

Wrapped around your finger

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Wrapped around your finger

by [Rosesnfeathers](#)

Summary

“After the third video, I was pretty sure I had a crush on you, Liam. Watching you doing your daily workout was a life changing experience. When I got to that video where Louis literally yells you have a crush on me... I knew I had to get you. Hope my intentions are clear with you now, Mister Payne?”

“Really? Only three videos? For me, the crush developed maybe at the sixth one? You’re weak, Mister Malik.”

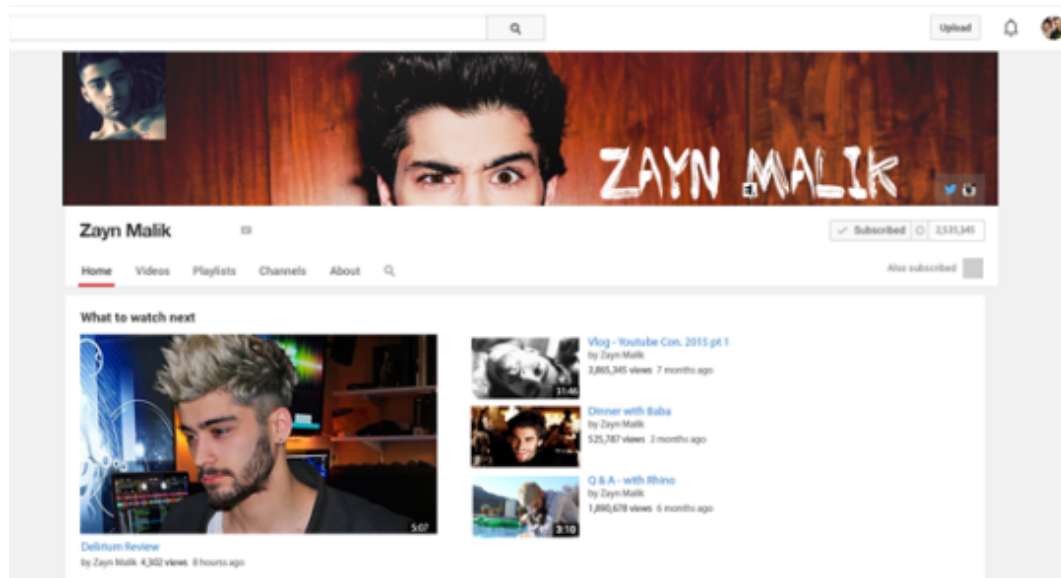
Or

The one where Liam and Zayn are both YouTubers.

Notes

Title from the song Wrapped around your finger by 5 seconds of summer. Sorry for the lack of actual YouTube stuff, I got carried away with feelings and fluffy stuff... like always.

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



It's way past midnight and Zayn is waiting for his newest video to be completely loaded on his YouTube channel's home page. For his video, he did a review of Ellie Goulding's last album tonight, with Rhino sleeping soundly on his lap as he was talking about Ellie but also a bit about other artist's new music he was excited about for the next few months. Like Frank Ocean. Seriously, where the fuck is the man?

He lights up a cigarette, the flame of his lighter glowing softly in the darkness of his room for a few seconds, and he looks at some other channels waiting for his own clip to be online.

He knows a few of them personally, did some challenges with them, too, and has met them at the annual YouTube convention. He's got a really decent amount of subscribers and that YouTube channel stuff was a great idea. He's made a lot of amazing friends through it.

He doesn't know *all* of them, though, and that's apparent when he sees a certain thumbnail catching his attention because, he doesn't know that face.

It's a boy wearing a black Batman t-shirt. He's got light brown hair and even with the size of the little picture at the right of Zayn's screen, he can see how big that boy's smile is. He's irresistible and maybe that's why he clicks so fast on that boy's face.

Zayn's got nothing else to do, to be honest, not sleepy yet and waiting for his own video to get online. He is bored, that's all, he is not intrigued and entranced by that pretty smile, those big brown eyes, and that handsome face and fuck. He is way more than handsome once he starts speaking, his dark eyes almost sparkling even through the screen. That boy is *beautiful*.

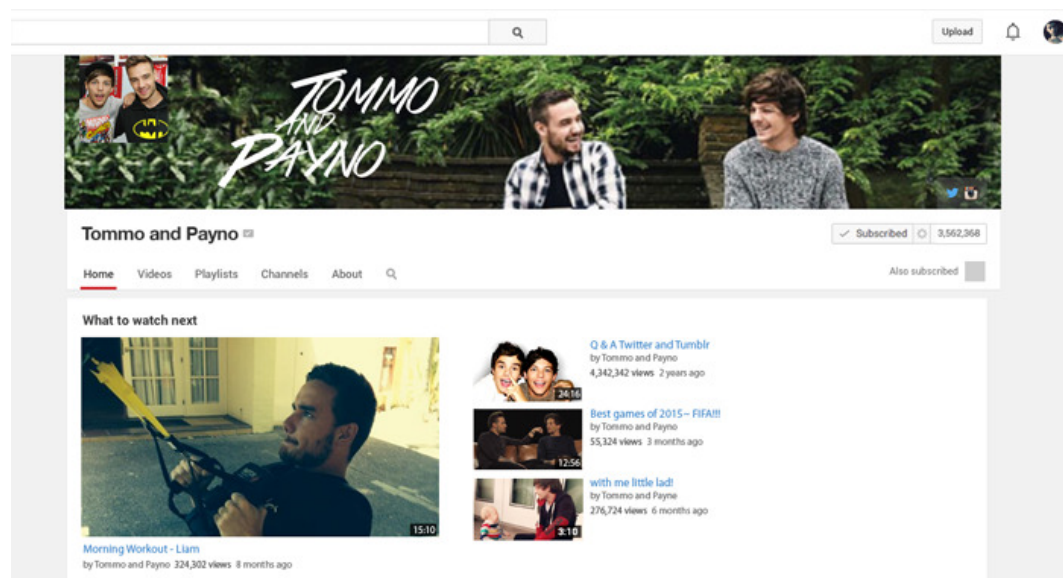
He is over-excited as he talks about the superhero movies he can't wait to see. He talks about *Batman VS. Superman*, about the preview for *Deadpool*, and about how he can't wait for the preview of *Civil War*. How he has always been so fond of Captain America even if some says

he is boring. He gets so passionate about his rant about how Steve Rogers is a great man that Zayn can't help but smile fondly at his screen.

He talks a lot with his hands, rubbing his face a lot. His eyes are so expressive and his mouth... Jesus!

He rubs at those lips a lot, too, when he is quite concentrated on what he is trying to say. Zayn loses a few of the things the boy talks about because he was distracted by the way those plush lips move around words, making the simplest ones sound like poetry with how beautiful they are. He also talks about how a certain "Tommo" was busy that night so he did the video by himself and how he wishes he wasn't too boring without him.

Zayn can't help but frown in confusion because that boy was freaking adorable and cute and perfect by his own so, when the video ends he clicks on the link for the whole channel and yeah, there is indeed two boys on it.



Tommo and Payno it's called and by the little previews Zayn can see, those two did all of the craziest challenges of YouTube in the last few months. They did the cinnamon challenge, of course, the fifty chicken nuggets challenge.

Well, they did pretty much every food related challenge to be honest. That *Tommo* guy is called Louis and he does everything in his power to make Liam's (*Payno*) life a living hell, apparently.

But with the way Liam laughs so hard at pretty much every joke Louis says and every prank he does, holding his belly, it looks almost painful laughing that much. With the fond looks Louis gives him back every time, it's obvious that those two are the best of friends, really.

Both of them have done videos by themselves after Liam's one about superhero movies.

Zayn goes back to that video and he sees all of the great comments Liam has received, about how amazing he was by himself and even though the both of them were hilarious, that Liam should do more videos alone. *Good*, Zayn thinks, he doesn't even know the boy personally but he wants him to know that he's great.

There is like that weird feeling deep in his guts like, *I hope that boy is happy, I hope he has someone to make him happy*.

The few videos Louis did alone were with his sisters mostly, two of them having great fun applying all kinds of makeup on his face. Zayn laughs at the way Louis can't stop talking about how long and pretty his lashes look while coated with dark mascara though.

Liam's videos are mostly about his dogs, but there is one about his workout routine and yeah, maybe Zayn watched that one twice.

It starts with a beautiful looking Liam, of course, in a white tank top and red basketball shorts. He looks like he's just woken up, his hair not styled into his usual quiff and his voice a bit rougher than usual as he talks about how he takes a run every morning.

Then, Zayn sees him actually running, filmed through the window of what must be their flat with a very sleepy Louis muttering that *it's too early for this shit*.

Next, once Liam is done with his run, he talks about how he stretches afterwards with really nice demonstrations of every single one of his stretching moves, featuring a very sweaty and breathless Liam and *God*, Zayn is gonna have nice dreams tonight. He feels sweaty and breathless himself just by watching him.

The end of the video is about Liam cooking breakfast and he gives a few protein shake recipes for after a workout.

Louis comes back into the video as Liam is putting different fruits in the blender and Liam rolls his eyes.

"Louis! Am I disturbing you when you do your own videos?"

"No, never Liam."

“So why are you ALWAYS interrupting mine?”

“Because you’re boring Liam, what about we add some rum in that smoothie?”

“It’s 8 am Louis. and I’m not getting drunk with you again. Not after that last video...”

Louis finally ends up helping Liam with his smoothie and even tasting it and he gives Liam a gentle peck on the cheek afterwards, saying how the viewers are going to go crazy over sweaty Liam being all sporty and healthy. It’s adorable really, the way Liam’s cheeks go red at Louis’ words and Zayn can’t help but smile, feeling his own fingers tingling with how bad he wants to touch those warm cheeks.

He is quite curious about a drunk Liam on video though, so he looks through their previous ones and he finds one about how they have to spell words backward while taking shooters of vodka.

Well, *that* should be interesting.

The first thing Louis says is that Liam is terrible at spelling while sober so this video will be *hilarious* and Liam is just sitting next to him holding the bottle of Vodka and two small glasses, rolling his eyes at his best friend.

“I’m not that bad,” Liam mumbles, mostly for himself, it seems.

It *is* hilarious, and also adorable because drunk Liam is one of the cutest things Zayn has ever seen.

He laughs even louder when he’s intoxicated and his smile is bigger and his cheeks are bright pink and his lips are shiny and red and he looks all flustered. Also, his hair is a right mess because he keeps running his fingers through it as he tries to concentrate on the words Louis give him to spell. He is also *always* giggling like it’s his default mode.

It’s like Louis gives him the most complicated ones but he is so drunk that he just scrunches his nose and tries his best to spell them all.

They are both giggly and so drunk by the end of the video Zayn can’t stop smiling at his computer screen. Can’t stop laughing with them either and Rhino wakes up, giving him those looks like he *knows*.

On screen, Louis can't stop making fun of Liam for the way he couldn't spell a pretty long and complicated word the right way. Liam hits him really hard on the shoulder with an angry frown on his pretty face but he can't stay angry long though because he starts laughing and just can't stop because of the offended look on Louis' face.

"You hit me wanker! Ow!"

"Stop making fun o' me, then. I'll tell them wha' I caught you doing last week when I came back from me morning run."

"You wouldn't!"

"Oh I would! See, I came back from me run a bit earlier than usual t'find Louis in our living room -"

"LIAM HAS THE BIGGEST CRUSH ON ZAYN MALIK!"

