

## Take the Leap

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# Take the Leap

by [Brandidear](#)

## Summary

Harry spins around in his bar stool to survey the crowd as discreetly as he can when a sudden bellow of clapping comes from the crowd sitting close to the stage. His breath hitched as he sees the boy sitting on stage with a guitar in his lap. He's is smiling softly and scanning the crowd until finally his eyes are locked with Harry's. Louis' smile grows and he pulls the mic closer to his stool. Harry rapidly slaps Niall's arm unsure of how many times he actually hit him.

"Oi mate what's your deal?"

"Niall it's him"

Niall turns to look at this boy Harry has assaulted him over just as he speaks into the mic. "Hi name's Louis Tomlinson, this one is for all of the first timers, don't be afraid to umm take that leap"

Or

The one where Louis and Harry meet at open mic night and everything just seems to fit into place.

## Notes

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

# Chapter 1

## Chapter 1

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He was looking forward to this, he really did think it was a good idea. So why is he nervously stirring the ice cubes in his glass? It didn't even take Niall much convincing when he stormed into Harry's room and stuffed the bright pink flyer in his face. ***'Open mic night Friday @10 pm'***. Harry touches his breast pocket where the poem he fully intended on reading in front of all these strangers tonight rests; but here he is two drinks in still sitting at the bar and has yet to put his name on the list to go on stage.

"Harry, mate, you don't have to do this! I mean I'm going to do it but you can just like watch you know" Niall says as he places a gentle hand on Harry's shoulder.

"I know this Niall, but we're here and I'm getting cold feet and now I feel like crap"

"Don't worry mate, I'm going to go sign up, you just order another drink and relax"

He stares blankly at the ice cubes slowly melting in front of him, disappointed in himself. He's surrounded by quite a good turn out for a mic night. Some carrying journals, some with guitars and he even thinks he saw someone with bongos over by the pinball machines when he went to the restroom earlier. *Just my luck* Harry says lowly to himself not taking his eyes off the melting entertainment in front of him. The Corner Bar *no really it's just called the corner bar* is one of the smaller bars near campus. Its filled with people, spilled drinks and greasy bar food, so why is all Harry smells is something sweet, like honey?

"Must be the most interesting ice cubes ever" Harry looks up at the beautiful voice to find a sun beam so bright he blinks rapidly.

"W-what?" Harry says and after wants to run away with how brainless he must sound from a single word in front of the bluest eyes he's ever seen.

"it's just that you were staring at those ice cubes pretty hard there mate" says what Harry is sure is truly the prettiest boy he's ever seen.

"Oh, uh, ya, I was, um going to order another I just got lost in thought I guess" and now he's really ready to run.

“Ya? Me too, let me get yours. I can tell it’s your first time”

“ My first time?” Harry questions

“At open mic night?”

*Duh Harry! Of course.* He just shakes his head yes and gives a small smile to the boy who then whistles at the bartender and signals her over.

“ ya, i'll have another Stella and my boy here will have.....” he turns to Harry and he manages to spill the words “gin and tonic” before chewing into his bottom lip sheepishly. Harry takes the opportunity to fully take in this mystery boys appearance as he pays for the drinks. He’s smaller than Harry. Not thin, but curvy. His hair is warm like brown sugar and soft, Harry thinks it has to be soft. His scruff is light and complements high cheekbones. He gulps as his eyes fall over the boys shoulders and glide across sharp collarbones. Collarbones decorated in some sort of script tattoo that he can almost make out past his scoop neck T-shirt. But nothing could have prepared him or the hairs on the back of his neck as he lowers his gaze and lands on this boys hips and then .....

“Here you go love”

*Holy shit!* Harry looks up faster then he thinks is humanly possible. *Did he see me checking him out? Oh god. Fml* . Harry wants to slap himself silly right now. Instead he slowly takes the drink placed in front of him mumbling something that he hopes sounded like thank you.

“No problem and good luck if you decide to get up on stage. My names Louis by the way”

“I’m Harry”

“Well Harry I hope you enjoy the show” and then he’s gone with a wink and, what Harry thinks is some pep in his step. Niall returns, striking up a conversation about when he’s gonna go on stage unaware of Harry’s encounter with the soft boy. Harry offers a nod when necessary but all he can think of is this boy and where he slipped off to.

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It takes everything inside Louis to not skip away in glee as he’s positive he caught the tall drink of water he found at the bar checking him out. Or at least he’s pretty sure he didn’t skip.

“Lads! It’s happened. I just found a tattooed prince at the bar and he let me buy him a drink.” Louis is smiling ear to ear, babbling on about long chocolate curls and a sharp jaw.

“Ok that’s great Lou, but did you forget about us peasants and the drinks you went to the bar to buy us?”

“Zayn’s right, where’s my rum and coke?”

“Sorry Liam but there were more pressing matters then your silly drink. There was a gorgeous man alone at the bar and did I tell you he checked me out?”Louis continues

“You guys go get your own drinks and see for yourselves” The two other boys share a annoyed look and a shrug before heading into the crowd weaving through toward the bar. Standing there patiently waiting for the bartender they hear a deep voice speak Louis’s name in conversation. The body swings around in his bar stool and the boys are taken back.

“Shit Louis was right, he is a prince” Zayn says“

Shhh I’m trying to listen to what he is saying”

“God Liam you are so nosey”

“Ok but do you think Louis will accept us being this close to this prince of his and not try to hear what he’s saying?”

Zayn nods in agreement and places their drink orders as Liam tries to slide toward the taller mysterious man keeping his back to him bc he’s aware he has no facial control when it comes to tea.

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“I’m telling you Niall! He appeared like a daydream, warm and sweet and was gone just as fast!”

“So I’m gone for 5 minutes and you’re saying you were visited by a alien?”

“No Niall! A boy, a cute boy! He was nice and bought me a drink. He said his name was Louis . ”

“Ok so where is he?” Harry spins around in his bar stool to survey the crowd as discreetly as he can when a sudden bellow of clapping comes from the crowd sitting close to the stage. His breath hitched as he sees the boy sitting on stage with a guitar in his lap. He’s is smiling softly and scanning the crowd until finally his eyes are locked with Harry’s. Louis smile grows and he pulls the mic closer to his stool. Harry rapidly slaps Niall’s arm unsure of how many times he actually hit him.

“Oi mate what’s your deal?”

“ Niall it’s him” Niall turns to look at this boy Harry has assaulted him over just as he speaks into the mic.

“Hi name’s Louis Tomlinson, this one is for all of the first timers, don’t be afraid to umm take that leap”

He’s still staring at Harry when he begins strumming chords. Harry’s jaw drops as Louis begins to sing Coldplay’s Green Eyes. His eyes never leaving Louis as the low stage lamps highlights his cheekbones. Every strum of his fingers send shivers down his spine. Louis voice is raspy and as light as air. His eyes watching Harry carefully. Harry’s pretty sure he can even see his eyelashes from here.

Niall leans over “don’t melt off the bar stool”

Harry hears him but nothing could strip his attention from what is in front of him right now. The room could be burning and he’d still stay on that bar stool staring at this sweet creature he stumbled upon.

