To say that Louis’ life was boring would have been nowhere near the true level of just how boring his life was.

He lived the life of living fast and fun while he was young, except the fact that he couldn’t get away with too much. It was the simple fact that he was head of the theatre department and if the school faculty found out he had done anything wrong then he would have lost the spot he poured his blood sweat and tears in to get.

So he stuck with simple things; small pranks that wouldn’t get him caught.

Until, that is, he heard that his friend was finally nineteen.

It was Liam Payne’s birthday. The boy who tried to keep Louis in line while simultaneously giving him the idea for pranks that he could get away with even if he got caught. Louis appreciated Liam as a sort of older brother, even though the boy was actually younger than him. That was why when Liam said that he wasn’t going to do anything for his birthday Louis had decided that just wouldn’t do.

So, he planned a surprise party.

Which was the exact reason he was having an argument with Zayn Malik.

“Stop being a fucking twat.” Zayn ordered, searching his book bag for the proper text book he needed.

“No. I’m being reasonable.” Louis argued, crossing his arms over his chest and Zayn could tell that he was straining against the need to stick his nose up in the air.

“You’re being a petulant child, whining because you’re not getting your way.” Zayn explained, throwing Louis a look that said he was right.

“Why should I have to invite Styles to Liam’s birthday party? *I’m* throwing the damn party!” Louis whined, looking at who he thought was his friend. Louis had always had a thing against Harry that none of their friends really ever understood except for the curly haired boy in question. Whatever it was that happened had to have been bad though, because Louis, who never stopped talking, refused to speak a word about it.

“Because Liam likes Harry. Do you understand how sad he’ll be if Harry’s not there?” Zayn asked, finally picking out the book he wanted and zipping up his bag. “You’re going to get the puppy eyes.”

“You mean *you’re* going to get the puppy eyes, and the Liam Pout, and the sad voice asking, ‘Why isn’t Harry here?’ right?” Louis asked, looking at Zayn as the darker haired boy rolled his eyes.

“Why won’t you spare me that torture then, if you know it’s going to happen?” Zayn started walking, forcing Louis to move with him.

“Why won’t you just tell him you’re totally and completely in love with him?” Louis asked back, deciding to answer questions with a question.

Zayn froze mid step.

Before Louis could even register what was happening Zayn had Louis pinned to the wall, hand covering the older boy’s mouth as he sent dark glared daggers Louis’ way. The older boy merely blinked back innocently, blue eyes sparkling in the light as he bat his eyelashes.

“Don’t. Talk. About. That.” Zayn ordered, voice low in a deep growl. He pulled his hand away and Louis licked his lips, leaning away from the wall.

“Why not? The only one that doesn’t know is Liam.” Louis explained. “Hell, I’m pretty sure that Styles knows too. Not that I’d ask him.”

“You’re making me feel so much better about my unrequited love, Lou. Really. I can sense the hope in my future already.” Zayn retorted, placing a hand over his heart sarcastically.

“We all know Li isn’t one hundred percent straight, why don’t you just go and get him?” Louis asked, putting an arm around Zayn’s shoulders. “He’s as crazy for you as you are for him.”

“Except he’s not because he has a very pretty girlfriend that he happens to be completely in love with.” Zayn argued back, questioning why in the world Louis was torturing him like that? Louis knew just how much Zayn wanted to be with Liam, but he also knew that it was an impossible feat.

Except, Louis didn’t believe that. He believed that anything was possible. Zayn just didn’t know that yet.

“A girlfriend who is cheating on him.”

“There’s no actual proof that’s what’s happening.”

“Do we need actual proof when we know it’s true?”

“When you’re trying to destroy a relationship, yes!”

Louis groaned and threw his hands out, unable to believe just how smitten Zayn was. The evidence was clear as day that Danielle was seeing somebody else. Who it was, they didn’t know. What they did know was that Liam was making every excuse up in the world to defend the woman he loved, and then poor Zayn was following right behind, too in love with Liam to let anyone break his heart.

“I’m not destroying it! Danielle is!” Louis yelled, a little too loud for Zayn’s taste. He sent Louis a look that told him to lower his voice.

“Stop that, Lou. Do you just go around disliking people you haven’t even taken the time to like? Harry and Danielle? Please tell me you at least invited her to the party.” Zayn ordered, stopping outside of his classroom. Louis’ next class was further down the hall.

“…” Louis looked down at the ground.

“*Lou*..!” Zayn groaned, unable to believe his friend.

“It’s *my* party for Liam! And she smells like feet!” Louis argued, sounding significantly younger than his actual age.

“I understand that you want to be a good friend and throw Liam a party he doesn’t even want, but Lou, you’ve got to at least invite the people he cares about.” Zayn coaxed the feathered haired boy. Louis took notice that Zayn had failed to argue against Danielle smelling like feet.

One for Louis. Zero for cheating girlfriend.

“Fine! I’ll go and invite the two people who are going to turn the night into a horrible mess and when Liam asks why this all happened, I’m blaming you, Zayn! And then you get to deal with Sad Liam!” Louis pointed at Zayn, finger only an inch away from Zayn’s chest.

Zayn took the offending appendage and put it by Louis’ side where it belonged and was less of a threat to his safety.

“It’s not much of a threat when I had to deal with it anyways. You should learn to think before you speak, Lou.” Zayn suggested, patting Louis’ cheek playfully.

Louis grinned.

“And how would that be any fun?”

Zayn laughed and shook his head, walking away and into his classroom. Louis waved, even though Zayn couldn’t see. It didn’t matter.

He had a job to do.

--

*Party tonight. My house. Be there, kay?*

**wait, why is there a party ? your roomies celebrating or what?**

*Well… They’re helping me celebrate today…*

**Again I don’t get it. why are you celebrating?**

*Are you serious? Maybe it’s because it’s your boyfriend’s fucking BIRTHDAY.*

**Oh.**

*Is that really all you have to say?*

*Danielle?*

*At least tell me if you’re not going to come!*

*Wench.*

*--*

“You’re coming to Li’s birthday party tonight in my dorm. Be there.”

Harry looked up from his desk where he was writing in his notebook. Louis had noticed that Harry often wrote in his notebook before class started or after it was finished, never in between when everyone else was actually taking the notes for the class.

Weirdo.

Just another thing to add on to the list of weird things that Harry Styles does.

But Harry was sitting over in the desk next to the one Louis had just sat in. His curls fell over his forehead and made it so that Harry’s green eyes were peeking out between the locks to look at Louis.

And then Harry smirked.

“You’re actually talking to me. How surprising.”

It shocked Louis every time Harry spoke. He was young. Harry had skipped a grade and got into University early, being a full two years younger than Louis, and yet he had a voice so low that Louis was pretty sure it was humanly impossible for him to talk like that.

And then he had a habit of talking slow that just drove Louis completely insane.

“Well, I decided to be the bigger man and suck up our obvious dislike for each other so our dear friend can have a good birthday.” Louis explained, unconsciously sitting up as though he were the most royal thing in the room.

“You realize you’re not actually the bigger man if you say that you’re being the bigger man. That actually just makes you conceited.” Harry chuckled, turning to Louis. “Besides, you make it sound as though I hate you.”

“You do hate me.”

“I do not.”

“Well, maybe you don’t.” Louis rolled his eyes, crossing his arms over his chest as he shifted in his chair. “But saying that you do makes me feel like less of a jerk when I say I hate you even though you’re the one who is the jerk.”

Harry groaned.

“Are you ever going to let that go? It was a misunderstanding and I’m sorry.” Harry explained.

“You’re obviously not sorry and no. I will not let it go you asshat.”

“Asshat?”

“Shut up.”

“Why don’t you make me?” Harry bat his eyelashes at Louis, playfully teasing the older boy. “I wouldn’t mind so much if you shut me up with a kiss.”

“Wow. I tell you I hate you and you ask for a kiss. Wow!” Louis turned away from Harry, ready to ignore him completely.

“I can’t help it if I’m a man who knows what he wants.” Harry grinned.

“Class is supposed to be a place where you listen to the professor, Styles.”

“And since when do you ever shut up long enough to actually learn during class?”

Louis didn’t answer, making it seem as though he really did care what their professor had to say about… What was he even talking about? Oh God. Louis could already feel himself getting bored and Harry smirked as he watched the older boy fail at trying to listen.

“I’ll go.”

Louis’ head snapped towards Harry who had whispered the quiet words right into Louis’ ear. The older boy had to hold back a shiver.

“What?”

“Liam’s party. I’ll go. And I’ll invite a few people just to make sure it’s awesome.” Louis opened his mouth to speak but Harry continued on quickly, “And since the party is being held at your house I promise it will only be a few people and they will be people who won’t destroy your house. Alright?”

Louis closed his mouth and nodded.

“Alright.”

Harry turned back to the board, watching as the teacher wrote down a new formula he would need to remember. He dug for his notebook and was about to start copying what was on the board when he had heard Louis whisper to him.

“Thanks.”

Harry blinked, not sure if he heard right. Louis didn’t respond, didn’t even look at Harry. It was as though Harry imagined that it had happened.

But just to be sure he let out a quiet, “You’re welcome.”

--

“Life sucks.”

“Whoa, what’s with the dramatics today, Niall?”

Louis was driving his car to his house. It was about an hour’s drive away from their university but it was worth it for the best party Liam would ever get to experience. His family had decided to take a week long vacation and since Louis had University he couldn’t go with them, leaving the house for perfectly good partying use without his parents ever needing to know.

So Niall sat in the passenger’s seat, needing Louis as his ride seeing as he didn’t have a car. Well, he had a car, but it was back home in Ireland and unless he paid a lot of money to get a boat to bring it over to another country then he was just going to have to deal with the situation. He had his head resting against the window and his eyes were closed.

“I’m never going to get laid.”

Louis rolled his eyes as he drove, quickly glancing at the small blond that sat beside him.

“Are you seriously whining about this again?” Louis asked, bothered by the same old routine.

“I’m pretty sure I shouldn’t still be a virgin in my Uni years. Why don’t I have a girlfriend yet?” Niall asked back, reaching into his back pack and pulling out two candy bars. He offered one to Louis who shook his head no.

“Niall, you can’t keep complaining about something that’s your own fault.” Louis stated plainly, voice hinted with the slightest bit of annoyance. “If you actually tried to go for a girl then maybe you’d have one by now. We all know you’re fit enough.”

“But that’s a lot of work.” Niall whined and ripped the wrapper of the candy bar open so he could bite into the chocolaty goodness, continuing to talk even when his mouth was full. “Too much work for me.”

“Which is why you don’t get to complain, you lazy arse.”

“Yeah, that’s easy for you to say Mr. I-Can-Get-All-The-Bitches-I-Want.”

“Did you really just say that?”

Niall took another bite of his candy bar and grinned, his crooked teeth stained slightly of chocolate.

“I did.”

“Well, you’re wrong.” Louis responded, unsure as how he had made friends with the blonde Irishman sitting in his passenger seat. It was probably because Niall was strange, and Louis was unavoidably attracted to strange. “I do not have it that easy.”

“You lying piece of shit.” Niall accused. Which was another thing to love about Niall; his amazing ability to make vulgarity sound completely normal. When Louis cussed it always sounded slightly forced. When Niall cussed it sounded like he was using proper English. “You have Eleanor and Harry both willing to jump your bones and live happily ever after. All you have to do is choose if you want dick or pussy more. Personally, I’d-“

“Stop.” Louis warned, really not wanting to hear what Niall had to say on those matters. “Eleanor is not up for jumping me and don’t talk about Styles.”

“But he really likes you. And he’s nice! And he’s got a nice-“

“Niall!”

“I was going to say mind, you pervert!”

“Whatever! No more talking about him, alright?” Louis asked, sending a warning glare over to Niall. The blond pouted and curled into his seat.

“Alright, fine.”

It was silent for a moment, neither of them realizing they hadn’t turned on the radio until the silence was starting to get thick. Louis was just about to reach out and press the button to turn it on when his phone vibrated.

“Can you put that on speaker for me, Ni?” Louis asked. Niall reached for the phone, smirked slightly when he saw who was calling, and then answered the call while putting it on speaker. “Talk to me!”

“Did you invite Danielle to Liam’s party?” Harry’s voice came over the phone, sounding that much deeper through the speakers and as though Louis was talking to a total stranger.

“Yes. Zayn made me.” Louis answered, really not wanting to talk to Harry.

“That bitch.” Harry muttered, causing both Louis and Niall to give each other shocked looks.

“Not that I’m complaining, because wenchie she is, but why are you calling her names too?” Louis asked, watching the road as he waited for Harry’s answer.

“Because she decided, late today, that she would have a party at Eleanor’s. Everyone’s going to it, Louis. Everyone but Liam and us.”

And really, that was the last straw.

Liam and Danielle had been so perfect together. They were wonderful and everyone was so sure they would run off, get married, and have beautiful perfect babies together. Then, out of nowhere, Danielle started getting distant and blowing Liam off for other people. She had started to intentionally hurt Liam and Liam kept making up every excuse there was to defend her. Especially when people tried to convince him she was cheating.

But how could she try to ruin the one day Liam deserved everything to go right on by stealing his party?

“That absolute *Wench*!” Louis hissed, crushing the steering wheel in his iron-like grip. Niall watched with wide eyes, never having seen Louis so angry before in his life. “I invited her to his party and she didn’t even fucking know it was his birthday and know she runs off and does this and I’m going to kill her!”

“Louis, calm down.” Harry ordered.

“Why should I, Harry?” Louis asked, turning to his cell phone that Niall was holding. The car swerved slightly and Niall made a quick prayer as the older boy snatched the cell phone out so he could yell into the speaker. “If she really doesn’t like him anymore then why doesn’t she just fucking tell him? Why doesn’t she just break up with him? Why is she dangling him around like this and purposely hurting him? Liam doesn’t deserve this!”

“I know, but being angry won’t help.” Harry stated. And Louis knew Harry was right. Being angry did nothing for Liam.

Louis calmed down. His grip loosened on the steering wheel and he started breathing calmly. Niall was thanking God for saving his life by making Harry a wonderful person and then opened his second candy bar, needing comfort food.

“All we can do is make Liam’s birthday awesome. It’s what he deserves. We just have to keep his mind off of Danielle, okay?” Harry asked.

“You say that like it’s easy. Liam’s life practically revolves around Danielle.” Louis stated.

“Well then, I guess we’ll just have to be the best mates ever then, huh?”

Louis hung up the phone. He wasn’t in the mood anymore to even deal with listening to Harry talk. He was still angry but not overly so, and he tried to think about ways to make this small get together be something awesome that Liam would never forget.

“Why do you call her Wench?” Niall asked, pulling Louis out of his reverie.

“If I called her bitch then Liam might hear me one day and beat the shit out of me.” Louis explained. “And I don’t know about you but I rather not have Liam Payne punching me.”

“How very punny of you.”

“I will make you walk from here if you continue on like that.”

“Whatever, pervert.”

--

The doorbell rang.

Louis jumped from where he was sitting in his living room. Zayn and Harry were playing video games against each other with Louis and Niall watching as they waited for Liam to arrive. Niall was whining about how hungry he was and how they should start getting food but Louis had told him that pizza was coming soon and they would eat when Liam got there.

So he ran to the door and opened it to see a confused Liam standing outside his door. Louis smiled, finding a confused Liam his favorite Liam.

“Why am I here?”

Louis’ face immediately fell and he gave Liam an obviously hurt look. He brought one hand up to his chest, overdramatically, and acted as though he were in extreme pain.

“Wow, I try to be a good friend and you make it sound as though I’m making you endure some horrid fate.” Louis stated.

“Lou-“

“No, you can totally leave if you want, Liam! I’m sorry for trying to be nice!” Louis shouted, very dramatically. It made Liam sigh and roll his eyes.

“I *meant* for what reason did you invite me to your house?” Liam amended, attempting to show Louis he meant no offense. It worked, Louis brightened immediately.

“You know, you really should learn to speak with proper English. It does wonders for a conversation.” Louis put an arm around Liam’s shoulders and practically dragged the younger boy into the house. Liam stumbled, the only thing keeping him up being Louis’ arm.

“Are you going to answer my question or-“

But before Liam could finish he was thrust into the living room where there was a simple cake with white frosting and red letters that spelt out, “Happy Birthday Liam”. There were twenty candles, each one for a year of his life and then one extra for good luck.