"LOUIS!"

And Zayn, he misses the rest of the video because *WHAT?* He thinks both of them fight a little and he hears them talking about editing that out but clearly they didn't because Zayn heard it clear as day.

Liam has a crush on him? But *how?*

He feels some hysterical kind of giggle raising up in his chest and his lungs suddenly feel a bit tighter, too. He hides that sound in the palm of his hand even though he is alone in his room, alone in his whole apartment. He hides the sound of his laugh but the smile lighting up his whole face is pretty impossible to hide and he feels almost embarrassed for the way that little piece information makes his heart beat harder in his chest.

As the video ends, Zayn closes the tab and sees that his own is now completely loaded and that he just spent *hours* looking at those two boys' videos.

The sky is a bit lighter outside already. Not that deep blue color that it is normally in the middle of the night, a little bit more grey than blue, like the color of the ash at the tips of Zayn's cigarettes when he forgets to smoke them because he gets caught up in a song he is listening to, or is hit by a line of poetry he needs to write down.

He subscribes to *Tommo and Payno's* channel, before opening Twitter with nervous fingers,

looking for Liam. Unsurprisingly, he finds him quickly, seeing as the other boy is already following him. Zayn follows him back, looking at a few tweets and he smiles reading them.

He also leaves a comment on the first video he watched, the one about superheroes, and it takes him way too long to come for something to say.

Great video, man! Can't wait to see all of those movies, too, and watch your reviews of them. Keep up the great work!

Okay the message is a bit boring but he couldn't just write: *Hey! Heard you had a crush on me and I've spent the last 3 hours of my night watching your videos and I think that crush is mutual?*

He closes his laptop and takes a quick shower before finally going to bed around five am, trying not to think about warm brown eyes and a bright pink smile. (Or those abs he saw under the drenched material of Liam's white shirt in that work out video).

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"LOUIS! LOUIS WAKE UP!" Liam yells as he makes his way into his best friend's room, holding his phone so hard in his hand it could probably break. He's scared that if maybe he drops it, then none of this will be real. Just a dream he woke up with too early for his liking.

All he sees, peeking from Louis' pile of thick blankets, are a few locks of chestnut hair and as restless as he can be when he is awake, it is a nice contradiction to see how still and peaceful Louis is when he sleeps.

Liam doesn't have time to think about all of those things because he just woke up five minutes ago to a notification on his phone saying that *Zayn Malik* started following him on Twitter. So Liam thinks he can skip his morning run today, God, he can even skip his whole workout schedule for the next week because this is quite the emergency.

"LOUIS!"

The pile of blankets moves a little and there are some groans coming from underneath them as

well. Louis turns his face a few inches towards Liam and he can see his bright blue eyes still full with sleep and a bit confused too as he slowly blinks at Liam. “Waaaa?”

Liam jumps next to his friend on the bed now, trying not to actually jump on him since he has no idea where he is and how can he sleep with so many blankets? Liam always get so hot in his own bed but...That’s not the point.

He wants to shove his phone in Louis’ face to show him the notification but he knows that he won’t see a thing with how sleepy he is and he also doesn’t have his contacts in so--

“ZAYN FOLLOWED ME ON TWITTER LOU, WHAT THE FUCK?”

“Really? Have you exchanged nudes yet?”

“Louis!”

“What? I know you’re dying to. I know you, always been a bit of an exhibitionist, Leemo.”

“Shut up!”

Liam knows his cheeks are bright red right now and he also knows that Louis is not wrong. He maybe enjoys, from time to time, teasing the people he dates with naughty pictures and texts.

That’s a part of him, so what? However, he and Zayn haven’t talked yet and he doesn’t even know if Zayn swings that way... But just the thought of it, of what Louis is implying, the thought of getting intimate with Zayn, teasing him the way he loves to do, well, it brings a bit of color across his face and he feels a bit hotter than he did a few minutes ago.

“Haven’t messaged him yet...” he says, trying to stop thinking if Zayn would be blushing as he whispers dirty thing in his ear.

Louis sits up in the bed and his hair looks like a bird nest on the top of his head, wild and all over the place. He scratches at the scruff covering his chin and hides a yawn in the palm of his hand before glaring at Liam, “What the hell did you wake me up for then? Say something to him. Tell him you have a massive boner over his never ending eye lashes, that you want to taste his tattoos!”

“I can’t do that!”

“Why? S’the truth anyway. Now let me sleep. Go back to your room to wank over him.”

Liam lets out a frustrated sigh and stands up from Louis’ bed where his friend is already back in the warmth of his blankets and Liam walks to the door, muttering under his breath how he needs a new best friend. One that is less grumpy in the mornings and a bit more understanding about his massive crush on some beautiful boy that is way out of his league.

“Li?”

“What!?”

“M’happy for you, yeah?”

“Yeah... Thank’s Lou.”

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Liam goes for his run anyway, still high on the adrenaline from knowing Zayn just followed him on Twitter. It’s silly, he knows it, it’s just a damn website, but it’s funny, a bit weird, but also so nice how someone he never met still can send a fuzzy feeling careening inside of his veins without even trying.

It probably means he saw their videos and yeah, maybe Liam is a bit embarrassed about a few of them but it must be okay since Zayn followed him anyway... And yeah, he has to admit that he looked and Zayn is only following him and not Louis. He can also admit he maybe did a little victory dance when he found out.

He runs a longer distance than he usually does, it’s like today takes him longer to become breathless and to feel the familiar soreness in the muscles of his legs. It’s like he is a bit numb today, floating on a little cloud, as cliché as it sounds. He was already breathless the moment he opened his phone earlier in the morning so he runs until his t-shirt is drenched with sweat, until his feet bring him back to the front of his building.

Louis is still in bed when he comes back, their flat completely silent, an almost peaceful atmosphere that Liam isn’t used to since he started sharing an apartment with Louis Tomlinson.

Liam stretches his limbs in the middle of the living room since Louis' is not awake to make fun of him and then jumps in the shower to clean the sweat clinging to his skin, making the longer strands of his hair curl against his forehead.

Since they did a few videos with Louis' sisters, they've received a plethora of cosmetics from different companies. A lot were for Felicity and Lottie, but also a few for them.

They got some fancy shower gels smelling like all kind of exotic fruits and shampoos and shaving creams, too. Their shower is pretty much full of it all and Liam would never admit it to anyone but he is a bit in love with the one shower gel that smells like kiwis.

Once he's done, he wraps a towel around his waist and then remembers he forgot to bring a change of clothes so he walks down the hallway to his room, water droplets running down his back.

And then, he hears the little shutter sound of a camera going off.

When he turns around, it's to see Louis, his phone still up from where he just took a picture of an almost naked and still pretty wet Liam. There is a huge smile on his friend's face and Liam just ignores him, because that's what he does with Louis half of the time anyway, closing the door from his room and looking for some clothes to wear.

He does hear the little "ping" his phone makes as he puts his clothes on and when he finally looks at it, he sees a Twitter notification from Louis.



And below that tweet is the picture Louis took of him a few moments ago. Of his back, glistening with water and a navy blue towel wrapped tightly around his hips. Hanging so low that Liam can see those little dimples just above his ass.

“LOUIS FUCKING TOMLINSON!”

So, maybe they end up wrestling for a while on Louis’ room floor and maybe Liam wins, of course, but it’s because Louis can’t stop laughing about the look on Liam’s face when he stormed out of his room to pounce on Louis.

He forgets, while they are play fighting, for a total of perhaps two minutes what Louis just did but it’s quick to come back in his mind once they both stop and he starts to worry again about it.

Zayn probably would think Louis and him are some kind of weirdos (which is a bit true but still...)

But, on the other hand, if Zayn watched their videos he’s probably already aware of how weird Liam and Louis can be together. There is also that video where Louis talks about Liam’s crush on Zayn, video that he promised Liam he was going to edit and never did... He could have deleted it himself but maybe, there was a bit of hope underneath it all. Hope that *Zayn will* see it. That what just happened, Zayn noticing him, following him, would maybe happen and it did and... Liam is a bit dizzy with it all.

As they lay side by side on the carpeted floor of Louis’ room, trying to catch their breath (mostly Louis because Liam didn’t even break a sweat), both of their phones chime at the same moment.

Louis’ is vibrating in his pocket where Liam’s own ping from where it’s still in his room.

It could be anything really, but Liam suddenly feels nervous about the fact that it could be Zayn answering them since they both received the notification at the same moment.

Louis’ phone is being shoved into his face and he knows how smug Louis’ must be looking behind it. Liam reads those words on the screen and his heart does all kind of jumps and tricks in his chest. It stops, it hurts, it bangs so hard Liam think it’s going to get out of him and run through the door.



zayn
@zaynmalik

@zaynmalik: You're one lucky lad
@Louis_Tomlinson. Nice shoulders
@Real_Liam_Payne ;)

5914
RETWEETS

3365
FAVORITES



10:29 AM - 4 sept 2015 - via Twitter - Embed this Tweet

↩ Reply 🗑 Delete ★ Favorite

-*-

Zayn has never woken up to a prettier sight than this morning.

Following Liam on twitter had been the best decision of his life as his best friend/roommate just tweeted him a picture of Liam's amazing, muscular back. He's wet, just out of the shower, and his skin is probably still warm and Zayn is certain he smells delicious, like something fresh and fruity. Zayn swears he smells great just by looking at him.

Zayn wants to taste him and it's a bit scary since he didn't know who the man was before last night. But now that he does, he wants to learn everything about him. Just looking at him makes this pulse run quicker and his taste buds quiver with how badly they want to taste every single part of Liam's body.

He tries to put his phone away, to stop looking at that picture and all of his Twitter mentions but it's quite difficult. The tweets he sees are mostly cute, everybody is super excited about it. There are a lot of "OMG!!!"s and people drooling over Liam's body. There are a lot of emojis and capital letters. Some are already wondering if they are together and he sees that #Ziam is trending.

Ziam. That's a cute mash up of their two names; Zayn likes it. He says it out loud to have a taste of it and he likes it even more.

He sees a few girls and boys also freaking out over Liam's body and he needs to accept that

there is a little ball of fire in the pit of his stomach, burning bright. It feels a lot like jealousy even though he doesn't have any reason to be. Liam is not his. (*Not yet*, he thinks.)

After making himself a strong cup of coffee, Zayn goes back into his room where he opens his laptop to see if he got any comments on the video he posted last night. He hears the clatter of Rhino's paws against his hardwood floors and the dog whines when he reaches Zayn, his way to ask if he can jump in bed with him.

"Hey big boy," Zayn says, and he pats the bed next to his thigh for his dog to jump up and Rhino is quick to rest his head on Zayn's thigh. He lets out a content sigh as Zayn starts scratching behind the dog's ears as he reads comment after comment, taking his time to answer his favorite ones.

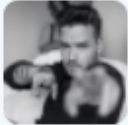
He's taking the last sip of his coffee when his phone buzzes next to him and he laughs a bit at the way Rhino jumps, being startled by the noise. He unlocks the screen to see that he just received a Twitter DM from Liam and maybe his heart does a little happy dance behind his ribs.

Direct messages > with Liam



11:02

I'm sorry my best friend is a twatttt!



11:02

Thanks for the follow btw. Huge fan.

11:04

No need to apologize. I enjoyed that picture a lot ;)



11:04

STOP. It's so embarrassing.