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Louis gives a slight bow and a thank you before disappearing back into the crowd. He manages to make it past the random people telling him good job and offering high fives, out the side door and into the alley way. The noise behind him is muffled now and the crisp October air hitting his face is a welcomed feeling. He fiddles around in his pocket for his lighter before lighting a cigarette and placing it back in his jeans. The background noise gets louder for a moment as he hears someone else exiting through the side doors.

“I can not believe you just serenaded a complete stranger at a bar” Zayn yells as he walks up to Louis who’s bouncing on his tip toes. Zayn signals Louis for a lighter and he complies.

“Me either, I just. All I could think about was him and his green eyes that honestly could pass as serenity pools and then they called my name to go up and there he was looking at me with those eyes and well, ya I guess I did serenade him, didn’t I? Do you think it worked?”

Liam and Zayn share a smile.

“Lou we were standing next to him and let’s just say if he wasn’t a pool before he is now”

“Ya Li what did his friend say? Don’t melt off your bar stool?”

“Really? Ok ok, so what do I do now?”

Zayn chuckles and slaps Louis on the back, “Well I’d say you better get back inside and kiss that prince!”

And with that Louis takes one last drag of his cigarette, tossing it on the ground and charging back inside. Once through the doors he scans the room full of people but does not see him, he even finds his way to the bar and still, no princeling. He stops and stands, trying to think of his next move. Praying the other boy didn’t leave.

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Harry thinks maybe he's lost at sea. The boy is gone off stage and Harry has lost sight of him in the crowd. He slightly flinches when Niall grabs his arm pulling him toward the restroom, head still whipping around looking for Louis. Harry thinks it should be weird to use his name, someone he barely knows; but the warmth that covered Harry when they locked eyes, it was such a familiar feeling. A safe feeling. Like being curled up in his favorite writing spot. A window seat. Early day when the sun is new and gentle. Slightly cracked to feel a light breeze on his ankles. The subtle sound of the world around him and all that could be of the day.

"Ya Harry that's really nice, very poetic of you but what's your plan?"

*And great now Harry has lost his mind filter, how much of that did he actually say to Niall? And he's right, what is Harry's plan?*

"Ummm, idk. Like he was clearly singing that song to me right?....so I should....what? go find him? No. That's weird I'm being crazy." Harry rests his head in his hands.

"Ok first off take a breath. Yes, he was totally sending vibes your way; so I think, if it's up to me, go get em. Really mate look at you!"

Niall pulls Harry in-front of one of the bathroom mirrors."

You're tall, handsome and I mean look at this style. You look like a bloody prince."

Harry thinks Niall is right and with that runs a little water over his hands and through his hair. Straightens his long black jacket and smooths his leopard shirt out.

"You're right Niall, I'm just gonna go find him and talk to him like a normal human. "

"Ok good because I'm so ready to leave this bathroom" Niall says with a chuckle and Harry agrees, walking through the door and straight into another person, fumbling over his own legs. He's caught and as he looks up to offer his gratitude and apologies he's met with the sun and a smile.

"Oops" is all he can manage

"Hi" the boy speaks, securing Harry onto his feet. His hands linger on Harry's hip for just a moment and it almost hurts Harry when the touch is gone. And here they are. Just standing there staring at each other. As if they weren't surrounded by a hundred other people.

"Uh Harry I'm going to go get ready to go up, I'll see you in a bit." Niall says giving him a nod and he's gone.

“So um,your-a boyfriends going up?” Says the smaller boy quietly“

Niall?!” Harry says quickly

“No,no that’s just my roommate, I mean he’s my best friend too but no, he’s not my boyfriend.”

“Oh.” Louis says, smile returning to his face, he pauses.

“Um, I was hoping I’d see you again, was wondering if you were maybe up for another drink?” “gin and tonic, right?”

And ok, there is no way harry is imagining this right? This beautiful boy sang to him, remembered his drink order and now is asking Harry to, sit with him?

“You remembered.” Harry giggles

“I would really like that”

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It takes everything in his body to drop his arms from the taller boy’s side. Lost in how long he actually was holding onto him. He’s awoken from his fog by a brunette boy who appears from behind harry.

“Uh Harry I’m going to go get ready to go up, I’ll see you in a bit.”

The boy says patting harry on the back and no. Louis stomach drops. Is this the friend Liam and Zayn mentioned or did Louis misread all of this? *Play it cool* he thinks to himself.

“ So um,your-a boyfriends going up?” He says trying not to let the disappointment show in his voice but there’s really no hiding it. But the other boy objects.

“ Niall? No,no that’s just my roommate, I mean he’s my best friend too but no, he’s not my boyfriend.”

Louis feels the air make its way back into his lungs and thank the lord, he still has a chance. *Take the leap* . He says to himself.

“Um, I was hoping I’d see you again, was wondering if you were maybe up for another drink? gin and tonic, right?” Ok so he remembered this strangers drink order. Is that too weird? But to Louis disbelieve Harry is not showing any signs of being weirded out and, actually he giggled. Louis’ sure his face is going to get stuck in this smile he’s wearing. A small dimple at the end of the tall boys smile appears and Louis promises himself to see that



dimple again as he motions the two of them to empty seats at the end of the bar. Once seated Louis places a signal to the bartender for another round, pushing Harry's arm away when he attempts to pay.

"Rounds on me, don't worry" he says with a warm smile.

"You know you'll have to let me pay eventually" the curly headed boy insists and eventually. Louis thinks. Eventually. Maybe one day. Which means there will be another day, many more days.

"Eventually, maybe, if you're lucky" Louis teases.

The conversation flows effortlessly from topic to topic. Harry laughs at almost everything Louis says and Louis gets lost in the way Harry's deep voice draws out every word. Like he's analyzing everything he says as it comes out of his mouth ; but Louis doesn't understand the need as everything he says is eloquent and beautiful. The way he describes even the littlest thing with such detail. Even if it means he trails off and instead of talking about his favorite movie he ends up telling you a story of a film day he once had in grade school. Louis is content with this. Listening to this man talk. And laugh. And blush. And breathe. And Louis is enamored.

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" And that's why I don't eat milk duds anymore " Harry says finishing his story of this one time in grade school during film day when this other kid stuck melted milk duds in his hair and he had to cut it. He's not sure how he came to start telling that story but Louis watched him tentatively the whole time he rambled. He even smiled and laughed.

"That bloke better hope I never see him on the streets" Louis says with a pretend serious face holding his fists in the air. Harry can't help but throw his head back and laugh. That seems to happen a lot when Louis talks. But he can't help it. His sides prick a little from the constant laughter but it's totally worth it. Harry thinks he could sit here forever listening to Louis talk, and just admire what he's like. One drink, turned into two that turned into waters that they pay little attention to. Harry's not even sure if he missed Niall play, he's not even sure really how long they've been sat at the end of the bar until he takes a look around and sees a much lighter crowd from when they first sat down. It kills him to pull his attention from Louis, and reach into his pocket to look at the time on his phone.

**2:00AM**

\* missed notification\*

**Nailler: didn't want to pull you away from your mystery boy. You owe me. See you back at home. Luv ya**

Oh, he's definitely going to give Niall a big hug and apologize so many times for missing his set. "I can't believe it's 2AM" Harry says

"No way! 2AM? Oh I bet the lads left me" Louis states as he pokes his head up and looks around the bar, before pulling out his phone.

