

give my love a four letter name

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by [levelofcharm](#)

Summary

“Especially you,” Harry emphasizes, chuckling. “It's futile to disagree because I know you do.”

“For someone who's insanely wrong, you seem so sure.” He's this close to making a tree branch snap off and thwacking his roommate with it, he's sure he could make it look like an accident.

“I can read your mind,” Harry says in all seriousness.

Louis chuckles then tenses for a millisecond. He's got to be bluffing. “Okay Jean Grey, what am I thinking now then, hmm?” He feigns interest, unscrewing the bottle.

Harry doesn't speak while they take a few more steps so Louis can bask in the silence and good weather they're having. “You want to do well on this presentation and—”

He's definitely talking out of the side of his neck, Louis rolls his eyes. “You should see if the X-Men crew are hiring, I'm sure they'd love to have you on their team,” he scoffs before taking a sip of water.

“And,” Harry draws out dramatically, glaring at Louis for interrupting him,
“You wanna fuck me so bad you look stupid.”

Well.

Louis hates Harry because he's a demon. Harry hates Louis because Louis hates him.
Things change.

Notes

Hello everyone! Can I just start off by saying wow/*holy shit*. My original goal for this fic was 20k and well, here we are months—and many tears—later at a whopping 46k. This author's note will also be quite lengthy.

I had **prompt 68** from the lovely [lilli](#): *Harry and Louis are roommates with supernatural elements (like one of them is a vampire and the other is a werewolf, whatever you want as long as they aren't the same) and also enemies to lovers please! I think it'd be nice if at first they didn't know what each other are, but that's up to you of course. Short or long, I'll love it either way!! If you can come up with a whole plot for that then i would love to see it. And I hope you do love it, Lilli.*

This was my first time writing for the BLFF, also the first time ever writing a fic with supernatural elements AND enemies to lovers, so I hope I've done it justice. Before we start, I want to thank my beta's, [ari](#) and [jesse](#).

Arianna, I don't know where I'd be without you if you weren't by my side literally every day for these few months. (Probably crying in the corner of my room with 5 different versions of the same story.) BUT WE MADE IT! Thank you so much for building me up when I didn't have the confidence. I'm extremely proud of us and this story. I'm looking forward to *your* future works as a writer. **Jesse**, you always gave me the confidence boost I needed even if you didn't realize it. Whether it was your comments of a keyboard smash because something made you laugh or you were telling me how much you hated Harry's character (lovingly, of course), or if you were complimenting my writing style, I always smiled, blushed and cried a little. I love you both so, so much and I appreciate everything you've done to help me finish this fic. You've given me reasons to keep writing and I will forever be grateful. Also, thank you **taylor**, **haylee** and **ken** for being there for me always, I love you all.

Okay, I guess some stuff about the actual story. The title is from [Irresistible by Fall Out Boy](#), give it a listen if you feel like it. **Disclaimer:** This is all completely fiction!! Also, I don't know jack shit about religion—they are an angel and a demon but that is as far as it goes. It *may* be the reason they hate each other. *Another thing:* they have “superpowers”, so don't read this if you're not feeling a little adventurous. I hope you don't feel as ridiculous reading it as I felt looking up what exactly makes people enemies. Thank you for giving this—and me—a shot. I'll check back in with you at the end. Enjoy the story.

[Spanish translation here!](#)

Despite the soft, pale light and airy mist from the clouds swirling around him, the tremble in his hands won't stop. His fingers seek to alleviate some of the stress, fidgeting with the hem of the white sleeves that cover his hands, trying to remember the feeling of being comfortable. He takes his last look around the infinite space, seeing other beings floating around or staring at the place below, reminiscing their time on solid ground. Their wings flutter and sway in the gentle wind, carrying them wherever they roam. He only prays that it'll be that easy for him when he lands.

After what feels like eternity, he turns to look ahead, closing his eyes and inhaling the crisp atmosphere to calm down. He nods to himself, remembering that this is for the best. Louis' been up here for hundreds of years, waiting for the boss to send him down. He assumed that it was because they didn't think he was ready to experience Earth's chaos.

Now, he'll leave his magical home to venture to the planet. He has only ever heard rumors of this place, tales from returning angels, never having the privilege to see it for himself. There's a mix of nerves and anticipation buzzing throughout his body. The image of him exploring the land and making a *real* life for himself stirs something inside him, his small hand coming up to cover his mouth as he holds back an excited giggle. The thought of being somewhere completely foreign doesn't seem as bad now...

"Louis," a benign but firm voice echoes in his ears, waving him out of his thoughts. He opens eyes slowly to see that the sky has gotten brighter, gold speckles seeming to fall out of nowhere, landing on his shoulders and brown hair.

His eyelashes flutter as he looks directly up into the white light, skin warming up with the intensity of it while simultaneously being bathed in the cold aurum beads that continue to sprinkle down, "Yes?"

"It is not without a heavy heart that I send you down," the voice says solemnly, neither sad nor happy. "My dearest, you hold so much potential and thus— I cannot hold you here any longer."

Squeezing his eyes closed, Louis smiles wistfully as his heart contracts in discomfort. "Be willing to share your wisdom and may your heart always be full of kindness. Love in the face of your differences, do not let a little trouble discourage you. Earth is full of lost souls looking for a way. Be the light that guides them."

The words are absorbed into his skin, tingling through his blood and bones until they settle, warming him from the inside. His chest radiates with a bright yellow light, soft and comforting as it spreads through his body to his fingers, the tips lighting up. He eyes them, fascinated by the way they twinkle, small sparks floating off when he wiggles them.

"Are you prepared?" his boss asks hesitantly, though he knows they're not afraid of him doing anything but his best. The air around him stirs, gradually becoming more agitated, the speckles pouring down on him now, coating his bronzed skin with glitter.

"Yes," Louis repeats. The wind begins whipping around him fiercely as he closes his eyes to ready himself for the transition. *This is real. This is happening.*

Without further goodbyes, the floor rips out from beneath him and he plummets down. It knocks all the breath out of him, eyes snapping open to see the white light that encased him for thousands of millennia diminishing slowly, only to be replaced by blues and greens, *Earth*. The air changes once he breaks through. Instantly, he's colder; but it's louder — wind harshly whipping at his face as he approaches.

His initial panic subsides, but he's still falling rather quickly. The patches of land become larger as he gets closer and mere seconds later, he's touching firm ground. His landing isn't as graceful as he'd planned it to be; though his toes gingerly hit the greenery first, the weight of his body has him falling forward.

Knees hitting the Earth with a dull thud, he spreads his hands out to prevent face-planting into the ground as he catches his breath. Inhaling fresh soil and crisp air, he notices how different it smells down here. No more remnants of cloying aromas or mist on his tongue from the vapor above.

"About time," comes a voice from his left. He fumbles back onto his bum, snapping his head to look for the source. A blonde man sits on a paint-chipped wooden bench, chewing on a half eaten apple. The tips of his fingers are shining from the juice of the fruit, a single drop trickling down his thumb. Louis watches the drip travel down to the man's wrist before glancing up at his face, finding red lips upturned into a smile directed at him.

His thoughts jump from one thing to another, words not forming properly as he attempts to adjust to his surroundings. "Wha—" Louis cuts off, a faint sensation of something crawling on his hand distracting him.

A coccinellidae with a red elytron, signature black dots scattered across its covering. The beetle moves slowly across his hand, bringing with it a fleeting sense of calm for Louis. Ladybugs are a sign of good luck, prosperity, and safe travels, and for Louis to be blessed with its presence fills him with hope. He smiles to himself, the insect setting flight to another destination, as if it was aware of the tranquility it had brought to him in the seconds they connected. He only wishes it had stayed long enough to give him a chance to express his gratitude.

He looks back down and realizes he's never touched anything as solid as the ground he's resting on: strands of soft, thin grass tickling the gaps between his fingers. There's small three-leafed plants and dainty yellow flowers that shimmer in the sun, ants and spiders travelling through the tiny jungle. With squinted eyes, he looks up at the tall trees scattered around, each branch and leaf detailed with veins, the shades of green changing as the wind blows gently on the giant. A flock of colorful birds flying above his head catch his attention, his head swiveling as he watches them travel across the blue.

The sky he used to sit in seems like a forever away, but it looks just as nice from down here: drifting clouds and gradient blue ether aloft. He almost forgets that he's seated on a pile of freshly cut grass, the moisture seeping through his clothes, his *pants*, the remaining sense of heaven disappearing just like the white gown he came down with.

"What happened?" Louis gasps mostly to himself, looking down at his legs that are covered in... *jeans*? His usual bare feet are now hiding in a white pair of shoes, laces tucked into the sides, and he's almost frightened at the sight.

"Well," the man laughs from the bench through a bite of an apple. "You don't see too many dudes wearing dresses down here."

His hands rub over the tough material of the trousers, fingers drifting over the metal button and zipper before tugging on the hem of a black *t-shirt*. Why do humans wear such tight, uncomfortable clothing?

"What're these images?" Louis asks, looking down at his shirt, stroking the laminated picture.

An airy laugh makes him look up at the man again. He recognizes that noise from his home before. It's an angel's laugh. "That's a band called Nirvana."

He's heard that word before, muttered by others. *Nirvana*, a perfect happiness, but the thought quickly slips from his mind, "You're an angel?"

The man shrugs, tossing the core behind him for an animal to forage later and wiping off the sheen on his pant leg as he stands. "Half and half. Like you."

Looking up at him vigilantly while the other approaches him, he asks, "Who are you?"

"I'm Niall," he says, extending his hand out for Louis to grab, pulling him up off the ground. Once he stands, Niall dusts the lingering gold specks from his shoulders and ruffles his hair to shake off the rest. "You could call me your mentor if you'd like."

Louis's head shakes with the action and he raises his eyebrows, holding back a scoff. He chooses not to say anything, body swaying, trying to regain balance with the new gravity.

"They wanted to hold onto you, didn't they?" Niall asks, taking a few steps ahead of him. Louis moves on unsteady feet, stomping the ground cautiously to make sure it's not going to disappear on him. "It took you forever to get down here."

"I'm finally ready," Louis defends, shrugging and absentmindedly looking around the area, each step forward a vibrations travel through his bones. "Where are we going?"

They walk side by side, Niall's much calmer, more experienced feet moving with intent and confidence while they stray from the grass to the cement sidewalk. "I'm taking you back to my place. You're going to stay for a bit while you get settled," Niall explains, slinging an arm around his shoulder.

He notices Niall's cool skin on the back of his neck — a soothing sign to Louis that he really is what he says he is — when he jostles him around. Niall begins whistling, a sweet melody, the noise floating through the air cordially, matching his jovial and childlike spirit as they stroll. Shiny vehicles pass by on the street, catching Louis' attention as he tries to keep up, head following each one before getting distracted by the next. The humans passing them on the pavement aren't at all helping Louis concentrate, their different scents wafting through his nostrils with every step, his senses overwhelmed by the sheer business of Earth. It's *fascinating*. As they continue their walk, Louis begins to fully trust the other angel, letting him lead them without fear.

He scrunches his nose, glancing at Niall, "Do they all smell the same?"

Niall cackles and shakes him playfully, "The humans? No. Some do smell better than others, and some don't smell at all."

"Oh," Louis shakes his head, understanding, but not really. Everyone seems to mind their business, some busy on their mobile phones, some chatting with their pavement buddies, some doing nothing at all. The further they get into the town, the harder it gets, more and more people passing by. It's hard to not smell *all of them*.

Niall senses his discomfort and holds him closer, groaning happily, "You've got so much to learn, Lou! No need to get all stressed now, you came down here for a reason, right?" Louis nods firmly. "Right, well, you'll get to that! You literally have all the time in the world down here so, let's find your footing, yeah?"

"Right," he agrees, he'll be fine after a while. He's sure of it, with Niall to help teach him the basics of living like a human. "Are you sure I can stay?"

Niall's shoe kicks a small pebble. Louis watches it roll and bounce across their path as the other

man speaks. "Of course! I already let my roommate know you were coming."

He furrows his brows, "Roommate?"

"Liam, you'll love him," Niall assures, but suddenly they stop in the middle of the sidewalk. He removes his arm around Louis' neck to grab both of his shoulders, a serious look in his eyes. "But he doesn't know about me, yanno? He doesn't know that I'm an angel."

"Half," Louis points out.

Niall rolls his eyes with a small smile, "Yeah, *half*, whatever. You know what I mean," Louis smiles back and nods, "don't do anything stupid."

Taken back, Louis asks, "What do you mean?"

Niall mutters an apology, patting one shoulder before turning away to begin walking. "Louis, you don't even *know* what powers you have. Even though you're half human, you still have magic capabilities that we need to figure out and maintain so you don't out yourself for what you are." The *or me* is silent, but Louis feels it hanging around them as clear as the scents of the humans in the air.

"I'll be careful," he promises, though Niall is right, he really has no idea what he can do. The only thing he's noticed is how enhanced his senses are, seeing every detail of the world around him, the overwhelming stench that lingers and somehow, if he really wanted to, he knows that he could eavesdrop on every conversation from the bystanders. Goosebumps rise across his derma every time Niall's cold hands skim his bare skin or the wind blows a tad too hard into his face.

The two continue to walk and right before Louis' about to open his mouth and ask when they're going to get there, Niall stops them in front of a red brick townhouse. He turns with his back facing the building, arms stretched out and a large smile on his face, "This is it!"

"This is it?" Louis asks, one eyebrow raised in suspicion. There's stubby shrubs on either side of the steps and a tall tree with purple flowers that shade a small area for two chairs right before the entrance.

Niall sighs exasperatedly, dropping his hands and smacking his thighs. "It's no pearly gates, but this is my home."

With squinted eyes, Louis looks back up to the sky with a sense of longing, but is quick to shake his head. "Sorry, I didn't mean it like that."

"I know, I know," Niall says, waving him over so they can walk up the few steps leading to the entrance.

When Niall unlocks the door, Louis' senses are flooded with the warm colors. Beige walls, ruby accents, light green furniture, paintings of flower fields, and recreations of classic art hung on the walls. There's so many nicknacks in the space that it would be considered cluttered if each piece wasn't so intricately placed.

Louis reaches down with delicate fingers to pick up a ceramic goat from the shelf. He eyes it while dragging his thumb over the cool glass. "Where's Liam?"

"Good question," Niall says, locking the door and moving past him. "Liam!"

There's a faint '*In the kitchen!*' in reply, Louis setting the miniature animal down and following

Niall towards the voice. Louis stands behind the other man, just enough to see over his shoulder, watching the stranger carefully dice vegetables on a glass board.

“Hey, Ni,” he says over his shoulder, glancing up at them before he does a double take, eyebrows raising. “*Oh*, is this Louis?!” Liam cheers, setting down the knife and wiping off his hands on the towel draped on the counter.

Niall steps aside so they can face each other, Louis waving with a small smile, “Hi.”

Liam grins at him when he extends his hand for a shake, taking his hand and pulling him into a warm hug instead. He smells like onions and garlic for the most part, but his *actual* scent is sugary and pleasant, like a freshly baked strawberry cake. He’s warm and welcoming and obviously *very* friendly.

Louis pats his back a few times, not sure what else to do in an embrace for this long. “Thanks for letting me stay until I get settled.”

Liam retracts, tapping his shoulders before dropping his hands on his own hips. “It’s no problem at all!” he assures, leisurely waving his hand, “Niall has good judgment and if he says you’re a good guy, I believe him.”

Louis looks to Niall who winks slyly, “Well, I’m going to get him familiar with the place and show him to his room.”

“Sounds good! Dinner should be ready in 20 minutes,” Liam comments and resumes his chopping.

They part ways with him, Niall showing him around the rest of the downstairs, Louis picking up every detail of the place. They should probably vacuum more, maybe invest in some cleaner to wipe off the coffee table and bookshelves, but that’s the least of his concerns. (Besides, he’ll get to that if he stays long enough.)

Niall takes him up the narrow steps and points to each of the three doors, dubbing them as his, Liam’s, and finally, Louis’s own. Louis reaches for his door, the knob sticks a little so he jams it open and stumbles in. It’s small, but it’s enough. A cosy little mattress with cream sheets sits on a thin metal frame, a small pale blue dresser in the corner, and two large windows spread across the far wall, allowing all the daylight to flood the room.

He takes a few steps in and notices a light mist coming from a little machine on the bedside table. The smell is fruity, like oranges and melons, and it floats through the air and lasts only a few seconds before it dissipates. He watches the vapor rise and fade until a large canvas hanging above the bed catches his eye. Stepping closer to get a better look, he recognizes it as a depiction of his *true* home.

Angels are circling a light blue sky, feathery clouds in the background, marble statues and buildings sketched out in white paint. He mindlessly runs his fingers over the raised acrylic, mumbling praise to himself.

“I tried to make it as homely as possible,” Niall says as Louis looks at the painting.

“Did you do this?” Louis asks, turning back to him with his hand still on the painting.

Niall nods and chuckles. “I’ve had a lot of time to practice my artistry.”

“It’s beautiful,” he whispers, snapping out of his stupor. “The room is wonderful. Thank you.”

“I had no one when I first came down,” Niall admits, waving around the room. “I remember how hard it was getting used to all of this. The least I could do was make *you* feel better about the transition.”

“I’m grateful,” he says, honestly. Not knowing what else to do, he walks back to Niall and wraps his arms around him as a way to show how much he cares. Hugging is something these people do, he might as well get used to doing a lot of it. “Thank you.”

Niall timidly reciprocates the affection, rubbing almost soothingly along his back. The feeling of another angel touching him this way has his nerves sparking, his body literally lighting up at the sensation. A weak yellow glow emits from his being without noticing, with his head in Niall’s shoulder, the only thing he feels is a tepid tingle.

“You’re glowing, Lou,” Niall points out, chuckling lightly.

“Sorry, sorry. I’m just”—Louis steps back and looks down at his hands, quickly shaking off the feeling, the golden glow subsiding— “really happy to be here.”

Niall beams at him, nodding before he jerks his head towards the door. “Well, let’s get down for dinner before Liam throws a fit.”

They go back downstairs into the kitchen where Liam’s swiveling around the room, plating the meal while taking sips from a glass. He welcomes them back down and asks Louis questions about what he thinks of the place and the area around. Louis tries not to give too much away, while also not being too vague that he’ll raise more questions from the friendly man. They sit down at the dining room table and say a little prayer: blessing their food and thanking each other for the meal.

Eating real food for the first time just confirms that all of Louis’ senses are on high alert. The soft meat practically melts in his mouth, all the seasonings and flavors blending together beautifully. He lets out an involuntary moan, making the other two look at him with amused faces.

“Is it good?” Liam asks, pointing his fork at him.

Swallowing his mouthful, Louis nods excitedly. “I’ve never had anything like this before.”

“Liam’s a great cook,” Niall compliments. “The best I’ve seen.”

Blushing, Liam takes a sip from his glass. “Thank you both.”

The group finish their meals, Louis trying to help Niall clean up the area, only to get pushed away with, “*Go relax in the living room. I got this.*”

Louis reluctantly goes and sits next to Liam on the couch, where he’s flicking through channels on the television. “Do you like movies?”

“Um,” Louis hesitates, stuffing his hand between his thighs, not knowing what to say. “I like to watch whatever.”

Liam nods and turns back towards the TV to find something they can watch. He wonders if Liam can smell his anxiety, but from the looks of it, he’s oblivious. Niall comes to join them soon after, taking a seat on the single chair diagonally from them. They watch something called a “reality show”, *Are You the One*, which Louis thinks is absolutely stupid until they’re a few episodes in and he’s shamelessly engrossed in it.

He shrieks at the TV when Amber kisses Justin — *clearly* Remy and Amber should end up

together. This makes no sense to him, but he sees why humans love reality TV. Liam retires after two more episodes and Niall suggests Louis head to bed soon as well, since they have more important things to work on besides matchmaking *actors* on a television show.

Louis goes to his room and tries his best to shut the door quietly, sighing when it hardly makes a noise. He stands in the middle of the open space with his regular clothes still on, puzzled as to what his next step should be. Do humans sleep in their jeans? If they do, shame on them; he's been itching to get them off since the moment they appeared. He goes to the dresser and opens the first drawer, his eyes widening when he sees what's in it.

A gown similar to the one he always wore at home is neatly folded right at the top, and to his greatest pleasure, Louis discovers there's *dozens*, all matching and settled underneath the first. He sets it back down in the drawer to peel the tight clothes from his body and slip on the flowy gown, his heart racing in excitement. After doing a few dainty twirls in the dress, he's *finally* comfortable. He lays down on the mattress, sinking down into it and wrapping the thin blanket over himself. His mind wanders as he closes his eyes to rest, flashes of his prior home dancing behind his eyes — scenes so beautiful and peaceful, filled with lulling music and soft clouds.

Though the noises from outside the window are strange: cars honking and people hollering, Niall's efforts to help him feel more comfortable haven't been in vain, the mist from the diffuser calming him. It takes him a few minutes to relax, snuggling into the blanket and blocking out the clamor, eventually falling into a deep and peaceful sleep.



After three weeks of living with the pair, Louis' gotten used to their habits. Niall likes to wake up early — sometimes before the sun rises — to make a pot of coffee for the rest of the house. Liam's a late riser but he still cooks breakfast every morning, usually letting the two fend for themselves over lunch, but doesn't hesitate to pull out his cookbook and make a nice dinner in the evening. All the while, Louis' getting the hang of just... being.

He still radiates a yellow hue when he gets excited, but Niall's quick to shut him down. The unmistakable scent of guilt wafts from the older angel each time because he himself knows how hard it is at the start, so he's patient, ready to offer support should Louis need it whilst he nods and tries to calm himself down until his fingertips stop glowing. Louis' gotten better at stifling the voices and the scents when they take a walk around the town, but every once in a while, he gets caught up in a particularly good smelling person. His mouth salivates and his skin prickles, head turning to watch the person pass before Niall whips him around and lightheartedly scolds him.

Back at the house, he's been showing Louis jobs on his phone when they hang out in the living room. Sometimes, he'll be flicking through the newspaper and point out a few ideas he's circled with a black ink pen.

"This one says they need a delivery driver and they'll pay you eight dollars an hour!" Niall cheers, fixing his reading glasses.

Louis looks over and reminds him, "I don't have a car."

"Right." Niall purses his lips and continues searching, "You know, you could help."

"Oh, sorry, Niall! Let me just pull out my non-existent phone!" Louis exclaims, patting his pockets dramatically. He makes a show of doing it until he hits something hard in his back pocket, Niall watching him with a smug look.

He leans to the side to fish out the device from his jeans, looking at it in awe. “How did you—?”

“God works in mysterious ways, friend.” Niall shrugs and resumes looking at the paper, “How about the restaurant on Pine?”

“Yeah, that sounds good,” he mumbles absentmindedly, too preoccupied with the fact that there’s an *actual* phone in his hands to register what Niall said. “Seriously, how did you do that?”

Niall ignores him, folding the newspaper in half and setting it down on the coffee table that they’ve still yet to clean. Taking his glasses off, he says, “Good, they’re having open interviews in two or three days.”

Louis almost drops the phone when he snaps his head to look at him, “An interview?”

“I can’t give you everything!” Niall laughs, propping his feet up.

Louis fish mouths while shaking his head. “Well, *now what?* I don’t even know how to cook!”

“You’ve watched Liam enough to know,” he points out.

Louis can’t argue with that. It’s *true*, he does watch every minute movement when he’s in the kitchen, whatever it may be — stirring soups, searing meats, slicing vegetables. He knows it’d take maybe a minute of him reading the instructions to cook a perfect meal but he won’t bother with that now. Watching someone else cook versus cooking by himself is a whole different story. It’s ridiculous.

He comes up with another excuse, “What am I supposed to wear? I— I’ve only got like four shirts and two pairs of jeans!”

“Let’s go shopping then,” Niall suggests, standing from his position and beginning to walk towards the front door.

“*Shopping?* Niall— are you even listening to me? Would you—” Louis stutters as he gets up to follow Niall to the foyer, slipping on his Vans and walking out the door. “—how am I going to get anything?”