A huge smile broke across his face when he noticed Zayn, Harry, and Niall were there. They smiled back at him and started singing obnoxiously, making Liam laugh. They finished singing and Liam paused, looking around the room.

“Li, mate, this is when you make a wish and blow out the candles.” Harry stage whispered, grinning wide.

“Yeah, c’mon, I’ve been waiting ages for this.” Niall whined.

“You have not been waiting ages.” Zayn snipped at Niall, arms crossed.

“But…” Liam kept looking around, seeming entirely lost. “You didn’t invite Dani?”

Silence fell across the room. Liam was the only one who didn’t know that Danielle had immediately decided to throw a party at Eleanor’s house just because Louis wanted to give Liam a small birthday party. And the look in his eyes was so painfully devastating that nobody really wanted to tell him the truth. They were stuck just staring at Liam, who looked like someone had just kicked his birthday cake over.

“Li-“

And then the doorbell rang once more, making Liam’s eyes light up in joy because he was sure that had to be Danielle outside, just waiting to celebrate her boyfriend’s birthday.

“Dani!” Liam yelled, running to the door. There was a small moment where the four other boys shared a look of panic before dashing towards the door, going to see who was really there.

It was the pizza man.

Liam was looking at Louis with a hurt expression. His eyes were shining and his shoulders were slumped over, looking as though Louis had betrayed him.

“You really didn’t invite her…”

“Li-“

“Fuck off, Lou.” Liam hissed, pushing past the pizza man and storming outside. Anger engulfed him. Anger and hurt. Louis was about to run after the birthday boy when Niall put a hand on his shoulder to hold him back.

“Let me, Lou. You pay for the pizza.” Niall ordered, and it didn’t even sound like he cared more about the pizza than Liam.

Niall went outside and Louis had no other choice. He had to be patient. So he paid the pizza man and gave him a good tip for what he just had to witness before walking back to the living room. He placed the pizzas onto the table, unable to even enjoy how good they smelled, as he plopped down onto the couch.

He felt his weight sinking into the couch and he hoped that maybe the object could just open up and swallow him whole. He closed his eyes and felt as the couch sunk with more weight being added to it.

A hand touched his thigh. A hand that was too big to be Zayn’s and made Louis bite his lip.

“Don’t feel so bad, Lou. This wasn’t your fault. Niall will explain and Liam will know that you were just trying to make this day special.” Harry explained, trying his hardest to be soothing.

Louis smacked his hand away.

“Stop that.” Louis hissed, sitting up and moving away.

“Stop what?” Harry asked exasperatedly.

“Stop being nice! I don’t like you!”

“For a stupid reason.”

“You think that was stupid?”

“It’s all stupid because it’s done and over with now, Lou! Why are you holding on to the past so tightly? We can’t change it! I learned that after you yelled at me for something I didn’t even do!” Harry yelled, finally getting fed up with Louis and how he kept acting towards Harry.

“Something you didn’t do? I saw you, Harry!” Louis argued, eyes hard as he yelled back at Harry.

“You think you saw me but you didn’t!”

“You were there!”

“Jesus Christ, can you get that stick out of your bum for one second or is that too much work for your Highness?” Harry asked. His eyebrows were knit together in confusion and concern and it bothered Louis that Harry’s really green eyes were looking at him like that. They were so… Weird.

“I’m not like that! I have fun all the time! You’re the only one I’m like this around.” Louis explained, easily getting worked up.

“Am I really that special?”

“You are such a twat! What will it take for you to leave me alone?”

“For you to finally ease up!”

“Fine!”

“Fine!”

The two paused.

Zayn watched, eyebrows raised curiously as he looked at the two bicker. Honestly, he wished they would just shag and be happy but Louis was making that incredibly difficult for reasons unbeknownst to him. So, instead he just waited out to see what the two were even talking about.

“What do you want me to do? Fucking tell me, I’m more fun than you think. But if you want a kiss or something like that then forget it. I don’t just kiss anyone.” Louis growled, voice low.

“Oh please, you’re not that special, Louis. Stop thinking so highly of yourself.” Harry ordered. The younger boy watched Louis, keeping a gaze on him that had Louis wanting to shift in his seat nervously. He fought against the feeling, not allowing Harry that victory, when Harry suddenly smirked. “Play Triple Dog.”

Zayn’s eyes immediately locked onto Harry. Did he seriously just hear Harry right? Did the younger boy actually suggest they play Triple Dog?

“Fine. What is it?” Louis asked curiously.

“A stupid game that can get really fucked up. Trust me, Lou. You don’t want to play.” Zayn explained, trying to diffuse the tension and not get dragged into that stupid game.

“You’re playing too, Zayn. We need three at least to play.” Harry stated. Zayn’s hands went to cover his hair, wincing slightly.

“Harry no.” The raven haired boy whined.

“What are we playing?”

The three boys on the couch turned to see Liam and Niall standing there. Liam had a halfhearted smile plastered on his face, eyes on Louis that practically begged forgiveness. Louis smiled back and Niall put a hand on Liam’s back, trying to comfort Liam.

“You don’t have to play, Liam. The game is Triple Dog. It’s truth or dare but better.” Harry explained. “First, every player has to put all of the money they have on them and their most valuable item they also have on them and throw it into the ‘pot’. Then we get a camera because everything done has to be recorded. It’s a simple game; you can only dare. Each player gets one dare and they get to choose who dares them. They either do the dare or… They get their hair shaved off.”

Louis winced, understanding why it was that Zayn had covered his hair. Out of all five of the boys, who all were very fond of their hair, Zayn had to have been the most attached to keeping his exactly in the perfection that it was.

“But, if you think the dare is too extreme and you can’t do it then you can challenge the person who dared you. They then have to do the dare. But, if they succeed, then you get your hair shaved off.” Harry continued, smirking at the way that Louis seemed less and less enthused about playing. “In the end we all watch the dares and choose who did the best. That player wins everything in the pot.”

Louis tried to take in all of the rules. As he did he couldn’t help but want to refuse the game because it seemed completely insane. Louis could be dared to do something really bad and if he didn’t he had to lose his hair.

He wasn’t willing to part with his hair.

Just as he was about to open his mouth to say no he was cut off by Liam.

“I’m in.”

Niall blinked dumbly, looking next to him at his friend and wondering if that really just happened. Zayn felt like he was in another universe, not knowing what to do. Harry almost forgot that Liam was even there and was shocked to hear him speak up, much less agree to play.

Louis choked on nothing.

“You what?” Harry asked.

“I’m in.” Liam repeated. He walked over to the couch and pulled his wallet out of his jeans. He looked through his wallet and pulled out all the cash he had on him and put it on the table in front of the couch. Then he took out his phone and put it on the table as well. “Who else is?”

“Me.” Harry grinned, glad to do something that would take Liam’s mind off of Danielle. He dug into the book bag he brought with him and gathered all of his money along with the notebook Louis always saw him writing in.

He tossed them onto the table.

“Sounds like fun. Not much I won’t do, to be perfectly honest.” Niall shrugged. He walked to the opposite side of the table so he was facing the four other boys before pulling out his money and then putting in his iPod.

“Louis? Zayn?” Harry asked, sounding much too smug.

Louis couldn’t say no to playing when Liam was actually saying yes. Liam never did anything too risky and for Louis to back out would have just proved Harry’s point. He tried not to show how much he really didn’t want to play as he reached into his pockets and dropped a few bills on the table before putting a necklace onto the table.

All eyes turned to Zayn.

“I like my hair.” Zayn stated simply.

“C’mon Zayn, don’t chicken out.” Niall grinned, reaching into the pizza boxes and pulling out a slice to eat.

“I don’t want to shave my head!” Zayn glowered, curling into himself.

“Then just do the dare!” Harry laughed.

“They get really bad though!” Zayn argued. “Last time I played I had to piss on my professor’s doorstep. And then your fucking friend put off the alarm to his car mid wiz!”

The four boys sniggered, trying not to show Zayn just how funny that was.

“You didn’t get caught, now did you?” Harry asked.

“Not the point, Harry!” Zayn replied.

“You don’t have to play, Zayn.” Liam stated, patting Zayn’s knee. Zayn sighed in relief, happy to have someone defend him from the onslaught of peer pressure. “We understand. You don’t want to do it and you don’t have to. Even if I would really like it if you did play so we could keep my mind off of another party that is taking place tonight.”

Liam looked at the ground. His eyes were sad and he was frowning without even realizing it. Zayn bit back a groan as he watched and realized there was no way he could say no to that in a million years. He just loved Liam too much to let the boy feel bad when he could do something to help.

“Fine.” Zayn groaned, pulling out his money and taking off his bracelet to put onto the table. Liam smiled enthusiastically and suddenly Zayn felt as though the entire game would be worth it because Liam was looking at him as though he were the most amazing thing in the world.

“Great.” Harry smirked, pleased to know they all would be playing.

“We all have to promise though.” Liam said, looking at the four other boys. “We have to promise that if someone doesn’t fufill their dare we will shave their head, okay? We can’t back out.”

He was met with a couple replies of, “I promise” and one, “fuck you” from Zayn of course.

“Now all we need is a camera because Louis gets to go first. And he chooses who he wants to dare him.” Harry explained.

Louis met Harry’s gaze. Those green eyes were so sure of themselves and the smirk tugging at Harry’s lips told Louis that Harry had a dare planned for him, the only thing he was hoping for was for Louis to pick him. And Louis didn’t want to give Harry any reasons to say he wimped out and didn’t do everything the way that Harry had wanted him to.

So Louis braced himself.

“Harry. You can dare me.”

Though he didn’t realize just what he was getting himself into.

--

“Fuck.”

Louis stood outside of his house. It was night and he was lucky that it was a warm spring night because he was standing in nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist.

Harry, Zayn, Niall, and Liam stood next to him. Niall had a camera in his hand that was one of Louis’ sisters’ and was recording the oldest boy as he stood there, looking out into the dark night. The streets were empty, but that didn’t stop him from feeling nervous for what he was about to do. And Harry’s smirk while Zayn, Niall, and Liam kept sniggering didn’t help much either.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck.” Louis muttered under his breath.

“What are you waiting for Lou? The battery to die?” Harry chuckled.

“Fuck you. You know I live here, right? You know every fucking person on this street knows who I am and if they see me running around naked then I’m screwed.” Louis explained, practically seething.

“Then run fast.” Zayn suggested, getting a good laugh from Niall.

“My *sisters* have friends on this street. Just little girls! What happens if they see?” Louis asked, honestly terrified by the thought of Lottie coming home and her friends saying they had seen her brother streaking down the road.

“Lou, you could always challenge Harry.” Liam explained, pointing to the curly haired boy who seemed to be smirking even more delightedly.

“Liam, Harry walked through the dorm hallways completely naked. Why in the world would I challenge him?” Louis asked heatedly.

Liam shrugged.

“Then do you really have a choice?”

No. No, he really didn’t have a choice. It was either go through with the dare and potentially scar his sister’s friends or get his entire head shaved off. And he knew he couldn’t pull off the shaved head look.

“One…”

Harry was counting down and Louis held tightly to the towel around his waist.

“Two…”

Louis shut his eyes tightly.

“Fuck it.” He growled and threw off the towel before running off. Liam let out a noise of surprise, not expecting that before grabbing Zayn’s arm and tugging the other boy after Louis. Niall ran as fast as he could, trying to record Louis running down his street with his hands covering up the one area he really didn’t want anyone to see. The blonde was laughing hysterically while Harry jogged after them, not even pretending he wasn’t looking at Louis’ bum.

“Go, Lou!” Niall yelled.

“Niall, be quiet!” Louis hissed as he ran, knowing he had to get to the end of the street and back.

“Well, well! Boys and girls, look at the show! The Tommo is running down the runway in absolutely nothing but his birthday suit, hand crafted by his very own parents!” Zayn shouted loudly.

“I swear to God, Zayn Malik, you better not choose me to dare you!” Louis screamed, finally reaching the end of the street and then running back.

“Wasn’t planning on it, sweetcheeks!”

Louis ran, so very, very grateful that he hadn’t been seen. He reached his house and saw Harry there, holding out the towel Louis had thrown off of himself. Louis ran to it, wrapping himself tightly into the towel and sighing in relief. His heart was pounding in his chest and his entire body was red from exertion.

Liam, Niall, and Zayn trailed behind him, laughing and clapping delightedly.

“Wow! I can’t believe you did that!” Liam grinned, jumping excitedly.

“That was awesome, Lou! Really, I’m impressed.” Zayn stated.

“I think I can see some of your prick on the camera.” Niall noted teasingly.

“Fuck off.” Louis ordered, panting as he tried to regain his breath.

“This is Triple Dog.” Harry smirked, patting Louis lightly on the back. “Enjoying yourselves yet, lads?”

“One down, four to go.”

“Who’s next?” Louis asked, sitting down on the front deck of his house and making sure he was covered up. Niall still had a grin on his face, totally amazed that Louis Tomlinson had just run down the street totally starkers. Louis had shivered slightly, seeing as a small breeze had blown in the wind, and gained Harry’s attention.

The younger boy took off his jumper and offered it to Louis but the older boy turned his head away. Harry frowned and instead of putting the jumper back on he just placed it down next to where Louis was seated.

“It’s usually supposed to be birthday boy’s choice. But we had something to settle first.” Harry explained, before looking to Liam. “Your choice for the rest of the night, Li. Who’s next?”

Liam smiled, looking absolutely delighted, and Niall couldn’t help but feel good for him.

Niall remembered the conversation they had almost in the same exact place as they were all standing then only moments earlier. Liam had been angry and hurt, wondering why everyone was trying to ruin his relationship when it was such a good thing and he was so happy. Niall knew it would have been an easier job for Zayn to calm Liam down, but he also knew how in love he was with Liam and didn’t need any more heart ache by comforting Liam.

So Niall had gone and held his friend, calmly telling Liam what had actually happened. Liam calmed down and Niall couldn’t believe that Liam was actually listening to him. Liam believed his every word. And when Niall had finished, Liam had hugged him tightly and had to hold back tears because why was she hurting him like this?

And now it seemed like he didn’t even remember any of that.

“Niall.” Liam answered, grinning at the blonde.

What a wanker.

“You suck, Li.” Niall grinned regardless, eyes squinting just a bit. “Whatever, give me a dare, birthday boy.”

“Really?” Liam asked, smile brightening. Niall only then noticed Zayn glowering at him a bit. It made the blonde want to shrink just slightly but he refrained, trying not to draw attention to either of them.

Zayn quite often got unnecessarily jealous of Niall.

“Really.” Niall nodded.

“Make it dirty, Li.” Zayn tried to joke, but Niall could tell that it was more because Zayn just really wanted to see Niall suffer. He did his best to ignore the snip at him, trying instead to keep grinning.

“Hit me with your best shot.”

“Okay!” Liam came to a conclusion, looking excited because he had finally thought of a good dare. “Niall, I dare you to lick whipped cream off of Louis’ chest right here.”

“Are you *serious*, Liam Payne?” Louis shouted from where he sat. “Are you guys trying to get my neighbors to think that I’ve gone mad? Streaking and now openly doing a sexual act!”

“Stop whining, Lou. You’re not doing the ‘sexual act’. I am.” Niall sighed, really not too excited to lick whipped cream off of his friend’s chest. Especially not with Harry looking at him the way Zayn usually did. “You got any whipped cream or what?”

“I don’t know…” Louis whined, covering his chest. Niall could see the words, ‘I don’t want to play anymore’ right on the tip of Louis’ tongue.

“I’ll look!” Zayn offered, running inside. He had a pep in his step and Niall knew why. Because now Niall was getting on Harry’s nerves by getting in between him and Louis and Zayn wasn’t alone in his jealousy anymore. It was kind of annoying, but there wasn’t much Niall could do about it.

Harry was giving him that look. It was the Harry Styles You’re-My-Friend-So-I-Shouldn’t-Feel-This-Way-And-I-Know-You’re-Just-Platonic-Here-But-I’m-Still-Not-Happy-Look. It gave him some hope that he would be able to come out of this with Harry still his friend and not ending up like Zayn or something.

Zayn, who Niall really just wanted to be friends with.

Niall looked to Liam who was smiling like an idiot the way that Liam smiled. It made his cheeks just go incredibly high up his face and his eyes become squinted to the point where he couldn’t see anymore and Niall smiled at him.

