

All I'll Ever Need Is You

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All I'll Ever Need Is You

by [Bearandleonardwrite](#)

Summary

“This sucks,” Harry says with a heavy sigh. “How are we- I wanna get married, Louis. I want to marry you.”

“I know, baby. I know.” Louis smooths his hands up and down Harry's back, kisses his forehead, his nose, and then his lips. “I'm going to marry you, alright? You're going to be my husband no matter what. It's just been set back a bit.”

Harry heaves another sigh but nods his assent. It's a shit plan and he hates it, but they need the money and he needs a job and it's the perfect situation in every other way.

(Basically; a secret relationship au where Harry and Louis (stupidly) decide to keep their relationship hidden when Harry lands a job at the same school.)

Notes

Hello my wonderful, lovely prompter. I'm soooo sorry this has taken me ages to post and I'm even sorrier that it's not what you had asked for. I *am* currently working on one of your prompts, but life has been really, very not nice recently and I've just not been okay enough to finish. I didn't want you to have nothing, so thank you very much for allowing me to post this. I really hope you love it!

Ps; cheating is listed in your dislikes and I just want to assure you that there is no cheating.
=+]

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

Harry rolls over and fumbles at the nightstand for his phone when the sound of Beyoncé singing about single ladies fills his ears. He finally manages to grab his phone and shut the alarm off, sleep haze quickly fading when he hears Louis grumbling behind him. “Real subtle, Styles.”

“I just happen to really like Beyoncé, Lewis,” Harry says back, smile on his face as he rolls back over to look at Louis.

Louis’ still got his eyes closed, blankets pulled up over his shoulders and tucked under his chin. It’s been five years, but he’s still struck by Louis’ beauty everyday. This is his favorite Louis. All sleepy soft, hair mussed, eyelashes fanning out against his cheekbones, and the way his nose wrinkles every now and then when he lets out little snuffles. “Stop staring at me, you creep,” he says suddenly, peeking one eye open. Oops. Harry just shrugs, unbothered. “And I *know* you like Beyoncé, Harold. Going from ‘Diva’ to ‘Single Ladies’ in one day is definitely not subtle, though.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Harry replies primly as he examines his nails. It’s no secret that Harry often communicates through the music he uses for their alarm. ‘Still the One’ is his go to when he’s feeling particularly sappy, ‘Single Ladies’ when gets particularly mopey about not being engaged yet, and ‘Roc Me Out’ when he wants to be fucked good. Louis’ no doubt caught onto these little things, but he doesn’t generally comment. Especially because most of the time he’s just as antsy to get married and have babies as Harry is. If only their life situation would allow it, he thinks with a little sigh. He knows it’ll happen, though. He’s already got two promise rings that he wears everyday to prove Louis loves him and is in this for the long haul.

Louis hums, mumbles, “I’m sure,” under his breath, and then snakes his arm out from under the blankets to wrap around Harry’s waist and tug him into his chest. “Time s’it?”

“6:45. We should get up, probably.” Neither one of them make a move to. Harry just wiggles closer and runs his fingers through the smattering of hair on Louis’ chest. They stay in bed for another fifteen minutes, Louis dozing off, when Harry’s alarm goes off again. Harry turns it off, for good this time, and leans in close to Louis, breathes into his ear, “If you get up, I’ll suck you off in the shower.” Louis groans, but does get up and follow Harry into their ensuite.

Harry does, in fact, suck Louis off in the shower. Dropping to his knees and staring up at Louis through his eyelashes as he works shampoo and then conditioner through Harry’s curls, fingers tugging when Harry does that thing with his tongue that he knows Louis likes. Louis gets him off with a quick hand, pressing him against the cool tiles and licking into his mouth, then steps aside and lets Harry finish washing.

Once he’s done, Harry gives Louis a gentle kiss before wrapping a towel around his waist, then toweling off his hair and walking out of the bathroom, through their bedroom, and down the hall to their kitchen. He makes them breakfast, like every morning, hissing occasionally when the grease from the bacon pops and lands on his bare skin.

Louis comes up behind him, arms wrapping around his waist, and kisses his shoulder. “I don’t know why you still insist on cooking naked when you get burnt nearly every day.”

“M not naked. Besides I don’t like clothes. You know this.”

“That I do, love,” Louis murmurs before tugging at the knot on Harry’s towel and letting it fall to the floor. “Look, and now you are.”

“Louis!” Harry admonishes and bends down to pick up his towel. Louis just cackles and runs away when Harry tries to snap the towel at him. Harry shakes his head fondly and goes back to their breakfast. He makes a plate for the both of them when it’s done and sets them down on the bar that separates the kitchen from the living room.

Louis’ in the bedroom doing up the last few buttons on his shirt when Harry walks in. “Set your clothes out,” he says, nodding at the end of the bed where a pair of trousers, pants, and a black button up are resting.

“Thanks, Lou.” He makes a kissy face at Louis and then walks over and pulls on his pants and trousers. “Hey, could you make us a cuppa?” He asks as he slides his shirt over his shoulders. Louis hums and stuffs his feet into his shoes before walking out of the room. Harry does up half of the buttons, tugs on his socks, and slips his boots on then goes out to join Louis at the bar.

“S’good, baby,” Louis says around his mouthful of food. Harry makes a face at him because no matter how many times he pesters him, Louis still talks with his mouth full. They eat in relative silence, just the sounds of their chewing and the clanking of their silverware against their plates. Louis snatches Harry’s last piece of bacon, like he always does, and smirks at him while he eats it. He still hasn’t caught on to the fact that Harry makes himself an extra slice of bacon because he knows Louis’ always going to steal it.

“Do you want a ride today?” Harry asks as he takes their plates to the sink. He rinses them before he sticks them in the dishwasher, does the same to the pans he used.

“You took me yesterday,” Louis reminds him, bringing their mugs over and giving them to Harry when he grabs at them. He squeezes at Harry’s waist, then leans down and grabs the dish soap from the cabinet under the sink. “Hate having to take the bus, though. Everyone’s always so snippy.”

Harry takes the soap from him and puts some in the space for it in the dishwasher, closes the door, and hands the soap back to him. It won’t need to be started till later, after dinner probably, but he likes being prepared. “You could take my car, if you want.”

Louis gives him a look and frowns. “That is a lot weirder, don’t you think?”

Harry frowns, then, too. “Oh. Yeah, you’re right. I could drive you to the nearest bus stop, though. Then it looks like you took the bus and you don’t even have to.”

“Yeah, alright,” Louis agrees after a beat. “Thanks, love.” Harry beams at him and kisses him once.

They get all their things together, grab their bags and their jackets, and then head out the door and down the steps that lead to their front door after locking it. Harry unlocks the car and opens Louis' door for him, like he always does, and then jogs around to the other side. It takes about fifteen minutes for them to get the bus stop, Louis holding Harry's hand over the gear shift the whole time. Harry pulls around the corner from the stop and pulls over to the side of the road, puts the car in park.

Louis twists and reaches behind Harry's seat to grab his jacket and his bag. When he's righted himself he kisses Harry on the cheek and says softly, "Thank you. I appreciate it." Harry shrugs and leans in to kiss Louis properly. They snog for a bit, quickly getting caught up in each other, before Louis pulls back with a final kiss to Harry's lips and a breathless chuckle. He does up the rest of the buttons on Harry's shirt, after sneaking one of his hands down the middle and tweaking one of Harry's nipples, and smiles brightly at him. "See you." And with that he's out the door and walking down the street.

It's not even five minutes later that Harry pulls into the staff carpark at the school. He finds a spot easily and then he's grabbing his things from the back, sliding out of the car, and locking it behind him while he walks towards the entrance of the school. The hallways are already filled when he walks through the doors despite the fact that he's nearly thirty minutes early.

He maneuvers his way between the students, some frantically trying to get their things together, others meandering about, uncaring. His classroom is blessedly empty when he gets to it, the door still closed and the lights off. Harry opens the door, puts the stopper down, and flicks the lights on before he walks over to his desk and sets his bag down, drapes his jacket over the back of his chair. He takes his lesson plan out of his bag along with a few pens and the book they'll be using, then sits down his chair.

His phone dings while he waits for his first class to start, leg bouncing impatiently. He fishes it out of his pocket and smiles down at it like a fool. *don't let the year twelves walk on you today, Haz! I'll see you at lunch xx boo*. He texts back a simple, "love you," before he pockets his phone again as the first students start filtering in.

The first class goes by quickly enough, everyone too bored or tired to give him any trouble. But by the end of the second he's antsy to see Louis again. Some of the students are very uninterested in history and they make it very well known, giving him shit whenever they get the chance. Just being in Louis' presence is enough to calm him, always has, and right now he's itching for it.

As soon as the bell rings signaling lunch, Harry's out the door towards the cafeteria. He gets his food quickly and then makes his way to the teacher's lounge. Liam and Niall are already sat at their usual table, having brought their lunch, and Harry goes straight to it, sits in his usual chair.

"Lads," he says as he spears a couple green beans with his fork and pops them in his mouth.

"Heya, Harry. How'd your first classes go?" Niall asks around a mouthful of crisps.

Harry hums and finishes chewing before he opens his mouth to speak. He's cut off by the sound of Louis' voice. "Styles," Louis says as he takes his usual spot next to Harry. He spreads his legs far enough under the table that his knee knocks against Harry's, like an anchor.

"Tomlinson. How's the play coming?" That has Louis launching into a rant about how incompetent his teaching aid is. Apparently, she mucked up all the props and ordered all the costumes in the wrong sizes.

"Nearly printed the wrong scripts, even. Like, Jesus, why did you take this job?" Louis finishes as he pushes his sleeves up to his elbows.

"That's not very nice, Louis," Liam admonishes. "She had all the proper credentials."

Louis just quirks an eyebrow at him and folds his arms over his chest. "I don't care about credentials, Mr. Payne. I care about competency."

"God, I wish you would stop calling me that," Liam mumbles under his breath. He hates it, really, especially since Louis only refers to him like that when he's miffed.

"Have you tried talking to her about it?" Harry asks. His food's long since been forgotten and he's balancing his chair on the back two legs, one hand holding onto the table in front of him.

Louis shoves his chair forward onto all four legs. "Stop that. No, I haven't. I don't even know what I'd say."

"Just tell her to stop being a twat," Niall pipes up helpfully. Liam gasps, scandalized, and Louis scoffs.

"I definitely won't be doing that," he says as he pushes Harry's chair back down again, shoots him a glare. "Would you be willing to set up the music, Ni?"

"Yeah, 'course. Just let me know all the details." Louis hums and goes back to his sandwich. Niall turns his attention back to Harry. "Anyways, how were your classes? Still getting shit?"

Harry frowns and tips his chair back again. Louis doesn't say anything, just rolls his eyes and takes another bite. "Yeah, I don't understand it. Like, I've been trying to make the class more interesting but they just don't seem to get it. I don't understand it. And they're always just so *mean*."

"No one's ever gonna love history as much as you do, baby," Louis says gently after he's finished his bite. They look at each other, eyes bulging, while Louis tries to backtrack. "I mean- I just- like, I didn't-"

He's cut off by Niall cackling and Liam's shocked, "Did you just call him baby?"

Harry waves his arms around frantically, tries to figure out something to say, but the only thing that comes out is a yelp as his flailing knocks him off balance and his chair tips all the way back. He falls to the ground with a thump and a groan, wincing at the shock of pain that goes through his back. "Shit."

Niall just cackles louder, but Louis' out of his chair and by Harry's side in an instant. "Harry! Are you okay?" He asks, worried, as he gently coaxes Harry into a sitting position. "Are you hurt?"

"My back hurts a bit," he mumbles sadly as he clutches at Louis' bicep. "'M alright, though."

Louis whacks him over the head. "Harry, you idiot! Why would you do that?"

"Well, I didn't do it on purpose," he says through a pout. Louis helps him up and rights his chair before pushing him down on it.

"Keep it flat," he orders. Harry's helpless to do anything but obey. When they look up, Liam and Niall are both looking at them with curious looks on their face. "What?" Louis snaps.

"Nothing! Nothing, it's just you guys- nothing never mind," Liam says hastily and then puts his hands up in surrender. Louis nods at him and goes back to his sandwich.

It's not the first time they've slipped up in front of the lads and seemed anything more than platonic, but it's the first time Louis' called him *baby* in front of them. Shit.