They stop at the end of the stairs, Niall grabbing his shoulders. “You need to relax, Louis. I’ve got you.”

Louis deflates, nodding so they can start their journey to the outlet store. “Are you going to tell me how you did that?”

Laughing, Niall shakes his head and Louis sighs.



Louis got the job despite his lack of skills. He supposes the person was feeling generous that day (or really desperate). It doesn't matter now though, he’s been saving his money, building a good reputation for himself in the community; and soon, when autumn arrives, he’ll be attending the local university. Niall has assisted him in setting everything up, so he’s prepared, but the elephant in the room is still there.

Moving out on his own. Because of course, just as he finally feels comfortable, he has to make yet *another* huge change. It’s a little unfair if you ask him, but he chooses not to dwell on it because he knows he’s in good hands both on and off Earth. Since he’s new and doesn’t have enough money

saved for a real home like his friends, he's going to have to settle for a smaller, single home — a “dorm”, he's told. Liam and Niall have both been helping him decide on a room because apparently he has to be careful when choosing. Louis knows nothing about that, but he trusts them.

Liam and Niall have been more than accommodating, but the people who share their building don't seem to care about anything other than their vulgar music and parties. Many nights Louis has prayed for them, mostly for them to get some sleep so he could, but that's besides the point. He's going to be sharing a room with someone who's hopefully peaceful — fingers crossed — for an undetermined amount of time while juggling school and work.

“So, for the room you've chosen, there's some person named Danny Wilson already placed there on side B,” Liam reads from the laptop that's sitting on the kitchen counter, the other two hovering behind him.

Worrying his bottom lip between his fingers, Louis asks cautiously, “And I won't be able to meet him until I get there?”

Liam nods, “I wouldn't worry, though. Usually the school's careful with placing people.”

“Okay,” Louis replies, straightening his posture. He claps his hands and begins nervously rubbing them together, “Alright, alright. So, now what?”

“Now, you wait to go,” Niall says simply, reaching for him, placing his hand on his shoulder and bringing him closer. “It'll come in no time.”

He's not sure how to feel about that, but as he gets jostled around lovingly by Niall and then Liam, who has decided to join in, the familiar feeling of light begins bubbling up inside of him despite his fear of the unknown.

“Louis...” Liam's voice is timid as he pulls back from their little embrace. Louis looks at him strangely but glances at Niall whose eyes are wide with shock.

“What?” Louis asks frantically, taking a step back from the two. A dull glow is radiating from his body but he's quick to shut it off, squeezing his eyes tight for a second and, just like that, the light is gone.

“You were literally just glowing,” Liam observes, pointing a finger at him. He turns to Niall who's standing there between them, eyeing his roommate and Louis nervously. “Like *full blown* yellow light. You saw that, didn't you?”

Niall nods, taking a deep breath with his eyes closed and sighs, supposing now is better than any other time. “There's something you should know,” he begins softly, careful not to scare Liam. “Louis and I are angels.”

“Half,” Louis supplies enthusiastically, raising his hand, but dropping it quickly with the pointed look Niall gives him. He bites his lip sheepishly, eyes darting around the kitchen to look anywhere but the two. Liam's scent has changed, he no longer smells of sugar coated strawberries, it's more exciting — like he's worked up and bewildered, all of which is understandable. He kind of smells like body odor too, which isn't as pleasant, but it's just an observation.

“You've been hiding it this *whole time*?” Liam asks incredulously. It's mostly pointed towards Niall, but he glances at Louis for a second. He smacks one hand on his forehead and leans back against the counter, “I mean I've *heard* of them coming down, of course, but to actually meet— *two?!?*”

Louis can feel the anxiety pulsing from Niall when he says, “I know it’s overwhelming, Li, but nothing’s going to change—”

“*Niall!*” Liam hollers. Stunned, the two angels sit there not knowing what else he has to say. “This is great!”

A sense of relief washes over them, but now they’re the ones who are perplexed. “You’re not mad?” Louis questions.

“Of course I’m not *mad!* Just”—Liam scratches his head—“a little confused. But that’s alright! *Um*, you guys can fill me in later.”

“You don’t have a million questions?” Niall asks, shaking his head in disbelief.

“I mean, *yeah*,” he says obviously, a large smile spreading across his face like he’s admiring the two. “But we’ve got to finish setting Louis up for school.”

Amazed, they continue without further word, completing the tasks until Louis’ fully set with his dorm and classes. The two angels go into the living room while Liam starts to bake them dinner, mumbling to himself. “You know, it makes so much sense now. Niall pulling things out of thin air and Louis showing up randomly. Man, was I out of the loop or *what*.”

“That went better than expected,” Niall says, astounded, nudging Louis as he picks up the newspaper laying on the coffee table.

“I didn’t mean to do that,” Louis mutters, hands between his thighs. “I thought I had it under control.”

“It’s okay, really,” Niall assures, shaking his head and setting the paper down beside him to bring him into a warm hug. “You just need to be careful, not everyone will be as accepting.”

Louis nods in response, letting in Niall’s tranquil energy. He’ll have to keep it in mind when the time comes to depart from his friends, which is approaching faster than he’d like. Now that Liam knows, it’s safe to assume he’ll be free to practice and manage his magic to avoid further complications with the people he’ll interact with at university.

Moving on to the next step is a tough pill to swallow; he’ll admit that it might be a bit dramatic, though it feels like he’s having to start completely over again. It’s not like he’s never going to see them again, but there’s a heavy feeling in his chest when they eat Liam’s extravagant dinner together. When they sit on the couch to watch their crappy TV shows, Louis can’t help but feel admiration and gratitude for the two of them.

Going off to university can’t be that bad; he’s going to meet new people, make friends, and graduate — normal things, he’s told. During their last few weeks as roommates, Louis learns more from Niall, unlocking abilities he never thought possible. They work inside to keep their secret safe, Liam usually watching from the chair in the living room while Niall stands and explores what the younger angel can and can’t do.

The first time they tried, the both of them stood in the empty space after rearranging the room, Liam tucked away in the corner after pushing the chair against the wall. Niall was hollering at Louis to concentrate, encouragingly, of course. His eyes were squeezed tightly, mind simultaneously flooding with thoughts all while drawing a blank.

At first the lamp started flickering, and when it moved an inch, Niall shut his mouth and Liam stayed quiet and still while Louis kept his focus. Louis opened his eyes to look at the light and soon

the lamp was flying across the room and smashing into the wall. They all screamed at the sudden movement and Louis began to cheer, glowing bright enough to blind the others. After that moment, he continued to work on more non-violent actions like closing his door from his bed and adding salt to his food.

As he packs up his clothes and small belongings, just as he was getting used to using his powers for mundane things, the awareness of the real world hits him. Tomorrow he'll be in another place with a different roommate and things won't be as easy. Choosing to ignore the dreadful feelings, he sleeps as peacefully as he can with the thought that the next day, things will change.



It's moving in day and Louis is beyond scared. Niall and Liam dropped him off at the entrance and basically said "fend for yourself, good luck!" So here he is, in the hall while students zoom past him, their auras not helping with the fact that he's on the verge of pissing himself. With one last deep breath, he decides to just go for it.

He opens the door with a flick of his eyes, standing there with two large suitcases clenched in each hand and the rest of his belongings by his feet. The dorm is surprisingly spacious: two single beds with enough room in between, two desks, and a microwave sitting atop a small refrigerator. There's remnants of someone else though (if the lingering presence wasn't proof enough, the overwhelming scent of the human certainly is), but no one in sight. Louis takes a cautious step inside; and suddenly a lanky body steps out of the closet with a yellow shirt on a wire hanger and a bundled pair of socks in his fists.

The person is quick to hang the shirt up and toss the socks to the bottom of the closet, turning to Louis with a puckish grin. His lips are shining like he just licked them, a tiny crevice deepens his right cheek to form a dimple, and short, loose dark hair curls around his sharp face. He's nothing short of beautiful, standing tall and broad, seeming not as gangly as first appeared. Black jeans seem to stick to his mile long legs while a baggy shirt hangs off his torso elegantly — even if it is covered in palm trees and flamingos.

And he smells heavenly, not just the near overbearing cologne he's wearing, his *scent*. It's citrusy, like freshly peeled oranges, and there's a strong cinnamon-sugar mix underneath it all. Louis' mouth involuntarily salivates at the sight and smell before he gulps and clears his head with a blink of his eyes.

He stands there, taken back at the sheer beauty of the man before him. "Hi," he rasps not so eloquently.

"Hi, Louis," the man greets, smile growing wider. He steps over the pile of clothes that are still on the ground to face him properly. "You're Louis, right?"

His hands grip his luggage tighter as he nods. "You're Danny?" The roommate laughs loudly, startling him.

Shaking his head, the man steps closer, extending his hand out, "I'm Ben."

"Ben?" Louis asks warily, shuffling his things and stepping inside to kick the door closed behind him.

"Ben Dover." The man agrees simply, waving his hand like he's waiting for Louis to take it. Louis furrows his brows but soon all confusion leaves and he glares at the man with an unimpressed look. That pretty mouth opens in a half smile when the realization hits. "It's a joke! You know? Ben

Dover... *bend over!*”

“Yeah, I got it. Thanks,” Louis clips, moving further into the room and hoisting the luggage onto the bed.

The man sighs exasperatedly, hand falling back to his side. “I’m Harry Styles.”

“How do I know you’re not lying to me?” Louis asks, looking over his shoulder.

“I was just pulling your leg,” the guy shrugs. “You can trust me.” Louis rolls his eyes, doubtful that this man can ever be trusted. “You really thought my name was Ben Dover though,” Harry points out smugly.

“No I didn’t,” Louis lies. He definitely did but he didn’t think it was that obvious. “What happened to the other guy?”

“Oh, he died,” Harry says nonchalantly, folding a pair of jeans. Louis’ heart drops before he turns to Harry who begins laughing again. “I’m *joking!* Christ, Louis, you need to relax.”

His ears perk up at his language, the zipper on his luggage jingling as his blood boils at the term being used like that. He takes a calming breath before opening the zip slowly. “That’s not funny.”

“It was a little,” Harry laughs to himself. “He dropped out at the last minute,” he admits, turning back to his own clothes. “So here I am.”

Aren’t I lucky, Louis thinks but chooses to not respond and begins unfolding his clothes, grabbing a bag of hangers out from the bottom of the pile. The air shifts around him, and sensing Harry’s moving around again, he doesn’t look over in fear of starting another conversation. Getting into a rhythm, he continues gently placing the hangers in each of his shirts until each one is ready to be in the closet. Just when he pulls open the door, music suddenly blares through the room, scaring the articles of clothes out of his hands and onto the floor.

He stands there in stunned silence with his mouth agape before looking at Harry who, unsurprisingly, is already staring at him. His white teeth are sunk into his bottom lip to hide the huge smirk that’s threatening to break his face.

“Sorry?” he offers weakly with a small shrug of his shoulder, turning back to his own belongings.

As he cleans up his mess, he realizes it’s clear that Harry Styles is going to be a pain that won’t go away easily considering he’s going to be living with him. About five feet apart, to be precise. Within their shared space, they continue to put away their things, Harry’s vulgar music playing through his phone while Louis tries to minimize conversation. Harry’s one to talk though, chatting at unnecessary times, telling Louis random facts about whatever artist he’s listening to all the while Louis couldn’t really care less.

“You like this song,” Harry says coolly after Louis finishes his mini rant about how crude the lyrics are.

He ignores the roommate as he places adhesive tabs on the wall to hang up some tapestry Liam had picked out for him. Despite his harsh words about the tune, Harry’s right, it’s catchy and upbeat and sometimes he even *bobs his head to it*. He will never admit that though; he’s learned that he’s quite stubborn.

Louis steps off his mattress carefully, looking at the large picture spread across the wall with his hands on his hip triumphantly. It’s an animated image of pastel blue and purple waves, a light pink

sky hanging above with dark mountains in the back and a glowing yellow crescent moon lying in the middle of the water. It's perfect.

"It's lopsided."

Gripping his waist tightly, Louis whips around to glare at Harry, who's sitting on his fully made bed. "Do you always have something to say?"

Harry takes his eyes off of the tapestry to look at Louis, eyes sparkling and mouth turning up slowly into a wicked grin. "Usually, yes."

It's easy to get distracted by the green eyes that glint with a certain mischief. Within the past hour or two, Louis' felt himself get lost in Harry's whole look, casual and confident, seeming to not have a single thought on his mind.

"Well, do me a favor," Louis says, turning away and fiddling with the stack of bed sheets. He hears Harry shifting, laying down on his bed, the quiet thud of his ankles hitting the wood at the end means he's settled.

"I could do you plenty," Harry proposes, and Louis stills, fingers pinching the thin fabric. He *cannot* look at him, he just *can't*.

For obvious reasons, he's stuck in his spot. Whatever Harry's implying, Louis' sure it's filthy, sinful even. He can't help but wonder what *exactly* he's saying but the thoughts are ripped from him as soon as they come. Blinking back the images that flash through his head and the overwhelming scent that's burning his nose, he busies himself with the task of constructing his bed.

"I'm going to explore campus," Harry announces and just as quick as he got settled, he's up and moving again. Louis flips the edge of his blankets by the stack of pillows and spares a glance over his shoulder to watch him open the door. Harry winks at him before he waltzes out, "See you later sweetcheeks."

Louis' face turns red and his fingertips begin to glow, but it fades out in bewilderment. Why is he glowing at some narcissistic, handsome stranger? Shaking his head frustratedly, there are too many *positive* things that come to mind about that man for Louis to be comfortable with. He sits down on his freshly made bed and digs his phone out of his pocket, dialling Niall's number immediately.

Niall answers after two rings, chuckling, "Already got yourself in trouble?"

"Niall," Louis sighs, feeling a bit shaken. "I've got a problem."



As expected, Harry Styles is An Issue. He's a menace, a nightmare on two mile-long legs with an impure head on his strong, wide shoulders. How could this charismatic, semi-likeable man with luscious, cherub curls and *dimples* turn out to be such a terror? Louis swears up and down that he's put in some type of hypnosis to completely distract him from the fact that Harry's evil. Not actually *evil*, but close enough. There were the obvious hints that he got a taste of, but he figured that Harry was just rolling off the first impression. But, no, Harry Styles is *just like that* and more.

Louis' had it with him and his insubordination after only a month of living together. All the plans he had come up with to keep the dorm clean and peaceful went to hell a week after the two got comfortable. He'd walk into the dorm after a class to find Harry's clothes strewn about the room, on the floor, on the door handle and even on his bed, *Louis' bed*. Empty solo cups and ramen

noodle packets litter Harry's desk and, even though it's not in his space, Louis can't handle looking at it.

It's *his* room too, but it doesn't matter how many times he tells Harry that, it always happens. And possibly the worst part of it all, Harry acts innocent. He dances around the mess, intently listens to Louis when he's exaggerating the unspoken rules that are set and *kisses his forehead*, promising to be a better roommate after Louis' done ranting. It's useless, Louis' decided.

It's useless to try and study in the room, read a book, or have a quiet night in because Harry is... a distraction. Something about him draws Louis' eyes to him when he's trying to write notes at his desk. It's like he *knows* that Louis can't focus on anything when he's galavanting around the room in just his boxers, bare chest, and those damn legs out for him to gape at. He does it all on purpose and Louis tries hard to dampen the little sparkles of light that flicker at his toes and fingertips.

Harry's gotten extremely comfortable with him regardless of the little affection he gets back, it's like he doesn't recognize the loathing that resonates from Louis. And he can't get started on Harry's *mouth*. He despises it, no matter how pretty it would be whispering vile things in his ear or sucking bruises on his thighs — not like he imagines that or anything, of course — it's *awful* is the point. He's heard more things come from Harry alone to be able to die peacefully aware of the depths of hell.

"You know how good your ass looks in those shorts, Lou?" Harry would ask when Louis' bending over to grab a pair of socks from his dresser.

"*Harry!*" Louis blanched, standing straight up and turning around so his backside was free from his roommate's vision. "If you could please—"

"Do you a *favor?*" Harry purred in interest, sitting up from his bed and walking closer to him. "I wouldn't mind. Actually, I'd be quite pleased."

Louis let him get into his space, the idea was to match his energy, tough and strong, but about a foot away, just enough for him to breathe in his smell, he couldn't take it. He pushed beside him to sit on the edge of his own bed and lifted his leg to work his sock over his foot. "Shut up."

Harry smiled from his spot near Louis' dresser, smug as always, and hummed again. "I like that."

He's come to the conclusion that in order to get Harry to behave like a regular person, he's going to have to do some work. Liam suggested killing him with kindness, which seems logical if it wasn't for the fact Harry takes his kindness as being interested in what he has to say (he isn't). Niall gave him breathing techniques that don't work when all he can smell is Harry.

Once again, Louis' left to fend for himself in times of trouble. As an angel he'd never purposefully alter one's mind but Harry's *different*, mindlessly acting without a care of others. *Oh, to be simple*. Besides, it'd give him an excuse to work out some psychology theories he's been hearing about in lectures. Harry could use a good nudge (or shove) in the right direction and Louis' been put down here for some reason, he might as well try to make things a little better.



It's hard to ignore and be nice to Harry for many reasons. Not only is he Louis' annoying roommate, he shares quite a bit of basic classes with him. While they pass the large courtyard to the lecture hall, he wonders what Harry's even going to school for if all he does is mess around on campus and bug him. He's been reading pamphlets about courses and future occupations for himself and he decided he's going to get a Bachelor's degree in Human Studies. It seemed pretty

fitting for an angel, helping people and all that.

Harry purposefully walks close to Louis when they exit the building. Heading to their philosophy class, Harry nudges him to look at a group of girls who are ogling them, waving their manicured hands and batting their fake eyelashes at the two. Louis couldn't be less interested in them if he tried, but Harry's a showman, pulling down his sunglasses, waving and winking at them.

"Don't you enjoy that?" Harry asks, right hand gripping the strap of his backpack.

Don't you get tired of it? "No," Louis says simply, not knowing exactly what there is to enjoy. Class, friends, job, that's what he enjoys.

Harry sighs exasperatedly. "You've *got* to get out there, don't you think?"

"No," he states again, taking a sip from his water bottle. "You know, 72 percent of people who get together in college don't stay together. That's sad, isn't it?"

"I didn't say anything about getting into a relationship, Louis," his roommate snorts. He's been down here for a few months, the thought of getting in a relationship or having *sex* with someone hasn't even crossed his mind. Well, that's a lie, but it's also none of *Harry's* business even if the fantasies may or may not involve him. Harry looks at him, mouth open in a smile, eyebrows raised in shock. "*Jesus!* You're a virgin!"

Louis' face flushes and he involuntarily moves his feet quicker, the bottle crunching under his tight grip. "Virginity isn't *real*, Harry. It's a social construct to shame people. Women lose their value if they have sex and men don't have any if they aren't screwin' everyone. It's messed up and you shouldn't even consider it a thing."

"Oh, *my* bad!" Harry exaggerates, raising his hands in the air. "It still doesn't change the fact you've never gotten laid."

"That's not—" Louis stammers, running a hand in his hair. "That is *not* the point."

"Right, right." Harry nods, taking two large steps to catch up behind him, "You don't like girls."

Louis turns to glare at him. "What does that have anything to do with what I just said?"

"Nothing," Harry supposes, shrugging. "It's kind of obvious by the way you're staring at me."

"This," Louis says, rapidly motioning to his scowl, "is not a face of someone who's interested in you."

The wind blows, carrying Harry's bright laugh through the air, straight to whatever it is in Louis' heart that makes it flutter. "I totally understand what you see in me. I'm a funny, charming young man with *devastatingly* good looks."

"More like narcissistic and ignorant, if you ask me," Louis mutters, kicking a stone from his path, watching it roll in front of Harry.

Harry steps on it and continues on, "Well, I didn't."

"Then why are you still talking to me about it?" Louis sasses, looking at him with squinted eyes. He forgot his sunglasses on his desk in the dorm and, of course, the sun's completely out at 11 AM.

Harry challenges him by staring back, a near mocking smile on his face because *he didn't forget his glasses*. "Everyone likes me, Louis."

The angel forces himself to look ahead — why is this path so long? "Not me."

"*Epecially* you," Harry emphasizes, chuckling. "It's futile to disagree because I *know* you do."

"For someone who's insanely wrong, you seem so sure." He's *this* close to making a tree branch snap off and thwacking his roommate with it, he's sure he could make it look like an accident.

"I can read your mind," Harry says in all seriousness.

Louis chuckles then tenses for a millisecond. He's got to be bluffing. "Okay *Jean Grey*, what am I thinking now then, hmm?" He feigns interest, unscrewing the bottle.

Harry doesn't speak while they take a few more steps so Louis can bask in the silence and good weather they're having. "You want to do well on this presentation and—"

He's definitely talking out of the side of his neck, Louis rolls his eyes. "You should see if the X-Men crew are hiring, I'm sure they'd love to have you on their team," he scoffs before taking a sip of water.

"*And*," Harry draws out dramatically, glaring at Louis for interrupting him, "You wanna fuck me so bad you look stupid."

Well. Louis obviously chokes on his drink, stopping in the middle of the path and gripping at his chest to calm the rapid heartbeat. No matter how mortifying the situation is, Harry's *kind of* right. It's pointless to deny it considering this absolute fit he's having over a completely *false* accusation. He could never *like* him, the barbarian that he is, that's absurd.

He'll never get over this and Harry won't let him forget it.

"Come on!" Harry calls from meters away, nearly at the building. "You're gonna be late!"

He does not fancy Harry Styles, he passionately *dislikes* the man.

That doesn't seem to be changing any time soon with the way he's chatting up a girl who's sat next to him, directly across from Louis. He's clearly pulling out all the stops with her, touching her shoulder, brushing her blonde hair back when she laughs. Louis has a hard time writing notes on the current student's presentation when he can almost hear what Harry's whispering to her.

It's disgusting, quite frankly. So obviously, Louis *has* to look at Harry's notebooks and flick them off his desk out of spite. They clatter on the floor loudly, disturbing the presenter standing in front of the class and the professor at his desk. "Is there a problem?"

"Just a bit clumsy," Harry mutters jokingly, removing his arm from the girl and rising from his seat to pick up the books. "Sorry." When he stands, his face is red and he eyes Louis almost accusingly.

"Rude," Louis mouths silently, that earns him a discreet middle finger before Harry sits back at his desk. He hides his smirk as he continues scribbling notes on Taoism.

He waits for the student to finish and gets called up next, presenting his powerpoint on Stoicism with confidence. Meanwhile, Harry has completely ditched the blonde to glower at him as Louis says, "Although we don't have much control over what happens to us, we do have control of how it

affects us.”

When Louis moves across the open floor, motioning to the projector, his memorized speech skews and disappears, leaving his mind blank — he’s stuck in this assertive position like he knows what to do next. His brain works quickly to find *something* to say that’s not straight from the presentation but there’s nothing. Trying to form his own ideas proves useless, he stutters and fumbles over the patchy thoughts.

“It’s important to maintain composure and remain calm despite the predicament,” he says with a shaky voice, reading the bullet point directly from the screen. His calm and poise demeanor has changed, he closes in on himself, fingers playing with the hem of his shirt, posture noticeably shrinking an inch.

Floundering for a few more moments before it becomes unbearable, a tiny, quiet voice pops up inside his head, “*you’re embarrassing yourself*”. It’s not encouraging at all and it doesn’t sound like his usual inner monologue. He stares at the screen waiting for something else to come up but alas, he stands there like a fool.

“I have no idea what I’m doing,” he announces abruptly, the words spilling past before he even processes them. The professor narrows his eyes at him and Louis coughs, trying to cover up his unintentional candor, “Sorry. Uh — stoicism has four virtues: wisdom, justice, temperance and courage.”