“Li?”

“Yeah?” Liam asked.

“Just curious, but if I were to challenge you would you be able to go through with this?” Niall asked back, really genuinely curious. Liam wasn’t one hundred percent straight by any means, but it was Louis that Niall had to lick the whipped cream off of and that was what was really making the whole thing so weird.

“Yeah. Yeah, I wouldn’t mind.” Liam nodded, putting an arm around Niall and cuddling close to the blonde. Niall wished he could have pushed Liam off before Zayn could get back to them, knowing that seeing him with Liam would only make everything in Niall’s life just so much worse. “It’s what tonight is all about.”

“What do you mean?” Niall asked.

“Tonight.” Liam stated, face falling only a little. “Tonight is a time of change, I guess. I’m tired of things being in the same painful loop and it’s time to fix everything. It’s time for everyone to become happy.”

Niall turned in Liam’s arm, looking into his brown eyes.

“Li, I don’t understand.” Niall answered.

Liam looked at Louis and Harry who were quietly conversing with each other. It looked civil, not that Liam could tell seeing as they were too quiet for him to hear.

“Our group of friends are weird.” Liam stated. “Zayn’s not happy, Louis hates Harry, Harry loves Louis, and you need to get out of your shell more and do more things for yourself. As soon as I heard about this game I knew it could help because it could distract us and make us more daring if we put something at risk. Like, for example, I think my girlfriend hates me, and it makes me want to tell her how much that hurts me but right now I’m too scared to.”

“And you think this game will help you to do that?”

“Maybe. Hopefully.”

Niall grinned and ruffled Liam’s hair.

“Don’t worry, Li. I believe in you.”

Zayn came back outside, holding a can of whipped cream in his hand and a smirk on his lips. Then his eyes caught Niall and Liam and his face fell and Niall just wanted to groan and yell that he didn’t want Liam and Liam didn’t want him but that would have been mean so he restrained himself. Niall wasn’t even sure if Liam had feelings for Zayn. Sometimes he would seem like it, but then there would be things that happened or Danielle would be brought up and Niall would become confused.

Zayn shook his head and smirked again, holding out the whipped cream.

“It’s time Nialler.”

“Well, don’t be so excited, Zayn. Are you going to wank off while I do it?” Niall asked, trying to get that smirk off of his face. It worked slightly, Zayn’s smirk wasn’t as pronounced as it was a moment ago.

“You should be happy, Niall. Now when people ask how far you’ve gone with someone you can say that you licked whipped cream off of someone while they were naked.” Zayn replied, moving to Louis and raising his eyebrows at the oldest boy, asking permission through his eyes.

Louis sighed.

“It’s not like I have much of a choice, do I?” Louis asked the whipped cream more than he actually asked Zayn. “Never again will I try to throw a surprise birthday party. Do something nice and everyone turns on you.”

“It’s out of love.” Zayn pat Louis’ cheek before shaking the can and spraying some of the cream onto Louis’ chest. Louis flinched slightly, the cream being colder than he had expected.

“You look delicious.” Harry teased, sitting down beside Louis. “I’d lick you completely clean.”

“Oi!” Louis pointed a finger at Harry, almost stabbing the younger boy’s eye out because he was watching as Zayn traced a line of whipped cream down his toned stomach. “You promised to stop if I played the game! I’m playing Harry! I did my turn and I’m doing half of another turn so stop!”

And Niall was shocked to see Harry actually stop.

“You’re right. Sorry.” Harry answered, raising his hands in defeat. Louis looked about as shocked as Niall felt. “Besides, I can’t take the spotlight off of Nialler, here.”

Niall blushed slightly as all eyes turned on him. He smiled at them and held out the camera he still had in his hand from Louis’ dare. Zayn plucked it from his grasp, excitedly getting it ready to record Niall.

“Is your body ready, Tommo?” Niall asked, throwing Louis a grin.

“My body is cold. Hurry up so I can put some clothes on.”

Niall braced himself. For what, he had no idea. The camera was on him and he knew he just had to do it and get it over with. It was just licking whipped cream off of Louis. If Louis wasn’t his dorky friend then it would have easily been sexier than it was. But it wasn’t.

He knelt down and decided he might as well start at the top and go down. The camera watched as Niall leaned in and his tongue poked out to lap at the whipped cream near Louis’ neck. The older boy squirmed a bit where he was sitting and Niall wasn’t so sure what that meant. Did it feel bad? Would Louis tell him to stop?

But Louis didn’t tell Niall to stop and so the blond kept going, licking at the whipped cream and actually reveling in the taste. If he closed his eyes he could pretend that it wasn’t Louis and that it was somebody else. Someone really hot. Sort of like that model in that magazine from earlier…

Niall had just started getting lost in what he was doing when he noticed Louis’ breathing had become more labored. He looked up from Louis’ naval to see the feather haired boy completely flushed. Louis was blushing and looking down at Niall with blown pupils.

“Are you getting turned on?” Niall asked, licking his lips of the excess whipped cream.

“It’s just as weird to me as it is to you.” Louis admitted.

Niall stared.

“If you get a boner, I’m hitting it.” Niall warned before going back down to finish the job. He really did hope Louis didn’t get a boner. Louis was like a brother to Niall and there was only a towel protecting the blonde from Louis’ penis.

Niall trailed his tongue down Louis’ chest, feeling the muscles as he licked away the cream. He got to under Louis’ naval, down to dangerous territory where hair tickled his nose. He quickly lapped up the rest of the whipped cream, ears turning red as he couldn’t help but feel embarrassed.

Niall pulled away, finally finished.

“Should…” Liam started to ask, sounding confused. “Should that have been as sexual as it was?”

“Like you said, Li. Tonight’s a night where nothing matters, right?” Niall asked, shrugging because it may have been sexual but it was just Louis and what did that matter really? Besides, of course, the near death stares Harry was throwing his way.

“’M cold.” Louis muttered, sitting up and wiping at his chest. “And now I feel all gross and covered in saliva.”

“Do you have a boner?” Zayn teased as he turned off the camera.

“Nope. I guess blonde Irish isn’t my cup of tea.” Louis smiled, shivering slightly.

Harry smiled and knelt down. He grabbed his jumper and held it out to Louis.

“Here. You’re cold.”

And something snapped in Louis that nobody understood.

“Jesus! Harry, I told you to leave me alone! You promised to leave me alone, so what part of that don’t you understand? We made a fucking deal! Alright? I don’t want your stupid fucking jumper!” Louis yelled, slapping Harry’s hand away.

Harry frowned and held the jumper to his chest.

“But it’s warm… And soft…” Harry mumbled.

“Fuck off, Styles!” Louis ordered before standing up and storming into his house. Liam and Zayn shared a look- a look that could only be understood between two best friends- and then ran after Louis, calling out for the other boy.

It left Niall and Harry alone outside.

Niall looked at Harry and the curly haired boy just looked destroyed. He held the jumper to his chest and sat down on the step of the deck of the house. He looked like someone had gone and kicked his puppy. It hurt Niall and he immediately sat next to Harry, putting a hand on his leg.

“He’ll come around.”

“No he won’t.”

Because Harry had been trying to make Louis come around for months but Louis was just being thick headed and mean. But nobody could even try to get into the topic with him because Louis would become defensive and Harry would defend Louis even though none of them understood what had happened.

Sometimes it was really annoying.

“What did you do, Haz? I want to help but how the hell am I supposed to help when you don’t tell us what happened?” Niall asked.

“Louis would be angry.” Was Harry’s only answer.

“Harry…” Niall moved closer, cuddling into Harry’s side. It was one of those rare moments when he was easily able to tell that Harry was the youngest and he wasn’t sure about everything. He wasn’t the jerk Louis made him out to be, he was just dorky old Harry Styles.

“I fell in love with a boy that hates me.” Harry stated, making Niall stare at him, because Harry never said anything about love before. He had said he had a crush and that he really liked Louis but when did love suddenly get thrown in? That wasn’t fair.

“Just tell me this,” Niall started, hoping for some kind of answer. “Louis reckons you did something really horrible, and you keep defending him and saying he has every right to be angry even though you argue. But… Harry did you actually do anything wrong?”

It was silent for a moment. The only sound was the wind, crickets, and Liam and Zayn talking inside the house. Their voices were rising but Niall didn’t care. He just looked at Harry and started to pet his curls.

“No.” Harry finally answered. “He… He thinks it was me because he saw me there, and I may have accidentally started the chain of events, but it wasn’t me, Niall. I didn’t actually do anything.”

Niall smiled in relief, pulling Harry’s head onto his shoulder. He knew Harry and he knew the boy could never actually do anything bad to anyone on purpose unless they hurt him first. He wrapped his arm around Harry’s shoulder and held him tightly.

“Good. Now I feel better for defending you.” Niall rested his head on Harry’s. “Though, I still don’t understand the look you were giving me before. Harry, I’m not interested in Louis.”

Harry smiled and nuzzled his head into Niall’s chest.

“I know. I just can’t help myself sometimes.” Harry admitted sheepishly, causing Niall to laugh.

“So I’ve noticed, mate.”

“Liam!” Zayn shouted from inside the house. Niall and Harry both turned to look at the door, wondering what was happening in there. Zayn sounded loud and… Angry.

“Now what?” Niall asked as he stood. Harry followed after him quickly, slipping his jumper back over his shoulders and looking much less sad than he was a moment before. The two boys walked inside the house, looking around curiously for the birthday boy.

Liam had an angry look on his face, standing in front of Niall and Harry. His face was slightly red and his eyes were dark. He had a look that meant that someone was in deep shit and that was never a place anyone wanted to be with Liam.

Except, Liam was sending that look at Zayn who was standing by the couch, phone clutched painfully tight in his hand. Zayn was sending the look right back. The sight wasn’t a normal one. Liam and Zayn were best mates. They never fought or argued or anything, even though they had all the rights to. They were just too soft on each other.

But there they were, mid argument, and Zayn looking about ready to break the phone in his hand which Niall quickly recognized as Liam’s phone.

“I can’t fucking take this anymore, Li!” Zayn yelled, a hurt showing in his eyes. “She’s hurting my best fucking friend and you deserve to know why. You deserve so much better. You *need* to talk to her!”

“I will! I will when I’m ready to but it’s my birthday and-“

“And she ruined it for you, Liam! She’s hurt you and it’s time you figure out why! Stop being so fucking scared!” Zayn ordered.

“I’m not scared!”

“You’re a fucking chicken!”

“I don’t care!”

“I do!”

“So?”

“So, I fucking dare you to do it!” Zayn’s voice nearly gave out as he yelled, anger pulsing through every part of his being. It was only after he said it that he calmed down, realizing his own words. But it was obvious he failed to care anymore. It was obvious that he was just so tired of it all. “I fucking dare you to go up to the person you love so fucking much and tell her just how you feel.”

The silence was thick and suffocating. The tension was weighing down on everyone. All Niall and Harry could do was watch on, looking back and forth between the two fighting friends.

Liam’s eyes were narrowed. His mouth was tight and he bit his lip as he eyes locked with Zayn. Zayn didn’t let up even though he calmed down. Because this was the first time he was actually challenging Liam to do something. He never tried to get Liam to drink with them, he never tried to push Liam to do anything he didn’t want to do, and he never made Liam make an uncomfortable choice.

But right then, he was pushing Liam and it was Liam’s choice if he accepted or not because he got to choose the person who dared him and who was supposed to go next. This was more than just a dare to get Liam to do something and man up because if Liam accepted it then that meant that he really didn’t believe all of Danielle’s lies. It would mean that he had been doubting her the whole time.

Liam’s face relaxed. His hardened gaze fell and he released his lip. He was hurting and Niall could practically feel it from where he stood. It was really only then that he realized that they were all on a never ending emotional rollercoaster and Liam, Harry, and Zayn all just hit that horrible point where the rollercoaster nose dived straight down all within the last ten minutes.

“You don’t dare me.” Liam shook his head.

Zayn’s face fell.

He turned around and angrily threw Liam’s phone. It hit against the ground in a clatter and separated into two pieces, the back cover coming off and the battery just poking out.

“Zayn! What the hell?” Liam yelled and ran to his phone to inspect the damage.

“You couldn’t just take the dare, could you?” Zayn hissed, watching Liam kneel down and hold the pieces of the phone in his hand.

“I was going to!” Liam yelled, sending a glare at the raven haired boy.

Zayn paused.

“You… What?”

“I was going to say you don’t dare me because you have to triple dog dare me, you arse!” Liam yelled. “And now you broke my phone!”

Zayn’s face burned with the power of the blush that had covered his face. Niall had never seen him so red. The entire situation was comical and got him to laugh, trying to hold it in but failing miserably. Harry smiled at him and started to snigger too, obviously not finding the situation funny like Niall but finding the ridiculousness of it all a little humorous.

Zayn had very obviously started to panic.

“What? It can’t be broken! I do that to my phone all the time!”

“You throw your phone?”

“Well, sometimes it’s rude!”

“So you threw mine?”

“Well, I had thought-“

“Just because I wouldn’t do a dare?!”

“It was very serious situation-“

“You owe me a new phone, Zayn!”

“Alright! Alright, I’m really sorry, Li! I didn’t mean to!”

Zayn went to Liam’s side and took the phone out of the birthday boy’s hands. He started to fiddle with it, trying hard to piece it back together and make it work. That wasn’t happening. The phone was just refusing to turn on.

But Liam smiled.

“It’s alright, you nut. Don’t worry about it.”

Zayn practically melted. His shoulders relaxed and he sent Liam a grateful smile. Niall thought it was sickeningly cute how very in love with Liam Zayn was that his emotions were so based on how Liam felt. What was nice about them was the fact that they were so easy to fit together. They worked as easily as two pieces of legos worked together.

And then Liam leaned over and kissed Zayn on the head. It wasn’t strange of them, seeing as they were all very hands on lads and kissed each other on the cheek or something as a way to show endearment or sometimes even just a sign that they were there for each other. Niall started laughing even harder because if he had thought Zayn was red before then Zayn’s face was crimson after that kiss, his eyes wide in shock.

“Did, uh…” Louis looked around the room and at the four boys from the stairs. He was dressed in his own clothes, finally looking comfortable again. “There was a lot of screaming…”

Niall watched Harry open his mouth to speak but shut it quickly, realizing he shouldn’t even try. It easily set Niall off, making him stop laughing.

“Liam was just getting his dare.” Niall answered, stepping forward with a fake grin. “It looks like we’ll have to go on a road trip to crash a party for this one.”

“What?” Liam asked weakly.

“Great! I’ll get my keys! Gimme a second!” Louis called out, running back upstairs.

“No. What?” Liam asked again, a bit of panic seeping into his voice.

“You didn’t really think you could just call her over the phone with this type of confrontation, did you?” Harry smiled at Liam.

“I was hoping…” Liam admitted quietly, causing Zayn to put a hand on Liam’s shoulder to help comfort him. Liam sighed. “Alright, I’m not nearly drunk enough to do this.”

“What?” Niall asked.

“Liam, you don’t drink.” Zayn stated, giving his friend an odd look.

“I do now. Lou, I’m taking some of your beer!” Liam got to his feet, shouting up to Louis.

“Curiouser and curiouser!” Louis shouted back down teasingly.

Liam smiled and shook his head, ruffling his own hair. It was obvious to Niall that he was trying hard to keep himself wanting to do this. He started towards the kitchen and opened the fridge when Harry followed after him.

Niall looked over at Zayn.

Zayn slowly got to his feet. His body felt heavy for some reason he didn’t know but he managed to stay standing and stare at the entrance to the kitchen where Liam was gathering beer to get drunk for his very first time.

How was this all happening?

“Zayn…” Niall tried to catch his attention.

When Zayn looked at him, it wasn’t with sharp eyes. He looked at Niall as though he were a normal human being, maybe even one of his friends. It wasn’t something that Niall was used to and caught him off guard, but it was definitely something that he liked.

He could get used to it.

“Um…” Niall trailed off, because he had wanted to confront Zayn. He had wanted to ask why it was that Zayn found Niall as so much of a threat to him that he was jealous of Niall’s friendship with Liam. He was going to see if they could be friends.

But Zayn seemed like he completely forgot his problems with Niall.

“You know I don’t like Liam, right?” Niall decided to ask.

