

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/3219338) at <http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/3219338>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	One Direction (Band)
Relationship:	Harry Styles/Louis Tomlinson , Zayn Malik/Liam Payne
Character:	Liam Payne , Zayn Malik , Niall Horan , Josh Devine , Harry Styles , Louis Tomlinson , Nick Grimshaw
Additional Tags:	Daddy Kink , Bottom Louis , Top Harry , Caring , Bathing/Washing , Vibrators , Prostate Massage , Rimming , Desperate Louis , Fluff and Angst , Angst and Porn , Light Bondage , Light Dom/sub , Light BDSM , Light Angst , Porn With Plot , Larry Stylinson Is Real
Series:	Part 4 of Perfect Match Series
Stats:	Published: 2015-01-23 Words: 5247

A perfect match (pt.4)

by [itslarrybitch](#)

Summary

Louis quits his job, Harry's there to calm him down.

Notes

Hiiii. I haven't updated anything in ages, I'm sorry! This took me ages bc I just kept getting distracted by work and other things in my life, so again, I'm really sorry, but hopefully this was worth the wait. Part five will probably be pretty long and will be the final installment to the Perfect Match series, but I'm not sure when I'll get that done.

I didn't really plan on getting so carried away with an actual plot, but I guess it has one now. I won't let it distract from the relationship though, that's obviously the main focus. Please let me know what you thought? Thank you so much for all the positive feedback so far!

Tumblr: <http://lovingpizza-andlarry.tumblr.com/>

two weeks later...

"Mr.Tomlinson, please, come in," Mr.Peters says, sitting down behind his desk, smiling. Louis closes the door and sits at the chair before the desk, slightly nervous.

"Is everything alright?" He asks and Mr.Peters shifts in his chair, smoothing his tie down.

"Mr.Tomlinson, it's come to my attention, and some of the parents, that you are in a relationship with a man," he begins and Louis shrugs, nodding.

"Yeah, we started dating around- well, about three and half months ago?" Louis guesses, thinking back and nodding to himself, deciding that's about right.

"Yes, well, there's been some... Concerns? About your sexual orientation," he says and Louis bristles, frowning.

"How do you mean?"

"You see, children are very impressionable, and with how young they are, the parents worry," he explains and Louis' frown deepens.

"In what way am I giving them any kind of negative ideas?" Louis questions, feeling his body go tense.

"Please don't take personal offence, Mr.Tomlinson, the concern simply comes from the fact that we don't wish to give children the idea that your relationship is the 'norm'," he says calmly, folding his hands on the desk.

Louis can't believe what he's hearing. This is the 21st century for fuck's sake. It never even occurred to him people would have a problem with this, he keeps his private life private, the most he's revealed is holding Harry's hand as they walk back to his car, but that's after he's finished work, he tries to remain professional during school hours.

"What I do in my private life is no one's business," Louis says, trying to keep his voice level, but he can feel the anger inside him building.

"Of course, Mr.Tomlinson, absolutely, but that doesn't distract from the fact that it hasn't escaped the notice of some of the parents in the school."

"Have any of the kids said anything?" He gets out and Mr.Peters shrugs, taking a sip of water.

"That's irrelevant, just be glad they haven't yet. At the end of the day, it's the parents I care about, and if they're telling other people they worry about the nursery teacher in my school, then I've got a problem," he says and Louis swallows thickly, shaking with the effort to suppress his anger.

"This is offensive," Louis manages, shaking his head, "I can't believe you're saying this to my face."

"Mr.Tomlinson, please, calm yourself. To be honest, if you were teaching the older children, perhaps in the secondary school, then this probably wouldn't be a problem. At that age, they're old enough to make their own decisions without feeling influenced by what they see around them, but at such an impressionable age, it's questionable as to whether we want children exposed to such things," he replies, meeting Louis' furious gaze, completely blasé.

"*What* things?" Louis seethes.

"You know what I'm referring to, Mr.Tomlinson."