Shaking his head trying to get through the rest of the slideshow without further distraction, the voice teases and taunts him. It whispers around his own thoughts, tangling and mixing him up, and after three more excruciating slides, just when he’s getting back into the groove of things, a crude image flashes through his mind. He stalls again, like he’s stuck daydreaming, the world around him still moving while his brain sticks firm on this one thing: Harry nosing at his collarbones, full lips ghosting over his cool skin with his large hands on his waist, gripping him tenderly. He can smell him, the overwhelming scent of freshly peeled oranges and cracked cinnamon sticks dazing him.

It feels like it’s happening in real time — his stomach twisting with the pull, goosebumps spreading across his arms, chest heating up, yet he’s physically motionless. The worst thing that could happen is his dick getting hard at the image — it doesn’t — but a weak whimper escapes past his parted lips before he can stuff down the noise. And, as if someone snapped their fingers in front of his face, he falls out of the fantasy, all of his own thoughts rushing back to him.

His face blossoms with heat, blinking back at the screen and then the crowd of students all staring at him, one gaze in particular feeling like fire on his already warm skin. Dark green eyes bore into him, dancing with amusement, pairing perfectly with that ignorant smirk on those stupid pink lips, laughing at his mistakes.

“Tomlinson?” The professor questions from the seat, clicking his fingers at him.

“Yeah?” Louis quickly adverts his eyes away from Harry. “My bad,” he laughs weakly, “mind was wandering a bit — sorry.” He finishes the presentation after two extremely painful minutes, grabbing his USB stick and tripping over his feet to sit back down. Huffing, he hangs his head between his shoulders, wallowing in the mortification.

His eyes dart to his roommate who’s back into the conversation with the blonde woman like nothing happened. Momentarily, Louis wonders if the events that took place were a terrible dream, but the looks he’s getting from other students show otherwise.

“That was tragic,” comes a smooth voice from the side. He turns to look at the classmate, a sympathetic smile on her plump, glossy lips while she fiddles with her pencil where she was probably taking notes on his presentation. There’s tiny crystals carefully woven into her long, dark braids that catch his eye while he takes in the details of her face, winged eyeliner and a gradient purple eyeshadow artistically placed makes her green eyes stand out. She points the pencil at him, “Your outfit’s cute, though.”

“Thanks.” His face flushes again, mustering a tight smile, “I like your makeup,” he compliments and she smiles at him before looking back down at the papers.

He thought he was ahead of this all, but he’s wrong, proving once again he’s got no idea of what’s going on. The encounter before class must’ve caught up with him, Harry and his words. The only thing he’s sure of is that these thoughts have to go *now*.

Racking over his thoughts for the rest of the class, Louis barely hears the professor dismiss them, students rushing out of the room. Right hand coming to wipe over his face and shaking his head, Louis gathers his things slowly, recouping from his discomfort. He steps down onto the main floor, walking towards the exit, slinging his bag over his shoulders when a warm body comes up beside him.

The gust of air that follows the movement brings the recognizable scent immediately after. Hot breath hits Louis’ skin, wet lips carefully grazing the shell of his ear, a gravelly voice muttering, “*I told you you looked stupid.*”



Since the presentation incident, Louis’ been doing some research about angels and their mental powers. It turns out his mind is stronger than he thought, moving objects is one thing (a really big thing) but he’s barely using his brain. A lot of the information on the web is strangely accurate, even though a good chunk of the earth’s population doesn’t even believe in them. It should be obvious what powers he can achieve or never reach, but he does it to be safe and most of the information comes from Niall anyway, though Liam’s oddly knowledgeable. It makes the two angels question whether or not Liam’s an angel himself considering his good nature and kind heart, but they’ve come to the conclusion that he’s not due to the lack of supernatural abilities.

Louis’ been working hard on protecting his psyche after the very intrusive thoughts about Harry. To say the class situation was traumatic would be an understatement, yet he hasn’t been able to stop replaying the picture that appeared that day. On occasion he likes to visualize what happens after the initial image, unhooking the chains on his imagination so it goes wherever it pleases. Sometimes when Harry’s nosing at his collarbones, he’s whispering filthy things against Louis’ skin, his fingers pressing harder on his hips to pull their bodies together and — and he tries to stop it there because he’s supposed to hate Harry.

Up until now, Louis’ been taught to not use such a strong word but, as always, Harry makes it difficult. After the presentation, Louis didn’t give the event much thought, narrowing it down to his powers being underdeveloped and his easily distracted brain. It gets pushed to the side while he digs deeper into the newfound information of how things work.

Unsurprisingly, the mind is a powerful tool. Niall told him about dream manipulation, where he could create and shape an entire fantasy land while he, or another, is sleeping. When he sleeps, he has complete control over his dreams. It started out with him being able to observe his own dreams from afar like a movie, where he’s perched high above the scene, watching all these peculiar events take place. Sometimes he’s up close like he’s looking through a videogame character and he’s got all control over a body that’s not his.

There have been nights where he was in his own body, doing schoolwork in the library or dancing at a party with his friend (he's never been to one, but there's plenty of shows and movies that portray a wild, fun time, so that's what he does). It's almost therapeutic, letting go of the stress of his job, school, and his roommate for a few hours.

After getting a good grip on how to control his own dreams, his mind begins to wander, literally. Many nights he lays in his bed, waiting for Harry to begin snoring the way he does so he can begin meditating to put himself to rest. It's scary at first, observing someone else's dreams, especially Harry's. They're not as peaceful as his own. There's always creatures with too many arms and legs creeping amongst the land, wreaking havoc on the people and things below while Harry's practically there with a popcorn bucket in his hands and a large smile, enjoying the show.

The weird thing is after each horrible dream — nightmare, really — Harry wakes up refreshed and as bright as ever. It's disturbing, Louis can't help but think. After a while he starts to get bored with just observing so, he gets comfortable with tweaking small things. Sure, maybe he does get a bit carried away when he leaves miniscule teasers of who's behind all of it but the confused look on Harry's face is worth it every time he wakes up.

Today in particular, Louis had just given him the most pleasant dream he could conjure up. Sitting on his bed cross legged with a book in his lap, reading glasses hanging off his nose, he waits. It takes a good minute before Harry's shifting in his sleep, little noises of discomfort leaving his parted lips.

Suddenly, Harry jolts up in a cold sweat with a gasp and it startles Louis enough so his glasses fall off and smack the book below. Harry slaps a hand to his forehead, turning to Louis who's looking at him puzzled. He rasps, "I had the worst nightmare I think I've ever had."

Louis' frown deepens, eyebrows creasing together as he takes his glasses out of the book, closing it and setting the items to the side of thigh. "What happened?"

Harry fish mouths for about ten seconds, eyes darting around the room like he's trying to come up with words. "Everything was so... *good*?" he states unsurely, wiping off the sweat from his forehead. "I was in a field of fucking *flowers*, Louis, just hanging out. The sky was clear and so blue, I felt like I was swimming in it. For Christ's sake, there were *puppies* in my lap like I was in a fucking kennel."

Louis resists the urge to reach over the space between them and slap him so hard he goes back to sleep, clenching his jaw and nodding for him to continue recalling this "nightmare". Only Harry could have a picture perfect dream and be afraid of it.

"Isn't that a good thing?" he asks, genuinely confused.

"And the breeze, I could actually *feel* it," Harry ignores him and continues, shoving a hand through the sleep mussed curls, too bewildered to respond to his question. "I smelled this— this, I don't even know how to describe the scent," he groans. "I've smelled it before, it was *so* familiar. Like, it's almost uncanny how close I felt to it."

Louis tenses his leg muscles, a deep blush spreading across his cheeks and suddenly, who cares about this nightmare? Everyone gets random, terrible dreams sometimes. He can't look at Harry when things seem to click behind the green eyes.

Harry snaps his head to look at Louis, "Did you fucking do that?"

Keep cool, he reminds himself, there's no way a regular *human* like Louis could do that. "How

could I even—”

“Don’t give me that bullshit,” Harry spits, tossing the covers off of his legs and swinging them around to face the angel on the bed. “It was you— the *smell* was you.”

Fumbling for words, Louis defends weakly, “I literally sleep right next to you. I’m sorry I smell good?”

“I told you I can read your mind, you idiot,” Harry says, like it’s obvious. There’s no time to be offended by the term because a spike of fear runs down his spine, goosebumps raising across his body almost painfully. “You’re an *angel*,” Harry chuckles to himself, sighing as he’s piecing everything together, “and now you’re wondering how I know this and what I am and you wish I would *stop*.”

Louis tries helplessly to shut off all thoughts but it’s too late — Harry’s already risen to his feet, taking slow, calculated steps towards him on the opposite bed. Defensively, Louis slides his knees to hug them against his chest, worried that Harry knows everything and worse, he’s in danger. This is exactly what Niall warned him about.

“I’m not gonna hurt you, so you can relax,” Harry says honestly, each step bringing his powerful scent closer. They lock stares, blue eyes darting between the darkening green ones, a gentle hand reaching out to ghost over his red cheek. It’s searing on the cool skin, his touch like burning embers as it travels from Louis’ cheek to his chin, a tantalizing thumb swiping over his bottom lip. “You did *so well* hiding it, baby,” he coos mockingly.

Louis’ mind is empty, somehow he’s drowning in space, unblinking and deadly still, like prey caught in predator’s trap, not even sure if he’s still breathing. The same inhibiting force has a hold on him like how it did weeks ago. The feel of Harry’s hand on him has him stuttering on words that don’t yet exist. It’s hard to tell if he’s dizzy from holding in the air or the scorching fingers that are still on his face.

Dully, he’s putting his own pieces together, it’s complicated to form a coherent thought staring into the whirlpool of black and green. Unsure of how long they’ve been locked together like this, one thing does pop up amongst the haze. The simplest answer. How could he not have seen it before?

“Do you want to try now?” Harry questions complacently, calmly petting Louis’ fringe back as if to mask how condescending he’s being. He can’t help but simply stare at the man, every inch of his brain being bombarded with *HarryHarryHarry*. His senses are running rampant with the look, the touch, the *smell* of this being before him.

Blinking his burning eyes after what feels like an eternity, he breathes out quietly, “You’re a demon.”

“*Very good*,” The man praises, nodding and humming in agreement, his hot fingers lightly tapping Louis’ cheekbone, “You’re *so* smart, Louis.”

Against his better judgement — or lack thereof — a rush of adrenaline flows through him, his fingers starting to flicker like somewhere in there something is trying to fight his natural reaction. It reaches his cheeks, the pink blush taken over by a faint yellow, sparkling light. He doesn’t disregard the way green eyes flash with gratification and desire before he slides his hand to caress Louis’ glowing face once more.

When he pulls away completely, Louis leans into the touch as it goes and immediately, he misses the feeling of the hot skin on his. It takes Harry stepping back for him to snap out of whatever spell

he had him entranced in, shaking his head regaining his normal train of thought.

“You were doing all of this on purpose!” Louis exclaims, watching his roommate turn around and walk to his dresser.

“It’s kind of what I do.” Harry makes noise by sucking on his teeth as he digs through the top drawer, “But knowing you’re an angel makes it so much better. *God*, I love this place.”

Fury bubbles inside of Louis as he watches the laid back movement. With his jaw clenched and eyes focused, he slams the drawer shut, almost catching Harry’s hands. It makes him whip around angrily, nostrils flared, “What the hell did you do that for?”

“Because!” Louis shrieks, standing from the bed, feet firmly planted on the ground. He flounders for a moment, trying not to use bad words or hurt his feelings because even though he deserves to be cussed at and thrown around, it goes against his morals. “Because you’re a— a *jerk*!”

The defensive anger flees Harry’s face and it contorts into a twisted amused look. He laughs at him, loud, mean, and taunting. He doubles over for the force of the laugh, and it *hurts*. It’s humiliating and embarrassing for Louis to stand there and take it. Wiping at his eyes as it weakens, Harry stands again, wooing like it was a good joke.

“You’re adorable when you’re angry,” he comments, winking at him and turning back to his dresser, “And quite funny.”

Hands balling into fists at his sides, what Louis does next just makes sense. Instead of attempting to argue with him further, he looks at that annoying stereo on Harry’s desk. He’s always hated it and the wicked music that comes out of it, so naturally, he sends it whipping across the room at the standing figure. It shatters at the impact on the wall, chunks and smaller pieces hitting Harry’s head.

At first he’s proud but that satisfaction quickly diminishes when Harry turns around again, face flushed and his hands glo— his hands glowing red. *His hands are glowing red*. This is not good. This is not, as Harry would say, *fucking good*. Louis’ eyes widen like a deer in headlights, for a split second frozen in his place until the flight kicks in and he’s jamming his feet into the first pair of shoes he finds.

Spinning around and grabbing his student card off the desk, he yanks open the door and begins running away from the furious man. Demon. Man. *Whatever*, Louis’ just broke his entire speaker and yelled at his man-demon roommate at eight in the morning. Harry might’ve got the better of him in that moment, but he cannot get him now. Pushing past the few students that are awake, his shoes flop at his heels, threatening to fall off his feet, but he keeps going.

“You’re gonna pay for that, sweetheart!” Harry’s voice echoes from the end of the hall as Louis rounds the corner, pushing open the emergency doors that lead to the stairwell as quickly as he can. He skips stairs until he’s hitting the exit door, breathing in cool, frigid air. It’s not until then he realizes he’s still in his sleep shorts and heavy jumper. *Awesome*.

Maybe what he did was a *bit* dramatic, smashing someone’s beloved possession, but the rage that was building inside was overpowering and Harry is just an *ass*. He could’ve been smarter, sure, especially after the truth came out. He’s bunking with a demon. Yikes. Niall will never believe him, he’ll have to show him a picture of Harry’s red hands and black eyes — that should be enough proof.

Niall will have to wait, because currently, Louis’ here in the freezing cold of the morning with no

phone, no plan, and no trousers, the wind biting at his bare thighs a constant reminder of that one. Huffing, he smacks his hands against his legs and takes a minute to think. Maybe not *everything's* bad, he decides, the coffee shops should be open now. Harry has a class at 9:45 — he had checked the calendar hanging up the day before — the wait wouldn't be *that* long and he'd be inside somewhere warm.

He can wait, perhaps indulge himself in a hot chai tea latte until he knows for sure that Harry's gone. So, that's what he does, slipping the backs of his shoes over his heels and trudging to the closest cafe, hugging himself to keep warm from the October air. While he sits at the table in the corner, he can't help but realize how deep this hole is that he's dug.

He's been unintentionally harassing a beast. Angel's are higher up, they have more power, but it's basically common sense that even with his status; you don't mess with demons. Happy endings don't exist when they're involved.

There's a furious one in their room, probably asking Satan himself for guidance on how to ruin Louis' life. His body shakes with chills at the thought. As lovely as it sounds, he can't ignore Harry, he's tried it before and well, it's obvious that he can't. So, he waits almost two hours before he decides to head back to the dorm.

The sun's shining now, warming him up. He hopes that's the good omen he thinks it is. He's hoping for the best here. When he gets to his room, he unlocks the door slowly and opens it even slower, peeking his head in, prepared to get blasted by Harry's glowing hands, but no one's there. Thank God (in the best way) that he's alone.

Stepping inside carefully, he sniffs around for any signs of the demon, but all he gets is a burning sensation in his nose, like a smoldering fire. Brows furrowing, he looks around the room, eyes widening in alarm when they land on a residual layer of smoke coming from his bed. His feet move faster than his brain, tripping over a strategically placed pile of charred rubbish.

Putting out the rest of whatever coals are still burning, he recognizes the item as the book he's been reading, *All the Pretty Horses*. It's halfway burnt, it's ashes dusting his bedsheets. His jaw locks firm and his nostrils flare when he looks down at the items he tripped over, it's a scorched mound of essays Louis' been working on, academic literature, and crumpled up pictures that were hung up. Harry had taken the time to dig through Louis' desk drawers and book bag to find these important things, rip down the posters and set it all ablaze.

All the time and energy he had put into *three* essays means nothing, all the money he spent on the required books is dust, and the fond snapshots of his friends and home are gone. His stomach sinks, what feels like all the blood in his body rushing towards his chest, hands and face, wrath burning through his muscles. His eyes well up with angry tears, Louis swiping them away with a trembling hand before they even have the chance to roll down as he tries to slow his sudden erratic breathing. It doesn't work.

He's overwhelmed, hands glowing almost white as he throws the ruined things into the garbage bin in the corner. He didn't deserve this. It's not even like Harry can pin this all on him breaking the speaker, Angels and Demons just don't get along. Now that their true identities are known between the two, it all makes sense. He's been denying it all along, trying to keep his good faith but.

Louis hates Harry Styles.



There's no more "friendly" conversations or attempts to make things civil. Louis wants to say that

he's thankful; but ever since that day three weeks ago, his life has been a living hell. Instead, those things are replaced with loud arguments in the dorm at any time of day, hostility afterwards when they have classes together, sabotaging school work and sleep schedules. He's not proud to admit he participates in it all, determined to not let Harry think he has control over him. And if he prays for forgiveness every night before he goes to bed then, that's what he has to do.

However, not every ploy worked out in his favor. One day, Louis was laying on his bed with his feet extended up on the wall, head lolled off the mattress and a new copy of his book in his hands, leisurely reading. Considering he had read over half the book prior to the burning, the words were blending together and nothing was keeping him interested. Boredom was kicking his ass. He closed the book and tossed it to the side, rolling over onto his belly, and sighed.

"What's up, Lou?" Sunday asked from the head of the bed. After the presentation incident, the girl that had spoken to him slowly became one of Louis' closest friends. They hang out often, whether it's going to each other's dorms to study or hitting up small, local parties — she's been a good influence on Louis' social life.

"I think we should do something," he said, tapping his fingers methodically. He already had somewhat of a plan in mind but didn't want to say it out loud.

She piqued a perfectly arched eyebrow at him, a sly smirk on her lips. "Like?"

There was a lag in activity between the demon and him, things were getting *too* calm. So, being in the state of ennui he was in, the brilliant idea struck him. "Harry's in the shower."

She was aware of the feud between the two and she felt the same towards Harry, claiming she got "bad vibes" from him. Little did she know, those "bad vibes" were his whole being, and many times Louis had replied, '*yeah, he's literally a demon*' and she had laughed. If it were to come out one day, she couldn't be surprised.

She set down her own book and turned to him. "What're you scheming?"

He filled her in on the plan and they got to it. Louis snuck into the bathroom to grab Harry's towel and clothes so he didn't have anything to wear after his shower. It was a bit high schoolish, yeah, but since he had never done anything like it, he felt like a proper criminal. The hall was bustling with people getting off of work and out of class. More than 15 students were lingering in the area while Sunday and Louis waited by the commons, giggling to each other at the thought of Harry's humiliation.

What they hadn't expected was for Harry to strut out of the bathroom in all of his glory. He was still dripping from the shower, leaving a trail of water droplets as he moved past unsuspecting students. Some yelled at his indecency while others gasped and stared, Sunday slapped a hand over her eyes, cursing at her friend, and Louis unfortunately, was one of the starers. He stared at how composed and nonchalant his roommate was in the moment where he would die of absolute horror, he was stunned and — dare he say it — impressed. Impressed by a *lot* of things.

That led to him being mostly appalled by it all, the failed plan and the fact that he now knew what Harry's dick looked like and didn't *mind* it. It backfired and fell through in a terribly awful way. Sunday and he had a very serious conversation about it in the common area after Harry passed them, his bare cheeks on display. Louis swore to not attempt to be cunning again.

After that, Louis decided it'd be best for him to stay away as much as he could. He hasn't seen Harry in a few days, spending most of his time at Sunday's dorm and rekindling his friendship with Niall and Liam. They've been visiting often and all three of them get along great, even hanging out

as a group during their free time without Louis, and Louis couldn't be happier. There's still the lingering thought that he will have to see Harry again and deal with his antics and fighting that bums him out, but it's hard to concentrate on anything when he's staring at himself in the body length mirror.

They got invited to a Halloween party at some frat house close by and are currently getting ready in Sunday's dorm. Niall and Liam plan on meeting them at the house and Louis' *this* close to glowing at the thought of their reactions to his costume. Louis couldn't pass up the opportunity to dress up as an angel. It's simple and overused but if he can be *himself* for one night in front of people then he's going to take it and run.

He couldn't wear a regular old gown and call it a day, no, he has to be "*slutty*", as Sunday put it. A *slutty angel* — it's blasphemous — but Halloween is a time where people can be whatever they want and Louis kind of wants to be slutty. His face heats at the thought of being a little risqué when he's usually reserved and orthodox. However, he has to admit, he looks damn good.

A white satin mini dress hangs midthigh, though it's loose, it compliments his curves, hugging his wider hips and scooping low to expose his glittery chest. There's tiny gold sparkles on his skin from one of Sunday's perfumes that make him smell like red plums and fresh melons. Some of the sparkles got on the pair of small feathery wings he hand crafted himself after many YouTube tutorials and burning his precious fingertips with hot glue. They're dainty and light with just enough room for the arm bands to wiggle so he's not chaffing by the end of the night. As he checks himself in the mirror, he can't help imagining they'd be a bit bigger, fluffier, *stronger* if he had real ones. Maybe one day.

For now, the dollar store feathers and glitter will do. He goes over to Sunday, who's sitting at her small vanity, finishing up the last touches on her long, honey blonde wig. She looks up at him through her false lashes while her fingers skillfully intertwine a thin braid of hair.

"You look so pretty," he says in awe, reaching out to touch the golden metal headband that's across her forehead. Her makeup is flawless as always, brown hues on the creases of her eyes and a shimmery powder blue on the lids, her lips are shiny with a mauve gloss.

She thanks him, crinkles forming as she smiles. He bites his lip nervously, fiddling with the thin straps of his dress. "Do you think you could put some makeup on me?"

She raises her eyebrows in surprise, tying off the braid with a small elastic band. "*Yes!* Oh, my god, I've been *waiting* for this!" she exclaims, nodding excitedly.

He furrows his brows and looks at her funny. "You've been waiting to put makeup on me?"

"Don't get me wrong, babe, you're *gorgeous*, but I've been dying to get those lashes popping like how god intended"—she stands and ushers him to sit down, digging through her organized makeup bag, pulling out neutral shadow shades and multiple tubes of mascara—"and I *may have* been super close to putting eyeshadow and lipstick on you the one time after Niall and Liam's when you were drunk on my floor."

He gapes at her while she snickers, "I probably wouldn't have noticed! I woke up so late for my psychology exam the next morning." Shaking his head and blushing at the thought, he adjusts himself on the seat, "Maybe just some eyeshadow and mascara, this time? Not the whole face, I know I'm going to be sweating it all off."

"Absolutely, baby!" she insists, laughing, "I don't think I have your shade anyway." She does her work, priming the sensitive skin and gently swaying the brush to color his lids, finishing both eyes

in five minutes. She lets him pick out a tube of mascara and directs him on how to apply it properly after he almost pokes his eye with the stick.

Sunday takes a step back to admire her work, clapping her hands together. “*Miss Louis*, look at *you!*” she gasps happily.

Turning to see his reflection, his mouth drops open at how *pretty* he looks. His blue eyes are enhanced by the copper and bronze tones and the glittery gold on the lids, the dark mascara lengthening his lashes so much that they almost touch his brows when he looks up at her.

“*Sun*,” he draws out, pouting his lips and extending his arm out to hug her. He's careful not to cry it all off or crush her little translucent blue fairy wings as he embraces her tightly. “Thank you so much.”

“Almost finished,” she says, pulling back to reach for the thin halo headband on her bed. Setting it atop his perfectly styled fringe, she smiles proudly and pinches his cheek. “Beautiful angel.”

Folding his arms behind him so she can't see the way his fingertips are glowing, his cheeks burn as he tries to hold back the overwhelming happiness.

“Now that we got all pretty, it's time to get drunk,” she declares as she finishes strapping her heels. Louis stills as he tucks in the laces of his platform high tops.

This is the part he's been dreading. Though they've been to small parties before, Louis hardly drank, mostly because their hosts only had crappy IPA's or overpriced seltzers. He's not feeling as anxious about it as he was this morning, filled with anxiety over getting dressed up and drunk at some random house, instead of within the safety of his friend bubble. But he feels good, he *looks* good, and he's determined to have a good, *stress free* night.

