

Affection at its Best

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Summary

“Sorry, I won’t disturb you.” Louis says. Liam nods seriously and looks down at his books again.

"You can disturb me a little." He says belatedly.

An impromptu party is thrown in his apartment and Louis offers his home for Liam to study in.

Liam's mind is preoccupied as he walks up the stairs to his flat. His textbooks are weighing heavy in his bag and he runs through all the topics that might be on the exam in his head.

He hears music halfway up and doesn't for a second think that it's coming from *his* flat, as Harry is supposed to have already ordered dinner and then they were going to watch X Factor and then he was going to *study*.

"Liam!" Louis shouts as soon as he walks through the door. Liam's eyes widen at the sight of people milling about on his sofa and drinking pretentious cider and arguing over records, loudly. "You made it!"

Louis trips over the legs of people sitting on the sofa and stumbles over to him by the door.

"I live here." Liam says in a stunned matter. He looks around again and flails his arms about helplessly. Who were all these people? And where was Harry? Louis reaches him and wraps his arms around his waist, his face pressing into Liam's neck.

"Thank God you're here." He mumbles into the collar of Liam's shirt.

"What is this?" Liam says, his hand absentmindedly reaching up to rub Louis' back.

Harry unwinds himself around from his cool radio presenter boyfriend long enough to send him a sheepish grin. "I invited some people over, hope that's okay."

"Well..." Harry apparently doesn't need a response and reattaches his lips to Nicks.

He feels a pout threatening to pull at his lips. Louis pulls out of his arms slightly to cock his head to the side and look at his mouth.

"What's wrong with you?" He sees concern written on Louis' face.

"I need to study for my business exam."

Louis frowns.

"That's not good. Do you want me to drive you to mine?"

"Would you?" Liam asks in surprise. "Haven't you been drinking?"

"No. This party is pretty drab, Niall's not even here."

"If you're sure." Liam says unsurely and Louis nods. He takes Liam's elbow and leads him out the door.

"Bye Harry." Liam says loudly in his direction. He receives a half-hearted wave over Nick's shoulder in response.

Louis sets him up at his kitchen table with his books spread out and extra pens and a cup of tea at his elbow.

“Have you eaten?” Louis asks.

“No.” Liam replies without looking up from his book. “Harry was supposed to have had dinner.”

“He brought out some God awful cheese.” Louis says and Liam imagines his nose scrunched up in disgust. He looks up to affirm his thought and sees the crinkle of his nose.

Liam chuckles and resumes highlighting passages. A little while later Louis puts a plate down in front of him with a sandwich on it.

“Thanks Lou, you didn’t have to.” Liam says, though his stomach rumbles.

“Nonsense! Couldn’t let someone as studious as yourself go without brain food.”

“A Nutella sandwich is hardly brain food.” Liam says and takes a bite. Louis shrugs and sits opposite him with his own sandwich.

“It is where I’m from.” Liam meets his smile and Louis jumps a little. “Sorry, I won’t disturb you.”

Liam nods seriously and looks down at his books again. He sighs and slumps his cheek onto his hand. He misses the sound of Louis’ voice and wishes he didn’t have an exam the following morning.

“You can disturb me a little.” He says belatedly. This time Liam foolishly imagines a grin full of adoration on Louis face, derived from his words and he laughs a little at himself for his hopefulness.

He keeps his eyes down for a moment, and then looks up with his palm still rested on his cheek. His inside lurch a bit when he finds a smile almost identical to the one Liam imagined on Louis’ face.

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“I can’t study anymore.” He groans after a long period of silence and pushes his books away. “I think I’m done.”

“X Factor’s on.” Louis suggests. Liam makes a big show of slamming his books shut and scrambling out of his chair in a race to the couch. His cheeks flame with embarrassment afterwards but it elicits a genuine laugh from Louis.

He’s still chuckling when he sits next to Liam on the sofa.

“You’re a goof.” He says affectionately and pats his knee. Liam appreciates the warmth of his hand resting on his knee, he hasn’t taken it off. Louis is pretty and breathtaking and watches X Factor as if he’s actually interested the way Liam is, and he *knows* Louis makes fun of X Factor.

He's completely smitten and feels like all he does is commit silly acts around him but Louis seems to enjoy his idiocy.

Louis asks questions about all the contestants and who Liam thinks should win. He doesn't roll his eyes once.

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"I'll sleep on the couch." Liam says after Louis makes a spectacular yawn.

"Don't be silly." He replies and pulls Liam off the couch. He leads Liam to his bedroom.

He tries to avert his eyes when Louis peels off his shirt, but they stray back to his bare stomach and tanned shoulders. He stops trying when his pants are off too.