11:05

Not at all. I'm gonna get it framed and put it in my living room.



11:05

That back of yours is a masterpiece.



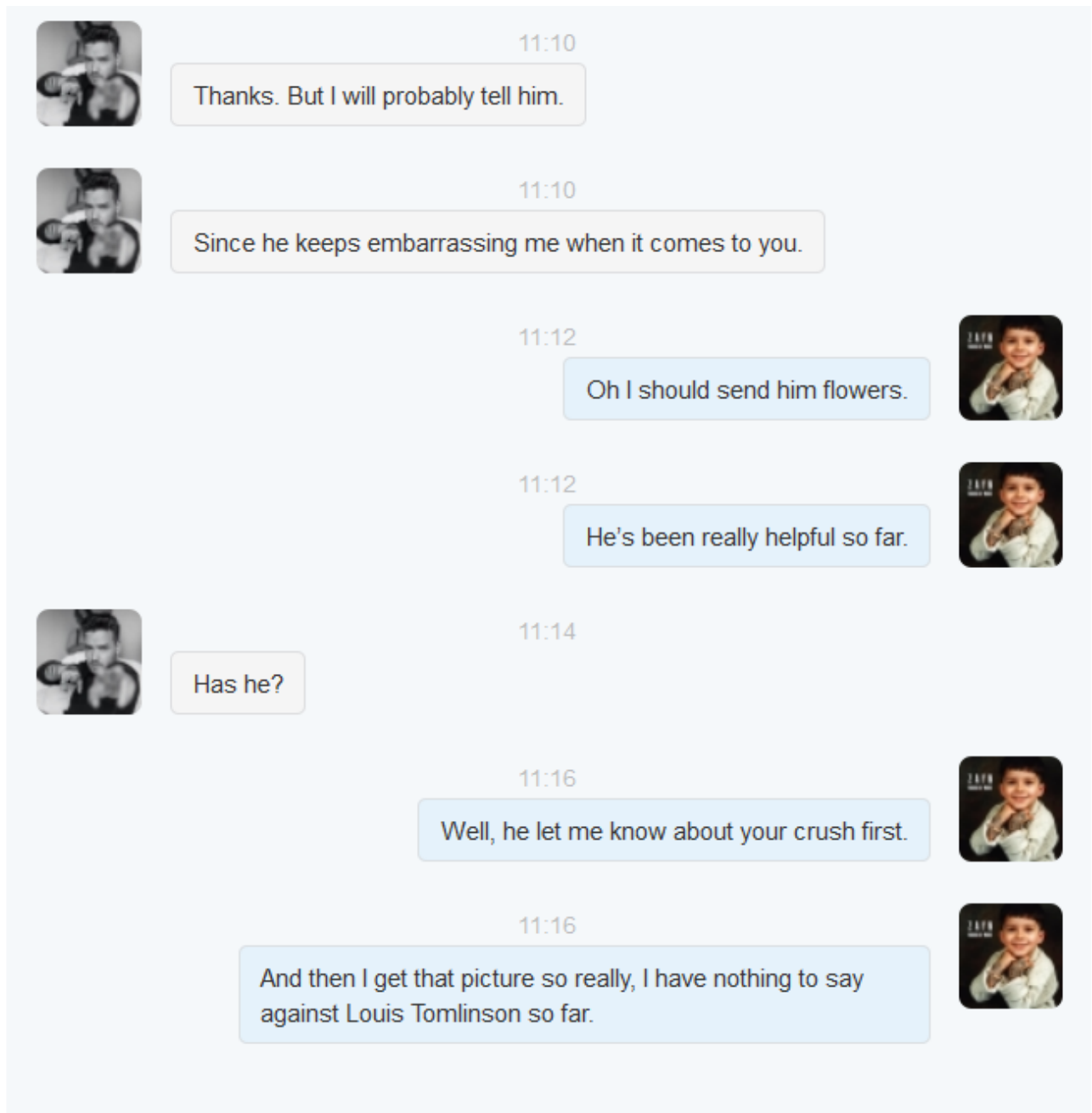
11:06

Oh god...

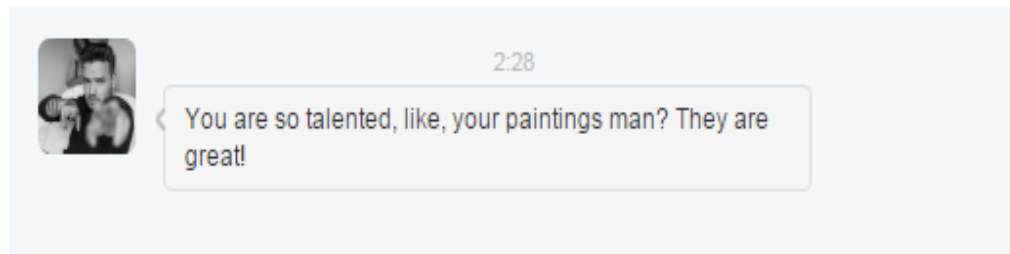
11:08

Love your videos as well. Don't tell Louis but I like yours better.

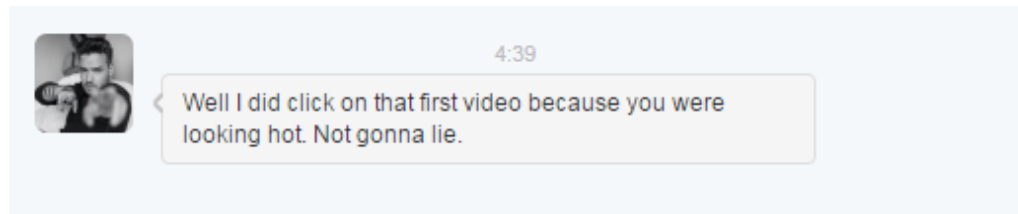




They keep messaging like this back and forth all day. Zayn's poor attempts at flirting are well received and reciprocated and Zayn feels so *warm* every single time Liam is complimenting him.



or



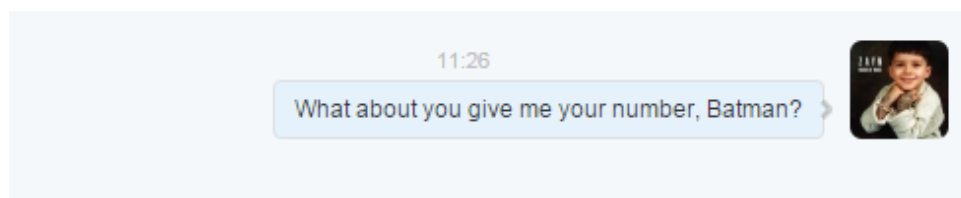
While Zayn cooks himself some lunch and while he goes to the grocery store in the afternoon, they keep messaging.

While he walks Rhino in that little park next to his flat later that evening, yeah, his phone is still glued to his hand.

While he looks at the dark London sky through his window, surrounded by thick smoke as his cigarette is slowly burning between his fingers, his phone finally dies in his hands.

He tries to let the nicotine calm the erratic beat of his heart, but it's useless. Liam keeps that buzz alive, pushes it through his veins and no cigarette, no weed can be strong enough to stop it, it seems.

When he lays in bed, Rhino snoring in his little bed next to his bedroom door, he sends Liam once last message before drifting to sleep.



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When Zayn wakes up the next morning, it's to some heavy rain hitting the huge windows of his bedroom and he can hear it on the ceiling above his head, too. Rhino is curled up at his side

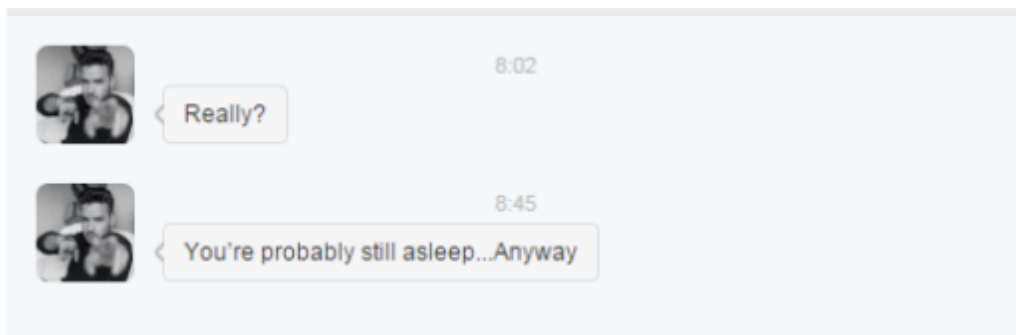
and he understands why he made his way in Zayn's bed as lightning strikes the morning sky and the thunder is quick to follow, making the walls around him tremble with it. Rhino has always been a bit scared of storms.

10 am.

He should probably get up. He wanted to make a video today but with this kind of weather, all he wants is to stay in bed all day and watch some movies. Jessica Jones is on Netflix now and he could probably give it a try since it's from Marvel and he saw loads of people being excited about it. Because *Liam* told him just yesterday that it was great so far.

He picks up his phone and snaps a picture of Rhino and him, still wrapped up in bed and his hair is a mess but he doesn't care. He knows the Internet is going to get crazy over it anyway. He enjoys driving them a bit crazy but he won't ever admit it. He puts in on Twitter: *Big baby Rhino is scared of the storm.*

That's when he sees that Liam answered him while he was asleep. Probably just before his morning run. Or maybe not since it's raining cats and dogs.



And then, under those 2 messages were a few digits. Liam's phone number.

He smiles down at his phone since it's the only thing he has done since yesterday morning and he sends a quick message to Liam, letting him know who it is and he cuddles closer to Rhino as lightning strikes the sky. He adds Liam to his contact list, putting the heart eyed emoji next to his name just because.

Because it's the way he feels every time his phone lights up with a new message from the other boy. And he won't admit that to anyone either. Not yet, anyway.

He flops back on his pillow, enjoying all the different noises surrounding him.

Zayn loves thunderstorms. Loves to witness what looks like nature throwing a tantrum. It's like, when you're so angry and frustrated that it overtakes you. Like you can't help but scream because your frustrations are too big and when your eyes are full of tears because it's too much. Because your body is overwhelmed by anger. It's like mother nature is angry at them this morning and he loves that he can stay safe in his warm bed and let her be. Zayn loves the wind and the rain hitting the glass of his windows. Loves the vibration of thunder and the way his room goes bright every time lightning rips through the sky.

Zayn grabs his sketchbook on the bed side table and he scribbles those words down on it because he does that sometimes. Write some poetry, some ideas, some song lyrics. Some story outlines of books he will probably never write.

Then, he starts to sketch some of those lightnings and grey clouds over the blank page. It looks weird though, looks like there is too much sunlight inside of Zayn to draw clouds and rain. He's turning into such a sap because of a boy he hasn't met yet and for once, it's not even bothering him.

Zayn is good at hiding his feelings, keeping them to himself, hiding them under ink covered skin and leather jackets until even he starts to forget about them. What you're not showing can't hurt yourself in the end. If you keep it secret, well, nobody but yourself can break your heart. It hurts just as much but you don't have to show it.

But those things he feels for Liam after what, two days? Those things, for once, he doesn't want to hide them. He wants to paint them on his walls, wants to sing about them and write a whole novel about how good it feels.

He almost calls Harry to talk about it but he knows Harry is going to tease him and talk about true love and summer time and butterflies and yeah, maybe he's not quite ready to face Harry.

