

Think I'm gonna Stick With you (Larry Stylinson)

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Think I'm gonna Stick With you (Larry Stylinson)

by [happydaysbus1](#)

Summary

Harry Styles is the Star of the moment. Louis doesn't hate him, but he doesn't love him either.

Notes

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

Chapter 1

{The version extended of this fic is on Twitter aswell. LARRY SMAU:
[https://twitter.com/ownhiding/status/1229108829129973761?
t=3ehlOo4bJkAc6Pn5hZ6i3A&s=19](https://twitter.com/ownhiding/status/1229108829129973761?t=3ehlOo4bJkAc6Pn5hZ6i3A&s=19) }

"Tell me again, why am I doing this?"

"Because Dad forced you."

Louis nodded and pointed to the hundreds of girls around him. Screaming. Like crazy. Each of them. "Will they ever shut up?"

"Are you aware that Harry isn't even on stage? You will probably be deaf by the end of the concert"

Louis snorted and massaged his temples. All right. He must have imagined it. He was surrounded by hormonal and hysterical teenagers, waiting for his idol.

Harry Styles.

Yes, Louis knows him, of course. His sister was the one who had taken care of all his family (and probably the neighbours too) listening to his songs.

And yes, Louis knew that Harry was sexy.

But that wasn't the case.

He didn't want to be there. He had plans tonight, he didn't want to be a babysitter.

Their father had given Lottie tickets for her birthday, but her best friend couldn't go and Louis had to take her at the last minute. They would have sold the ticket if it wasn't because Lottie was 16 years old and his parents didn't want her to go to a concert alone. He now had to tolerate all the cries and shoves of unbearable children, because yes, Louis had no patience for this. It was one thing to listen to Harry Styles while at home, but it was quite another to have to tolerate him for two hours around girls (and not so girls) screaming like crazy.

And as he imagined, it was worse when the concert began. They had good locations, so it was justified that his sister was crying the moment she first saw him so closely.

Real tears.

Louis rolled his eyes and rubbed her back. "Its okay, its okay, darling" Lottie was sobbing from one moment to another and he just couldn't understand. "Did you come to cry?"

"No, no ..." Lottie said and wiped her tears. "I can't believe it! He's real! He's there, in flesh and blood!"

"Did you think he was an alien?" Louis raised an eyebrow.

Lottie laughed. "Asshole! He's so beautiful! So beautiful! Look at him! Isn't he beautiful? Harryyyyyyyyyyy!" She scream.

"As much as you scream, he won't listen to you. There are thousands of other crazy girls back here" several [hey] were heard and Louis raised his hands in peace, speaking to the girls next to him. "Yes, well, sorry but he won't listen, we're not so close."

Lottie apologized to the girls for her brother's comments and speak to him. "Isn't he beautiful?"

Louis looked up at the stage where Harry was wearing an amazing suit. Black dress pants and a kind of pale pink vest.

Gorgeous.

He rolled his eyes, trying to look indifferent and crossed his arms. "Mhm, yeah, a bit."

"A bit?" Lottie raised an eyebrow. "He's the most perfect man in this world."

"Yeah, well ..." Louis agreed. "I don't think he's perfect, but definitely sexy. I bet he's gay."

Lottie smiled. "HARRYYYY! MY BROTHER LOVES YOU!"

Louis was about to shut her up, but he covered both ears because a girl beside him broke his eardrums. She screamed so loudly that Harry had heard her.

Lottie began to hyperventilate when she noticed that Harry was approaching. The girl next to them was crying and Louis kept looking at her, internally insulting her in five languages.

"Hi, honey. Don't cry, what's your name?" That was Harry interacting with the girl. The singer looked at Lottie, who was shouting that she loved him. Harry kissed her back, soon visualizing the blue-eyed guy who was covering his ears, looking away.

"I'm sing out of tune a lot, sir?"

Suddenly everyone was trying to find out who his idol was talking to. But Louis wasn't even looking at him, so he didn't realize that Harry was talking to him. He did it once Lottie elbowed him.

Louis looked at Harry, the one who was patiently waiting for an answer.

"I asked if I'm singing out of tune. Or it's just that you are too 'cool' to listen to my music?"

Louis signaled saying no with his hand, faking a smile. But the singer used to mock when he interacted with his fans during the show.

“If you don't like how I'm singing why are you here? There is the exit” he said, pointing to one of the emergency exits.

Louis said nothing, just swallowed. Everyone around laughed and he frowned instantly. Harry laughed.

“I'm joking! Thanks for coming. Do you want free tickets for the next concert? Please, don't talk about this on Twitter. Hashtag treat people with kindness.”

Lottie laughed hysterically, but Louis remained crossed and serious. He didn't know that Harry used to make these kind of comments as a joke with his audience, and that he also made fun of some fans, imitating them with gestures. He didn't know him, that's why he felt somewhat uncomfortable.

Harry laughed and continued to interact with other people until it was time to continue.

“Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Harry noticed us! You spoke with him! He threw me a kiss! I can't believe it” Lottie was wanting to pay attention to the rest of the song but she just couldn't. Harry threw her kisses and also spoke with his brother. That was extremely great and weird.

“He's an asshole,” Louis said, in an angry tone.

Lottie frowned. “What?”

“He's an asshole, he made a fool of me.”

“No, it was great.”

“Great? The guy practically kicked me out, is that great?”

“What? No,” Lottie flatly denied. “Harry is always like that, he was just joking.”

“I don't think he was joking, but it's fine, whatever. What time does this end? It bored me already,” Louis asked, looking at his phone. It had only been a little over half an hour.

Louis had noticed that Harry turned to look in his direction repeatedly, but he had thousands of girls around him too, so he believed that his assumptions were only coincidence.

The show was ending, and in doing so, Harry approached the sector where they were, to greet his audience. Louis wasn't paying attention, he had his eyes on his phone, probably checking the sports. When he noticed that the crowd around him moved to the side, he looked up, connecting his blue eyes with Harry's greens.

Harry wasn't only looking at him, but while pulling kisses with his hands, and winked. Louis frowned at the sight and looked around. Harry realized that, and winked at him again once more.

The girls around him, including his sister, started screaming like crazy, confirming that Harry had winked at him. Another group of girls were flatly denying it.

Louis just smiled and took Lottie's hand to start walking through the crowd toward the exit.

Chapter 2

Harry used to receive Vips guests after each show, and that's how it ended that night where he said he fell in love with a fan.

Okay. He could actually realize that this guy wasn't a fan. He was watching him for most of the show and the blue eyed guy spent all his time looking at his phone.

Harry was smart, he knew how to get his attention, and he is funny too, all his fans tell him, so he used his heavy artillery. Surely he conquered him with his sense of humor, as well as beauty, obviously.

Now he wanted to meet that guy, and he thought it was easy to try to contact him. Please, he's Harry Styles, who could say no to him?

Harry Styles Tweet

London, I loved you. I hope to see you soon. All love, H.

The next day, after resting, Harry made his daily stalk routine to his fans to find out how were their reactions about the concert. He used to like some tweets, and answered too, but tried not to do it too often.

In this case, he wanted to stay active, just in case. He knew that the guy he saw last night wasn't a fan, and the task of finding him would become more difficult. But nothing was impossible, surely the blue eyed wrote him a private message as many parents / brothers / friends of his fans do after interacting with him during a show.

He checked his messages on Twitter and among the millions -literal- millions of private messages, he didn't find any that gave him the certainty of being that guy. And if he didn't write him on Twitter, then he sure wrote him on Instagram.

Neither.

That's weird! Usually they always wrote as much the show ended and he read them days later when he already forgot their faces. Could it be that this guy wanted to wait to write to him?

Well, he liked to tweet phrases or words because when he did, his fans began to release theories about what it's happening. He had fun with everything he read, since his fans used to be very fickle with that. Although some of those theories were creepy, by the way. For example, a bit part of the fandom think he's gay and he's in a secret relationship with his guitarist? Please, Niall Horan was just a very straight friend.

And Harry isn't gay. He's super gay. The Management hired beards and everything.

Harry cooperated with that narrative because he wasn't interested in what the press could say about him. But he had to keep his job and follow the rules of the game. He was comforted to know that his fans knew his true self. They always carried LGBT 🏳️🌈 flags at concerts to show their support, since they knew he was 100% genuine in those two hours he had on stage, where there was no script to follow, just the order of the songs.

Harry Styles Tweet

I will not look for you, I will not pursue you... but if you don't, I will look for you, I will find you... and I will kiss you #oops!

87k retweets 190klikes 34k coments

medicinebaby: @HarryStyles WTFF HARRT THAT'S NOT IT!

harrysmoan: @medicinebaby what is this about?

medicinebaby: @harrysmoan @HarryStyles from the movie called "taken?" I think so. It's not "I'll kiss you" It's "I'll kill you"

harrysmoan: @medicinebaby 🔍 investigate

narryshipper: @HarryStyles FOLLOW ME DADFY GIVE ME BABIES

LottieStyles: @HarryStyles I LOVE YOU I WAS IN LONDONS COMCERTT YOU SPOKED TO MY BROTWR THE OTHER DAY AND BLOW ME A KISS

Harry believed that he wasn't obvious when at the end of the concert he approached one of the sectors to greet his fans. He took the opportunity to flirt with one of the guys, that blue-eyed boy with whom he interacted. And of course, he believed it had been discreet but in fact, he didn't hide it too much. Some of his fans managed to see the entire sequence with a lot of attention (they didn't miss anything) and that moment became a bit viral among the comments about the concert.

On Twitter they were talking about that since one of the updates accounts had uploaded a video of the exact moment where he winked at the guy.

HarryStylesUpdates Tweet

Moment when Harry approached one of the sectors to greet fans. (Vid)

- Oh I'm dying, how beautiful
- I WAS THERE, GOD THAT WAS INTENSE
- Greet his fans? Or flirt with that guy?
- My friend was there and said that the sexual tension with Niall was super obvious
- Tell your friend to stop reading fics. Harry has a girlfriend! He's not GAY! STOP WITH THAT BULLSHIT

▪ I HAVE THAT VIDEO FROM ANOTHER ANGLE AND HE WAS WINKING TO A GUY !! I swear I HAVE ALL THE SEQUENCE RECORDED AHHHH

.....

For Lottie it wasn't a common day. When you belonged to a fandom with too much activity, sleeping wasn't an option. And much less after going to a concert.

She had slept only three hours after arriving home, then was checking his photos and videos to start uploading them to Twitter. She still couldn't believe she was a few inches from him, that they interacted (Harry threw a kiss at her) and even they breathed the same air. And the day, within everything, was quite normal, until a video began to go viral where Harry winked at someone and everyone was freakin' out. It was there when she remembered the exact moment when Harry approached where she was and winked at his brother.

And yes, Lottie belonged to that 30% of the fandom who believed that Harry was gay but didn't think he was in a relationship with Niall. In addition, each girlfriend he had always ends up being a lesbian model, not very popular actress with an upcoming premiere nearby, etc. It was too obvious that they weren't his real partners, and she didn't understand how were people who thought that bearding work didn't exist.

"Louis! You have to see THIS!" Lottie shouted as she ran to Louis's room, where her brother was sitting on the bed with his guitar in his hand, trying to compose something new.

"What did I say about entering my room without knocking, Charlotte?" Louis said, exasperated.

"You have to see this, Lou! Everyone is talking about this on Twitter!"

Louis rolled his eyes. "If it's about Harry, get out. You just saw him, dad forced me to take you, enough of Harry Styles for a day, please? Thank you"

"They are talking about you!" Lottie shouted excitedly.

Louis frowned, until he remembered the moment when that stupid guy named Harry Styles mocked him in front of thousands of people. He stood up to approach his sister, who was holding his laptop to show him what was happening on Twitter.

"This is bullshit! What's wrong with them?" Louis was furious, took the laptop and sat on the bed, resting it on his thighs to start watching the videos. When he saw everyone on Lottie's tl, he went to her profile to see what she had written.

