking to me or is he just talking out loud? Because his eyes are looking at me but I swear he is looking through me.

"Sounds good. I'm sure our bedroom will look great."

"No," he laughs. "This isn't for our bedroom. It's for the room I'm redecorating." Oh. I mean, we are going to sleep in the same room aren't we?

"Well, do you mind telling me what the function of this secret room will be?" I grab my beer and take a couple of sips.

"It's a surprise, Princess."

I had a feeling he would say that. My sips of beer turn into longer gulps. "I hate surprises."

"I'm sure you will love this one," he says while removing his tie. He looks at his tie longingly and I'm ashamed to say that I think of the scarf he used to secure around my head and cover my eyes before he fucked me senseless. My heart again begins to speed up and I try and think of other things before something else is up.

"Louis, my Princess, I never asked why you look like someone who just got out of work."

My cheeks turn a lovely blush colour as I admit, "I wanted to look presentable and not like some teenage slut that you hooked up with."

He leans into me with a smile. "You can be my slut in the bedroom but never in public," he whispers before kissing the tip of my nose. "I wanted to ask you a few questions before I fuck you, hope that's alright."

Oh god, it's more than alright. I need all the time I can to prepare. "What do you want to ask?"

"Do you like it when I restrain you?" Well, I wasn't expecting that question.

I'm not really sure. I guess I did. Maybe sometimes giving up control can be a good feeling. "I liked it."

"Do you want me to do it again?" I nod slowly, taking a huge gulp of beer. I've almost run out. I'm going to need another one if this is where this conversation is going. "And the spanking?"

Look at the start it scared me but I think I actually like it. "With your hand?"

"Yes."

"I like it." My cheeks are bright red and not the ones I want to be.

"What about toys?" I choke on my beer.

"Like vibrators and stuff?" I could barely get the sentence out.

"And stuff." He grins at me. My heart stopped beating for a second. I don't think I can breathe. "You alright, Princess?" He cocks his head to the side with a small smirk.

I cough a few more times before giving him a thumbs up.

"Do you want to see something different?"

My eyes widen. Uh oh. "Is it bad?"

"It's a matter of perspective," he whispers. There is a very hungry look in this man's eyes.

"Um." I stand up and put my empty beer bottle back in its place. Maybe I should just give it a go. What's the worst that could happen? I'm way in over my head. "Okay."

Hopefully, he doesn't notice how much I'm shaking by the time I'm standing directly in front of him.

I'm startled as he rips open the front of my shirt, buttons flying everywhere. I don't have time to be mad that he has just ruined my dad's shirt.

"You ready for the ride of your life Princess?"

"Yes."

It really is moments like these when I think back to when I was fifteen years old and starting high school, a wonderful teacher saved me from being hit by a football. His name was Harry Styles. The tall man twirled me around in his arms after pulling me out of the way of said football. Stunning green eyes pierced through my soul. This was when I fell in love. A smug smile was on his face as he held me steady in his arms. "You need to be careful, Princess." This was the first time he said my nickname and I had discovered that I was his Princess. His eyes were so warm and soft at the time, and now when I look into his eyes, right at this moment all I see is desire. A man desperate to do things to my body that I couldn't even begin to comprehend but he's about to show me everything.

"You'll enjoy every moment," he says, eyes dark as it looked like something had taken over him, something possessing him.

My back is to the wall as he trails a finger down my body. I can feel my heart pounding in my chest as I follow his finger down past my nipples and around my belly button as it settles on my pants. He undoes them and sneaks a hand in, beginning to palm me through my underwear. Warm lips meet my neck, and I can't help but groan at the satisfying feeling of him sucking and biting on my neck while rubbing a hand over my quickly growing cock. Another hand finds its way into my pants and begins groping my arse, pulling and occasionally giving it a light smack.

Wow he is good at this. The last time I was tied up and blindfolded but now I have full access to him. As I realise that, my hands inch their way up to fasten themselves in his hair but they're quickly pinned to the wall. "No touching."

Damn him. He smirks as he leans in and presses his lips against mine. I moan into it and whine when he pulls back with my bottom lip between his teeth. If he bites it any harder it will bleed. My hands are released for a brief moment as he turns me around so that I'm facing the wall. He captures my wrists again and secures them with his left hand above the wall, as he does this I feel him press his entire body into mine. A toned chest is now leaning on my back as his rock-hard erection is very noticeably pushed right up against my arse.

"I'm going to enjoy this," he purrs into my ear, tugging on it with his teeth. His hand slowly releases the grip around my wrists, as if testing if I will move them. I want to be good for him, so I leave them above my head, resting against the wall. His other hand joins the one kneading my arse and he gently hooks his fingers in the waistband of my pants and pulls them down. He is kneeling behind me, and I can hear him groan into the dimples on my back. "Baby, the things you do to me."

I get the feeling he likes my new underwear. It's lacy and pink and all for him. He delicately removes my panties, cautiously sliding them down my legs, as if they'll tear if he rushes. Two firm hands grab my cheeks, and he spreads them wide. Oh my God! "Nice and tight, just for me."

Harry smacks my arse before spinning me around and throwing me on the bed. I land with a small bounce on my back. I almost spring back up but Harry is suddenly above me ensuring there's nowhere for me to move. Or to run.

"Spread those legs for me Mr Styles." He's said it again. I'm not sure why but it sounds so hot having him refer to me as that. Mr Louis Styles. I feel giddy inside.

My legs automatically open for him. He reverts back into a standing position, and I have the best view in the world as he starts undressing in front of me. I'm left to watch as he unbuttons his own shirt and pants at what feels to be a snail's pace. Harry remains in front of me as he teasingly removes the final object. His black skin-tight underwear leaves nothing to the imagination as I can practically see his cockhead poking out. Inviting me to come give it a little suckle. I'm a good boy though and I stay still on the bed with my legs spread, watching him with hungry eyes.