They don't even have to step inside to see the house is properly stuffed, people spilling out into the front lawn with the door wide open to let in some of the chilly October air. Despite the door acting as a vent, it still *reeks* in a cocktail of sweaty young adults, smoke and alcohol. It's loud and the chatter and music tingle Louis' eardrums. It'd be daunting if he hadn't prepared himself. There's characters of all sorts dancing around and talking, superheroes and animals mingling in the living room, girls dressed as nurses and cops with a *lot* of cleavage out. Harry would have a field day if he were here.

That's when Louis realizes he needs a drink.

He lets Sunday take his hand and guide him into the kitchen where there are men with their shirts off, drinking out of a tube connected to a funnel. *A funnel?* She ignores the hollering to fix them drinks while Louis finds it hard to look away from their bobbing Adam's apples as they take turns finishing chugging the beer in less than 5 seconds. The buff man who was just drinking belches loudly, making the other's yell and cheer. One of them grabs the baseball cap off his head and smacks it down so it's backwards, seeming to rile them up more. Even though they're all quite attractive, the celebration makes no sense and Louis' sure they're all insane.

Sunday nudges him to get his attention, sensing his bewilderment. “Those are the frat brothers. Ignore them if you can; they're fucking crazy.”

He takes the drink that she hands him, “I see that.”

“They're everywhere though, and don't be surprised if they hit on you,” she says nonchalantly. Laughing when he looks at her like *she's* crazy, she gently pushes his arm. “Don't act dumb! You

look good, Lou.”

He blushes and bats a limp hand at her, weakly brushing off her comment before trying his drink. It burns going down but whatever juice she mixed with it is sweeter than the alcohol. Louis takes a mental note to be careful, it’s a dangerous concoction, yet somehow the combination of alcohol and his ego right now *might* be the most dangerous thing. They move from the kitchen, pushing past people so they can dance.

It’s stuffy and tight, but Louis’ never felt more comfortable. He didn’t realize how much fun dancing with strangers is until now, girls are grabbing his hands and twirling him around and he’s not even drunk but he’s giggling like a maniac. They dance until they need a refill and Louis realizes maybe he spoke too soon when he said he wasn’t drunk.

He waits patiently while Sunday crafts their second drink, tapping his fingers on the counter and slightly shaking his hips to the loud music radiating through the house. She looks so pretty pouring vodka into his cup so he tells her that and she laughs, kissing him on the cheek and telling him to shut up and drink. She’s the boss and Louis loves her — it also helps that she makes really good drinks — so he does and they dance again.

The songs blend together and there’s so many people around him, but it’s welcoming when normally it’d feel like he’s suffocating. He’s thankful for alcohol and strangers and his friends. That snaps something in his brain.

“*Oh my gosh!*” Louis shouts excitedly over the music, shaking Sunday’s shoulders, “I need to find Liam and Niall!”

She nods and points a finger at him before he can stumble off, “Remember: don’t take drinks from *anyone*, don’t do drugs, and *please* don’t have sex with a stranger. Even if they’re cute, it’s probably the alcohol talking.” She laughs even though she’s serious.

“Got it.” He snaps his fingers and kisses her cheek, “Love you!”

She shakes her head fondly. “Love you, too. Please find me after!”

And he’s off on his mission with no idea where to start, the only thing he’s sure of being that he’s *on it*. He hopes to god that his friends aren’t wearing masks or makeup, he’s already having a hard time deciphering strangers. Luckily, he doesn’t have to wander too far, finding Niall and Liam refilling their drinks in the kitchen from a large metal keg.

Liam’s wearing black trousers and a matching jacket with the sleeve rolled up over a blue shirt, glasses perched on his nose — *since when did he need correctional lenses?* Niall’s standing with his back turned to Louis, his hair is slicked back with some sort of gel and he’s dressed in some type of green onesie. His bum looks nice and pinchable, Louis thinks idly.

As soon as they see him, Liam’s face lights up in amusement, setting his cup down and clapping his hands drunkenly, “That’s *brilliant!*”

Niall turns to see what Liam’s talking about and beams at their friend, Louis doing a little twirl to show off his *very* original outfit before busting out in laughter. He goes over to them and brings the men in a group hug, “I missed you guys!”

They hug him back and tell him how much they miss him and how good he looks, to which he responds, “I know, thanks!” He shows off his makeup and his whole outfit over again, telling them he made his own wings and bought his own shoes. When he expresses his confusion they explain

their costumes to him — Niall's someone from the movie *Top Gun* and Liam's Superman in disguise.

"We were gonna play pong. Did you want to come?" Liam asks, pointing his cup in the direction of the game.

Louis looks at the crowd around the table and shrugs. "Why not?"

Happily sipping his drink, Louis watches Niall and Liam go against a zombie and pirate, and if there's a possibility that the opponents ball goes wide on the last shot in a totally un-human way, Louis will deny having any part of it. Another couple goes against the winners and Louis cheers louder when his friends win again — this time with only one angel's help. Finishing off the last of his liquor, he's determined to play but his bladder thinks otherwise, so he excuses himself to use the restroom.

It'd be better if he knew where he was going. After opening a door on a couple sitting on a bed, he's careful to knock on another one down the hall before opening it. Sighing, he relieves himself, washes his hands and takes an extra minute to check himself out, fixing his halo and adjusting his wings. Feeling pleasantly tipsy, he exits the bathroom to find himself another drink and he *can't* forget about the pong game.

At that moment he realizes he *did* forget about Sunday, she's probably ransacking the house trying to find him. He doesn't worry for too long because when he rounds the corner, she's chatting with Niall and Liam who are still playing but with new competitors. She notices him right away with a playful scowl on her lips.

"I got lost!" he exclaims and hugs her again. When they pull apart, she hands him a fresh plastic cup and he grabs it gratefully, taking a large swig. It's different from the last one she made, grape juice maybe.

Louis gets distracted from the game by people chatting him up, girls and guys alike. He's not used to letting people compliment or take interest in him. It feels good to let his walls down for a night considering he will most likely never see them again. He bats his eyelashes and licks his lips at the right times before waving towards the game where his friends are running the table and sending them all off because he's "*kinda busy*". He's a tease, that's what he is, and it feels great, even oddly satisfying to have someone so intrigued by your looks they completely disregard your rudeness — he sees why Harry does it.

"Your friend's here," Sunday mutters over the lip of the cup, nodding behind him. He's not to the point where he doesn't know his three friends are right here, so with his brows furrowed, he turns to look.

Speak of the Devil and he shall appear.

A barely buttoned, sheer black shirt letting free the expanse of his broad chest is tucked into tight, bright red trousers that elongate those sinful legs. Pointed, shiny black boots glint in the strobing lights and a pair of small, black horns are nestled in his pushed back curls to top the outfit off. It seems they both went the easy route for the party. Louis' really got to stop drinking this cheap vodka and low-calorie grape juice mixture because Harry's looking *divine*. He wishes he could say he hates it, but the way the saliva's pooling in his mouth proves otherwise.

He clears his throat, "I need a drink."

"You just got one..." she trails off as he chugs the rest of the contents of his cup. He mutters an

'I'll be back' — the words sound like a lie even to him — before turning away to go to the kitchen. “Alrighty then!”

That's where he finds a group of people in line for shots, easily sliding in and grabbing an uncalled for cup, tossing it back with the rest of them. A strong shiver zips down his back, goosebumps raising over his arms as he blows out a rough sigh, watching the others grab cut limes laid out on the counter. Straight tequila is a son of a bitch.

“Hey angel,” comes that damned voice from the side of him, so he closes his eyes, blindly reaching for another shot before slamming it back.

Leaning his hip against the counter and crossing his arms over his chest, he tries not to shake with the aftertaste. He opens his eyes when the initial burn has subsided, immediately being met with Harry's calm and haughty face. The burn returns, a different kind that courses throughout his whole body and settles uncomfortably in the pit of his belly. Fuck *him*, he looks even better up close.

Swallowing, Louis tries his best not to look at his completely black irises or plump red lips and shining white teeth, “Hi.”

Raising his eyebrows, Harry laughs and sips from his cup. “No snarky remark or table thrown at my head?”

“Oddly enough, I'm not feeling the whole *'burning the place down'* thing tonight,” Louis says, making exaggerated hand gestures. The liquor's already seeping into the grooves of his brain, the already low walls sliding down more.

“Thank god,” Harry says, relieved, reaching up to touch the fake horns on his curly hair. “These were expensive.”

Rolling his eyes, Louis snorts. “They suit you.”

“Thanks,” Harry smiles, charming and bright, and Louis' grateful he's supported by the counter because his knees buckle the slightest bit. He tracks Harry's movements carefully when the demon reaches behind Louis to gently touch the feathered wings. “Did you do these yourself?”

Louis nods, his breathing stunted with the proximity. He meticulously watches Harry's expression as he fiddles with the fake wings, the demon's eyebrows quirked and the corner of his lips tugging up.

“I can tell.”

Huffing, Louis drunkenly shoves Harry's chest. “Do you always have to be such a prick?”

Offended, Harry lays his hand atop Louis', holding it on his bare skin. “I was saying that as in I can tell you put a lot of effort into them.”

This has got to be just another one of Harry's stupid demon tricks that has the potential to work under the condition Louis' in. No, no, just *no*. Louis lets his hand linger on the hot skin — *there is a heartbeat in there* — before snatching it away. “You're full of it.”

Harry bites the tip of tongue, lips curling up into a smirk. “You could be.”

Louis doesn't roll his eyes, though he knows it's the right reaction. Instead, the thought pulses over him like the beat of the music, sending his initial reaction of disgust to the back of his head. As

nice as it sounds to have Harry's warm body against his, he hates him. *On the other hand*, the amount of alcohol coursing through him is swaying his point of view — *maybe* being pushed onto the counter and letting Harry have his way with him wouldn't be so bad.

“Good god!” Harry barks a laugh and points a finger at him, “You’re *actually* thinking about it!”

Forgetting the demon's abilities, Louis smacks a hand over his open mouth, mumbling, “I'm drunk! I swear!”

Harry keeps laughing — heavenly — soft and sweet, not deriding him like he normally does. He's drunk too, pink cheeks and dark, sparkling eyes watching Louis conceal his embarrassment poorly, beginning to giggle behind his hand. The mix of ignominy and elation bubbles up and spills from his mouth, giggles turning into full blown laughter over absolutely nothing at this point.

With his face covered, Louis leans into Harry's chest shyly to hide, a hand coming to rest on his waist while he recovers from his inebriated fit. After a second, his senses become infiltrated with an overwhelming scent and he realizes just how *close* he is to the demon.

Sucking in a sobering breath, he pulls back, swiping his fringe out of his vision, “Sorry.”

“You better watch where you're putting that thing.” Harry coughs awkwardly and points at the loose halo on Louis' hair, “Almost poked my eye out.”

Louis nods dumbly, mindlessly fixing the head piece. Harry takes another sip from his cup, the irrational fear that he's going to leave sweeps through the angel, so before Louis can even really think about what he's saying, he blurts, “Do you want to play pong with me?”

Impossibly, Harry looks more shocked than he feels, but he nods nonetheless. “Uh... sure. But I'm going to need another drink if I'm gonna deal with you for more than 5 minutes.”

“I agree,” Louis says, even though more alcohol at this point is probably *not* what he needs. Also, screw Harry for saying that even though it's the same for him. *Whatever*. Turning around to face the counter, he grabs the bottle of tequila and a shot glass. With slightly shaking hands, he pours himself a hefty shot when Harry's ringed hand comes into view, sliding another glass next to his to fill up.

Louis looks at him through his lashes. *Don't push it*, he warns mentally, to which Harry shows off his award-winning smile, dimples and everything. Rolling his eyes, Louis fills up the second cup and takes a step back with his own between his fingers. They cheer silently by raising the glass before downing the shot, Louis shuddering, wings shaking as he lets out a harsh breath.

Harry takes it easily, chuckling at the angel's contorted face. “Well, what do you say about crushing some humans in pong?”

Grinning, Louis nods and follows Harry (right after he snatches a random unopened can of something off the table to have for the game). With three tequila shots and three mixed drinks in his system, he's at the perfect level of drunkenness — now he has to maintain that. Feeling the effects, he wants to reach out and hold onto Harry's arm as they maneuver through the crowd because he's moving so damn fast. No other reason.

When they reach the table, Niall and Liam have been booted off and are nowhere to be seen and Sunday's gone as well. The four players at the table are almost halfway through the game when Harry goes up to them to let them know he and Louis are next.

Louis' fine with waiting, again getting the opportunity to be chatted up by pretty people around

him. No one seems to mind his outfit, considering he's getting hit on by a stocky fireman with cheesy pickup lines who offers to get him another drink. He tries to decline the increasingly persistent advances and it's definitely not because of a certain burning gaze on his back.

"I hate to interrupt this poor attempt at flirting," Harry cuts in unapologetically, waving his cup at the man and resting a searing hand on Louis' bare shoulders. His fingers flex over the muscle and Louis looks to him, clearly more interested in what his roommate has to say than the man with the glistening pecs. Harry smiles at the angel, "It's our turn."

Turning to look at the man, Louis clicks his tongue and shrugs, "Sorry." The low hum of approval from the demon doesn't go unnoticed when they turn to approach the table, Louis' body tingling with the gratification. "He would've left if you'd given me the chance to tell him no," he defends.

Eyeing the fireman again, Harry assures, "No, he wouldn't have. Trust me." He dips his fingers into the cup full of water to pull out an orange ball, offering it to Louis, "You're up first, angel."

Nodding, Louis ignores the tense shudder that rolls down his spine and takes the ball from Harry's slender fingers. He tries to refrain his thoughts from going crazy at the sight of his long fingers, shining like that — it's hard, okay? He pretends to not see Harry's smirking face when he throws the first shot, sinking the first cup.

With their powers combined, Louis and Harry are the perfect team. They try to play fair at first and then they get bored, Harry nudging Louis when the opponent goes to shoot only to freeze up like they're caught in deep thought and then haphazardly throwing the ball at a cup. Louis cackles into Harry's shoulder, neither of them seeming to mind how drunk he is. It's kind of a relief, they don't have time for those boring thoughts about hating each other like they do every day.

They win and they keep winning until Louis' gripping Harry's shoulder, thin material bunching between his fingers, because he's got to go to the bathroom and honestly, how many times can they win without getting tired of it?

Leaning on the toes of his shoes, Louis gets close to Harry's ear so no one else can hear, not that they could with how loud the music is — let him have this. He whines quietly, "I gotta pee."

Nodding at the words, Harry drops the ball in one of their cups and turns to him. "Alright, let's go."

Louis' brows furrow. "You don't have to come, I just wanted to let you know that I'm—"

Putting a hand on the angel's hip cuts him off, the demon looks down at him with a certain firmness in his eyes, "Yeah, and I'm coming with you. So, let's go."

Waving on the next group of players, Harry's hand slips back onto Louis' waist and turns them in the direction of the bathroom. He guides Louis through the crowd of partiers who are still jumping and dancing to the music, the smaller man huddling close until they reach the door that he's seen before.

Before he pushes the door open, Louis turns and points a stern finger at the demon. "Stay here."

Respectfully, Harry nods and plants his feet firmer on the ground, straightening his posture. "Aye, aye, boss."

Louis giggles, turning the knob to slide into the bathroom. He can't help but think that Harry is being suspiciously nice. Things seem too good to be true, between saving him from the weird fireman, walking him to the door and waiting outside, Louis kind of expects him to be making out

with some random person whenever he exits. He's so caught up in his head that he doesn't realize an actual couple snogging on the sink next to the toilet.

"Oh my *goodness!*" he curses, covering his eyes instinctively. "I-I'm *sorry*, but could you guys move it to another area? I am *not* pissing in the sink."

The couple breaks apart, not paying him any mind before they move onto the opposite wall, pushing Louis into the corner where the toilet is. *Suck it up*, he supposes. It takes him a few seconds longer to get the stream flowing because of the disturbance, but as soon as he's done he tries to wash his hands with the couple pressing up on his back. He whines in disgust and cringes at the sink, shaking his hands of the excess water and swiping his hands on his thighs while they keep bumping into him.

Quickly, he tries to twist the knob with wet hands as they're crowding him out, tripping over his feet as he slams the door shut. In his drunken stupor, he knocks into someone passing by and they raise their voice at his uncoordiance, shoving him out of the way. With blurry vision and his head moving too fast for him to comprehend, his brain lags a few seconds behind the initial movements of his body getting pinballed around.

He closes his eyes and hopes for it to be over, cushioning the blow of an impending impact by pressing his hands together in front of his chest. As he gets pushed into a hard body, protective hands grip his hips to aid him in the collision. He waits for the spinning behind his eyes to stop with his feet steady on the ground, his balled fists unclenching after a second, as he releases a thankful sigh.

The hold on his waist lessens, but remains as he leans back with eyes still closed. Huffing, he apologizes repeatedly. Cautious of his halo so he doesn't *poke someone's eye out*, he tilts his head to the side to look up at the person to thank them.

He's met with familiar rouge lips turned in an unfamiliar frown, "Are you okay?"

Louis blinks doltishly, eyes sweeping over the features of the demon's face. He'd never dare get this close to him intentionally, but now that he is a mere inch away from him, his eyes can't stop moving. Foreign lines of worry are etched into his forehead, perfectly plucked brows creasing upwards, black eyes now a dark green, and they're full of... *concern*.

Maybe it's because Louis' drunk, but he can't sense any deception in the reaction. It's strange, almost unsettling, how pensive the emotions are coming from such an undeterred being. Louis' senses are dulled down from the alcohol, but the unmistakable prickle in his fingers is a tell-tale sign that his mind and body are coordinating, a pale yellow glow flickering from the tips.

Why isn't he pulling away?

Harry glances down at the glow and back up at Louis' eyes quickly, face not twisting into that of self-satisfaction like it typically does, making something in Louis crumble and burn. They're so *close*, and every ounce of the angel wants to close his eyes and seal their lips so they can just *get past this already*.

But instead, Louis sucks in a deep breath, finding out the hard way that it's the wrong move. Practically sucking in Harry's exhale, smelling — *tasting* — the natural scent of sharp cinnamon and sweet orange, now laced with a hint of strong liquor that has his head spinning again.

Ripping himself out of the grasp, Louis flounders over his thoughts, stumbling over his words and refusing to make eye contact. "I uh— I have to go."

“Louis— wait.” Harry tries to reach out again, but Louis swiftly steers away from it, missing him by an inch.

Dancing past the demon, Louis turns to look at him as he walks backwards, hands circulating in front of his stomach, his eyes crinkled in faux discomfort. “I’m probably gonna throw up.”

He doesn’t give Harry the chance to respond, whipping around the corner to find Sunday and get the hell out of this place . Bobbing and weaving throughout the crowd with no luck finding her or even Liam and Niall, he’s about to give up and walk home by himself. His vision is still uneven and his heart’s beating rapidly with the thrum of *we have to find our friend or something terrible will happen*. He was one pull away from making out with his enemy — and if that wasn’t an obvious teller that he has to go home *now* then he doesn't know what is.

After searching, on the verge of giving up, he finds Sunday flirting with a busty Bratz doll in the kitchen. Apologizing profusely to the both of them, he grabs Sunday’s free hand and whisks her away. She continues talking to the girl as he pulls her away, waving a less than half full bottle of vodka in her hand and promising to text her the next day.

When they bust out into the open air, she slows him down by pulling back on his hand. “Christ, Louis! I was in the middle of something!”

“I know, I’m sorry,” he rushes, sliding his hands through his hair, swiping off the halo. Slowly sucking in a deep breath, he looks up at the dark sky to try and calm himself down. “I had to get out of there.”

He must be radiating stress and anxiety because Sunday softens, heels clicking on the cement as she approaches him with a hand on his shoulder. Extending the long bottle of Grey Goose to him, she offers, “Wanna drink about it?”

He *really* shouldn’t.

But he does, taking the bottle from her and unscrewing the top, pressing the glass to his lips. He ponders about tossing the lid in the grass but his conscience couldn’t handle the thought of littering at a time like *this*. Hazily, he thinks that instead of kissing the bottle, it could’ve been Harry, lush and soft, drunk and meaningless — if he’d be the first to break.

It’s paradoxical. He doesn’t want anything to do with the demon for at least four pages (written in font size 7) of reasons *but* he does want things to be better. Though, to fix things in *that* way, it’s absurd— inconceivable. The thoughts swirl in his head like the vodka in his stomach, unsettling yet warm and comforting.

As he pulls the bottle away, some of its contents dribble down his chin and he laughs, looking at Sunday as they strut down the sidewalk. Their giggles ricochet through the streets as they continue passing the bottle back and forth, bullshitting until they reach her place.

Louis tosses the halo on the ground, tugs off the wings and throws them beside the headpiece — it’s a metaphor for something, he swears. He’d be happy to lay down in the makeshift bed on the floor but Sunday refuses to let him sleep with makeup on. So, he sits in her chair that’s too small for either of their asses, tittering into his hand as he tries to pull down his dress so he doesn’t expose himself. They’re both in hysterics as she wipes the eyeshadow off of him, tossing the cloth into the bin and ushering him out of the seat so she can clean herself up.

Louis tugs the dress off his body, groaning with relief and reaching for his small bag of night clothes. Once they’re comfortable, he gets himself situated in the sleeping bag, zipping up so he’s

engulfed completely, feeling like this would be a good time to explain.

“Sun?” he questions into the dark and she hums in acknowledgment. “I almost kissed Harry.”

He can feel her eyes snap open and hears the shuffling of blankets above him, her voice a little bit louder as she demands, “Tell me more.”

Preparing himself, he takes a deep breath and starts recalling the events, spewing out the information. He rambles on for minutes, getting so excited that he begins stuttering over words. He tells her everything he’s been experiencing over the past few months, mixing in his inner monologue to the dark room. At one moment, he confesses that Harry’s a demon and he’s an angel to which she makes an interested high pitched noise — a bit underwhelming, he thinks.

Louis continues for roughly five more minutes before he’s re-lived every moment before tonight, sighing. “So yeah, there’s that.”

Holding in his breath, he waits for the dramatic response. It’s quiet, and Louis assumes she’s processing it, it is a *lot* after all, but then — then there’s more ruffling of sheets followed by a loud snore that rumbles through the air.

She’s asleep and he’s just spilled his guts. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

In a way, he’s relieved, because that was absolutely embarrassing to admit and too much for his drunk mind to unravel at a time like — he glances at the digital clock on the nightstand above him — 2:32 AM. Finding comfort in revealing the truth and getting away with it without repercussions, he falls asleep soon after the admission.

His dreams are vivid and realistic that night, too much for his own liking.

The next morning brings singing birds, a raging headache and the sore memory of what happened. Louis wakes up confused and by himself, gathering his things until Sunday comes in with coffees and pastries, wishing him a good morning with an energy that is just *too much* right now.

He juggles the coffee and his bag with a glazed orange danish between his lips as she chatters about last night. The girl she was talking to is a little older, fresh out of college and doing some therapist gig in a hospital, Louis humming along with every interesting fact. Not once does she bring up what he said last night, so it’s safe to assume that she didn’t hear any of it. Subconsciously, it might come up and click in her brain later — Louis’ grateful that it’s not right now at 10:15 in the morning when his own head is still turning with the residual effects of alcohol and his need to get home.

Eager to get back now that Harry and him are *kind of* okay, Louis places a sticky sweet kiss to Sunday’s cheek and wishes her well, promising to speak to her as soon as he gets back. In his pajamas with his duffle bag over his shoulder, he makes the trek back in record time, still munching on the danish and tossing the empty coffee cup in a bin. Hopefully Harry’s there, Louis wants to discuss everything that happened and sweep it all under the rug.

With a little pep in his step and low thumping in his head, Louis pushes open the door to their room only for the balloon of energy to burst as soon as he enters. A stranger is standing in the middle of the room, shucking up his trousers while Harry sits on his bed. Louis’ not an idiot, he knows that this is the morning after and Harry’s sending the man off to do the walk of shame.