"Yep, they left haha, all good though"

"Ya, Niall left me as well"

"Um well, if you want, since you're alone, I could walk you home. Safety in numbers" Louis offers and Harry has to fight back a sudden yes

"But then you would be walking home alone, and like you said what about safety in numbers" Harry teases

"Oh I can handle myself" Louis pokes back with a wink.

**Louis:1**

**Harry:0**

"If you promise you'll be ok, I think I'd like it if you walked me home, for safety reasons of course" Harry grins from ear to ear when Louis giggles, covering his mouth slightly with the back of his hand. And off they go, out into the clear October night. Harry points them in the direction of his apartment, assuring Louis it's no more than a 15 minute walk. They walk close to each other. Bumping shoulders every once in a while. The conversation slows, just because Harry is too caught up in being here, with Louis, alone, as they walk toward his home. Louis eventually breaks the comfortable silence.

"So what were you going to do, for open mic night I mean." Louis says nudging Harry's arm a little.

"Um, well, I was going to read a poem. Cliche, I know. But um, it's kinda what I do, I mean write poems, or poetry"

"A poem, of course. I see it"

"You see it? What does that mean" Harry pretends to be insulted, but he's sure he probably fails."

No I mean, talking to you, the way you describe everything, and your word choice, I see it, you being a poet." Louis says sincerely

"Really? Thanks. Most people just think I ramble haha."

And Harry's not lying, he knows sometime he does just ramble.

"Would you, um, like to hear it?" He offers nervously. *No going back now Harry.*

"I would love it!" Louis exclaims

"I'm sure it's great. If you're comfortable with reading it to me"

"I wouldn't have offered if I wasn't comfortable with you" and Harry knows he's probably being a bit of a sap, but oh well. It's late, he's alone with this sweet, funny and talented guy. Who better to be sappy for? Harry can see they're almost to his complex.

"This is me right over there, but there is this cute little courtyard, it has a couple picnic tables, if you want we could sit there and I could read you my poem"

"Ya, I'd like that very much" and with the smaller boy's reply Harry motions them over to the tables sitting himself across from where Louis takes his seat.

"Just promise me you won't laugh and if you think it's lame, please pretend it's not"

"Harry I'm positive whatever it is, it's just as amazing as you" The blush that spills over Harry's cheeks can most likely be seen from space.

"Ok, well, here goes nothing, get ready to run far away from here"

Harry reaches for his breast pocket once more, pulling out the folded piece of off white journal paper. He places it in front of him on the table and with one last gulp, he begins:

*The Caption to Love*

*By H.S*

*I can't wait to see you*

*See you at midnight everywhere*

*Available now*

*Available always*

*This speaks to me*

*Scattered images of peace signs in Baltimore*

*On the road again*

*Casual games of scrabble*

*My winding wheel*

*The ultimate combination*

*Of chains around my feet*

*And a quiet dinner*

*Romantics*

*Where's there's no such thing as green*

*But yellow*

*What a lovely view*

He did it. He read the whole thing. And he didn't hear Louis laugh once. Harry looks up from his paper and to the quiet boy sitting across from him. He looks puzzled and Harry starts to scramble.

"I know it's super weird and sounds so lame and it's really not my best, i swear i ha—"

He never gets the chance to finish wherever he was going with that because the smaller boy is throwing himself across the table and crashing his lips into Harry's.

There it goes.

The last brain cell Harry had keeping himself composed. Luckily instinct takes over and Harry brings his hands to the boy's face, engulfing his cheeks in his palms. *This must be what it feels like to hold the world in your hands.* They share a lengthy kiss, synchronizing their mouths quickly. The kiss is hot and sweet. Hands explore hair furiously. And necks. And shoulders. And Harry is so glad he abandoned sitting long ago, it's times like these when he's so thankful he's built like a giraffe. As if their minds were one, they part lips for a breath, foreheads pressed up against one another. Harry is ready to ascend. Louis brushes his nose up against Harry's, and he can't control the two deep dimples caving into his cheeks.

Harry hears Louis take a quick inhale of air

"it was perfect"

All Harry can think, the only words he can form;

"You're perfect."



# Chapter 2

## Chapter Notes

Chapter 2! So excited to put this up!

## Chapter 2

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Louis maneuvers around creaky floorboards from his front door to his bedroom. It's almost 7:30 in the morning, and he'd rather not wake up Zayn and Liam. It's not that he's embarrassed that the sun is out and he's just now getting home; he's just not ready to get laughed at when he tells them that all he and Harry did was talk for hours and share a kiss. Well a couple kisses. Still, he'd like to just stay in this bubble of his for a little while longer. He makes it to his room without a sound from the rest of the apartment, slipping out of his clothes and into a plain white T-shirt. Collapsing onto his bed because it really has been a long day. First classes, then work, he almost forgot it was his turn to do the shopping and he knew Liam would complain if he didn't have eggs after a night of drinking and couldn't push it off another day so he had to go to the store. Then open mic night. He was buzzing as usual for a chance to drink and play some music but he never could have imagined. He certainly wasn't prepared. He didn't even have on his favorite jeans. He's sure it was some sort of luck, maybe even fate, if that's even real. What he's sure of is that he's never stayed up with someone until the sun rose. Well maybe the boys playing video games but that's different. He'd do it again in a heartbeat. He replays the image of Harry reading his poem in his mind. How sheepish he looked, how innocent. How he couldn't wait an extra second from when the boy was done speaking to when he brought their lips together. Strait out of a movie, real sparks and fireworks the whole nine yards. The way their mouths fit so perfectly like they were made for each other. And as if the kiss wasn't good enough then he got to learn so much about his prince. How kind and gentle Harry is. His love for baking and ice coffee. How they go to the same university, like how has Louis never seen this boy before. They even have lectures in the same hall after each other. They could have passed each other, stood in line at the coffee shop at the same time, studied at the same library. Well maybe not the library, but you never know. Maybe this fate thing is real? Louis' brain is tired and with the release of a yawn he knows he's not far from sleep. He pulls out his phone, scrolling to where Harry saved his name with the little green heart emoji next to it.

Louis: had a great night/morning, prolly gonna sleep the day away. Talk after? Btw this is Louis.

. . . . typing

Harry: you put your number in my phone remember haha and i had a great time too. Txt me when you wake up?

Louis: sounds like a plan :]

Louis: Goodnight

Harry: i think you mean good morning

Louis locks his phone, stashing it on his bedside table; falling to sleep with a big smile on his face.

He wakes, muscles a little stiff from the lack of water in his body. He rolls over picking up his phone to see the time. 4:00 PM. The rush of memories from the night before flood in as he sits up in his bed. He runs a hand through his hair before unlocking his phone, still open to his and Harry's message thread.

Louis: i slept like a rock. Hungry?

It doesn't take Harry long to respond and Louis is so very thankful he's not making a total fool of himself assuming that this boy he just met would want to eat what's most likely his first meal of the day with him.

Harry: same here, guess i was having a good dream ;)

Harry: but yes, first meal of the day is the most important, meet me at mine in an hour?

Louis: deal. & maybe you can tell me about that nice dream you were having ;)

Harry: i'll tell you mine if you tell me yours haha

Louis: i'll see you in an hour!