Liam stands by the edge of the door. He's shared beds with plenty of the guys before, but not with Louis and certainly not with someone he likes.

"What are you doing?" Louis says and pats the empty space of bed next to him.

Liam sucks in his breath and courage and takes his jeans off, leaving them folded by the bed. His fingers hesitate on the hem of his shirt before he whips it off quickly. He slides into Louis' bed and pulls the covers up to his chin.

"Are you alright?" Louis asks and props himself up on his elbow.

"Yes, yes I'm fine." Liam splutters. He stares at Louis' chest as its *right in front of his eyes*. He could touch it, if he wanted to. He's not going to, but he could. Louis gives him a strange look and settles down beside him again.

Louis tosses and turns until he seems to become comfortable curled into Liam's side. He stares up at the ceiling for minutes and tries to regain control of his breath. Louis' hand rests on Liam's chest and he's sure Louis can feel his heart beating or at least hear how loud it is in his ears.

Louis' arm comes around his waist and his head moves to rest on Liam's chest and without thinking; Liam places his hand on Louis' forearm and he leans into Louis' snuggle.

It's not hard for Liam to imagine doing this with Louis every night, it's not hard to want it either. He finds himself stroking the skin of Louis' arm and breathing in the smell of Louis' hair.

Louis looks up at him and Liam immediately stops and freezes.

"No, don't. It's nice." Louis says quietly. "This feels nice."

"It does." Liam says in a strangled reply. He resumes tracing circles on Louis' arm and trails his fingers up to his shoulder.

Louis suddenly tears away and holds himself up on his hands, hovering over Liam. He swings his leg over until he's straddling him.

Liam blinks rapidly, can't believe it's happening, and his hands come to settle on Louis hips.

Louis slowly leans down, leaving Liam ample time to turn away. He doesn't. Their lips connect and Liam unbelievably makes a keen sound at the base of his throat. Louis laughs a little into his mouth and braces himself with both hands flat on his chest.

Liam responds in an embarrassingly eager way, his hands running up Louis' arms and clinging onto his shoulders with his nails pressing into his skin. He slants his lips against Louis' and pushes hard; making the most of what he is sure will be a one-time thing.

His hands run over Louis' back, savouring the feel of the taut muscles. His fingers dip into the waistband of his underwear and Louis giggles appreciatively. Liam smiles and cups his bum with one hand to pull him closer to his body.

Louis pinches one of his nipples and trails a line of kisses onto his jaw and down his neck, to place his hot mouth on his nipple.

Liam ends up pushing Louis down on the bed and unleashing a flurry of kisses all over his body. Louis erupts into laughter and settles one hand through Liam's hair.

Liam looks up with his mouth still on Louis navel and sees the radiant smile. He lifts his head and looks into his eyes. Louis must see the question he's not asking and rests his hand on his cheek.

"I just... I had to kiss you." Louis says breathlessly. "I had to do it."

Liam feels indescribably happy and leans over to kiss him again. His erection is achingly present and pressing against Louis leg.

Louis slides a hand between them and palms the hard mess between Liam's legs. He exhales into Louis mouth in response.

Before this night, Liam was a big fan of taking it slow and believed waiting made it even better. Now he can't imagine things going slower and *hates* the thought of waiting, even curses the existence of underwear for barring the sensation of Louis' hand on his dick.

Louis' fingers scrabble at the waistband of Liam's underwear. He slips them over his arse and down his thighs. They both giggle as Liam falls back and kicks his legs up, allowing Louis to remove them completely.

Louis' kneeling on the bed in front of Liam and eyes him cautiously. Liam nods to urge him on; he's never wanted anything more in his life.

The first touch is magic. Liam gasps and throws his head back as Louis' hand closes over his cock. He's soon panting and gathering the sheets up in his fists.

Louis thumbs the head of his dick, spreading pre-come over the tip. Liam's stomach convulses with pleasure.

Liam bites his lip as he tries to stop the embarrassing moans and pants coming from his mouth. His voice is shaky and unpredictable and says Louis name in various pitch.

Louis smirks at the undeniable puddle of frustration Liam has become and quirks his hand along his shaft.

Liam tries not to feel shame as he comes incredibly fast after Louis' pace quickens. His legs spasm as Louis strokes him through it. His breath hitches on the exhale and he ends up laughing.

Liam sits up and tries to clean Louis' hands with his own shaky ones but Louis stills them and reaches for a tissue from his bedside table.

Liam presses a kiss to Louis' mouth and runs his thumb along his cheekbone.

"That was amazing." He whispers close to his lips.

"So I've been told." Louis says with a quirked eyebrow. He bursts into laughter at Liam's surprised face.

"I'm just kidding. I've never been told that."