"You didn't say anything about me, right?"

Lottie swallowed. She had more than 25k tweets. She wrote at least more than 40 tweets the night before, as she focused more on paying attention and filming everything she could. But

among the last messages posted, the ones that bothered Louis the most were those that answered other tweets that posted videos.

Tweets and response from LottieStyles

@LottieStyles it's my brother!!!

@LottieStyles Harry flirted with my brother omfg

@LottieStyles (pic) Louis and me at Harry's show

@LottieStyles I swear Harry flirted with my brother I fucking can't believe it

Louis closed the laptop tightly and pushed it over his sister's stomach. "DELETE THAT NOW!"

"What? No. Why?"

"Because I say it."

"It's my Twitter and I write everything I want." Lottie shrugged. "Besides, I didn't even tag you or something."

"I don't care, delete those tweets that right now, Charlotte." Louis spoke more calmly, because he knows that at screaming he will not get nothing. "Please delete them."

"No, Louis. I don't want to" Lottie was determined, especially when it came to her Twitter or whatever she posted on her networks. "It's the only place where I write what I want and when I want. I don't have many followers, relax."

"Delete that or forget I will be your babysitter again. Or drive you to see movies or other shitty concert." He threatened.

"Okay, fine," Lottie said and rolled her eyes.

"I don't want to know anything about that stupid concert, or anything relate to Harry. And if you say something to someone about what happened there, I swear I'll make a fool of you with all your classmates at your birthday party."

"You wouldn't do it," Lottie replied incredulously.

"Don't challenge me, kid."

Louis threw Lottie out of his room and sat at his computer desk. He opened the Twitter page and wrote "Harry Styles" in the search. Immediately more than 1000 tweets appeared from that same moment, checking that indeed, all Twitter was talking about the concert, more specifically how gay Harry was on stage, or something like that.

He entered Harry's profile to start stalking him a bit. His tweets were rare, and stupid, meaningless; except those in which he named a nonprofit foundation or shared an image he had posted on Instagram. His likes were mostly tweets where they talked about how beautiful or good person he was. Or how funny and great comedian is, or how handsome he looked in some suits.

"God, he's a stupid narcissist."

Louis laughed and stopped when he heard his sister's scream in the next room.

"LOUIS! FOR GODS SAKES YOU HAVE TO SEE THIS!" Lottie knocked on his door.

He immediately closed the page and stood up, returning to bed to continue composing with his guitar. He thought about a moment what could have happened for Lottie to scream like that, but he ignore her because it surely had to do with the stupid and sensual Harry Styles.

"I DONT CARE" Louis shouted.

"But, Lou?"

"BYE"

"Luuuuuu"

"I SAID BYE. GO AWAY"

Lottie snorted and returned to her room. She was hyperventilating for Harry's last like on Twitter.

Tweet from @sugarhes

I bet Harry's last tweet is for that guy from London's concert. My baby fell in love

Chapter 3

He knew how to make his fans realize all the clues he gives. Obviously, after confirming that the tweet was for that guy, and that all the fandom was freaking out about that, he took off the like. But that didn't matter, since there were screenshots that proved it.

Tonight he hadn't a concert and that is why he was relaxed in his hotel room. He was lying watching a movie and then, as always when he was in bed, he took his phone to get a bit of distraction.

He didn't want to logging on Twitter because whenever he did it from the phone, the notifications didn't leave him alone. However, he had a task: find the private message that the guy had surely written to him, (because two days of the concert had already passed and they never waited so long to write to him).

When he entered the private messages section, he took the time to look at each of the users, trying not to enter any that looked like a fandom account. At another time he could do a follow spree but he was sure that the guy had written to him and he had to focus on finding the message.

After more than half an hour checking the latest messages, there were no traces of any blue-eyed boy, #sad. Then he had an idea! He had to look at the comments in one of the videos, to see if someone claimed to know the guy or something.

He read more than 200 comments, and just at the moment he had resigned himself, he read a tweet that caught his attention:

* I follow a girl who says that the guy in Harry's video is his brother wtfff •

He immediately entered that profile to get the Twitter of the girl in question, the one who claimed to be his future sister in law. BUT THE GIRL WHO TWITTEED THAT FOLLOWED MORE THAN 13 THOUSAND PEOPLE. How was he going to find her?

He pouted automatically, and gave up. He was never going to find him, he wasn't going to have secrets dates with him, and he wasn't going to surprise him with plane tickets so that he would see him at a concert on the other side of the world.

Yes, Harry was that dreamer and lover of love. He had secret dates with guys that he saw in his concerts, but none of them were worth it. He soon discovered that they were using him to get some benefit, such as free travels and dinners. Some of them were on news articles for having been seen publicly with him sharing a lunch. Logically, they soon came out to clarify that they were childhood friends or something; His management was responsible for buying their silences and creating false rumors about new relationships, force him to go out with different women's every free night.

Harry never knew how to choose his dates well, perhaps it was the fact that all those guys were the ones who flirting with him. And it wasn't that he dated anyone who hinted at him,

but he had a busy schedule for 5 years and wasn't allowed to go out like any guy his age did. There was no other way to meet someone who wasn't at a concert, recording an video or whatever it had to do with his work.

So, 13 thousand people, 23K tweets and 288 likes. She must have liked that tweet, right? If not, Harry was going to block her for inefficient.

Well, no, but this was the last alternative.

And there it was.

LottieStyles Tweet

I swear my brother is the one in Harry's video but I can't prove it because Louis would kill me.

"Louis?" Harry smiled.

Well, his name is Louis. Now it was just a matter of stalking that Lottie to contact him.

LottieStyles: 10K tweets. Follow 10K, followers 12K. 3K multimedia.

Harry started laughing at how much he read Lottie's last tweets, those where he complained about having to go to school the next day, or that her life now really made sense because she managed to go to the concert and things like that. She was a very dedicated fan, from what Harry could see, and he really wanted to follow her, but in doing so, all his plans could going down.

He clicked on the option to send a private message and there he began to read all the messages that Lottie wrote him. She didn't have the possibility to write him a private message, because he didn't follow her, but she made a kind of contest and won DMS with him.

Lottie confessed many things to him; Among them, she believed that she liked girls, and wasn't afraid that his parents would know, the problem was her classmates, her circle of friendship, more than anything. But that wasn't all, Harry could realize that she was a super sensitive and vulnerable teenager, for all the intimate things she told. She suffered bullying at school, because she apparently "had a few extra pounds" One of those messages was so heartbreaking that Harry wanted to cry. Now more than ever he wanted to meet her and tell her in person that she was beautiful, just as she was and that not only physically, but internally, and for him, that was worth so much more.

He was about to write her a message, but someone knocked on his door, and he had to close the application.

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Louis hated Mondays, he really hated them but he wanted to graduate this year and he had to get out of bed at that moment.

Monday was the day of the week he was busiest: in the morning he attended the teaching staff, in the afternoon he worked in his father's business and at night he rehearsed with his band.

As he had to leave early for class, he was in charge of taking his sister to school. So he had to wait for a moment until she was ready to leave.

Louis knew his sister, thought he was one of the people who probably knew her most. Lottie tried to cover her dark circles with makeup and not to mention her swollen eyes. It was obvious that she spent the night crying, and there were two options: something sad happened to her (like fighting with her best friend or something) or the fault was Harry Styles. He waited until they were on the car.

“What happened now? Did Harry die or something?” (Very subtle)

“ASSHOLE! NO! MY GOSH, NO!”

Louis laughed. "Well, sorry. But tell me what happened, come on. Were you crying?" He looked at her for a moment and spoke calmly. "Did someone bother you again, love?"

Yes, Louis was the typical hateful brother, the one you hate and can't stand, but he's always there when you need him. Lottie confessed him that some girls were making fun of her and tried to show him that she didn't care; but her brother had heard her cry, and as much as he said he couldn't stand her and would have preferred being only child, he loved her too much and gave his life for her. He let her know in the moments that Lottie needed him most. So they had that relationship where they shouted at each other, insulted each other, hit each other, but hugged each other when they were lying on the couch watching TV, or they pampered the other when one of them was sick, bringing food to bed and things like that.

"Tell me, Lotts." Louis said softly. "Tell me who bothered you again and I will kick his ass"

Lottie smiled. "No one, nerd. I'm not sad, I'm shocked that's all"

Louis rolled his eyes. "Again with the same thing? Get over it, it was three days ago."

“This is important. Harry read my messages, everything I wrote him, he read everything.”

“Did he replied you?”

“No, he didn't”

"How do you know it was him and not someone who manages his account?"

"I don't know, I didn't write him again."

"And why are you shocked?" Louis inquired.

"Because... I think Harry likes you. I can't believe it, do you understand that there is a possibility that I can meet him because we will be brothers-in-law?"

Louis frowned. "What? What are you talking about? Why do you say that?"

"Louis, Harry literally confirmed that his last tweet was for you, look."

"I'm driving, don't distract me," Louis cut her off.

"Stop aside, you have to see this."

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Harry confessed to Niall that he had found a way to contact Louis. He told him with great detail all the research work that cost him at least 2 hours and that, thank God, it was only 2 hours.

At first Niall believed that it was a game, because Harry never looked for someone to ask him out, he always received proposals of all kinds, (from men and women too) so he understood that his friend was getting into unfamiliar terrain. Being a musician, Niall was popular only for the fandom. He could go out and date normally, but not Harry.

"I don't think it's a good idea anyway. What when he finds out that you are not that person? He will hate you," Niall advised.

"He already hates me, Niall. He didn't write to me, he must hate me."

"Maybe you didn't liked him? What do you know if he is gay?"

"Niall, honey ..." Harry said and winked. "My gaydar never fails."

"If you say so ... Have you found his Twitter?"

"No, but I went back to her sister's profile and she has her Instagram linked. Her Twitter is more like a fandom account, her Instagram must be personal"

"Well, let's see ..." Niall leaned back in Harry's bed with the laptop on his thighs and started working. "Bingo! Lottie Tomlinson."

"Tonlim- wait, how do you write it?" Harry was with his phone.

"T o m l i n s o n" Niall repeated slowly so that Harry understood and wrote it correctly. "You found him?"

"Louis Tomlinson ... Holy shit! My God!"

“What?” Niall asked immediately. "Isn't he? What happened?"

"Louis Tomlinson, musician, 24, London UK." Harry read his profile out loud and sighed. "It's him. His Instagram is private but it's him, he had that beanie at the concert."

“Well, what are you gonna do now?"

“Now you, my dear friend, will create me a fake profile on Instagram” Harry patted his shoulder and put his phone in the back pocket of his pants.

“Me? Why me?” Niall complained.

"Because I have to record an interview for the Grammy nomination. Remember? They'll come looking for me in twenty minutes, I must shower now” Harry leans down to kiss his friend on the cheek. “I want to write to him tonight after the concert and I need you, please, please, please, help me, okay?"

Niall rolled his eyes. "Well, you owe me one."

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Louis arrived at dawn after rehearsal. They took longer than usual because they had to make some musical arrangements to the new song he was composing these days.

He took a shower and lay in bed, setting the alarm on the phone. He wanted to hang out in one of his networks, but he was really exhausted. He bent to turn off the nightlight and put the phone on the nightstand.

He got to doze for three minutes when his phone started ringing. And he really didn't feel like checking what it was, but his curiosity could do more. It was an Instagram notification.

New follow-up request: Ed Cox

He frowned as he read the name, since he didn't know anyone named like that. He entered the profile and verified that he was a new user, since he only followed 4 random people and had a black and white photo that he had published 23 minutes ago. The profile picture looked small and he couldn't decipher who it was, besides it was a simple hand, is it supposed to be the sign of love and peace?