Louis jumps up from his bed in a fury. What the hell is he going to wear? He needs a shower, his hair! He pulls out a pair of black skinnies, a white shirt and a denim button up; grabs a new pair of boxers from his dresser and slings it all over his shoulder making his way to the bathroom. He showers quickly and changes into his fresh clothes. Fixing his hair into a soft side fringe, just the perfect amount of messy before grabbing his keys slipping on his red and black vans and making his way for the door. He was so focused on his mission he almost missed Liam and Zayn on the couch. Well he did miss them until Zayn was throwing a pillow at him.

"Oi and where are you going mr.stays out all night, sleeps all day?" Zayn hollers from across the living room. And crap i guess I wasn't that quiet this morning.

"I'm out to get some food, yk slept all day, need refueling."

"Oh ya? Need some company or do you have that covered too?" Liam's wiggling his eyebrows at Louis and ok maybe he can spare five minutes to tell his boys some deets.

"Ok ok, i'll tell you everything" and he runs over to the couch plopping down in between his two best friends.

"Ok so the prince is seriously like a fucking prince! We talked at the bar last night till like two in the morning. Hes 22,a poet and actually goes to our university studying for his English degree with a minor in Education. I walked him home last night and he read me a poem. We kissed and like guys I'm not kidding when I say FIREWORKS WENT OFF! We stayed up talking outside in his courtyard till the sun came up, like actually watched the sun come up together, what kind of sappy shit is that? He's only a 15 minute walk from here so now I'm going to go have breakfast, or well dinner, what ever. I'm going to go eat with him and I'm

only slightly nervous and can't stay too long because i told him I'd be there in a hour, 40 minutes ago. Do I look ok?"

The other boy's expressions catch up soon as they process the load of information. Both smiling largely.

"Louis, that sounds....." Zayn starts

"That sounds great Lou!" Liam says elbowing Zayn a little

"Ya Lou, sounds like a fucking fairytale!" Zayn says reassuring Louis of his support.

"So I should go right? This is a good idea?" Louis not even sure why he's asking, at this rate his heart wouldn't listen to a damn soul if they said otherwise.

Both boys nod vigorously

"Yes Lou! Go now!!"

"Ya mate, you look great, don't want to leave your prince waiting haha"

Louis friends engulf him in a hug and wish him good luck before practically shoving him out the front door and closing it behind him. Not that Louis needed the extra push, but it sure didn't hurt. He makes his way out the building, and begins his walk toward Harry's. The walk is easy. No hills or bends, just neighborhoods and apartment buildings. Even a couple small store fronts and a small grocery store, marking halfway from his house to Harry's. He's approaching Harry's complex, stopping in the courtyard. He realizes this is as far as they went last night and Louis has no idea what apartment is actually Harry's. Well he walked Harry to the main complex door this morning when they said their goodbyes. Louis could have sat and listened to Harry talk forever but the little yawns escaping both of their mouths had other ideas. He pulls his phone out his his jean jacket;

Louis: hey umm, so i just realized i have no idea which apartment is yours haha

Harry: oops! It's that building you walked me to last night, 1003, apt. B8. door's unlocked :)

Louis not sure what's about to happen all he knows is there is a beautiful boy in that apartment and Louis wants, needs, to see him.

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Harry had already been up for an hour when Louis texted him. He'd woken up, barging into Niall's room where Niall was trying to study for who knows what. He told him everything, some things multiple times because it was almost like a dream. Harry showered. Niall left for work. Now Harry was growing nervous. Wavering back and forth from he's not going to text me and no he's just still asleep. So when his phone finally dinged showing Louis name with the little blue heart emoji next to it, Harry lunged for his phone.

Louis: i slept like a rock. Hungry?

Harry: same here, guess i was having a good dream ;)

Harry: but yes, first meal of the day is the most important, meet me at mine in an hour? Where is this confidence coming from?

Louis: deal. & maybe you can tell me about that nice dream you were having ;)



Harry: ill tell you mine if you tell me yours haha

Louis: ill see you in an hour

Oh shit it worked

Harry begins to race around his apartment fixing anything that he deems out of place. Luckily for him, he keeps a tidy home so not much to worry about. He guesses they could always go out for something to eat, but Harry wants Louis all to himself, and Niall's already gone so, why not stay here. Harry makes his way to the kitchen. He knows he has whatever he needs. Thanks to his cooking habits and Niall's eating habits, they keep a good kitchen. You know for two college boys. Make the boy breakfast. He keeps repeating in his mind. Like some sort of Rom-Com script he's reading through or a how to list in cosmo 'How to get a boy to like you in 7 easy steps'. Harry starts whipping up some waffle batter and heats the oven for bacon. Bagels ready by the toaster, fruit cut up and in the fridge, eggs ready as soon as Harry figures out how Louis likes his eggs. Orange juice and tea on the table, he even took out his favorite tea cups. He thinks for a split second it's all too much but there's no going back now. Harry's starting his batch of waffles when his phone vibrates in his pink floral apron.

Louis: hey umm, so i just realized i have no idea which apartment is yours haha

Harry: oops! It's that building you walked me to last night, 1003, apt 2-H. door's unlocked :)

Harry has no time to think about how creepy it might have sound to invite a boy you've known for less than a day into your home by telling him the door's unlocked as he's placing all the things he's made on the dining table, and returning to his waffles. He starts on his own eggs to keep himself busy instead of melting into a pool of nerves before Louis even gets inside. He's praying Louis doesn't prefer pancakes to waffles when he hears the door open and a couple knocks.

"in the kitchen" Harry yells

Louis seems to find his way to the kitchen easily.

"You know, it's not very safe for someone as pretty as you to keep their doors unlocked"

Louis says sliding around the hall corner into the kitchen. His mouth goes slack a little when he take in everything Harry has prepared for them, eyes going even wider when they fall on Harry. Omg I'm still wearing this apron Harry blushes a little and removes the apron placing it back on its hook in the pantry. When Harry turns back around Louis has hoisted himself up onto the counter, swinging his legs a little. Harry has got the cutest boy here in his kitchen and he's not going to mess this up. He strides over to where Louis is sat.

"Well it aloud a cute stranger like yourself to come in, so maybe unlocked doors aren't too bad" Harry tays with a small smirk. He has the feeling Louis not one to back down. With dramatic flair Louis brings his hand to his chest, turns his head a little and closes his eyes.

"Harold, me a stranger? How could you say such a thing" he peaks one eye open and crack a little laugh before turning back to Harry. Harry can feel his dimples in full force, nothing he can do about it. So he continues in their game.

" Oh Lou, won't you forgive me?" He says. Harry even brings the big guns out by sticking out his lower lip and batting his eyelashes a couple times. He's not sure why this thing that should be so silly and awkward to do with someone you've known for 18 hours feels so

natural. Like something he's done a million times across a million lifetimes. Louis tugs Harry's shirt a little pulling him closer, wrapping his legs around Harry's hips and closing the space between them before speaking.

"Yes, of course, always" Louis' words graze over Harry's lips with a warm breath and Harry just can't take it any longer. Harry places his hands on Louis thighs slowly sliding upwards, settling at his hips and brings their mouths together for a long awaited kiss. Warm and sweet. Not too long to get carried away with, even though flash images of taking Louis right here on the kitchen counter pulse through every cell in his body. Harry draws back with his lip tucked under his tooth. Later Harry, later.