Louis' pressed up against the arm of the couch, stack of papers in his lap that need to be graded, and he's just so *bored*. He absolutely detests grading papers, always saves it to the last minute. Harry's next to him with their sides pressed together, while he grades his own stack of papers. His is much smaller, Louis notices bitterly. He likes when they grade papers together, though, likes having Harry's solid weight next to him. Almost like he's keeping him grounded.

Louis nudges Harry's thigh with his toes, smiles sweetly when Harry looks up at him. Harry quirks an eyebrow, fully aware of Louis' games by now. "Can I help you?"

"Do you wanna fuck?"

Harry rolls his eyes, but still flushes at the bluntness. That's something he's never gotten used to. "We've got work to do, Lou. These have to be done by Monday."

"But I don't want to," Louis whines. "Why do I even have to make them write papers? It's drama. We should be *acting* not *writing*."

Harry just gives Louis a look, clearly unimpressed, and goes back to grading. Louis' huffs but does the same. It's Friday night. They should be doing something fun, not grading. They should be fucking.

Louis' keeps at it until his stack's dwindled down to half the size it was before tossing the remaining papers on the coffee table in front of them. He runs his fingers along Harry's thighs, scratches at the inseam a bit. Harry gives him a sideways glance, but otherwise doesn't react.

He leans in closer to Harry's side, breathes out hotly against his ear while his hand slides higher up the inside of Harry's thigh. Harry's hands tighten around his papers when Louis kisses the spot behind his ear and sucks a mark there. "C'mon, baby. Give us a kiss."

Harry sighs, like he's being put out, but sets his paperwork down next to him and turns his head to slot their lips together. Louis sucks Harry's bottom lip into his mouth, nibbles on it just to hear the way Harry gasps, and then licks his way into Harry's mouth. He quickly gets tired of the angle and makes a noise of irritation into Harry's mouth until Harry gets it and pulls Louis to sit in his lap properly.

Louis straddles Harry's thighs and frames Harry's face with his hands, thumbs at the hinges of his jaw to get him to open his mouth wider so he can get his tongue in deeper. When Louis starts rolling his hips against Harry's, Harry pulls away from the kiss, breathless. "Lou, there's still- fuck," he tries feebly, but cuts himself off when Louis attaches his mouth to the side of Harry's neck and sucks. His hands fly down to grip at Louis' hips and he squeezes hard. "There's work."

Louis hums against Harry's neck and bites down gently before he pulls back and looks at Harry, hair tousled and pupils blown wide. His tongue darts out to lick at his bottom lip, hands sliding around to tug gently at Harry's curls, and then he says, voice high and scratchy, "Wanted you to fuck me. Wanted to have you spread out beneath me while you filled me up." He grins wolfishly at Harry's sudden intake of breath and runs one of his hands down Harry's chest, fingers teasing at the buttons. "Guess I'll have to do it myself." He gives Harry one last lingering kiss and then slides off his lap, hips swaying as he walks towards their bedroom.

Harry lets his head fall back against the couch and takes a few deep breaths. He drops his hand down to his crotch, digs the heel of his palm into hardening cock, and squeezes his eyes shut. Any hopes of him finishing his work fly out the window a few minutes later when he hears Louis' exaggerated moans and whimpers coming from the bedroom. It only takes another minute, a high pitched whine of Harry's name, before Harry's heaving himself off the couch and walking towards their room, already working on getting his shirt undone.

When he makes it to the bedroom, he slides his shirt down his shoulders and shucks his jeans before he even lets himself look at the bed. And, like, *fuck*. All of his breath leaves him in a whoosh and he immediately drops his hand down to palm at himself over his pants. Louis' laid out in the center of their bed, legs spread wide, as he works two of his fingers inside himself. His other hand is fisted in his hair and there's a flush on his face that climbs down his neck and chest. He keeps letting out these breathy little whimpers, no longer for show, and his head's thrown back, the column of his throat basically asking to be marked.

When Harry breathes out a, "fuck," Louis' eyes snap open and his gaze quickly lands on where Harry's still standing in the doorway like a knob. "Thought you were really gonna make me- mmpf- make me do it by myself." His voice is high and breathy as he speaks, cracks on the last word when he slides a third finger in.

"No," Harry croaks, voice suddenly caught in his throat. He clears his throat and repeats himself, then walks towards the bed, crawls in between Louis' spread legs once he's rid himself of his pants. "Wouldn't. Like touching you too much. Fuck."

Louis gives him a small smile, but it's quickly wiped off his face, brows furrowing and mouth dropping open when Harry circles one of his fingers around where Louis' stretching himself. "Can I just-" Harry starts but shakes his head and cuts himself off before he leans forward and licks around and in between Louis' fingers.

"Harry, oh my god," Louis whimpers out as his free hand drops to fist in Harry's curls. "Please."

Harry grabs Louis' wrist and tugs his fingers out gently before he laps his tongue over Louis' hole. He points his tongue and traces around the rim before thrusting his tongue inside. Louis plants his feet on the bed and starts rocking his hips back against Harry's face. When Harry slides in two of his fingers alongside his tongue, he tightens his grip on Harry's hair and keeps his head in place while he fucks himself down on Harry's tongue and fingers.

Louis tries to tug Harry back by his hair, clenches his eyes shut at the way Harry moans at the pain, the vibrations of the sound hitting his skin and sending shocks up his spine. "I'm ready. C'mon, up, up." Harry does as he's told, of course he does, and slides his fingers out. With one last kiss to Louis' hole, he pulls back fully and kisses his way up Louis' torso, sucks a mark into where his neck meets his shoulder. He connects their lips and licks into his mouth slow, languid.

They kiss lazily for a bit, but the need and want slowly creeps back up until they're kissing hotly and rutting against each other. "We should- now," Harry pants as he grinds into the swell of Louis' arse.

"I've been saying that for- fuck, Harry, forever."

"Yeah, alright." Harry pulls away with one final nip to Louis' lips and lays down on his back. "Like this, yeah?"

Louis rakes his eyes up and down Harry's body, bottom lip caught between his teeth, then shakes his head and grabs the lube. "Yeah. Like this." He snicks the bottle cap open and then- Well, and then there's a loud knock on the front door. Louis whines and flops face first into the pillows by Harry's head. "No fucking way."

Harry's eyebrows pull together, small frown on his face. "It's like, two in the morning. What?"

"Go look," he whines in the pillow. "Hurry up. I want to be fucked."

Harry rolls his eyes but does as he's told. He kisses the back of Louis' neck before getting out of bed and pulling on a pair of boxer-briefs. He's pretty sure they're Louis' from the way they cling to him, but he's not bothered. What's mine is yours and all that. It's an uncomfortable fit for his cock, still hard and throbbing where it's tucked into the waistband. He grabs a baggy t-shirt to throw on just for good measure, doesn't want to give someone an eyeful. Well, unless that someone's Louis.

The knocking stays loud and constant like the person on the other side is trying their very best to be heard. It's annoying, really, but Harry just quickens his pace until he's standing in

front of the door. He reaches out to turn the knob, but thinks better of it because it *is* the middle of the night. “Who is it?” He calls instead.

“Harry? It's Liam. Can I come in?” And, okay, that's *weird*. Liam has never shown up at Harry's house uninvited, especially not this late at night. Harry just stands there frozen for a moment because Louis is currently lying *naked* in his bed and he's really not sure how he's going to get out of this one. He snaps out of it when Liam starts yelling on the other side of the door for him to let him in because, “it's bloody freezing, Harry, please.”

Harry only hesitates for a second before he's undoing the deadbolt and unlocking the handle, pulling the door open. As soon as he pulls the door open, he realizes Liam is very drunk. For one, his eyes are all glassy and he's swaying on his feet a bit, but mostly it's the rancid smell of liquor pouring off of him that gives it away. “Liam? Are you alright, mate?” He asks worriedly as he tugs Liam inside by his forearm.

Liam's eyebrows furrow and he slumps against the door as soon as it's been closed. “I dunno. Me and Soph got in a fight.”

“What happened?” Harry asks gently, rubbing Liam's arm in a hopefully comforting way.

“She just- the baby thing again, yeah? And, like, she was just rambling on about what her mum had been telling her, about how we need to have one. Except we're not ready, neither one of us, so I told her that. I dunno. She just got mad and started yelling. Told me to leave. So I did. Went out, got pissed, and now I'm here,” he explains with a little shrug.

Harry opens his mouth to say something, but is cut off by one of Louis' long, drawn out moans. His mouth snaps shut, eyes going impossibly wide, as he stares at anything but Liam. Liam's eyebrows furrow and he squeaks out, “what was that?” His question is punctuated by another moan and then a series of breathy whimpers. Fuck.

“I, uhm. Well, it's just- porn. It's porn,” Harry stammers out. Liam looks at him with wide eyes and a furious blush. “I'm just gonna- be right back.” He runs down the hallway to the bedroom, shuts and locks the door behind him.

Louis' nearly in the same position as he was when Harry first walked in earlier in the night and, fuck, Harry is so hard. “Thank God. C'mon,” Louis snaps, voice too loud, as he pulls his fingers out of himself and sits up on his knees.

“You have to be quiet,” Harry hisses as he walks over to the bed and clamps a hand over Louis' mouth. “Liam's in our living room.”

Louis' eyes go comically wide and he slumps back into a sitting position. He bats Harry's hand away and whispers harshly, “Why the fuck is Liam in our living room? It's the middle of the night! Get him out.”

“He's pissed, Lou. I can't.” Louis flops down onto his back, cock still hard and obscene lying against his tummy. “You can't be here. You have to go home. Take my car.”

“This is my home,” Louis says, almost bitterly. When he sees the way Harry's face has dropped he sighs heavily. “Yeah, fine. I'll go to the flat. But I'm still getting fucked first. Hurry up.”

Harry thinks he should protest, thinks he should tell Louis how bad of an idea that really is, but he just can't find it in him. Especially after what Louis' just said. Instead of protesting, he just kisses Louis once on the mouth, readjusts his shirt so it's properly covering his hardness, and then walks back out of the room, makes sure to shut his door this time. He pads down the hallway and finds Liam sitting on their couch, knees pulled up to his chest.

“Do you, uhm, do you maybe want to stay in one of the guest rooms?” Harry asks, hands folded together in front of him.

“Hmm?” Liam hums before he focuses his eyes on Harry. “Sorry, I zoned out. What was that?”

“Do you wanna stay in our- my guest room?”

“Oh, yeah, sure. That would be great. Thanks.” Liam unfolds himself from the couch and follows Harry down the hall and in the opposite direction of his bedroom.

Harry opens the door farthest from his room and flicks the light on. “This alright?” He asks as he steps aside to let Liam walk past him.

“Yeah, ‘course. Would’ve slept on the couch, y’know.”

“Nah, couldn’t do that.” Harry stands there for a bit, fidgets with the hem of his shirt, then thinks better of it when his fingertips brush over his cock. He’s still mostly hard and he can’t seem to will it away. “I’m gonna go to bed, yeah? Bathroom’s right across the hall. Let me know if you need anything.”

Liam trudges over to the bed and flops down on his belly. He tucks his arms underneath himself and kicks his shoes off, slurs, “I’ll make breakfast tomorrow. Make sure to keep it down when you go to bed.” He makes a feeble attempt at wagging his eyebrows, but he’s already nodding off.

Harry flushes at his words anyways, and backs out of the room, shuts the door behind himself. When he gets back to his room, Louis’ packing some clothes into one of his backpacks. “Are you going right now?” Harry asks sadly after he’s shut the door.

“No, just getting ready,” Louis explains as he finishes stuffing the bag and zips it closed. “Go lay on the bed, yeah?”

Harry does as he’s asked and lies down flat on his back after he’s shucked his clothes. He folds his arms under his head and crosses his ankles, quirks his eyebrow when Louis misses a step towards the bed because he’s too busy staring. Louis climbs on the bed and grabs the lube from where it’s been tangled in the sheets. He slicks up Harry’s cock and straddles him, lines Harry's cock up to his hole, before he slowly sinks down until his arse is seated on Harry's thighs.

Louis' still for a few moments, then starts rocking his hips back and forth, grinds down in little figure eights. Harry draws his legs up, feet planted on the bed, and moves his arms out from under his head so he can grip onto Louis' waist. "Knew you couldn't help yourself," he breathes before he lifts himself up until just the head of Harry's cock is left inside of him.