He didn't usually accept requests from people he didn't know, and he definitely didn't know who Ed Cox was. He was about to deny it, but he thought that perhaps he should be some fan of The Rogue, since lately he had accepted several people who followed his band's Instagram. Then he accepted the request and blocked the screen of his phone. He put it under his pillow and sighed tired.

Within a few minutes he received new notifications.

Ed Cox liked your photo
Ed Cox liked your photo
Ed Cox liked your photo
Ed Cox liked your photo
Ed Cox liked your photo
Ed Cox liked your photo

Okay. Creepy.

All those images were pictures of him with his guitar or on stage on some shows. So Louis had no doubt that he was an fan, and he wrote a private message.

Louis Tomlinson: Hey, mate! You know me for my band?

Ed Cox: Hi, yes

I like you

I mean you band

Louis Tomlinson: did you were in any of my shows?

Ed Cox: The last one, the last month

I love that place, I always go there

Louis Tomlinson: We didn't have a show last month, you say the one from two weeks ago?

Ed Cox: Yes, that one.

Do you have any links to download or listen to your music?

Louis Tomlinson: Yes, wait

www.spotify.com/TheRogue

Ed Cox: I will listen to you every day on the tour

On my travel**

Louis Tomlinson: Do you travel a lot?

Where are you from?

Ed Cox: I'm from London.

Yes, I travel a lot lately.

Louis Tomlinson:For work?

Ed Cox: Exactly.

Louis Tomlinson:Where do you work?

Ed Cox: In the entertainment industry

It could be said

Louis Tomlinson: Are you a musician? Producer?

Ed Cox: I'm a musician

Louis Tomlinson:Really? That's great. Can you touch instruments or sing?

Ed Cox: I touch everything if they allow me

Ha, kidding 😊

I am also an actor

Louis Tomlinson: Where did you act?

Ed Cox: In a war movie

but soon I will be in a biographical

Louis Tomlinson: Really? Are you famous?

Ed Cox:Something like that

Can you recommend a song to listen to?

Of your band

Louis Tomlinson:Miss you

Back to you

Ed Cox: Have you a new show soon? I would like to see you again

Louis Tomlinson: On Saturday, in the same bar from last time

Ed Cox:Where is it?

What's the name of the bar?

Louis Tomlinson: You say you went there, don't remember?

Ed Cox:I forgot

Can you give me the address?

Louis Tomlinson: It was two weeks ago

How could you forget it?

You said you loved go there

Ed Cox: I lied, I didn't went

I just wanted you to tell me where you were going to act

To see you

Can you tell me?

Louis Tomlinson: This is weird

Enjoy listening to my music. I will go to sleep.

Ed Cox: Wait

Wait

I thought it was going to be easier

I'm not quick to lie

I have to ask you something

Louis Tomlinson:I don't understand

Ed Cox: I'll be honest

I will tell you the truth

I had a hard time finding you

I will not be in the city for many days

And I would like to see you one of this days, to take you out

Can ask if you are interested in man?

Louis Tomlinson: Who are you?

Ed Cox: Answer me please

Louis Tomlinson: Who are you?

Ed Cox: You already know me

Louis Tomlinson: So your name is not Ed Cox?

Ed Cox: Actually, yes, it's part of my name

Can you answer me

Are you gay?

Louis Tomlinson: Yes, I'm gay

Ed Cox: Are you dating someone right now?

Louis Tomlinson: No, I'm single

Ed Cox: Okay

457-322

That's my phone number, don't give it to anyone please

Louis Tomlinson: Is this a kind of joke?

Who are you?

Ed Cox: I'm not joking, I want to know you if you let me. I will not be here for a few months and I would like to see you before I go on a trip next week.

You can write me whenever you want.

I have free Friday and Saturday, neither before nor after.

Louis Tomlinson: I'll ask you one last time

Who the fuck are you?

Ed Cox: Don't get mad, please

I'm Harry Styles

Chapter 4

Ed Cox: I'm Harry Styles

3 Grammy nominations

Creator of more than 15 hits # 1

Did you hear my single Sign of The Times?

Kiwi?

The Dunkirk movie?

I won several platinum and gold plates

Louis Tomlinson: Really???

Ed Cox: Yes, really, I won all that 🏆

Louis Tomlinson: I can't believe it

Ed Cox: 😊😊😊

Me neither! Sometimes I think I'm dreaming

So you want to see me?

You can't resist my charms, right? :)

Louis Tomlinson: About that shit that happened at concert I thought it was just something insignificant

Then my sister showed me all those things that were all over Twitter and I wanted to hit Harry in his stupid face

I ignored the fact that everyone was talking about me

But this?

Listen to me you kiddo , I don't know who you are

But don't fuck me

Ed Cox: I could never, I bottom

Sorry, I make jokes when I'm nervous

But I swear I'm Harry

Harry Styles

Louis Tomlinson: Harry Styles can suck my cock right now

Ed Cox: 🤔

If you ask me like that

I couldn't say no

Oops!

Louis Tomlinson: I'm not interested

Ed Cox: Why not?

You don't like me?

Louis Tomlinson: He's a stupid narcissist who thinks he owns the world because he has all the 16-year-old girls at his feet

Ed Cox: Hey! my fans are not only 16

Louis Tomlinson: I don't fucking care, I was there, I was at his concert and he is nothing impressive, let me tell you

He thinks he's funny and he isn't

He's a jerk

Like you who waste your time faking being someone else

You are shit

And pathetic

[Louis Tomlinson has blocked you and you can't interact with him anymore]

Harry stared at his phone screen for the moment and then stepped out of the trance in which he was lost. Louis had just rejected him? He read the conversation over and over again, trying to guess what he said wrong and he didn't understand.

Okay, maybe he was a bit narcissistic to describe himself as the creator of several successes and winner of so many awards, but he didn't want to look like a jerk, he just wanted to impress him. Was it wrong to want to sound cool?

From the tone in which Louis told him, he was apparently angry, and he didn't know why. Harry really wanted to meet him, and more now that Louis told him "jerk." No one called ever like that. Maybe Louis was his soulmate after all.

And it wasn't that Harry liked toxic relationships, but now he could detect Louis wasn't like the other boys he dated. Another guy would have asked for proof that the one he was writing was Harry, could even demand a photo or perhaps he had called immediately to verify that it was indeed his phone number.

Louis wasn't looking for fame or benefits. Louis was different. Louis was worth it.

Harry smiled when that idea came to mind. It had to work, it must work. Next week will begin the last leg of the European tour and will arrive two months traveling the world promoting his next film. He should do his best to see Louis over the weekend, but he had to find a way to escape from management first.

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"So, are you saying that Harry Styles wants to have sex with you and you said no?" Liam asked, incredulous. "Did you say no to Harry Styles?"

Louis frowned equally. "What? It's not even the big deal, believe me. He's not attractive"

Liam snorted: "Isn't the big deal? Even I would become gay for him."

Louis raised an eyebrow. "Liam, you're already gay."

"I'm not gay," Liam flatly denied. "Zayn is gay."

Zayn cleared his throat. "Love, can you give me the salad?"

"Here you go, babe." Liam handed his boyfriend the salad, and then talked to Louis. "The point is, it's Harry Styles who we're talking about."

"Yes, but let's make it clear ... It wasn't him. Why he would talking to me from another Instagram profile and not the real one? Besides, it was too obvious. It was a false profile, it was done just to bother me. Surely he is one of his stupid resentful fan because his fucking idol is more gay than Zayn... And Zayn is super gay."

Zayn cleared his throat again. "I'm here, hello. And we are all gay I think"

Louis rolled his eyes. "Yes, well, you know what I mean."

Liam leaned toward his boyfriend and took his hand to speak to him sweetly. "He's saying that Harry is bottom, babe"

Zayn rolled his eyes and they needed the table. "I understood, Liam, you're not funny"

The three laughed for a moment and Louis returned to the subject in question. "If he likes to bottom or no, I don't know. The point is that Harry Styles is gay, his fans know, but he's in the closet I think"

"Why you don't try to write to him? Or call him?" Zayn suggested.

"Or write to Harry on Twitter or something" Liam supposed it would be easy to contact him.

"Liam, he does have many millions of followers. His fans write him on Twitter all the holy day in different parts of the world. They go crazy if he tweet something or follow someone. Do you think he will read to me? I don't even follow him"

"And how do you know all those things if you don't follow him?" Zayn raised an eyebrow. "I thought Lottie was his fan" he laughed.

"Believe me, everyone at home knows how much crap Harry Styles has dinner. Lottie is fucking intense" he sighed tired. "Why do we keep talking about him? We must put to rehearse our last song. It's already Wednesday, we have 2 days to perfect this"

Liam and Zayn nodded. They are part of the band and were in the house that they both shared a while ago. Liam was a bass guitarist and Zayn was a drummer. The three were the voices of The Rogue, but Louis was the leader, the one in charge of making the letters, besides being a guitarist too.

The owners of the bar where they acted last time hired them again. Apparently there was more movement on that night than others where there were other bands. So they have some kind of pressure to act there again. That's why Louis wanted to be kind to that guy from Instagram, because if he was a true fan, Louis was going to invite him the new show, but in the end it turned out that Ed Cox was someone wanting to joke with him.

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Harry became a kind of fan dedicated to The Rogue. In his free time he had listened to all his songs, absolutely all of them, and he wasn't sure he knew what he liked most about the band: If was Louis's voice, such deep lyrics or music in general.

On Wednesday he had the third concert in London, the last one in the United Kingdom. On Thursday morning his doctor on duty examined him, as he had a lot of pain in his throat. He has to rest for at least 48 hours, because he was really aphonic, almost voiceless.

He rested all day, lying in bed. At times he listened Louis' band, for others he watched a movie and also took the opportunity to do follow spree on Twitter. He followed 17 people, all of them had something in common: they had tweeted something about the famous concert

where Harry flirted with Louis or they were there the same night, because they tweeted their own videos of the exact moment.

Lottie was very disappointed that she hadn't been noticed by Harry. She was pending when she knew that her idol was online liking and retweet's or following new accounts. She tweeted (literal) 102 tweets. Harry didn't forget his user, it was very easy (LottieStyles) and of course he had not missed those messages where she told him that Friday was her # 17 birthday.

Harry waited for Friday at noon to tweet the video he recorded in the morning.

Harry Styles Tweet

@LottieStyles 🌹 (Vid)

•• Hi Lottie, I'm Harry, even if I sounds strange, I'm a little aphonic. I knew it's your birthday and I wanted to give you this video. I read all your messages, and I just wanted to thank you from the heart for all the support and love you give me day by day. I hope to meet you soon. Thanks (🙏) Oh! And remember that you are beautiful. Happy Birthday! ••

It wasn't unusual for Harry to do FaceTime from time to time with some of his fans to talk to them, which often. The strange thing here was that he uploaded the video himself. He had never done that. Then, all his fans began stalking Lottie, and soon discovered that she was the sister of that guy from the concert. She had deleted all of her tweets regarding that, but left some who tweeted during her concert, where she contained that her brother had said that Harry was sexy, and the other, the one with whom he could find her.

Each fandom had those in charge of investigating everything and drawing conclusions of what had to do with their idol, and logically, after several accounts updated released that information, she received many messages saying that she had only obtained Harry's attention for his brother and things like that. Luckily Lottie didn't pay much attention to that minority. She was so happy that the messages from haters didn't affect her. Also, get angry at having Harry as her brother-in-law? It would be the best thing that could happen to her. Harry would be part of his family.

Chapter 5

His escape plan had been a success. Niall was the one who helped him and was there by his side at the door of the place with him. Niall looked calm, although he knew they shouldn't be there. Tomorrow they had a concert, the last one in the UK and they should be resting, not here just because of Harry's whim of seeing Louis.

They knew what the place was after doing a little research work. It wasn't hard to find out, since the Instagram of "The Rogue" was public and there they announced their shows.