His phone does light up with a new call though, as his pencil is running on the page of his sketchbook, adding some rays of sunlight trying to make their way through the dark clouds.

There is no picture (not yet) on the screen but there is a name. A name and a little heart eyed emoji next to it and Zayn drops his pencil and sketchbook on the floor in his hurry to grab his phone because *Liam is calling him*.

Rhino looks up at him like he is waiting for him to actually do something more than just staring at his phone and actually answer the call.

When he finally croaks a hello still full of sleep and nicotine from the cigarette he smoked earlier, he winces at how fucked up his voice sounds, "Wow," Liam's voice greets him,

sounding a bit breathless on the other side of the line, “Am I waking you up? I’m sorry Zayn. Louis saw your message and he pressed call and I had to remove the phone from his hands and-”

“You’re not. I was awake,” Zayn says before clearing his throat a few times, “I’m still in bed and you’re pretty much the only person I talked to so far. Apart from my dog.”

“Rhino?”

Zayn smiles at the hopeful tone coloring Liam’s voice. *Fuck* he has such a nice voice. It sounds like velvet and it sends shivers down Zayn’s spine. He bets he sings quite beautifully too and that he should ask him if he wants to make a duet for Zayn’s next cover video.

“I mean um, I saw him in a few of your videos. He’s cute.”

“You’re cute.”

His words are met by complete silence though and Zayn gets scared for a few seconds until he hears what must be Louis’ voice saying “Liam? Are you okay?” It makes him smile because he can picture it, Liam standing completely motionless with his pretty round cheeks hot and red with embarrassment. He wants to see it so bad. He wants to make him blush all the time and tell him all of the compliments in the world just to feel the warmth of those cheeks under his lips.

“Um. Thank you?”

“Why do I have the feeling that you don’t get complimented that often, babe?”

“No it’s not that it’s um... I mean you saw that video right? The one where Louis and I were drunk? You *know* right?”

“I *know* Liam. That’s why I’m on the phone with you right now. Why I gave you my number and watched all of your videos in one night. I want to get to know you. I thought that was obvious?”

“You did? You watched them *all*?”

Zayn laughs, scratching Rhino’s fur with a few fingers. How is this boy for real?

Zayn's seen the muscles, the confidence, the tattoos. He's seen his thick beard and how his hair is always perfect. He's seen the way Liam's face does the cutest thing when he laughs, has seen his beautiful lips, and he's heard his smooth voice. Both on videos and right now on the phone and he can't wrap his head around the fact that he sounds so surprised that Zayn is basically telling him that he maybe does have a crush on him, too.

"Yup. All of them."

"I did that too. With yours, I mean."

"Yeah?"

"Mhm."

Zayn looks out of his windows and sees that the rain has calmed down a bit. The storm is definitely over, the thunder and lightning not tearing up the London sky anymore. All he hears now is the calming melody of the rain falling softly on his window pane.

"You're in London right, Liam? Do you have any plans for today?"

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An hour later, Zayn is getting out of the shower, clad in his favorite tank top, the one with a big snake on the front and the only pair of joggers he owns without any holes in them. He is drying his hair with a towel and he looks by the window to see that the rain has gotten stronger again while he was in the bathroom. There isn't anymore thunder or lightning raging outside but it's raining really hard and he hopes Liam is in the tube or in his cab right now, safe and dry.

He is coming to Zayn's place and he must be here soon and Zayn feels giddy with it.

He has never smiled so hard while showering, couldn't help but sing all the cheesiest songs he knows as he was rubbing shampoo in his hair. Rhino is looking at him quite funny too when he gets out of the steamy bathroom, like he is judging him but is also happy for him which is quite ridiculous since you know, he is a dog.

Zayn needs more friends.

And then he thinks about Harry and Niall and he knows they would probably give him the same look so maybe he's gonna stick with Rhino, actually, because at least the dog can't talk or tease him like he knows his two friends would.

He hears the familiar buzz of the outside door and he pushes that small button next to his door to unlock it for Liam and that buzz is now ringing in his ears like white noise because *holy shit*, Liam is here. He would have liked to change into some other clothes but he guesses this is going to be his "date" outfit.

He doesn't have time to panic though, because Liam is already knocking at his door and since when is that shitty elevator so quick? He hastily throws his towel in the bathroom before running (he will deny that he ran to the door to anyone asking but yeah, he kind of did some kind of power walking thing) to the door.

The sight before his eyes is just as beautiful than behind the screen of his computer. He looks just as soft but also hard and strong. Just as pretty with his big brown eyes and his round cheeks, pink with something Zayn wants to learn everything about, also coated with dark blond hair and he is just perfect but also very, very *wet*.

He is wearing some dark blue jeans and a white t-shirt on top of which he wears a soft looking green hoodie. His white t-shirt is almost see through with how drenched with rain Liam is and his hoodie looks more black than green at this point.

His feet makes a little squishy sound as he is moving from one to the other waiting for Zayn to say something and that's when he realizes that Liam did speak to him and is waiting for an answer.

"Sorry?"

"I said I've got caught in the rain but, I thought you might have noticed," Liam says, with a bit of laughter coating his pretty voice.

"Oh my God. Yes! I'm so sorry, come inside. I'll give you some dry clothes. I might have some that could fit you."

Liam then finally steps inside, closing the door softly behind himself. "Leave your boots next to the door," Zayn says to him as he is running to his room to pick some dry clothes to lend to

Liam.

He looks at some stuff that he knows is a bit too big on him to be sure it's gonna fit Liam's broader frame. His hands are maybe shaking a little as he is looking through his clothes and he ends up picking a pair of black joggers that are a bit too long and that he needs to roll up a bit at the waist.

His fingers then stop on a plaid shirt. His black and red one that he loves so much and just thinking about Liam in this one, thinking about how good he would probably look in it, is enough to send a spark of arousal through his whole body.

He should probably pick something else but no, his brain decides that it is what Liam is going to wear and that Zayn would have to try very hard not to pop a boner at the sight.

When he comes back in the living room, Liam is still in the same spot but is now crouching down to pet Rhino who's sitting at his feet. The dog is about to roll on his back and present his belly to Liam for a friendly scratch and Zayn knows his dog is always a bit reticent with strangers but Liam, of course, is an exception to that.

"You can go in the bathroom to change if you want. I hope those will fit you. We'll put your wet clothes in the dryer once you're done."

"Thank's Zayn."

He grabs the clothes like they are some kind of precious treasure and walks to the bathroom and Zayn takes a look at his perky little ass as he does and yeah. Inviting him over was kind of a great idea.

Once the door closes behind Liam, he tries not to think about an almost naked Liam Payne in his flat and busies himself by making some tea for both of them. Liam probably needs something more to warm himself up and Zayn would gladly propose a bit of cuddling but he'll start with tea for now.

One step at a time, Zayn.

Talk a bit, drink some tea, make him laugh and then, maybe suck his dick.

Too soon? Well, Zayn wants to do that quite a lot so if Liam's up for it he won't say no.

He is grabbing some mugs and some tea, the water almost hot enough, when Liam finally makes his way in the kitchen and okay.

Wow.

Zayn still debates if lending Liam that shirt was the best or worst idea he's ever had.

The pants are perfect on him, but the shirt...

There are no words in Zayn's vocabulary that are strong enough to describe how Liam looks in that shirt. It's a bit tight around his shoulders like Zayn knew it would be, but it's just amazing what it does to Liam's body. It looks like that shirt had been made just for him and the first few buttons are left undone, showing his perfect chest and also a bit of his collarbones. That birthmark in the hollow of his throat never looked more inviting.

He looks warmer now. His hair still a bit wet but there is a flush to his cheeks and Zayn knows he is the reason for Liam's face matching the bright red of the shirt. He knows the way he looks at him must be obvious but he can't help it.

"Thank's." Liam says and his voice sounds a bit unsure. He clears his throat and runs nervous fingers into his damp hair before looking back at Zayn. "Feels a bit better now. And I like the shirt."

"Looks better on you."

"Oh. Thank you. I um... I like your flat a lot."

Liam looks around the place, at the pieces of art scattering Zayn's walls, to his couch full of blanket and his huge TV screen, to the piles of DVDs under it. There is a tension between them, halfway through awkwardness and pure sexual desire.

"Thanks," Zayn tells him, clearing his throat, "I made us some tea. Thought you might still be a bit cold."

"A bit. I feel warmer now, though."

They both stare at each other for too long in complete silence, holding their steaming cups of tea in their hands, the sound of the rain still falling hard outside as their only distraction. It's like Liam just admitted that he feels warm because of Zayn. Because of his clothes and the way they look at each other. It sends something hot into Zayn's blood.

It's when Liam looks down at Zayn's lips, white teeth digging in his own plush bottom one, that Zayn gets roughly pulled out of the staring contest.

"Good! Want to move to the living room? We could watch a movie or summat?"

"Yeah, I--Yeah. Good idea. Thanks for inviting me, by the way. I'm really happy to properly meet you."

He gives Zayn another smile and, every time he does that, Zayn feels warmer and warmer. He feels like he does when Harry and Niall want to do some shots at the club and they push small glasses of dark alcohol into his hands.

When Liam smiles at him he can feel it right in his chest, like some hard liquor going down and burning in the best way. But Liam's smile is better than any kind of alcohol and Zayn knows it would be too easy to get addicted to it.

That smile, the one lighting up Liam's whole face, well, maybe he wants to be the reason for it. Maybe he wants to be the only one to put that beautiful smile on Liam's pretty face.

"No problem, Liam."

They get comfortable on Zayn's big old lumpy couch, after picking which movie they want to watch. Liam pulls his knees up, wrapping his arms around his legs and rests his chin on the top of his knees. He still looks kind of cold, or maybe a bit uncomfortable, his mug of tea now empty on the coffee table in front of them.

Zayn is fully aware of every single movement of the boy sitting next to him. He keeps throwing little sideways looks at Liam, trying not to think about how good he looks in his clothes. Before he even presses play, he needs to make sure Liam is okay.

He's suddenly hit by how he's asked Liam to come to his place without thinking that it could maybe make him uncomfortable, that he could maybe be a bit more shy and insecure than Zayn thought.

He wants Liam to be comfortable around him, and right now he looks everything but relaxed. He looks like he wants to be swallowed by the cushions of the couch and disappear.

"Are you okay? Are you still cold?"

“You smell really good.” After those words are out of his lovely mouth, Liam is quick to put one hand in front of his lips like he wasn’t suppose to say it out loud.

Zayn feels his own cheeks going warmer but not from embarrassment, more from how fond he is of that boy already.

“I mean the--the clothes. They smell kind of good and--oh, God, I’m sorry.

“Don’t be. Nobody’s ever looked so good wearing my clothes before,” Zayn tickles a few fingers against Liam’s shoulder. He loves how soft it feels against his skin but how hard the muscles underneath are.

“Oh.” The blush is back in full force on Liam’s round cheeks and his teeth are working nervously at his bottom lip. “Thank you.”

“You didn’t answer my question, though. You still cold?”

“Yeah, a little.”

Zayn stands up from the couch and goes to his room to grab the big blanket he always keeps in there for colder nights and walks back to the living room where Liam hasn’t moved at all. He looks up at Zayn, giving him another one of those heart warming smiles.

