

Harry's New Apartment

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Harry's New Apartment

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Summary

On his travels he constantly finds bits and pieces of furniture or paintings for Harry's place. He manages to find a bookcase and an old armchair for Harry's room and one day sends Harry a picture of a dirty, broken lamp shade with the caption 'What do you think? Perfect for the lounge?' and Harry always shakes his head and laughs at Niall as he drags something new through the door.

Notes

I wrote this tonight and there's probably a thousand run along sentences but I'm just glad I actually wrote something. The lyrics are from the song Rachel's New Apartment by Lixian Hantover and I actually thought of the song after I wrote it and it fit unbelievably well. Hope you like it!

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

Rachel's moving into a new apartment

And I'm helping her arrange all her boxes and things

And babe it's not so long since you fell out of love with me

It's not so long since I gave you back all of your things

Harry can't help but bite his lip in worry as he pulls up to his new flat building. It's a tiny, tiny complex with neighbours he met when being shown the flat (Liam and Louis who were incredibly attractive and *incredibly* dating, Louis even made time to blatantly snuggle into Liam's side).

He's not quite sure what it is that's making him worry, other than the fact that he's never lived on his own before, always with a roommate or most recently his ex-boyfriend Zayn (It was an amicable split, Harry likes to think). He's definitely worried about being alone.

He decides to get out of the car and opens the boot of his car. He's still shocked at how little he owns now as most of the household items were Zayn's and oh God, he's going to have to buy new ones, he doesn't even have a *kettle*.

Harry puts a stop to his thread of panic and steels himself with an intake of breath. With a grimace he retrieves the first box from the back of his car and places it on the sidewalk.

He drops even more boxes on the path and stares at them, trying to sum up the courage to carry them upstairs.

"Hey, do you need help?" Harry hears and feels relief.

"Yes, I do-" He cuts off abruptly as he's turned around now to match a face to the Irish lilt of a voice and is met with breathtaking beauty. The boy in question looks at him expectantly and Harry manages to clear his throat.

"That would be great, thank you."

"Are you the new guy moving in next to Liam and Louis?"

He nods. "I'm Harry."

"I'm Niall, a friend of theirs." He says and Harry can't help looking at him. Niall grins and bends down to pick up Harry's box of clothes and with steady hands he balances two boxes on top of each other. Harry grabs a box of his own and follows him up the stairs, his eyes trained to the fabric of Niall's t-shirt and not allowing them to drift down to his bum.

It only takes one trip, which Niall notes.

"You don't have a lot of stuff." He says and inspects the writing on the boxes. "Where are all your plates? And pots and pans and things?"

“I erm, don’t have any. They were all…” He trails off, not quite ready to admit his unfortunate living conditions to a stranger. Niall looks horrified.

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And babe I'm scare of everything without you

But I got to make do cause there's nothing more for us.

-

Liam immediately invites them in for tea once Harry and Niall deposit his boxes by the front door of his flat. Harry opens his door and pushes them inside with his foot, deciding to deal with it later. He needs tea.

Harry thinks sadly of the kettle that’s in Zayn’s (his old) flat right now, how he won’t be able to make himself tea in the morning and will probably have to spend three dollars at the café round the corner for his early morning fix.

Louis claps him on the back and leads him into their kitchen.

“Do you need any help settling in?” Liam asks good-naturedly as he slides a steaming mug across the table to Harry.

“No, it’s fine. There’s not much to do, all my furniture is in already.”

Niall turns around from the counter from making his own tea (Liam refusing to make it himself “You always complain about how I don’t “make it right” “That’s because you always put a ridiculous amount of sugar in mine” and Harry watches the playful banter with a smile).

“He needs to buy things.” Niall says Harry narrows his eyes slightly at him.

“Things?” Louis asks, turning to Harry. His face flushes a little.

“Yeah, like pots and pans he didn’t seem to have any.” Niall quips.

“What do you mean, you don’t have any?” Liam inquires.

“They were all my ex-boyfriends, I don’t own any.” Harry says uncomfortably. Niall’s face immediately turns apologetic and Liam pats his hand sympathetically.

“It’s alright. I’ll go shopping tomorrow.” He says and hurriedly sips his tea to avoid talking.

-

Harry returns to his flat and inspects the furniture his movers brought up for him. His television and the table and chairs his mum gave to him and Zayn as a housewarming present five years ago are in in the living room. He doesn’t have a sofa, so the television points towards the table.