Liam places his hands on Louis waist and kisses him deeply. Louis turns his hips to face him and spreads his hand on the back of Liam's neck.

"It's late." Louis says regretfully. Liam nods and drags Louis down to lie with him. He becomes comfortable with his heart still beating hard and his arms around Louis.

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Liam has the biggest smile on his face when he wakes up, and a satisfied one at that. He sighs contentedly and looks down at a still sleeping Louis. During the night he had cuddled up close to Liam, lying half on top of him and using one of Liam's arms as a cuddle pillow.

Liam grins and can't believe his luck.

Louis stirs and briefly grips Liam's arm tighter before opening his eyes.

"Good morning." He says sleepily and rubs his eyes.

"You were very generous last night." Liam says and kisses his chest, trailing his mouth down his stomach and hips and stopping at the band of his underwear.

Louis giggles and tries to stifle the sound with his fingers.

"Should I stop?" Liam asks and smiles when Louis shakes his head vigorously.

“No, no, no.” He says hurriedly and taps Liam’s forehead to urge him on.

Liam smirks and removes his underwear swiftly. He doesn’t hesitate to take Louis in his mouth, one hand reaching up to cup his balls.

Louis’ thighs twitch and his fingers thread through Liam’s hair.

His name sounds fantastic as it spills out of Louis’ mouth in quick succession. It sounds even better at the height of Louis’ climax.

Liam lifts his head and wipes the corner of his mouth. He smirks at the sight of Louis, a sweaty puddle of a man with his legs spread wide on his own sheets. It looks glorious to Liam.

Louis exhales loudly and rests his head on the mattress.

“So good.” He breathes. Liam searches the floor for his underwear while Louis regains his breath.

“Breakfast?” Liam calls as he pads to the kitchen.

“Yes.” Is Louis’ weak reply.

Louis appears behind him and wraps his arms around his waist while Liam is halfway through scrambling some eggs. His lips brush the back of his neck, causing a shiver to run through Liam’s body. He twists around and connects their lips, promptly ignoring the eggs.

“They’ll burn.” Louis says against his lips. Liam sighs unhappily and returns to the frying pan.

“What time is your exam?”

“Twelve.”

“I’ll drive you.”

They spend the time in the shower giggling and exchanging kisses. Louis washes his hair for him and scrubs him with the loofa.

Liam’s in his jeans from the night before and fresh shirt from Louis, too tight for him, but Louis seems to think it looks good. He kisses Louis goodbye long and hard and leaves without speaking to Louis about what this all means. They’re certainly acting like boyfriend and Liam’s liked Louis *for so long*.

He somehow manages to push Louis to the back of his mind during his exam. He think he does well, by his standards, the next to nothing studying he had accomplished at Louis’ must have payed off.

He walks out of the examination room with his hands in his pockets and a grin on his face. His heart spurs when he sees Louis resting on the hood on his car out the front.

He can't help it if he breaks into a run to meet him. Louis has his arms open by the time Liam gets there and he falls into them.

"How'd you do?"

"Okay, I think."

"Of course you did." Louis says and kisses him on the cheek.

"Did you wait here for me?" Liam asks with a smile.

"No." Louis' cheeks redden slightly. "I came back."

But Liam thinks maybe he didn't and kisses him to thank him for it.

"That's very thoughtful of you." Liam says and sticks his hands under Louis' shirt.

"Harry texted me and invited me up for spaghetti."

"It's good spaghetti." Liam says absentmindedly, his thoughts having strayed to whether or not this was a real thing that was happening.

"He also says to keep my hands off you or I'm uninvited. How does he know?"

"I think it might be the 24 hour long date we've been having."

"Maybe." Louis says and leans in to kiss him.

"Wait, Louis." Liam leans back out of Louis' arms a little.

"We haven't really spoken about..." Liam's hands gesture between the both of them. "I mean, last night was--"

Louis stills Liam's flailing hands and gives him a level look.

"Use your words Liam."

"Do you like me?" Liam nervously demands. He can hear the pathetic

"Do you like *me*?" Louis asks back in a playful tone.

"I asked you first." Liam says petulantly. Louis rolls his eyes and grasps the sleeves of Liam's jacket and plays with them.

"I like you..." Liam's chest constricts and expects Louis' next words to be 'just as a friend'.
"Very much. I like you a whole lot, Liam Payne. Last night was... fantastic and I want to do that again. I want to do that with you every night."

Louis holds Liam's wrists and knocks them together. He looks up at Liam and Liam sees, for the first time, that he's nervous.

“What do you think?”

“I think I like you too.” Liam says. “I like you a lot.”

“Good.” Louis says and rests back against his car, pulling Liam back onto him by his shirt.

“Glad that’s sorted.” He says and pulls Liam in for a kiss.

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