"so um i made breakfast, hope you're a waffle kind a guy"

Louis chuckles a little "I'll take whatever i can get"

"Well lucky for you I've got a lot to share" Harry winks at the older boy, lowering his arms and walking over to the stove. "How do you like your eggs?"

"scrambled, but i'll only allow you to make them if you put that pink apron back on" and Louis is outright giggling. Harry cackles throwing a hand over his mouth before trying to continue

"I think we can work something out"

Breakfast proceeds with Harry making Louis eggs and Louis giggling at Harry's pink apron. Begging Harry to let him take a picture. Harry eventually caves because how can he not, its Louis. His actions are justified when Louis saves the picture as Harry's contact photo. They eat the small buffet Harry prepared at the dining room table. Louis even helps Harry clean up the kitchen and load the dishes away. Once they've done their fair share of adulting they make their way to the living room couch. Harry puts on Netflix but turns his body completely towards Louis'. He's not concerned with what's on the t.v as it really only plays as background noise. Harry hasn't said anything as he stares at the boy sitting next to him. He's thinks its just fine though since Louis' staring at him too, not a word escaping his lips.

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L

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Louis plans on riding his high from this weekend strait through till Friday. It really was the best weekend Louis thinks he's ever had. Saturday they ate breakfast for dinner and spent the night cuddled up on the couch. Cheering for different bakers on the t.v and just soaking up each others company. Too many moments caught up in each others eyes with slight exchanges of giggles and nose tickles. Sunday spent very similarly. Harry makes a late breakfast and they spend the night hours intertwined on the couch. In their self made bubble. Stealing kisses back and forth. It's Monday now which means Louis has classes and work and Harry will have classes and work. Luckily for them they took a little time away from staring at each other to compare schedules. Louis was for it just as much Harry was, both agreeing to be super weird together and just plan little moments they could steal from each other. Louis T.A's at 10am for his favorite theater professor on Mondays and Wednesdays, and Harry's creative writing course doesn't start till 10:30 so they agreed to get coffee at 9:15. On Tuesday's they both have a lecture in the same hall at 12, so they decide lunch at the commons will do. Thursday came as a issue though as they both had classes on opposite ends of campus, then Louis has his shift at the radio station while Harry has yoga. And ya Louis giggled a little when Harry said he had yoga class every week, but really he's not shocked. Harry is fit. He had to get like that somehow. So they accept that Thursday's just might not

work out even though they'll try and shoot for a late dinner. Fridays should be simple, both have early lecture and day shifts at work so by 6pm they are free for the weekend. And ya when Louis plays it all out in his mind, to the average person it most likely sounds bonkers to plan your whole week(s) out with someone you've known for a couple days but, Louis can't explain it. It just kinda happened. Everything just seems to happen with Harry, seems to work out. Louis never felt like this before. Like he's being carried out to sea by a large rushing wave. He's nervous, and a little scared but not hesitant. There's just something so compelling in him telling him over and over Take that leap. The same little voice that told him to buy Harry a drink and start it all. That voice has gotten him this far and he's not about to start second guessing it now. So he's up earlier than normal for a Monday and striding out the door. The trip to the campus is short using the bus and 10 minutes after leaving his apartment he's walking through the small campus cafe doors. He quickly spots Harry in the corner with a beaming smile and two iced coffees in front of him. He gives Harry a small kiss to the cheek before placing his jacket and bag over the chair.

"Goodmorning love, how'd you manage to actually get a table?" Louis greets

"Well unlike some people, I enjoy mornings, so I've been here since 8:30"

"8:30! Oh you've got to be kidding, what have you been doing this whole time?" Louis is always shocked by morning people and how they even function so early.

"Well I had a bagel, and a coffee, read a little from this new book of poems I got last week, i got a second coffee for me and a bagel and coffee for you and then you showed up" the smile on his face is so pure and Louis' not sure how he got so lucky to have this kind of boy in his life. The kind of boy who gets you breakfast and is happy to see your face even if it's too early to actually be happy about anything.

"You really are the purest human" Louis replies as he reaches for his iced coffee. He takes a much needed large drink. He didn't leave Harry's till 1am last night and he is very much paying for that now.

"and thank you for remembering my coffee order, it is a blessing"

"you're not the only one around here that can remember drink orders haha and no problem Lou, it's the least i could do, seeing i kept you so late last night haha"

And Harry's only semi right. Louis first mentioned leaving because it was late around midnight, but it took another hour to build up the strength to actually leave. 15 of those minutes spent in Harry's door frame saying goodbye and stealing kisses over and over. So he guess' he can take some of the blame for his tired body. Harry starts in about his creative writing course while Louis sips away at his Caramel Macchiato. Harry even remembered the extra shot and cinnamon that Louis says makes it so much better. Louis walks Harry to class soon after assuring him he can make it T.A on time. Stopping outside the hall Louis lingers his body in front of Harry's.

"I'll promise to text you in between classes, if you promise to reply" Louis says straightening a little piece of Harry's jacket to keep his hands busy.

"HMMMMMMMMM," Harry says bringing his hand up to rub his chin, smirking a little

"Harry!"

"Pinky promise" he says bringing his lengthy pinky up to link with Louis'.

Louis leans up to plant a quick kiss on Harry's lips before shooing him toward the doors and walking away to the campus theatre.

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H

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Having a Monday morning coffee buddy was a pleasure for Harry. Most people hate mornings therefor Harry normally spends them alone and the change was a welcomed one. On Tuesday Louis' held Harry's hand on the way to the commons for lunch. Harry beamed for the rest of the day. On Wednesday he was graced with a comfy and tired Louis when he showed up to the coffee shop a whole 30 minutes earlier than planned just so they could have a little more time together before class. Thursday though was a true test. The first full day where they didn't see each other since meeting. They tried. They texted back and forth all day but Louis' shift at the radio station went longer than scheduled due to someone being sick, and Harry's hot Yoga class made him so tired he fell asleep waiting for Louis to get off. Today though is Friday and that means in a few short hours ,after class, they have no more responsibilities. Niall is going to his parents for the weekend and Harry is ready to pull out all the stops. He's got his grocery list in his pocket, ready to stock up on snack and breakfast food. Movies for them to watch, or not watch. Harry's prepared to spend the whole weekend in his apartment with Louis. His plan to woo the older boy to stay is a pretty solid plan. And Harry's not just trying to get Louis in his bed. Ok ya that's part of the plan but only part of it. The rest he imagines they spend laughing and making waffles. Tangled on the couch and honestly doing anything as long as they are together. Every moment spent with Louis is like a pure surge of lightning. Sending every nerve in Harry's body into overdrive with even the slightest touch. Harry earns for more contact. To have his hands on Louis where ever he'll have him. To feel Louis' lips on his sin. He can only imagine how soft his skin is in places unseen to the rest of the world. He needs to have Louis in that way. Needs Louis to take him in that way. Any way, every way, please. He shakes his head clear, picking up his books and heading out the class before causing a problem for himself in public. Walking toward the bus station he pulls out his phone to let louis know he's out of class.