Harry felt excited, anxious and nervous. It was the first time he dared to do this mischief to escape from his bodyguards who were waiting for him at the door of the hotel room. With Niall's help he managed to leave without being seen, getting into a minivan. They paid €500 to the driver who was carrying the dirty clothes and now they were there, about to enter the place and Harry was hyperventilating.

Obviously, Harry was very camouflaged, and Niall laughed at the fact that he wore sunglasses at midnight. It was cold; his beanie and exaggerated coat weren't too much.

Everything was ready, only 10 minutes left before The Rogue came to stage. There were many people today, well, at least 150 people. Not bad.

The lights of the place went out, and the music began. There was a group of people very close to the stage, very lively and clapping. They had fans, at least Louis recognized some faces in the crowd. Many people were sitting having their drinks, enjoying their music, and while singing, Louis looked at the faces of each of those who were there.

Yes, it's true, he didn't know all the people who were present, they are only somewhat familiar faces, and Louis believed he had no history of schizophrenia in his family or any disease of those. He wasn't crazy, he was sure to recognize one of them. The guy sitting there is the fucking Harry Styles? The lighting of the place was something bad and became darker in that sector. Louis ignored it, he must be wrong. Because Lottie's fault he already saw him even in the soup.

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Harry sighed, put the glass to his lips and swallowed the beer. Niall had suggested him to not to drink tonight, but he ignored. His friend was talking to him, but his attention went completely to the stage when he heard the familiar sound of Louis's voice.

Harry had a reason to come here, he knew that. But what was it? Louis's voice? Or maybe the smile he wore while singing? He looked at the guy as he emerged on stage, his lips pursed a little. A pale hand reached out to grab the microphone. Blue eyes, skin reddened by the light. Oh ...

Louis began to sing and there he knew, he remembered why he was there. Harry watched some of his videos on YouTube, the few that were posted. Louis had a tendency to look so happy on stage, and he just wanted to witness that.

“Have you decided what you will say when you approach to him?” Niall asked as he carried the glass to his mouth.

“What? I have to approach to him? He won’t come?” Harry frowned.

Niall rolled his eyes. “He doesn't know you're here? You gave him your number and he didn't even send you a message. You have to talk to him first.”

“How, and what will I tell him?” Harry was suddenly sweating.

“You are a celebrity, the guy had the opportunity to contact you and he didn't. Maybe he’s shy, or he isn’t interested in you at all.”

“Oh my God. This was a bad idea,” he said and swallowed. “He will believe that I am a psychopath.”

They were silent for a few moments and Niall spoke again.

“Just tell him the truth. You saw him in the crowd, you liked him and you want to ask him out. Avoid saying everything you did to find his Instagram. He will definitely believe you are a psychopath.”

“You aren’t helping.”

The music had begun to fill the place, directing his attention once more to the guy on stage. His voice was loud but so sweet, combining perfectly with the music and creating a melody that made Harry's heart jump in every beat.

‘Miss You’ was playing right now, Harry knew the lyrics, it was the song he probably heard most in these last days. To be honest, he liked all the songs that came after that one and he just wondered why some guys as talented as them didn't have a contract yet. He could help them in that.

How long has it been since he was there looking at Louis without taking his eyes off him? Well, Harry probably couldn't with the fact that he found the guy immensely attractive and wanted to kiss him.

God, how embarrassing could it be? What will Louis think when he knows that he was faking be someone else just to be able to see him? He sighed, discovering that Louis's voice was no longer there to keep listening. How long had he been sitting here ignoring Niall? He glanced at his phone. Almost a hour and a half. It wasn't bad, almost as long as his show.

From the corner of his eye he could see Louis leave the stage and move towards the bar, as he used to do after each show. A few guys who walked towards him approached and spoke in his ear. Louis laughed, exchanged words with another girl and just there he was. From one moment to another the girl left and another guy very similar to Niall approached to Louis.

Harry turned to his side to discover that his friend was no longer sitting next to him. Sure enough, it was Niall who was talking to Louis, and he was pointing at him.

"Hey mate, congratulations. Excellent show." Niall extended his hand and greeted Louis.

"I'm glad you liked it, lad. Thank you. I'm Louis." He extended his hand, introducing himself.

"Niall. Listen, I come here with a friend? He wants to talk to you, he is sitting right there."

Louis looked at him and pursed his lips. In the end he wasn't crazy. The one who was sitting there, watching his show, was the fucking Harry Styles.

Harry swallowed and stood up, covering his face a little so as not to be seen among the people, but knowing that Louis recognized him. He found himself moving through the place, regardless of his doubts about what Louis would think about this. The bar was full and Louis hadn't moved an inch from his place, just turned to talk to Niall again.

"Is he...? It's him? It's a joke? What he's doing here?"

"He has something to tell you. Listen to him, don't judge him if you don't know the truth" Niall patted his shoulder and walked away into the crowd.

Harry walked towards him. Louis spotted a corner of the place where there was more space to speak quietly and pointed it out. They both walked there. Louis forward, leading him, Harry followed without hesitation.

Like a ship at his compass.

"Hello." Harry's voice rose, calm and hesitant, as if he was afraid to speak. Louis was a little surprised, but to be honest, that didn't mean much. He could still be angry. Maybe he was just hiding it to make a good first impression. "You want something? I mean... can I invite you a drink?"

Louis smiled, his teeth seemed to catch the light the right way, making them look brighter than usual. "Harry Styles..."

"I ..." He was speechless. He stood there in silence for a moment, shame slowly flooded him. Here he was, facing the man of his dreams and couldn't even speak correctly.

"God, tell me this isn't a kind of joke or something. Am I going to be on television?" His voice cracked a little, causing his cheeks to redden.

"No, no, no." Harry immediately cut off and extended his hand. "Harry Styles. Nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you, Louis Tomlinson."

His hands collided in a slight squeeze. The skin of Louis's hand was a bit scratchy, Harry deduced from the guitar, though warm, like a touch of an angel.

"What are you doing here?" Louis asked, frowning, full of doubts. So it was true that Harry Styles was interested in him? "Are you here for me? I don't understand."

Harry shook his head slowly. "I ... I only come here when I have nothing to do," he lied.

Louis smiled and nodded instantly. Of course Harry has no idea who he was.

"Sure, I'm an idiot, sorry. You must be a busy man, I imagine. I saw you the other day? Well, actually I just went to your concert to take my sister, she's a big fan of you"

"Oh ... Do you have a sister?" Harry cleared his throat.

"Yes, Lottie loves you. Can you give me an autograph for her? She will die when she finds out you were here. Yesterday she had a cry at her birthday party because I think you followed her on Twitter or something like that"

"Yes, of course ... I followed many fans yesterday." Harry froze, his eyes watching Louis's features.

Does he have to tell him the truth? Why? How? Confusion floated over him as he tried to solve it. Louis really thought he didn't remember him.

"Listen. I enjoyed seeing you, I mean your show ... it's ... this place is ... great, yes." God, he was so stupid. He slapped himself mentally. Why was him like that? He always did that. He always spoke without thinking. "I think I became a fan tonight ..."

"Really?" Louis looked incredulous as he looked at him. "Of my music? My God." He smiled. "We're not that good, you know?" He blushed visibly as he moved in place. "But thanks. I heard about your Grammy nominations. That must be exciting."

"Don't mention it." Harry blushed and looked at his feet as he tried to think of a way to continue the conversation, but Niall interrupted him from one moment to another.

"Harry, we have to go." Niall tried to take his arm, but received a new call and answered. "Yes, yes, we're out."

"What's going on?" Harry asked worried. "Why do we have to go?"

"There's a fucking paparazzi outside, Harry. Someone took a picture of us. All Twitter are talking about this. We must go, they wait for us outside."

Harry looked at Louis, who watched the whole scene frowning, as there were people around him who had noticed Harry's presence and were slowly getting pile up.

"Louis, I ..."

"You guys are in trouble, huh? I admire how celebrities handle the entire circus of the press. I would hate to have to go through that. Leaving from one place to another just so they don't take pictures of you? It's ridiculous."

Harry swallowed and looked down, disappointed. It was true, it was ridiculous to have to live this way, but he didn't choose this, it came in the package. Perhaps Louis Tomlinson wasn't willing to accept this rhythm of life for him. Maybe, then, this just wouldn't work.

"Well, don't take it badly. I just don't understand. I guess the flashes aren't for me." Louis shrugged and extended his hand again. "Nice to meet you, Harry. You owe me the autograph for the next one," he joked and smiled.

Niall took Harry's arm, hurrying him. "Come on, please, they will kill us."

Harry nodded and looked at Louis, who extended his hand. He removed his from the front pants pocket and laid it on Louis's. Fuck it if this didn't work, he had to try before to give up. What could he lose?

"Come to my concert tomorrow. These are VIP passes. Two, for you and for Lottie. If you want more for the guys in the band just call me."

Louis frowned as he looked at the credentials Harry left in his hand. He didn't understand anything. "How I'm going to call you? What are you talking about?"

Harry started walking while Niall was pushing him. "I already give you my number, remember?"

Then, Louis knew. It was Harry Styles who spoke to him on Instagram. Did Harry Styles fake to be another person just to talk to him? Harry Styles wants to ... date him? What the fuck? Lottie is going to kill him.

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"Lotts," Louis whispered as he snorted a little. "Lottie, wake up."

"What do you want, Louis?" She opened her eyes a bit and looked out the window. It hadn't even dawned. It was 4:00 a.m. "What's going on?"

"I have to tell you something," he whispered, "Lottie, wake up. What are you doing sleeping? You usually spend the nights in front of your computer."

"Harry has a show tomorrow," Lottie replied. "I plan to watch it online, and I wanted to rest. What's going on?"

"I think you were right, Lottie. About Harry. Harry is gay, they are talking about it on Twitter, I saw it."

"What? God, Louis, even a blind man could see it, I know that. Did you wake me up for saying that?"

"No. Look," Louis took the tickets out of his jacket pocket and showed them to her. "He gave me tickets for today's concert. You could go with Victoria, wasn't she who was going to go with you the other day?"

Lottie opened her eyes wide when she saw the credentials saying 'special guests' and sat on the bed, lighting the nightstand. "What? Did you see Harry? Where?"

"He was at The Garage tonight, he was watching my show and came over to talk to me. I told him about you, I asked for an autograph and he simply took out this tickets and gave them to me." Lottie was about to cry and Louis swallowed, he had to tell her the truth but didn't want to hurt her. "I think Harry just ... he just ... was there, with Niall."

"Niall? Niall Horan?" Lottie was already crying. "So it's true? He just ... he's interested in you? He likes you?"

Louis swallowed. God, this was very difficult. He couldn't believe it. He didn't want to break his sister's heart, so, despite himself, he lied to her.

"No, I think he's dating Niall? I don't know, they were together. Their pictures are on Twitter."

Lottie began to cry louder. Was Narry real after all? Why is the world against her? "I thought... I thought he liked you. He winked at you, I saw that"

Louis flatly denied. Lottie cried, yes. But not for the reasons he believed. Lottie really didn't mind that Harry likes his brother, on the contrary, she was shocked by the fact that, if they date or something, she could get to know him some day.

"Lottie, they are vip tickets, for the soundcheck and meet and greet, isn't that great?" He move the hair from his sister's face and sighed. "Come on, stop crying, you'll meet him. Are you happy?"

Lottie laughed through tears and hugged Louis tightly. "Thank you! Thank you! I'm going to call Victoria to ask for permission to go. God! I can't believe it!"

Louis smiled and ruffled Lottie's hair as she stood up. He left the room and lay on his bed.

He still couldn't believe what had happened. Harry Styles wants to date him. Wtf, Harry Styles, the owner of his fantasies since he saw him on stage. The way he walked, his deep voice and the horrible jokes. Everything about him was fascinating, although he didn't want to recognize it out loud, Harry always caught his attention. Lottie shared photos of him in each profile on her social networks, at least in which Louis followed her, (for example: Instagram and Facebook) then, logically, he saw every photo or video she shared. And the photoshoot in underwear for Calvin Klein? Fucking God, Louis even bought the magazine where those photos came out last year. He gave it to Lottie, of course, but not before taking a look at Harry's body.