Zayn looked at Niall with a look the blonde wasn’t able to interpret. It was strange, especially being on Zayn’s face of all people, the boy who was usually the most collected and unreadable out of the five of them. Well, at least in Niall’s opinion.

Zayn’s face was one of pure amused interest.

“I mean, like-like. Like, love-like. Like, crush-like.” Niall amended, blushing lightly under Zayn’s gaze. Zayn laughed, grinning at Niall.

“Like, I’m not, like, sure, like. Like, maybe, like, there was one too many likes in that sentence, like, yeah?” Zayn teased, which was definitely something that Niall was not used to. Not in a playful manner where he wasn’t trying to ridicule the blonde, that is.

“Shut up, you know what I mean.” Niall smiled.

“Yeah, I do.” Zayn nodded, walking towards Niall and nodding his head slightly. He brought a hand to his neck as he gave the blonde a sheepish look. “I also know why you’re bringing it up. And I’m sorry, Niall. I really do know that you’re not interested in Liam, even if you do swing both ways-“

“Don’t label me.” Niall chastised, wagging a finger at the older boy. “I like who I like.”

Zayn chuckled.

“Yeah, I know. You’re pretty cool, Nialler.” Zayn explained, getting a winning smile from Niall. “I’m just stupid. I think, because I already have Danielle in my way, I automatically go to attack anything else that could keep me from the one I want most.”

“I get it. I do. It’s why I never called you out on your shit before.” Niall answered.

“I’m really sorry. I would just like to be friends with you.”

Niall raised an eyebrow and hit the raven haired boy over the head.

“Idiot. We are friends.”

Zayn grinned and wrapped an arm around Niall’s shoulders, bringing the blonde boy in for a hug. Niall laughed lightly, putting his head into Zayn’s neck and hugging him with one of his arms as well. He never thought that would happen between them so easily. It felt so normal even though they had never really touched much before.

It was great.

“Are we all set to go?” Louis’ voice asked, standing at the bottom of the stairs with a smirk.

Zayn nodded.

“Hell yes, tonight is going to be awesome.”

Louis smirked.

“Then let’s go lads!”

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Niall loved parties.

Parties- even parties created by evil girlfriends out to ruin their boyfriends lives- were just a great experience. Nobody ever leaves a party without something to remember. It’s one of the things that made parties Niall’s favorite past time. They never really left your mind and they made you feel so alive.

They bought something more out of people.

For example, the boys had all split up as soon as they got to Eleanor’s house where Danielle was throwing her party. Liam was effectively drunk enough at that point that when he tried to walk around, looking for Danielle, he kept losing his balance. Zayn had to help him stand and then followed the boy as they searched for his girlfriend.

Niall had gone in search for some of his mates. They were all laughing over some text message they had received and when Niall asked to see what it was they showed the phone that had a video of Louis running down his street in no clothes, mainly getting a good view of his bum.

The question Niall had was how had they gotten it when he was so sure there was no one who saw Louis go streaking.

So he went off to go tell Louis when he saw when Harry beat him to the oldest boy.

Harry had attempted to go up to Louis. Niall had watched from afar as the curly haired boy had mustered up the courage to try and talk to the older boy and maybe reason with him. He also watched as Louis blew Harry off to go find other people to associate with, leaving a hurt look on Harry’s face again.

A look Niall was not okay with Harry having.

He went off and grabbed a beer. He needed to do that first just to get rid of some of the growing tension and anger. The bitter liquid calmed him down just enough for what he wanted to do, and he put it down to go and find Louis.

Niall searched through the sea of bodies, having to fight his way past teenagers who were either too stubborn, drunk, or rude to move out of his way. It wasn’t that hard to find Louis, the boy was popular in their school and so he was in the middle of a crowd, having a drink and laughing with a bunch of other teens.

He grabbed Louis and pulled him away from the group. Louis let out a whine but then giggled, letting himself be pulled into a hallway where there was room for the two to stand and talk to each other.

“What’s up? Ni-a-ler.” Louis asked, happily tipsy. A bright smile was across his face and it just pissed Niall off even more.

“Stop being such a fucking dick.” Niall ordered.

That got Louis to frown. He blinked a few times, always having a hard time seeing when he started getting drunk because he needed his glasses that he never wore.

And he was offended by Niall’s words.

“I’m sorry?” Louis tried. “What did I do?”

Slowly Niall could feel himself getting just as angry as he was before, the calm in him completely disappearing. Louis kept hurting Harry and had the gall to act like he hadn’t even done anything.

It made Niall seethe.

“You’re hurting Harry!”

Louis’ eyes narrowed.

“Is this what this is-“

“Shut up!” Niall interrupted, too angry to care about what Louis had to say.

“Excuse me?” Louis asked, shocked at his friend.

“Shut the fuck up, you ignorant arse!” Niall ordered, shocking himself. He didn’t let it show and just glared at Louis who was looking back at him in complete confusion. “You can’t keep hurting him! At this point I don’t even care what he fucking did anymore, Lou! The past is the past!”

“Not to me!” Louis yelled.

“Well it should be!”

“You wouldn’t say-“

“That if I knew what had happened, yeah I know, Lou! It’s all you fucking say! But even if Harry did do something wrong all he ever is is nice to you! He helps you and cares about you and just wants to apologize but you’re being too much of an arse to let him!” Niall explained.

“Why should I?” Louis asked, anger building up inside of him as well. “Why should I when he-“

“Because it’s Harry who’s adorable and dorky and is on the edge of fucking tears every time you hurt him! It’s Harry who would do anything just to see you fucking smile! It’s Harry and he wants to apologize for something he didn’t even do and you just keep hurting him!” Niall growled.

“He hurt me!”

“He’s not still hurting you!”

There was silence in the conversation that was covered up by the sound of music pulsing through the house, loud enough to feel in the boys’ stomachs as they argued. Though they didn’t pay it any mind.

“I just want to know why he did it.” Louis admitted, voice lower than it was before. “I… Why did he do that to me? He didn’t even know me. What made him hate me enough to…”

“He never hated you, Lou.” Niall replied. “Harry really is pretty enamored with you. He wouldn’t hurt you on purpose. And even if he did do you really think he would tell you why he did it when you keep hurting him like this?”

Louis looked down.

“He gets on every one of my nerves.”

“That doesn’t give you any right to hurt him.” Niall stated. “Be nice to him. That’s all he wants. He could live with just that if that’s all you have to give. And then try asking him. Try being *civil*, Lou.”

Louis didn’t say anything. He kept his head down and his fringe covered his eyes, making it impossible for Niall to catch the older boy’s eye. Not that it mattered, he didn’t need eye contact to make Louis understand. Louis was pretty much a child. All he needed was a stern talking to.

“And by the way, someone saw you streaking. There’s a video of your arse going from phone to phone.” Niall added before he turned his back to Louis.

He knew he caught Louis’ attention, not even needing to see him to know exactly what Louis was doing. The older boy’s head snapped up in fear and looked around at the people around him, suddenly feeling enclosed.

“What?”

And then he ran off to find the video.

And Niall went to find Liam and Zayn.

Liam was definitely drunk.

The room wasn’t spinning like he thought it would and it looked nothing like how he thought it would when his primary school had made them wear the blurry goggles to simulate what it was like to walk while drunk. He could see just fine but his body seemed disconnected from his thoughts. His tongue was heavy and took work to actually speak. His legs and his torso were working in opposite directions.

But everything was just so *nice*.

He looked around, his eyes feeling heavy. He tried to reach out for Zayn as he felt himself lose balance again but he just ended up stumbling into a wall. His legs pushed him back so he could lean against the wall, trying to find Zayn amongst the sea of drunk college students but not able to find that familiar dark quiff.

He giggled to himself.

Liam Payne was not known to drink. He was the designated driver. The sober sitter. He had fun just in the presence of the drunk. It was only then that he realized why having drunk was so much fun and he was one hundred percent ready to do it again and again.

This was fun! He was happy and all he wanted to do was hang out with Zayn and do stupid things and hell, why not even hook up with someone? His girlfriend didn’t like him anyways! She was probably off snogging some bloke as he stood there, giggling to himself.

What was so funny anyways? He honestly couldn’t remember. He just couldn’t stop laughing.

“Li?”

Liam opened his eyes. When had he closed them anyways? How funny. And Niall looked just as funny as he was feeling, all red faced with blue eyes and blonde hair that was really blonde, whoa.

“Niall!” Liam smiled, lunging out to hug the blonde with that really… Really blonde hair.

“Where did Zayn go?” Niall asked, moving his arms to help hold Liam up. Liam was grateful for that because then he could let his hands slip up into Niall’s hair and play with the strands, staring at them as though he were mesmerized.

Which he was.

“Lost him.” Liam sighed. “Why are you the only blonde? You’re the only one of us that has blonde hair and it isn’t even natural. It’s so weird.”

“I don’t know, Li.” Niall chuckled, watching his friend in amusement. Dunk Liam was fun. “Wanna go find Zayn so you can do your dare? I have the camera.”

“My dare! Danielle!” Liam exclaimed, memory coming back to him suddenly. “I have to find Danielle! Where is she? Has anyone seen her?”

“Liam-“

Liam pulled out of Niall’s grasp and walked up to the first people he could. They were two girls, talking together over their cups of something that Liam probably didn’t need but wanted anyways. They were giggling when he went up to them.

“Have either of you seen Danielle? I need to see her. We need to talk. It’s important.” Liam explained, probably louder than he needed to be.

The two girls giggled at him.

“Sorry, darling. We haven’t a clue.” One of the girls answered him.

“Oh, thanks.” Liam smiled at them before turning and started calling out loudly. “Danielle! Danielle, we need to talk-“

“Liam!” Niall sighed dramatically, grabbing Liam’s side and holding him upright. Liam didn’t know why. He didn’t feel like he was swaying all of those other times. He felt a little tired, heavy, and his stomach felt so very full. “Liam, calm down. We’ll find her okay? Why don’t we get Zayn first?”

“Don’t want Zayn first.” Liam mumbled, clinging to Niall.

Niall frowned.

“Why not?”

“Don’t wanna hurt his feelings y’know?” Liam slurred, eyes hooded as he smiled goofily at Niall. “He loves me loads.”

Niall paused and looked down at Liam, wondering how the boy had learned that Zayn had loved him and exactly when he had picked up on that fact. Liam could tell too, giggling at the look that came over Niall’s face before touching both of his cheeks with his hands.

“You’re funny.”

Niall gave a soft smile.

“Li… When did you find out about that?” Niall asked, before realizing Liam’s inebriated state and amending himself. “About Zayn loving you.”

Liam snorted.

“He’s obvi… Obvisi… Obvious. Isn’t he?” Liam asked, a dreamy like smile on his face. “He protects me, cares for me, looks out for me. He even defends Danielle for me! He just…”

“He just what, Li?” Niall asked.

“He’s just so nice! I don’t deserve him…” Liam mumbled, nuzzling his face into Niall’s chest.

Niall looked down at him.

“Liam…” Niall started, confusion hitting him like a brick. “Do you… Do you like Zayn?”

Liam squealed in laughter as though Niall had just told the best joke in the world. He pinched Niall’s cheeks playfully, causing Niall to wince, before running his hands through the blonde’s hair.

“You’re funny.” Liam stated once more before he turned to walk off to more teenagers, looking around as though he were lost and making Niall run after him. “Danielle! Danielle-“

“Li! Why don’t we look for her upstairs, yeah?” Niall asked, grabbing hold of Liam again.

Liam nodded and laughed.

“You’re so smart!”

Liam felt Niall put one of his arms around his shoulders so that he had something to hold onto. He was grateful. Something in him was funny, his eyes were heavy and everything was getting so fuzzy. He laughed as he felt Niall’s arm go around his waist, leading him to the stairs and up them. They pushed past people and Liam tried to apologize but he was giggling too much.

Why was it so funny?

Niall was doing an awesome job of leading him. He didn’t know if he could find his way if it weren’t for the blonde. They were moving to where they knew Eleanor’s room was, wondering if Danielle and Eleanor were in there with some other friends. When they got close to the door something overcame Liam and he pushed off Niall, stumbling slightly to the door and going to open it. It was hard, the doorknob wouldn’t turn, or was it turning? Was it locked? His hand felt numb.

Finally he got the door open.

Eleanor rolled over from where she was on top of (straddling?) Danielle. The two girls looked absolutely terrified, Danielle grabbing at her shirt to cover herself. What was it doing off? Why was Eleanor on her like that? Like she was…

Oh…

Oh!

And then Liam was laughing again, holding his stomach as he used the wall as support, his head spinning. Danielle stood up, quickly slipping on her shirt and Eleanor slowly got to her feet.

“Liam… What are you doing here?” Danielle asked softly, thankfully the music sounded far away from Eleanor’s room.

“You two! You two!” Liam sniggered. “You were going to have *sex*!”

Eleanor blushed and sat on the bed, hugging her legs to her chest as she watched the two. Danielle tried to slowly walk up to Liam, wondering what was wrong with him.

“Liam…”

“Hey, Eleanor!” Liam turned his attention to Eleanor who just wanted to disappear. “Did you figure out about that thing she really likes to do? When you put your hand right-“

“Liam!” Danielle yelled, her face flushing hotly.

“Danielle!” Liam grinned, mocking her.

“What is wrong with you?” Danielle yelled again.

“Nothing’s wrong, Dani. Nothing is wrong because everything is so good!” Liam explained. “My girlfriend hates me and she’s cheating on me on my birthday and I’m drunk so everything is really, really good right now!”

“You’re drunk..?”

“Why the hell not? It’s nice. Don’t have to think about the things I need to do tonight. Don’t have to worry about this.” He waved his hand at Danielle and Eleanor before giggling slightly. “Right now it’s just funny.”

“Liam…” Danielle reached out for him, going to touch his arm.

“No!” Liam half yelled and half whined, jerking away from her to plaster himself to the wall even more. “Don’t wanna touch you. Don’t wanna…”

Something was happening. His body was so very heavy and tilting everywhere that he was sure he was about to fall over and just pass out. His stomach was groaning and he could only think about his dare and how he was supposed to tell Danielle exactly how he felt.

But something under all the humor was hurting.

“Don’t wanna be touched when you hate me because I still need to tell you something.” Liam explained.

Danielle brought a hand to her head.

“Stop saying that, Li.” She ordered, pain in her voice.

“But I do need to tell you something-“

“No, stop saying that I hate you!”

“But you do!”

“No, I don’t! I-“ Danielle cut herself off, letting out a strangled noise of frustration. “Liam, you idiot! How could anyone hate you? How could anyone just want to hurt you? Have you really not been able to see what I’ve been trying to do? Are you really that fucking blind?”

Liam went quiet then. His eyes were wide.

Danielle never cussed.

“Liam, I love you! And I know you love me, I know you do, but…” Danielle broke off, looking down and grasping at her hair tightly. “Zayn loves you more than anyone else ever could. More than I ever could. And I know you don’t know it yet, Li, and that’s why I’ve been trying to get you to break up with me but you love him back. You look at him in a way that you would never look at me. But you were so caught up in what we had that you wouldn’t even give yourself a chance at what you really want. Not unless I made you hate me so much there wouldn’t be any lingering feelings for me… And it hurt so much to do that, Li.”

Liam thought she was crying. He wasn’t sure. He could see but he couldn’t really process what he was seeing. It was weird. His stomach was getting worse and he was nervous and scared and he didn’t want to be there anymore.

“How did you know about, Zayn?” Liam asked, the words slurring with the force it took to get his tongue to move.

Danielle laughed through her tears.

“Is the girlfriend the only one not allowed to know?”

And suddenly Liam didn’t feel so good. He didn’t like what was happening so he turned to the door, knowing the way to get outside but feeling like he couldn’t see the way. He felt lost but somehow he managed to make his way, swaying on his feet and feeling like falling over.

He knew he was outside when cool air hit his face and he lost any control of himself.

His mind went black, not knowing what was happening. One minute he was standing and feeling sick and the next moment he was on his knees emptying his stomach with someone holding him around his waist.

Eventually he stopped heaving up nothing. He hadn’t eaten so all he had was dry heaves, saliva pouring out and his stomach hurting even more because there was nothing to get rid of. He could feel tears coming to the corners of his eyes from the pain but it was slowly dissipating and his mind was clearing up.