Harry: hey lou! Finally out of class. Julia gave me the night off. Heading to the grocery store, so any requests must be filed asap. Xoxo

Louis: Finally! I've been out of class since noon and Barbara felt bad about me having to stay late yesterday and took my shift today :) butttttt i have a favor to ask you, non snack related.....

Harry's not sure what to expect as Louis favor and there's only one way to find out so...

Harry: for you, the world haha shoot!

Louis: ok so i know we talked about staying in and watching movies but my mates really want me to go play pool with them and i was hoping, maybe, you'd like to go.

Louis: if not I totally understand and i'll just tell em to fuck off, it's not like I don't live with them and see them everyday or something.

Harry smiles at his phone for a moment at the flustered boy on the other end. Of course Harry wanted a night in alone with Louis but they do have all weekend. What's a couple of hours

shared with his friends.

Harry: sounds good to me, I'd love to meet your roommates :)

Louis: REALLY HARRY?! THANK YOU SO MUCH!

Louis: you're going to love them i promise, and i swear after we can go back to yours and watch whatever movie you want!

Harry: sounds good to me :) so should i meet you at your apartment?

Louis: no love, i can pick you up at yours. 7:30 ok? We're going to meet them at the pizza parlor and eat before hand.

Harry: I'll be waiting.

Harry hurries off to the store grabbing the necessary provisions for the coming days. Once back at his apartment he puts away the groceries and heads for the shower. He takes his time cleaning his body with his favorite lavender and mint soap. He even leaves his conditioner in an extra couple minutes because why not. He's standing in front of his closet with nothing but a towel on his head slinging through T-shirts and blouses. He's been to the pool hall with Niall and knows its a rather casual establishment. But Harry's always got a habit of overdressing and that's not going to change now. Not when he's got Louis to impress and friends to woo over. He pulls out his sheer black long sleeved blouse and sets it on his bed before returning for a pair of faded blue skinnies, ripped at the knees and adds them to his pile. He pulls on a pair of briefs on before slipping into the jeans. The light material of his blouse lay over his toned muscles perfectly and he decides to leave the top half unbuttoned. Harry gives his curls a quick tussle with the towel before stepping in front of the mirror in his room. His tattoos are fully visible through the top and Harry can't help but feel a little proud of himself. He pulls on socks, and his favorite black Chelsea boots before falling onto his bed. As confident as he's feeling right now, a little Niall pep talk couldn't hurt so he pulls out his phone scrolling to their thread.

Harry: Niall! Change of plans, I'm meeting Louis' roommates tonight. Wish me luck!

Nialler: if you're lucky Louis has already told them how much of a dork you are so they aren't in to much shock when they meet you.

Harry: hey! No fair!

Nialler: ok ok ok, in all realness, I'm sure you'll smash it. And if you're lucky smash Louis too ;);)

Harry: you are seriously no help!

Harry: this was supposed to be a pep talk

Nialler: I'm sorry, I couldn't help myself. Really though H, you'll be fine! That boy is crazy for you i just know it. & I love you!

Harry: lets hope so!!!! love you too.

Harry slips his phone into his back pocket and heads back over to the mirror, taming a few wild curls and adding a little cologne for good measure. He knows he still has a little spare time till Louis comes to get him so in pure getting ready fashion he turns Back to his phone, clicking on Spotify to play his favorite playlist.

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

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

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L

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Louis gets to Harry's at 7:15. He's not normally one to be early but he's kinda been waiting to see Harry for the last two days and can not wait any longer. He's buzzing in his favorite black skinny jeans, the ones that Liam swears are way to tight not to be jeggings. His Stone Roses cut off shows the definition in his shoulders and leave his tattoos on display. He takes his jean jacket and tosses it over his shoulder before getting out of his car. He thinks about texting Harry telling him he's there but knowing Harry he's most likely ready and just sitting on the couch waiting for Louis, so he just heads on up to his apartment. He checks the door handle, finding it unlocked, and Louis is really going to have to talk to Harry about locking his door. He enters the apartment, and hears music coming from further in the apartment.

"Harry love! Mmh here!, are you ready to go?" He leaves his jacket on the back of the couch, following the booming sound of Shania Twain until he reaches what he assumes to be Harry's room. He leans against the door's threshold, enjoying every moment that passes with Harry not realizing that he's there. He's got a comb in hand, eyes shut and is singing his little heart out. This boy is everything.

"The best thing about being a woman is the prerogative to have a little fun and OH OH OH" the way his hips swing to the music send bolts of electricity down Louis' back. The taller boy's shirt is practically non-existent and Louis can see every line of back muscle as they flex with every move Harry makes. Louis not sure how much more of this show he can take before he's ready to strip Harry of what he's sure to argue is a shirt and spend the night trailing kisses over the boy's body. Luckily for him the song begins to fade out and Louis finally gains the other boy's attention with a well-deserved round of applause. Harry turns around hastily, a full blush over his face when he sees Louis standing there in his doorway. He makes a dash to his phone, stopping the music before it continues with the next song.

"Awww shows over?" Louis says with a little pout, and Harry tosses his comb at him.

"I can not believe you! How long have you been standing there?" The blush still hasn't left Harry's cheeks and Louis just fine with that.

"Well maybe you should lock your door and you wouldn't have a interrupted jam session"

"Well i guess if I did that then you would haven't gotten to see these sweet moves" Harry gives one last little turn around, finishing with a curtsy.

"Well played styles" Louis strides across the room pulling Harry into his arms and quickly giving him a little dip.

"maybe if you play your cards right i'll show you my moves" Harry has got Louis in a playful mood and he feels on top of the world. He lifts Harry back up, keeping his hands around the boy's waist. Harry leans down and presses his lips to Louis'. They stay there a moment, happy to be together once again.

"Missed you" Louis says in a low whisper

"Missed you too Lou"

Louis leads them out to the living room picking up his jacket from the couch. Harry follows suit, pushing them out the door and locking up behind them.

“Wait!” Louis almost forgot he meant to invite Niall.

“Does Niall want to come? He’s more than welcomed!” Louis spent enough time at Harry’s this past week to get to know Niall is a cool guy and doesn’t want him to feel left out.

“Well, um” Harry hesitates slightly “Niall went to visit his parent this weekend”

And oh, so that means there’s no one at Harry’s all weekend. Louis tries to keep his head level.

“Oh, so the apartment’s all yours this weekend?”

“Yep.” Harry says quickly, and okay Louis not going to make it. He has half the mind to turn Harry around, and keep him inside that apartment all weekend long. But he promised the lads a boys night so he’ll have to wait. Or at least he’s going to try.

“You can stay, tonight, if you want of course. No pressure, or anything. You can have my bed and I can take the couch, or Niall’s bed.” Louis can see Harry stumbling over his words, a little nervous at what he’s proposing. Deciding not to let the boy suffer.

“Harry, I would love to stay at yours tonight. And I don’t mind sharing a bed, as long as you won’t steal the covers.” Harry’s face lights up

“Really, okay. Cool. And I can um make breakfast, at like actual breakfast time.”

“Well it’s not like I’m going to make it.” Louis says with a little wink. They make their way to Louis car, Louis of course being a proper gentleman by opening Harry’s door before hurrying over to his own. He was already planning on showing Harry a fabulous time, but thoughts of lesser pure things are starting to creep through his mind and now he has really got to bring his A game because now he and Harry are going to be alone all night, hell all weekend and the possibilities are endless.