He waits until Harry says, "always wanna touch you, Lou," before dropping back down, a little moan escaping his lips. It doesn't take him long to build up a rhythm of fucking himself hard and quick on Harry's cock. Every so often, he'll stay seated and just grind down against him to feel Harry brush up against that spot inside of him.

It's not until he's close that he forgets he's supposed to be quiet, that he stops caring and just lets his moans and whimpers spill from his lips. Harry clamps a hand over his mouth and Louis tries his best to glare, but lets it slide because, yeah, he really is being too loud. He rides Harry fast, takes him deep, until Harry's a panting, sweaty mess beneath him.

Louis tries to say something, but it's muffled by Harry's hand so he taps and grabs at Harry's thigh until he gets it and starts fucking up into him best he can. He's jostled forward at that, hands on either side of Harry's head, so he starts sucking kisses into Harry's neck to keep his noises at bay. Harry's biting down on his knuckles now, the pleasure becoming too much, as he keeps snapping his hips up into Louis' tight heat.

It's not long after that, that Louis sneaks a hand between them and strokes himself until he's coming on both of their stomachs, teeth biting into Harry's shoulder. Harry follows a few thrusts later, jaw clenched and eyes screwed shut. Louis' the first to move, Harry's softening cock becoming too much inside him, and he wiggles out of Harry's hold to go into their ensuite. He comes back with a wet flannel and cleans them both halfheartedly before nudging Harry up enough to pull the blankets out from under him.

Louis tucks Harry into bed and then crawls in after him, pulls him close so Harry's back is to his chest. "I'm sorry, love. It won't be like this forever," he says softly as he pets at Harry's stomach.

Harry tangles their fingers together, squeezes once, and swallows thickly. "Are you sure? It's been- it's been years. I don't- I just want to be with you."

"You are with me."

Harry rolls his eyes even though Louis can't see. "You know what I mean. I just- it's not usually so bad, I know. But when it is, it's- it's awful."

"I know, baby," Louis says gently and nips at Harry's shoulder. "I know. We'll be alright. Always are. And I promised didn't I?" He thumbs over one of Harry's rings and waits until Harry nods before speaking again. "I love you, yeah? Nothing will change that. Nothing will break us." He kisses the back of Harry's neck and takes a deep breath. "Sleep now. I'll leave before morning."

Harry squeezes his eyes shut and pulls Louis' arm tighter around him, clings to him. "I love you, Lou. So much."

"I love you too, baby." And it sounds like he's promising all over again.

three years earlier

Harry bangs his knee on the bathroom counter as he tries to make room for Louis to pass him. The bathroom is just so *tiny*. He absolutely hates it. Well, he hates this entire flat if he's being honest. It was fine two and a half years ago when they'd first moved in, but now he's quickly starting to realize the many problems it has. Like the way only two of the burners on the stove work. Or, how you have to crawl over the bed to get to the closet since there's not enough space to walk around it. Or, how the bathroom is in no way big enough to be occupied by two people- he's really depressed about the lack of shower sex in their lives. He's thanking all of the gods that they're finally going to look at houses today.

Harry had met Louis in his second year of Uni when he was just 19. Louis was in his last year, 21, and honestly the most beautiful thing Harry had ever seen. He still is, really. They met at a house party, one that he'd let Gemma talk him into attending and the first one he'd ever been to. Almost instantly his eyes had been drawn to the beautiful boy who was running through the house chucking water at people. Always been a menace, Louis has.

Louis was decked out from head to toe in adidas and Harry was slightly surprised to see someone wearing joggers. Harry had opted for a pair of tight, tight trousers and a shirt he'd only done up halfway. Of course, he'd never been to a party before so who was he to say what people could and couldn't wear.

It wasn't until later in the night that Harry got up the courage to talk to him. He waited until Louis went into the kitchen to pour himself a drink and then followed him. Instead of being suave and charming like he had hoped, Harry made a giant tit of himself, stuttering out his sentences and even spilling his drink all down his front. Louis had just smiled at him and helped him clean up. He'd given Harry his jumper to wear so he wouldn't have to deal with a sticky shirt and then gave him his phone number because, "You're pretty, Curly, but I happen to be very fond of my jumpers."

After that, they were pretty much inseparable from the word 'go.' Their first date was just a simple dinner and movie, but they'd stayed out nearly all night just talking at a park they stumbled upon. At the five month mark, Harry confessed his love for Louis and was equally parts shocked and ecstatic that Louis shared the same sentiment. At six, Harry and Louis had sex for the first time- Harry's first time ever. (He had always been a hopeless romantic and didn't want to have sex with someone he wasn't sure of. He was always sure of Louis.) When seven months came around, Louis asked Harry to move in with him and of course Harry accepted.

For their first anniversary, Louis got them reservations at a rather posh restaurant and had given him a promise ring, just a simple silver band that he'd slid on Harry's right, middle finger. "I know it's too soon to think about marriage or anything like that, but I just want you to know that I do want it. Someday, sometime in the future, I want you to be my husband." Harry had teared up a bit at that, but wholeheartedly agreed. He never wanted anyone else.

“Hazza,” Louis says, nudging gently at his side and effectively snapping him out of his thoughts. “Are you almost ready, love? We’re meant to meet the agent in half hour.”

“Oh, right. Let me just grab my shoes.”

They finish getting dressed quickly and then head down to the carpark. Harry unlocks the car doors once they get close enough, tosses Louis the keys, and then slides into the passenger seat. He buckles his belt and then fidgets with the fabric of his jeans while Louis gets in the car, starts it up. They’ve been driving for about five minutes when Louis grabs Harry’s hand and interlaces their fingers. “What’s up, baby? You keep fidgeting.”

“Just nervous is all.” Louis glances at him briefly, concerned expression on his face, so Harry sighs and squeezes Louis’ hand once. “I’m really happy, yeah? It’s just- like, this is a big thing. We’re getting a *house*, Lou. We’re gonna get *married* and have *babies*. I’m so happy. Really happy.”

Louis looks at him again, bemused. “Yeah, I’m happy too, babe. Want all that with you.”

Even though they’ve said as much at least once a day for the past few years, Harry still feels his stomach flutter. “I do, too. Of course I do. I just haven’t gotten a job yet, so I can’t pay for any of it right now. It’s not fair for you.”

Louis sighs in fond exasperation. “Oh, love. That’s all this is, then?” Harry nods and squeezes Louis’ hand again. “That’s okay, though. We knew that already. The lease on the flat is up in two months and I don’t really plan on getting anything before then, y’know? We’re just looking. Besides, you’ve already sent out your CV to all the schools in the area. You’ll get something soon. Anyone would be lucky to have you.” Harry smiles at him, grateful, and kisses the back of his hand.

‘Just looking’ is great in theory, but as they stand in front of a beautiful, red brick house they quickly realize that is, in fact, just a theory. It’s the third house they’ve looked at, every other house being definitely not what they’re looking for or too expensive. And that was all great, really, because they got to see what’s out there. They were almost relieved there was nothing that caught their eye just yet. But. Now they’re here.

The house is in a cute little community about twenty minutes from the school Louis works at, nearly forty from their current flat. It’s a single story with a cobblestone drive and a brick wall that wraps around the property. There’s a walkway that leads from the drive to the front steps, the brick wall making way for a black, wrought iron gate that starts in the same place as the walkway.

“There’s a back garden as well,” Their agent, Lisa, is telling them. “Four bedrooms, two bathrooms. Nice kitchen. There’s a door off the master that leads to the back garden.”

Harry hears Louis mutter, “shit,” under his breath before he’s being led by the hand through the gate and up the steps. They follow Lisa inside and Harry squeezes Louis’ hand tight. The living area is spacious and it’s fairly open to the kitchen. The only thing that separates the two is a bar and a few bar stools extending out from one of the counters. There’s a coat closet just to their left and a hallway directly in front of them.

After they’ve inspected the kitchen, Harry making sure all *four* burners work, they follow Lisa down the hallway. There are three bedrooms on the right and a bathroom across from them. One of the bedrooms is rather small, but they mutually decide it to be a study. At the other end of the hallway is the master. It’s bigger than the others they’ve seen, a decent sized closet and French doors that open out into the back garden. The ensuite is big enough for a stand alone shower and a deep tub. It’s not overly big, but it’s definitely big enough for two.

“They’ve just dropped the price ten-thousand. It was already in your budget, but now it’s more doable, I think. The school district is really good, as well, if you’re interested.” Lisa keeps rambling about all the good qualities of the house but neither one listen because they already know. This is the house, *their* house, and they can’t just let it go.

They share a few looks, they’ve always been able to communicate with their eyes when necessary, and then Louis looks to Lisa, says, “We want it.”

Lisa claps her hands excitedly. “Great! I knew you’d love it. I’ll call them right now. Think you two could swing by my office to sign the paperwork?”

“Yeah, that’s fine. I’ll have H pick me up from work and we’ll swing by after.” They discuss a few more things and then make their way back to the car. The whole ride back is silent, except for when Louis squeezes at Harry’s knee and says gently, “We’ll figure it out, baby.”

Harry doesn’t really believe him until the next day. Just after they get back from signing the paperwork, Harry gets a call from a Mr. Payne. After he’s hung up, he runs into the bedroom and bounces on the bed, knee walks his way up to Louis and then straddles his stomach. “Guess what?”

“Tell me.” Louis runs his hands up and down Harry’s thighs, smile dancing at his lips.

“I have a final interview with one Mr. Payne tomorrow and if it goes well, I get the job!” Harry explains excitedly.

“I knew you’d get it, love. Proud of you.” He tucks one of Harry’s curls behind his ear and leans up to press a gentle kiss to his lips.

“Well, I’ve not gotten it yet.”

“Oh, you will,” Louis says. Harry beams at him and falls down to rest his forearms on either side of Louis’ face. He kisses him deep, kisses him till he’s breathless, and when he pulls back he’s still got a wide grin on his face.

“Are you gonna help me prepare? It wasn’t so long ago that you had to interview with him. Tell me everything I need to know.”

Louis wraps his arm around Harry and buries his nose in his curls. “There’s not really much to say. Liam’s very proper while interviewing and you most definitely have to be early.”

“I can do that. I’m gonna nail it, Lou, and then I’ll get the job. We won’t have to worry about what to do anymore and you can get that car you want.”

“And we can get *married*. Don’t forget that.”

“Never forget that,” Harry murmurs before pulling back and connecting their lips again.

Harry nails the interview, of course he does, and is all but told he has the job. When Louis gets home from work, though, he tells Harry that he does have the job. “Obviously, you’re not supposed to know until Liam calls, but I have it on very high authority that you’ve gotten it.”

“Really?” Harry squeaks out and then runs at Louis once he’s let his jacket fall the ground. Louis catches him with a little *oof*, but he’s learned by now to always be prepared to get an armful of Harry. Harry wraps his legs around Louis’ waist and lets himself be carried to their room. “We’re gonna get to work together, Lou.”

Louis hums and says, “Yeah, baby, we are,” as he sits down on the bed, back against the wall. Louis has been the drama teacher for the last year and a half since he graduated. It was a requirement for one of his classes to observe what goes on in a classroom, and the instructor of the course he observed had retired shortly after. Liam had remembered Louis, remembered how well he did with the students, and immediately gave him the position.

They sit together for a few moments until Harry pulls away from Louis’ shoulder, eyes wide. “Louis, we’re going to work together.”

“I know, baby. It’s exciting,” Louis says with a smile and a kiss to Harry’s forehead.

Harry shakes his head and fists his hands in the front of Louis’ shirt. “No, like. We’re together- basically married. Isn’t it, like, against policy to date your colleague?”

Louis’ brows furrow together, a frown forming on his lips, as he grips Harry’s thighs. “I don’t- but does it even count if we’re already together?”

“I dunno,” Harry says with a little shrug. “Probably? ‘Cause, like, they’d think you helped me get the position.”

“I didn’t. Liam doesn’t even know I know you.”

“Yeah, *I* know that and *he* knows that, but that doesn’t mean that other people will.”

“It might not even be against policy, H. We don’t know for sure,” Louis says reasonably, thumbs rubbing at Harry’s thighs.

“I guess not. I just- if I ask him, or if you ask him, and it *is* against policy, then he’ll know and, like, fire us. Or something.” Harry pouts and drops his head to Louis’ shoulder.

“What do we do, then?”

“I dunno,” he mumbles sadly, arms coming up to wrap around Louis’ neck. “I could decline? One of the other schools might accept.”