Harry keeps talking to the man as he turns to look at the angel, a rueful grin tugging his lips as if he’s sorry Louis had to see this happen. It’s not like Louis can really say anything and shove the

random person out because Harry seems to be doing that now, so he just stares.

He thought Harry was acting differently — better even — but it appears that he was wrong. Nothing's changed. Just imagining Harry at the party after he left, flicking the switch and turning on that devilish charm, shagging someone because he's *bored*, has a frown sprouting on Louis' face. He's not jealous, *no*, that'd be ridiculous — disappointed, *definitely*, and maybe a little confused as to why the man brushing past him to leave looks oddly like himself.

After he closes the door and interprets his thoughts, Louis sighs sharply. "Fun night?"

Harry hums in agreement and scratches at his naked chest before laying back down on his stomach, face squished into the memory foam pillow he bought from Amazon last week. He weakly tosses the black blanket around his back and peers at Louis moving across the room and unpacking his bag.

"What about you, angel?"

Louis shrugs, tossing his dirty costume into the hamper by his closet. "I had a good time."

"You were pretty drunk last night." His deep voice is muffled by the pillow.

Silently, Louis takes a deep breath, preparing himself for the next tiff. "As were you, if I recall correctly."

"We had fun, didn't we?" Harry questions like he's asking if Louis had fun as well, his voice raising the slightest in hope. The angel hums in response, praying the conversation ends there but he continues a little dismayed, "Once in a lifetime kinda thing, I guess."

Huffing, Louis throws his bag down next to his desk and begins digging through his dresser for a change of clothes. He utters, "Wouldn't have to be if you weren't such a dick head."

"What—" Puzzled, Harry sits up on his left arm, stumbling over his words for a second, sounding truly astonished at the little flare up. Louis turns to him with a bored look and a pair of sweatpants in his hand, ready to shower. "You know, you love to act like you're so high and mighty because you came from"— Harry wildly motions to the ceiling, — "*wherever the fuck!* But, honestly, you're a fucking nightmare."

That's laughable.

Squeezing the pants in his hand and flaring his nostrils, Louis raises his voice as if his loud words could penetrate the thick skull blocking Harry's brain, "You are a *literal* demon — you have been and continue to be the biggest pain in my ass."

"You *wish* I was a pain in your ass!" Harry laughs harshly, sitting up to rival the energy Louis' emitting. "If you forgot, I can read your mind, and last night, you wanted it bad. And I was *so* close to giving it to you only if there weren't a *hundred* other people to fuck that wouldn't piss me the fuck off and act like they're better than me."

"I don't—" Louis shakes his head, standing there at a loss for words. Had he really been that terrible that Harry wouldn't bother? It never crossed his mind that he was just as bad in Harry's eyes as the demon was in his.

He cuts himself off from the thoughts as Harry whips off the rest of the blanket to stand up, his athletic shorts riding low on his hips. "I wanna fuck you just so you can shut the *hell up* and quit being the pious bastard you are. Because I'm sure that's why you're such a pain in *my* ass."

At the party, they both wanted it, Louis could tell even if he can't read minds like his roommate. In the moment, something comes over him. Perhaps it's the proximity or the heated, built up emotion — maybe it's the part of his brain that's undeveloped — but it causes him to shout, "Then why don't you?!"

Harry stalls, dark eyes darting between Louis' light blue ones skeptically, like he's checking for an indicator that it's actually something the angel wants or if it's a warning sign saying, "if you try, you're dead." At this point, Louis isn't sure himself, so it leaves both of them more frustrated and confused than last night did.

They're back to this too-close-for-comfort stance, neither of them saying anything while they share air. The demon doesn't contend while trying to decipher the message. Louis decides to make it simple, closing his mouth and tightening his jaw, he grits, "I *hate* you."

A strange emotion glints in the clover colored eyes, something Louis doesn't recognize. A wave of recollection crashes over him, and he thinks back to the moment he stumbled out of the bathroom and fell into the demon's grasp. Harry's gaze is thoughtful and delicate until the black spills in like oil into the ocean, taking over what color was left, his whole demeanor shifting from truculent to dangerously provocative. Complacently, he leers over Louis' face in the millisecond of defenselessness, practically drowning in the vulnerable smell Louis' unintentionally releasing.

Harry cocks his head to the side, eyes searching for something as his mouth curls in indulgence, and he whispers, "I don't think you hate me as much as you say you do."

Like swallowing a tough pill, Louis blinks, effectively breaking the hypnosis Harry was attempting and shuts down all thoughts that are readable. He takes a step closer and replies with a sympathetic sneer, "Then you're dumber than I thought."

Relishing how disoriented Harry appears when he pushes past him to grab the rest of his things, Louis happily heads to the shower with that perfectly stupid look etched into his mind.



It's a cold and dark November night when Louis' walking to the dorm after a long shift at the restaurant, light flurries coating the pavement and street lights guiding his way as he reaches the building. He's exhausted and freezing, back aching and legs cramping. The restaurant was slammed from the moment he walked in until it closed, he even had to stay a little after his time to help clean it up. Even though his demon of a roommate is there, he'll just be glad to wash up and lay down.

Waiting for the elevator to open, he takes off his work cap, peels off his gloves and undoes his winter coat, slinging it over his forearm. The building is quiet for Saturday night, he thinks as he walks down the corridor, stopping in front of his door. Louis mentally prepares himself to see Harry and fight until he shoves a pillow over his head to ignore him or until his roommate leaves for a party. Too lazy to use his hands, he looks at the knob and twists it open, pushing it the rest of the way open with his shoulder.

What Louis didn't prepare for was a girl straddling Harry's lap, candy apple red hair hanging down to her waist where Harry's hands are perched. This isn't the first time he's come home to something like this, women and men in varying positions in Harry's bed, sometimes more than one individual wrapped in his sheets. It's gotten worse since the party now that Louis doesn't get near him more than he has to, but that doesn't make it easier to see.

He clears his throat and the girl startles at the noise. Louis rolls his eyes — *how did she not hear*

me opening the door? Detaching their mouths, she hurriedly slides off of Harry who's already glaring at him with a shiny mouth.

"Get out," Louis demands, tone bored. He hangs his coat up and sets the hat on his desk, beginning to empty his pockets.

"No," Harry says simply, leaning his head back against the wall.

"Harry," Louis sighs, turning towards him, hand rubbing his forehead and pushing up his fringe. "I am not in the mood to argue with you tonight."

"Poor baby, tough time at work?" Harry mocks, glossy lips smirking when Louis tenses at the desk. "Oh well. This is my place too, and I'm going to stay here with—" he stops, looking at the girl and asks what her name is. She supplies something quietly and he turns to look at Louis, "Alicia."

"Are you homeless, *Alicia*?" Louis asks, looking at the confused and slightly terrified girl. She shakes her head quickly, "Alicia's not homeless, Harry. That *means* you can go to her place."

"It's fucking snowing, I'm not going anywhere!" Harry exclaims, motioning towards the window. That should be enough for it to click in the girl's head that he doesn't care about her.

"I should leave..." Alicia says more like a question, pulling her sweater down her thighs as she slides off Harry's bed, reaching for her phone on the nightstand.

Harry reaches out for her hand, "You don't have to."

"Yes, she does," Louis counters, walking further into the room to toe off his shoes and sit on his bed. She makes an uncomfortable noise and slides out of Harry's hold, grabbing her coat. "I don't want you walking alone in the cold. Do you have a ride?" Louis asks, concerned because if he is going to kick her out, he should still be nice.

She smiles — more like grimaces — at his kindness, nodding and brushing past him to leave. *Well, then.* He looks at the door and slams it shut as soon as her body is out of the way.

"You're a right pain," Harry announces, pushing off from the bed to open the door. He looks down the hall, torn like he wants to follow her and spend a few lovely hours with her or stay where he's warm even if Louis is there.

Louis shrugs, pulling off his socks. "If you want her so bad, go get her."

"She's just some girl from Chem," he rationalizes, clicking his tongue before closing the door again. "Not worth it."

Louis doesn't respond, getting up and gathering his towel, soaps and night clothes for after his shower. Harry groans, plopping down on his bed, "My dick's half hard, thanks."

"*Poor baby*," Louis mocks him, no sympathy in his voice. He shakes his head, opens the door and says over his shoulder, "Too bad."

Louis smiles to himself, Harry's gaze burning into his back before he closes the door between them. It's empty when he enters the community bathroom and sets down his things at a stall. Sighing, he turns on the water and undresses while the water heats up. He washes off the stress of the day and after the shower, he's more tired than he originally was, hoping Harry's gone or asleep. After brushing his teeth, he grabs his things and heads back to his room.

Feeling refreshed and comfortable in his sleep shorts and oversized jumper, Louis throws the towel over his head to rid it of the excess water. He opens the door without looking, vision shaking as he works the towel over his hair, kicking the door shut with his heel. There's a single lamp lit for enough light to lead his way when he whips the damp fabric from his head.

Harry is still there and he isn't sleeping. No, his shirt is pulled up around the back of his neck, his pants on the ground and his boxers pulled down his thighs just enough for his hand to wrap tightly around his cock.

"Oh my *fu*—" Louis shouts, pulling the towel back over his eyes to shield from the view.

"What?" Harry asks innocently, a smile evident in his voice.

Louis turns away, bumping into his desk and stubbing his toe. He groans loudly at the pain that rips up from his foot. "Have some decency! My *goodness!*"

The roommate gasps quietly, "A guy can't get himself off in the comforts of his own room?"

Louis' body shakes and he fumbles with words, trying to get the image of Harry's cock in his hand out of his head. "Not when he has a bloody roommate!"

Harry hums, stifling a moan. "You could help me out?"

Louis chokes on his spit, coughing as he tries to disguise it as a scoff. "And you could go to hell."

"Been there, done that," Harry laughs, a slick noise following loud in Louis' ears. "I absolutely despise you, but you've got an ass that is *impossible* to hate."

Instinctively, Louis wants to cover his backside with the towel but he doesn't, hands still on the towel covering his face. He's seen Harry's cock too many times for his liking. He squeezes his eyes shut, trying to ignore the small noises that crawl up Harry's throat and the filthy drag of his hand.

If he doesn't see it, it's not happening.

"It's happening," Harry assures, chuckling lowly. "You'd think at this point you'd be better at keeping your thoughts to yourself."

Louis huffs, straightening his posture. "It's kind of hard when my roommate's got his cock out."

"It's not the first time you've seen it, so cut the shit, will you?" Harry sighs tiredly, "Just look at me."

There's really no way he can escape this, so he might as well. Against his better judgement, Louis turns slowly and takes in the scene before him, throat drying almost immediately. Harry's relaxing, one arm supporting his head while the other strokes himself lazily, it's almost casual, like he's scrolling through his phone. It's terribly inviting and Louis' dick twitches with curiosity. Harry radiates a natural confidence even if he's being bluntly lewd.

The corner of Harry's mouth is upturned in a half smirk, "I'd ask you what you think but..."

That's *it* .

"Turn the light off," Louis requests, dropping his towel on the backside of his desk chair.

Harry quirks an interested brow, removing the arm behind his head to lean over and click the light

off. As much as Louis wants to crawl over to Harry, sit next to him and finish the job himself, he doesn't. Instead, he maneuvers through the dark to his own bed, unfolding the blankets so he can lay down comfortably.

Harry makes a high noise, almost whining disapprovingly. Louis clenches his jaw and wills his voice to not wobble or crack, "Shut up."

Shockingly, Harry listens.

The room is silent after that, no back talk or attitude from the demon. Louis swallows the lump in his throat, trying to forget this is his first time doing anything like *this*, mostly because he doesn't want Harry to use the information against him. The other part of him is horrified or nervous, maybe excited — he doesn't know the difference right now. He mustn't think too much, so he closes his eyes, letting the silence sooth him, his breathing slowing down.

The sheets are covering his legs and part of his thighs, the silk shorts ride high up, creasing by his hips. While he decides to listen to Harry's breathing, easy and steady, his cock twitches in the confines of the garment. Reaching an apprehensive hand out from his sweater sleeve to sit on his chest, he feels his heart pounding. To avoid any panic, he moves his right hand down his covered torso, bunching up his jumper so it rests above his belly button.

"You're quiet," Louis whispers to the ceiling, dragging his index finger around his navel.

"You told me to shut up," Harry mumbles back, chuckling a little. His voice sounds like the way honey moves, drawn-out and thick.

Louis furrows his brows, hand splaying lower so the tips of his fingers touch the outline of his semi hard cock. He snorts quietly to distract himself. "Like that's ever stopped you before."

"It's a bit different now that I've got my hand on my cock." Louis stills at his words, hand grabbing himself through his shorts, he's fully hard already. Harry continues, "Maybe I like being told what to do."

"Would've never guessed." Louis slides his hand under the band of his shorts to touch himself properly, hissing quietly at the contrast of his cold hand. There's not much room because of how tight the shorts are, his hand only able to rub the length.

"Are you touching yourself?" Harry breathes through the darkness. "Don't lie to me," he adds, quick and stern.

Louis nods before he realizes Harry can't see him. "Mhm," he whines faintly.

A quiet groan comes from the other side of the room, Louis lulls his head to look. He sees the dark shape of his roommate, his knees slightly bent and a clear hand in between his legs. It triggers a spike of heat through him. The bed squeaks as Louis shifts around to lift his hips an inch, pulling his shorts down around his thighs. Relief washing over him as he's able to wrap his hand around himself.

"You want me to keep talking?" Harry asks even though he already knows the answer. "Tell me."

Goosebumps ripple down his thighs at the demand, shuddering and voice shaky when he urges, "Y-yeah." He massages his sensitive tip, using some of the wetness to aid his strokes while his other hand slides under the sweater to caress his pecs. Experimentally, he pinches his nipple between his thumb and forefinger, his abdomen spasming with pleasure and he lets out a high moan.

“You can be so irritating sometimes,” Harry huffs, hand slowly speeding up as he jerks himself off. That's not exactly what Louis expected when he agreed but his body goes against his mind, toes curling under the blanket. “Makes me want to fuck that stupid attitude out of you.”

Louis whimpers high in his throat, tweaking his nipple with his short nails and tightening his hand around himself as he approaches his first orgasm rather quickly. He opens his mouth to say something so Harry keeps talking, but his brain's not forming real words, only gasps and moans.

“You'd like that, though. Wouldn't you?” Harry taunts. “I'll shut your mouth for you, hm? Fill you up so well you wouldn't know how to speak.” His own breathing stutters like he's working himself up, picturing the words he's rambling.

It's filthy, dirty music to Louis' ears. His movements become sloppier, senses overloading with the sound of Harry's quick, wet grip and heavy breathing. The sensation of his hands working on his body like he never had before is creeping on the line of too much, stomach twisting with unimaginable pleasure. Harry's scent wafts around him and mixes with his own sweet smell and thank the sky above that the lights are off because Louis might ascend if he could see the other man now.

“*Fuck*, if I could get my hands on you, I don't think I'd be able to let go,” Harry admits through gritted teeth. It's honest and raw and it has Louis' cheeks glowing yellow. A shamelessly loud groan spills from the demon's mouth, “You smell so *fucking* good, Louis— *God*.”

Air gets caught in Louis' throat and he chokes out a moan, spilling into his hand with the thought of Harry's burning touch on his skin. His vision goes fuzzy and his mind shuts down, like he's swirling around in this bright light, trying to catch his breath.

After a moment, he's centered again and painfully aware of what just happened, and the little bit of cum in his hand and on his stomach isn't helping. It's quiet again. Louis lays there, not sure what to do now or if it's even okay to say something. That was bizarre to say the least, they're supposed to hate each other, not help get each other off. He hadn't realized Harry got up to clean himself off until his towel plops down on his chest. It's still damp from the shower, but he wipes up the mess as best as he can and tosses it to the floor.

“I still hate you,” Louis reminds him after he gets back in bed, just to be sure Harry knows.

Harry makes a noise of agreement, tucking himself up in the blanket. “That made it worse.”

“Good.” Alright, that settles that.



As expected, Louis' hatred is still there. The next morning they're bickering with each other like *that* didn't happen. Harry's trying to wake him up for whatever reason, basically talking to himself as he announces his plans for the day and asks Louis what he's doing and, since it's one of his few days off, Louis just wants to *sleep*.

Flipping over onto his stomach and shoving his pillow over his head to block out the noise, Louis whines, “Leave me alone.”

“*Leave me alone*,” Harry mimics his high pitched voice perfectly and pushes down on his mattress excitedly, making Louis' body jostle. “Come on! I thought we were bonding!”

Popping his head out, Louis glares at him and says, “You told me that you still hated me just a few hours ago.”

Harry pauses his movements, making eye contact with the angel, fish-mouthing and shrugging his shoulders, “That was last night.”

His brows furrow, maintaining a strong stare. “Technically, that was this morning.”

Snapping his fingers, Harry decides, “Okay, fair enough.”

A strange wave of relief floods over Louis. “Good, so leave me alone.” He stuffs his head back under the pillow and wiggles around so he's facing the wall.

While sitting up, Harry makes a pleased hum. “Such a nice ass,” he sings, “It’s a shame that you don’t know how to use it.”

Instead of throwing the lamp from the nightstand at the insolent demon, Louis takes a deep, calming breath and moves the blanket to cover his bare legs and backside, shifting so he can be comfortable. After Harry quiets down and eventually leaves, he falls asleep again. He’s in a peaceful slumber, dreaming for what seems like the whole day, until he’s gently being shaken awake.

“*What now?*” he drags out, groaning, tiredly rubbing one eye as he looks over his shoulder, face twisting into confusion when he sees Harry’s standing by his bed.

A brown bag in his hand, an iced coffee in the other and a toothy smile on his face, “I got you breakfast.”

“What—” he shifts his body to observe the man carefully yet groggily, his sleep-addled brain slow to catch up. Abruptly, Louis sits up on his elbows. “What did you do?” he asks, eyes darting around the room to see if any of his things are burnt — they aren’t, which raises more questions instead of comfort.

Sighing, Harry repeats, “I got you breakfast,” waving the bag and coffee around, “obviously.”

The angel feels an irrational anger bubble up and he sits up, his legs hanging off the bed. “Obviously, my *ass*, ” he snaps.

“Well, that was one of the reasons,” Harry says truthfully as he sits down on his own mattress. He digs through the bag, pulling out a wrapped sandwich before tossing it to Louis who catches it and clutches it close to his chest. “Hope you like eggs and sausage.”

Surely, Louis couldn’t look more bewildered, his hair askew from having just properly woken up and this *friendliness* coming from one of the worst people — *things* — he knows. He isn’t having any of these games. “What is this about?”

Harry tears into his own breakfast, chewing obnoxiously and shrugging. “You’re hungry and I was out.”

Giving up, casually fiddling with the yellow wrapper, Louis asks, “Is this about what happened?”

Harry slurps loudly from his strawberry milkshake — a milkshake, this early? — his eyebrows furrowed like he seriously didn’t understand the question. “What happened?”

“Harry,” Louis exhales exasperatedly, reaching for his iced drink on the ground by his feet, “my expectations for you are low, but there is no way you are *that* dull.”

“Oh!” Harry exclaims, pointing his plastic cup at Louis as he swallows. “You mean when you

were jerking off to me in your bed?”

Louis chokes on his drink, sputtering onto his sweater. He quickly wipes at his chin when sticky droplets of coffee run down, nodding his head with his eyebrows raised. “Yeah— *that*. ”

“You think I would treat you after you used me to get off?” Harry asks incredulously. Louis is lost on words, a slightly frightened look on his face as he bounces his shoulders uncertainly. Smacking his lips together, Harry sets his drink down on his mattress and smiles. “You’re absolutely right. I mean — you’re an *angel*. This is an incredible achievement of mine.”

Louis can’t help but wonder if this is all just a sick game to him, one where he gets off on irritating him and getting under his skin or if he genuinely has no disregard for others feelings. The scale is stuck in the middle on that one. Shaking his head to get the thoughts out is the easiest way he’s found, finally unwrapping his sandwich.

“I wouldn’t let your ego get too big, your head might pop.” *Not that I’d mind*. “It’s never going to happen again,” Louis decides, through a mouthful of sausage biscuit.

Harry only gives him a noncommittal hum, like it’s a challenge, cleaning his hands off on one of the complimentary napkins. “Never say never.”

Louis looks up at Harry suddenly with recognition, “Isn’t that a Justin Bieber song?”

Tossing the balled up paper into a nearby bin, he turns to face Louis with a shit-eating grin and a certain smugness when he confirms, “You bet your sweet ass it is.”



Much to Louis’ discomfort, Harry continues to be nicer than usual. They’ve been unintentionally spending more time together in and outside the dorm. It’s almost unsettling how much Harry has been smiling at him, keeping the room clean without Louis having to ask, and *buying* him things.

There’s a small collection of scented candles and other little trinkets building up on Louis’ desk right next to his books and school papers. Harry has given him almost half a dozen fruity scents, lemon and lavender, guava lime, and passionfruit being Louis’ favorite. When Harry gets home, he almost always pops the top off one of them — probably *his* favorite — and lights it with his finger; it’s usually an overly sweet one like vanilla cupcake, saying it reminds him of the angel. Louis tries not to gag.

His mind is torn with the clashing opinions on the demon. Up until a few weeks ago, being with Harry was a living hell and suddenly, it just stopped, like Louis got through to him. That’s debatable because even with all the nice things Harry does, he still voices his opinions and they continue to argue but Louis fears it might be his fault. His skin has gotten thicker since meeting Harry and now that the demon’s changing, he’s *not*.

Louis will reluctantly admit, he hasn’t been the *niciest* he could be when Harry does these good-natured things because the aberrant behavior is unsettling. Can he be blamed for having his guard up — even being a little spiteful — after being the object of unkind laughter when he’s at his truest, vulnerable self?

Louis has decided no, he can’t.

In spite of the strangely altruistic actions, those crude but teasing words of, ‘*it’s a shame that you don’t know how to use it*,’ have been bouncing in his head since it happened. Louis doesn’t let snide comments get under his skin easily, except when it comes to Harry. Naturally, they were

there while he was walking to class, passing a few attractive people, suddenly becoming self-conscious — would those people scoff at his lack of experience too?

It's been forever — literally — since Louis' got any action. Part of the objective of coming down is to experience life as a *normal* person, and, as much as it pains him to admit it, he's been thinking about sex mostly because of his roommate. Louis had asked Niall and Liam about their escapades, mindful of not giving any hints that he may or may not be interested in exploring with his sworn enemy.

The way they put it took some of the pressure off of the act and, if anything, made him more curious about it. But to sit and ask Harry — Louis would probably die of embarrassment. *That's not how hating each other works*, he thought.

Harry's words are still there as Louis slips on his skinniest black jeans and styles his hair while getting ready to go out with Sunday — they *may* be the reason he's doing it. Even though he looks appealing, tight maroon fabric clings to his arms stretching down to his hands, exposing a sliver of his tanned tummy, the tantalizing statement still echoes in his ears.

It doesn't stop until Sunday and he enter the club, the thumping music drowning out the perpetual ringing of Harry's unknowingly hurtful comment. Louis scrapes them off by making a B-line straight to the bar and ordering a drink.

As soon as they get to the counter, Sunday looks over to him, questions strong in her gaze with a furrow in her brow. "What made you want to come here of all places?"

Sipping his Jägermeister and cranberry juice, making a slight face, Louis ponders. It's not like he can give away the real reason now and say, 'Oh, I'm just trying to find someone to get my mind off a certain demon and have sex with them'. Something in him says that it wouldn't go over smoothly.

Louis weakly shrugs and takes a deep inhale, "You can't always be there for me," he holds his hand up to silence her protests that were no doubt about to spill out from her mouth. "It's okay that you can't be there all the time, it's not fair to you — even if you do love me." Sunday's mouth slowly clicks shut as he explains, "You're my only friend, and as good of a friend as you are, I need more than one. What better place to meet new people than here!" He gestures wildly around the club with a larger than life smile.