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She didn't know what to look first. To the rest of the people? The incredible scenery? Lottie was truly amazed. When she went to the concert with his brother she had reached the last minute, only 15 or 20 minutes before the show began and was so overwhelmed that she paid no attention to his surroundings.

Now she was there, she was in the soundcheck and Harry saw her, of course he recognized her after he had stalked her so many times, and threw her a kiss. He frowned as he looked around, noting that Lottie was with another girl, there was no sign of Louis. Didn't he come to see him?

The band was amazing, of course. They sounded incredibly, and Lottie only went to a concert before this one, therefore she didn't have a frame of reference, but she believed that tonight was definitely the best of her life.

The intensity of the lights went down a bit, a sign that a slow song was coming. *You & I* was one of Lottie's favorite songs, and apparently, it was also Harry's favorite.

"Next, a song I loved to write. Although some people suggested it was dedicated to a particular person ..."

Lottie remembered. When Harry released his second album, they said his songs were dedicated to the shift model with which he was linked at that time. The Narry shippers had exposed their theories as to why that song was for Niall, but the reality was that every time they asked him who their songs were for, he always answered the same thing: *[For no one in particular. I'm in love with the concept of love. I'm single, I have no partner, and I suppose that person hasn't yet arrived to whom I want to dedicate and / or write songs]*

"I would like to confess that I wanted to be able to dedicate songs like these to someone. But that person isn't here tonight. Can you help me sing it? This is *You & I*"

Lottie then remembered what she talked to her brother, when she asked for details of what he had talked to Harry. Louis said that Harry had given him the tickets for the two of them, but he didn't want to go, and didn't say why. Something weird was happening and now Harry was making confessions he never did before? In other words, he was denying Narry rumors.

The photos of Niall and Harry sitting in a bar went through all the networks. The fans were crazy about the idea that they went to a date. Lottie made no comment that Harry was precisely where his brother performed with his band. But she knew something about her fandom, they would soon find out.

When Lottie asked him again about Niall and Harry, Louis assured her that they were together, just that, he didn't see them kissing, but it was evident that they were in something. Lottie didn't believe any of that, no matter how much she wanted to believe her brother, she knew when Louis was lying.

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When the concert ended it was the most difficult. This was the moment, now. Her dream would come true, she was going to meet Harry, and she didn't know whether to keep crying, because she didn't want to ruin that moment. She had so many things to say to her idol, mainly that she was infinitely grateful for the video he uploaded for his birthday. It had undoubtedly been the best gift she received in her life. She also needed to thank him for the invitation to the concert tonight, being there that night was very special.

They were standing in a sector of the Backstage. There were many people with VIP invitations. Being the last concert in the UK, many celebrities were present. Lottie recognized an actress, a model and a TV host. All those people were very close to Harry, from his inner circle.

When it was time for Harry to approach the few fans who were able to be there, he greeted each of them with a big hug. Lottie didn't want to cross a line, but her hug with Harry had been the strongest and most durable of the whole round; he even kissed her forehead and called her by her name "Hello, Lottie, beautiful." She wasn't going to cry, she didn't want to do it. The photographs were taken and Harry talked with everyone in general, asking how they were and where they were from, in addition to whether they had enjoyed the show or not. Harry thanked every gift he received from all of them, and signed more than 20 autographs, all personalized.

When it was time to say goodbye, Harry was absent for a few minutes. When he returned, he greeted all of them, leaving Lottie for last. Victoria saw that Harry was speaking to her friend's ear, and that was why she stepped aside, giving them privacy. In a moment, Lottie covered her mouth with one hand and nodded effusively. She hugged Harry again and walked away, holding Victoria's hand to leave the place.

Her friend asked her what Harry had said, curiously and she replied that he had invited her to the avant premiere of his next movie. Victoria couldn't believe it and neither did Lottie. She was dying to tell her everything they talked about, and even though Vicky was her best friend, Harry asked her to keep the secret.

Yes, it was true about the avant premiere, but that wasn't all what Harry wanted to say her. Actually, he asked for a favor. He asked her first if he could trust her, and if she agreed to be a kind of carrier pigeon. She nodded without hesitation because she could imagine that Harry wanted her brother's phone number or something like that.

She never imagined that he would go as far as asking her to give something to Louis.

1 VIP pass for the next concert.

Destination: *Amsterdam*

Chapter 6

It was one of those rare nights of September. September 28th to be precise, and the temperature wasn't the warmest. Louis fixed his jacket, feeling slightly nervous with all the people around him, screaming like crazy and laughing in a way that made his head hurt a bit at the sight. He did his best to push himself through the crowd, eagerly apologizing to each person he encountered in his clumsy attempt to enter the VIP sector.

The huge theater was ready to receive the artist of the moment and he couldn't believe what was happening. Louis usually spent Friday nights at home, or maybe in a bar with friends, but not tonight. This night he was in ...

What's he's doing in Amsterdam, after all?

When his sister had handed him the credential, he couldn't believe it and refused to travel to another country just because the fucking Harry Styles wanted to date him. But after talking to the singer, he just accepted the proposal.

At first it had been a normal conversation, Harry saying that he wanted to see him alone at least once, that he wanted them to have a secret date and then just, see what happen. Louis thought that wouldn't be bad idea, that it could be a thing for a night and he was going to enjoy it. Then the conversation took them elsewhere, with a Harry confessing what he really wanted to do with him and then, they just admitted that the sexual attraction was mutual. There was nothing more to say. Louis bought a train ticket and there he was, about to see Harry on stage.

He ran his palm through his hair, desperately trying to force him to the side until he found his seat not far from the stage, but strategically distanced from the crowd. There was no way to get attention. The room slowly filled with people, the talk was still a bit too loud for his ears and for a second he doubted his decision to come here, but it was only until the singer took the stage.

From one second to another, the crowd just exploded and the intro of a song began to sound. Don't blame him, he had to learn the names of the songs yet. He didn't know the letters, he could recognize one or two, but don't ask him more than that. To be honest, he wasn't Harry's fan and again, what was he doing there after all?

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen"

Harry greeted the crowd, with a cheeky smile on his clean, shaved face. He wore a pretty black tuxedo with a thin white stripe. Everything too tight and *God...* he looked so good on it. Harry looked at the crowd and Louis thought he had never seen a handsome and confident man on stage than Harry Styles.

"My name is Harry Styles, but you all can call me Harry Styles"

Louis laughed, he wasn't sure why, but he did it and the singer gave him an amused look when he managed to spot him. Harry looked away immediately so Louis wasn't noticed by fans.

"Yes, I'm funny, everyone laughs, see?"

"Oh my God, he's an idiot." Louis let out a laugh and some girls next to him looked at him contemptuously.

"I am in charge of entertaining you all for the next two hours, so I will do my best to keep up."

People started shouting even louder, anxious that the show began. Louis looked around, thousands of faces, hundreds of flags and posters. It was crazy.

"I need your help because I want to impress someone tonight. Don't make me look bad, be a good audience. Do we agree, Amsterdam?"

The audience went wild, agreeing and Harry smiled broadly.

"We are going to play some songs for you, all right? If you know the lyrics, sing, if you want to dance, please do it. And if you aren't a fan of any of those activities, move aside, please, your money will be returned"

Louis laughed again. Harry was a real idiot.

The band began to play and Harry joined them with his singing, holding the microphone with one hand while having his other hand in the pocket of his tight pants. His voice was rich and warm and made the corners of Louis's lips rise in a pleasant smile.

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He was in the middle of the performance when the singer approached to the side because a fan offered him a banana. Louis frowned and looked at the people around, to make sure everyone was seeing the same thing.

What.the.actual.fuck? *He's eating a banana in the middle of a song?* This guy was crazy.

Louis looked at the girls next to him and asked one of them. "Does he always do that?"

The girl nodded and he looked back at Harry, who was now just inclined, well ... Flirting with him while eating a banana.

Louis swallowed and cleared his throat so hard he had a fleeting coughing attack.

Harry winked at Louis with a cheeky smile as he sang the last line of let one know what song. But he said something like: *And if you like having secret little rendezvous. If you like to do the things you know that we shouldn't do. Then baby, I'm perfect*

Louis wasn't going to deny it, he blushed, unable to remain calm when the singer looked at him, but tried to force himself to believe that he was probably dreaming it, since it was impossible for Harry to be practically giving him a kind of serenade in front of more than 15 thousand people. It was impossible. He shouldn't be so obvious.

Harry sang another verse, but changing the lyrics in certain parts. For Louis, everything was correct, since he didn't know the lyrics of this particular song, but his audience noticed it, since he was probably not even rhyming. Harry just wanted to say it this way:

"And if you could accept the flash of the cameras every time we go out. And if you're looking for someone to write love songs about. Baby, I'm perfect. We're perfect."

Louis couldn't resist, he smiled back, in case he was really proposing it.

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The show continued, the singer interacted with other fans as he usually did. But not only with fans. There was a father nearby, and Harry, the damn Harry Styles had something with dads, or what? Louis remembered the show in London because he had flirted with one of them too. Holy God, Harry. That was ... Sexy.

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One of the last songs left Louis somewhat restless in his place. You could say, horny? Well, Harry Styles was definitely not discreet... at all. And Louis swears. He never, but he NEVER paid attention to the lyrics of this particular song.

Is that about...?

*I lose my strength, I discovered that I like this.
And when I sleep, I will dream about your taste*

I'll dream about your taste. Ok, Louis didn't mean to misunderstand him, but Harry looked him straight in the eye when he said that phrase. Was it a hint? Because if it was, they could gladly go together backstage right now.

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"That was ... Intense." Louis said once he was in the backstage, after waiting for Harry to greet all his fans. "Intense," he repeated, the heat returning to his body.

"Intense for good? Did I impress you?" Harry flirted, brushing his lips.

"If I didn't misunderstand, let me tell you, I'm impressed." Louis smiled.

Harry nodded, looking around the room and there were too many people and assumed that the conversation could continue elsewhere. A more intimate place.

"Do you want to see my dressing room?" Harry let go like that without further ado. They were very likely to come looking for him from one moment to another and there was no time to lose.

Louis swallowed and denied, laughing. "Oh my God. We aren't going to do this here, right?"

Harry shrugged, looking around, everyone was coming and going, nobody was paying attention to them, so why not? He never did it in public, it was sexy to think about it, to run the risk of someone finding them.

"If you don't want to, it's okay ..." Harry muttered.

"I didn't say I don't want to." Louis cut it and approached a bit. "Am I not misunderstanding things or is it? Are you flirting with me?" He whispered.

"I think I was too obvious tonight ... I don't regret it anyway."

Louis smiled and licked his lips. His lips were dry, Harry could moisten them with pleasure.

Their hurried steps led them into the dressing room and Harry locked the moment they entered. Okay, they were going to do this here then.

Louis watched the whole place for a small moment until he turned to lean on that table full of snacks and fruits. He crossed his arms and looked around. Nothing bad. There was an armchair, a kind of wardrobe and Harry was now standing in front of him.

He was nervous, he wasn't going to deny it, it was obvious. Harry was too, but now he just felt hot with the idea of doing this with him.

"What do you want me to do, Louis?" Harry let go. His voice even more serious, his eyes turning a darker green.

Louis laughed, still arms folded. He looked at Harry, who was getting closer and closer. Their eyes met and then they both looked at their mouths.

Louis unraveled his arms, walking around the place and approached the shelf in front of the huge mirror. Louis supposed that was where they put on makeup or something.

"Sit here," he pointed to the shelf. It was a suggestion, but Harry was somewhat horny and took it as an order, which he obeyed.

Louis walked slowly toward him, taking off the stupid jacket that was bothering him now. Harry rested his hands behind his body, and Louis was now in the middle of his legs, resting his fists beside his thighs.