It was his decision to let Zayn keep the apartment. They divided up everything they shared and considering Zayn had bought all the kitchen ware and crockery himself long before Harry, he kept them, leaving Harry using an old jar to fill with water from the tap and a box full of records that he nervously demanded to keep.

He unpacks his clothes into the chest of draws his sister gave him before moving in and lays his blanket out on the twin bed his mum offered to him on his last visit home.

It doesn't take him long at all to finish unpacking. He sits at the wooden table with his jar of water and laughs in spite of himself. He must look so pathetic, he *feels* pathetic and he wants to call Zayn but he doesn't because the break up was *mutual*.

A knock at the door breaks him out of his stupor.

"Harry? It's Louis, come over for dinner!"

Harry opens the door to a splitting grin. Louis grasps his wrist and drags him across the hall to his flat.

"Liam makes *fantastic* lasagne."

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It is, Liam's lasagne is fantastic. Harry closes his eyes with a forkful in his mouth and laughs when he sees Niall doing the same thing.

Louis smacks a grateful kiss on Liam's cheek. Liam, unbelievably, blushes and Harry finds out (Louis loudly tells him) that they've been dating for three years (which Harry has trouble believing because Liam still *blushes* around Louis). It makes his heart ache a little.

Liam opens a bottle of wine and pours everyone generous amounts. Harry enjoys himself, especially when Niall laughs at something Louis says and his face screws up in delight and the sight is something that makes Harry's breath catch in his throat and he's laughing along with him.

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"Knock, knock." A muffled voice shouts from behind his door. Harry mutes the television and shouts "Come in!"

"Hi!" Niall almost shouts as he makes his way into Harry's flat.

"You're place is really..." Niall looks around and Harry silently dares him to say 'nice'.

"Bare. There is nothing in here Harry!"

"It's fine!" Harry protests and crosses his arms over chest.

"It's not, Harry." Niall insists and walks around. Harry stands by the door and watches him inspect the lack of furniture in his living room.

“I can’t.” Niall says and walks out of the door “Let’s go.”

“Wait, where are we going?”

“Shopping!” Niall says, as if it should be obvious. “For your kitchen stuff. And just about everything else. Don’t you have a *sofa*?”

“Oh.” Harry says. “You’re going to take me shopping?”

“Yes!” Niall says exasperatingly and pushes Harry out the door.

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Rachel and I are taking a break for pasta

We're eating with spoons 'cause the forks are still in a box

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They leave in his car and Niall directs him to the nearest Target.

“What about this one?” Niall says positively and holds up a plate with a blue pattern. He scrunches his nose at it. Niall scoffs and puts it back down on the shelf.

“Just choose one!”

“They’re expensive!” Harry shoots back. He points vaguely to a discounted plain dinner set.
“This one is nice.”

Niall makes a face and puts in the trolley along with the glasses and cutlery.

“What about towels?” Niall says next and Harry trails after him in a bewildered fashion.

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“Wait! Wait!” Niall shouts. “Pull over!”

“What?” Harry asks quickly.

“Just pull over!” Niall points to the curb in front of them. “Over there. We missed it!”

“Missed what?” He asks. He does what Niall says and pulls over.

Niall just grins at him. He unbuckles his seat belt and gets out.

“Harry, come on!” Niall urges. He sighs and follows Niall out of the car. They’re walking down the sidewalk.

“What is it?” Harry asks nervously, glancing at Niall.

“Your new sofa!” Niall says and points to a relatively good looking sofa down the road. “Do you think it will fit in your car?”

Harry looks at it unsurely as they reach it. Niall flops onto it and only a little dust rises in clouds.

“It’s comfy.” Niall grins and pats the seat next to him. Harry reluctantly sits but find that it is indeed comfy. “We’ll clean it, it’ll be perfect.”

“At least I don’t have to pay for it.” Harry reasons with himself.

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Harry’s flat starts to look lively with a sofa and cushions and he puts his collection of records on the wall with the help of Liam’s tool kit (He doesn’t have a record player to actually play them).

He even invites Liam, Louis and Niall over for dinner with his new cutlery and plates.