Sunday rolls her eyes at him. "*Here*. Of all places? You do realize we could've gone to the park or a book club, right?"

He shrugs again, looking more confident. "Where else would I find the actual courage to talk to someone other than here?" He shakes his half-full drink and gives a cheeky giggle.

"You're so dumb. You could have just told me that instead of dragging me to a club. We can go mini-golfing next time. I'm sure there are plenty of people who are nice there." She pats his hair softly and then gives him a hit to the arm, shaking her head.

Stifling a laugh, he drinks the rest of the contents of his cup, setting it down and motioning for another round. "Considering I've already started a tab, we might as well stay."

"As long as you pay for my drinks," she laughs, following after him, finishing her vodka and juice drink.

Louis smiles. "Deal." They clink their fresh cups together.

That's the checkpoint Louis respawns at every time he finds himself in the middle of dancing with strangers, too tipsy to remember which song had called out to him that got him out there in the first place. Somehow, Sunday and him meet together and share the same drinks before parting again.

Currently, the DJ is playing some mashup of a radio hit that sends an electric trail down his spine, invigorating a new wave of energy. He sways his hips to the beat, head lolled back on the chest of the person behind him. It's a girl — she smells good and has a calming aura; though she is properly grinding into his backside, her slender fingers splaying curiously over his hips, careful not to go too far. Her breath is hot on his ear as she compliments him, telling him how pretty he looks as he giggles into his covered hand.

He feels hot under the attention. When he turns to her, he sees she is just as lovely as he'd imagined — long, curly black hair hanging over the straps of the white tank top, her sparkling cleavage prominent in the strobing lights. Vaguely, he thinks she might've used the same glittery perfume he used for the Halloween party. Their eyes meet and the heat disappears. It seems like the wrong time to use the bathroom.

"I'll find you," he promises, setting his hands on her bare shoulders. She looks serious when she nods and Louis leaves. He knows he won't find her again — won't even try — after he goes to the restroom. She's beautiful, but not necessarily what Louis had in mind to take home.

So he leaves and crowds into the packed bathroom, pushing his way through the stinky men to find an empty stall. After he's finished washing his hands, he easily glides through the people to the bar again, asking for another drink. When he gets it, he slithers into the swarm of dancing humans, his drink raised so he doesn't spill it. He doesn't see the girl again so he settles with a pretty yet rugged man, bigger than him in nearly every way.

That's more his speed.

They chat for a little, introducing themselves before the man's reaching out to pull Louis closer by the hip. He goes easily, letting their bodies touch and fall into a lively rhythm. He sips his drink casually, letting the alcohol fill his veins and spur his movements, confidently dancing with the stranger. The songs combine effortlessly and Louis soon loses track of how long he's been grinding on the man.

Suddenly, a strange yet intense pressure engulfs, but nothing resonates from the guy lazily moving with him. It's a heavy, dark gaze that makes him snap open his eyes. Assuming Sunday's there, watching him with amusement, he looks around, but she's nowhere to be seen.

Through the horde of people, he sees a familiar face turned in his direction. The wavy dark curls are pushed back and just as slack as the arms wrapped around the person he's dancing with.

Louis' drunk thoughts tell him that Harry's got to be following him at this point — how could he show up at the same place? The rational side of him bargains that it *is* a Friday night before break and Harry could be having a night out. With the dueling voices, Louis surprisingly has no trouble removing himself from the hot stranger and sliding through people to reach the demon.

Louis grabs him from the drunk people, though he is no better, and pulls him towards the almost vacant hallway by the bathroom. "What're you doing?"

"What do you *mean*?" Eyebrows raising unbelievably high, Harry finishes off his glass and sets it on the railing next to him. "You came out of nowhere—"

"I *felt* you staring at me," Louis accuses, crossing his arms. A curtain of *deja vu* rolls down in front

of him. He's gotten so used to the feeling that he can sense Harry like how the demon recognizes his scent.

"And *so what* if I was?" Harry questions, trying to shield the obvious envy in his face as he steps closer.

Louis stands as straight as he can in this state of being drunk and irate, defensively holding his ground. "What is your problem?"

Harry's loud laugh echoes in the empty space, stinging the angel's ear. "My *problem* is that you're out here grinding on whoever's there, acting like they'll be able to properly take care of you once they get you out of here."

Louis cackles, throwing his hands in the air. "It's a *club*, Harry. What the hell do you *want* me to do? Whip out my best ball gown and find Prince Charming?"

Frustratingly rubbing his face, Harry groans and smacks the front of his hand on his other palm, as if he's begging Louis to open his eyes and *see*. He shrieks, "They don't care about you!"

"And you *do*?!" Louis shouts back, neck jutting out, blood rushing to his face.

Their words ricochet off the walls, the dim light flickering from Louis' vexation, one more *moronic* remark from Harry's engagingly pretty mouth would make him cut the power in the place and shut it down.

"I'm fucking *trying*! But, it's *really* difficult when you're shooting down every chance I take to make things better," Harry yells admittedly. With one hand on his hip and running the other through his hair, he shakes his head, scoffing to himself. They make eye contact when he looks up, biting the inside of his cheek to hide his disdain. "For an angel, you really are a—"

The remaining thin piece of patience in the angel snaps like a guitar string tuned too tight. Seething with anger and frustration, Louis flicks his eyes, throwing Harry against the wall who hits it with a surprised grunt. Without second thought, he takes a step closer and grabs Harry by the face with both of his hands to press their lips together. Harry hesitates for a second but instead of pulling away, he gravitates closer, hot hands rubbing his hips and sliding up his waist where they touch his bare skin.

Every ounce of emotion is felt when they let themselves fall into the other — anger, lust, annoyance, everything from the first time they met until now. They kiss each other like they're fighting — which they are *but* — it's hard, hot, tense, needy, and nothing like how Louis expected it to be. The passion between them is palpable — Louis would be surprised if literal sparks weren't emitting from where their bodies met.

Harry tastes even better than he smells, his touch is firm but comforting and it makes sense why people are butter in the demon's hands when they get the chance to have him like this. When Harry licks into his mouth with purpose, Louis instantly lights up, his fingers glowing as he moves them from his strong jaw to card them through thick, unruly hair, urging Harry closer.

The demon growls when Louis tugs harshly, returning the gesture by nipping his bottom lip with sharp teeth. Louis shudders at the sensation, rocking his body so there's no space between them. Harry seizes the moment to wrap his arms around him and get a handful of his ass, pulling him impossibly closer. When their groins touch, Louis whimpers into his mouth, head spinning from Harry's overwhelming heat.

“Fuckin’ hell!” A stranger shouts as they pass the couple to go to the restroom. “Get a room!”

They break apart, roughly panting into each other’s mouths, Harry closes his eyes and leans his head back against the wall, removing his hands from Louis’ backside to sit on the curve of his waist. The fingers still tangled at the nape of Harry’s neck tug slightly, making the demon look at him with sparkling black eyes.

Their noses graze as they stand mere centimeters away and Louis politely huffs, “Take me home.”

Staring at his shining lips, Harry licks his own and nods mutely.

Walking out of the place with Louis, no words spoken, just Harry’s hand on the small of his back, is strange to put it mildly. The space between them is wired, Harry feeling the angel’s unusual warmth through his cropped top even as they exit the building and wait for their desperately needed Uber.

Once in the car, Louis’ crowding close to him in the backseat, hand on his knee and face in the curve of his neck. He’s planting hungry kisses to his skin with soft, needy lips, and Harry lets it happen, head lolling the slightest with a quiet, pleased sigh. He’s sober enough to know that this is *bizarre* but tipsy enough to ignore the glances from the driver and let the hand kneading up his thigh get higher. The angel is brazen, nearly sliding his curious fingers over the bulge in Harry’s trousers until the demon grips his hand, causing him to stutter to a stop.

It’s almost as if the moment’s in slow motion: the angel pulling away from his neck, slightly swollen lips red from his drink — *cranberry, black licorice* — and from their actions, his brows furrowed in confusion. Louis bats those long eyelashes up at him, showing off the *eager*, twinkling blue — radiating *want*, something Harry’s never felt from him — and he opens his mouth to question the movement. Before he can speak, Harry seizes him with his free hand and shuts him up with a kiss.

The rest of the ride goes by in what feels like seconds, Harry paying and thanking the driver only before Louis hauls him away and back into their dorm. When they stumble out of the elevator and through the hallway to get back to their room, Louis forces the door open before Harry has the chance to turn away from him and use his key to unlock it. It’s a wonder how his mind is able to work under these conditions. Tripping over each other’s feet as they stumble in, their mouths never part, Louis greedily pulling at Harry, high noises coming up his throat.

“Fuck, Louis, hold”— Harry gasps in between kisses when Louis tries to move him onto his mattress. The weak hold the alcohol had on the demon is almost gone, realization and responsibility hitting him. Gripping his hips harder, he demands gently, —“Hold *on*. ”

Louis groans impatiently when his roommate puts him at arm’s length, “ *Harry*. ”

“*Louis*,” Harry repeats in the same whiny tone, stroking Louis’ fringe away from his vision, his cheeks glowing faintly. *Fuck, he’s stunning*. “You’re fucked up, alright? I don’t want—”

“No, I’m not!” Louis slurs, trying to sound convincing, smiling smugly as he steps back from Harry. “Would a drunk person be able to do this?” he asks, sassily cocking his hips. His face is full of concentration to prove the demon wrong, and Harry watches amusedly as Louis flicks on the lamp on the nightstand. The base of it wobbles and levitates a little as the angel stares harder, and Harry is sure he has almost forgotten Harry’s there.

Harry chuckles gingerly. “That’s very impressive, but I don’t think any *person* could do that. That’s not the point—” he stops to look at the angel sternly when he tries to make another attempt at him.

“You’re drunk, darling. We can’t.”

“But I like you *so* much. Can we please— *please*,” Louis begs.

Do you really, Harry wants to ask, having never thought it’d sound so nice hearing Louis admit his *possibly* true feelings.

Louis tugs on Harry’s shirt to inch forward, his brows furrowed impatiently. “I’ll be good. I promise.”

That sounds nice too.

Closing his eyes tightly, trying to wind himself down, he clenches his jaw and steadies his voice, lightly massaging Louis’ neck and shoulders as he speaks, “I know, I know. Can we talk about this tomorrow when you’re with me— *really* with me?”

Louis looks sad, like he’s going to cry from being rejected, so Harry pulls him into an anxious hug. “Oh, god don’t do that,” he pleads soothingly. “I like you, too, I do. I just don’t want you to regret anything, Louis. That’s all.”

It’s weird, really fucking weird to have the angel like this, soft and malleable in his arm, taking heavy breaths of his scent to calm down. He’s also never been one to console a distressed person, but he’s not uncomfortable in the slightest. It feels good — right.

“Are you alright?” Harry asks cautiously, pulling back to look at Louis. His features are strong in the pale light of the lamp, cheekbones and small button nose. Harry wants to kiss him again and again, but he doesn’t — can’t in good conscience. What has *happened* to him?

Louis nods, tiredly rubbing at his eye.

Harry relaxes and sighs. “Okay. Why don’t you change into your night clothes and go to bed? Sounds good?”

Louis nods again, sulking away from him and digging through his drawers. They both get changed and once Louis’ in his bed, Harry sets down a bottle of water and a pain pill for Louis’ hangover tomorrow. He makes sure the angel’s covered up and warm before shutting off the light and resting on his own mattress.

Once he gets comfortable he can’t help but think, what the *hell* was that? It was only a matter of time before that happened, the tension was becoming too much for him, and he had felt himself getting closer and closer to snapping each day. The only thing that had held him back was the absolute terror he felt when thinking about making the first move — the fear of being denied by one of the most beautiful, holy beings on the planet consumed him. That’d be so shameful, he’d probably ask to be sent back to hell.

Getting the chance to have his lips on Louis’ has alleviated so much of his stress. Ever since the Halloween party, there’s been an itch that Harry couldn’t reach and when they got off together, he might’ve spilled a little too much. Having Louis in that way, even without touching him, snapped something inside of the demon, becoming blatantly conciliatory to piece together what scraps of a relationship there were.

Harry can’t blame Louis for being such a prick about his sudden benevolence, he had manipulated his thoughts before and he had every reason to hate him. At that time, Louis could have passed as one of Harry’s kind and, as attractive as that was to the demon, Louis was almost more insufferable than just being himself. Harry still felt this inkling of needing to protect him from bad things even

though he *is* a bad thing.

It just so happened they were at the same club tonight, both of them searching for a release they refused to find in each other, but when Louis had entered Harry could feel him, smell him. He's usually better at blending in but Louis' senses are out of this world, even when plastered, and being caught staring was bound to happen. It's strange now, reflecting on it before a deep sleep takes him.

"Hey," comes a quiet voice from over his shoulder. He barely registers it, head heavy with sleep, thinking it's only in his brain until it snaps at him, louder, "*Harry.*"

His eyes open wildly, looking over Louis who's still a lump in the bed. "Come here," the angel demands crankily.

Whipping the mound of blankets off himself, Harry tiredly stumbles out of bed and over to Louis. Gently petting the wild hair down, he asks, "Are you okay? Are you gonna be sick? Do you need water?"

Louis rolls over, sporting an annoyed face. Harry's heart sinks, thinking he's about to get an earful for what happened, so he slowly stands up. Not wanting to piss him off, he carefully asks, "What do you want?"

Louis agitatedly folds the covers over himself as if he's going to get out of bed. Harry's afraid this might be the moment Louis beats him up — he deserves it, but he *really* doesn't want that right now.

"I *want* to cuddle."

Harry stares at him, stunned. He thought kissing him would be the most surprising thing that took place tonight but, no. Louis wants to *cuddle*.

Great, Harry thinks, *now just move your feet—*

Huffing and sitting up on his elbow, Louis reaches out for the collar of Harry's shirt and pulls him down into bed to lay behind him. Harry goes pliantly, wrapping his arm around Louis' waist after the blankets are covering the both of them. Tensely lying there, Harry waits for Louis to change his mind and kick him out, but it doesn't happen after five minutes, so he relaxes and scoots closer.

The scent of lavender and vanilla are strong as he nuzzles his nose against the back of Louis' neck, each deep breath calming him more and lulling him back to sleep. After five more minutes, he's in one of the first stages of falling asleep, body going nearly limp, visions of his day flashing by, his breathing slowly down. Until he's startled awake by Louis shifting abruptly, removing himself from the light hold to turn around and look at him through the darkness.

Running a hand through his hair, Harry squints at him, voice raspy, "What're you doing?"

Louis doesn't say anything, just pushes Harry over onto his other side, plopping himself down to properly spoon him. Drunk Louis is less shy and more of a tiny ball of rage that wants control, and Harry happily abides because whatever makes him happy, makes Harry happy (and he just wants to sleep). The bed is not made for two adults, one shove and Harry would be on the floor, but the body behind him holds him close like he wouldn't dream of letting him go. Small puffs of air in his ear tell him Louis is already asleep in less than a minute, and he goes soon after.



After texting Sunday he's fine, drinking a whole bottle of water, and taking an Advil that was left out, Louis physically feels better, but his pride is damaged. He's embarrassed to say the least. Never in a million years would he have expected himself to be in bed with a demon, but here he is — Harry's large body sprawled out on top of him, one leg wrapped around his and a big arm squeezing Louis' torso with his head stuffed in his armpit.

Life is strange.

As appalling as it is, he feels unimaginably lighter now that the truth's out there for Harry and himself. One could say he was stubborn and he'll admit — did he push it a little too far? Maybe. Does he regret going through hell because his ego was telling him not to break first? Yes. The fighting and messing each other's lives up was getting old. But, the scariest part of this all is now he has to deal with openly *liking* Harry.

Louis stops thinking and holds his breath when the demon stretches out for a second, dragging his face out of the crevice to snore softly on his chest. Now that he's dormant and peaceful, Louis reaches a gentle hand out, cold fingers lightly tracing Harry's nose and bone structure — nothing short of beautiful as originally thought. Carefully running his thumb over the bushy eyebrows, dark eyelashes fluttering at the proximity, Louis hums appreciatively. With the looks, he could've been made in heaven. The thought makes him giggle quietly, trying not to wake the other up yet.

"I feel you staring at me," Harry murmurs, rubbing his nose on the sweater and sitting up while keeping his arm around Louis' waist. He blinks a few times to adjust to the morning light, gazing down at their intertwined bodies then back at the angel, tight grin on his lips, "I guess it wasn't a nightmare."

Louis gapes at him and smacks his chest, "Shut up!"

The grin breaks his face, showing off his dimples as he shoves himself back into Louis' chest, the angel immediately wrapping his arms around him. That alarms him, but he doesn't recoil, tentatively petting the back of Harry's head.

"Do you still like me?" Harry mumbles into his nightshirt.

Messing with the smaller curls at the bottom of his neck, Louis swallows his dignity and nods. "Don't you know already?"

"I didn't want to read your mind for that," he says quietly, craning his neck to stare up at him and smile softly. "But now I know you're telling the truth."

What has gotten into this creature of hell that's making him so cuddly and loveable? Whatever it is, it's making Louis sick. Harry crinkles his nose as his smile grows — Louis' not blocking his thoughts. *Wonderful*.

Rolling his eyes, Louis shrugs. "Alright, so now what?"

Harry blinks like he hadn't thought that far, examining the tapestry hanging above the bed before looking back at him. "What do you want?"

"Um." He also hadn't thought they would ever get past hating each other, and now they're faced with *liking* each other. Neither of them know where to go from here. "I don't know."

"We could... try this out?" Harry suggests hopefully. Quickly clearing his throat, he offers, "If you want?"

Louis gulps, raising his shoulder in a half shrug and shaking his head in agreement. “Yeah, we could do that.”

“You’re nervous,” Harry states, sitting up and looking at him.

“Well, yeah,” Louis laughs anxiously under the intense stare. “You’re a demon and I’m an angel, we don’t exactly *get along*. I don’t see how things will work, but—”

“But you want them to?”

Louis glares at him, upset that Harry’s saying what he’s thinking before he can get it out, but nods. “I’m not opposed to *trying*. ”

Harry’s lips curl into a smile. “That’s all I need.”

He leans forward to cup Louis’ jaw and kiss him, excitement and wariness seeping through. It’s refreshing knowing they’re on the same wavelength for once, scared but eager to learn. It feels peculiar, nothing to dull the sensation of Harry’s lips on his in an honest kiss, the warm hand on his face making him lean into it.

Before he can get sucked into the abyss, Louis pulls himself out of the trance, insisting, “None of those demon tricks.” Harry hums and continues pecking his lips, trying to deepen each one until Louis grabs his face, squishing his cheeks together, staring into his dark green eyes. “I’m serious. You can’t control what’s going on in my head. If we’re going to do this honestly, I need to think for myself.”

With his lips still pressed together, Harry’s eyebrows raise comically, making Louis bite his lip to hide a smile. His speech is slurred when he says, “I want to try and make this as natural as possible.”

Louis quirks a brow, letting go of his face and holding his hands in his own lap, “We’re *super* natural beings, how natural can we be?”

“A date?” he proposes, shrugging like he’s lost. “They like that— we could do it?”

Louis thinks for a moment, ringing his hands together and nodding, “Okay.” Harry smiles and leans in to kiss him again, but Louis holds up one hand to stop Harry’s mouth, “You can’t tell anyone.”

Harry’s face falls, pouting against his palm. “You don’t want your friends to know.”

Nodding sadly, Louis whispers, “I’m sorry, but I’d feel more comfortable if we figured things out first. You know?”

“Mhm,” he agrees, looking down to tangle their hands, the polar temperatures a rude reminder how different they are. “I understand that it’s a big shock.”

“A demon and an angel living together and trying to *like* each other? That sounds like a bad joke. Sunday won’t believe me and Niall will probably go into cardiac arrest if I tell him.” Louis laughs, waving their hands around, but Harry still looks upset. Wanting to comfort him, the angel pulls him into a hug, “Is this what happens when you get soft?”

“Apparently.” Harry laughs into his chest and shrugs.

Louis guides the demon away from him, narrowing his eyes, “I don’t like it very much.”

“I know what would cheer me up,” Harry sing-songs, smiling cheekily and wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

Before Louis has the chance to roll his eyes, Harry works his arms underneath the angel, hoisting him onto his lap with a yelp. Louis settles down with his legs on both sides of him, trying very, very hard to not rest his bum completely on Harry’s crotch, his hands holding onto broad shoulders.

“Is the demon happy now?” Louis teases, tugging on Harry’s ear lobe gently.

Harry hums, hands trailing along the smooth skin of Louis’ calves and stretched thighs slowly, long fingers creeping closer to where he really wants to touch. Louis tenses, watching the movements while Harry watches him with a sparkle in his eyes. He moves his hands away from the inside to reach around and splay his hands over each cheek, flexing his fingers experimentally before gripping him and seating Louis down completely, so he’s resting where he should be.

“That’s better.” Harry’s smile is innocent, but his eyes are dangerously dark, stirring something up at the bottom of Louis’ stomach. He’s afraid to adjust in the slightest because he can feel the outline of Harry’s cock right under his ass, and he’s riskily close to getting a boner himself.

“What’re you scheming in there?” Louis asks, narrowing his eyes and poking Harry’s forehead.

“Just thinking,” Harry says nonchalantly, shifting his hips and lifting Louis up a little. His hands are still roaming the angels’ body when he tilts his head and looks at him coyly, “About how pretty you look up there.”

Louis’ nose twitches at the compliment, blushing stuffing his face into his own shoulder. “Stop it.”

“I don’t quite think you want me to— you’re glowing, baby,” Harry points out, nodding his head to the side where there’s yellow light, his hands continuing to massage Louis’ bum through the shorts. He seems to acknowledge every detail of his blushing face. “You like when I tell you how pretty you are?” the demon taunts with a mocking smile.

Much to his shame, Louis’ cock fills up at the teasing tone and praise. He nods and puts his face in the crook of Harry’s neck, shining hands intertwining behind it. His body rocks at its own will, almost leaving him in a daze as Harry’s soothing hold guides his hips.

“My *angel*, so sweet and lovely,” he whispers, turning his head so his lips graze the shell of Louis’ ear. “So beautiful on top of me.”

Louis whines quietly, the warmth from the glow radiating up his arms, he feels it in his chest and his cheeks. It’s much different being this close to the demon, not just smelling him but feeling him, a fiery trail following everywhere he touches. The hot hands squeeze him in the right places at the right times, teasingly pushing the shorts up until he’s nearly exposed, firmly gripping his ass.

Harry’s hard underneath him, he feels the girth of it every time he rolls his hips, and he so desperately wants it inside of him. This morning’s frottage session isn’t enough for either of them, it’s obvious with the way Harry’s groaning and thrusting his hips up to meet Louis perfectly.

The wandering hands don’t stop, ruffling the hem of his shirt to get a feel for the soft skin that it’s hiding, touching him like this is the last time they’ll ever get this chance. His palms skid over the expanse of the toned back, feeling the muscle flex each time he shifts. Harry presses his face into the side of Louis’ neck, breathing in deep, high off his scent.

He huffs, muttering, “You’d take my cock so well, angel.” Letting the crazed noise Louis makes

seems to spur him further, his lips touching the cold, sweaty skin, teeth nipping tenderly. “I know it, just by looking at you. You’re so good— fucking *made* for it.”

“Ha—” Louis chokes, fingers clawing at the collar of Harry’s shirt as he picks up the rhythm, chasing that unfamiliar feeling. The sensation builds up fast, his senses verging on overload. He’s drowning in Harry’s smell and touch, the sound of gruff moans and the sight in front of him — his forehead pressed against the wall watching the minute flex of the biceps every time Harry acts like he’s *really* fucking him.

“Are you gonna make a mess in your shorts, baby?” Harry asks breathlessly, to which Louis whimpers needily and nods. He’s so close, he might cry. “Wanna see your face, *please* Louis.”