He approached Harry and whispered, "If you want me to be honest with you, I must confess these three things ..."

Harry brushed his lips, his penis had begun to swell in his pants and *oops*, he remembered that he wasn't wearing underwear right now.

"Tell me, Louis ..."

"First at all: I didn't go to your concert in London because I wanted to go, my dad just forced me. I wouldn't have gone even if they paid me, okay?"

Harry laughed and nodded. "Okay, second?"

"Second: Your jokes? They sucks. You are terribly bad comedian, but we laugh at how bad they are. Point in favor for you, you're so bad, that you end up being funny."

Harry rolled his eyes amused and laughed. "What's the third thing?"

Louis licked his lips. "And third: God, you're so fucking sexy. I'm dying for kissin—"

Harry silenced him with a kiss, his lips clashing hard, until *his* Louis relented, also opening his mouth, melting against him.

And that was the moment when Harry pushed him slightly. To turn him against the shelf and stand in front of him against his chest. Lips attacking his neck while taking off his own shirt.

Louis was trying to help him, releasing a button awkwardly while his lips met again. It was a dirty, wet and shivering kiss. The sexual tension between them was so much and so impossible to continue supporting.

"Do you think we can here?" Louis hesitated for a moment when he heard voices in the halls. "Aren't they going to listen to us?"

Harry purred, his teeth scraping against his ear. "All up to you. How quiet you can be, can I?" He pointed to the zipper of his pants.

Louis licked his lips and nodded. He shuddered as soon as his penis was exposed. Harry smiled.

"Well, thank you, Jesus." He clasped the palms of his hands and looked up at the sky.

Louis laughed. "Are you kidding? What's that for?"

Harry frowned and pointed to Louis's member. "Hey, this should be appreciated. Now, you are perfect."

Louis raised an eyebrow, he already had too many Harry's jokes for today.

"You were afraid to discover the size?" He held his hand to his member and shook it a bit to harden it completely. "This is good for you? It's enough?"

Harry brushed his lip and nodded, now returning to the hot weather that had turned. Louis was good at encouraging him.

"You like the idea of everyone passing by while you're kneeling in front of me, don't you?"

Harry nodded, slowly bowing but Louis stopped him to speak closely. He could feel so hard, but he wanted to do this, he wanted to just let himself be driven by Louis.

"That's the reason you wanted to bring me here. We both know you can't be doing this, we could have gone somewhere else and you, however, wanted to be here. You want to get caught."

He punctuated each sentence with a pinch on Harry's nipple, pulling it, placing it between his fingers as he pinched it in such a way, as if he knew it was his weak point. Harry turned his head, biting his lip, his eyes already desperate and Louis was just beginning.

Unzipping Harry's zipper, he reached into his hand and discovered that there were no underwear. Really? Louis could only release Harry's member eagerly. He stroked it firmly and slowly, smiling as Harry turned completely flexible against him, panting hard at every stroke of Louis's thumb over the head of his penis.

And all the time, the rest of Harry's production people walked past them, completely oblivious to what was going on inside.

It was not long until Harry began to moan, hitting his hand, and Louis again nibbled his throat, causing a stifled scream.

Louis bit his lip, stroking Harry's neck, right at the mark he had just left there. He looked into his eyes defiantly and clenched his fist harder and Harry groaned so loudly this time.

"You're so loud." Louis smiled. "You definitely want to get caught."

"No, I don't want to get caught," Harry gasped, but it didn't sound very convincing.

"I think so," Louis purred. "But it's okay, baby, I know exactly how to help them hear you moan."

He lifted his own pants, his member still exposed and laid Harry on the shelf. Louis leaned against his back. Harry groaned, rubbing his ass against him.

"You really like this," Louis noted, his eyes shining. He won the lottery, then. "Do you always prefer it that way?"

"Yes," he murmured. "Fuck, yes, Louis."

His own member was hard as a rock, and the way Harry rubbed against him like a cat in heat didn't help anyone, but he did his best to focus on finishing this now.

"God. Only if we had lubricant. I would fuck you so hard" Louis groaned against him. "It doesn't matter, this will be fine for now." He moved his hand faster over him, shaking his limb to get it.

His lust was thick, stretched across the room, the air filled with the smell of sex and sweat. Louis relentlessly pumped Harry.

"You're close, right?" Louis whispered. Harry groaned, banging against his fist. He didn't need to answer. Louis could smell it, he could feel Harry's cock getting thicker against his hand, he could feel the way he trembled against him, the way his legs trembled and threatened to falter when his knees began to bend.

Louis dropped it, turning Harry to his knees. He took his hair tightly to push him against his own cock. Harry was now sucking it like he was an expert. Louis released his hair immediately when he saw tears running down his cheek as he tried to contain himself. This only made Harry shake his head with even more enthusiasm, his cheeks cupped as he sucked up and down, his bitter taste was becoming stronger and stronger per second.

With a groan muffled by his hand, Louis approached, forcing deeper into Harry's throat, emptying into him. Harry took everything, cleaned it and swallowed everything. He licked his lips once he finished and saw Louis fall against the shelf, his chest agitated.

It took Harry a few long seconds to recover enough to stand up, get back into his pants and pull them. Louis bowed, extending his hand to help him up. It was a stupid gentleman gesture, although what they had just done was nothing innocent. Still, small details are everything to Harry.

Louis leaned forward, kissing him softly. "Do you feel good?" Harry nodded, approaching him just to hug him. Louis didn't expect him to do that, but he cupped his cheek on his neck and kissed him there. "You don't have to rest or something?"

Harry nodded, kissing him again on the lips. "Yes, let's go to my hotel."

“Your hotel?” Louis raised an eyebrow. “To your hotel? Together?”

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The temperature change returned to Louis's pink cheeks when he left the dressing room and hid his hands in his pockets again. Almost everyone left and he felt a fool standing there, waiting for Harry to come looking for him.

God, Harry Styles had just sucked on him, how crazy could that be?

It was strange to see someone like Harry talking to one of the people in his production, probably some manager, to tell him that Louis was going to stay at the hotel with him. At first the woman only flatly denied, saying they could host him somewhere else nearby, but Harry planted himself securely and said he wasn't asking permission, he was just announcing what he was going to do. Louis looked at his phone to seem busy, but he could hear the whole conversation, it was humiliating, to be honest.

“I'm sorry I made you wait. Christ, it wasn't cold in the dressing room, right?” Usually Harry showered after each show. Now he was just in a hurry to return to his hotel room. He covered his throat with a scarf and put on his coat. “Are you ready?”

“So, will we go to your hotel? It really doesn't bother me to stay in the place I could get. I have to go get my things there anyway, I don't need to stay with you.”

“No, I invited you here. What you spend runs on my own from now on. You didn't buy a return ticket yet, right?”

“Of course I did. I have to go back tomorrow afternoon.”

Harry looked at him for a moment. “I was thinking, we can go to a nice bar, or do you prefer a restaurant?” He asked, looking at Louis as he hid his hands in his coat pockets as well.

“Um, I'm not sure. Do you really think it will be a good idea? Aren't paparazzi going to stalk you or something like that?”

Harry closed his eyes tightly and denied. “Oh, right, I completely forgot,” he whispered, reluctantly. “I'm sorry.”

Louis frowned and stopped. “What's going on?”

Harry shrugged. “Because I can't take you on a real date.”

Louis smiled. "Hey, don't worry. I knew it anyway, remember? Just ..." he said and sighed. "Let's enjoy this time together. I'm here, it doesn't matter if it's not a conventional date. Sex is enough, right?"

Harry swallowed. "R-right."

Louis smiled. "I'm joking, Harry."

Harry snorted and laughed. "Oh, thanks. I can't always be wrong when choosing my boyfriends"

Louis frowned slightly, and said nothing. He just kept walking next to Harry while greeting the few attendees who were there.

They passed through a huge glass door and Louis looked at his reflection, adjusting his hair a bit instinctively.

"Oh, don't worry, it looks good," Harry assured him.

"What?" Louis looked at him.

"Your hair. It looks good, you don't have to fix it."

"Oh."

"Um, listen, Lou. Do you want us to go first to the place where you stayed before going to the hotel? So you can pick up your stuff, I don't know."

Lou? "Um..." Louis cleared his throat. "Em, yes, although I'm not sure I'm staying at your hotel? Don't take it wrong, just ... I don't want to abuse your luxuries."

"If you say so for what my managers said before, let me tell you that I decide who I invite or not."

"No, no," Louis smiled. "I just came to see you, nothing else, and I already paid my stay."

Harry looked at him for a moment and nodded. "Okay, I can take you whenever you want."

"Sure."

Louis stared at the vehicle that was carrying Harry. He wasn't exactly a car enthusiast, but he could appreciate a good machine when he saw it and *God* that was a amazing car. Very appropriate for his owner.

"Do you want me to open the door for you?" Harry laughed out loud after looking at him appreciating the car. Louis rolled his eyes and opened the door himself, allowing Harry to enter first.

Once they were on their way, Harry asked. "Did you liked my show? It was good?"

“It was great. Really cool. I have to admit that I underestimated Mr. Harry Styles too much,” he said honestly. “Last time I hadn't paid much attention, sorry”

“That’s okay. I also enjoyed it.” Harry smiled. “Except for the fact that you said I'm a terrible comedian, but the rest was fine.”

“Hey, at least I don't flatter you how the rest of the world do. I was honest” Louis excused himself and laughed. “And seriously, you were wonderful tonight, excellent performance. And your fans? They were all crazy, they fucking love you”

“Yeah,” Harry smiled “and it's true, the audience was great... Although they missed the best part of the night.”

Louis's eyes widened and his head shot up in Harry's direction, who was now only smiling blatantly.

“Don't try to look innocent, I'm sure I know what you mean,” Louis said and smiled as he rested his hand on Harry's thigh.

“I forgot, I'm talking to the teacher here.”

"Sure, I'll have my degree soon. When you want to learn music, just call me."

Harry looked at him narrowing his eyes. Louis laughed in such a tender way that those folds were visible on the sides of his eyes. Harry just stood there, looking at him for a moment and said nothing, just smiled back.

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“Have you ever been there? In Paris?” Harry asked when he discovered Louis looking at a booklet on his light table. The next place of the tour.

“No, I left the country only once in my life. I went to Amsterdam to grant someone's whim,” he joked.

Harry crossed his arms, had just come out of the shower and had a robe on. “You only came here for my whim? Or because you couldn't resist the charms of the greatest Harry Styles?”

Louis laughed again. "You never told me how you found me? Well, I saw the comments on Twitter talking about me, but how did you do it?"

Harry threw himself on the bed, exhausted. “I can't reveal that information, I'm sorry.”

Louis laughed and continued touring the rest of the huge room. The place was a strange combination of modern and vintage, which made it look nice. It smelled like flowers and

wasn't too extravagant.

"It's not fancy, as I said." Harry sat on the bed.

"It's great," Louis replied genuinely. He really thought it was great, considering that the room he could afford was no bigger than that bathroom.

"Thank you. Do you want to drink wine or something else?" Harry asked walking to the small bar, since Louis was sniffing around.

"Whatever you like will be fine."

The singer nodded and served two glasses of wine. They sat in the small living room, talking about banal things, singing, knowing each other. There was a silent agreement between the two that they would talk about anything other than the fact that they only had less than 24 hours to say goodbye. Inevitably, the two came to the subject of dating. Louis was surprised, to say the least, by the fact that Harry confessed to never having fallen in love for real.

"You had to fall in love sometime, come on... what about your songs?" Louis let his voice fade into the wine glass while he was taking another sip.

"I thought many times I fell in love but I realized that I was really only in love with the concept of love. It's hard to find someone who gets used to the rhythm of my life," Harry replied, shrugging. "Or it was just that I made bad decisions, I don't know. None were worth it" Louis nodded silently, thinking millions of things in his mind. "Are you worth it, Louis? Or you are like them?"