His stomach felt better. He still felt a little sick but he knew that was just because his stomach was dying to throw up the toxins in his body, waiting for him to eat more to do so. His mind cleared tremendously, no longer in that weird limbo where everything was hilarious.

He looked over his shoulder to see Zayn holding him, whispering soothing words, and drawing circles onto his back.

“Zayn?”

“It’s okay, Li. I got you.”

Liam leaned into Zayn’s embrace, relaxing so that Zayn could hold him up and make him feel better. Just like he always did.

Because he loved him.

But did Liam love him back?

“I’m sorry.”

Zayn held Liam tighter, pulling him back to his chest. They sat awkwardly on the ground. Zayn with his legs spread so Liam could sit in between them, his knees drawn to his chest as he laid his head on Zayn’s chest. Zayn’s arms moved around Liam’s shoulders, running over his arms and through his hair comfortingly.

Liam could have fallen asleep right then, feeling so very tired all of the sudden.

“You have no reason to be sorry, Li. I’m your friend. I’ll always help you.” Zayn explained, soothing Liam easily.

Liam shook his head.

“Not what I’m apologizing for.” He mumbled.

Zayn looked down at Liam, eyebrows knit together in confusion and waited for an answer. Liam took a few deep breaths, still trying to get his body back to its normal state. His mouth tasted bad and was dry and all he wanted was water and then some gum.

“I’m sorry that you love me.”

Liam waited, his head still on Zayn’s chest and not looking up anytime soon. He enjoyed just being in Zayn’s arms and listening to his friend’s heart beat steadily start to pick up and go faster.

“Oh.”

Zayn’s hands faltered, nerves getting to him, and causing him to pull away. Liam let out a small whine in the back of his throat before reaching out blindly and pulling Zayn’s arms back around his shoulders, hugging Zayn’s waist.

“No, don’t do that.” Liam ordered, pouting slightly. “Dani reckons I love you too, but I don’t really know. I’m so confused and still slightly drunk so I don’t even really understand what I’m feeling besides stomach ache but I know that this makes me happy.”

Zayn felt the air catch in his throat. He was frozen stiff, so scared, nervous, but hopeful all at the same time.

“It makes you happy?” Zayn asked.

“You make me happy.” Liam elaborated, causing Zayn’s cheeks to burn. “And I want to make you happy too.”

“What?” Zayn asked, lost to what was happening. Was he dreaming? Was he too drunk to function when he hadn’t even had a drink yet?

“I don’t love you but I want to try. I want to make you feel the way that you make me feel. You’re special.” Liam explained, and in that moment Zayn had never blushed as much before as he had then, turning an inhumane purple. “If you’d let me. If you’d want me to.”

Zayn kissed the top of Liam’s head.

“I don’t think you understand just how much I’d love that.”

Liam sighed in content. The music was still playing and the party was still going but that didn’t matter because Liam finally felt the happiest he had in a long time just by staying in Zayn’s arms.

Then his stomach churned and he groaned.

“Why can’t I just throw up?” Liam whined, eyes shutting in pain.

“You haven’t eaten anything yet, that’s why. It’s also probably why you got pissed so soon. C’mon, let’s get you something so you can throw up and feel all better.” Zayn moved to put one of Liam’s arms over his shoulder so he could start to stand and easily pull Liam up with him.

“I’ll feel all better?” Liam asked.

“You’ll feel so much better, I promise.”

They started towards the front door, ready to go back into the fray of drunken people dancing or acting like complete idiots, when the door opened and Niall and Harry were almost crashing right into them.

“Liam!” Niall sighed in relief, rushing to the boy who looked terrible.

“Hi.” Liam answered weakly, giving a small wave and a half-hearted smile.

“You okay, mate?” Harry asked, slouching slightly so he could try to catch Liam’s eye.

“Feel like shit.”

“He’s been dry heaving.” Zayn explained, shifting Liam on his shoulder. “He needs to eat some food so he can throw up properly.”

“Zayn said I’ll feel better when I do.” Liam stated.

“You will, Li. You’ll feel so much better.” Harry nodded, giving Liam a reassuring smile.

The door opened and a body tumbled right into Harry, knocking him into the ground. The curly haired boy yelped slightly in surprise, barely catching himself on the ground so his face didn’t crash into the deck. He rolled over as the person rolled off of him, finding the person to be none other than Louis. Harry seemed to physically retract, knowing that Louis would somehow blame him for their collision.

But Louis just looked frantic.

“Everyone’s fucking got it.” He pushed himself to his feet.

“Got what, Lou?” Zayn asked.

“Someone saw me streaking and recorded it on their phone and everyone in this fucking house has received it!” Louis cried, worry crossing over his features.

Niall just sniggered while Zayn smirked.

“Is that so bad?” Zayn asked.

“Everyone knows what my arse looks like now! Yes! It’s pretty damn bad, Zayn!” Louis yelled, anger causing his face to flush.

“It’s a nice arse.” Harry mumbled, finally getting to his feet and looking away. Louis was bound to yell at him for even talking about his arse, Harry knew that and it seemed he just couldn’t keep himself from commenting on it.

But Louis only gave him a hard look before turning away with a blush.

“… Thanks.” Louis said quietly. The four other boys all blinked at the eldest boy, wondering if they had heard him correctly over the music. They even glanced at each other just reassure that they had all heard correctly.

Harry stepped towards Louis, hand outstretched to touch his shoulder but stopping just an inch away, afraid of Louis’ reaction if he were to actually touch him.

“Did you just say thank you?” Harry asked, almost breathlessly.

Louis sighed.

“Well, you have good taste so I should just take it as a compliment, right? So thank you! Okay?” Louis sounded weird and Liam honestly didn’t know what it was. He didn’t sound hostile or angry like he usually did when he was around Harry. He was just… Different.

“Yeah… Yeah, okay.”

And as nice as it was it was also really awkward and Liam was feeling far too sick to feel so awkward.

“Harry!” Liam exclaimed, just a tad too loud and ended up startling all of the other lads. “Sorry…”

“Erm, yes Liam?” Harry asked, remembering then just how drunk Liam really was.

“I want you to go next. You need a dare.” Liam stated.

“Li, what about getting you food so you can feel better?” Zayn asked, brushing the fringe off of Liam’s forehead and Liam melted into the touch. Wow, Zayn’s hands were nice and soft.

“Want dares. Want the game. Want fun.” Liam explained in broken sentences, his mind slipping back into that weird haze. It was nicer that time, after all he wasn’t being enveloped in the terrible thought of his girlfriend ending their relationship just so he could be with his best friend.

“Li-“

“Please?” Liam whined softly, looking up at Zayn with wide eyes. Right away he could see Zayn’s resolve break with just one look at his face and he decided that he should do that more often to get the things he wanted. “I want fun.”

Fortunately for Zayn, Harry took the decision from him.

“Louis. I want you to dare me. Fair is fair.” Harry smiled at Louis, and for once it was a real smile. Real in the sense that it wasn’t forced happiness from just getting Louis’ attention. He was genuinely happy and all because Louis had actually been nice to him.

Louis stared.

“I… I don’t know what to dare you to do.” He shook his head, shrugging slightly.

“Ah, come on now, Lou. I got a ton of people in the school to see what your arse looks like and you can’t even think of one dare for me? One good dare?” Harry teased, grinning slightly.

Louis shook his head again.

“I don’t know! Like, the only thing coming to mind is having you steal something and I don’t wanna make you do that!” Louis explained.

“Why not?”

“Because your stubborn enough to want to do it and I don’t want you to go to jail.”

Harry paused, going silent for a moment. Liam watched the two, wondering what was going on in their minds. Why was Louis suddenly caring about Harry and being nice and how was Harry even dealing with the dramatic change?

Harry smirked.

“You think I wouldn’t be able to do it?”

Louis’ eyebrows knit together.

“No, I… I just don’t want you to be a criminal?”

“You’re only a criminal if you get caught.”

“You’re not seriously saying this right now, are you?”

“What would you like me to steal? Some fags? Some condoms?” Harry winked, grinning evily.

“While you’re at it why don’t you just steal some porn too?” Louis asked incredulously, wondering what in the hell Harry was thinking. He couldn’t possibly be thinking of stealing from a store. If he got caught he would not only go to jail, but get kicked out of Uni, *and* lose his hair.

It was all around a bad bargain.

“Alright, you’re on.” Harry nodded.

“What?” Louis asked dumbly.

“I’ll do the dare.”

“No, what, I could have sworn I just heard you say something *crazy*.” Louis reiterated, practically hissing on the last word with the need to let Harry know just how absolutely stupid it was to want to steal from a store.

Was Harry a hidden Kleptomaniac or something?

“I’ll do the dare! Whenever you’re ready!”

All eyes turned to Liam and for a moment he was totally lost as to why. It wasn’t his choice as to if the dare carried on. Harry had chosen his dare and all they had to do was make sure he did it or shave his hair off.

Which made him remember he hadn’t finished his dare. He had left without telling Danielle how he felt and none of them were trying to shave his head off. He guessed it was because he could go back later and try again after Harry’s dare when he wasn’t so scared of going back to see Danielle.

He smiled happily at the boys but they were still staring at him and he was so confused as to why.

But then he thought a little clearer through his drunken stupor and realized that usually Liam would have been the one to speak up in that moment. They were waiting on his cue, as if they were in a play and Liam had forgotten his line. And it kind of irked at Liam that it’s become that bad that they could literally wait for him to argue.

Not tonight. That night Liam didn’t want to be cautious Liam Payne, he wanted to be happy Liam Payne.

“Who’s sober because someone needs to drive.” Liam slurred.

The looks on their faces were comical. They were all so sure that Liam was going to disagree like he always did that they all seemed completely lost without hearing his arguments for why Harry couldn’t go and steal things from a store.

Wow, the night had gotten dangerous.

Harry’s face was bright though when he realized that Liam really wasn’t going to stop him. He was going to do the dare and Liam was going to let him.

Zayn sighed.

“I’m the only one that hasn’t had anything to drink yet. Give me your keys, Lou.” Zayn ordered.

Louis was still looking around as though he were surrounded by crazy people. Liam couldn’t help but giggle at him, having never seen that face on Louis Tomlinson before.

“Have you all gone mad?” Louis asked. Zayn rolled his eyes and let go of Liam so he could reach out for Louis. He grabbed the older boy tightly as Louis fought against him, yelling out reasons as to why it was a bad idea and that he was just joking, but Zayn fought his hand into Louis’ pocket and pulled out the keys to his car. “This is the most stupid idea ever!”

“Well, you *did* think of it.” Zayn retorted with a slight smirk. “Okay, I’ll go get the car. Someone watch Li and get him something to eat, okay? He’s in a lot of pain.”

“Am not.” Liam argued, even though he was.

“Of course not, babe.” Zayn winked and kissed Liam’s forehead again. Louis’ jaw dropped, looking back and forth between the two boys as Zayn walked away, obviously being the only one to not know what had just happened.

“I’ll get you a snack, Li!” Niall announced as Zayn started towards Louis’ car, parked down the road in the long line of cars.

“And I’ll make sure he doesn’t eat it.” Harry smiled, putting an arm around Niall.

Niall grinned.

“What? I can’t get us both a snack? How rude.”

Harry and Niall continued to bicker playfully as they walked back into the house. Louis watched, mouth still hanging open and his face encompassed in complete confusion.

The world swayed and Liam dropped to the ground.

“Whoa, trick floor.” Liam mumbled, patting the deck. Louis bent down next to him and put an arm around him.

“You okay, Li?” Louis asked, pushing away all of his other worries so he could take care of Liam the way Liam would have taken care of Louis. Thankfully Louis wasn’t so pissed that he could actually help.

“The real question is are *you* okay?” Liam asked, giggling again. Honestly, how was everything so funny when he was drunk all the time? His stomach was destroying him and making him sleepy and yet he was still giggling.

“What do you mean?” Louis asked.

“You said thank you.” Liam giggled, shifting to sit comfortably on the ground. “You never say thank you.”

Liam looked up to meet Louis’ eyes for the briefest of moments before Louis looked away. Liam watched curiously, wondering what was wrong with the older boy. Louis was always so sure of himself and had a presence that demanded being seen. He was sassy and fun.

But suddenly he seemed small.

“I can’t change?” Louis asked quietly.

“Of course you can, I just don’t know why you would. You’re Louis Tomlinson. You never want to change for anyone.” Liam explained, words slurring together slightly.

“Well, maybe I need to.” Louis shrugged. “Maybe it’s the only way to finally understand everything and clear the air. Besides, Sty-… Harry is being nice to me. Why should I keep being mean to him? I can see how it hurts him… And sometimes I do hate myself for it.”

Liam’s mouth opened. Louis didn’t like himself? But Louis was the most confident person Liam knew! He believed that he was always right! And yet he had self-doubt?

How?

“What’s going on with you and Zayn?” Louis asked suddenly, taking the attention off himself easily with Liam’s drunken mind. Liam smiled brightly and touched Louis’ face.

“We’re going to get married!” Liam exclaimed. Actually, he didn’t remember that ever happening but it seemed like a good idea so he would ask Zayn as soon as the boy came back from wherever it was that he went. He couldn’t really remember.

“Oh, you’re so pissed right now, it’s great.”

“Hey! We’re gonna get married, Lou! Just you see! You can be my best man!”

“Thanks, Li, but have you even asked him?”

“No, I need to buy the ring first, obviously.”

Louis sniggered, very near to crying because of how hard he was trying to hold back his laughter.

“Oh. Obviously. Yes.” Louis nodded. “But you haven’t even dated.”

“We love each other though, so it’s okay.” Liam stated, effectively getting Louis to calm down.

“Do you though?” Louis asked. “Do you love him?”

Liam grinned and laughed. His stomach felt all nice and lovely and his cheeks were burning and wow, what happened to the stomach ache he had a minute ago?

“Maybe!”

Louis opened his mouth to reply when the door to the house flung open and Harry came out, grinning madly at the two lads on the floor. He waved at them, trying to get them to stand up and come over to him.

“Look at this!” Harry exclaimed, giddy about something. Louis pulled Liam up, nearly stumbling over his own feet because he wasn’t exactly sober either. They made their way to the door that Harry was holding open and looked where the curly haired boy was pointing.

Niall was against the wall, getting snogged to death by another boy whom none of them could identify from the door.

“Whoot! Go Niall! GET SOME!” Louis yelled, letting go of Liam to walk into the house and cheer the blonde on.

Harry practically snorted with laughter, smiling in delight before turning to Liam and helping him stay up. Liam smiled at Harry as a thanks and pat the younger boy’s head. Harry laughed even more and then gave Liam a sandwich that he had made in the kitchen. Liam’s eyes grew in absolute delight and he bit into the sandwich, his stomach immediately calming down and he let out a sigh of relief.

“You’re a good lad, Hazza.” Liam mumbled around a mouth full of sandwich.

“Well, thanks, Liam.” Harry smiled.

“I mean it. You’re a good lad. Everyone sees it.” Liam repeated, taking another bite and wondering just when food started to taste so good.

“Well…” Harry smile dropped a bit. “Not everyone.”

“Yes everyone!” Liam argued, patting Harry’s face. “You’re sad because of Louis but Louis’ being nice because he knows he shouldn’t be so mean to you! He wants to be nice to you now, Hazza, because he knows you ders-desev- darn it, deserve it! You are lovely and just care a lot and now Louis is getting to see it and he knows you ders-“

“Deserve it, yes, you just said that.” Harry nodded, wondering if Liam was even going to remember anything he had done the next day after they had slept.

“Did I?” Liam asked. “Well, it’s true. You’re good and Louis knows it too. Now, smile Hazza. Let me see your dimples!”

Harry couldn’t help but let a big smile take over his face.

“Only if I can be best man at your and Zayn’s wedding.”

“Oh, you have to ask Zayn, I already promised Lou he’d be my best man.”

“Alright, I will.”

“No, wait! You can’t! I haven’t asked him yet! GIVE ME TIME HA- HAR- HARREH.”

And Harry couldn’t stop himself. He broke into hysterical laughter, tears at the corners of his eyes, and holding his stomach in pain.

Harry patted Liam’s back.

They had been in the car, driving into town to find a store open at midnight for Harry to commit his theft when Liam had said that his stomach felt funny. Zayn immediately pulled the car over and just as Harry had pulled Liam out to the side of the road Liam had bent over and started puking out the sandwich he had just devoured.