"How would it be any different if they saw me with a woman? They see their parents with the opposite sex all the time, just because they see one same sex couple doesn't mean they're going to suddenly think they're gay," Louis argues, shaking his head in disbelief.

"The point is that the parents don't want them to contemplate the idea that there are other possibilities until they're in the right mindset to do so," he says and Louis is genuinely stunned into silence.

"You know this is homophobia, right?" He says quietly, but he knows Mr. Peters has heard him, because he sits back in his chair, sniffing.

"People are so quick to pull the homophobia card these days, everybody's far too PC, but honestly, I don't think I'm being unreasonable," he replies, shrugging. Louis wants to deck him, he really does.

"I don't- I... So what do you want me to do about it?" Louis asks, still completely taken aback.

"Well we'd prefer it if your partner-

"Boyfriend," Louis cuts in and Mr. Peters sighs, but continues.

"If your boyfriend didn't pick you up on site," he says and Louis shakes his head, laughing incredulously.

"You're asking me to hide the fact I'm in a relationship?"

"Stop being so dramatic," he scoffs and Louis finally snaps.

"*Dramatic?*" He repeats, voice rising, "you want to see dramatic? How about I quit," he says and Mr. Peters frowns, holding his hands up in what he hopes to be a placating gesture.

"Now, Mr. Tomlinson, please, calm down. You know the children adore you, you're a valued member of our staff and-

"Valued member? With all due respect, Mr. Peters, I don't exactly feel very *valued* when I'm being subjected to homophobia," he says and the man sighs.

"Honestly, I thought you'd be more understanding-

"This is a joke, I'll be handing in my letter of resignation and expect my latest P45 as soon as possible," he says, standing from the chair.

"You need to give two weeks notice before-

"I swear to God, if you finish that sentence I-" Louis cuts himself off, trying to control his emotions, which feel like they're boiling over.

"I'm sorry you feel this way, Mr. Tomlinson-

"Yeah, me too, I'm sorry that I still live in a world where I can't be who I am, I'm sorry I have to live with homophobic assholes like you," Louis says before leaving the office. He doesn't talk to anyone as he leaves the building, avoiding Eleanor's (teacher of year three and a close colleague) concerned look.

He gets in his car, slamming the door, breathing heavily. His fingers are shaking as he dials the number he knows by heart now. He answers on the second ring.

"Louis? Are you on lunchbreak? Want me to come and take you out?"

"Harry I-" His words catch in his throat as he tries to work past his anger, feeling his stomach turn.

"Sweetheart? Is everything okay? You sound tense..." Harry says, worry laced in his words. Louis swallows.

"Are you at home?" He manages to get out and he hears the shuffling of papers from the other line.

"Yeah, I'm in the office, just dealing with some paperwork, do you need me to come and pick you up?" He asks and Louis shakes his head, before remembering he's on the phone and Harry can't see him.

"No I- Can I come round?"

"Course, Lou, I'll make some lunch for when you get here, alright?" He asks and Louis takes a deep breath.

"I'll see you in ten," he agrees, before hanging up.

By the time Louis arrives at Harry's house, he's completely worked himself up thinking back over his conversation with Mr. Peters. He's impatient as he knocks on the door, probably knocking too many times for it to be polite. When Harry answers, dressed in sweats and a t-shirt, hair loose and brushing his shoulders, Louis almost shivers in relief. Harry is instantly worried though.

He knows what Louis looks like when he's stressed, he can see it in the set of his tense shoulders and his fingers, which are clenched into fists at his side. His eyes are restless and he's worrying his bottom lip between his teeth; all signs that tell him Louis' distressed.

"What happened?" He breathes out and Louis shakes his head.

"Can I come in?"

"Yeah, yeah," Harry says, stepping to the side to let Louis past, closing the door. Louis' dressed in black skinnies and a plain white t-shirt, black and white checked plimsolls on his feet, which he kicks off as he comes in. Louis would have to wear a suit if he were teaching in secondary school, but it's a lot less formal when it's nursery. He often comes home covered in paint and glitter, tired but happy.

Louis looks anything but happy right now.