Zayn sits back in his spot on the couch and puts the blanket over his knees. “Come on, I’ll keep you warm.” Zayn tries to keep his own smile just as nice as Liam’s, tries to sound genuine instead of flirty like he usually is. He puts his arm on the back of the couch to make it clear to Liam that he is proposing a bit of a warm up snuggle with the other boy.

Liam hesitates only for a few seconds before stretching his legs in front of him and shifting a bit closer to Zayn until their sides are completely pressed together. Liam pulls on the blanket to have them both being comfortably hidden underneath it and as he does so, Zayn takes the opportunity to put his arm around Liam’s shoulder and pulls him closer. Closer until Liam’s head is on Zayn’s shoulder and everything suddenly feels warm and perfect.

“Thanks,” Liam murmurs in the fabric of Zayn’s tank top and at the same time, he puts one of his hands over Zayn’s stomach. Every point of contact from Liam’s palm and fingertips burns like fire through Zayn’s clothes and the fire just spreads everywhere in his body when Liam adds, “You do smell good, it’s not just the clothes.”

“You need to stop being so adorable, Liam.”

“Why?”

Zayn feels the way Liam’s lips stretches into a smile from where his head is resting against his shoulder. He wonders if Liam can feel the way his heart is beating a bit faster. He knows Liam is not actually right on his heart but still, it does beat really hard so it probably reverberates everywhere in his body. “Because it makes me want to kiss you.”

Liam fingers are digging a bit harder in Zayn’s stomach at those words and he does feel the way he swallows thickly.

Liam then lifts his head slowly, until they are face to face again. Until they are really close and just a stretch of Zayn’s neck would be enough for their lips to finally meet.

“Oh.” Liam says, softly, barely a sound but enough for Zayn to hear it.

“Your lips make the prettiest shapes when you talk, you know?”

Zayn brings his hand to Liam’s cheeks and brushes a few fingers against Liam’s lips. He needs to feel them but he lacks that tiny bit of courage to actually have a taste, so he touches those lips softly with his fingertips, enjoying the flutter of Liam eyelashes as he does so.

“I know we haven’t talk much yet but, you’re wearing my clothes and your face and your lips, Liam. You’re driving me a bit crazy over there.”

“I want to kiss you, too.”

“Yeah?”

Liam only answer is a nod of his head and a quick lick over his dry lips, eyes fixed on Zayn’s mouth. He’s the one who goes for it, to Zayn’s pleasant surprise. Liam is the one to close the distance, to put one big hand over Zayn’s cheek and to push his lips against Zayn’s.

His lips are warm and sweet from the tea he drank and they feel quite wonderful. The kiss is a bit hesitant at first, like Liam is scared of being too eager, even though Zayn is the one who

said he wanted to share a kiss with Liam.

He puts a hand on the back of Liam's skull, to keep him close, to deepen the kiss and push his tongue past those bright pink lips.

There is a hitch in Liam's breath when their tongues meet; Zayn feels it from how their chest are pressed against each other. He can feel the twitch of Liam's fingers where they still rest on his cheeks. There is a moan at the tip of Zayn's tongue and Liam swallows it without hesitation, giving away some delicious sounds of his own.

Zayn needs him closer, so he grabs at Liam's neck a bit tighter while his other hand dances against the small of Liam's back, slipping under the shirt and pushing against hot burning skin. Liam gets the message as he climbs on Zayn's lap and Liam's hand still on Zayn's cheek scratching at the coarseness of his beard while the other one is tickling at Zayn's collarbones.

Zayn lets his hands rest upon Liam's waist where he is still pushing a few fingers under his clothes. Liam's skin is warm and soft and his body is firm and solid on his lap and those fingers, of their own accord, slips under the thick material of Liam's (Zayn's) sweatpants.

It breaks the charm as quickly as it started. Liam stops kissing him, resting his forehead against Zayn's and breathing fast, his eyes closed tightly and his lips the most beautiful shade of red from biting kisses and beard covered cheeks.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be silly," Zayn whispers against Liam's lips, feeling his own just as sore and tingly. He secretly hopes their mouths are matching in color, the same wonderful shade he wants to paint his walls with because he knows, he feels it right in his chest, that it must be all kind of beautiful. Just like Liam.

He catches Liam's mouth with his own once more and it's easy to feel, with Liam's sitting right on top of him, how much Liam enjoys it. He feels a shiver, a tremble going down his spine as soon as their lips touch again and he feels a shudder of his own, matching Liam's, almost harmonizing with it, shaking through his body at the same time.

He wants to learn every single detail of Liam's life just as much as he wants to learn every part of his body to make him quiver and shake and squirm. He wants to learn where to taste and lick and bite to coax addicting sounds from Liam's just as addicting mouth. He wants this boy in every possible way even though he barely knows him. But he wants to, *fuck*, he wants to know everything.

They kiss hard and fast for a long while.

Zayn learns that when he tickles a few fingers down Liam's navel, when he scratches softly at the trail of hair down there, that Liam's hips stutter in the best way. It makes his jaw goes a bit slack, slowing down the way they kiss. Zayn learns that Liam whines, and that the grip he has on whatever part of Zayn's body is almost painful when Zayn squeezes Liam's ass in his palms. That Liam's body goes stiff on top of his like it's exactly what he wants but is too scared to ask.

Liam stops the kiss, resting his hands on top of Zayn's heart to keep a bit of distance between their bodies. He is breathing hard and Zayn wants to be in him so bad. He wants Liam to stay on his lap, he loves him there more than he would care to admit, but he wants him naked. With his cock completely inside of his ass. He wants Liam to bounce on it and ride him while he watches him do it, while he enjoys the way his flush goes down his hairy chest and how he would probably bite his bottom lip raw with how good Zayn makes him feel.

He wants it all, but Liam stopped.

"Can we... Can we slow down a bit?"

Zayn rubs his hands up and down Liam's back as a way to calm them both, "Of course. I'm sorry I got a bit carried away, babe."

"Same," Liam says, but the way he smiles down at Zayn says that he is far from apologetic. "My body is totally on board but my mind says we need to slow down. Maybe talk a little bit more?"

"Wanna know my favourite color before the taste of my tongue, darling?"

Liam blushes darker, over his cheeks and down the bit of his chest peeking from the collar of his shirt, such a lovely color against his skin. Every time Zayn gets to witness the wonderful phenomenon that is Liam Payne blushing because of him, Zayn feels something expend inside of his chest.

"Maybe but, I know what your tongue tastes like, now." The words are just a tiny whisper and his eyes are fixed on Zayn's black tank top. His fingers tracing the snake on it absently.

"Green," Zayn tells him around a smile and when Liam looks back at him with confusion in his eyes he adds, "My favourite color is green."

Liam smiles again and it's like he can't stop, really, and Zayn is more than glad because he is pretty sure there is a smile painted on his face since he opened that door to a wet Liam less than an hour ago. "Purple"

"I noticed that," Zayn says with a cheeky squeeze of Liam's ass again because he did noticed the bright purple color of his boxers earlier when he slipped his fingers under the waistband of his joggers.

Liam tries to give him a shrug like he can't care less about looking silly with bright colored underwear but there is a bit of shyness in the blush of his cheeks and in the way his teeth are working at his bottom lip. Zayn wants to soothe the soreness of Liam's lips with his own.

Liam only seems to notice he is still comfortably sitting on Zayn's lap because he jumps a little and tries to move back onto the couch, but Zayn protests.

"No. You stay here. I like it quite a lot, having you close to me."

"Me too... Um, this is the moment where I embarrass myself and I'm probably going to combust with how hard I'm going to blush but. Louis was right. I had-- I *have* the biggest crush on you so I really can't believe where I am right now to be honest. But, I have to say it though, because I want things to be clear from the start but like, if for you I'm just a bit of fun, a distraction, I need you to tell me."

Liam said all of this in a rush, his eyes avoiding Zayn's, looking above his right shoulder. Zayn listened to every word with a small smile on his lips and his thumb rubbing comforting circles against the naked skin of Liam's hip where his fingers slipped under soft fabric.

"After the third video, I was pretty sure I had a crush on you, Liam. Watching you doing your daily workout was a life changing experience. When I got to that video where Louis literally yells you have a crush on me... I knew I had to get you. Hope my intentions are clear with you now, Mister Payne?"

"Really? Only three videos? For me, the crush developed maybe at the sixth one? You're weak, *Mister Malik*."

Zayn laughs at Liam's cockiness, wraps his arms around his torso to pull him a bit closer. To feel the way Liam's giggles are vibrating in his chest. It's like every little detail he learns about his personality is better than the last.

He likes how Liam can be shy and awkward, how his kisses are eager and demanding and just perfect really. How when he flashes that coy smile at Zayn, there is one single dimple popping on his round cheek. But when he smiles his real, genuine smile, his face does the most adorable thing and his eyes go all crinkly, his round cheeks become even rounder and his lips are even more kissable.

It's intoxicating really, learning to know Liam Payne.

"Where did that sudden burst of confidence come from?"

"Dunno, maybe because I'm sitting on the lap of a very sexy man and I like the way he looks at me?"

Zayn brings Liam's face closer to his own and gives a soft peck on his plush lips. He only wanted to tease him a little but, there is a taste on Liam's lips Zayn can't get enough of, so one peck turns into five and then his tongue slips back into Liam's mouth.

They end up keeping their clothes on, even if there are moments of greedy fingers slipping under fabric to graze at heated skin. They end up keeping their clothes on because Zayn wants it more than be just a hook up with a beautiful boy so intriguing he had to have a taste of his lips before learning to know him properly.

They end up only kissing, only touching above clothes and watching a movie they get distracted from too many times because their fingers and lips have a mind of their own. They just couldn't stop licking and feeling and when Liam left long before the sunset (even though they never actually notice with how grey the sky was) it was with a promise of a date three days later.

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"Liam can you stop moving for maybe three seconds?" Louis says, no, *screams* at him as he stops the video for maybe the twelfth time.

Liam can't really, because he is just too nervous about tonight. He should have said no to Louis when he asked if he was ready for a video because he clearly isn't. He is too nervous about his date with Zayn. He can't stop his leg from shaking, can't stop playing with the hem of his shirt or to biting his nails.

He is always a bit reckless but when he is nervous it's just ten times worse.

He nods to Louis, to let him know that he is fine (no he's not) to continue.

"So tonight, Liam is having a date with Zayn Malik!" his friend says to the camera and Liam can see the way his smile is a pretty mischievous one from where he looks at both of them on the screen. He is the one to stop the camera this time.

"Louis, please don't!"

"Why? That's exciting Liam!"

"If everything goes to shit, I don't want to have this video as a reminder okay?"

"Oh Liam..." Louis turns around then, to face him, but Liam won't look up from his knees. Liam doesn't want to see pity in his best friend's eyes. Not now.

"Why would it go to shit? It was great at his place the other day right?"

Liam just nods. Yeah. More than great. He loved every single second of it but... Zayn is so *Zayn*. So beautiful and interesting and talented. Apart from being the sidekick of his best friend on their YouTube channel Liam is nothing special.

"I know what you're thinking. You're going to stop that right fucking now Liam James Payne."

"I don't know what you are talking about..."

"Yes you do. You are so nervous that you're doubting yourself again. You think he's gonna get bored of you "like all the others before". No he's not. You are amazing Liam and it's more than time you let that boy show you how much of a wonderful person you are."

It does break a tiny little smile on Liam's face. Louis is right, about what he is scared of. He's had some people have crushes on him but nothing ever really lasted. It's like they all got bored of him and he is scared, senseless that Zayn will be the same.