When he reaches the bed again he's fully naked. I can see some precum begging to be sucked away but I don't have the chance as he puts my mouth to use against mine. He pauses for a second to say, "You have no idea how demanding I can be." And with that promise, his

tongue enters my mouth. He sucks on my tongue, our lips molding against one another. Every inch of my body is tingling with want and anticipation. The taste of him, the heat and passion, sizzles through my senses. My fingers have a mind of their own as they reach out to touch his hard wall of abs. His hand quickly seizes mine before I make contact and I'm swiftly turned onto my hands and knees.

"No more touching Princess, I don't want to have to restrain you." I sincerely doubt that he wouldn't love to have my wrists knotted to the bedframe right now.

"Yes Sir," I breathe. What? Where did that come from? Sir. I just called him Sir.

"God I love it when you call me that," he says from behind me. I just managed to see him grab something off his bedside table before I feel something cool dribble in between my cheeks, dipping into my awaiting entrance.

Harry places one hand on my arse and spreads it before using his other hand to rub what I'm assuming is lube into my hole. Suddenly I can feel his cock prodding at my rim but before I have time to process the fact that he hasn't prepped me, he's pushing into me. A loud gasp escapes my mouth as the grip on my hip gets insanely tight, enough to cause bruises. My hole is stretching to try and accommodate his massive size without any preparation. I instinctively attempt to pull away from him as the pain is rather intense, but he holds me back to him with both hands now on my hips. I cry out when he finishes inching his way inside me and is buried all the way in.

"Shh, you're okay," he says, as he pulls my body up to his and I'm now leaning against his chest as he holds me to him.

I'm given a minute to adjust to the thick length stretching me out before he pushes me back down on my hands and begins with small thrusts. All I can think is, has he always felt this big inside me? He pulls out for a second and I can hear a bottle cap flip open. Must be applying more lubricant to himself. My thoughts are confirmed when he thrusts back into me at a lightning pace, his cock gliding in and out of me easier now. His hips start hammering into me, his balls feel heavy as they slap against me and the grip on my hips tightens tenfold. Loud moans escape me when he slams into my prostate at a million miles an hour.

"Oh God," I moan out. Cry out more like.

"Tomorrow when you are sore, I want you to remember who did this to you." He breathes out those words as he pulls me up to his chest again. Every thrust is deeper, harder and faster at this angle. One of his arms is circled around my waist and the other is crossed over my chest, right hand on my left shoulder, holding me as close as he can to him while still thrusting at a powerful pace. Fuck! I feel him deep inside me, rubbing up on every crevice and stretching me to the max. "Look at me."

As best I can, I turn my head towards him. Moaning as he hits the sweet spot inside me again.

"Just a warning, I will probably need to lick every inch of your body today," he says, and I shiver at the thought.



“Fine with me. I definitely know a place you can lick,” I say back at him. I don’t know where my courage came from but if I get what I want then I’ll need to try it more.

He continues to thrust, slamming in and out of me. The hand on my shoulder moves over until it is somewhat secure around my neck. His index finger reaches up to my chin to turn my face back away from him. He leans into my ear to whisper, “You’re my own personal brand of Viagra.”

I can feel him grinning against my ear as the hand around my neck begins to tighten. Air becomes scarce as it feels like his thrusts become deeper and harder. The pleasure that fills my body as I can feel my orgasm building up is unlike anything I’ve felt before. Harry lets me catch my breath for a second before tightening his hand once more. He keeps pile-driving into me and the hand that was circled around my waist has now reached down to grab ahold of my aching cock. He times his thrusts with his hand jerking me off. I continue to gasp for air when I’m allowed a second, as Harry continuously loosens and retightens his grip on my neck.

The pleasure continues to build, my release getting closer. My body tenses for a moment, my hole tightening around his cock, letting him know I’m right at the edge. I’m hit with one last mind-numbing thrust before the hand around my neck cuts off all air and I scream as best I can as my orgasm rips through me. Hot white cum spills out of me as the hand on my cock jerks me off quickly, pouring out everything inside of me.

“Fuck!” One of us shouts. I’m left gasping as the hand around my throat is gone, back to its original position on my shoulder. Harry pulls me somehow even closer to him as we both try to catch our breaths. My chest is heaving as I take in all the air I can.

“Good Lord, Louis, you’ve wrecked me,” he pants into my ear. It’s only as he pulls out of me that I realise he must have cum sometime during my orgasm. It seems I may have blacked out for a second there.

My body feels exhausted all of a sudden and I collapse in front of me onto the soft mattress. I’m still taking deep breaths, my eyes closed as I try to calm my body down. Harry lays next to me and pulls me close, wrapping me up in his arms. I still feel tingly all over, my body now sated with pleasure. That was the most intense orgasm I’ve ever had in my life. There was something about the way that not breathing made the pleasure stronger. My mind felt separate from my body like all I could do at that moment was feel.

“Hey, hey. Louis, you did so good,” Harry says softly to me. I open my eyes to look at him and that’s when I feel it on my cheek. Tears. I didn’t even know I was crying. Harry wipes away another tear as they come cascading down my face. I’m really not sure why I’m crying, I’m stronger than that. I know I am. He begins to whisper praise in my ear as he keeps wiping my tears. I shudder out a breath before steadying myself altogether. Harry finishes his whispers by saying, “Louis Tomlinson, I love you.”

“Will you ever leave me?” I ask, holding back tears. The thought of him leaving me after he just gave me the most inexplicable pleasure known to man has me feeling a certain way. I’m not sure what way yet though. Possessive? Insecure? Who knows.

“Not even God himself can stop me from loving you or leaving you. You are now my everything. You are mine.”

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