"I quit my job," Louis says when he's sat at the island in Harry's kitchen. Harry stops stirring the soup he's making and turns to Louis, surprised. Louis loves his job, working with children is his dream, he doesn't understand why he would have quit so randomly.

"I don't-"

"They called me in today, to the headmaster's office and like, I thought maybe we were going to discuss some changes to the school or whatever, but he- he just-" Louis struggles for words he's so angry, shaking his head. "Fucking- told me the parents were 'concerned' about being around someone who was- who was-"

"Louis, sweets, I think you need to calm down, you're not making any sense," Harry says and Louis shakes his head, struggling to focus.

"He said the parents had- they'd complained about you holding- holding my hand and- the children are at an 'impressionable' age and- I don't- I-"

"Louis, Louis, baby, please, calm down, you're working yourself into a state," Harry says switching off the hob, coming round the island, turning Louis so he's facing him, stood between his legs as he sits on the stool. He cups Louis' cheeks and brushes his hair out of his face, kissing the corner of his mouth, but Louis refuses to relax.

"I can't- I can't-" Louis gets out desperately, eyes wide with panic. "I don't have a job anymore and I- I- what am I going to do I just- Harry, fuck, please," Louis begs and Harry can't stop running his hands over Louis, along his cheekbones, down the side of his neck, treating him like he's made of glass.

"Shh, shhh, it's okay, we're going to go to my room, alright? Gunna try and calm you down, hm?" Harry asks and Louis lets out a tense breath, nodding. Louis allows Harry lead him to the bedroom, still trying to empty his mind; he can feel a headache building right behind his eyes. He bites his lip, trying so hard to relax he manages to work himself up even more. "Louis, please, you're going to hurt yourself, just focus on doing what I say, alright?" Harry asks, speaking slowly so Louis doesn't miss anything.

He nods, taking some more breaths.

"Can I- am I allowed to...?"

"Of course, love, go ahead," he says, voice filled with care and affection, everything Louis craves, needs.

"Daddy, please," he whispers, so quietly Harry wouldn't have heard it if he wasn't so close, but he does. It always starts like this, with Louis being quiet; shy. Harry has to coax him into it, get him to relax enough to let go and give into his desires. Louis sometimes gets embarrassed, he worries that he's not normal for wanting these things, so it's important Harry doesn't rush him, or make him feel pressured into getting to the stage where he feels relaxed enough be vulnerable around Harry.

Because that's what it is, plainly. Louis doesn't like being vulnerable, it's hard to show someone a side of yourself you don't let anyone else see. Harry will never stop being grateful that Louis trusts him enough to be like this with him; to let Harry take care of him. It goes both ways though, Louis feels so lucky he's found someone who understands what he needs, who doesn't make him think about what he wants because he knows before he's even thought it.

Louis loves that he doesn't even have to think, Harry understands him implicitly. He knows when Louis needs affection and encouragement and he knows when he needs an edge or firmness and authority. He doesn't abuse his position either, he's kind and gentle, something Louis finds far more attractive than he should. Nothing gets him harder than when Harry just cares for him, makes him feel safe and looked after.

Harry comes forward and tugs Louis' t-shirt off before undoing his jeans, letting Louis push them down and kick them away. Louis shivers when Harry runs his hands over his skin, humming in appreciation.

"So soft for me, baby, so perfect," he says gently and Louis feels like he's going to collapse, because he *needed* to hear that; to hear that he was Harry's perfect boy.

"Yeah, your good boy," Louis mumbles, closing his eyes as Harry kisses his neck gently, always so delicate and tender. Louis just wants Harry to take care of him, he just wants Harry to make him lose himself.

"Gunna take care of you," Harry promises, guiding Louis back to the bed, laying him down carefully on top of the sheets.

"Please, Daddy, want that," he breathes and Harry's heart clenches hearing the name he loves coming from Louis' lips. Louis tugs at the hem of Harry's t-shirt and he obligingly pulls it off for him, smiling down fondly at his boy, kissing him for the first time since they entered the room. Louis hums happily, running his hands over Harry's bare skin, fingers tracing his spine before tangling in Harry's curls, pulling just a little as Harry licks into Louis' warm mouth.