The angel stays stuck in the spot until Harry can’t take it. One hand drags up Louis’ back and grabs the hairs at the nape of his neck, pulling his head back so he can relish in the angel’s face. Louis’ panting heavily, eyes closed and brows furrowed in concentration, lips parted, letting out the sweetest noises Harry’s ever heard. It gets him off quicker than he’d imagined, seeing Louis’ face twisted in pleasure as he jerks slightly, dirtying his sleep shorts.

Harry just needs one more thing for his own release, so he brings Louis down and kisses him haphazardly. Their sloppy kissing brings him over the edge, it’s euphoric and neither of them are fully there but it feels so, *so* good. Louis tangling his fucking *glowing* hands in Harry’s hair does something indescribable to him. It’s hot and wet, heavy breathing and messily making out until both of them are ready for another round of sleep.



The arguing stops. They still poke fun at each other but there’s no malice behind it anymore, it’s more like flirtatious banter with an impossible amount of sexual tension. Louis’ holding out for something — he doesn’t even know what — but he’s trying to keep things tame, though Harry has a way about him that makes Louis succumb so easily. It’s frustrating to say the least. He’s itching in his skin, but he’s stubborn so he’ll just have to wait.

One thing hasn’t changed: Harry loves making things difficult for him, whether it’s intentional or not. They’re getting ready for their first date and the demon’s digging through his closet in just his boxers, back muscles flexing as he sifts through the shirts. Louis’ on his mattress trying to focus on cuffing his jeans while saliva pools in his mouth from ogling his roommate — he’s in over his head with this thing.

He clears his throat when Harry turns around with two jumpers, taking his time looking up from his abs and chest to meet his eyes. “Did you say something?”

Slyly smirking, Harry nods. “Which one?”

He looks between the cream knit jumper or a plain grey one, they’re basically the same but the grey one would be too close to Louis’ own speckled black and white sweater. He’s not about to match with him, so he points to the cream one.

Looking between the two articles of clothing and then back at Louis, Harry smiles wide. “I’ll be taking it off later if this date goes well,” he says, winking exaggeratedly.

Louis rolls his eyes and leans back on his hands, watching Harry hang back up the other rejected article. “Yeah, yeah. Can you get dressed already?”

“*Or* we could skip the date and get to it now?” Harry sings, slinking his way over to the angel.

Louis lifts his leg up and puts his bare foot on Harry's stomach to stop him from coming closer. "Not going to happen."

Harry grunts in interest, throwing the jumper onto the bed behind him to grab Louis' foot and take it off of his belly. He massages the arch, watching the angel's reaction carefully, his bottom lip jutting out in a pout. "C'mon, I've heard that before."

Louis blinks, looking up at him through his lashes. "Maybe later."

Harry raises a delighted eyebrow, "Really?"

Louis nods and Harry moves closer, bending Louis' knee easily, getting himself in. "*Possibly.*"

"Alright, alright," he laughs, continuing to massage the foot, sliding his hands around the slim ankle. "That's not the point of tonight, you know that?"

Louis bites his lip timidly, trying to remove his foot from the grasp. "I know."

Harry sighs dreamily, swaying with Louis' foot, "Would love a little kiss though..."

Louis smiles with his lip between his teeth. "Only if you're good."

Lowly humming, Harry's eyes flash with desire, his hold on the ankle tightening a little. "I'll be the best date you'll ever have," he promises, kissing the soft skin of the sole. "Ruin the chances of you going out with anyone else."

The amount of effort that goes into holding back a moan makes Louis sweat. "Gotta go on it first," he replies snarkily, wiggling his toes.

Harry playfully bites his big toe, grinning when Louis giggles and snatches his foot back. He turns around to get his sweater, "Let me get dressed."

"I've been waiting," Louis remarks, smacking his hands on his thighs when he sits up to the edge of the bed again.

"You're only holding me up the more you talk. So, if you wanna get out of here and have the best date of *your life*, be quiet," Harry suggests, grabbing the garment off the bed and sliding it over his arms and head.

Louis doesn't say anything while the demon finishes dressing, cuffing his other pant leg and sliding on his shoes. After buttoning up his pants, Harry approaches him, petting his hair back, smiling. "Good boy."

The tips of his fingers flicker at the praise and his toes curl in his shoes. *Date first, date first.*

Harry chuckles, shaking his head and turning away to grab Louis' coat and his own. "C'mon, don't want to be late. The ice might melt!"

When they reach the ice rink, it's snowing lightly around the crowd of people who are circling a giant tree in the middle. It's unreal how large the evergreen is, decorated with colorful lights and huge ornaments. Humans are almost always over the top.

Harry pays for their skates and insists on helping Louis tie up his laces, kissing his knee through the hole in his jeans. Louis blushes and tries to ignore those stupid colorful insects in his belly, patiently swinging his heavier feet, waiting for the demon to do his own skates.

Once they get out, Louis feels weightless, like he's hovering above the ground. It comes natural to him, he does a few twirls past people and he almost forgets about his date. He turns back around to see Harry sticking to the side rail, gripping onto it for his life.

Louis skates over to him effortlessly, snickering. "What's wrong?"

"I can't fucking skate, obviously," Harry snaps, wobbling as he pushes off, arms swinging to balance himself before reaching for the side again, his ass sticking out.

Hiding behind his hand, Louis giggles and ushers him to stand straight, "Obviously." Harry glares at him as he gathers his bearings and Louis replies just as bitter, "Don't look at me like that because you're shit at this."

Harry gapes at him, eyebrows furrowed in offense. "It was *your* idea!"

"And you agreed! I don't want to hear another complaint out of you," Louis declares, grabbing Harry's bare hand, feeling how warm he is even through his gloves.

"Fine." The demon sighs, "You're lucky I like you."

"*Oh*, I feel it." Louis rolls his eyes and leads Harry around the rink a few times before making sure he's ready to go by himself.

Once he let's go and Harry's skating by himself, he watches for only a second until Harry's flailing around. Before Louis can reach him, the demon's falling hard on his ass. He's sitting in a small puddle of water, his heat melting the ice as he curses and struggles to stand.

"Maybe ice skating wasn't the best idea," Louis tries to joke, tugging him up.

Harry huffs, brushing off the little ice shaving, "You don't say?"

Okay, the first date is not going so well for Harry, but Louis' never been happier. A little part of him is giddy to see Harry fail miserably at something he's good at and then another part of him is amused that he's still trying — there's really no bad side, it's a good time entirely.

They go around the rink for an hour, pointing at couples doing fancy tricks while getting to know each other a little more, talking about their times before coming to Earth. Harry refuses to let go of Louis' hand; he likes it — definitely not because he's going to fall on his ass again if he lets go. Either way, Louis doesn't mind, he's staying warm with the demon close to him.

It's a sight for sure, their hands intertwined, shoulders pressed together, laughing and smiling at each other like some of the other people around. They look like a couple and that kicks up something in Louis' chest. If his hands are glowing in the confines of his gloves, then he's the only one who needs to know that. Harry looks beautiful in the light, snow settling on his curls before it melts just a second later, his nose pink matching his cheeks. Louis tries not to stare too long.

Despite his fall early into the night, Harry's mood is bright and energetic, determined to make the date the best for Louis. Not only because there's a slim — *very slim* — chance that he'll be able to get his hands on him later; he actually *likes* him. After hearing his stories from before he came down here, to his friends and his relationship with the three of them, it's *so* hard not to admire the passion and love in his voice when he speaks about things that are important to him. The crinkles by his eyes that form when he smiles, the story about how he broke a lamp at Liam and Niall's house when he first experimented with his magic has Harry's heart squeezing painfully.

This is foreign to him — a date, *his* date, the feelings, the thoughts. It's not uncomfortable but

there is a strange sensation in his stomach. He knows Louis' feeling the same — he's not very good at blocking his thoughts when he's in the moment — he doesn't try to read his mind, the thoughts just flow to him. It's as if the angel wants him to know how beautiful he looks even if he's skating around like bambi or gripping his hand too hard so he doesn't fall, it doesn't matter.

He kind of doesn't want it to end, but Louis' stomach grumbles audibly and the bitter wind is clearly getting to him, so Harry suggests they leave to get something to eat. Of course, he has a restaurant planned — he's not a caveman just trying to get fucked, he meant when he said he will ruin every date after him — though he'd prefer to not give anyone else the opportunity to have Louis.

After they leave the rink, Harry reconnects their hands, biting back a smile when Louis blushes. They walk the busy streets, Louis questioning him every chance he can — *Where are we going? Aren't you cold? Why do they have so many pictures of that man in the red suit?* — Harry answers as much as he can without spoiling the evening.

"It's all very beautiful," Louis says after they sit down, looking around the place. They end up at a small restaurant, somewhere where he can warm his hands and Harry can properly dry off. He ignores the look Harry gives him when he agrees, hiding his blush by taking a sip of water.

Impressed is an understatement. He never thought Harry'd be capable of creating a nice night and maintaining his word on making sure this is a good date for the both of them. He's pulling out all the stops and it's *working*, they're enjoying themselves and Harry seems to like doing these things for Louis. There's comfort in knowing they're not just doing this because of the wild sexual tension.

However, Louis is strangely aroused. Something about the demon's attitude and demeanor (even after the ice skating mishap) and how easy going and likeable he's being has Louis crossing his legs under the table. Can he be blamed for popping a hard-on during dinner because his callous roommate is genuinely pleasant? Probably.

It's the simple things.

They order while continuing to chat, but Louis' mind is still wandering far away, he's lazy with a few answers and sensing Harry's worry, he reassures him without disclosing the fact his dick is half hard because he's treating him like a gentleman. Even when the food arrives, his stomach twists at the intrusive thoughts. He does his best to make it the rest of the way through the dinner — Harry just looks really good in that jumper, alright?

Harry's lips might be shining a little more in the twinkling lights when he picks up his glass of water, watching the angel as he slowly drinks. Louis feels like he's in one of those hypnotic trances but that can't be the reason his tongue is heavy in his mouth, not when Harry swore he wouldn't manipulate him. So, that means that Louis is absolutely horny for no reason.

"Compared to other dates, I'd say this is going really well," Harry says, snapping Louis out of his thoughts. His face breaks in a half smile, eyes scanning Louis' face.

Furrowing his brows, Louis clears his throat and wipes at his mouth with the black napkin. "Why do you say that?"

Shrugging up his sleeve, Harry makes a show of looking at his watch. "They're usually ripping their clothes off by now." Louis snorts dismissively and the demon laughs with him. A subtle smirk spreads across his face, dark eyes suddenly making the angel feel vulnerable. "I know you want to, and I admire your self control. You should be proud."

Sucking his teeth, Louis nods slowly. “Thank you, but I don’t know if I’ll be this lucky the next time,” he says honestly, tilting his head to the side, maintaining eye contact.

The self assured being tilts his head with him, slightly raising his brows in intrigue. “Is that right?”

Wetting his lips, Louis hums in agreement, the corner of his mouth quirking when Harry’s jaw twitches.

That’s how they end up back at the dorm with their lips locked together, shucking their coats off without breaking the kiss. It’s much too familiar, but this time they’re not drunk and Harry’s not stopping him, letting him guide his body through the room, simultaneously trying to kick their shoes off. Louis is aggressive — desperate to get Harry’s pants off, fumbling with the button and zipper of the black skinny jeans while Harry’s hands keep their faces connected.

When he gets the trousers undone, Harry stumbles back onto his mattress, bracing himself with the heels of his hands. They share a chaste kiss before Louis’ tugging at the hem of the knit sweater, dying to get it off and get a proper view. Harry’s quick to help, hair becoming unruly and parting down the middle after he rips it off, a stray curl falling over his forehead as he watches Louis make his way down his torso.

Dragging his scorching lips leisurely, Louis kneels down and pulls off his trousers and boxers, a quiet, high pitched moan leaving his throat when the demon’s length springs free. It’s not his first time seeing it, but it *is* the first time he’s ever been a few inches away from a hard cock, and it *is* the first time it’s there specifically for him to enjoy. His eyes are wide, staring at it, like he can’t believe it’s real and it’s *that* big. Demure blue looks up at him, pink lips open, wet and gleaming.

“It’s big,” Louis says breathlessly, fluttering his lashes as he looks between the demon and his cock.

“Yeah?” Harry breathes, chuckling a little, maybe a bit too enamored with the way Louis’ staring at him. A warm mouth and soft tongue cuts him off, hips bucking at the unexpected feeling. “Jesus — *fuck*,” he swears, hand immediately reaching for the soft fringe, overtaken with the courage from the angel.

Louis looks up again to make sure it’s okay to continue, the tip of it resting on his flattened tongue so perfectly that Harry can’t do anything but nod. Petting down Louis’ hair, he exhales shakily as the warmth engulfs him inch by inch, head lolling back, quiet groans escaping his lips.

“*God*. You’re doing so well, Louis,” Harry presses on, sparing a glance down to see a delicate, glowing hand wrapped around his cock, jerking off what his inexperienced mouth can’t take. There’s spit everywhere, rolling down Louis’ chin, hand slick with it, working with his bobbing head. His cheekbones are so prominent, it should be illegal. Watching this innocent angel become wild with his overwhelmed senses has something shaking inside of Harry.

For the first time, he prays. He prays not to finish quickly, but Louis’ eagerness to get him off and how much he seems to enjoy performing for the demon isn’t helping. While one hand aids him in getting Harry off, the other is messing with the button of his own trousers, yearning to get a hand on himself. He moans unabashedly once he grips his hard cock through his underwear, sending vibrations through Harry’s body, thighs twitching with the furor.

“Fuck, *yeah*,” Harry encourages, other hand reaching around to move the hair out of the angel’s face, getting a better look at his watery lashes and blue eyes. He’s never seen anything so lovely, just wanting to throw his head back and cry at how beautiful it is. “Just like that— *shit*, you’re gonna make me come, baby,” he gasps, hips jerking the slightest bit to fuck into his mouth.

Louis lets him, wants nothing more than to finally see Harry's face when he comes. Hands bracing on the flexing thighs, trying to steady his blurry vision on the demon's face, Louis lets his jaw go lax, tongue sticking out so Harry has an easy glide. Wrapping his lips around the pulsing shaft, hot semen floods his mouth and Harry's noises fill his head. Louis swallows it greedily, whimpering loudly with his mouth stuffed, and shamelessly finishes in his pants.

After a moment and a few gulps, Louis pulls away, a thick string of saliva and cum still attached to his mouth. He blinks up at the demon with teary eyes and motions to his dirty briefs, "I finished."

"Oh my *god*." Harry grits his teeth and pulls Louis off the floor, laying him down on the bed and hovering over him. He kisses him feverishly, licking into his mouth, tasting himself and Louis' sweetness. Pulling back, he looks him in the eye and decides, "You're gonna come again."

"Okay," Louis agrees anxiously, clearly underestimating himself and Harry's abilities. His shirt, trousers and pants end up on the floor in a matter of seconds and Harry's head is in between his thighs.

The sight has him dizzy, Louis tasting just as good as he looks. Loud whines and whimpers echo through their room, Harry putting every fiber of his being into eating Louis out so he never wants anyone again. As selfish as it is, Harry couldn't live knowing someone else gets to hear his angel like this, choking on his words and moaning *his* name.

Louis' legs rest on Harry's sweaty shoulders, obscenely opening himself up, giving the demon more room to lick and suck at. Thick thighs bracket his head as he laps over Louis' virgin hole, his arms hugging them so he can't go anywhere, the only option given to ride his tongue until Louis can't take it anymore. Harry grinds against the mattress, cock filling up again with the taste on his tongue and music in his ears. He fears this might be a never ending night of them getting each other off with enough time in between to go another round.

That is, until a loud sob rumbles from Louis, thighs spasming around Harry's head. It scares Harry enough to pull away, mouth shining with spit, eyes watching Louis' elongated neck, "Are you okay?"

"Yeah— I'm *fucking fine*," Louis' gasps at the ceiling, chest heaving. He looks back at the unmoving demon, his yellow fingers grab the brown locks and he pleads, "Get back, *please*."

All concern goes over his head, and he's kicked back — literally — into pleasing Louis. Heels push into his shoulder blades painfully, but he'd be lying if he said it didn't spur him further. His fingers dig just as hard into the meaty flesh of Louis' thighs, making sure there will be bruises when they wake up. The flat licks slowly get more firm, his tongue soon pushing past the ring of muscle, thrusting inside of the angel.

"Fuck," Louis whines pitifully, almost like he's on the verge of tears from the hot mouth on him. As much as he wants this to last forever, he's about to come again, hands twisting in the curls painfully, ass grinding on the luscious tongue.

Harry's eyes roll to the back of his head when Louis curses and ruts down on him, trying to fuck himself. He spreads his fingers across the skin, one hand gripping the crease of Louis' hips to delve deeper, forcing him closer. Tucking his free hand under his chin, he uses his thumb to pull the skin apart to lick the expanse, the angel's muscles quivering and his noises becoming more frantic, " *Christ*, Harry. I-I'm gonna—"

His jaw aches but he's persistent, thumbing his hole along with his tongue, his effort paying off when his vision darkens as Louis' thighs squeeze his head and he orgasms for a second time.

Harry's still breathless by the time he looks up, Louis also fighting for a steady airflow as his cock weakly spurts cum onto his already dirty stomach.

Harry unravels his arms, letting the weak legs fall down around him, and crawls over the being with shaky limbs, tenderly uncrossing the angel's arms over his face. Gulping in harsh breaths, Louis looks at him with glazed over eyes, tears streaking his glowing cheeks. He quickly pulls him into a slothful kiss, like he's taking the time to savor himself in Harry's mouth. It feels definite and dirty.

When Harry pulls away slightly, he fruitlessly tries to wipe away fresh tears. "You were so good, baby."

"Yeah?" Louis questions, loosely following after his mouth, capturing it quickly with little pecks.

Nodding, Harry hums, indulging him and sliding his free hand up the exposed skin of Louis' waist and chest. Fingers curling around his shoulder, thumb resting on the angel's Adam's apple, he swears, "The best."

Louis preens, head resting back onto the soft pillow and Harry lays next to him. After he's calmed down, he turns his neck to look at Harry. Speckles of gold stand out in the swirling blue irises, his dilated pupils flexing. "Looks like I didn't get through the first date."

Through his cackling, Harry kisses him again and again.



It continues like that for days that melt into weeks and, eventually, they've been doing this — whatever *this* is — for months. Two months of dates, kisses, fooling around, and they are disgustingly engrossed with each other. Louis tries to keep it to a minimum when they're out in public, he could never stand public displays of affection from other couples, so it's only natural that he's more reserved under the eyes of others.

He's not ashamed of being with Harry by any means but Louis' friends could easily catch wind of their *situation* if one wrong person sees them being cuddled up on their walk through campus. Harry's completely accepting and understanding, so Louis' heart only pings with tremendous guilt when the demon squeezes his hand before heading the other direction for his class.

There must be something about today, though, that has everyone else in a good, sappy mood. Couples he's never seen before are cuddled together outside of the buildings, holding hands on their stroll, all looking like lovesick puppies and rubbing their love in Louis' face. It can't all be in his head that these actions are seemingly more apparent today. He tries his best to hide his grimace and confusion at the abundance of outward affection when he has to squeeze past two women giggling and sharing a snog in the corridor. He has no qualms about relationships — he might as well be in one — but the Halloween party restroom left him slightly traumatized.

The energy around him is distracting as he tries his best to stay focused during his lecture. Hardly anyone is listening, the people sitting next to him are on their phones snapping pictures of the top of their heads typing, '*i wish was w u instead*' with a sad face and too many red hearts or sending texts saying, '*don't forget the lingerie baby*' with a string of hungry emojis. He never pegged Marla to be one to succumb to gender norms and dress up for someone, and anyway — he thought she had a boyfriend, recalling their rather obnoxious displays of affection before she sends him on his way.

Unable to look away out of sheer curiosity, Louis's pencil tip snaps from the pressure when out of

the corner of his bulging eyes, he sees a picture pop up of a man in lace panties, his cock poorly confined within the fabric. The text that follows is something along the lines of, *'i'll be waiting mommy'* with chains and begging emojis. Turns out Marla's relationship with Jack is doing just *fine*.

With a heated face, he tries to be inconspicuous about snooping when clearing his throat and digging for a new writing utensil. His phone vibrates in his pocket and he pulls it out, thankful for a distraction because apparently he only packed one wood pencil and he's not about to ask Marla if she has an extra.

Harry: need to see u asap!!

The angel frowns, vicarious embarrassment gone, making room for consternation to slip in.

Louis: everything alright ?

He waits no longer than five seconds before a picture of Harry comes through; he's out in the cold, nose pink from the air and smiling wide with his thumb up. Evidently, his signature gesture isn't just a response to Louis' text, he's showing that he's standing in front of the building the angel's in.

Louis: get inside ! it's too cold even for a demon to be out !!

Louis: also why aren't you in class ?

Harry: don't worry ur pretty little head angel. i'll be here when u get out

Twenty-five minutes later, Louis' got his book bag on and is making his way through the building. He pushes the door open to be blasted by the February air and no sign of the demon. Tugging his beanie down to cover his ears, he's about to reach for his phone to contact Harry when someone comes barreling into him from the side, attacking his face with warm kisses.

"Hey— *Harry!*" Louis giggles, half heartedly trying to push the demon off of him. Curls are peeking out from Harry's own knit cap, pale face rosy with warmth and he's simply grinning at him when he puts him at arms distance. "What're you doing?"

"Louis!" Harry groans happily, throwing his head back and shaking Louis' shoulders. "I just heard the greatest thing."

Louis motions for him to reveal this amazing news quickly, his fingertips starting to tingle while the rest of him relishes in the heat the demon radiates. "I quite like my fingers and I'm about to lose them, can you get on with it?"

"It's Valentine's day!" he shouts excitedly while Louis' face contorts into a strange one of understanding and confusion. He's heard of the holiday when lovers express their affection with greetings and gifts, which seems a bit silly in the angel's opinion. It now makes sense why everyone is sickeningly sweet today but *why* and since *when* does Harry care about something like this?

"Since you made it easier to like you, Louis," Harry answers his unspoken question, laughing as he pulls his arms away to shrug off his strap and begin digging around in the half zipped book bag. "I got you something," he says slowly into his bag, pulling his hand out and revealing a small, red teddy bear and a pale yellow envelope.

The angel stares between him and the gifts with bewilderment, mindlessly reaching for the plush

toy and carefully taking the envelope with the other hand. Black horns and a matching cape are sewn into the crimson bear that's holding a heart that reads *YOU LIGHT MY FIRE*. The corner of the angel's lip quirk at that then he inspects the envelope; the word *Angel* written on the front in perfect cursive with a heart vaguely resembling a penis next to it.

"What is all of this for?" Louis asks skeptically. Harry doesn't respond as he zips his bag and moves them to the side of the building so people aren't pushing past the pair. Louis furrows his brows at Harry's silence, ripping open the envelope and pulling out the card in search of answers instead. Stuffing the bear under his arm, Louis' face twitches when he reads the cover: '*Be an angel and say you're mine*'.

Harry bites his bottom lip to hide his grin, nodding along giddily. Louis opens the card and skims through the cheesy, generic text on one page then to Harry's neatly scribbled confession of his feelings. The demon nervously clears his throat, drawing Louis' attention away from the sweet words, "Today means something to them so... I thought it could mean something to us too?"

His eyes scan over Harry's unusually soft features dubiously — shining, hopeful eyes and bitten red lips. To avoid the obvious emotions he gets when he tricks himself into gazing into the green for too long, Louis looks back down at the demon's signature scrawled out. "What are you trying to say?"

"I'm trying to say I like you a lot," Harry draws out until the angel resumes eye contact with him with a piqued eyebrow, "and I kinda want you to be my boyfriend."

Louis blinks and he blinks again. Maybe this is a dream, maybe he's shifted into another reality — surely this can't be real. Before Harry can open his mouth and reply with an assured, '*It's real*', Louis nods, "Okay."