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H

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Harry’s pretty sure he died back at his apartment. Somewhere between Louis catching him mid Shania and Louis agreeing to stay the night. Other than possibly being a ghost, the night is on the right track. Louis didn’t let go of Harry’s hand the whole way to the pizza parlor. He even opened his car door when they got there. He lets Louis lead them hand in hand into the shop and over to both where two other boys sit. Harry’s not shocked to see that Louis’ friends are extremely handsome. The one on the inside of the booth is slightly taller, soft fringe poking out from under a beanie. His Carmel skin is covered in ink. His arm rests over the shoulder of a equally pretty brunette boy in a snapback. His arms are just as littered with ink as the other boy’s and Harry thinks he might just fit in here. A large smile is plastered on his face as they approach the boot.

“Lads!, this is Harry, Harry these are the lads.” Louis introduces them as they slide in on the other side of the booth, Harry taking the inside

“How rude Louis! Hi, I’m Liam, and this is my boyfriend Zayn.”

“I’m more than just a boyfriend Liam” the other boy, Zayn snaps back playfully.

Harry can’t help but let out a small giggle before returning their greeting.

“I’m Harry, like um Lou said.”

“Please tell me you ordered?” Louis piped up

“Yes princess, don’t worry.” Zayn provides with a chuckle

Harry can see the blush come across Louis’ face. He reaches under the table and places a



supportive hand on the Louis' thigh. Their eyes lock for a moment and they share a content smile before Liam has turned his full attention on Harry.

"So Harry, Lou says you're a prince is that true—owh! Fuck."

Louis shoots Liam a fierce look and Harry knows he just kicked Liam under this table. And if he thinks Harry's going to let him off so easy, he's got another thing coming.

"Oh did he?" Harry says bringing his hand faintly to his chest. "I told him it was our little secret."

And a giggle escapes past Harry's gaping smile erupting the other two boys in laughter as well. Louis tries to mask his blushing face with the ends of his jacket.

"Oki oki, you guys have had your fun at my expense, can we move on."

A few more giggles from Harry and then he promises Louis he'll stop. They talk over pepperoni pizza and sodas. Liam and Zayn even help distract Louis enough so he can pay their part of the tab. Louis pouts for a moment but gives it up easily. They make their way to the car, the other boys take the back seat and Liam instantly reaches for the aux cord.

"Ya haz, Liam thinks he's a dj so be prepared" haz? Did Louis just give me a nickname?

"I AM A DJ." Liam explains from the back seat searching through his playlists before selecting some sort of club remix. Louis turns it down instantly. Louis resumes his driving position, one hand on the wheel, and one hand intertwined with Harry's. The drive isn't a long one and they're at the pool hall thankfully after only 3 songs from Liam's playlist. They all enter the pool hall, Harry and Liam split to get a booth while Louis and Zayn head off to the bar. The boys return and they settle in the booth just like at the parlor.

Liam raises his glass "Well cheers, we made it another week."

"And what a week it was." Louis adds hooking their ankles together under the table before raising his glass, Harry smiles and follows suit. The four boys clink their glasses together and all take a hefty gulp before placing their drinks back on the table. Harry's in the middle of a pretty hilarious story of how he tried to teach Louis to make waffles on Sunday. His arms are gesturing wildly as he acts out him and Louis fanning the smoke alarm with Harry's pink apron. He's sure that if Zayn wasn't on the inside of the booth he'd be on the floor from laughing so hard. Liam is trying to apologize for not warning Harry sooner about Louis being in the kitchen through a hard laugh.

In an attempt to hide from the embarrassment Louis escapes to go get another pitcher for the table. Liam is still wiping tears off his face when he returns. Louis though has a very mischievous smile on his face and Harry doesn't trust it. He's not the only one because Zayn is calling him out before Harry gets the chance.

"And what are you up to?" He says pointing a finger across the table

"Me, oh nothing. Nothing at all."

Harry has a brow raised at Louis and just as he's about continue with the interrogation, his ears ring with a familiar "LET'S GO GIRLS." and it takes everything inside Harry to keep his composure. He leans back a little sending a smirk Louis' way, nodding his head and simply says "okay". Okay, don't worry you'll pay for that. The closer the second pitcher gets to the bottom the more Louis' hand explores Harry's body. His arm started around Harry's shoulder, until he leaned forward and looped it around his waist where his thumb traced circles over the sheer fabric of his shirt. He's since then moved again leaving his hand grasping onto Harry's thigh. Harry doesn't mind though, he just scoots closer wrapping his arm around the smaller boy's shoulder brushing his knuckles up and down his arm. Midway through the third pitcher a pool table finally opens up and they abandon their booth. They place their jackets and drinks on a small table near the pool sticks. Liam's already got a cue in his hand and is thrusting one into Harry's.

“I want Harry to be my partner!” He demands.

“What?! My own boyfriend doesn’t even wanna be my pool partner?”

“I want Harry because he’s the tallest and I called dibs so sorry boys.”

Harry offers a smile and a shrug to Louis,

“Well he’s right, he called dibs first hahaha.” Harry presses the wooden triangle against Louis’ chest,

“Rack em’ boys.”

Louis just rolls his eyes and heads toward the end of the table. They all agree to let Harry break and he wastes no time scattering the balls sending two striped ones in the pocket. The game is steady and close. One stripe left to no solids. Louis’ one ball away from going peacock and Harry just can’t let that happen. He lets Louis line up to take his shot at the 8 ball. He’s leaned against the table, elbow resting on the felt. Harry has one chance to get this right. Just as Louis brings his cue back Harry leans down to the boy’s ear, low and slow he says

“I bet pool tables aren’t the only thing you look good bent over.”

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L

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Louis’ elbow falters sending his cue in the wrong direction and knocking the white ball into a pocket. He can see Liam’s victory dance and hear Zayn asking for a rematch, but all he can focus on is the heat pooling in his stomach. He looks behind him to see Harry’s arms crossed and hip cocked with the biggest smirk on his face. Cautiously he steps over to him after assuring no visible issues are going on.

“I’m assuming that was my punishment for the Shania Twain?” He says giving Harry a little pinch on the arm.

“Aye! Ya, you could say that. Keep it up and there’s more where that came from” smooth Louis, stay smooth.

“You talk a big game Styles, but are you sure you can handle everything I have to offer?”

Ok fairly smooth

“I only dish out what I can take.” and dang, Harry’s good at this playful thing. Louis thinks he might have met his match.

“Oi! Your majesties, can we get on with our rematch.

“ game on Styles, your rack.”

Louis’ spends the duration of the game doing whatever he can think of to get a rise out of Harry. Purposely taking shots in front of wherever Harry is stood. Sticking his bum out a little more than usual even giving it a little wiggle. Chalking his cue before every turn slowly blowing away the excess chalk. Harry’s catching on to his game though and fires back with flexed muscles, even takes a couple shots behind his back. He knows they’re being obvious and he’ll apologize to Zayn and Liam later, but right now he and Harry are at war to see who will crack first and he’s determined to win. Their playful banter is cut short when Liam scratches. Then Zayn demanded he play a game with Liam as his partner. But just because their banter was cut short does not mean their game was over. The rules have just changed. Instead of dangling in front of one another just out reach, they stay close. Hips connected between every shot. Louis keeps finding himself tucked under Harry’s arm and its get harder

to take his turn with every passing moment. Louis feels Harry rest his chin on his shoulder and he leans into Harry's hair a little. He closes his eye, just for a moment to take in Harry's scent. I think I lost this round. He feels the warmth from Harry's body slip away slowly as he goes to take his turn. He scratches. Liam jumps a little. Zayn and him share a big high five and a small kiss.