"Wanna try something different today, gunna get you to let go completely, yeah?" Harry says, slightly out of breath when he pulls back, leaning down and sucking one of Louis' nipples into his mouth, causing the smaller boy to keen, arching his back, pressing Harry's head closer. Harry loves how responsive he is.

"Uh huh, anything you want, Daddy," Louis breathes, eyes fluttering in pleasure, making him look so beautiful.

"So," Harry presses a kiss to Louis' cheeks, "pretty," he says and Louis' blushes with happiness, a little flustered with all the attention. Harry knows Louis' still thinking about what happened earlier, he knows he's still consciously making an effort to relax, and Harry wants to just let go completely, he wants to be able to take care of Louis the way that he should.

Harry knows Louis' got this listed as something amber, meaning he's not completely sure about it, but Harry thinks it's just because Louis' never had it done well before. When Harry kisses his way down Louis' chest, over his soft tummy, licking over the V-line on his slim hips and down his incredible thighs, parting his legs as he lies flat on his stomach, Louis tenses.

"D-Daddy, what are you doing?" He asks nervously as Harry kisses the inside of his thighs, sucking lovebites into the sensitive skin.

"Shhh, baby, promise you'll like it, be good for me, yeah?" He asks and Louis swallows, because he doesn't like feeling so exposed. He trusts Harry unconditionally, but it's still hard for him to bare himself like this. He tries to close his legs, swallowing back his anxiety.

"I- I- Can we talk about this?" Louis whispers softly, worried he'll disappoint Harry, biting his lip. Harry sits up, running his hands over Louis' thighs, stroking softly, soothing his nerves.

"What's wrong, kitten?" Harry asks him and Louis shivers, flushing, squirming under all the attention.

"I just- Like, is it hygienic?" Louis gets out and Harry sits back a little, frowning.

"Louis, I- Have you never done this before?"

"Well I- I just never thought I'd like it so I put it down as amber... None of my Doms ever really wanted to do things for me," Louis says quietly and Harry's face softens, his hands coming up to cup Louis' cheeks.

"We don't have to do this if you don't want to, love, but you might like it, I just want to help you relax," Harry tells him, kissing him softly for a moment. Louis closes his eyes, kissing Harry back, loving the feel of their lips moving together, perfectly in sync. Harry pulls back and Louis speaks.

"Okay but, like, if I don't like it, can we stop?" He asks and Harry gives him a warm smile, nodding, pressing his lips to Louis' forehead. Harry goes to move back down Louis' body but Louis tightens the grip he has on Harry's curls and he looks up, concerned. "Can you- Can you tie my wrists?" Louis asks and Harry nods.

"Course, baby boy," he says, planting a tender kiss to Louis' shoulder before leaning over to his bedside table and grabbing a random headscarf, reaching up to tie Louis' hands above his head. "You gunna keep still for me, love?" He asks and Louis nods. "Words, Lou."

"Yeah, gunna be good," Louis breathes out and Harry kisses him once more before moving back down Louis' body, pushing his thighs apart gently, laying down on his front. Louis closes his eyes, tense with anticipation.

"Relax, Lou, promise I'll take care of you," Harry says and Louis nods, focusing on the feel of Harry's hands on his heated skin. Harry gently runs a wet finger over Louis' entrance, causing the smaller boy to jump a little. "S'okay, baby, doing really well," Harry encourages, and Louis knows he's not even really done anything yet, but he's so grateful that Harry makes sure to talk him through this.

When Harry licks the first strip over Louis' hole, Louis chokes on his breath.

"I- Fuck, God," Louis gasps, leaning up to look at where Harry's head is between his legs. Harry sits up, giving him a pointed stare.

"Think I'm gunna have to tie your hands to the bed, baby," Harry says softly, grabbing another strip of soft material. Louis whines low in his throat as Harry ties his bound hands to the post with the other scarf. "Don't want you moving around while I rim you," Harry breathes and Louis feels hot all over, shifting under Harry's weight before he's back between Louis' legs, licking more insistently.