That question was the most difficult to answer and Louis felt lost, he didn't answer.

The room was filled with silence when Harry leaned forward and suddenly Louis no longer felt lost when Harry's lips touched him as lightly as possible. They barely touched each other and yet the experience shattered and rebuilt the world of Louis. A single kiss was all he needed to fill his mind with confusion and ruffle his entire inside.

He leaned back suddenly, looking Harry in the eye. "Can I touch you?" He asked and Harry smiled.

"It's too late to ask, isn't it?"

"Never is late to ask that"

Harry smiled. That was a real great answer.

Louis put his hand on Harry's thin waist, squeezing it hard enough to let him know what he felt. He was touching it, but not too daring. It took Harry a little time to respond correctly to the kiss, but Louis's lips were like velvet and his tongue was unusually warm with alcohol and tasted like good wine.

Louis dared to tangle his fingers in Harry's short hair, and he came over, almost sitting on his lap; Louis didn't care. He pressed his body against Harry's, appreciating each of his muscles.

Louis wasn't very athletic but still had a good body too, although nothing like the singer's exercised body. Some complete opposites, but they fit in such a beautiful way.

"I didn't think this would happen to me sometime." Harry began his confession, "but the truth is that I saw you in my concert and wanted to meet you. God, I lost hours of sleep to find for you," he continued between soft kisses. "Your smile in the car was enough to convince me it was worth it this time."

Louis looked perplexed. He wasn't used to this kind of attention and that made him feel strange, but also good and warm, but it could have been wine.

Harry climbed into Louis's lap, sat astride him and crawled a bit to find a comfortable position.

"Do you do this often? Find someone among your audience and take him to your hotel in your nice car? Whisper sweet things in his ears before they get on your bed?" Louis asked, his fingers still playing with his hair.

Harry laughed. "Don't ask that," he kissed Louis's lips a bit before whispering. "And how much do I have to say to get you on my bed?"

"A bit more."

Harry nodded and sighed, pretending to think. "You really have a beautiful smile and beautiful eyes... I like your tattoos. I like the way you keep fixing your hair, even if it looks good. I am surprised that you think you are not good with your lyrics, when I can say that I became obsessed with your songs. You said it was just a hobby, because you like music, but nevertheless, I swear that that's where you should always be: on stage. And I tell you something else? You kiss very well."

"Do you prepare these monologues?" Louis chuckled.

"Nope. See? I never had to talk so much to convince someone to get into my bed." Harry confessed to his own surprise.

"Mhm..." Louis murmured. "Well, let's go to bed then."

"Are you sure?" Harry asked, "You can't regret it tomorrow"

Louis smiled. "Pretty sure I won't"

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Louis woke up in the morning when his phone rang repeatedly. He was confused at first after reading each message, and all he could do at that moment was immediately get out of bed to

start dressing.

Harry felt a noise in the room, and it was then that he noticed that he was alone in bed. He frowned for a moment and stood up, walking slowly to where he imagined Louis was, perhaps, looking for something for breakfast.

"What are you doing?" Harry asked when he saw that Louis was about to put on his coat.

"I'm sorry, Harry."

The way he said it, the tone, Harry already imagined, he just needed to hear it. Louis said nothing, just pulled up his phone, showing Harry the hundreds of articles that talked about them

"Who is Louis Tomlinson?"

"Louis Tomlinson: Everything about him"

"Harry has been seen at a The Rogue show in London"

"Louis Tomlinson in Amsterdam"

Harry returned him his phone. "Don't worry, we'll fix that."

"Fix it? Fix what? Did you read that shit?"

"They will get someone to fake being my girlfriend, they always do, don't worry"

Louis denied. "Holy shit, I'm going to leave before you get in trouble."

"I'm in trouble since I decided to invited you, Louis." Harry tried to minimize the point, but he didn't understand that it wasn't easy for Louis to deal with it. "Nevermind you don't have to worry. We'll fix it."

"Harry, don't you get it?"

"Louis, I just had the best night of my life and the shit they write about my private life is about to take it away from me," he looked at Louis, trying to find his eyes and when he finally found them, he sighed. "I don't want to allow it. No this time"

"Your private life you said? Right, I'm talking to the selfish Mr Star now. It's my life, too!"

"I expressed myself wrong, you're right. But you can't just leave this way. You'll learn to deal with all this, I guess, you'll see. I will try to take care of us, I promise."

"Do you know what, Harry? I like you, I really like you but this won't work. Not when you're in the fucking closet and you have to show you with any other women if they see you with me." Harry said nothing. His eyes were shining, a sign that the tears were near. "And I'm not judging you. I really don't. I understand that you do it because you have no choice, but ... Harry, I couldn't do it"

Tears ran down his face now. *God* Harry hated crying. "What does that mean?"

Louis shrugged. "I guess I'm not worth it neither after all."

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The end

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Epilogue

www.harrystyles.uk

Official Statement:

This is toward the people who are in some way or another part of my life. To my fans, to the non-fans, to the press in general.

*Throughout my career I tried to adapt to the lifestyle that was required of me, agreeing to all the clauses of each contract I signed and accepting almost all the consequences of it; **almost**. I will not play to be a victim, I will simply be honest with all of you.*

As you probably should know, the documentary of Harry Styles was going to be screened in theaters starting next month, but I must report that that will not happen.

The reason why I made that decision was really an internal process, in which I asked myself whether or not that was really what I wanted you to know about my private life. In other words, I was going to lie to you all, or keep lying.

I just took a look at the latest editing touches of the documentary about my own life, and you know what? I didn't feel reflected in anything; Moreover, it was as if I was seeing the biography of someone completely oblivious to me, to what I really am, to what I really feel and I don't want to follow this farce. No more.

I lied, I accepted every rumor of romance that was invented over these years because those were the rules of the game, but I'm tired of pretending to be someone else. I am a person, like all of you, I have feelings and I am brave enough today to face what is coming after this.

I'm Harry Styles, I'm 23 years old and I have a confession to make: I'm gay. I have been all my life and I am proud to be. And in case you are wondering: No, I don't have a couple at the moment, I am completely single, without commitments and I wish to continue in this way for a good time.

Probably after this I lose fans, lose contracts and lose a lot of things, but the satisfaction I feel, and the tears that run down my face at this moment are full happiness.

Thank you. Eternally thanks to those who were, those who are and will continue to be now. To my family, to my friends, and to the whole environment that was always in the worst

moments. But especially to the people who made my dream of being a singer come true. To my fans: I love you, and I need you, I need you a lot, more than ever.

All the love.

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The internet was collapsed, the fandom was out of control and the press in general was already speculating about the real reasons why Harry Styles had come out of the closet. Of course, they thought it was because he was starting a formal relationship with someone in particular. And yes, obviously that all theories linked him to one person: *Louis Tomlinson*.

In part it was true, yes. After that last conversation he had with Louis in that hotel room in Amsterdam he rethought in his head if he was going to let his whole life be based on that. In lies, in secret dates, in frustrated loves and failures after failure, because c'mon, Louis was right. Who would tolerate every rumor, every new photograph with random women? Someone could love him, someone could love him very much, but would someone could to love him too much to bear all that and wait patiently at home while he is happy and holding hands with someone else in public?

In his mind he repeated once and a thousand times what Louis said: "Harry, I couldn't do it." And it was fine, he didn't judge him, since he would probably have said and done the same thing instead. He would have escaped, he would have given up, he would have left him alone as Louis did with him. And it was fine, of course it was fine. Harry wasn't going to demand anything from him, or ask him to at least try, he couldn't.

Two months passed after their meeting in Amsterdam, where they had sex, or made love. Harry doesn't know, he was never going to know. Louis didn't write him anymore and neither did he. It was pride, yes, a bit of pride and a hint of self-love too. Louis said he wasn't worth it, and Harry wasn't quite sure if that was true, but he didn't discuss it anyway.

His tour ended two months later and he was now back home. He had at least two weeks off until he had new performances. The premiere of his movie fell apart with his official statement, so he was free until further notice. Or rather, until the Grammy Awards that were held next month, in Los Angeles.

He had thousands of offers to give an interview about why he canceled the premiere of his film and of course, the reason for his confession. The press was looking for ways to convince his producers to agree on an exclusive, but Harry didn't agree. He didn't want to explain why he did what he did. His Management fought a lot for this official statement wouldn't be published, but Harry was advised and put lawyers speaking for him. The situation was complicated to the point of almost initiating a labor trial, but that didn't happen. A new contract was created to his expectations and Harry was now free of stunts, free to decide what is said or not in his next interviews, in a way, he could be *him*. **Finally.**

And yes, it was true. Because Louis made the decision. Louis helped him, but don't get him wrong, he didn't do it *for* Louis, he did it for **him**.

Louis had such a great impact on his life that he came to open his mind a bit, to get him to look beyond his selfishness and to think that, to have a relationship, two people were needed, two people who were in the same harmony, on the same step. It wasn't about getting a boyfriend who could carry all the weight on his shoulders of being "the boyfriend of". It was more than that, it wasn't simply looking for someone to pretend everything was perfect while he go out in magazines hand in hand with someone else. It wasn't that. Louis told him. It wasn't like that, it shouldn't be like that.

Harry was looking for that someone who could bear everything just to be with him. How selfish could he be? God, he was a real idiot in pretending Louis was able to agree with that.

He had fallen so, so deep for him. Harry discovered how ugly it felt to be in love with someone and not be reciprocated. It was horrible, devastating.

Louis was worth it and Harry really knew it.

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It had been two months since the last time his sister spoke to him. Louis believed that Lottie was being an extremist by putting forward Harry Styles' feelings before his own, but hey, he didn't judge her.

Well, he did judge her, but only a bit.

He didn't talk much about it. When he returned from Amsterdam, Lottie saturated him with questions about what they had done and what terms they had left. Louis went straight, with no hair on his tongue and no filter, so she stopped asking.

“We saw each other, we had sex and then I left. I will not see him again, so don't dream that he will be your brother-in-law. It's over”

Without anesthesia.

Everyone in his house knew that he had traveled to Amsterdam just to have a date with his sister's idol but nobody knew with great detail what was really happening and why he didn't want to talk about it. He locked himself in his room, didn't talk about it, not even with his best friends, he just left it there. He left his feelings in Amsterdam, in that hotel room and returned, pretending that he didn't feel a huge emptiness in his chest and it didn't affect him in the least that soon after his encounter Harry decided to come out of the closet.

No one knew that every day he google any news that has to do with Harry Styles and his private life. No one knew he couldn't get him out of his mind and much less knew that he had been a complete jerk to escape of Harry, watching him cry without even turning to check that he was okay.

He was gone, without saying anything else, without even trying. He had been a coward and he regret it so, so much. But it had been almost three months of that meeting and it was already late. He couldn't just write to Harry, pretending everything was perfect and that he didn't break his heart as easily as he did. He broke Harry's heart, Louis knew it, he felt that way when he saw him cry. Harry was completely broken after confessing that the night they spent making love had been the best night of his life.

And he made love to Harry. It didn't matter that the meeting took place simply because they felt mutual sexual attraction, because it didn't just end in sex. They made love, he felt that way. And Louis wasn't entirely sure of being in love with Harry completely, but the connection they had from the moment they first saw each other, the way they kissed and touched each other, everything was unique, it was magical. And maybe Louis was in love after all, but what does it matter? It was already late, it was surely late.

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After Harry Styles had witnessed one of The Rogue's shows, each new performance had at least 200 or 300 people. At first the boys were only shocked at the magnitude in which the band had grown in a matter of a few months. Before they had a least 1,000 followers on Instagram, and now they had more than 180,000. Their songs were more and more listened to and they were going to receive money from YouTube for each publication of a new video.