Liam was calming down, breathing heavily and spitting out any throw up that didn’t make it out. Harry held him close, hand petting Liam’s back as he waited for him to finally finish. Liam sat up and breathed in a deep breath of air.

“Wow, so much better.” Liam sighed, looking more awake than he had since he started drinking.

“Told you, mate!” Harry grinned. “Anything you don’t remember from the night?”

“A lot.” Liam nodded, looking around. It was obvious that sobriety was slowly returning to him. “I can’t remember what happened between the time from of me talking to Danielle and then talking to Zayn. I also can’t remember anything after talking to Zayn either. Where are we?”

“Um, well, uh…” Harry trailed off awkwardly. He should have known that the only reason Liam didn’t argue with him about his dare was because he was drunk off his arse. “It’s time for my dare and I was dared to steal some porn from a store.”

Liam stared.

“What?” He asked, sure he had just misheard Harry.

“Yeah, you said yes to it.” Harry answered.

Liam hadn’t misheard.

“Harry, what the hell? You can’t just become a criminal!”

Harry crossed his arms.

“At least I’m not the one getting married to Zayn, okay?” Harry replied, knowing that Liam would get confused and not understand what happened but it was the only thing he could do to take the conversation off of him.

“What?”

“I’m Zayn’s best man.”

“WHAT?”

“I think a seating change is in order.” Harry said to himself. He walked to the car, leaving Liam on the floor, to push Niall into the middle seat so he would be safely separated from Liam. Niall looked out the window to Liam and then back at Harry, a curious look on his face.

“What happened?” Niall asked.

“Oh, nothing.”

“Are you sure?”

“As sure as you are that the guy you were snogging at the party was nothing.”

Niall blushed a deep scarlet, turning his head away from Harry so the curly haired boy wouldn’t be able to see the blush. It was too late. Harry had caught the blush immediately.

“What’s his name?” Harry pestered, poking Niall’s side and watching the blonde squirm.

“Doesn’t matter.” Niall answered stiffly, turning away. “One minute I was trying to get food and the next he was snogging me!”

“You say that like snogging is a bad thing.” Harry snorted.

“I wasn’t expecting it!”

“But you liked it.”

“I don’t even know who he was.”

Louis turned from the passenger’s seat where he was talking to Zayn to look at Niall and grin. “Josh. His name is Josh Devine.”

“How do you know?” Niall asked.

Louis scurried around and reached into his pocket, fishing in his jeans to find something. His face lit up and he pulled his hand back, holding the paper out for the blonde to take.

Niall took it curiously, opening the paper to read the contents with Harry reading over his shoulder.

“He found me and told me to give you that.” Louis explained.

Niall’s eyes widened when he realized it was Josh’s name and number scribbled out messily on the paper. Harry laughed and watched as Niall started blushing a fierce crimson all over again. Just as Harry was about to tease the blonde again the door opened and Liam climbed into the car.

“Zayn.” Liam stated firmly, easily getting Zayn’s attention. The raven haired boy turned from the front seat to look at Liam.

“Yes, Li?”

Liam took a deep breath.

“I… I know I said some things earlier and I don’t want to take them back but… Zayn, we’re really young and we just- I- we- we shouldn’t be getting married, you know? We should wait until we’re something more, like-“

“Liam.” Zayn interrupted, giving a face that made Harry, Niall, and Louis crack up into hysterical laughter. Zayn was the only one who didn’t know about Liam’s drunken need to marry him, and so he was looking at Liam as though the lad had gone mental. “Are you high right now?”

“No…” Liam answered nervously. “I just don’t think we should get married…”

“We aren’t getting married.” Zayn answered, wondering what in the hell was going on. “Where did you even get that idea from?”

Liam paused. He blinked a few times before slowly looking over at Harry who was smirking hard so he wouldn’t break into laughter again.

“Harry…” Liam warned, just the slightest hint of anger in his voice, but it did nothing to keep the blush of his cheeks which just made Louis, Niall, and Harry laugh even more.

“Right, I’m just gonna drive.” Zayn nodded before putting the car back in drive and starting towards the town again.

Louis turned around in his seat and worked to put his seat belt on securely, drunkenly pulling it just to watch it snap back and laugh. Niall closed his eyes and let his hand tightly hold the piece of paper with Josh’s number on it as he leaned on Liam’s shoulder and smiled.

The car ride was silent for a moment but it was a nice silence. Never before had being in the same car together been so comfortable and peaceful. Harry was grinning like an idiot, Liam looked happy even though he had just been teased, and Zayn looked like he was on cloud nine no doubt because Liam wanted to be with him.

Yeah, it was all really nice.

“So, you’re seriously going to do this?” Liam asked over Niall’s head. “You’re going to commit a felony?”

“You make it sound so official.” Harry smirked.

“Well, if you get caught by the police that will be the only way they’re going to look at what you did. Officially.” Liam answered.

“Yeah, you’re definitely sobering up.”

“Harry.” Liam looked at him firmly, and suddenly Harry felt like a child that had done something wrong and just got caught by his Dad. “You don’t have to.”

“Seriously.” Louis added from the front seat, gaining everyone’s attention. “I can give you another dare; just let me think one up.”

Harry tilted his head slightly, eyes focused on Louis who didn’t move his gaze from the road even though he wasn’t driving. The older lad had spoken so softly to him, so reassuringly that it was so very strange.

A good strange.

“Why are you suddenly being nice to me, Lou?” Harry asked, curiosity unable to be held back any longer. “Why are you suddenly acting like you like me?”

Louis visibly stiffened.

“Just because you hurt me once doesn’t mean I can be an arse all the time.” Louis explained.

Harry kept staring. He knew he probably had a look on his face that made him seem like a serial killer but he couldn’t help it. He was just so fucking confused by Louis all the time. First, he wouldn’t just let what had happened go, no matter how sorry Harry was, and then suddenly he was acting like he was a saint for being nice to Harry when he thought that Harry didn’t deserve it.

It was messed up. Harry had never done anything wrong. He had just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time and because of that everything in his life had fucked up so badly. He was angry. He didn’t let it show but he was so very angry and all because of Louis Tomlinson.

Louis was like the beautiful light at the end of a never ending dark tunnel. Harry kept running after him (because honestly, who wouldn’t want Louis?) but the older boy just kept teasing and hurting him all the time. Harry had never felt like his feelings have been so abused before and enough was enough. He couldn’t take it anymore.

Which was the main reason he had agreed to that stupid dare.

He had never done anything illegal before. He didn’t do drugs, he didn’t cheat off of his exams, and he most definitely did not steal. But then again, he looked around and he realized that Louis didn’t go streaking as a hobby and Niall didn’t lick whipped cream off of Louis’ chest all the time, and Liam didn’t ever confront Danielle. Ever.

He was going to steal porn from a store because it was fair to the lads who had already done their dares, and because Harry needed something to get his blood pumping enough to talk to Louis without letting the older boy interrupt and hurt him anymore. He needed to take charge and just stop letting Louis yell at him for no reason. And Louis needed to be quiet too.

He needed this.

“Harry, none of us will make you shave your hair if you don’t do it.” Louis explained, getting fidgety as Zayn finally drove them into town.

“I will.” Liam answered.

“Ah, good lad there, Liam. Thank you!” Harry smiled happily.

“Liam!” Louis hissed, turning completely around while still in his seatbelt. “You’re supposed to be the responsible one!”

“That’s the old Liam. Besides, Harry wants to do this. Right mate?” Liam asked, glancing over at Harry.

And Harry realized that he really, really did want to.

“Yeah. Yeah, I want to do this.”

“See? He wants to do this. So, if he doesn’t, I will shave his head for him.” Liam explained.

Harry looked over at Liam and smiled. Somehow, Liam understood that Harry didn’t just want to do the dare but he really *needed* to do the dare for some inner reason that he couldn’t tell and without the threat of losing his hair Harry would’ve probably had chickened out.

Liam wasn’t being mean. He was trying to help Harry out.

“You have no place to talk, Liam. From what I gathered you didn’t even finish your own dare.” Louis practically hissed, narrowing his eyes at Liam. “That means we get to shave your head.”

“The night is young, Lou. I have a chance to redeem myself.”

“That’s not how you play the game.”

“Does the game also usually involve theft?” Liam asked, causing Louis to fall silent. “You dared him, Lou. So just shut up.”

Louis looked taken back and Harry honestly couldn’t blame him. Liam was being honest when he said that he was different that night. And whatever it was Liam was becoming Harry liked it.

“Fine.” Louis huffed, arms crossed as he sat back the normal way a person is supposed to sit in a car.

Zayn finally pulled up to a small store. It was the only bright store on the street; sign lighting up that signaled it was open twenty four hours a day. It was a basic store with crisps and candy but it was attached to a pharmacy…

Where there was a cop standing right in front of the counter.

“Harry, you’re going to get caught!” Louis hissed, turning in his seat again.

“Oh ye of little faith.” Harry tsked at Louis as he unbuckled his seatbelt.

“You don’t have to do this! You don’t have to prove anything!” Louis explained.

“Are you worried about me, Lou? How sweet.” Harry chuckled as he got out of the car

“Harry!” Louis called after him.

“Harry.” Zayn interrupted, gaining Harry’s attention. The curly haired boy immediately looked at Zayn who had rolled down his window and waved Harry over. Harry slammed the car door shut and went to the window.

“Yeah?”

Zayn leaned out the window so he was right next to Harry’s ear as he whispered.

“You really don’t have to do this to make Louis like you.”

Harry closed his eyes and nodded.

“It’s not for him. It’s for me.” Harry whispered back.

Zayn pulled away to look at Harry’s face. He was taking in all of Harry’s features and Harry could just tell that Zayn was trying to assess if he was lying or not. Harry looked back, not worrying about what he looked like. Everything he said was true.

He was doing this for himself.

“Alright. Don’t get caught.”

Harry smirked.

“I make no promises, Malik, but do me a favor and don’t be parked here when I come back out. They might take down your license plate number.” Harry stated.

“How are you going to get a ride?” Zayn frowned.

“Meet me at the end of the street. By the looks of that cop he doesn’t have much run in him if he chases me.” Harry grinned and tapped the car lightly with his hands.

“Harry!” Louis called again.

Harry looked over at Louis and caught his blue eyes in a way he had never seen them before. They weren’t sparkling with mischief or anger. They were dimmed with concern and fear. He really was worried about him and that made Harry feel so good to know that Louis really did care.

Harry grinned even wider.

“Don’t you worry about me, Lou. I’ll be back and get my kiss from you for doing a good job.”

Harry winked and then he was walking off towards the store. He didn’t even know what he was doing anymore. His hands were shaking with something and his heart was pounding but he felt so good and excited and *happy* that he suddenly really wanted to steal everything and get caught.

He wanted to be reckless.

The door jingled as he entered and the girl behind the counter immediately brightened. She had been dozing off with her head on the counter, resting on an open magazine, with her phone almost falling out of her hand. She had dark hair with tan skin and she smiled with the whitest teeth Harry had ever seen.

“Welcome.” She waved and Harry gave her a smirk before waving back.

He had to find where the porn magazines were. Practically every store sold them so it really shouldn’t be hard to find.

Harry walked around, looking down the aisle and sparing a nod to the police officer. The man had smiled back and nodded his head before going to lean against the counter and sigh. Harry didn’t blame him; his job was probably incredibly boring. Well, lucky or unlucky for him Harry was about to make it that much more interesting.

Because Harry walked back down the aisle and spotted the porn. Right behind the counter of where the register was.

Fuck.

But just as suddenly as he thought he was screwed a light had turned on in Harry’s head when he saw the microwave on the counter and the cans of food in the aisle.

He turned and grabbed a can of something, not really caring what it was, and hid it from view of either the girl or the police officer as he went to the coffee machine. He made himself a cup and then walked over to the microwave, putting the cup into it along with the can he kept hidden. He closed the door and spared an extra glance at the other two people in the store before making sure to put the machine on for five minutes.

Then he walked to the opposite side of the counter and pretended to look at the candy bars while smirking.

“Boring shift?” Harry asked.

The girl perked up, smiling brightly at him and so obviously checking him out that he knew it all was going to be very easy.

“You have no idea.” The girl sighed.

“Oh?” Harry asked.

“Yeah, I usually don’t get cute boys like you. The ones I get are all drunken assholes who try to take things.” She laughed.

Harry laughed with her.

Because she had no idea what Harry was up to.

“Why do you have the night shift?” Harry continued the conversation, keeping her talking and amused so she wasn’t paying attention to how long the microwave was going. He was happy for his charming nature then, seeing as how the girl who so easily flirting.

It kind of made him feel bad.

He didn’t really have time to ponder that thought because suddenly the microwave was sparking. The girl stopped mid-sentence to look over just as the door to the microwave burst open in a small explosion.

She screamed, watching as flames started to consume the machine and grow. The police officer jumped up and grabbed a fire extinguisher, trying to put the flames out as Harry took the moment to go around the counter, ushering the girl out so she could be safe. As soon as she was around the counter Harry ducked down and went behind it, snatching a magazine and seeing the security cameras under the counter. He took the tape that was recording that night and then stood up.

“Hey!” The police officer yelled, seeing the magazine in his hand.

“Shit.” Harry smirked, heart pounding in his chest. He glanced out the window to see Zayn finally driving Louis’ car away, speeding down the empty street. Harry jumped then, putting his hands on the opposite side of the counter to jump over it and run.

He ran out the door, the jingle sounding out as he did. He heard the jingle again almost immediately after, signaling that the police officer was right behind him. Harry tried to run faster, but he was no athlete.

What if he got caught?

“Harry!” A voice yelled and Harry looked over his shoulder to see Louis running after them. Harry’s eyes widened, wondering what Louis was doing there.

“Lou?”

And somehow Louis was fast, seriously incredibly fast. He caught up to the officer easily and shouldered him down. The police officer lost his balance and tripped over his feet, falling to the ground but immediately got back, running after them all over again.

“Come on!” Louis yelled, grabbing Harry’s hand and pulling him around the corner. Harry didn’t know why, they were supposed to meet the lads at the end of the street, but he wouldn’t say no when Louis had his hand.

As soon as they went around the corner Louis pulled them into an open door and shut it quickly, locking it tightly.

Harry was breathing heavily and he suddenly found his mouth covered by Louis’ hand. They were surrounded by darkness in the small room and it took a few moments for Harry’s eyes to adjust to the dark while they both listened to outside.

There was the sound of footsteps outside their door, running past and then stopping close but not close enough to be scared. They heard huffing and wheezing and then there was a long yell, deep from the man’s throat. Harry tried not to laugh behind Louis’ hand, waiting for the police officer to stop yelling.

He did. Then they heard his footsteps fall away. And then there was pure silence for a good few minutes. Neither of them dared to move and Harry’s breathing was finally getting back to normal.

He could see faintly. He could just see Louis’ face knitted in concern and concentration. His eyes were closed and his ear was pressed to the door, trying to hear if they were truly safe. It was such a cute look on his face.

Harry’s hands were shaking uncontrollably. His heart was still pounding. His body was hot. He felt so alive and strong, like he could do anything in the world, so as soon as Louis pulled his hand away from his mouth he spoke.

“You like me.”

His voice was a soft whisper but Louis still jumped.

“You’re not a total jerk.” Louis answered. “An idiot, yes. And now a criminal. But no, not a total jerk.”

Harry brightened, grinning like mad.

“Is that why you saved me?” Harry asked.

“Somebody had to. You would have been so dead.” Louis explained.

“But why’d you hide us in here, babe? Why didn’t you just bring us to your car where we were supposed to meet up for my steady get away?” Harry smirked, moving closer to Louis and bringing his voice lower, much more quiet in the silent night.

“Don’t call me babe.” Louis ordered.

“Why not? You like me, babe. You’re the one that dragged us into this dark alcove.” Harry continued to press closer, pushing Louis flat against the wall with Harry molded to every crevice of his body. “It seems like you’re trying to seduce me, love.”

Louis looked back at him, something different in his gaze.

“And why would I do that?”

His voice was so soft, so damn breathy against Harry’s chin that he just couldn’t help himself. He leaned down, softly catching Louis’ lip between his own, keeping the touch near feather light as they moved together. All that could be heard was their quiet breathing and all they could feel was the other.