"Now, we are gonna make that video, without thinking about Zayn, you're gonna take a nice

long shower, put your nicest clothes on and go to your date. You're gonna make him fall in love with you and then in five years I'm gonna be best man at your wedding, deal?"

It does make Liam laugh this time, "Thanks Lou."

"No problem," Louis says, but just before starting the camera again, he turns to Liam and gives him a reassuring smile. "For what it's worth, I think he really likes you, babe."

-*-

He is welcomed in the living room by some loud wolf whistle from Louis where he is sprawled on their couch with a bowl full of sweets resting on his tummy. "Looking sharp, Payno."

He did try a bit harder than usual. With his favorite boots and his black skinny jeans (the ones without any holes in them) that Louis says makes his ass looks nice. He pulled on a white t-shirt with a low cut collar showing a bit of chest hair. On top of it he put a light blue denim shirt and rolled the sleeves of it up to his elbows.

He left a bit of scruff on his cheeks and there is a single lock of hair falling on his forehead. Not that he purposely styled it this way; he couldn't fix it up for it to stay in line with the rest of his hair, so he keeps it this way, likes the way it looks.

"Where is he taking you?"

"I don't know. We're suppose to meet next to his place. He wanted it to be a surprise."

Liam pulls his good leather jacket on top of his other clothes, avoiding looking at Louis, who is giving him a proud look like he's his mum or something. "My Liam is all grown up."

"Oh, shut up, Louis!"

"It's going to be great, okay? I don't want you to come home tonight. You need to get laid, man!"

He leaves his apartment without a word but not before giving the finger to Louis and hearing his delighted laugh as he closes the door.

It takes him a little while to arrive to Zayn's place, taking the tube and then a taxi. At least today it's not raining, the night is a bit chilly but still nice, the sky more purple than black, lightened up by the city lights. His driver is a bit too excited about his date to be honest, once Liam admits where he's going. The driver asks too many questions about it and gives Liam some kind of wink and wiggles his eyebrows which makes Liam feel awkward as he pays for the ride.

The first thing he notices when he gets out of the cab is that Zayn is outside waiting for him. His back is resting against the brick wall of the building, his head leaned back on it and smoke escaping his mouth, giving some kind of blue halo to his lean silhouette. He has his ear buds on, his eyes closed, and he is mouthing to whatever lyrics are playing in his ears.

Liam walks closer to him, admiring how beautiful he looks. His hair is a bit blonder than a few days ago, like he just freshly dyed them, but his beard, his thick and dark beard is still covering his cheeks and Liam is more than happy about it. He does have a thing for Zayn's beard.

He's dressed in all black. From his boots to his jeans, his shirt and his coat. The only highlight of his outfit is his bright hair and the few silver necklaces hanging from his neck. He looks like Liam is dreaming him, he looks unreal and it's even better when Zayn opens his eyes, turns his head and notices Liam. It's even better when he smiles at him, his tongue poking between his teeth, holding a warm hand out for Liam to take.

"Hey, babe."

"Hi," Liam says, squeezing Zayn's hand into his own as some other kind of hello, as some, "I'm happy to see you," kind of way. He notices that Zayn has a bag on his shoulder, a bag that looks like Liam's own where he puts his camera for when Louis and him do some shooting outside of their flat.

"You're bringing your camera? Are we making a video?"

Zayn doesn't answer at first, he just turns around to look at Liam. They're in the middle of the sidewalk, just under a lamp post and it looks like Zayn's hair is shimmering underneath the light. He pulls at Liam's hand to get him closer, until their chests are almost touching and he presses one single kiss against Liam's lips, "Maybe."

Liam holds the camera while Zayn is talking with a pretty blonde girl with long hair and a piercing in her nose. She looks like some kind of lovely hippie with the feathers braided in her hair and her long necklaces and rings in almost every single one of her fingers. Her skin is completely bare of any tattoos so Liam found it kind of weird that she is actually a tattoo artist.

“I still haven’t found the right one, you know? Unlike this one who is clearly addicted by now?”

Liam does remember her since she’s always the one tattooing Zayn and that she’s featured in a lot of his videos because Zayn and her look like great friends.

She is sweet and Liam likes her laugh. He likes the way she teased Zayn when they both showed up at the door of her shop, still holding hands, and how it made Zayn turn a little bit pinker in the cheeks.

They are both discussing Zayn’s new tattoo now while Liam is filming them and he likes being a part of it. He likes that, after months of watching Zayn’s videos, he gets to be in one, to help him.

Zayn keeps looking at him though, sneaking some glances behind the camera and Perrie is the one talking mostly since they are both smiling at each other.

“...Zayn are you listening or you’re making heart eyes at the cute boy holding the camera?”

Liam sees it on the little screen before lifting his eyes and actually look at Zayn. It's difficult to notice Zayn's blush hidden underneath his olive skin, but it’s still there. And it’s for Liam. He wants to drop the camera and touch his cheeks, trace the sharp bone with the tip of his fingers. He wants to know if the warmth of them is just as lovely as the color highlighting them.

“Liam why don’t you say hi to Zayn’s followers?” Perrie says with a knowing smile and Liam does turn the camera around to wave at it, “Hey Zayn’s followers!”

“Okay stop being cute and keep filming, Liam,” she tries to make her voice sound bossy but the smile on her face and the light in her bright blue eyes says other wise. They keep discussing the drawing and where Zayn wants it, the colors into it. It’s just a pair of bright red lips, almost matching the one on his chest with a wisp of smoke escaping from them.

It reminds Liam of what he saw earlier, with Zayn leaning on the wall of his building, smoking his cigarette and surrounded by the smoke and the smell of nicotine.

He stops the camera while Perrie prepares her instruments and the the colors she's going to use. Zayn sits on the chair and waits for her to get ready, looking at Liam and smiling at him. "I know it's not the best of dates since we're not alone yet but, you said how you love these videos I do with Perrie when I get new ink so I thought..."

"It's great Zayn. I like it. Like being a part of it, too. I'm just sad you're getting a tattoo on your hand."

"Why?" Zayn says with a frown.

Liam feels his face growing hot. "I would have preferred a part of you where you have to take your shirt or pants off."

"Leeyum!" He is laughing now, loud enough to have Perrie look at the both of them over her shoulder, with a fond look and a smile of her own.

"Come here," Zayn whispers, like she won't hear them even though she's only two feet away from them. Zayn does this thing with his hand, lifting it up and motioning Liam to come closer, and it shouldn't be so hot but it is.

When Liam reaches the chair where Zayn is, the older boy links their fingers together and leans up a little so his mouth is right against Liam's ear. "You can take them off later if you want to?"

"Oi! No dirty stuff in my shop, you two!"

Liam pulls away from Zayn but he keeps their fingers intertwined and he knows his face must be bright red, both from embarrassment and arousal. He doesn't really care when Zayn smiles at him like he can't wait to actually have Liam remove all of his clothes later, in the darkness of his room.

He keeps filming while Zayn gets tattooed, it doesn't take very long since it's not a big piece, but he likes it. He likes how Perrie turns into a completely different kind of person when she is concentrated on her work. He likes the little grimaces Zayn does when a line hurts a bit more than the others. Likes the way he keeps biting at his lower lip to hide it.

When they leave the shop a bit later, Liam takes an appointment with Perrie for himself. He saw some great design with skulls and roses and he likes it a lot. She gives him a hug and tells him that it was great to finally meet him, "Don't be fooled by his looks right? He is one big softy and I think he's got it pretty bad for you."

He looks at Zayn but he is on the opposite side of the room, putting the camera back in his bag carefully; he probably didn't hear what Perrie just said, and Liam looks back at her and with a bright smile.

"I think it's mutual," he says.

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Liam is holding Zayn's other hand since the newly tattooed one is wrapped up and he wants to feel the softness of Zayn's palm in his own. He also took Zayn's bag and put it on his own shoulder, and was rewarded by a soft peck on the lips and a whispered "Such a gentleman, Leeyum," against his jawline.

They walk down the streets hand in hand for a while and it's nice, little conversation about their days and it feels natural, it feels right.

Zayn leads him to a little restaurant and the owner greets them like they are kings and he's clearly known Zayn for a while.

"A friend of my father's," Zayn tells him with a small smile and there has to be some great memories behind those few words, Liam can tell.

Liam takes the camera out while Zayn orders their food. He likes the way Zayn leans against the counter and how he smiles and makes the other man laugh. He loves the way Zayn's whole face just lights up when he turns around to look at Liam and he can't hear what his father's friend tells him, but Zayn just smiles even bigger, his eyes never leaving Liam.

Zayn walks back to their table a few minutes later, just as Liam is taking images of the inside of the restaurant, all decorated in deep red and golden tones. "Turn that off."

Liam only turns the camera at him, smiling wide. "So Zayn, how is this date going so far?"

Zayn gives him a low chuckle, his eyes on the shiny surface of the table between them. He plays nervously with the side of his bandages. "You tell me... I'm the one who asked you out." He looks a bit nervous suddenly, which he never is in Liam's presence.

Liam is used to being insecure. Liam is the one scared of not being enough for Zayn, of being boring but now, under the golden lights of that tiny little indian restaurant, Liam realizes that maybe Zayn is a bit scared, too.

He turns off the camera and puts it back on the table, before putting his hand on top of Zayn's. "I think it's going more than great."

Zayn turns his hand under Liam's so their palms are pressed together and he closes his slim fingers around Liam's bigger ones. Zayn lifts his head up and that cocky smile is back on his lips, like it never left, like that moment of vulnerability never happened. "Wait until you taste the food. This date is definitely going to reach another level."

Liam laughs, shaking his head because the level of the date is already pretty fucking perfect and he can't see how it can be better than that. He likes sharing those little parts of Zayn's life. He's never been one for grand gestures, always thought it was fake, too much. He likes this, just sharing his life with someone, sharing silences, and laughs and smiles. It's enough for him.

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Zayn wishes he could have filmed Liam's face when he took his first bite, the way he went red almost instantly and how his eyes watered. He couldn't help but switch their plates and give Liam his own just for that moment. He knew it was going to be too spicy for Liam and he thought he would actually say something about it but not, he is wiping at his eyes in what he probably think is subtle and drinking half of his glass of water in one long gulp before taking back his fork and going for another bite with a look of betrayal to his spicy chicken.

"Oh God Liam, stop please. That's my plate you have. I thought I would mess with you a little."

With that, he switches their bowls, still laughing about it and gives Liam what he really ordered for him, something way less spicy than his own dish and makes a sign to their waiter to bring them more water.

"You're such a little shit!" Liam says, throwing him his balled up napkin and laughing, still wiping at his eyes with the back of his hand. "I swear I can feel it going down in my stomach and burning everything on it's way! How can you eat this with a straight face?"

"Practice! I grew up eating spicy food, man!"

“I feel so... So white?”

Zayn let's out a loud bark of laughter at Liam's expression like he was suddenly ashamed of his own incapacity of eating spicy asian food.

“You are. But you're a cute one so,” Zayn ends up his sentence with a shrug eating more of his spicy chicken, loving the burning feeling on his tongue and making a show of rubbing his tummy and licking his lips.

Liam's face is bright pink again but it's not because of his chicken this time and he stares at his plate with a soft smile, “M'not cute. I'm like, super manly.”