"Oh, Lou I'm so sorry, I lost us the game!"

The way Harry is looking at Louis right now shows no inkling of remorse. His eyes look Louis over with need. Maybe we tied.

"M'gonna go out for a smoke, come with me?" Harry practically jumps for their jackets. Louis send a look over his shoulder to the boys and tells them they'll be right back. As the patio door closes behind them, Louis is latched onto Harry like his life depends on it. Harry slowly walks them backwards, lips never leaving Louis', pressing his back against the next door building's brick exterior. Hands wonder furiously past jackets and under shirts. Harry dips his head, trickling kisses down Louis' jaw to the soft of his neck. Louis pushes up on his tip toes, pressing harder into Harry's body. Harry throws his head back inhaling sharply. He returns to press his forehead against Louis'

A low raspy whisper escapes his lips.

"You drive me up the wall."

"I think you mean you're driving me up this wall." Louis says with a staggered breath.

Harry laughs lightly.

"Let's walk home, I mean to mine."

If Louis didn't know better he'd think he had hearts for eyes.

"Cig first, then I'll tell the boys?"

"Deal."

Harry doesn't move far though. Body still hovering over Louis' with his arm just over Louis' shoulder pressed against the wall. Harry watches Louis carefully as he lights his cigarette. Never moving from his spot. I can stay like this forever.

The dim patio lights create shadows that falls over Harry's face like art. The sharp edges of his cheek bones are on full display and Louis can't seem to look away. Amazed at this boy in front of him. With him. Leaving with him. His.

He finishes his cigarette quickly and they head back into the hall.

"Hey boys! Do ya mind if Harry and I walk home? You guys can take the car."

He's already tossing the keys at Zayn before he can reply.

Zayn catches them barely.

"Ya Lou, s'all good."

"Harry it was really nice to finally meet you." Liam says as he extends his arm to Harry and pulls him into a hug.

"Be good to my mate." Liam whispers in his ear and Harry just nods

"Good to meet you guys too, really I had a great time."

They all say a final goodbye; Louis and Harry speed walk to door, giggling as they begin down the street toward Harry's apartment. The walk is timeless. Every moment feels like it passes by in haze yet they savor every one. They run and jump. Laughing like little kids while they race down the street. Swinging their arms as they walk hand in hand. Towards the end Louis jumps on Harry's back planting his head on Harry's shoulder. They continue their trip in comfortable silence. The walk was so amazing and Louis' not sure how things could get any better, but he remembers how dark green Harry's eyes got back on the patio and he's looking forward to them making another appearance. A whole weekend alone. I'm not going to survive.

Harry is hungry; has been all night. Hungry for Louis. He's not sure if he was subtle or if Louis' friends saw straight through him. He just couldn't stop his thoughts racing through images of the smaller boys golden skin. Exposed. The goosebumps that appear when he runs his fingers across his clavicle. How he can't wait to explore him. To indulge and savor him. To take care of his every need. To have him in that way. He needs Louis to need him. Wants him to be just as hungry as he is. They are so close to his apartment. So close to being alone behind closed doors. Harry's trying not to get psyched up. What if he just wants to watch a movie and go to sleep. Fuck. Calm down Harry. Harry can't calm down. Louis just started trailing wet kisses down his neck. His teeth graze Harry's skin lightly. Cold air blows against Louis' saliva left on his skin covering Harry in a chill. He presses harder into the boy's thighs. Holding on tight trying not to drop the boy while quickening his pace. Louis returns to peppering his neck. His tongue crosses skin in long strips leaving Harry's head fuzzy. He can feel his pants growing tighter. One more block. Louis pecks up to Harry's ear lobe, catching it between his teeth. He brings his mouth back a little and whispers into Harry's ear "You taste so good."

Harry doesn't respond just grips harder onto Louis' thighs. Taking longer strides which end in a light jog through the courtyard and up the stairs to the complex. He places Louis down, clumsily searching for his house key. He drops it on the ground cursing under his breath and Louis just giggles. Wrapping his arms around Harry, pressing his body against his back as he turns the key and pushes open his front door. Louis walks in past Harry, turning on the hall light. Harry locks the door and turns to find Louis leaning against the opposite wall. Hands tucked behind him and lip tucked under his tooth. The smile on the boy's face could melt a glacier. The hall light is low and still leaves the majority of the apartment in darkness. Almost leaving Louis in a spotlight. Just like he deserves; He bends slightly, hosting Louis back up. Louis hooks his feet together around Harry's back. His fingers run through Harry's curls slightly tugging at the roots. Harry throws his head back allowing a small moan to escape. Louis arches his back off the wall pressing his hips into Harry's.

"Fuck Lou." Harry bites.

He's smashes their lips together. It's got to be the messiest kiss Harry has ever had. There's so much want, so much need in the way their tongues search each others mouths. Lifting Louis away from the wall, Harry makes his way down the hall to his room. Never taking his lips off Louis' he gives the door a little kick and enters flipping on the light switch with his elbow. He settles for the closest piece of furniture, sitting Louis on his desk. Louis' legs drop but stay hooked behind Harry's knees. Harry pulls back his lips. Lungs practically begging for air. Louis' lips chase Harry's momentarily, just out of breath as Harry is.

"Lou. you feel—I want—"

Harry is trying to form words, but his brain is focused on his hands wondering over Louis' body. Louis brings a finger to Harry's chin lifting it slightly, locking eyes. Harry knows his eyes are probably dark with lust. Louis cups his hand over Harry's cheek, leaning close to give Harry a small soft kiss.

"I want you too. Need you, please." Louis nuzzles his nose against Harry's tightening a little around his body. Harry's heart warms and his hands change course. He lifts the boy up again

and gently lays him down on his bed. They both kick off their shoes and Louis moves further up the mattress. Harry takes a moment to take in all that is before him. This soft, beautiful boy in his bed. He wants Harry just as much as Harry wants him. A angel that fell from the sky and into his life. Into his bed. A large grin creeps across his face and he just lets it.

“What?!” Louis is biting his lip waiting for Harry’s response.

“It's just that...you are so beautiful”

A wild blush spreads over Louis’ cheeks. The older boy hides his face in the pillows; a muffled “Stop” comes from where he lays. Harry starts to work unbuttoning the remaining buttons on his blouse, discarding it on the floor. Louis turns his head back toward him. Mouth slightly agape at the sight in front of him.

“Please get over here”

## Chapter End Notes

Here it is. Chapter 3. It was fun to write them being so playful!

## End Notes

I really want to say thank you to my friends for dealing with me through all this. This is the first fic I've ever written and i can not be happier with it. It has developed a mind of its own and really challenged me at times. Follow my blog on tumblr for updates and just cuz  
Justanotherglassofbrandi

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!