Until Harry pulled away, eyes lidded as he grinned down at Louis.

“You tell me.”

Harry could hear it. He could hear Louis’ breath quicken and he could feel as a small hand was snaking its way into his curls. He could feel a chest pressing against his even more than it already was and then finally he could feel lips connect with his.

Harry put his hands on Louis hips, holding onto them tightly. There was more pressure between their lips than the last kiss but it still moved just as slow.

“Because I’m over the past.” Louis whispered against Harry’s lips.

And then it all broke.

Every last bit of self-control Harry had ever had control of had broken and he was pushing Louis up against the wall painfully. Louis let out a muffled grunt that Harry devoured in his mouth. He licked his way into Louis’ mouth and bit at his lip, digging his nails into Louis’ hips.

“Harry-“

“Stop fucking talking.” Harry growled as he rolled his hips into Louis’. The older boy moaned, letting his head fall back against the wall. Harry took that moment to his advantage, kissing down Louis’ neck hungrily. He finally had Louis.

He had Louis William Tomlinson.

And Louis wanted him too.

Harry bit into Louis’ neck, sucking and licking at the spot so he could properly mark Louis up. Louis was his finally. Finally all his and nobody else’s and he was going to lay claim for everyone to see.

Louis started grinding up into Harry’s hips and he let out a moan along the tan skin he was attacking. His eyes closed for a second before he brought his lips back up to Louis’ and rolled his hips down, harsher and faster.

“Harry…” Louis whispered breathlessly.

Harry smirked and brought his lips to Louis’ ear.

“I’ll have you screaming that in a few seconds.”

Harry pulled Louis’ shirt over his head and tossed it on the ground. Louis shivered slightly but then he reached out for Harry’s jumper, slipping that off easily before going to kiss Harry hungrily. Harry kissed him back, running his hands over Louis’ chest and pinching a nipple.

Louis let out a soft whine that was music to Harry’s ears.

His hands left Louis’ chest and instead slid over his abs, tracing over every hard plane there. His fingers were causing shivers to go up Louis’ spine, especially when they were at the very top of his trousers. Harry’s long fingers slipped their way underneath the material, coming close to the one place Louis wanted to be touched most, before pulling his hands away.

Louis let out a sound of protest before going to Harry’s trousers and pulling them down, hoping that would somehow get Harry to move this along faster. He pulled away from the kiss so he could drop to his knees, mouthing Harry’s clothed erection.

“Yes…” Harry moaned, fingers twining their way into Louis’ soft hair. “You better slick it up, Lou. It’s going in you soon.”

Louis groaned and pulled away to tug down Harry’s pants. Harry sighed in relief once his dick was finally freed and Louis didn’t waste any time. He grabbed the base of Harry’s length and licked the head once before engulfing the whole thing, going down as far as he could and sucking it eagerly.

Harry bit his lip and wished there was a light on in the room so he could see better. He could just make out Louis’ head bobbing up and down on his cock but he craved to see Louis’ mouth taking in his length and blushing just like how he knew Louis to blush.

He changed which hand he had in Louis’ hair so he could bring his fingers into his mouth, sucking them and coating them with as much saliva as he possibly could. Louis was going to need it and as rough as he was at that moment and out of control there was still that Harry deep inside that didn’t want to hurt Louis because he practically loved the other boy with all of his heart.

“Up.” Harry ordered, voice huskier than Louis had ever heard it. “Trousers and pants off.”

Louis left his member alone to stand and get undressed. He practically tripped over his trousers legs in his need to be undressed fast. Finally, he got them off without falling and kicked them out of the way as he connected with Harry again, finding his lips easily in the dark.

Harry slid his hands down to Louis’ thighs, gripping tightly and tugging. Louis caught the message. He wrapped his arms around Harry’s neck and jumped so that his legs wrapped around Harry’s waist, their erections rubbing together quickly until Louis’ own member was sandwiched between them and Harry’s was rubbing against Louis’ arse.

Their moans filled the room as they kept kissing, desperate for each other. Harry reached around with his slicked up fingers and circled Louis’ entrance before slipping inside, causing Louis to bite Harry’s lip with need.

Harry rocked his finger inside of Louis. He moved it around and crooked it, experimenting to see the sounds he could get Louis to make. The best noise was when he added a second finger, hearing some sort of strangled whine while Louis tried to get the fingers deeper inside him. He didn’t have any leverage though and just had to deal with Harry’s speed that he was moving his fingers at, which wasn’t slow. Harry was just as eager as Louis.

A third finger entered and Louis was writhing in Harry’s arms.

“Harry… Please…” Louis panted, trying to get more pleasure but getting neither from his arse nor his dick.

“Don’t be begging so soon.” Harry smirked as he pulled his fingers out, pumping his member once just to make sure it was still sort of lubed up. “I’m not going to touch your prick at all, Lou.”

Louis was about to whimper when it broke into a moan. He let his head fall against Harry’s chest as he felt Harry pushing into him, not slowly but also not fast at the same time. Soon, he was all the way in and Louis was feeling pain from a significant lack of lube but he honestly could have cared less in that moment.

And then Harry started to move.

He brought his hips back and snapped them forward, not going easy. Harry had started to pound inside Louis and all Louis could do was kiss Harry deeply while scratching at the younger boy’s back. Harry was moaning into Louis’ mouth, unable to believe how tight the older boy was and how unbelievably good it felt to be fucking into him.

Harry moved, pressing Louis’ back to the wall so he wouldn’t have to hold him up the whole time. It let him snap harder and reach deeper inside, easily hitting a bundle of nerves that had Louis making delicious little sounds that were a mix of moans and whines while he clawed at his back. Harry pounded into it relentlessly, moving down Louis’ neck and biting at his pulse point.

“Harry. Harry. Harry.” Louis moaned right into his ear, turning him on even more. Harry managed to smirk against the skin.

“I told you.”

His thrusts began to get sloppy, feeling himself so close. So very, very close to release.

“Harry! Harry, please!” Louis moaned. “Need you to touch. Need to cum.”

Harry kept moving his hips.

“Only because you asked so nicely.”

He reached down between them and finally took Louis’ throbbing member into his hand. Louis let out something between a sob and sigh of relief and not long after he was cumming, making the most perfect noises in Harry’s ears and tightening around him so impossibly tight that only a few thrust after Harry was cumming inside of Louis, biting down on his skin as he groaned deep in his throat.

They calmed down, breathing heavily and covered in sweat and cum. Harry gently pulled out of Louis, making very sure not to hurt the older boy, who then carefully took his legs from Harry’s waist so he could stand on his own.

Their faces were still incredibly close and Harry brought their foreheads together.

“I care so much about you, Lou. You don’t know how much you fucking mean to me.” Harry sighed. It seemed that anything that was there minutes ago, relentlessly fucking into Louis, was completely gone. All he had left was caring and adoration and love and damn if Louis didn’t want Harry’s attention then he would just have to get over it. He was getting it anyways.

Harry found some clothes under his feet and smiled, pulling Louis against him and sitting on the clothes on the ground, trying to get them to cuddle.

To his complete amazement Louis turned so his legs were over Harry’s lap and his head was against Harry’s chest.

“I care about you too, Harry.” Louis whispered quietly.

It felt as though Harry’s entire world froze. His heart was pounding and his hands were sweating because Louis really did care about him. Louis… Louis *liked* him!

Not just lust but actual like!

“Harry?” Louis asked, voice suddenly sounding small in a completely uncharacteristic way. Harry nuzzled his nose into Louis’ hair.

“Yes?”

Louis took a deep breath.

“I really do mean it when I say I’m over it but… I just… I just wanna know why, Harry.” Louis explained quietly, sneaking his arms around Harry’s torso and squeezing lightly. “Why would you do that to me?”

And Harry knew what he was talking about. Louis was talking about the reason why Louis had hated him for so long.

The Incident.

“Lou, I’m going to tell you the whole story. I swear, I’m telling the truth. I care too much about you to lie to you, Lou. Really.” Harry answered. “Okay?”

Louis nodded against his chest.

“Okay.”

Harry closed his eyes.

“I was talking to this girl from my class and apparently she was dating some football jerk who thought he was hot shit. And she was flirting with me. So he tried to start a fight but I’m really not a fighter. Sure, I can verbally spare but I wouldn’t punch anyone for something as stupid as a misunderstanding. So… I ran.

“I tried to hide somewhere in the building and I swear, Lou, I didn’t realize you guys were getting ready for the school play to go on in just a few minutes. I didn’t even know we had a play coming up. I was just trying to hide. So I went to the theatre and ran on those railing things that hang above the stage but he followed me anyways.

“As you saw already, I’m not very fast. He was about to attack me when he knocked into a paint bucket and it fell over. As soon as he did that, he ran, afraid of getting in trouble. I looked over and all I saw was you covered in blue paint, looking up at me looking so hurt and angry and… And I didn’t mean for that to happen, Lou. I didn’t mean for you to lose your spot as the lead. God, Lou, I have never felt so bad about something in my life and I’m sorry. I’m really sorry.”

Harry felt so bad. He was hurting all over again because he had learned how much the play meant to Louis. At first, he wasn’t that bothered because that was his first time meeting Louis in his life. But then they had shared a class and realized they were really close mates with Niall, Liam, and Zayn as well and everything had become so weird. Louis held a personal vendetta against Harry for taking the lead role away from him.

Harry’s days were so consumed with guilt it physically hurt.

“I forgive you, Harry.”

At first Harry didn’t believe that he actually heard what he thought he had heard. But then there was the press of lips on his chin, trailing along his jaw line and down his throat and that made him realize Louis had said actually said those words. Louis had accepted his apology.

And he was kissing him.

It was all so unreal, so very hard to believe, that after all that time of dealing with Louis hating him he actually had Louis trailing kisses along his body.

Louis shifted onto his knees, straddling Harry’s legs and kissing him deeply. Harry’s eyes fluttered shut and he let out a soft moan, body enveloped in pure bliss.

“Louis.” Harry whispered.

“Shh.” Louis whispered back. “I want to take care of you now. I want to show you that I really do forgive you. I like you, Harry.”

Harry wanted to cry with each word that fell from Louis’ mouth, unable to truly take in what was happening. But then Louis was slowly and almost lazily rolling their hips together and Harry was moaning while moving his hips up to meet with Louis’.

Louis kissed down Harry’s chest, taking a nipple into his mouth and rolling it around with his tongue. Harry gasped, arms enveloping around Louis and pulling them tighter together, pressing their erections together even closer. They groaned in unison, Louis nipping at the hard nub and getting Harry to rock his hips up higher, getting hard all over again.

“Slow, Hazza. Slow…” Louis whispered soothingly, lightly pumping Harry’s cock. Harry bit back a whimper and nodded.

He could do slow.

Louis smiled and kissed Harry softly, pushing off his knee to set Harry at his entrance. Then he eased himself down, taking all of Harry in slowly and Harry gripped Louis’ hips tightly.

When they were fully connected they paused, panting hard.

And then Louis finally moved, rocking up and down at a soft pace. Harry groaned, both enjoying the pace and hating it. It was nice because he could honestly feel that Louis cared for him (maybe even loved him? Maybe? One day?) and that he was trying to make it special, but Harry just wanted release. He wanted to hurry up and cum.

But for Louis he’d wait.

He pumped Louis’ length in time with their thrusts, kissing him greedily with the need to feel as much of Louis everywhere on his body at the same time.

Time passed by them, making them completely forget about the stupid forgotten porn magazine laying discarded on the ground somewhere in that small room that Harry couldn’t even remember when he had dropped, about their three friends that were undoubtedly worried about their location and if they had been arrested or not, and the stupid game they were playing.

All that mattered was each other.

And so they came again, together. And then they cuddled and whispered and giggled about the most stupid things.

And Harry was the happiest he had ever been in his life.

“Shit, shit, shit…” Zayn mumbled as he listened to his phone ring for the umpteenth time. He had been calling Harry multiple times since he hadn’t met up with them at the end of the street like they had planned while Liam called Louis. Neither of the boys were answering and were nowhere to be seen.

It had been two hours.

“They’ve been arrested.” Niall mumbled, hands in his hair. “All because of a stupid game.”

“They haven’t been arrested, shut up.” Zayn ordered, worry overwhelming him and making him snap at the blonde in the backseat of the car. They were driving back to Eleanor’s because they didn’t know what to do. Their friends were gone and not answering their phones.

And maybe arrested. But Zayn wasn’t going to believe that just yet!

“Louis!” Liam yelled into his phone, jumping and grabbing onto the door. Zayn spared a glance as he looked over and Niall jumped up from the back, grabbing Liam’s chair and bringing his head right next to Liam’s. “Lou, Jesus Christ! Where the hell are you two? It’s been two hours! We thought you were arrested!”

There was silence in the car as Liam listened. If Zayn strained his ears he could hear Lou’s voice but he couldn’t make out the words the older boy was saying. But really, what possible excuse could he have?

Liam blinked.

“What?”

“Put it on speaker, Li! I need to know what happened.” Niall ordered.

Liam dumbly put the phone on speaker.

“I… We… I don’t know how else to explain this, Li…” Louis explained tentatively. There was a scuffle from the phone and suddenly Harry’s deep voice was talking.

“We fucked.”

“Harry!”

“What? They’re gonna know eventually! Have you seen yourself?”

“Whose fault was that?!”

“You were not complaining ten minutes ago.”

There was silence in the car as the two on the phone continued to bicker. Liam’s jaw was dropped and Niall was blinking profusely as Zayn just continued to drive, all of them completely shocked.

They had thought the two were arrested but all they were doing was having sex.

“Thank fucking God.” Zayn sighed, absolutely relieved. All he had wanted was for those two to have good shag and play nice. The fact that it had happened and they hadn’t been arrested was just icing on the cake.

Though he was a bit peeved that they didn’t tell him they were alright.

“Thank God?” Liam asked, voice going into Daddy mode. Zayn immediately shut his mouth.

“Li, at least they’re not arrested.” Niall explained.

“At least they’re not arrested?! Niall! Zayn! We fucking thought they were and we were worried shitless, trying to get in contact with those two to see if we’d have to bail them out, and all they’ve been doing is fucking shagging!” Liam yelled, not so much in anger as much as it was in disbelief that neither of them would call to say they were alright.

“Li, we’re sorry. We didn’t mean to worry you.” Harry amended immediately.

“Yeah, we were just really trying to fix what’s drawn us apart.” Louis added.

Liam took a few deep breaths to calm himself down.

“And did you?” Liam asked, hoping that they really had.

There was a short silence.

“Yeah.” Louis answered, sounding like he was smiling. “Yeah, we did.”

Zayn smiled then, because that was great. He never thought it would ever happen but he was most certainly not complaining then. Hell, he never thought a lot of what happened that night would happen but it did and he loved it. Liam may or may not have loved him and all that mattered was that Liam was willing to try to love him more. Harry and Louis were together. Niall got a guy’s number.

Were they even in the same universe anymore?

“So, where are you guys?” Harry asked, bringing Zayn back to the conversation.

“We were on our way to Eleanor’s to try and figure out what to do about you two being nowhere to be found. We’ll turn around and pick you up.” Liam explained.

“Nah, don’t worry about it. We’ll get a cab and meet you guys there.” Louis answered.

“What? Are you sure?” Liam asked.

There was a pair of giggles on the other side of the phone.

“We’re sure.” The two said in unison, and then they hung up the phone.

Niall laughed, shaking his head as he lay in the back seat, clutching at his stomach. Liam and Zayn looked back at him before falling into laughter themselves, snigger and chuckling, looking anywhere but at each other.

Things were pretty good.

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“I’ll be right back.”

Zayn watched as Liam walked off into the party. He didn’t know what Liam was going to do, maybe finish his dare or maybe just go get a drink. Zayn didn’t want to push into it. Liam was a big boy and could take care of himself. Well… He could, at least, while sober.

“Shit!” Niall moved, grabbing Zayn and hiding behind him. Zayn was completely confused until his eyes scanned the room to spot none other than Josh Devine.

Zayn hardly knew the boy but knew him enough to spot him out in a crowd. It allowed a little smirk to dance its way onto his face.

“Now, Niall, what the hell are you doing back there?” Zayn asked, looking over his shoulder.

“Hiding. From Josh.”

“Yes, I got that, but why?”