Louis can't help the sounds that are coming from his mouth. He's never been rimmed before but he wishes now that he had, because it feels incredible. Harry's relentless, licking against Louis in a way that has him arching his back off the sheets, fingers clenching and unclenching in their restraints, eyes screwed shut in pleasure. Harry just holds him down with a firm hand on his hip, the other rubbing calmly at the inside of his thigh.

"Fuck, Daddy, fuck, so good, feels so good," Louis rambles, moaning again when Harry switches from licking to kissing, obscene noises leaving his mouth as he presses his mouth to Louis' rim.

"Gunna come like this, baby? Be a good boy for Daddy and come just from my tongue?" Harry asks, tracing a finger lightly round his hole, causing him to shiver over and over.

"Please," Louis sighs, unable to say anything more. Harry smiles, pressing a soft kiss to the inside of Louis thigh before going back to eating him out, this time letting Louis ride his face a little, parting his cheeks with his palms to open him up. When Harry manages to get his tongue inside a little Louis keens, thighs quivering. His cock is thick and heavy against his stomach and he's so, so hard, desperate for release. "Daddy, please, please," Louis whimpers, tugging against his restraints, wriggling where he's lying on the bed, needing something more, needing something to push him over the edge.

He feels like he's drowning, but he doesn't fight it, he just lets himself go. Harry continues fucking his tongue into Louis, driving the smaller lad insane and Harry doesn't think he's ever seen anything more beautiful. Harry loves it when he can get Louis like this, so desperate and pliant. He moves his hand up and presses a thumb against the bruise he'd sucked into Louis' thigh, watching as his breath hitches. Harry presses his tongue in once more and pushes down on the

bruise, watching as Louis comes completely untouched all over his stomach, his whole body quivering with his orgasm.

Harry leans up and kisses Louis deeply, pushing his tongue into Louis' willing mouth, swallowing the tiny whimpers that come with the aftershocks of Louis' climax, his little body still jerking slightly.

"My beautiful boy," Harry whispers as he kisses behind Louis' ear, "did so well, was so good for Daddy," Harry tells him and Louis presses his face into Harry's neck, breathing harshly.

"Thank you, Daddy," Louis finally manages and Harry smiles, carefully brushing Louis' damp fringe from his forehead.

"Wanna try something else, okay?" Harry asks and Louis swallows, feeling nervous.

"I don't-"

"Shh, s'okay, don't worry, I'll take care of you, I promised, remember?" He says comfortingly and Louis nods, blinking a few times.

"Trust you," he whispers and Harry rewards him with a playful kiss to his tummy, making Louis smile, shifting his hips.

Harry leans over to his bedside table then, opening a drawer and pulling out a dildo and bottle of lube. Louis and Harry have used dildos before, but he's never come twice in a row, and he's not seen this one before.

"Bought this yesterday, was gunna wait to use it, but you've been such a good boy, Louis," Harry tells him, so much care filling his voice it makes Louis feel warm, his cheeks flushing pink.

"S'pretty, just like you," Harry comments and Louis nods mutely, eyeing the pink sparkly toy. *It is* nice, something he would have picked himself if he'd been brave enough, but he's not, and his chest feels tight knowing that Harry understands what he wants so perfectly. "Gunna open you up, yeah?" He asks and Louis nods again.

Harry spills a little bit of lube onto his fingers, warming it slightly before pressing them to Louis' entrance. Louis shifts a little but doesn't pull away. Harry slowly works him up to three fingers, curling them slightly, causing Louis to push back, fucking himself on Harry's fingers, gasping. He's got his feet flat on the mattress, knees bent, legs spread open for Harry.

"Da- Daddy, please, want it," Louis begs and Harry presses a kiss to Louis' knee soothingly.