Louis hums and wraps his arms around Harry’s back. “Do you want to do that?” Harry shakes his head. “Right, then. We’re not going to do that. We’ll figure something else out.”

“I dunno what else to do. We can’t break up.” Before the words are even fully out of his mouth, Louis’ interrupting him and tugging him back by his hair.

“We are definitely *not* breaking up. Not now, not ever. And especially not because of some bloody job,” he says firmly. “I love you, yeah? Still gonna make a Tomlinson out of you.”

Harry plays with the little hairs at the nape of Louis’ neck and nods. “I love you too, Lou.”

“Exactly. So, no breaking up.” He kisses Harry once and then rests their foreheads together while he thinks. “What if- okay this is really stupid, but hear me out. What if we just pretend we’re not together? Nothing says we’re not allowed to *know* each other, right? We can just be uni friends or something.”

Harry frowns but nods. “Yeah, that could work. What about the house, though? Innit weird if we have the same address? Like, if you suddenly put in a change of address to match mine.”

“That would probably be strange,” Louis agrees, eyebrows furrowing. “I could just keep the flat?”

“No, Louis, it’s our home. *Ours*.”

“Well, I’m still gonna live with you. Just for the address and just in case someone comes over or something. I’ll just wait on getting the car.”

“This sucks,” Harry says with a heavy sigh. “How are we- I wanna get married, Louis. I want to marry you.”

“I know, baby. I know.” Louis smooths his hands up and down Harry’s back, kisses his forehead, his nose, and then his lips. “I’m going to marry you, alright? You’re going to be my husband no matter what. It’s just been set back a bit.”

Harry heaves another sigh but nods his assent. It’s a shit plan and he hates it, but they need the money and he needs a job and it’s the perfect situation in every other way.

Harry finds out the next day that he's gotten the job. He's excited, he really is, but, like. Marriage. He tries not to be too upset about it, though. It's been two years, he can wait a little longer.

They move into their house the following Saturday. It's so much bigger than the flat so of course they hardly fill it at all. Harry's always been a big fan of furniture shopping, though, so he's not too miffed. He cooks them dinner in their shiny new kitchen and they eat in the formal dining room for no other reason than the fact that they can.

After they've finished doing the washing up, Louis tells him to go in the bedroom. "Be right there, promise," he says and then walks out the front door. Which. Okay, that's weird.

Harry just shakes his head and goes into their bedroom because he's sure Louis' done stranger things than that. He strips down to his pants, because it's his house and he can, and then sits on the edge of their bed. This room is much better, he thinks, because there is still ample walking space even after the bed's been fitted in.

Louis walks into the room a few minutes later, strides over to Harry, and promptly drops to his knees. Alright. Harry's never been one to turn down an impromptu blow job, but he is just a tad bit confused. "Uh, Lou, what are you doing?"

"Okay, I love you, yeah?"

This is just getting weirder and Harry can't stop the way he starts to internally panic. "Yes? I hope so? What?"

Louis shakes his head at himself and grabs both of Harry's hands. "I love you, so very much. I want- I'm going to marry you one day. And I know all this shit with work has derailed our plans a bit, but that doesn't change how I feel, alright? I just-" he cuts himself off with a huff and releases one of Harry's hands to fish for something in his pocket. He pulls out a-

Well, it's a silver ring with three big, blue gems. "What?" Harry asks again. He's torn between confused and excited.

"I got you a ring- a promise ring actually. And before you say, 'you've already got me one, Lou,'" Louis drops his voice and does his best to mock Harry's slow drawl. It's mildly successful. "I know that. I know I have. But that was forever ago and I want to make another promise. I'm promising you that I'm going to marry you-"

"You promised that last time."

"Shut up," he says with no bite. "I'm promising that I'm going to marry you and have babies with you. But, I'm also promising that if this ever gets too much, or if you ever don't want to do it anymore, I'll quit. I'll quit and confess my love for you in front of everyone and drag your happy arse down to the city hall and get the papers signed."

"I don't need no papers."

Louis rolls his eyes and digs his fingers into Harry's side. "I'm being serious, Harry. If it's ever too much just tell me, okay? You're so much more important to me than some stupid job. And I want to marry you and I just- I love you so much."

Harry tries to swallow around the lump in his throat and nods dumbly, breaths, "Yeah. Yeah, alright. I love you." Louis smiles brightly at him and leans up to connect their lips. When he feels Louis swipe his tongue against his bottom lip, he pulls back just a bit. "Well, are you gonna put it on me?"

"Right, of course. Silly me," Louis says with a snort. He sits back on his haunches and grabs Harry's left hand, slides it onto his index finger. Harry brings his hand up to his face and inspects the ring, hums happily at the colors. "You like it, then?"

"Yeah, it's great, Lou. Kind of reminds me of your eyes. Just less pretty."

Louis pulls a face at him and pinches his side. "Giant sap." Harry just shrugs and mumbles something like, 'you bought the ring.' Louis gives him an exaggerated pout. "Can you give me a kiss now," he says and then puckers his lips ridiculously.

Harry sighs. "If I must." He pats the bed next to him and tugs at Louis' arm. "Come up here, though. Then I kiss you proper."

Louis grins wolfishly and climbs onto the bed, sits near the pillows with his back against the wall. "I like the way you think. C'mon, baby, kiss me." Harry rolls his eyes at him, but it's all very fond; he's so gone for this boy. He knee walks over to Louis and then straddles his lap, sets his bum directly over Louis' crotch and wiggles his hips a bit. Louis quirks an eyebrow and drops his hands to squeeze at Harry's waist. "What're you playing at, Mr. Styles?"

"M gonna be a Tomlinson soon," Harry says with a little pout as he wraps his arms around Louis' shoulders.

"Oh, right," Louis agrees and nods, faux seriousness written on his face. "What are you playing at, Mr. *Tomlinson*."

Harry bites his bottom lip at that, pupils expanding, and whispers out a quiet, "Fuck," before surging forward and immediately licking into Louis' mouth. One of his hands slides up the back of Louis' neck to tangle in his hair, fingers twisting in the strands. He starts to rock his hips down against Louis', whines when he feels his cock starting to harden underneath him. He pulls back, tugs on Louis' bottom lip with his teeth, and then trails kisses up his jaw and breathes hotly over his ear. "Want you to make love to me, Lou," he whispers, lips brushing Louis' ear while he speaks. Louis would usually tease him a bit for that, but his words die in his throat when Harry continues. "Make love to me right now. In our bed. In *our home*."

Louis' hips jerk up just as Harry rocks down and they both let out breathless, little moans. "Yeah, H? Could have you anywhere in the house, but you want our bed?"

Harry whines into his ear and ruts against Louis harder, quicker. "Yeah. We'll- later. Yeah, wanna feel you everywhere. Wanna get lost in you. Please, Lou. Please."

“Yeah, baby, I got you.” Louis fists one of his hands in Harry's hair and tugs him away from where he's mouthing at his neck. They stare at each other for a moment, eyes hungry and dark, before Harry connects their lips again, licks his way inside Louis' mouth almost frantically.

Louis keeps one hand fisted in Harry's hair, slides the other down to grip at his bum, then lifts him carefully, Harry's legs immediately going around Louis' waist. He gently lays Harry down flat on his back and untangles Harry's hands from his hair and around his shoulder. He links their fingers together and pins Harry's hands above his head, arms outstretched.

Harry's licking into his mouth fast and dirty, grinding their hips together as if Louis was already inside him. Louis takes both of Harry's wrists in one hand and drops his other hand down to grip Harry's hip hard and push it down against the mattress. Harry goes pliant beneath him, legs falling back down to the bed and hips stilling. “Slow, baby. Slow. We've got time, yeah?” He whispers against Harry's lips.

It earns him a whine, but Harry listens. Always listens. Louis keeps his grip tight as he grinds their hips together almost painfully slow, both of them feeling every drag. He licks into Harry's mouth at the same pace, tangles their tongues together.

“You want it like this? Or you want me to flip you over? Sit on my lap?”

Harry whines and thrusts his hips up once. It earns him a sharp nip to his lower lip so he quickly drops them back down. “Like this,” he says breathlessly. “Wanna feel you. Want you everywhere.”

“Okay, baby. Whatever you want.” Louis kisses him again for a long while before pulling away and getting off the bed. They keep steady eye contact as Louis undresses, even still while Harry slides his pants down his legs and then kicks them all the way off.

Once Harry's rid himself of them, he stretches his body out, arms going back above his head with his hands clasped together and his long, long legs stretched out in front of him. “Fuck, you're so beautiful,” Louis breathes out. Harry preens at the attention and stretches his body all the way, arches his back a bit. “Fuck,” Louis says again and then grabs the lube from the drawer of the nightstand.

Harry spreads his legs wide when Louis climbs back on the bed and Louis fits himself between them. He slicks up three of his fingers and then circles them around Harry's rim before pushing one inside, wiggles it around a bit. “C'mere,” Harry says brokenly, hooking his ankle around the back of Louis' thigh and tugging him forward.

Louis goes willing, dropping down to rest on his forearm and pressing their bodies together. His arm is caught between them awkwardly while he continues opening Harry up, but he gets the need for closeness. It'll probably be sore tomorrow, but he doesn't really mind.

He licks along Harry's bottom lip as he slides another finger inside, kisses his pliant mouth. One of Harry's hands grip at Louis' bicep when he starts to rock down slowly on his fingers. Louis takes his time opening him up, going so slow and gentle. By the time he finally pushes in, Harry's a sweaty, panting mess beneath him, curls matted to his face and thighs shaking.

Louis brushes Harry's hair from his face and places gentle kisses all over his face and neck until Harry gives him the go ahead. He drapes his body over Harry's, links their fingers and stretches their arms out again, and keeps the rest of their bodies flush together. It stays slow, loving, until they both come apart together.

When their breathing's evened out and Louis has Harry tucked into side, his head resting on Louis' chest, Harry places a gentle kiss on the skin over Louis' heart. "I love you. So much. I'd wait forever for you, y'know?"

"I would, too, baby. You won't have to, though. I promise." He kisses Harry's forehead when he turns his head to look at him. "I love you. I'm gonna keep you forever."

"Yours," Harry whispers and seals their lips together. They kiss till their breathless and dizzy with it. Harry pulls back and smiles widely. "We should go take a bath in our giant bathtub," he says. So they do.

Present day

Harry wakes up alone for the first time in what feels like forever. Really, it's probably been years. He doesn't actually remember the last time he slept alone and he doesn't fancy it. At all. The sheets beside him are cold and Louis' solid weight isn't pressed against his back. There's no cold toes tucked in between his legs and there's no pestering about being up too early on a Sunday. It's really not surprising that he's rolled over to Louis' side in the middle of the night and his face is currently buried in Louis' pillow.

There's a loud crash from the kitchen followed by a string of curses. He frowns and heaves himself out of bed. He tugs on one of Louis' jumpers and a pair of his joggers, then pads out of their room and into the kitchen.

Liam's standing in the middle of the room holding a frying pan and staring down at a pile of pots in the middle of the floor. That would be the crash, then. "Why are you throwing my pots around?" Harry questions as he walks fully into the room.

Liam looks up at him, sheepish, and crouches down to pick up the pots. "It was an accident, sorry. There were just so many. I promised breakfast last night. I'm a man of my word."

Harry hums and takes the pots from Liam before heading over to the sink. He washes them to keep himself occupied (to keep his mind of Louis. It doesn't work.), while Liam goes about making them eggs. They eat at the kitchen bar, cups of tea in front of them as well, and it's alright, he supposes. It's just- he can't bring himself to actually partake in any kind of conversation. Anything in his home that doesn't involve Louis is not a good time for him.

Harry walks Liam out when he leaves, walks him to the gate. Liam presses the button on his keys to unlock his car and opens the door, but pauses before climbing inside. "I thought your car was here last night? I could've sworn," he says, eyebrows drawing together in confusion.

“I dunno what you’re talking about, mate.” Harry really hopes his lie is convincing because he knows that even on the best of days, he’s a shit liar.

Liam gnaws at his lip, frowns hard. “Was I that smashed? I thought it was here.”

“Must’ve been. It’s at the shop,” Harry says with a shrug.

Of course, Liam becomes concerned at that. “Oh no. Is everything alright? Do you need a lift to work tomorrow?”