“I never said you couldn't be both at the same time, babe.”

Liam tries to roll his eyes at Zayn like that comment is annoying when really, he can't keep the smile away from his lovely face and he has to bite into his lip to stop it. He really is such a wonderful sight, his lips and cheeks pink, both from the food and happiness. Zayn could look at him for hours, but it would be a bit creepy, right? He really hopes it's not because he wants to look at him, a lot, and touch him, and kiss him.

And that's what he does, leaning on top of the table to close the distance between them and press his lips against Liam's. He likes the little surprised sound Liam makes and how his mouth goes instantly pliant and soft under Zayn's, how he opens up like that's all he was waiting for, and that he doesn't care the spicy taste of food anymore when it's given to him against the softness of Zayn's tongue.

Liam presses further for one last kiss even though Zayn is pulling away, dropping a possessive hand on the back on his neck to keep him closer. One last swipe of his warm tongue beneath Zayn's teeth, one last little bite in his bottom lip. Zayn ends up a bit flushed and he likes how it's written all over Liam's face how he is proud of himself.

The waiter brings them more water and they resume eating their dinner, and when Zayn slips a hand under the table to tangle his fingers with Liam's they keep their hands linked together until the very last bite.

Zayn pays for them, even if Liam keeps saying that they could split the bill, that he could at least pay for his own meal. Zayn shuts him up with a kiss and he knows he is blushing under the knowing look of their waiter when he pays. He knows what Zayn's smile means when he's told that he should bring the boy more often, that “he looks like he is making you happy.”

They stop for ice cream because Liam wants to pay for something.

“Also, milk is good for stomach burns.”

“Liam, ice cream is not milk!”

“No but it’s more romantic,” and he does a thing with his face, Zayn thinks it might be a wink, but he’s not sure because, both of Liam’s eyes close when he tries. Zayn is a bit starstruck for a moment, and he wants to laugh but also just grab Liam’s face and kiss him again. What he does, is take Liam’s hand in his own as they are waiting in line for their ice cream, and squeezes it, dropping his chin on Liam’s shoulder and leaving a soft kiss just above the collar of his shirt.

The ice cream parlor is not so far from Zayn’s place so they eat while they walk and they stop more than a few times to feed each other spoonfuls of the different flavors. It’s almost midnight when they finally reach Zayn’s door. With the tattoo and the food and all the talking, the ice cream, it’s late now.

Liam looks tired when they reach Zayn’s apartment complex. He looks completely exhausted, with his dopey smile and his eyes looking heavy with sleep. He wraps one of his arm around Zayn’s waist and pulls him closer, hiding his face (and his yawn) against the skin of his neck.

“So, I guess I have to forget any kind of post date activities tonight, babe?”

“Wha? No. No. Sex is good, babe. Louis told me I couldn’t come back. Need to get laid.”

He is so sleepy, so cute but, at the same time, his body is hard and warm and solid against Zayn. It’s messing with his head how much he wants this boy, every part of him.

“You’re dead on your feet, Liam. Come on, we’ll just go to bed okay?”

“Nooooo. I want sex. With you. Want you to fuck me, Z, you’re so hot!”

“Oh my God! You sound drunk.”

“M’sleepy!”

“You’re a child, I swear. Come on.” Zayn pushes Liam onto his bed and he removes his shoes and his jacket, pulling off his jeans and trying to get Liam to move but he already looks asleep. He removes his own clothes before joining him in bed and as soon as Zayn pulls the covers on top of them, Liam rolls around and curls up against him, closing a hand in Zayn’s t-shirt and hiding his face in the curve of his neck, just like he did earlier. Zayn's never fallen asleep quicker before.

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Liam wakes up to a few fingertips playing an unknown melody against the skin of his ribs. He is on his back and there is a warm body curled up on his side, a head full of bright blond hair resting on his chest and a warm steady breath sending goosebumps all over his skin still warm with sleep.

When he looks down, Zayn is already looking at him, his bright blond hair all over the place and his pink, chapped lips stretched into a wide smile. Liam never thought it could be possible, but he looks even more beautiful like that. With his hair a right mess and his eyes still heavy with sleep and it’s like his eyelashes are even longer, the gold of his eyes prettier in the dim morning light.

He looks soft, delicate almost, those are the only words Liam can think of. There are miles of beautiful golden skin covered in tattoos, with locks of almost white, silky hair framing his beautiful face. Everything looks amazingly smooth and soft, from his eyebrows to his beard, even his eyelashes look like dark feathers fluttering against his cheeks, still a bit flushed with sleep. But the softest thing about Zayn in that moment though, is the look in his eyes, the look he is giving Liam like it’s the best morning he’s had in a long, long time and yeah, Liam can relate.

It’s the first time in forever he doesn’t feel the need to get up and run, that he doesn’t feel the urge to do so. There is something in the way Zayn is looking at him, something making him feel good and content and at peace. *At home* speaks a little voice inside of his mind.

Liam lifts one of his hands and runs the pad of his thumb against Zayn’s bottom lip, loving the way it makes him smile bigger and how his eyes shine brighter when he cheekily pokes his tongue out to lick at the pad of Liam’s finger.

“Morning.”

“Morning. Do you wanna go for your run? I can make some breakfast for when you come

back?”

Liam smiles. He remembers how often he saw Zayn in his videos, complaining about how he hates the mornings and now, he is ready to get up and make Liam his breakfast? He says so, with a smile in his voice and Zayn just shrugs, blushing a little bit under Liam’s curious eyes, “I just have a really attractive lad in me bed. Hard to stay asleep when all I want to do is shag him!”

Liam laughs at how fake-casual Zayn’s tone is and he laughs even more when Zayn gives him an affronted look in return. “Stop laughing at me. You fell asleep on me last night, remember? I was looking forward to some sexy action, Leeyum!”

Liam pushes Zayn flat on his back then, before climbing on top of him. He aligns both of their morning erections together and he can’t help the shiver that goes down his spine when he feels that Zayn is just as hard as he is. Liam watches Zayn’s lips instantly part in a silent moan and how his eyes become a few shades darker. He traces a few of Zayn’s tattoos with the tip of a finger, looking at the piece of art his chest is instead of his eyes when Liam speaks.

“I just didn’t really sleep the night before. Was too nervous.”

“I was nervous, too,” Zayn replies, his voice not louder than a whisper, putting his hands on the naked skin of Liam’s hips, playing with the waistband of his boxers. Teasing. Warm skin against even warmer skin and even though everything is hot, Liam shivers.

Liam leans down, with both hands on each side of Zayn’s head and presses a single kiss high on Zayn’s sharp cheekbone before speaking right in his ear, lips brushing against skin. “I don’t wanna go out for my run, today.”

Zayn turns his head, lips only a few inches apart from Liam and he lifts one of his hand to put it against Liam’s full cheek, and scratch a few fingers in the thick scruff covering Liam’s bright pink face. “No?”

Liam shakes his head, turning his face to leave another kiss against Zayn’s skin, this time in the palm of Zayn’s hand. “I think I have an idea for a better workout I could do this morning.”

To make sure that Zayn understand what his idea is exactly, Liam rolls his hips slowly on top of Zayn’s, making sure their cocks are perfectly aligned and with the way Zayn’s grip on his waist goes almost painfully tight, Liam thinks he’s made his point quite clear.

He feels some kind of electricity coursing in his veins and it’s like his need for Zayn is

suddenly ten times bigger. It's like just feeling his skin and the hard line of his dick against his own makes the fire under his skin burns brighter. He needs more than that clothed prick rubbing against his own, he needs more than a little bit of friction. He needs all of his dirtiest fantasies about Zayn to finally come true.

Zayn's tongue peeks out to give a quick lick over his bottom lip and, it's always hot when he does that, but right now, it's painfully arousing.

Liam thinks that one day he is going to ask for that tongue to go lick over places nobody's been before, but right now he needs Zayn's fingers inside of him and then the thick of his cock. Just feeling it under him makes Liam crazy with want and need and he can't wait to feel full and stretched with Zayn dicking into him.

"I want to ride you," Liam says, voice a little bit desperate and cheeks a bright shade of pink but he needs it, his arousal speaking louder than everything else right now.

"Fuck, Liam."

"Do you have stuff?"

"Yeah, top drawer to the left. Do you want me to open you up, babe?"

Liam leans to the left to grab lube and condoms from Zayn's drawer and can't help but smile seeing that everything looks quite new and unused. "Yeah. Please. How do you want me?"

"I like you a lot just like this, actually. I wanna see your pretty face as you fuck yourself on me fingers, yeah?"

His eyes are all over Liam's face, like he is looking for some reluctance, some kind of hesitation. He looks like he needs Liam to actually say out loud how much he wants Zayn to do just that. Liam nods, a little bit paralyzed by how much he wants, by how the beating of his heart is ringing into his ears and how it sounds a lot like Zayn's name, repeated over and over again.

"Talk to me, babe. You want that? I bet you look beautiful when you come, yeah?"

Liam finally puts the bottle of lube on Zayn's chest and finds his voice. "Yeah I want that, so put your fingers up my ass and shut up please if you don't want me to come in my pants before you get to touch me."

Zayn laughs at those words but he doesn't let go of Liam before pushing a deep bruising kiss against his eager mouth, pulling moans out of Liam's chest Liam is not proud of, but he just can't control himself when Zayn's lips are involved.

Liam finally gets up, legs a bit weak as he tries to remove his boxers with some dignity while Zayn looks like a greek god upon the dark sheets of his bed, slowly pushing the white material of his own underwears down his thighs. Liam climbs back on bed and Zayn kisses him again, it's like he can't stop and Liam get that fluttery feeling in his chest because he can't stop either.

He feels Zayn's hands down his back and on his thighs, grabbing at the small swell of his ass and his hips grinds down against Zayn's a little, reminding him what they are actually here for. Liam sits back on Zayn's lap and he smiles at the way the other man's whine at the lost of contact. He grabs at the bottle of lube again and then at Zayn's hand. "Zayn."

He tries to put as much as conviction possible in his voice because he needs to be fucked like, yesterday. But Zayn just leans up, a hand tangled in the hair at the back of Liam's head.

"How can you be the perfect mix between sexy and completely adorable, babe?"

"How about you find out while opening me up, uh?"

"You're so eager," Zayn says with a chuckle as he lets go of Liam's hair and starts to actually coat his fingers with the lube Liam pushed into his hands.

"Been dreaming of you fucking me for months now Zayn, I think I have the right to be a little impatient."

He stops talking as a finger is finally, *finally* slipping between his cheeks and circling his hole and he can't help but clench his ass around nothing from how much he wants and needs Zayn to push that finger into him. "Well, I definitely found a way to shut you up, love."

Liam closes his eyes and just let some kind of growl escape his mouth as Zayn is teasing him and as his hard cock is aligned with Zayn's, both of them leaking precome, leaving both of their stomach kind of sticky with it.

When Zayn finally presses his finger inside of Liam's hole, now slick with all the lube, it's like all the air has been punched out of his lungs. He lets his head fall upon Zayn's shoulder and he lets the other boy whispering all kind of dirty things as a finger is replaced by two and then finally by a third one.

“You feel so good Liam, so tight around my fingers. You like that don’t you? You like being all stretched out for me, babe?”

With every word, Liam can’t help but push back against those fingers, can’t help the full body shiver he gets every time Zayn’s finger brushes on that sweet spot inside of him. He can feel sweat dripping down his back and it’s like all of his nerves are on fire. It’s like Zayn words are little matches and he just lets the fire spread and flare bigger and brighter under Liam’s skin.