"Being so good for me, baby, perfect," Harry whispers and Louis moans, shifting his hips as Harry removes his fingers and goes to slick up the dildo. Louis' eyes flutter open and he watches with blown pupils and flushed cheeks as Harry brings the toy down to his entrance. He gasps as he presses it in, fingers clenching where they're tied. Harry leans up and kisses him as he continues pushing it in, right before he flicks it on.

Louis jolts in surprise, breaking their kiss, a choked off moan leaving his mouth, hips bucking. Harry smiles, moving the toy gently inside of him, letting Louis adjust, who squirms, small noises slipping from his lips.

"Daddy, I- I don't-"

"Thought you might like a vibe, yeah?" Harry asks, kissing him again, feeling Louis nod, whimpering into his mouth as it vibrates inside of him.

"Please, please, Daddy," Louis mumbles, hiccuping a little. Harry leans down to turn the vibrations up and presses it in deeper, obviously hitting Louis' prostate when the boy cries out, but he doesn't pull it away, he holds it still. Louis sobs, twisting against the restraints, gasping with pleasure. "Daddy I- S'good, feels so good in me," Louis says as Harry pushes the hair off of his face, sucking a lovebite into his neck. Louis feels like he's losing it.

Harry fucks it in slowly, so that Louis feels it vibrate inside him everywhere. He doesn't know what to do with himself, because it feels so fucking good. He can feel himself becoming less in control of what he's thinking, he just lets Harry make all the choices, laying back submissively and taking whatever he's given, moaning over and over as Harry pushes the vibrator back inside him.

The next time he pushes it in, hitting Louis' prostate just right, he holds it there. Louis moans, but it's broken, eyes clenched shut as the pleasure rolls through his body like shock waves.

"Gunna hold it there till you come," Harry says into his skin and Louis whines, pushing his hips down uselessly. He's close already, his breathing coming out in harsh pants, heart racing. It's all too much but not enough, and Louis feels like he can't even breathe with how good it all feels.

"Please, need to come, please, Daddy, please-"

"Shhh, just a bit longer, sweetheart, doing so well, so perfect for Daddy, my perfect boy," Harry whispers and Louis moans at that, wanting desperately to come but not quite able to. Harry turns up the vibrations once more and Louis all but screams. "Gunna come for me, baby? Be a good boy and come for me?" He asks and Louis is panting, nodding blindly.

"Wanna be g-good, please" he sobs, hopelessly pressing closer to his Dom.

"Perfect, Louis, always perfect," he says, applying a little more pressure to the vibe and that's all it takes to make Louis come again, his breathing stuttered, stomach contracting as his orgasm is literally pulled from him, cock leaking on his belly. His cheeks are streaked with tears and he's got this far away look on his face that tells Harry he's gone under. He gently removes the dildo and flicks it off, putting it down and moving to untie Louis' hands, whispering praise to him the entire time.

He scoops Louis up off the bed and carries him to the bathroom, filling the tub for the two of them. He carefully washes Louis' soft skin when they're both in the water, steam rising around them, smelling of the lavender body wash Harry is using.

Louis feels boneless as Harry looks after him, leaning into the tender touches, humming happily. He lets Harry wash his hair, tipping his head back as Harry uses a cup to wash away the soap.

"Baby? You alright?" He asks when Louis opens his eyes, blinking. Louis nods, finally feeling like he's coming back.

"M'good," he says and Harry smiles, leaning forward and kissing his forehead.

"Feeling better?" He asks and Louis nods, pressing closer to Harry, tracing his fingers over Harry's tattoos with his fingertips. "Lou, gunna talk to me about what happened?" He asks gently, brushing his nose against Louis' damp hair in prompt.

"I think so," he replies and Harry tips his chin up carefully, encouraging Louis to meet his eyes.

"Wanna tell me what happened?" He asks and Louis swallows, shrugging.

"They just- I quit," he says and Harry nods, brushing Louis' wet hair back, giving Louis all the time he needs.

"You said that, sweetheart, tell me why?"