Niall didn’t answer, and just gripped onto Zayn tighter as he tryied to peak over his shoulder. Zayn sighed and spun around so that he was facing Niall, putting both of his hands on the blonde’s shoulders.

“Niall Horan, go over there and get laid.” Zayn ordered, causing Niall to look at him with eyes as wide as saucers.

“What?!”

“You heard me!” Zayn answered. “Stop being a fucking pussy and go get laid. Josh is fit, you like him, now stop being afraid and just go for it!”

“What? But…” Niall trailed off, panic overcoming him.

“But what?” Zayn asked.

“But I don’t know what to do!” Niall flailed his hands in front of him. “I don’t know how this works! Is this just a hook up or are we going to date or- or what?!”

Zayn smiled and shook his head. Leave it to Niall, the one out of all of them to give no shits about absolutely anything, to spaz out over the most insignificant facts there were.

“That’s up to the both of you.” Zayn slung an arm around Niall’s shoulder. “Stop being so afraid, Nialler, or else you’re going to stay alone forever.”

Niall bit his lip as he looked at Josh. Josh easily caught Niall’s eyes, smiling and waving at the blonde as he started to walk over. The blonde took a deep breath and Zayn simply grinned at him.

Niall smiled back at him and held out the camera.

“Take the camera, Malik. I’m going to get lucky tonight.”

Zayn laughed and took the camera before giving Niall a pat on the back and pushing him. The blonde stumbled forward and into Josh’s hands and Zayn didn’t sit around to get yelled at, instead he ran off to go hide somewhere far away.

He found Liam in the kitchen.

Liam was leaning against the counter, a bottle of water in his hand as he stared at it. His eyes were in deep thought and Zayn was curious as to what was going through his mind.

“What are you thinking about?” Zayn asked, sliding next to Liam so their shoulders bumped slightly.

“Dares.” Liam answered, bringing the water bottle to his lips and taking a sip.

“Oh really?” Zayn grinned.

“Well… I’m really thinking about my dare specifically and how I’m not going to be able to do it anymore. I’m going to get my hair shaved off.” Liam stated.

“No, Li, we don’t have to do that.” Zayn rushed to answer. “That was a shit dare and it was shit of me to dare you with it-“

“I want to.” Liam interrupted.

Zayn paused.

“What?”

“I want to get my head shaved.” Liam smiled. “Or, at least, I want to if…”

Zayn watched Liam intensely.

“If..?”

“If I challenge you and you successfully do the dare.”

Zayn stared, eyebrows knit together as he took in Liam’s words.

“Li, if I went up to Danielle and told her how I feel about her it wouldn’t be pretty.” Zayn explained, causing Liam to laugh. His eyes squint together in the exact way Zayn absolutely loved and he held his stomach.

“No, Z…” Liam breathed deeply, calming himself down. “The dare was to go up to the person you love so ‘f-ing’ much and tell her just how you feel. Well, I’m here Zayn. Will you tell me how you feel?”

Zayn looked like a deer caught in headlights. He felt all the air leave his lungs and he was suddenly so very nervous. Liam was looking at him with those big, brown, deep eyes of his and Zayn knew that Liam could see into his soul and see every part of Zayn that there was to see.

He was so scared.

“You… You know this would be my dare, right?” Zayn asked nervously.

Liam smiled and reached across Zayn, their hands touching just the slightest as Liam plucked the camera out of Zayn’s hands. He turned on the camera and put it to his eye, aiming it at Zayn as he kept smiling at the darker haired lad.

“Then it’s your dare.”

And suddenly, Zayn wasn’t so scared anymore.

Maybe it was because the camera was blocking off his complete view of Liam or maybe it was because he really did love Liam more than anything or maybe it was because it was his dare and he didn’t want to lose his hair.

But he couldn’t stop the words spilling out of his mouth.

“I love you, Liam Payne.” Zayn stated, amazed by how incredibly easy it was to say that when he was hiding it all this time. “I love everything about you. I love how your hair style never stops changing and your big dark eyes and how you look like a puppy but you can be so incredibly hot at the same time and how much you care and yeah… I really just love you.”

Liam took the camera away from his face and he was smiling at Zayn like the happiest lad in the universe. It made Zayn’s heart skip a beat and it hurt but it felt so, so nice.

And then the most amazing thing ever happened.

“I love you too.”

Zayn couldn’t hear, couldn’t see, and couldn’t think. All that mattered were those four words going through his head on reply and trying to make him actually grasp the concept…

That Liam loved him.

Liam held the camera out and pointed it at them as he leaned in and kissed Zayn so softly he hardly felt it, but it was so nice. It was nice and lovely and perfect and it was just everything in the world Zayn could have ever wished for.

He smiled into the kiss and kissed him back.

“I love you too.”

--

Later on into the party Zayn had found Harry.

The curly haired boy had apparently detached himself from Louis so they could find the other lads faster. On the way he had one too many drinks. He was smiling broadly and tackled Zayn in a hug as soon as he saw him.

“Zayners!”

“Hazza!”

“I missed you!”

“I missed you too!”

Zayn laughed as he held the curly haired lad.

“Good night, Hazza?”

“Best. Night. Ever!” Harry cheered, raising his beer in the air. It got a few other cheers from the teenagers around them which just made Zayn laugh even harder.

“I guess this means your sex was good?” Zayn asked.

“Good? Have you seen Louis? It was amazing!” Harry answered. “You should see him now! Look! Go look!”

Harry shoved Zayn, making Zayn hit into someone. He let out a quick apology to whoever that was and turned back to Harry.

“And how am I supposed to find him, Haz?”

“Use your eyes. Duh, Zayn!”

And as though the conversation was over even when it wasn’t Harry had walked off, leaving Zayn laughing. It didn’t matter how stupid Harry was being. He was drunk and adorably happy and all because the not-so-little idiot was in love and that was great.

Zayn realized then just how painfully sober he was then by being with such a drunk Harry. He had to fix that if he wanted to have a good time that night. So, he made his way into the kitchen, grabbed the first bottle of something that looked strong, and chugged it.

It burned and he winced, the taste bitter in his throat, but he didn’t care. The only thing he cared about was just how happy he was.

“Zayn!”

Zayn turned in time to get yet another tackle hug yet this time from a very shorter lad with larger biceps and feathered hair. He squeezed Zayn tight and bit into the boy’s shoulder.

Louis looked an absolute mess.

His hair was disheveled and there were love bites littering his neck. He was wearing Harry’s jumper which was too long and baggy for him but his smile was so bright that Zayn was able to look past all of that and just focus on his friend.

“Good night, Lou?”

“Why do you ask, Zayners?” Louis grinned.

“I take the use of the name ‘Zayners’ as a clue that it’s good night.” Zayn chuckled, getting a laugh out of Lou.

“I think it’s fitting.” Louis replied.

“Of course you do, you’re drunk.” Zayn snorted.

Louis only smirked.

“Oh, Zayners, and you aren’t happy? Now that Li is all yours and not hers anymore?” Louis asked, pointing over his shoulder.

Zayn turned to see what Louis was pointing at. It was Liam and Danielle. The two were leaning against the wall, talking to each other and laughing. A twist of jealousy warmed its way into Zayn’s stomach before he saw Danielle’s arm sneak around Eleanor’s waist (who he hadn’t even realized was there) and pulled her close to her chest.

“He really is mine, isn’t he?” Zayn asked, happiness blossoming in his stomach in a way he had never felt before. The realization that Danielle was finally and completely no longer an obstacle to keep him away from Liam and that the two exes could actually stay friends was amazing.

Zayn watched as Harry snuck up behind Liam and put him in a headlock. A smile appeared over the dark haired lad’s features.

“Well, don’t sound so smug.” Niall’s voice ordered. Zayn turned around to see not just a disheveled but blissed out Niall standing with his own too-smug look but also a very happy and disheveled Josh Devine, grinning like an idiot with his arms wrapped securely around Niall.

It shocked Zayn in all the right ways.

“I’m sorry, is only one of us allowed to be smug?” Zayn asked, raising his eyebrows in amusement.

“Yes, and I so call having that right considering my new boyfriend here.” Niall grinned, looking back at Josh who gave a small wave.

“Hi.”

“Hi Josh.”

“Anyways, I plan on getting pissed off my arse but I can’t exactly do that without knowing who won the pot so I think it’s about time we gather together and watch this video.” Niall explained, rubbing his hands together eagerly.

“What video?” Josh asked curiously. “What pot?”

“Oh, we were playing a game called Triple Dog.” Louis answered, causing Josh’s eyes to widen.

“You guys played Triple Dog? That’s so sick!”

“How do you know what Triple Dog is?” Louis whined.

“Your dare wasn’t to have sex with me, was it?” Josh asked suspiciously, looking at Niall who just smirked.

“It should’ve been.”

Zayn laughed before turning around to Liam and Harry. He waved at them.

“Li, Haz! C’mon! We’re going to choose the winner of the game!” Zayn called out over the music.

“What game?” Danielle asked loudly as she and Eleanor walked with Harry and Liam.

“Triple Dog!”

Suddenly there was the sound of increased talking all around them and they could distinctly make out the words ‘Triple Dog’ being said over and over again by their classmates. It made them all a little nervous at first, but then they relaxed because they just didn’t care.

Considering the dares they had done that night, why should they?

“Excuse me, will somebody explain why everyone knows about Triple Dog except for me?” Louis asked.

“Because you’re too beautiful.” Harry answered, hugging Louis close and kissing him. The older boy blushed but decided against saying how Harry’s words didn’t really make sense because it was charming and Harry was kissing him and that was all that really mattered. Right?

“Everyone loves Triple Dog! They’re probably upset that they didn’t get to see the dares.” Eleanor explained, smiling brightly.

“Who’s to say they can’t?” Danielle asked, taking the camera out of Liam’s hands. “We could hook this up to the flat screen. If that’s okay with you guys?”

Harry and Louis pulled apart from their kiss to smile at her.

“Yeah, I don’t mind.”

“Everyone’s seen my arse anyways.”

“And my dare was pretty awesome so I don’t care.” Niall shrugged.

Liam looked to Zayn and he blushed.

“It’s not like I’m ashamed of what I did…” Zayn trailed off.

“Me neither.” Liam smiled, talking about their new relationship and not the dare, though nobody else really understood that. It still made Zayn’s stomach burn happily.

“Awesome! El, hook this up please babe?” Danielle asked. Eleanor kissed her cheek before taking the camera and running off to the flat screen. Danielle beamed at her and then lured the boys to the living room. She gave the boys a wink before standing on the glass table sitting in the middle of the room. “Bitches, it’s time to listen up!”

The party quieted down and even the music was lowered.

“Tonight five brave lads dared to play a game. A game we all love! You know what it is!” Danielle called with a smile.

“Triple Dog!” Every person in the room cheered. Zayn looked at them all in shock, unable to believe what was happening.

What had happened to their small party and how had they gotten there?

“They recorded the dares and we’re going to play them now! Are you ready to pick a winner?” Danielle called, waving her arms to encourage them all to cheer. The lads joined in with the crowd, cheering and laughing as they watched the flat screen behind Danielle turn on.

The screen was blue for a moment, showing nothing, but then a picture of Louis looking nervous with a towel around his waist came on and there was cheering.

*“Fuck.”*

*“Fuck, fuck, fuck.”*

*“What are you waiting for Lou? The battery to die?”*

*“Fuck you. You know I live here, right? You know every fucking person on this street knows who I am and if they see me running around naked then I’m screwed?”*

*“Then run fast.”*

Louis rolled his eyes and bit his lip.

Eleanor went to Danielle who whispered something in her ear. Eleanor gave her a curious look but then walked off.

*“Go, Lou!”*

*“Niall, be quiet!”*

*“Well, well! Boys and girls, look at the show! The Tommo is running down the runway in absolutely nothing but his birthday suit, hand crafted by his very own parents!”*

*“I swear to God, Zayn Malik, you better not choose me to dare you!”*

*“Wasn’t planning on it, sweetcheeks!”*

Louis’ dare had finished and there were many catcalls. He took that moment to smirk and pull his pants down, mooning the room just for the hell of it. Harry let out a bark of laughter and slapped his ass, just to make sure nobody else did.

*“Is your body ready, Tommo?”*

At that and the sight of Louis covered in whipped cream on the screen a majority of the girls in the room started screaming in excitement.

*“My body is cold. Hurry up so I can put some clothes on.”*

Josh watched the dare with his mouth slowly falling open. He looked over to Niall who looked sheepish and didn’t quite know what to say until Josh spoke.

“Can we try that? God, you look so hot licking that off and I want my turn.”

Niall laughed.

“Yeah, alright, just find some whipped cream.” Niall winked.

*“Harry!”*

The screen cut to Harry standing outside of their car. Zayn hadn’t realized it but Niall had started recording then in the backseat of the car.

*“Don’t you worry about me, Lou. I’ll be back and get my kiss from you for doing a good job.”*

The camera watched Harry for the whole scene. People watched on, confused as to what it was that Harry’s dare was, until they saw the explosion. There were shouts of joy but then Louis’ voice was clear through the speakers.

*“What a fucking idiot!”*

*“Lou, where are you going?!”*

*“Well, someone needs to save his arse! You guys better get going!”*

*“Lou.”*

Harry turned to Louis with a soft smile. Louis just kissed him on the cheek.

*“Then it’s your dare.”*

Zayn blushed as he saw himself come onto the screen. It was true that he wasn’t ashamed of what he had said but he was slightly embarrassed that everyone would hear what he said and know how smitten and incapable of being witty while romantic he was.

Liam beaming at him was the only thing that kept him from unplugging the camera.

*“I love you, Liam Payne. I love everything about you. I love how your hair style never stops changing and your big dark eyes and how you look like a puppy but you can be so incredibly hot at the same time and how much you care and yeah… I really just love you.”*

There were ‘aw’s as people stared on. A lot of the girls were squealing at their kiss while their own friends were cheering. Louis was shaking Zayn’s shoulders and Harry had slung an arm over Liam’s shoulder.

*“I love you too.”*

The camera went off and Danielle jumped back on the table.

“Well, I’m pretty sure we all know who won but just in case let’s hear it! Shout his name, guys” Danielle ordered, yelling as loud as she could.

Zayn watched around him.

“Harry!”

“Harry!”

“Harry Styles!”

“The curly haired guy!”

They were laughing and Harry was blushing. He had never been so embarrassed and yet pleased with himself at the same time as Louis curled his body around Harry just to show their friends and classmates that Harry was his and nobody else’s.

“You got to keep your notebook.” Louis whispered into Harry’s ear, leaning up on his toes. “What was even in that thing, you’re never seen without it.”

Harry blushed even more then.

“Erm… Songs…” Harry trailed off, looking one hundred percent embarrassed. It made Louis smile. “Songs that I, erm, you know, wrote.”

Louis blinked.

“You wrote?”

Harry bit his lip and nodded.

“About you.”

But before Louis could say anything else Danielle was shouting again.

“That’s what I thought!” Danielle called happily as she spotted Eleanor and waved her over. “The only problem is one of the boys weren’t able to go through with their dare! Liam Payne! Are you ready to be shaved?”

There were cheers as Danielle held out a hand towards Liam. The boy smiled and nodded his head, grabbing her hand tightly. Danielle smiled happily and pulled Liam to the table, sitting him down on it as Eleanor plugged in the razor and held it up.

“Who do you want to do it, Liam?” Eleanor asked.

“Zayn.” Liam answered immediately.

Zayn walked up to Liam and took the razor dumbly. He was actually quite fond of Liam’s hair and didn’t want to see it go. And he was so confused as to how Liam could just be okay with losing all of his hair.

So he leaned into Liam’s ear and whispered.

“Are you sure? Li, you don’t have to do this…”

And then Liam looked up at him. Their eyes caught each other and that was a moment of just such pure understanding that there was no way Zayn could believe that Liam didn’t want his hair cut. It was obviously something that meant something so much more than what it actually was.

“More than anything.” Liam answered back quietly.

Danielle sat down next to Liam and held his hand. Zayn watched, amazed, because he was in love with Liam Payne and shaving his head and Liam loved him back and he was holding hands with a girl that loves another girl in front of a giant crowd and-

And wow.

He had never been happier.

So, he shaved away the old to make room for something new. What that was, nobody ever really knew with Liam.

Because Liam was strange. But he was also Zayn’s.

And that was all that mattered.