“Have you ever fucked yourself thinking about me, baby?”

Liam stops moving suddenly, he stops moving and takes one deep breath to steady himself because *fuck*, he almost came right there with what Zayn just asked. With the way his dry lips are brushing against Liam’s ear and how his beard is feeling almost painfully good against the skin of throat. He did. More than a few times and he was kind of ashamed of it back then but now, now he feels like Zayn thinks it’s one of the hottest things ever. He feels like Zayn wants him to say yes, in the tone of his raspy voice. Liam can feel his cock twitch between them.

“Yeah,” Liam breathes and then he looks down at Zayn, pushing his nose against the other boy’s as a silent way to ask for a kiss. Zayn’s fingers are still working him open, and it’s a bit frantic now, and Liam thinks about pushing his own fingers inside of himself. Zayn’s eyes are a bit unfocused when he opens them to look at Liam.

“Do you have toys too, babe? A pretty dildo to put inside of your ass?”

Liam just nods, with his forehead pressed against Zayn and he swallows, hard, because it seems like all of his words are stuck inside of his throat. Zayn makes a sound then, some kind of overwhelmed whine and it goes straight into Liam’s cock and he feels a few drops of precome blurring and painting Zayn’s stomach.

“Fuck. I wanna watch you do that sometime, babe. Will you let me?”

“Zayn. Fuck. I need you to fuck me, *please*.”

Zayn just presses the tip of his fingers right on Liam’s prostate and he swears there are shooting stars behind his eyelids for a moment.

“Tell me first, Li, will you let me watch?”

“Yes! Yes, I will!”

And then the pressure is gone, the fingers are gone, there are some sweet kisses pushed against his cheeks and his forehead and then a condom is put into his shaky hands.

“My fingers are all slippery with lube babe, need you to put it on me.”

Liam rips at the wrapper with his teeth just for the way it makes Zayn’s laugh and when he finally rolls the rubber down on his hard cock, when he finally gets to touch Zayn, the look on his face does things to Liam’s stomach that he would like to admit. He’s the one who put that heavy blush high on Zayn’s cheeks and why his hair is a right mess right now. He’s the reason he looks breathtakingly beautiful in the morning sunlight, all sweaty and panting and all *Liam’s*.

He drops another kiss against Zayn’s swollen lips before lifting himself up, one hand braced on Zayn’s shoulder while the other one is holding on the boy’s cock and slowly, so slowly, pushing it past his rim and all the way inside of him in one smooth motion.

He stays there for a few beats, just breathing and trying to adjust to the size of Zayn’s cock inside of him, to the way he can feel the way it throbs like Zayn is so close already just by being inside of him.

“Fuck,” Zayn let’s his head fall back against the pillow and the way his throat looks, a bit pink and sore because of Liam’s lips, the way he can see his pulse beating in that vein on the side of his neck, the way Zayn looks mostly, is what finally forces Liam to move, it’s what makes him start to roll his hips, just for the way Zayn’s lips instantly part into a silent moan.

He likes the way Zayn’s hands are suddenly at his hips, holding him almost painfully, following every single one of Liam’s movements and pushing him a bit deeper, a bit harder like Liam’s rhythm is not enough, like he needs more but doesn’t know how to ask. Liam wants finger shaped bruises to bloom under Zayn’s hold, he wants a reminder, wants Zayn to draw some memories all over Liam’s sweaty skin.

Liam wants to jump and bounce on Zayn’s cock, want to have him stay still and just let Liam use him to chase his own release but he also wants to fall on Zayn’s chest and have the other man quickly rabbit into him. Liam wants to have his cock trapped between their stomach and come because of the way Zayn’s cock is pressed against his prostate mixed with the delicious friction of his hard prick rubbing all over Zayn’s abs. He wants it all and it’s too much and not enough.

They find some kind of in between, with Liam leaning a bit closer to Zayn, with a hand still on his chest, right on top of his heart and the other on the bed next to his head. Liam does bounce and roll his hips, rubs his dick all over Zayn while the other boy is holding on his waist as he gives hard quick thrust inside of Liam.

He rubs at one of Liam's ass cheeks at some point, looking into Liam's eyes. Two dark pools of want and lust looking into his own and there is a question in Zayn's eyes as he is rubbing at Liam's skin, his nails digging in it a little.

Liam just nods, doesn't really know what Zayn wants but he feels like he wants it too, like whatever Zayn feels like giving him. Liam is going to love it. He hears it before he actually feels the wonderful burn of Zayn's palm falling hard against his flesh. He hears the loud *smack* and then his hips are stuttering and then he feels it, the warmth of Zayn's palm blooming all over the pink skin of his ass.

"Again."

Zayn gives him a kiss instead, and Liam can feel the way he smiles against his lips, some kind of smirk like he is proud of himself, proud that Liam is now begging to be spanked again. Zayn does it more than once, giving Liam's ass a few biting slaps, leaving the tender flesh warm and tingly.

"You look so good with your ass all red babe. Are you close?"

Zayn sets both hands on Liam's ass and is gently rubbing at the sore skin and it's almost too much, how tender and sweet he is with his hands while his hips are bucking relentlessly inside of Liam, fucking him at that perfect angle, fucking him so good Liam is seeing stars dancing behind his eyelids.

"Yes. Fuck Zayn. It feels so good."

"Touch yourself babe. Make yourself come for me. Want you to come all over my chest, Liam."

Liam only has time to jerk his cock a handful of times because with Zayn's hands still kneading softly at his ass and with the way he keeps talking to Liam, telling him how perfect he is, how good he is taking him, it only takes a few tugs for Liam to spill between them, to clench around Zayn's cock so tight he can feel the other boy's nails digging into his skin. It takes only a few flicks of his wrist to come all over Zayn's chest, just like he asked.

When he comes back to himself, when his breathing is finally back to a normal rhythm, Liam feels Zayn's lips against his throat, leaving comforting kisses on his sweaty skin. He can feel the way Zayn is still buried inside of him and how his cock is still hard and throbbing.

"Keep going. I'm okay."

"You're not too sensitive?"

Liam just shakes his head and clenches around Zayn's cock one more time.

Zayn wraps both arms around Liam's torso, pressing the palm of his hand behind Liam's head and they keep their eyes locked to each other as Zayn rabbits into Liam a few times before closing his eyes almost painfully and he is completely silent when he comes. He just bites into his bottom lips and he closes his eyes and it's pretty, it's addictive the way Zayn looks when he loses control. And it's even better for Liam knowing he is the reason for it.

Zayn falls back completely on the bed, his hair sweaty and a complete mess around his face, even more than when he woke up, and he smiles. His eyes are closed and he is panting but he smiles and Liam just falls back against him and kisses his neck, enjoying the salty taste of sweat on his skin. Zayn's arms are still around him and he traces all kind of shapes all over Liam's just as sweaty skin.

Liam rolls over, wincing as Zayn's cock slips out of him. The other boy finally opens his eyes, removes the condom and throws it blindly in the direction of the bin next to his bed. He is quick to fall back into bed and to curl around Liam's body. He throws a leg on top of Liam's and rests his head against Liam's chest and his feather-like hair tickles at Liam's skin, but Liam feels good, he feels great and tired and a bit sore but in the best way.

He wraps an arm around Zayn's shoulder to keep him close and he feels like falling back asleep already. Even if they just barely woke up. This kind of work out, just like Liam thought, was way much better than any of his morning runs.

They are surrounded by complete silence for a long time, just breathing and trying to get the beats of their heart back to normal. It's perfect really, feeling the warm morning light against his skin as the same time as Zayn soft skin and even softer breath on his chest. He is about to fall back asleep when Zayn whispers, "What if this becomes our morning routine?"

And yeah, Liam is totally on board with that plan.

Epilogue - A few months later

Zayn can't help but look at the screen as Liam reads the last question on his cute little cards. Liam sits in the middle of the couch with Louis on his left and Zayn on his right. Louis with a look of anger or concentration on his face, Zayn can't tell. He thinks he is going to win. And Louis is probably thinking the same thing and that's why he looks so angry.

It's been eight months, eight wonderful months with Liam and last week, he asked him if he wanted to participate to their latest videos, "We had a lot of request about the *Bestfriend VS boyfriend* tag."

Zayn remembers how embarrassed he was about it, like he thought Zayn would refuse. It wasn't the first time Zayn was in one of their videos, Liam having been in more than a few of his own, too, and they told the world at the beginning of their relationship that they were actually together.

Of course they got some hateful comments about it, that's the way life goes, sadly. But the support, the love they got was even more important, is all that matters.

That's why Zayn is sitting on Liam and Louis' couch right now, his bright blond hair dyed in a radiant shade of pink, looking at the paper on his lap with all his answers scribbled in his messy handwriting. He feels more than confident about his answers and he is pretty sure is going to win that challenge. He actually wants to win because it means he has to give a challenge of his own to Louis and oh, he's got a few ideas about it.

He and Louis got on quite straight away but see, Louis is a little shit. Louis likes to mess with Liam and Zayn and he likes to share quite a few details and private pictures of them on every social media because he claims "The world wants to see Ziam, boys."

So yeah, maybe Zayn wants to win because he wants to make Louis pay for some of the things he's done.

"And done! Okay boys, let's see your answers."

Of course Louis keeps writing even though Liam said the challenge was done and Liam has to

actually grab his pen and throw it at the other side of the room, leaving a very grumpy Louis staring at the pen like he could compel it back in his hand just by looking at it long enough.

Liam looks at Zayn, grabbing at his hand and intertwining their fingers together, giving him a smile he usually keeps private and Zayn can already see that moment all over tumblr as soon as the video will be uploaded online.

“So let’s see who win the challenge then, ready boys?”

“Some of those questions were hard Liam,” Louis complains from his side of the couch.

Zayn can’t help but laugh at him a little. At the way his arms are crossed in front of him and how his brows are set into a frown, “No they weren't.”

“Oh, of course, you’re the perfect boyfriend we know, Zayn!”

There is a blush on Liam’s cheeks as he looks between the both of them like he is extremely amused and flattered to have his best friend and boyfriend fight over his attention. Like this isn’t happening pretty much every week since Liam and Zayn got together. Louis is one needy best friend, that’s for sure.

It’s Zayn who ends up winning, but only by two points. He got Liam’s favorite homemade dish but only because Louis can’t cook to save his life. He also got that question about Liam’s workout routine right because he maybe did watch those videos of him too many times and he maybe likes to look at Liam while he’s doing sit ups in the middle of his living room. He likes the way Rhino always sits next to him and looks at Liam like he doesn’t understand what the hell is happening.

They share a kiss on camera, of course they do, because Zayn is a bit too happy about winning, too happy about how big Liam is smiling at him and how Louis looks like the petulant child he is still is.

“So that’s a wrap guys, for the boyfriend vs bestfriend tag...” Liam says to the camera, his hand still holding on Zayn’s while he is looking at Liam with a smile he can’t wipe off his face. Louis leans behind Liam to push at Zayn’s shoulder and Liam actually has to end the video because both of them starts play fighting like children. The video ends with Zayn straddling Louis while Louis screams “I SURRENDER” and you can hear Liam giggling behind the camera as he turns it off.

It’s probably Zayn’s favorite video they've made.

End Notes

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