"Because I- my boss, Mr. Peters, he like, called me in to his office," Louis starts, still tracing his fingers over Harry's chest. "Said that it had come to his attention that I was in a relationship with you, which I thought was a bit odd," he says, shaking his head a little, "then he was all like 'well the parents are worried about their kids being exposed to that kind of thing because they're at an impressionable age and stuff'. What a complete load of bullshit," Louis finishes, glaring at the ink on Harry's skin, biting his bottom lip.

"So what did he want you to do about it?" Harry asks, and Louis knows Harry is trying to be calm, he rarely gets annoyed about things, but he can just tell Harry doesn't like this.

"He wanted me to hide our relationship, our at least keep it off school grounds."

"Did you try and reason with him?" Harry asks and Louis looks up quickly, blinking, worried.

"I promise I was polite about it, kept my temper until the very last minute. I swear, Harry I tried to be reasonable, I pointed out that we only ever held hands and that I try to keep most things about my life private, but he wouldn't hear it, Harry, I couldn't- I couldn't let him treat me like that," Louis rambles and Harry shakes his head, shushing Louis, kissing over his cheeks.

"No, no, Louis, it's okay, I'm not angry at you, I'm glad you made him aware that this isn't acceptable, Louis... I know you won't want me to, but I think you need to do something about this, *we* need to do something about this," Harry says and Louis stiffens, because he might have trouble with controlling his stress levels and emotions in general, but he hates putting himself in situations where he knows he's sure to get worked up, and kicking up a fuss is sure to be one of those situations.

"Harry, no please-"

"Louis, I don't like how he's treated you, it's not right, he's not allowed to ask you to do that kind of thing, it's clearly homophobic," Harry says, trying not to stress Louis out again, who's shaking his head as Harry speaks.

"Harry, I'll just find another job, it's not a big deal-"

"Louis, it's a *huge* deal I-" Harry cuts himself off, taking a deep breath, "I want to take legal action," he finally says and Louis immediately pulls away from Harry, shaking his head.

"No, Harry, no," he says firmly and Harry frowns.

"Calm down, baby, please, I know a lot about this kind of thing, it's my job, I want people like him to know it's not okay to do this kind of thing," Harry says cautiously, but Louis' getting out of the bath, hurriedly drying himself off.

"No, Harry, I swear if you do this I- just leave it okay? I only wanted to be able to talk to you about it, I hate it when you get like this," Louis says and Harry is about to reply before Louis leaves the room.

Harry sighs heavily, because really, there's only so much he can do. He can help calm Louis down, but he can't let Louis do this forever. He can't let Louis come to him when he's stressed and never learn to deal with problems himself. Of course there are times when Harry knows Louis needs a little help, but part of being in a proper relationship is making sure it's not all about sex. He wants to protect Louis in every sense of the word, not just from his own emotions, but from other people. He doesn't understand why Louis won't let him do that.

He gets out of the bath, drying and pulling his clothes back on. He finds Louis in the lounge, curled up with Smith. Harry leans over the back of the chair and runs his hand through Louis' hair, bending down to kiss the top of his head.

"Please talk to me, Lou," he whispers and Louis sighs, dropping his shoulders.

"Don't do this, Harry, *please*."

"I'm not just going to let him do this, Louis, I'm sorry," Harry says and Louis moves away from Harry's touch, cold again. "Lou-"

"I don't really want to talk right now, Harry."

"Louis, I didn't want this to be something that would come between us..."

"Then don't do it," Louis says adamantly and Harry swallows.

"Okay," he says softly and Louis looks up at him, eyes wide with shock.

"Okay?"

"Yeah, okay, I won't get involved," Harry tells him and Louis gives him a small smile of gratitude.

"Thank you, Haz," he breathes out, visibly relieved.

"I'll go and make some food, yeah?" He says and Louis nods, tipping his head up to let Harry kiss him softly.

Harry makes sure Louis' distracted by the TV before slipping into his office, grabbing his phone. He dials and listens to it ring, biting his lip, heart racing. He knows Louis would kill him if he knew, but he just can't let this go.

"Harry?"

"Liam," he breathes out, "I need your help."

Tumblr: <http://lovingpizza-andlarry.tumblr.com/>

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