Louis even have to sign some autographs and everything felt so surreal. Some people used to ask him about Harry, assuming they were a couple or something. At first he only said that they were friends, since he couldn't deny the connection, but then he just stopped answering those questions, alluding that things had been misunderstood and that nothing of what the articles said was real.

{N / A: Louis denying Larry? only in fics 😊}

Louis was really grateful, flattered but also worried about not knowing how to handle this kind of "15 minutes of fame." He hadn't spoken to Harry since that morning in Amsterdam, and writing only to thank him for making his band famous was something completely stupid and out of place. He couldn't just say, "Hey, thanks to you I received a check from Spotify and YouTube. I'm going to buy new shoes."

The only thing he could do in gratitude was to write him a song.

***I went to Amsterdam without you
And all I could do was think about you***

And yes, Louis knew it was very obvious, but he didn't matter, since it wasn't a crime to write songs to the person you like to the point of not stopping to think about him or dreams. Louis dreamed about Harry at night and during the day he only thought about what it could be.

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They had scheduled a new performance at The Garage for that night, and since they had published the new song on Spotify days ago, they were going to sing it for the first time live. The owners wanted them to show up there at least once a week, due to the popularity they had gained in recent months.

And everything was ready. The tuned instruments. In rehearsals everything went perfectly, but once Louis was on stage, he couldn't even make a sound. Not with Harry again among the audience, sitting there in the same place as the first time.

He was alone, there was no sign of Niall, but he recognized one of his bodyguards who had the opportunity to meet in Amsterdam.

What was he doing there? Didn't he have to be giving a concert in Australia or something? Well, Louis wanted to pretend he didn't know his tour was over and it was very likely that Harry was in his spare time. Wasn't he hosting SNL tonight? Louis saw the announcement.

Anyway, he didn't understand.

He cleared his throat for a moment, and turned to see his friends. Liam and Zayn had already begun to play the music, therefore they looked at him strangely. But of course, Liam then noticed Harry's presence and started singing him. They were only the first stanzas, because later Louis looked at him gratefully and began to take over the song.

The audience was too enthusiastic with the entire repertoire and once the show was about to end, Louis noticed that Harry was standing up, probably to leave. He didn't want him to leave, at least not now, since it was time to present "Always You."

He had to prevent him from leaving, any way, and the only thing that occurred to him was to use the same method that Harry implemented in one of his shows. Ignore the public present and speak only to him.

"We're already at the end of the show, there's only one song left, please don't leave yet. Listen to it."

Harry stopped his steps as soon as he heard it and Louis smiled when he saw him leaning on a column, arms folded and staring at him.

"This song is special, I wrote it for you"

The public began to suspect and those present looked everywhere in search of that person, since Louis was not looking at Harry, probably so they wouldn't alert his presence.

"After that night I keep thinking of you"

Someone in the audience spotted Harry and shouted: "LARRYYYY" Louis just smiled. He couldn't do otherwise.

Harry felt a bit awkward when he noticed that several people were looking at him, but no one approached and that was really a relief, because tonight it was Louis' night and not his. The people present seemed to understand that the moment was a kind of declaration of love and they just respected the situation. No one came to ask Harry for photos, they just witnessed everything.

"Just listen to it, then leave if you don't want to try"

And Louis began to sing. Harry had heard that song. He had subscribed to his Spotify Profile and listened to it only once, since surely Louis had written it after what they had and he just didn't want to misunderstand things. He didn't want to take over the song as if it had been written about him.

But the case was that the song was in fact, written for him and Harry didn't know how to feel about it. That song was the reason he was there today, and it was definitely a declaration of love, or he just hoped it was.

The song ended about three minutes later and everyone applauded, whistled, among other things. Louis was about to get off the stage when he saw that Harry was leaving the place.

And he ran, he ran like never before to reach him.

"Harry!" He scream. "Harry, wait!"

Harry was walking to the car, his driver was waiting for him to open the door. There were many people around and thanks to heaven, no paparazzi who witnessed this.

"Harry ..." Louis sighed and stopped when Harry turned to see him. "Hi..."

"Hello," Harry cleared his throat as he wrapped the scarf around his neck. He was on a work break, but he should not be neglected anyway. "Hello Louis"

"I didn't expect to see you. I don't - what are you doing here?"

Harry shrugged. "Just passing through here ..." Louis raised an eyebrow. "I told you that I come here in my spare time."

"Okay. So it's just coincidence?" Harry shrugged again and Louis smiled. "It's nice to see you, I ... I'm so sorry for what happened, Harry. I do not-"

"Louis ..." Harry interrupted. "It's no problem. I'm not mad at you"

Louis nodded and sighed. "Thank you for coming to see me ... again. It has been crazy this last time, I still don't get used to it. Everything was for you, however, I don't know how to feel about that."

"I imagine, famous boy. You should enjoy it and think less. And it's not thanks to me, you're definitely talented and I guess you guys are having the recognition you deserve." Harry smiled and shook his hand. "Good evening, Louis."

Louis swallowed and stretched his own too. But as soon as his hands shook, he pulled his arm tightly. Harry was taken off guard, and that is why he was now being held by Louis, against his chest. Their faces were a few centimeters, both looking into each other's eyes. Louis smiled coquettishly, and Harry only swallowed.

"You're not a coward like me, Harry. Don't you? Don't go"

"If I'm honest, I don't know how to answer that."

"Kiss me," Louis demanded. "Kiss me, you want to do it, do it."

Harry smiled and raised an eyebrow. "There are people watching."

"I don't care. The position is already too compromising, anyway they will misunderstand it."

Harry hesitated a moment and approached, just a simple kiss, he didn't even give Louis time to open his mouth or something, he just walked away. It was a simple peak, shy, harmless; definitely not enough.

Louis wanted more.

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5 months later

"Did you get it? The package? I heard that the postal service is very slow, so I have been staying up all these nights worried about it," Louis murmured, stuttering, adjusting the webcam so that it pointed more toward his face than his messy room.

"Yes, yes I got it. You don't have to worry, and it's currently under my pillow."

The package was a worn shirt from Louis's closet since Harry had told him he missed his perfume.

"So, um, are you okay with that, baby?"

"Yes! Thank you so much, Lou." His smile widened as he looked at his *boyfriend* across the screen. "I miss you. I miss your smell."

Louis laughed. "Oh God, I don't know how to feel about it. I swear I bathe every day."

Harry rolled his eyes and laughed. "When you say things like that, you remind me of how idiot you are."

"Meh." Louis shrugged.

"But you're my idiot, and I love you so much."

"I know." Louis smiled, "I'm great."

Harry rolled his eyes again and chuckled. "I was thinking of sending you something too. What do you want me to give you, Lou?"

Louis took the strands out of his way, mind wandering with thoughts about what he might have in return.

"Oh ... let me think what you could give me ..."

Harry narrowed his eyes. He had become accustomed to jokes in two ways. God, he was supposed to be the horny one in this relationship, not Louis.

Louis laughed to be discovered. "I would ask you to send yourself, but I suppose you can't do it."

"I'm sorry, sunshine."

Louis shrugged. It had never been more than two weeks without seeing each other since they were dating, but Harry had started recording a new movie and had to stay in Los Angeles for at least two months. Louis had written a new song because of it.

"I love you, Harry," he spoke unconsciously. A deep pink blush appeared on his boyfriend's face, and he smiled.

"I love you too, Lou..."

Louis decided to go to bed that night, almost forgetting that it was 5:15 pm or something like that for Harry.

"I really need to rest, dear star. I have to go to work tomorrow," he whispered guiltily.

"Good yes. I will call you tomorrow."

"I'll wait for your call, then, baby."

Louis started walking away and was about to turn off the camera before hearing his boyfriend's voice.

“Lou, can you keep the camera on? I will also keep mine on. We can fall asleep together. Can you do me that favor?”

Louis was surprised, this idea was completely new to him. “Isn't it too early to sleep there?”

“Oh no. Not really. I wanted to sleep these days but I was so busy with the recordings. I am somewhat tired.”

“Okay then, that would be really great. I just need to get dressed for sleep, and um, maybe you want to cover your eyes, I hope you don't mind.”

“Oh! No, alright. You can undress, I'm not going to spy.” Harry smiled roguely, as he set his laptop on the bed to observe better.

Louis was looking at the camera from time to time, throwing clothes near his laptop just to simulate a striptease or something. Harry swallowed as he looked at the contracted muscles of Louis's back, and how the dim lighting in the room contrasted with his golden skin. Every part of his body was beautiful and delicate. And *God*, he was so crazy in love of this boy.

“Wow ...” he found himself panting when he saw his boyfriend's physique.

“Harry. You were spying on me? Have a bit decency!”

“I'm sorry!” Harry smiled. “I'm sorry, it's just that you're really beautiful.”

Lowering his arms and letting the fabric of his white shirt conform to his body, he sighed. “It's okay. But now it's my turn to look at you. It's fair.”

“Well, why not?”

Harry turned away from the camera, feeling a bit shy with the sudden attention. He went to his set of drawers, pretending that he was looking for some garment, but on the contrary, he approached the camera, showing himself completely naked.

Sassy.

Louis gaped at him. With those details he could even write a song right now.

“You're really fit, Harry. I'm jealous.”

“Jealous? That's a lot coming from a heartbreaker.”

“You are the only one who likes me, and you are always the center of attention. No one looks at me.”

“That's because you've blinded everyone else with your beautiful smile.”

“Oh, is that so? You are the lucky one then. What I am doing with you instead of dating Tom Hardy or Channing Tatum? I really don’t know.”

“I don't think those are available, I'm sorry, love”

“Mhm, well, I have no choice but to sticking with you, baby.”

Louis's voice was so tired, as if he were already sleeping. Harry finished the pre-sleep preparations and placed his laptop in the drawers, pointing towards his face.

“Good night, my life,” Louis murmured lazily.

“Good night, love,” Harry replied.

Then they fell asleep, the words still formed on their lips, the songs had not yet been sung.

In the morning, Louis resisted the temptation to wake up Harry, just because he had caught him in a vulnerable state, wearing the shirt he had sent him.

“I love you, Harry.” He kissed him and turned Off the camera.

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When Harry woke up, he discovered that he had more than 30 messages from Louis and at first he worried, but as he read them, his face relaxed, soon to smile widely.

~ *Holy God, Harry Styles. I swear I love you*

~ You are so beautiful when you sleep

~ And when you are wake too

~ And all the time

~ And I think I love you

~ Oh, I already said that, right?

~ I want to make you a baby

~ I hate not being able to do it

~ Although I like it when we practice

~ I would make love to you right now

~ I wish I could get you pregnant

~ We should adopt a puppy you know?

~ I’m not saying that a son is like a dog

~ You know what I mean, right?

~ The point is that ...

~ I don’t know what I'm saying

~ I just woke up thinking about you

~ Like every day, of course

~ But today it was different, I don't know

~ If I asked you to marry me, would you say yes?
~ I wouldn't ask you now, but next month
~ We turned 6 months, I don't know if you remember it
~ I don't want to make a fool of myself
~ I don't want scared you either
~ God, I don't know what I'm doing
~ I will delete these messages before you read them
~ No. I won't erase them
~ I love you
~ I will erase them
~ Okay I won't. I'm not a coward
~ Text me when you wake up
~ And if you got scared because I asked you to marry by text, then don't write to me
~ Or write to me and tell me no subtly to not break my heart
~ If you're going to break up with me after this don't answer me
~ But if you still want to stick with me and want us to get married, just call me

Christ, Harry loved him so much. Louis was totally worth it.

Calling Lou ...

“Baby?”

“Louis”

“Yes, Harry?”

“I Think I'm gonna to stick with you”

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Think I'm gonna stick with you

By happydays-bus1

2018

End Notes

This story is finished and originally written in Spanish. I'm looking for who wants to be my beta for better reading. Leave kind comments if you like and please, if you see grammar mistakes, correct them with confidence. I will edit it immediately.

Do you want to keep reading it? I swear it's worth it! Leave comments please :)

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