Harry shakes his head. “Nah, it’s alright. It should be done today, I think. Just, y’know, a tune up and such.” He is eternally grateful that Liam doesn’t say anything about the mechanics being closed on Sunday.

As soon as Liam’s gone and Harry’s back inside, he sprints to their bedroom and swipes his phone from the nightstand. He dials Louis’ number and only has to call twice before he answers. “It’s too early. Sleep, Haz.”

“Come home?” Harry breathes into the phone. “We can go back to sleep, I don’t care. Just come home. Please?”

Louis still sounds half asleep but he says, “Course. Be right there. Love you.” Harry returns the sentiment before he hangs up.

By the time Louis gets back, Harry’s already dozed off. He wakes up a bit when he feels arms curl around him and a solid body press up against him. “Lou,” he slurs out.

“Yeah, baby. Go back to bed. We can talk when we get up.”

“Kay, love you.” He feels the arms around him tighten and a kiss pressed to base of his neck before he falls back asleep.

They don’t talk about it until dinner. They’re both cuddled up close on the couch, the thought of being separated for any amount of time seemingly too much. “Say the word and I’m out, H,” Louis says around his mouthful of lo mein.

Harry snuggles impossibly closer and lets his mouth hang open until Louis rolls his eyes and feeds him some of his noodles. “Thank you,” he says once he’s swallowed and presses a greasy kiss to Louis’ cheek. “I don’t really want you to.”

“Why not, love?”

Harry shrugs, jostling Louis a bit. “I like seeing you during the day. It’s comforting having you close. It’s like- I don’t know. You’re my anchor.” Louis coos at him which makes him turn his face into Louis’ shoulder, blushing. “Shut up,” he whines. “I’m serious.”

Louis puts his fork in his takeout container and pets at Harry’s curls until he looks up at him. He’s wearing his glasses and he’s in his joggers and one of Harry’s jumpers, his hair messy

and sticking up in places. He looks so soft and cuddly and warm. Harry's so in love. "You tie me down, too," Louis says. "I don't really want to leave, but if you think it's better I'm willing."

"I know, Lou. Maybe we should- I don't know. That was probably a one off, y'know? Like, I don't think Liam's ever been here without Sophia and Niall, especially not at two AM. I think it'll be okay? We'll just have to be careful. No more baby."

Louis pouts and tugs on Harry's hair. "But you are my baby. Always my baby."

Harry knocks his head against Louis'. "Always. Just not publicly in front of the lads. Not yet."

"Yeah, alright," Louis says through a sigh. "Promise I'll try not to mess up again." Harry nods and kisses him.

Harry lets his book hit the table with a loud *thunk* before he falls into his chair. "Whatsa matter, H?" Niall asks from across from him.

He lets out a huff and crosses his arms over his chest. "It's those students again. I don't know why I let them get to me, I honestly don't. They wrote all over my book and tore out some of the pages."

Liam snatches the book from in front of Harry and thumbs through it, raises his eyebrows a bit. "Well, that sure is vulgar. Why didn't you send them to me? I would've handled it for you, y'know?"

"I dunno. Won't that make them worse?" He jumps when he feels a pair of hands fall on his shoulders.

"Make who worse?" Louis asks as he squeezes at Harry's shoulders a bit.

Harry tilts his head back and pouts up at him. "My students. They ruined my book."

"What? Give me that," he demands, hand outstretched and waiting for Liam to hand it over.

"I don't think so, mate. It'll just piss you off." Louis clucks his tongue and taps his foot impatiently until Liam sighs and hands it over. "Don't say I didn't warn you."

Louis opens the book and reads over a few of the comments before snapping it shut and tossing it in the garbage. "Fucking twats. If I wasn't their teacher, I swear to god I would-"

"Don't finish that, Louis. I don't want to have to reprimand you," Liam cuts in.

"Yeah, whatever." Louis rolls his eyes and plops down into the chair next to Harry. "Did you send 'em to Mr. Payne here?"

Harry shakes his head. "I didn't want to make it worse."

"Mate, I don't see how much worse it could get. Sexual harassment, that. If you don't turn 'em over, I will. I'm sure I could figure out which."

Louis would, Harry thinks, so he looks at Liam with a defeated expression on his face. "If I give you the names, you could do something about it? Could you get them transferred out of my class?"

"Course I could, Harry. I'm in charge. I can do whatever I want."

"I don't think that's entirely true," Louis mumbles under his breath. Liam kicks him under the table which earns him a glare.

"I'm gonna need to get that book out of the trash," Liam says with a pointed look at Louis.

Louis leans back in his chair and crosses his arms over his chest, one eyebrow quirked. "Better get to it, then. Before someone drops something particularly nasty in there." They stare at each other for a long moment until Liam finally cracks and heaves a heavy sigh, getting up to retrieve the book from the garbage.

It's silent for a bit until Niall pipes up and asks, "Hey, Lou, I went to your flat last night but there was no answer. Where were you at? It was, like, midnight."

Harry shoots a look at Louis and would laugh at how flustered he looks if he wasn't flustered himself. "Uh, well, y'know. Midnight you say?"

Niall nods. "Yeah, I was out with some mates and stopped by on me way home." His eyebrows furrow together, confused. "I don't actually remember why. Huh, weird."

"Oh. I- well, you see. Uhh," Louis trails over and taps his fingers against the table for a moment. "I was in the shower? Yeah, I was in the shower. Having me time," he tacks on after a beat.

Niall's face turns bright red, as does Liam's, and he coughs into his fist. "Oh. Right. Probably keep that to yourself next time."

"You asked," Louis says with a shrug.

"I'll remember never to do that again." He grimaces, probably picturing it. Harry's picturing it, too, but he has a much different opinion on it. He tries to shift as subtly as possible, his pants becoming a bit tight. Louis just smirks at him.

"Anyways," Liam says, quickly trying to segue into a different topic. "Niall and I are planning on a lads night this Friday. You guys are invited as well."

"Where at?" Harry asks.

"That little pub downtown. You know the one where they have live bands and a tiny dance floor? That one."

Harry hums and looks at Louis. Louis just shrugs. "Yeah, alright. We'll go."

"Great! Happy hour starts at 9."

Harry's really happy about the lads night. It's been a long time since the four of them have gotten together outside of work and he actually enjoys hanging out with Niall and Liam. It's also a lot of fun for him to see Liam outside of work because he figuratively lets his hair down.

He walks into the pub right at 9 o'clock and spots Liam and Sophia quickly enough. It's supposed to be a lads night, but they all know Liam and Sophia are attached at the hip. Harry slides into one of the chairs at the large circular table they've claimed and pours himself a glass of beer from the pitcher that's sitting on the table. "You look nice, love," Sophia says over the rim of her glass.

"You do, too, Soph," he says back, wide smile on his face. It took him a long while to decide on what to wear because he hasn't seen Louis since lunch. Niall had taken him to a play a game of footie before their night out, so Harry's dressed to impress. He's got on his black sheer shirt, a pair of the tightest black jeans he owns with holes on the knees, and his favorite black boots.

They talk amongst themselves for the next half hour until Louis and Niall stumble over to them. "It's absolutely pissing outside," Louis says from beside him. Harry turns to him, greeting on the tip of his tongue, but his words die in his throat when he takes in the sight of the two of them- well, the sight of Louis, actually.

His black t-shirt is absolutely plastered to his body from how soaked it is, showing off the cut of his abs and the muscles in his chest. His pants are sticking to his thighs deliciously and his wet hair is stuffed under a snapback. Louis' raking his eyes over Harry's body, too, and he feels blistering hot suddenly. Harry's going to *die*.

"Close your mouth, love," Sophia comments and then titters behind her hand. Harry makes a strangled noise in the back of his throat and audibly snaps his mouth shut.

Louis slides into the seat next to him, nudges their feet together. And, like, Louis' sitting so close to him that his cool, wet skin is brushing up against the sleeve of Harry's shirt getting it a bit damp. The table isn't really big enough for the five of them, all of them having to huddle close, but Harry is certainly not paying as much attention to the way Liam's leg keeps brushing against him. He takes a long pull on his beer, drinks nearly half of it really, before he puts it down and clears his throat. "I'm gonna get something to drink. Anyone want anything?"

"What? Beer not good enough for you?" Niall questions.

"Much prefer something fruity," he replies with a shrug.

“I’ll take same as you,” Sophia pipes up.

Harry nods his head and slips out of his chair, then walks over the bar. He orders two of some pink, fruity cocktail and a shot for good measure. He downs the shot quickly before paying and taking both of the drinks back to the table. “Here you go,” he says and slides the drink over to Sophia. She clinks her glass against his before taking a drink and humming appreciatively.

An hour later and Harry is proper smashed. It’s the only way to deal with a wet, untouchable Louis, he reasons. He’s dancing with Sophia on the tiny dance floor when Liam comes over and drags her away. He’s fairly certain that means they’re leaving. Louis finds him a few minutes later, looking beautiful as ever with his snapback now facing backwards.

Harry pulls him into his chest and buries his face in his neck. “Missed you,” he mumbles.

“Always miss you,” Louis says back as he wraps his arms around Harry’s waist. “Isn’t this a bit risky, love?”

“I dunno. I think Liam and Soph just left,” he slurs and pulls Louis closer to him. “Dance with me?”

Louis hums and walks Harry backwards until they’re in a darker corner of the dance floor. He turns away from Harry and then presses his back to Harry’s chest. He reaches behind himself and wraps one of his arms around Harry’s neck, his other hand resting on his own hip as he presses back into Harry.

Harry wraps his arms around Louis’ waist and pulls him closer. They work up a rhythm of lazily swaying their hips together, Louis making sure to keep it fairly friendly. Harry’s having none of that, though. He ducks down and leaves a trail of sloppy kisses up Louis’ neck. “Want you so bad, Lou. Looked so good when you walked in here. Fuck.”

“What? I don’t look good now, H? I’m offended.”

Harry squeezes his hips and bites down gently on his shoulder. “Course you do. Always look so fucking good. Never wanna stop touching you.”

“I know, baby.” He turns around then, hands going around Harry’s neck. One of his hands sneak up to Harry’s hair and he gently tugs the tie that’s holding his bun up, down, watches as his hair falls down past his shoulders. “Like it better down, love,” Louis says as he cards his hands through Harry’s hair.

His fingers get caught in a tangle and Harry has to bite down on his lip to stifle his moan. Harry’s hands slide down from Louis’ waist to his bum. He squeezes and pulls Louis into him as he rolls his hips forward, hard line of his cock pressing against him. “Want you to take me home,” he murmurs against the shell of Louis’ ear. “Want you to fuck me. Can you do that?”

“Fuck, Harry.” Louis squeezes his eyes shut and tugs on Harry’s hair again, harder this time. When Harry whines into his ear, Louis quickly untangles his hands from his hair and steps out of Harry’s space. “Let’s go, then. Don’t wanna wait.”

Harry nods eagerly and lets Louis lead him out of the pub with a gentle hand on his lower back. They don’t even make it halfway home before Harry’s undoing his seatbelt and leaning across the console to get his mouth on Louis’ cock.

“We’ve set you up on blind dates,” Liam says, without preamble, as soon as both Harry and Louis are sat at the lunch table Monday afternoon. “This Friday.”

Harry gives Louis a nervous look, says, “I’m sorry, what?”

“Niall and I have set each of you up on a blind date,” he explains again. “For this Friday.”

“Absolutely not,” Louis says firmly, arms crossed over his chest and face hard. “Not happening.”

“Awh, come on, Lou! It’ll be really great! He’s a nice lad, prettiest boy I’ve ever seen,” Niall pipes up.

Harry frowns at that and looks down at where he’s fumbling with his fingers on top of the table. He clenches his jaw and stares resolutely at his hands while Niall keeps talking up this ‘nice lad.’ Nice my ass, Harry thinks. If Harry weren’t a *nice lad*, he’d punch him in the face. But he is, so he won’t. Unfortunately.

“You’re being ridiculous. I don’t need a date.”

“When was the last time you dated, then?” Liam asks, eyebrow quirked. Louis doesn’t respond. “Exactly. What about you, H?” Harry doesn’t respond either, just keeps staring down at the table and tries his very best to not do something stupid, like cry. He can’t believe he’s getting emotional over a possible date that probably isn’t going to happen. Louis is *his* boyfriend, *his* almost fiancé.