He likes where he lives and adapts to living without Zayn. They do, eventually, run into each other at their favourite café, both admitting they couldn’t give it up. Harry was with Niall at the time and introduced him as his friend. Zayn smiled, unconvinced, and gave Harry a hug saying “I’m really happy for you” and Harry found himself smiling instead of correcting him.

“Was that your ex-boyfriend?” Niall asks cautiously once Zayn leaves the café with his coffee in hand.

“Yeah.” Harry says, drawing his eyes away from the door and back to Niall.

“Are you okay?”

“Of course, yeah.” Harry says and means it. “It had been over for a while. It wasn’t a bad break up.”

Niall nods and stares thoughtfully into his mug. Harry’s eyebrows draw together in worry.

“I’m really happy, actually.” Harry says and waits for Niall to look up.

“Really?” He asks.

“Yeah, I met you didn’t I?” Harry says. Niall’s face turns a bit pink and Harry hastily adds. “And Liam and Louis, of course.”

Niall nods before looking down again and stirs a tea spoon round and round in his cup.

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As Niall doesn’t own a car (or a licence) he usually walks everywhere when he’s not bumming a ride of Harry or Liam. On his travels he constantly finds bits and pieces of furniture or paintings for Harry’s place. He manages to find a bookcase and an old armchair

for Harry's room and one day sends Harry a picture of a dirty, broken lamp shade with the caption 'What do you think? Perfect for the lounge?' and Harry always shakes his head and laughs at Niall as he drags something new through the door.

"I don't know. I think it really fits." Niall says and takes a step back from the painting he just hung up on Harry's wall. He creates a picture frame with his thumbs and forefingers and peers through it thoughtfully. "It's beautiful."

Harry looks at him in disbelief.

"It's dirty." He says bluntly. "Like half the stuff you bring in here."

"It is not!" Niall says indignantly.

"You have it then." Harry says and takes it down.

"Oi!" Niall says and wraps his hands around Harry's wrists. "It's art!"

"I have to draw the line somewhere."

A bubble of laughter leaves Niall's mouth and his eyes crinkle at the sides. The face he makes when he laughs causes Harry to want to plant tiny kisses on every inch of his skin.

He does it, almost, but Niall's pulling back and letting go of his wrists.

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Harry's phone buzzes on the top of Liam and Louis' table, the screen flashing Niall's name.

"Answer it." Liam says.

"Hello?"

"Hi." Niall says. "Could you um, please meet me? I-"

"Have you found something on the side of the road?" Harry laughs a little fondly. "Do you need my car?"

"Yes." Niall replies and gives him vague directions of a street.

"I'll be there in a few minutes."

Louis stares at him pointedly which makes Harry's skin crawl.

"What?" He says.

"You two are the worst." Louis mutters under his breath. Liam nudges him and smiles at Harry.

"Go on, we'll see you later Harry."

He gives Louis a weird look before grabbing his keys and heading out the door.

-

Harry pulls over and gets out of his car when he sees Niall sitting on the curb. He walks over to him and nudges him with his foot.

“So what is it that you’ve got?”

Niall looks up at him with a little shame. Harry offers his hand and pulls him up.

“I didn’t actually find anything.” Niall says admittedly. He doesn’t let go of Harry’s hand. “When I called I wanted to meet up and then you said you’d drive and I just kind of went with it.”

“What?” Harry asks, not fully understanding.

“I don’t know.” Niall moans. He releases his hold on Harry’s hand to run it through his hair. “I thought if you had a reason to come out and see me I could-“

“I don’t need a reason to see you.” Harry says abruptly.

“Huh?”

“I-I would have just met you anywhere. You didn’t have to... I would meet you anytime.” He says with wild gestures of his hands and flaming red cheeks.

“Oh.” Niall says. He reaches forward and links their hands together again.

“What I’m trying to say is...” Harry looks down at their intertwined fingers and tries not to stumble over his words. “I would, quite honestly, spend all my time with you. If you’d- If you let me. ”

Niall gives his answer by tugging on Harry’s hand and lifting his head to press his lips to Harry’s. Harry lets out a breath into his mouth and closes his eyes, his head feeling light.

“I was going to tell you how much I liked *you*.” He breathes. Harry shrugs and pulls him in again.

“Beat you to it.” He says against his mouth.

But I'm ready for the fresh paint of a new apartment

I'm looking forward to moving again and again and again.

End Notes

Lyrics from Rachels New Apartment by Lixian Hantover

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