

When You're Looking Like That

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When You're Looking Like That

by [StilesSmiles](#)

Summary

Louis Tomlinson is the captain of Team GB's football team. Harry Styles is a rising swim star. They meet at the 2016 Olympics and fall in love. Can they overcome their own obliviousness and pining with the help of their always meddling friends?

Notes

I've had the idea for this fic for a while now and I've finally decided to write it. This is my first time writing 1D so I hope I do everyone justice.

All of the athletes mentioned in this fic are actual athletes, including Lucy, Jade, Toni and Jordan who are all football players on the English national team.

I hope you all enjoy this fic as much as I enjoy writing it :-)

Title comes from the Westlife song of the same name.

Disclaimer: I obviously don't own anything, I have never met anybody mentioned in this fic, it is entirely a work of fiction.

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

Louis closed his eyes, took a deep breath and tried to relax. This was it. The moment he'd been waiting for ever since Gareth Southgate had announced him as the only overage player on Team GB's Olympic football team. Ever since he had been made captain of said team. In mere moments he would lead his team out on the pitch and they would play their first match against Mexico. And they had to deliver. The whole nation was watching, Great Britain being in desperate need of a success in football. The England women's historic third place at the 2015 World Cup had been a good start but now the men's team had to do their part. The women had won their first match against Australia yesterday and obviously Louis was very proud of them, some of his best friends were on the team, Toni had even scored one of the goals. But despite that, he felt like their victory put even more pressure on his team to do good.

A hand landed on Louis' shoulder and squeezed tight, pulling him out of his thoughts. He turned around to face Liam, his best mate and the team's goalkeeper. Liam smiled brightly at him, resembling an overgrown puppy like he always did. "Relax, Tommo, we won't let you down and I know you're gonna be great," Liam reassured him.

"Well, of course I'm gonna be great," Louis grinned. "Just try not to let too many balls get past you," he added, punching Liam lightly in the ribs.

"Nothing gets past me," Liam smirked, which, truth be told, some things definitely flew over Liam's head but balls generally weren't one of them.

Before Louis could say something on the matter, the referee made his way past them and started walking out on the pitch, signalling for the two teams to follow him. Louis took one last deep breath before he started walking himself. As soon as he was out on the pitch, the familiar feeling of exhilaration settled in. He loved this, playing in front of thousands of people, all of them (or at least a lot of them) cheering him on. It was great.

The next couple of minutes passed by Louis in a blur, they always did. The singing of the national anthems, the coinflip, the mandatory picture were all just things he had to get through as fast as possible before he could finally start playing. After all that's what he was here for.

When he finally heard the whistle blow and the game started, Louis blended everything out. He could still hear the crowd roaring and cheering but it all became background noise the second he touched the ball for the first time. When Louis played football he was in a zone, he wasn't aware of anything going on off-pitch, fully concentrated on the match itself. Afterwards it was always a bit like he was waking up from a trance, slowly remembering what had happened in the last 90 minutes.

It was no different this time. When the final whistle blew and Liam came running over to him to celebrate and congratulate him on his stellar performance, he looked back on the match, remembering it like an out-of-body-experience. He knew it had been him doing it all, crossing the ball perfectly so Raheem Sterling could score an easy goal, blocking a shot of one of the Mexican forwards last minute. He knew he'd played a good game but right now it wasn't fully sinking in just yet. They had won though and that's what was most important.

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The whole team took their sweet time in the showers, relishing this first of hopefully many victories, so when him and Liam left the grounds to go back to the Olympic Village, the first words he was greeted with were, “Finally, I thought you'd all drowned in the showers!”

“Hello to you too, Eleanor, it's nice to see you again, how've you been?” Louis asked her, grinning and slinging an arm around her.

“You saw me this morning,” Eleanor replied dryly, pinching him in the side.

“I have no idea why I ever thought it would be a good idea to introduce you two to each other,” a voice said sarcastically from behind Louis.

“Jade! I haven't seen you in forever! How are you?” He asked his old friend, a lot more sincere in his inquiry this time. Jade Moore and him had both played at the Doncaster Youth Academy together for a year and had gotten along great, though somehow they had failed to stay in contact apart from birthday messages and the occasional check-in. The last time he had seen her had been in 2009 at a joint training camp for the men's and women's Under-19 teams, which had also been when he had first met Eleanor.

“I'm good,” Jade laughed. “It's great being here, especially with a victory in the bag already, right?”

“Oh definitely! This atmosphere and the feeling is what I live for,” Louis confirmed.

“Don't we all?” Lucy chimed in. Lucy Bronze was another player on the women's team, a right back just like Louis. She played for Manchester City together with Eleanor and Toni Duggan and all three of them were close friends with Louis, Liam and Niall despite the boys playing for United.

“We sure do,” Niall confirmed. “Come on, let's go get some pints to celebrate our victories.” Ireland had also won their first match against Nigeria earlier that day so everyone was in a good mood and it's not like they would ever say no to pints anyway.

Since they had all been in the Olympic Village for a while now, the football tournament always started a bit earlier than the other competitions so they had arrived in the Village earlier than most of the other athletes, they decided to go out to a local pub. Luckily, Lucy's fluent Portuguese meant that they easily got directions to a nice pub from one of the locals.

“All right, headcount, first round's on me,” Louis offered generously. He was the team captain now so he needed to take action, set an example for his boys. At least that's what the gaffer had told him. He probably hadn't been talking about pints but semantics.

“Eight,” Eleanor shouted, having quickly counted their little group.

“You girls go find a booth, we'll bring the beer,” Louis ordered.

“Music to my ears,” Jordan grinned. Jordan Nobbs was the last member of their group, she played for Arsenal so the last and only time Louis had met her had been at that joint training camp in summer '09 but they had gotten along well back then and she was close friends with the other girls.

After successfully acquiring eight pints, Louis, Liam and Niall made their way over to the booth the girls had managed to secure.

“Oi! What's cheers in Portuguese?” Niall asked Lucy.

“Saúde!” Lucy replied, raising her glass.

“Saúde!” they all shouted in response, clicking their glasses together.

“To successful Olympics, may we all win and do our nations proud! Except for Niall!” Toni toasted, smirking at Niall.

“I'll drink to that,” Louis agreed, cutting off Niall's protests.

“To a great time with our friends!” Liam cheered, raising his glass again, because Liam was an actual ray of sunshine whose most important mission in life was to make sure that everybody and their mother was happy. Louis pretended to find it disgusting but they all knew he secretly loved Liam for it.

Deciding to let Liam's more or less subtle attempt at peacemaking slide just this once and not make fun of him for it, Louis also raised his glass again and exclaimed, “Saúde!” again.

When everybody responded in kind, Louis looked around at his friends and seeing them all smiling brightly, he knew that Liam was right. They would all have a great time together.

End Notes

I'll post the next chapter as soon as possible, meanwhile please tell me what you think of the fic so far and/or come visit me on [tumblr](#)

(And don't worry, Harry will make an appearance in the next chapter;-))

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