Niall takes their silence on the subject as confirmation of their dateless lives. He’s *wrong*, though, Harry thinks bitterly. Him and Louis went on a date just last night. But he can’t say that. “See! You guys need to date. You’re only getting older, y’know. And everyone and their mums know you both want babies and marriage. All that gross stuff. It’s great!”

Louis huffs and tries his very best to turn them to stone with his icy glare. Harry thinks it’d probably work if he wasn’t the sun. “You’re not dating anyone either, Niall.”

“Hey, this is about you lot, not me!” Niall defends, which just results in the three of them arguing over their love lives.

“If we agree, will you leave us alone?” Harry asks quietly.

Louis snaps his mouth shut and turns his head to Harry and looks at him with wide eyes. “What the fuck, Harry? You can’t be serious?”

“Yeah, I dunno. They might actually *leave us alone*,” he emphasizes, hoping Louis will understand. He does, thankfully.

“God damn it,” he mutters under his breath. “Ugh, whatever. What Harry said. If we agree, will you leave us the fuck alone?”

Liam and Niall share a look, seemingly come to a silent agreement, before they both nod. “Sure. We won’t ever bother you about it again. We’re one hundred percent sure your dates will be your soulmates. Or something.”

“I highly fucking doubt that,” Harry mumbles before standing up so fast his chair scrapes unpleasantly against the wood floors. “I’ll think about it, alright? I’m not agreeing yet. But I’m definitely done with this conversation.” He walks away quickly, ignoring the worried look Louis gives him, and definitely ignores the way Liam shouts after him when he slams the door to the lounge.

Louis lets his bag drop loudly against the tile of the entryway when he gets home. Harry looks up from the couch, startled, and frowns at the look on Louis’ face. “What the fuck was that, Harry?”

Harry curls in on himself then. He absolutely hates it when Louis’ mad at him. He presses himself into the arm of the couch and pulls his knees up to his chest, wraps his arms around them. “I dunno,” he mumbles sadly. “If we agree then they’ll leave us alone. If they get off our asses, or think we’re dating these random blokes, then it won’t be weird for us to not answer the door or have someone moaning in our bed.” He shrugs halfheartedly and drops his forehead to his knees. “It’d be okay if we sometimes flirted in front of them because we’ve supposedly got boyfriends.”

When Louis doesn’t say anything, just stands there staring at him, Harry sighs and gets up off the couch. “I’m sorry, Lou. I’ll take it all back. You know I don’t want anyone but you. I’ll tell them to fuck off, alright?” Louis still doesn’t say anything, just stares down at the tile with his hands clenched into fists, so Harry says a quiet, “I love you,” and then walks down the hall. He buries himself under the blankets, back to the door, and the covers pulled up over his head.

He must fall asleep because when he opens his eyes again, the room is cast in shadows, the light from the sun nearly gone. There are gentle fingers carding through his hair and a head resting in between his shoulderblades, probably the reason he’s woken up. “I don’t wanna fight with you, H,” Louis whispers into his back, having sensed he was awake from the change in his breathing.

“I don’t either,” Harry whispers back and turns his face into the pillow. “I hate fighting. Especially with you.”

“I know.” They’re silent for a long while, Louis’ fingers still carding through Harry’s hair and his head moving up and down with Harry’s breaths. “I’ve been looking for a new job,” he says quietly, almost like he was hoping Harry wouldn’t hear.

Harry rubs his face against the pillow before he turns around to look at Louis. Louis lifts his head to let him move, then wiggles his way up the bed so they can be face to face. “Why didn’t you tell me?” Harry asks with his brows pinched together. “We tell each other everything, Louis. Why didn’t you say anything?”

Louis runs one of his fingers up and down the slope of Harry’s nose. “I dunno. ‘Cause I wasn’t sure about it. ‘M not sure about it.”

“Still should’ve said.” Louis nods, eyes never leaving Harry’s, and lets his fingers dance all across Harry’s face. “Are you gonna do it?”

“I don’t know. Maybe? Not yet, I don’t think. There are a few that are interested in me, but the pay’s shit compared to this. They’re all a lot farther away. I’d be on the bus for ages. And we’d still have to wait to get married and have babies because of the pay decrease.”

“I’d let you take the car.”

“I know,” Louis says quietly. He cups Harry’s cheek, thumbs at the skin under his eye, and flicks his gaze between Harry’s eyes before he leans in and kisses him slow and gentle. Harry breathes in deeply through his nose and presses closer, clutches at Louis’ hand where it’s still pressed against his cheek. When Louis pulls back, he licks his lips and runs his thumb along Harry’s bottom lip. “Do you think it’d work? Do you think they’d actually let us alone if we agree?”

“Dunno. Worth a shot, though, right?”

“If you’re sure.”

“‘M not. I’m sure about you, though.”

Louis rolls his eyes, says fondly, “idiot,” then kisses Harry again. “I’ll do it on one condition. You have to let me pick your outfit.”

“You’re gonna make me look hideous, aren’t you?”

“Oh, absolutely.”

Harry grins wide. “Yeah, alright. I’m doing you too, though.”

Louis quirks his eyebrow. “Oh? You’re doing me? You sure about that, baby?” He lets his fingers trace lightly down Harry’s side and then slides his hand around to grope at his bum.

“Shut up, Lou,” Harry whines and buries his face in Louis’ neck. He does push back against Louis’ hand, though, and the conversation’s pretty much over after that.

“I am not wearing that,” Harry says from where he's sitting on the edge of the bed. They had agreed to the date but only once Liam and Niall had promised multiple times that they'd stay out of their personal lives. And, of course, as long as they get to dress each other. It's been a game of who can make the other look more ridiculous. Louis secretly thinks that Harry could never look ugly or ridiculous, but he's trying his best.

“Come on, Harry, you said I could pick,” Louis reminds him as he dangles the shirt in front of him.

Harry hesitates for a moment but eventually snatches the offending article of clothing. He makes a face but pulls the shirt over his head anyway, frowns when it clings to him uncomfortably. It's an awful, almost neon green polo he used to wear. “Lou, I haven't worn this for, like, nearly five years. I look like a tit.”

“Good, that means my plan is working,” he says delightedly before turning back to their closet. A pair of sneakers catch his eye, so he bends down and picks them up, shakes the bit of dust off them. He holds them under his arm while he peruses their trousers. It doesn't take him long before he finds the perfect pair. He can't help but let out a loud cackle.

“Oh my god,” Harry groans pitifully from behind him. “What?”

Louis turns around with a wide grin on his face, one hand behind his back keeping the trousers hidden. First he hands Harry the sneakers and his grin only widens at the look of distaste on Harry's face. “So, you're gonna wear those shoes.”

“They're purple,” Harry deadpans. They are, in fact, Harry's old purple high-tops. “I'm wearing bright green.”

“Oh it gets better,” Louis tells him. He waits a few beats, likes watching Harry squirm, and then brings his hand around to the front with a flourish and a, “Tada!”

“Louis.”

“Harry.”

“*Lewis.*”

“*Harold.*”

“You've got to be joking.”

“I would never kid about something so serious, darling.” Harry lets out a huff but grabs the trousers, albeit a bit too forcefully. “Careful, love. Don't rip the goods.”

“Oh that would be so tragic,” Harry says with mock sadness. He stands up and pulls the bright red chinos up to his hips, fastens the button and pulls up the zip. “I look like Christmas threw up on me.” He looks down at his body and wiggles his toes into the carpet, frowns when he sees the chinos don't even reach his ankles. “They're not even long enough.”

Louis' been trying to hold in his giggles, but as soon as Harry says that he can't stop them from bubbling out of him. “Oh my god. That looks awful,” he says between laughs.

Harry frowns at him and then leans down to roll the cuffs up to just under his knees. “Jesus, that looks worse.”

“It does. You definitely need to keep them like that.” Harry shoots him a glare as he sits down to tug on the sneakers. Louis coos at him and cards his fingers through his hair. “I'm sorry, baby. I still think you look wonderful.”

“You have to say that.”

“Technically not true. You always look beautiful,” he reassures and then coaxes Harry into a gentle kiss.

Once Harry's done up the laces on his shoes, he makes Louis take his seat on the bed and goes over to their dresser. “I already know what I'm putting you in.”

“This should be good.”

“Oh, it is,” Harry hums as he digs through the second drawer. He pulls out a pair of his grey sweats and tosses them in Louis' direction before heading over to the closet. He finds one of Louis' blue striped shirts and his red Jack Wills jacket, then hands those to Louis as well.

Louis dresses quickly, takes the pair of toms Harry hands him, and then stands in front of their mirror. “I look homeless,” he says with a frown while he stares at his reflection. “At least I gave you proper clothes.”

When Louis turns back around to face Harry, Harry flops down on the bed and covers his face with his hands. “How do you honestly look good in everything,” he whines through his hands.

“Can't mess with perfection, clearly,” Louis says matter of factly.

Harry mumbles out an agreement and heaves himself up. “We should go. We're supposed to be there at seven, right?”

“Yup,” Louis says, popping the ‘p.’ “I gotta get meself to the bus stop.”

“Want me to drive you?”

Louis gasps, faux scandalized. “What will my date say when I show up with my husband?”

“Hopefully goodbye.” Louis rolls his eyes but lets Harry drive him anyways. When they get to the restaurant Niall had given Louis the name of, Harry pulls up to the curb. “Don't have

fun,” Harry tells him seriously.

“I won't. Promise.” He gives Harry a quick kiss before he hops out of the car and walks up to the door, waves as Harry drives away.

Since Harry's ‘date’ is a few streets away, Louis ends up about ten minutes early. It's not that big of a deal, really, except he'd much prefer to spend the least amount of time doing this as possible. His mind is already running with possible ways he can muck it up. Spill the bottle of wine, order the messiest food, and talk about nothing but himself. He's sure to nail it.

Louis walks up to the host stand, very much ignoring the affronted glances he's receiving because he's dressed much too casually for a restaurant this nice. “Reservation for Horan, please.”

The hostess eyes him wearily before looking down at the book in front of her. “There's nothing here for Horan.”

Louis furrows his brows together and rocks back on his heels. “What about Payne?”

The lady looks again before looking back at him, nose upturned. “Nothing for that either. Now could you please leave? You're making our guests uncomfortable.”

“Rude,” Louis mutters under his breath before exiting the restaurant and pulling out his phone. He dials Liam's number quickly and starts talking before Liam even gets a chance to say a ‘hello.’ “What the fuck, mate? Is this your idea of a joke?”

“What? What are you talking about? I was certain you two would get on,” Liam says, clearly confused.

“Yeah, great, except there's not even a reservation and I'm frankly not too fond of you playing tricks on me. Did you do this to Harry, too, then? Is he gonna turn up for his date and then be told there isn't one? It's not nice to play with people, Liam, and it's down right evil to mess with Harry.”

“Harry's date?” Liam asks, confusion still evident in his voice.

“Yes, Harry's date, you idiot. Don't you remember you basically forced both of us into this mess?”

Instead of answering the question, Liam asks, “Lou, where are you?”

“What do you mean ‘where are you?’ I'm at Don Marco’s just like Niall said.”

“Just like- god, what an idiot. You're at the wrong restaurant. He gave you the wrong place.”

Louis lets out a frustrated huff. “I really don't think this is worth all the trouble.”

“It is! I swear!”

“Whatever. Just text me the address,” Louis snaps and then hangs up. When he gets the address, he looks it up on his maps app. It's not too far, maybe a fifteen walk, so he looks over the directions twice more before heading in the correct direction.

It takes him just over twenty minutes to get the restaurant, having taken a wrong turn on the way. When he walks through the door and up to the host stand, he's met with the same looks as before and lets out a huff. At least he made Harry mostly presentable.

“Reservation for Horan,” he tells the host.

The man lets his gaze travel over Louis' body with a small frown on his face. “You know this is a classy restaurant, don't you?”

“Yeah, fine. I didn't dress meself, let it be.”

“Clearly,” the man mumbles just loud enough for Louis to hear as he looks over the reservation book in front of him. Louis' about to snap something at the man because, rude, but he doesn't get the chance. “Shockingly enough, you do have a reservation. Follow me.” Louis waits for the man to get out from behind the stand and then follows him into the dining room. “Your guest has already arrived,” he says and then lower adds, “poor sod.”

“This how you treat all the guests at your ‘classy’ restaurant?” Louis asks. He's not all that upset, though, considering the whole intention behind his outfit was to make him unappealing. Clearly it's working.

The man ignores him and leads him to a quiet corner of the dining area. “Here you are,” he says gesturing at the table.

Louis' eyes drift over to his ‘date’, then quickly snap back to the waiter because, “No fucking way. This can't be right.”

“Classy and proper. Great catch you are,” the host says sarcastically. “Reservation for Horan? This is it.”

“It's for a Payne,” his maybe date chimes in and then follows it up with an indignant, “Hey, don't speak to him that way. You're one to talk.”

The host rolls his eyes and folds his arms over his chest. “Yes, this table is reserved for Payne/Horan. Clearly you two. I'm leaving now and please ask someone else if you need something. I'm not hanging around to watch this date tank.”

“Fucking prick,” Louis mutters as he drops into the chair across from his maybe date? Across from his *Harry*.

Harry hums in agreement and Louis smiles at him as he pulls his eyebrows together in confusion. He's so adorable. “Why are you crashing my date?”

“M not.” Harry quirks a brow like he doesn't believe him. “I'm not, I swear. The last place didn't have a reservation so I called Liam and he said I'm supposed to here.” Louis looks

around the restaurant and then down at the table that is empty save for two menus and glasses of water. “Where is your date, by the way?”

“I dunno,” Harry says with a shrug. “I don’t think he showed up.”

Louis frowns because that’s rude. No one should be rude to Harry. He’s about to apologize before he rolls his eyes at himself. “I’m your date, I think.”

“What?”

“I mean- there’s no one else here? Or at the other place. And Liam specifically told me to come here when I called. So, yeah. I’m your date.”

Harry looks at him for a moment and then smiles brightly. “You’re my date! Good. That’s- yeah, this is good. Great even,” he says, giddy, then drops the smile off his face and looks at Louis with faux seriousness. “You’re nearly thirty minutes late, y’know. That’s quite rude. Especially for a first date.”

Louis rolls his eyes, but decides to play along. He wants the smile back on Harry’s face. “Right, right. I apologize. Went to the wrong place. I’ll be on time for the next date. Promise!”

“Oh? Who says you get a second date? This isn’t a sure thing,” Harry says and gestures between the two of them with one eyebrow raised.

Louis hums and holds one of his hands out for Harry to shake. “I think it is. I’m Louis. Sorry I’ve underdressed, mate. Won’t happen again.”

Harry looks at him, soft and fond, and takes his hand. Instead of just shaking it, though, he laces their fingers together and holds Louis’ hand over the table. “Harry.”

For all intents and purposes, and a bit of fun, they treat the date like it’s their first again. They tell each other random facts about themselves and their lives that they of course already know. They order a nice bottle of wine and even get dessert to share because Liam had insisted on paying.

By the time the date is over, Harry’s flushed and giggly from the wine and a little buzzed. Louis pulls him up and then links their fingers together. He fishes the keys from Harry’s pocket and rolls his eyes when Harry comments, “Getting fresh on the first date, Lewis? What kind of lad do you take me for?”

On the way out Harry stumbles into a solid body, but stops his apology when he sees who it is. “Our date went *lovely*, by the way. Now, we’re going to go home and fuck and you’re going to stay here and get shitty tips because you have a shitty attitude.” The host just stares at them at dumbly. Louis snorts and tugs Harry out of restaurant and towards the carpark.

When he gets them to Harry’s car, after going the wrong way *twice*, he presses Harry up against the passenger door. He cages him in with his hands on either side of Harry’s face. “So, I had a great time tonight. We should do it again.”

Harry nods quickly and licks his lips. "Yeah, we should." Louis ducks his head and kisses him slow and gentle until they're breathless. When he pulls back, Harry whispers, eyes bright, "This is a sure thing. Always will be." Louis can't help but kiss him again before he opens the door for Harry to climb in.

As soon as they get home, they go straight to their room to undress. "I can't believe you made me wear that," Harry says once he's down to his pants.

Louis snorts and crawls onto the bed, sits with his back against the wall. "At least people didn't think you were homeless."

Harry clucks his tongue but doesn't say anything. He makes his way up the bed and straddles Louis' thighs, combs his fingers through Louis' hair. "I guess we should call Liam and thank him or something."

"Definitely, 'or something,'" Louis agrees as he snatches his phone off the bedside table. He dials Liam's number and holds the phone up to his ear, his other hand tangling in Harry's curls to card through his hair. "What the fuck was that, mate?" He questions once Liam's picked up. Harry smiles at him, eyes shining, as he sits his bum down on the tops of Louis' thighs. Louis gives him a questioning look, but Harry just shakes his head.

"It was bad? I was sure you guys would have fun," Liam says equal parts sad and shocked.

"We did have fun."

"Really? That's so great! I knew you two would like each other," Liam exclaims.

"We do like each other. Or, at least I really like Harry. Can't speak for him." Harry sticks his tongue out at Louis, so Louis does it back and gives his hair a little tug. "He definitely is the prettiest boy I've ever seen. Niall was right." Harry's face lights up at that and he runs his hands up and down Louis' torso. He bites his bottom lip and then leans forward to start kissing up Louis' chest.

"Oh, that's lovely! So cute, honestly. Niall's going to be so happy."

Louis hums, can't really do much else since Harry's picked that particular moment latch onto Louis' collarbone and suck hard. He kisses over the mark once he's finished and Louis makes out a breathless, "I'm on the phone, H."

"You're still with him!" Liam all but yells down the line. "It went that well, then?"

"Hi, Liam," Harry says into the phone, having heard him, before nibbling at the underside of Louis' jaw. Louis tips his head back to give Harry more room and only pouts a little when Harry pulls back enough to ask, "How's Sophia?"

"She's great! This was partly her idea, too, y'know."

“Of course it was,” Louis grumbles down the line. “Did everyone get in on this or what? Why’d you set us up?”

Harry frowns at him but leans down to give him a quick kiss on the lips. He starts kissing down Louis’ neck and chest, wiggles down Louis’ legs a bit more to latch onto the skin of his stomach. “Well, why wouldn’t we have? You guys are not subtle, like, at all. We all knew you fancied each other so we thought, why not?”

“I don’t know. Isn’t it-” he cuts himself off with a sharp intake of breath when Harry starts mouthing over his cock through his pants. “Isn’t it, like, against policy?” He manages to get out, voice only slightly shaky.

“Why would it be against policy?” Liam asks, confused.

“Because- fuck- because we work together?” Louis tugs Harry up by his hair when he starts sucking at the head of his cock because *that* is way too distracting. He can’t think. Harry pouts but sits back on his haunches, arms crossed over his chest, when Louis shoots him a warning glance.

“Yeah? That’s not- you guys are the same level, y’know? It only counts for superiors. Like, you can date each other but you can’t date me.”

“Gross, Liam. I don’t want to date you,” Louis says and wrinkles his nose.

Liam sighs, exasperated. “Whatever. I don’t fancy you much either. I’m just saying, it’s totally fine. We’ve actually been planning on setting you guys up for a few months. It wasn’t till we saw you two at the pub that we really decided to go for it.”

“But we- and I thought- so we didn’t,” Louis stutters out and then heaves a frustrated breath. “We’ve been together for years, Liam!”

“You’ve been- you have got to be kidding me?”

“No! We’ve been together for five-”

“Six next month,” Harry yells helpfully.

“-years. We didn’t think it was, like, okay for the two of us to be together while we worked at the school.”

“Why didn’t you just ask?” Liam asks.

“Well we couldn’t just ask you if it’s okay if we dated each other, could we? That’d give it away.”

“The policy is literally on the website, Louis.”

“I’ve never looked at the website. How would I know?”

“You’re an idiot,” Liam sighs out.

“Excuse you, Liam! I resent that. I’ll have you know-” before he can finish his sentence, Harry’s taking the phone from his hand.

“Thanks, Liam. See you Monday,” he murmurs into the phone and then hangs up, sets it on the bedside table. Harry repositions himself so he's sitting astride Louis’ thighs again, hands planted on Louis’ chest.

Louis lets out a huff and rubs his hands up and down Harry's thighs. “I was having a very important conversation, Harold.”

Harry quirks a brow. “Oh, yes. Very important.” Louis rolls his eyes but leans forward to catch Harry's lips in a kiss. “That was very successful, don't you think?”

“Yeah, was good. I feel like a giant idiot now, though.”

“My idiot,” Harry says fondly and then squeaks when Louis pinches his side. “I do, too. I'm glad everything's okay. Like, I'm glad it's all been sorted and we don't have to hide anymore.”

“You know what that means?”

Harry's face lights up and he breathes out, “Marriage?”

“No, of course not. You can drive me to work everyday now and I can get rid of the flat.” When Harry just pouts at him, Louis heaves a sigh and says, feigning indifference, “I guess marriage, too.” Harry positively beams at him and dives back in for a kiss.

So, like, marriage. Louis wants to propose to Harry, has every day for the past five years probably, but he doesn't want to do it when he's expecting it. That just kind of ruins the surprise, and all the fun.

For their anniversary the following month, they go to Rosso's like they always do. He doesn't propose, though, and he knows Harry's upset about it. It's not like he's actively trying to upset him, he just wants it to be a surprise. He tells Harry as much, but it just results in an eye roll and Harry giving him a pointed a look before pulling up his music library and putting ‘Single Ladies’ on repeat.

Every morning they wake up to ‘Single Ladies’ and Harry plays it as often as he can. Which usually means the entirety of the drive to and from work. One day when he gets home, he finds that Harry's rearranged their fridge magnets to read ‘MARRIAGE!’ There's also a collection of bridal magazines that has made permanent residence on their coffee table.

He gets it, he does. And he really wants to be married, too, but he's also one for romantic gestures and the like. That's why he's currently standing in Liam's office, box of fortune cookies tucked under his arm, waiting for Niall to come to his important ‘meeting.’

After he'd walked Harry to his classroom this morning, which he does everyday now, especially since he gets to hold his hand, he'd gone straight to the head office and forced his way into Liam's office. He'd demanded a meeting with him and Niall and then sat down in one of the expensive chairs while he waited. It's been nearly half an hour, Niall not having first period free like he does, but he's not leaving. He's determined.

When Niall finally does make his way into the room, Louis makes him shut the door and stand next to Liam. "So, I need a favor," he starts.

"Seriously? You called me out of class for a *favor*?"

Louis sniffs and places his free hand on his hip. "Yes. Yes, I did." He opens the box of fortune cookies and steps up to Liam's desk before tipping the box over and letting all of its contents clatter to the desk.

"Ooh, treats!" Niall says happily as he picks up one of the cookies.

Louis bats at his hand until he drops it. "You can't eat them. Not yet, anyways."

Niall pouts at him and crosses his arms over his chest. "Then I'm not helping."

"You'll get one, just not right now."

"What is this all about?" Liam questions while he gestures at the mess on his desk.

"I'm going to propose to Harry." Niall claps excitedly and puts his hand out for a high five. "Thank you, Niall."

Liam looks at him, confused. "Okay? I'm still not following."

"Well, I need it to be a surprise, right? Which is why I didn't for our anniversary."

"He was really upset about that, mate," Niall chimes in, rather unhelpfully.

"Yes, I'm aware. Anyways. Surprise. That's where you two come in."

Both of them look at him confused, Liam slightly more concerned. "Uh, okay. What are we doing?"

Louis gives them an innocent smile and pulls a pair of tweezers out of his pocket, places it besides the stack of cookies. "You, my dear friends, are going to pull the fortunes out of those cookies. Every single one."

Liam scoffs and leans back in his chair, arms crossed over his chest. "No, absolutely not. I am *not* doing that. There's got to be, like, 20 of those things."

"Thirty five," Louis corrects, smile never leaving his face. "And, yes, you're going to. You owe me for the date thing."

"I think *you owe me*. You guys wouldn't even be getting married right now if I hadn't have set you up."

"Details, Liam," Louis says with a wave of his hand. "And, really, if you can get it properly, you'll only have to do one cookie. All I need is one cookie."

"Why?" Niall asks. "What are you gonna do with them?"

Louis digs around in his pocket again until he pinches the thin piece of paper between his fingers and pulls it out. "I need this to go into one," he explains and hands the strip of paper to Niall.

"Awwww," Niall coos and then hands it to Liam. It's just a simple, 'Marry me? xx', that he had written. "That's so cute."

Liam frowns at the piece of paper and then pulls open the top drawer of his desk and places it inside for safekeeping. He heaves a sigh and runs his hand through his hair. "When do you need it?"

"Friday. I'm gonna do it Saturday evening, I think? And I guess technically I'll need two, but only the one has to say something. You can eat all the rest, if that holds any weight."

Liam and Niall share a look. Niall just shrugs so Liam sighs again. "Yeah, alright. We'll do it. But now *you owe us*."

Louis smiles so wide his cheeks hurt. "Anything. Just as long as I get my boy, I'm happy."

"You've always had your boy." It's true, yeah, but now they'll finally get to be married. That's all he really needs, honestly.

Louis swings by Liam's office Friday to pick up the cookies. He's got Harry with him, like always as of late, so he can't ask all the questions he'd like to. Liam hands him two cookies and frowns at him. "I swear, I never want to see one of those again. I ate enough to make me sick. Niall did, too, but he just kept going. Too sweet for me, I think."

"Why are you giving us cookies?" Harry questions, eyebrows furrowing as he watches Louis drop them into his bag.

"Uh," Louis starts, turning wide eyes to Liam. Liam just holds his hands up in surrender—clearly he won't be helping anymore. Louis clears his throat. "He, uh, ate too many? And knows we like takeout? So, like, he's giving them to us to eat. With our dinner. Tomorrow."

Harry looks at him with a confused little pout on his lips. He's just so cute. Louis can't help but kiss him. "Uh, okay, weirdo," Harry tells him once he's pulled back.

"Alright, that is more than I've needed to see. You can get out of my office now."

Louis rolls his eyes but laces his fingers with Harry's again and walks out of Liam's office with a, "Thanks, mate," thrown over his shoulder.

Louis walks through their front door Saturday evening with a bag of takeout in one hand and a bouquet of yellow tulips in the other. He walks over to where Harry's sitting on the couch grading papers. "Hey, baby," he says happily and sets the food and flowers on the coffee table. "I brought dinner."

Harry puckers his lips for a kiss, Louis happily obliging. "I've gotta grade these papers. Can we eat after?" He asks and looks back down at the stack in his lap.

Louis frowns because that was definitely not the reaction he was expecting, but. "Uh, I guess? I'll just go have a shower, then." Harry hums and cranes his neck to kiss Louis again, but never takes his eyes off his work. Well, then. Louis lets out a little huff, but doesn't comment.

It's about twenty minutes later when Louis walks back into the living room, freshly showered and wearing one of Harry's shirts with his baggy joggers. He folds himself in the empty space next to Harry and nudges him with his toes. "Dinner, now?"

"I've not finished yet," Harry mumbles.

"What's wrong, H?" Louis asks as he nudges his thigh again. Harry just shrugs and doesn't answer the question. Ah, so he's pouting again. Louis sits up on his knees, holds on to Harry's bicep with a hand for support, and leans over to pick the flowers up off the table. "I got you tulips, baby. Your favorite."

Harry falters in his writing and then lets out a little sigh, leans over to place his papers on the table. "You did?" He asks once he's angled his body towards Louis.

Louis hums and holds them up so Harry can duck down and sniff them. "They're yellow which is supposed to mean 'hopelessly in love' or something. So I go them. Because I am. With you."

Harry looks up from under his lashes with a little smile dancing on his lips before he takes hold of the flowers and wraps his arms around Louis, hugs him tight. "Thank you, Lou. I love them. I love *you*."

"I love you, too." Louis kisses him on the temple and then pulls back enough to kiss his forehead too. "Wanna put them in water? I'll warm up the food."

"Kay," Harry agrees easily with a peck to Louis' lips. He gets off the couch, using Louis' shoulder for balance when he wobbles, and then tugs Louis up with him.

They both walk into the kitchen after Louis' grabbed the food. Harry bends down to get the vase out from under the sink and Louis goes up on his tip-toes to get them a couple plates.

Louis makes them each a plate and pops one in the microwave. “Could you switch those when it beeps, H? I forgot to grab something.”

Harry’s arranging the flowers in the vase, brows furrowed and bottom lip pulled between his teeth in concentration. “Hmm?”

Louis squeezes his waist and leans around him to have a look. He doesn’t know anything about flowers but, “It looks pretty, love.”

“Thanks, Lou. They’re lovely. Thank you,” Harry mumbles out with a small smile and a blush creeping on his cheeks.

“S’alright.” Louis kisses his cheek and repeats his earlier question. “Can you switch the plates out? I’ve forgotten to grab something.”

“Course.” Louis kisses his cheek again and with one last squeeze to his waist, exits the kitchen and goes back to their bedroom. It takes him a minute, but he finds his bag tucked away in the corner of their closet. He digs through it until he finds the two fortune cookies and then starts walking back to the living room. He stops halfway with an eyeroll at himself and goes back into the bedroom. It takes him ten minutes of searching to realize he’d stored the ring in the spare bedroom. With a huff, he makes his way out of the closet and down the hall.

By the time he’s found it, Harry’s already got their food sitting on the coffee table, two glasses of wine in front of them. Harry’s sitting on the floor in front of the table, legs crossed and hair pulled up into a bun. “Sorry, sorry. I’m ready now,” Louis says as he hastily makes his way over to the table.

“Thought you got lost in your own house. I was about to send out a search party.”

“Ha ha. Cheeky baby, I have.” Harry sticks his tongue out at him and then pokes Louis’ when he does it back, which earns him a pinch to the side. “Alright, then. Let’s dig in. Took me a long time to make this.”

Harry snorts and mumbles under his breath, “You didn’t even finish the warming up.”

They eat in relative silence, Louis occasionally stealing the meat from Harry’s dish and Harry taking some of Louis’ noodles. When they’ve finished, Harry stacks up their plates and takes them to the kitchen. “Can we wash after?” Louis calls.

“I guess so, yeah,” he hears Harry say, the pout evident in his voice.

Louis heaves a sigh and pushes himself off the ground, pads into the kitchen. “Alright, you wash and I’ll dry.” Harry gives him a small, sheepish smile and turns the tap on. They keep up a little banter while they wash up and while Harry’s setting the last fork in the drainer, Louis cups his hand under the tap and then flicks the water at Harry.

Harry drops the fork and turns to Louis, mouth agape. “Did you just..” he trails off, eyes dancing with mirth and one eyebrow quirked.

“What if I did?” Louis pushes, grin threatening to take over his face. They stare at each other for a long moment, sizing each other up, then both dart their fingers under the water at the same time. They flick the water at each other in small amounts until Louis gets frustrated and hip-bumps Harry out the way. He puts both of his hands under the spray and fills his cupped palms with water before turning to the side and dumping the water all down Harry’s front.

Harry squawks in protest and reaches under the tap himself. It’s not fair, really, because his hands are bigger. Before he can get them filled, Louis turns the tap off and takes off in a sprint. “Louis!” Harry yells before darting out of the kitchen after him. He catches him halfway to the couch with an arm around his waist. Louis’ pulled into him with a squeal and an *oof*. “Let me go, you oaf.”

“I don’t think so,” Harry says right into his ear, before dragging him backwards to the couch. He falls onto the couch gracelessly, pulling Louis down along with him. Louis flails, almost hitting Harry in the face, before he catches himself and flips himself around so he can hover over Harry. “Hi,” Harry drawls.

“Hi, baby,” Louis says back, wide smile on his face. Harry wraps one of his hands around the back of Louis’ neck and pulls him in for a kiss. Louis gets lost in it for a moment, before he remembers the whole purpose of tonight. He pulls back and says, a little breathless, “We have to eat our cookies.”

Harry gives him an incredulous look. “Seriously? Can't it wait?”

Louis kisses him once more before pulling back. “I think it'll be better if we wait. I've got a good feeling about these fortunes, Haz.”

Harry scoffs and mumbles, “Yeah, okay,” but sits up anyways. Louis untangles himself from Harry and leans over to grab the cookies from the table. He hands one to Harry, hoping it’s the right one, and tucks his legs under himself while he waits. “Why are you watching me, you weirdo?” Harry questions as he cracks open his cookie.

“I just like looking at you, H.”

Harry hums happily, but it's quickly cut off by a loud, “What the fuck is this, Louis?”

Okay, that's not exactly the reaction he was going for. His eyes snap up from where he was fiddling in his pocket for the ring. “I'm sorry, what?”

“Real funny, Lou. I don't know why you'd go through all that the trouble for that. Fuck you, too,” Harry spits, irritated. He chucks the cookie and the fortune on the table and then stands up, makes his way down the hallway.

Louis sits there, dumbfounded, until he hears their bedroom door slam and jumps. He scrambles off the couch and ends up banging his knee on the table to grab at the fortune. “Ow, fuck,” he mumbles under his breath as he reads the fortune, one hand rubbing at his knee. “What the fuck,” he says aloud after he's read the fortune.

'I don't owe u shit,' it reads in Liam's messy scrawl. Well, fuck. Liam should definitely be sleeping with one eye open now, Louis thinks. He grabs the other cookie and breaks it open, finds the proper slip of paper in that one.

"Harry!" Louis calls as he runs down the hallway, the fortune clutched in his hand. "You got the wrong one!" When he goes to turn the knob to their bedroom door, he finds it's locked. "H, that wasn't meant for you. Let me in, please?" When he doesn't hear anything from the other side, he knocks on the door and tries again. "Harry, please. I swear that wasn't- I don't know why he even did that. That was meant for me, not you."

It takes a few moments, but there's a shuffling from inside the room before he hears the lock click. He hesitantly opens the door and finds Harry standing in the middle of the room with his arms crossed over his chest, eyes downcast and jaw clenched. "It really wasn't for you," Louis starts as he makes his way into the room. He tries to walk towards Harry, but he just shakes his head and perches on the edge of the bed.

Louis walks forward until he's right in front of Harry and then drops down to his knees. "I didn't- that wasn't supposed to be in there. It was supposed to be, uhm. Here." He holds the correct slip of paper out and waits until Harry takes it.

Harry flips the paper around in his fingers a few times before sighing and looking it over. As soon as he's finished, his head snaps up and he meets Louis' gaze. "Did you- are you- what?"

Louis lifts himself up a bit and digs in his pocket to pull out the ring box. He goes to sit back on his haunches, then rolls his eyes and repositions so he's on one knee. "Uh, yes? I mean, yes. I thought it would be cute and romantic and shit, but apparently I've mucked it up."

"Are you going to ramble or propose?" Harry asks, lips quirking up the slightest.

"Shut it, you," Louis says with no bite. He grabs one of Harry's hands and takes a deep breath. "Alright. I've promised you before that I was gonna marry you and now we finally can. It's been just over six years and they've been the happiest years of my life. I love you more than anything, yeah? And I just- I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I don't ever want to love someone else or be without you because I-"

Harry huffs out a breath and squeezes Louis' hand. "Get to the point, Lou. I've been waiting for years. I'm a sure thing, remember?"

"Alright, alright. Will you, Harry Edwards Styles, marry me?"

"Of course I will, you idiot!" Harry exclaims before tackling Louis to the floor and peppering his face with kisses. "Why did you wait so long?"

"I already *told* you, Harold. I wanted it to be special."

"It would've been special no matter what because it's you," Harry says, beaming down at him. "Alright, give me the ring then." He sits back so he's straddling Louis' stomach, left hand waving in front of Louis' face impatiently.

“Has anyone ever told you you’re impatient?” Louis grumbles as he props himself up on one of his elbows. He opens the box and pulls the ring out before sliding it onto Harry’s finger. He places a kiss to the tips of each of his fingers before pulling back.

Harry brings his hand up to his face to examine the ring, grin never leaving his face. “It’s beautiful, Lou. I love it.”

“You’re beautiful.”

Harry’s cheeks pink at that and he falls down to his forearms to hover over Louis. “I love you. Thank you.”

“I love you too, baby,” Louis says back and then tugs him in for a kiss. He licks his way into Harry’s mouth, keeps the kiss slow and gentle.

“We’re getting married, Lou,” Harry tells him, their lips brushing as he speaks. “You’re finally gonna make me a Tomlinson.”

“Told you I would, love. Promised, didn’t I?”

“Yeah. Yeah, you did,” Harry breathes, eyes shining. “Love you, so much.”

“Love you, too. Always,” Louis whispers back before rolling them over and connecting their lips again. They’re going to get *married. Finally.*

Monday morning they wake up to Harry’s phone blaring out Beyoncé’s ‘Love On Top.’

End Notes

I'll put my tumblr and stuffs here when we've been revealed. I really hope you liked it!
Thanks for reading!

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