Harry's brows furrow and he frowns, "*Okay*? Like fuck off 'okay' or you'll be my boyfriend 'okay'?"

Louis swallows the growing lump in his throat, arm tightening around the bear and hand anxiously crumpling the note, and continues to nod. The words fall off his trembling lips easily, "I want to be your boyfriend."

Saying that takes a weight off his shoulders that he was partially unaware of holding. Harry claps suddenly, face breaking into the largest smile as he celebrates with an echoing holler, startling peers around them. *Fuck it*, Louis decides, nothing can beat making Harry this happy just from a simple, blissful, peacemaking answer. The angel cackles and lunges forward to hug him with all his might, feet coming off the ground with the intensity of it, Harry taking the opportunity to reciprocate the energy, wrapping the angel's legs around his own waist. Tucking his face into Harry's shoulder, he chants '*yes, yes, yes*'.

"I knew you'd say yes," Harry laughs through pecking his face. He stops to settle the angel on the ground, hands cupping Louis' face, looking relieved and exuberant. "I never thought I'd say this but I'm quite happy with you, angel."

All thoughts of despising PDA scurry away from Louis' mind and he kisses Harry openly, too intense to be publicly acceptable. As he grabs the demon's hot face with his cold hands, licking into something so devastatingly inviting, he realizes this is what he was meant to experience. Smooth, caring hands touching him as if he's a glass doll, welcoming mouth and all the feelings that come along with being with someone.

"I'm gonna spoil you so much, you'll hate me again," Harry vows when he pulls away, a glint of

promise in his eyes. It occurs to Louis the demon's got a thing for being the best and he's certainly good at keeping his word. The word *like* feels insufficient for whatever Louis' experiencing now but he doesn't question it, just lets it flow through his being and light his nerves as it goes through the course.

It's hard to go on with his day after they part again, his bag a few ounces heavier with the stuffie tucked along his books, his mind drifting off to Harry — his *boyfriend* — with every dull moment of class. It doesn't help that Harry's texting him the cheesiest things he's ever read in his life along with his thoughts on the plans he's creating for tonight.

Instead of all the grand plans he mentions, they settle on walking to a local diner due to all of the other restaurants being pre-booked for the holiday. That doesn't stop the demon from opening every door and pulling out his chair, introducing Louis as his partner to the elderly hostess and waiter who seem happy for them. By the end of the night, Louis' sure his cheeks are permanently stuck in a smile and chafed from how much Harry kisses them.



Despite Harry being absolutely lovesick, spoiling him like each day is his last, and Louis being head over heels, clueless on how things are surpassing his expectations, they still fight. As expected, they get into tiffs over little things like normal couples do, but then there are arguments that lead to things being telekinetically thrown, slammed and — thanks to Harry — caught on fire. Usually they're easy to get past it and continue on with their love drunk life, but some days are worse than others. Like today.

It's late in the evening and they're walking back to their dorm room, bodies far apart like they're strangers walking too close together on the street. It's awkward and Louis can't believe that they were just at Harry's friend's house for a fun, little get together. His friends, James and Nick, were impeccable hosts even if they were stoned off their asses, the other guests weren't Louis' *favorite* but it was enjoyable enough.

It feels more real now that he's been introduced to Harry's friends — they're *dating*, and Louis is terrified. He didn't expect it to last *this* long, even after their lovely time spent together. He's met people that are important to Harry meanwhile Louis hasn't mentioned him to his friends. He feels like shit for it and he knows that Harry's aware of it.

It doesn't help that one of the party guests was hitting on Louis during a very monumental step in their relationship, but Harry was quick to be by his side and tell the guy off. In the moment, Louis felt his chest tightening as if to say *yes, I'm yours*, but now his chest is squeezing in an uncomfortable way — Harry's too calm exterior doesn't match his tense shoulders or the slightly bitter scent wafting off of him.

Louis takes off his coat, hanging it up as Harry does the same. There's not much space in the room to move around each other, and they've gotten used to having little to no between them. It's scary, Louis' uneasy of what's about to happen because, this time, he knows he's the problem.

Still standing by the end of his bed, he carefully watches the demon sit on the mattress across from his. The air is dangerously still, neither of them moving, hell — Louis doesn't know if he's breathing at this point.

"I just don't get it, Louis," Harry sighs defeatedly, bracketing his head with his hands.

He grips the wooden bedframe tightly with one hand while the other tries to come off more relaxed. "What?" Louis asks quietly, but it's obvious.

“I know you haven’t told your friends anything. As far as I’m concerned, they still think I’m a piece of shit who doesn’t deserve to even be near you, but here I am— here *we* are. We sleep in each other’s beds, we kiss, we hold hands. Louis, you’re my fucking *boyfriend* and you don’t have the decency to tell them that you and I are *okay*. It’s like”— Harry stops his rant suddenly and looks up at him, brows furrowed, his usually upturned lips are pulled into a frown and his voice shaking the tiniest bit when he asks, —“why are you hiding me?”

“I—” Louis starts, his bottom lip beginning to quiver. *Oh, Jesus*. This is not the time to cry, but he’s never seen Harry look like this. The closest he’s come to it was when Harry failed one of the most important tests he studied so hard for. Harry had spent his nights with his head in Louis’ lap while Louis flicked through note cards quizzing him every minute. He did well during the practice but came home in near tears and sulked for the next week while being in the angel’s arms.

Louis shrugs, looking down to the ground, breathing out, “I don’t know.”

Harry snorts weakly, shaking his head slightly like he knows. He *knows* that isn’t the truth, but can’t understand why Louis continues to try and hide. “I’ve done everything,” he says, his voice straightening out and coming out a bit louder than he probably intended. “I have given up everything I came here for, for *you*— an *angel* . And you treat me like how I treated people before I met you. Like I mean nothing.”

Maybe this is good, *let Harry have a taste of his own medicine* . But, no, no, *no*. That isn’t what Louis wants. If he’s honest, he didn’t want *any* of this... and now he’s here. He’s anxious and unprepared with his words getting stuck in his throat and his hands shaking.

Harry continues heatedly, “Do I mean nothing to you? Was I just another ‘human’ experience you wanted to have?”

Louis feels himself shrinking, the words right *there* on the tip of his tongue— *say it and get it over with*. But he stays still and silent, overwhelmed with their angry and upset scents, every muscle in him clenched tight.

“Fucking talk to me!” Harry raises his voice, practically begging.

“ *God—* ” Louis chokes out, a sob caught in the middle, not minding that he swore and took the name in vain. His head starts pounding, a sudden pressure that has him pressing the heels of his hands into his temples. “No, that’s not w-what I wanted. I didn’t think we’d get this far and I-I was waiting for something to happen—”

“You were waiting for me to fuck up,” Harry rightfully accuses. It’s not a question and he sounds *so* disappointed.

Can Louis blame himself for expecting something that’s literally in the demon’s DNA— to cheat and lie and manipulate his way around such an honest, vulnerable being?

“We’re so different, Harry,” Louis whines pitifully, taking a small step back though Harry hasn’t moved. He tries to shuffle through his muddled thoughts only to come up with, “I didn’t want to get my hopes up. I didn’t want to be hurt.”

“You didn’t want to get your hopes up,” Harry repeats. Louis might as well have kicked a puppy because the look on Harry’s face makes his heart sink with guilt and regret. “You agreed to be my partner even when you had these doubts? Do you not trust me?” He stands then, body a bit unbalanced as he paces mindlessly around the room, still not going anywhere near the angel.

“You trusted me enough to let me touch you, take *care* of you and give nearly everything I have to *you*.” His glazed over green eyes snap to Louis’ wet ones, angry and hurt. Gradient red begins to radiate from his balled fists, the color starting at his fingertips and spreading across the back of his hand. “Yet, you don’t believe me?” he scoffs, shaking his head in disbelief, bringing his shaking hands up to push his hair away from his slightly sweaty forehead. “I don’t know what else I can do to make you see.”

Louis gulps down that treacherous lump in his throat and quickly wipes at the few tears that fell. “See *what*?” he asks, voice high and pleading but it comes out snappy and impatient.

Harry looks at him again, almost like he’s in pain, and the next words come out faster and harsher than he anticipates. “That I fucking *love* you, you idiot!” he hollers, cheeks as red as his entreating hands. “If it wasn’t apparent this whole time! *Christ*, Louis, are you really that fucking oblivious? Do you not see it when I look at you or *feel* it when I touch your skin? I am *so* fucking in love with you and it *hurts* that you still have these damned walls up and won’t let yourself go completely. Until now, I didn’t think you were holding back all that much... but you got me, angel.”

And that. Well, that’s the gust of wind that pushes Louis off the edge. Harry’s giving him an easy way out but he doesn’t want things to be simple because they *aren’t*. He can’t take it, the loud words and tension are the last nails in his coffin. At once he’s feeling everything. His sweater is too tight around his neck and he fears he’s choking, the broken breaths he’s taking aren’t helping much with that either. Hot tears are blinding him and all he can hear is his fragile heart pounding in his ears.

The smell might pain him the most. Harry’s still as sweet as ever but it’s quickly turning sour and he can smell himself wilting the longer he says nothing to the confession. It’s too much, his emotions running on the highest level of a treadmill, every one of them tripping on each other to try and keep up and stay coherent. He can only stare at the expecting demon while stupid tears rolls down his face steadily.

A minute drags on and Harry finally closes his mouth and swallows, “*Okay*.” The muscles by his jaw flex rapidly though he nods slowly in understanding. “Alright then.”

Louis wipes at his entire face hastily, it’s hot and wet under his cold hands. His vision has returned to normal, the lines on Harry’s forehead and by his frowning lips are clearly defined. The demon’s shoulders have slumped the slightest bit and he takes two steps back, putting more necessary distance between them. It hurts terribly, seeing this person who he’s grown so fond of look at him with such disappointment and sadness. Everything they’ve worked hard for has collapsed faster than it was built and it’s because of Louis.

He opens his mouth to apologize or say *something*, but he hasn’t properly inhaled oxygen this entire time. He hiccups and chokes out, “H-Harry.”

The other man looks up at him, sniffing and rubbing his nose before he sets his hand on his hips. Louis waits for him to speak, but he doesn’t.

“I’m sorry,” Louis tries, folding his hands in front of himself, tugging the sweater sleeves down to cover his fingers. Looking down from the intense eye contact to his pigeon-toed feet, he says, “I don’t know what to say.”

“Then don’t say anything.”

“But you—” *You just said you loved me.*

“Please, Louis,” he snaps, raising his hand to stop him from speaking. He softens when he hears Louis’ quiet whimper and sighs loudly. “Just... don’t.”

Louis automatically closes his mouth, tucking his face into his shoulder to wipe off the stray droplets and turning away to open his closet. He doesn’t want to stay here and he’s sure his partner doesn’t want him to either.

“What’re you doing?” Harry asks from his bed, taking off his shoes and setting them to the side.

“I, um... I’m going to go to Niall and Liam’s for a while.” Louis snuffles and clears his throat, willing his voice to come out stronger, “I need some space to think.”

Harry huffs quietly, but that’s all that comes out of him while Louis digs through his things.

Mindlessly and quietly, he moves through the dorm, filling his small bag with clothes and other small necessities. While he’s doing that, he thumbs a quick text to Niall, letting him know he’ll be coming over for a few hours, maybe a day because just missed them *so* much.

He takes a moment for the ‘*ok !*’ text back, disregarding the shuffling in the bed behind him. Slinging the bag over his shoulder, he makes his way to the door and stops in the threshold after he opens it. Louis turns around to get a last look at the demon, his heart cracking a little more at the sad, hunched over being on the bed.

“We’ll talk when I get back?” he asks hopefully, his voice wavering again.

Harry looks up from the spot on the ground he’s been staring at for the past five minutes, mouth twisted to the side in some sort of grimace. His lashes flutter to keep the obvious tears in his eyes at bay until the angel leaves but he nods nonetheless — no words, just a bitter shake of the head.

Pursing his lips, Louis tries to ignore the way his chest aches as he exits the dorm and goes back to the same old way of life.

Louis doesn’t make it twenty minutes into his visit before his crying body is being consoled on the couch for reasons unknown to Liam and Niall. He doesn’t want to say it, doesn’t want to admit that he’s been keeping a secret from his friend’s or that he loves Harry too.

He loves Harry, too . Of course he does, it was stupid of him to stand there and not profess that when the demon was begging for him to say something. His genuine and sorrowful words, his disheartened face and despondent demeanor while he watched his lover stutter and flounder for words. All because he said he loved him, like how real people do.

The image and thoughts have Louis a sobbing mess, body shaking while being huddled by confused yet caring friends.

“Lou,” Liam says gently, “you’ve got to tell us what’s wrong.”

“Harry and I—” he manages to get out through his hiccuping tears.

“Did he do something to you?” Niall demands angrily, the hold on his shoulder tightening a bit. “If he did, Louis, you need to tell us.”

Louis can’t respond. He’s back to that chest crushing, oxygen deprivation where the sobs are so strong he can’t think and he’s getting dizzy. Liam huffs in the absence of his answer, removing his hand from Louis’ knee to stand up.

“Fuck *him*,” he mutters, taking two steps forward, spinning and taking two steps that way. He keeps repeating the motion while he looks at his distraught friend, anger flooding his face. “I’ll go over there right now and tell that zero to pack his bags and go back to hell!”

That jolts a little laugh out of the angel, making him choke on a half cry, half laugh. There’s a brief moment of lightness before it turns serious again, the heavy buzzing in his head filling the empty space.

“What about you and Harry, Louis?” Niall asks tentatively, his grip turning into a calming rub along Louis’ spine.

“We’re…” He takes in a shaky breath because lord knows he’s been dreading this. His sweaty hands rub his face and he reluctantly rips off the bandaid — quick and painless, “We’re dating.”

“You’re *what*?!” Liam shrieks.

Maybe not without the flare.

“At least we were!” Louis rushes in but that doesn’t make things any better. “I mean—*yeah*.”

Liam just about loses his mind, his pacing picking back up, quicker this time while he mutters things under his breath. He’s like an overwrought parent, clearly beside himself while Niall slowly removes his arm from around Louis. That might make him feel a little worse.

“When did this happen? Didn’t you guys hate each other a few weeks ago?” Niall’s trying his best not to sound bewildered and it’s coming off well, though Louis senses his intense confusion.

Stuffing his face in his hands, Louis mumbles, “We’ve been dating for a few months…”

“A *few*—” Liam stops in his tracks, his eyes wide and mouth dropped open, “It’s *April*!”

“Hold on,” Niall sighs heavily, interrupting Liam’s next rant by glaring at him then averting his gaze to the floor. Louis tries to ignore Liam and focus his blurry eyes on the other angel shaking his head in disbelief. He tenses when Niall’s blue eyes meet his, they’re softer than he expected, “Why were you hiding it?”

Louis huffs, rubbing his wet nose with his jumper sleeve because he doesn’t want to hear this shit *again*. ‘*This is why*’, he wants to say and point at the human freaking out, but he knows it’s his own pathetic head that’s been holding him back.

“I was afraid of— of—” *Of the way you’d react, of the way it looked, of being in love with someone who I knew was made to hurt people.* “Everything.”

Another minute passes with Liam staring down at him utterly dumbfounded while Niall radiates sympathy. He’s going to cry again, there’s no doubt.

“Okay, okay,” Niall wheezes, running a hand through his hair. “Um, what— what made you come here *now*?”

The tears start forming because how could he forget? It’s late, his eyes are puffy and he’s just tired of reliving it at this point. “He said he loved me.”

A tiny squeak comes from Liam and Niall’s eyes nearly pop out of his head. “*Oh my*—” The other angel clears his throat, sucking in a deep breath before asking, “Do you… *love* him as well?”

Hiding his face in the soft fabric of the sweater tucked around his hands, Louis whines pitifully and nods. There's a gasp and a smacking noise from above him, looking up he sees Liam's head in his hands like this is the worst possible news he could've ever received. And Louis thought *he* was dramatic with the feeling of his world spinning, spitting sparks and fire as it crashes down.

Niall sits next to him, too stunned to have an outward reaction, but he seems to try and zone back in on Louis, "Are you sure?"

If there's one thing he now knows for certain, it's that. Louis whips his head up, seething, "Yes, I'm bloody sure."

Niall holds his hands up in defense the same time Liam hollers, "A demon! You're in love with a *demon*—"

"Liam, please," the blonde snaps kindly and returns to his conversation with Louis when Liam closes his mouth. He looks somehow confident yet unsure when he says, "You know we love you and if... if Harry treats you right and makes you *happy* then uh"—he shares a benign look with his roommate— "then don't let our opinion of him get in the way of that."

"B-but," Louis huffs, wiping his eyes again and taking a steadying breath. "It's so hard knowing that my *friends* don't like him. I want to be able to bring him around without you guys treating him differently because of the stuff he's done. But I did terrible things too! I didn't make it easy, and I apparently still don't. We hated each other but *something* happened and we just... kind of fell together."

If he looks back hard enough, he's sure he could pinpoint the exact moment he knew. Maybe it was when he saw Harry on his first day when he didn't know anything about him and thought he was the prettiest thing on this planet, or maybe it was at the Halloween party when he fell into the demon's arms and felt *safe*. Maybe it was their first date when he had the chance to feel all those little things he had always thought in full swing, without his conscience nagging him. Or was it when he came twice and Harry held him close, kissing and taking care of him like they were lovers then? It hasn't felt more definite than it does now, thinking back on the moments they shared even when they weren't the best.

"Louis..." Niall starts, "I'm sorry, mate, but I'm struggling to see why you're this upset. He told you he loved you, you love him back, so what's the issue here? Why are you acting like your whole world has fallen apart?"

"I didn't—I didn't say it back. Because I was so *scared*. I wanted to tell you both before I said it because I-I didn't want to make a mistake but I think it only made things worse," Louis solemnly admits.

Liam sits in his original spot, cautiously wrapping his arm around the angel who falls into his strong body. "I... I'm sorry if I made things worse by acting like that."

"No offense, I didn't expect anything different," Louis laughs weakly, sinking into his heat. It should be Harry he's cuddling into, not his friend. He should be home, thanking Harry for what he's done, being braver than he is, loving and kissing him — not slumped over, dehydrated with a pounding headache, worrying his friends.

"If we made it feel like you couldn't talk to us about any of this, Lou, I'm sorry," Niall says, head hanging. "Does Sunday know?"

Louis shakes his head, huffing a laugh, "She'd have my head; she *loathes* Harry. Sometimes I

wonder if she hates him more than I did.”

“I can definitely see that! She’s a very passionate being,” Niall laughs, looking back at him. The remains of unhappiness linger behind his blue eyes but they’re sparkling with something like pride.

Liam excuses himself to make a pot of tea, unraveling from around Louis to leave the angels by themselves. They don’t say much, but Louis can feel the apologies on the tip of Niall’s tongue, the way his brows are furrowed a whole centimeter has Louis wanting to reach over and console him. It seems as if there’s a part of Harry in Louis, his mental powers strong enough to peer over the ledge of Niall’s thoughts, not quite all the way there but enough to read some of them.

The other angel feels as though it’s his fault, the reason Louis’ here with his first failed relationship. *Is it a failure or is this what they call ‘taking a break’?* Niall wants to hug him, tell him everything’s going to be alright even if he’s unsure and Louis wants to do the same.

“It’s late.” Liam announces suddenly, glancing at Niall when he rounds the couch. He hands a hot mug to both of them and suggests, “You can stay here if you want?”

Louis nods and thanks him, his mind trailing off to Harry as he takes the cup of steaming tea from him. There hasn’t been a phone call or text asking him to come back and talk. Nothing. What if he really did it this time? What if Harry’s back to the way he was before, looking for someone to fill in the hole that Louis left? The tea scorches his throat but it doesn’t hurt as bad as that thought does.

Answering the million questions his friends ask brings those pesky thoughts away. After they’re done interrogating him, he takes his bag and dips off to his original room. There’s a yellow bicycle in the corner and a cardboard box next to it, Liam’s things. He’s happy to see they haven’t completely made it into a storage unit or torn it down entirely the past few months he hasn’t been around. It drowns him in tranquility, almost everything in the same place it was before he left.

He plops down on the bed, his belly full of liquid sloshing around uncomfortably as he digs for his phone from his back pocket. He’s met with the time and his screen saver of him and Harry; his large hands cupping Louis’ head, pressing a hard kiss to the angel’s glowing cheeks while Louis cheeses, his smile so wide and bright that his eyes are closed and crinkled around the edges. Terrified he might lose it all, he quickly locks the screen and tosses the device to the floor. He could go for a hot shower and a goddamn cuddle, but he falls asleep instead.

When he wakes up around 11 AM, he does get a shower and eats a late breakfast with Liam while Niall’s out to class. A low part of him wants to stay here, pretend that nothing happened, that he never left and met Harry, but he can’t — not now that he’s felt just a sliver of what love feels like.

“What would you do now?” Louis asks, reaching for his glass of apple juice. “If you were in my spot.”

“Um.” Liam clears his throat and scratches at the scruff lining his jaw. “To be honest, I don’t know how much help I’ll be considering I haven’t been in a relationship for years.”

That strikes Louis as surprising. Liam’s a funny, handsome man with a good head on his shoulders and a heart of gold. He doesn’t want to pry and ask how that could be, it’s none of his business. As much as he loves a good story, he’s kind of got his own issues to resolve.

“Well, you’ve automatically got more experience than I do,” Louis reminds. Setting his cup down and interlocking his fingers to rest his chin on them, he musters a smile, “So, please, grace me with

your knowledge on how to fix this mess with my demon boyfriend.”

A light blush spreads across Liam’s face at the words. It does sound a bit strange still, and Liam’s clearly finally processing it now. His angel friend is dating a demon. *Right*.

“I’m just going to ignore the supernatural elements of that request and pretend that I know what I’m talking about,” he chuckles timorously, grabbing their empty plates and taking them to the sink. He takes his time washing and drying the dishes and Louis’ about to prompt him to answer until he finishes putting away the last plate and turns to the angel with his arms crossed over his chest.

“I mean it’s simple, isn’t it?”

Louis’ face twists in confusion, “If it were simple, I wouldn’t be asking you for help?”

“You’ve always enjoyed making things harder for yourself.” Liam laughs at the offended look that morphs into acceptance because he’s not *wrong*. “Why don’t you just explain to him what you were thinking at the time and tell him you’re sorry and, y’know, you love him?”

“Liam, that” — *won’t work, sounds impossible, will have Harry laughing in his face* — “that *sounds* easy, but what if he doesn’t believe me? What if... he doesn’t love me anymore?” The thought breaks his heart more than he’d like to admit. He doesn’t want to look like a fool, pouring out these pent up feelings when Harry could easily make him into a joke — he’s done it before.

Liam sighs. “If your feelings are genuine, you should let him know. I think that it’d be the best thing to do regardless of the outcome.”

It’s simple yet horrifying, but he hasn’t got much to lose now. Their relationship was a fluke, a surprising spark of luck. The longer he stays here to hide, the chance of overcasting that light spreads. He wishes he could say he’s going to kick Liam’s ass if this doesn’t work, but this is his own doing, his problem to fix. (He wouldn’t stand a chance against him anyway).

Straightening his posture with the help from an adrenaline rush, he huffs, “Well, what the *hell* am I still doing here?”

Liam’s face cracks into a grin and he waves his hands around wildly. “I don’t fuckin’ know! Go get your man — demon — *boyfriend* — ” He looks discombobulated but enthusiastic and that’s all Louis needs to exhale shakily, gather his things and rush out the door. The little shove from his friend puts a pep in his step.



His heart is pounding out of his chest when he reaches for the door handle with a trembling hand, the burst of energy from the walk over almost completely diminished. Now, with his stomach in knots, he doesn’t quite know if he’s going to throw up or cry, just that the latter would be preferred. He’s prepared for the worst; perhaps Harry won’t be there, maybe someone will be in Louis’ place inside of his arms, or rather Louis will be walking in on the middle of—

Immediately, he stops thinking as he feels bile creeping up his throat. Maybe he *will* vomit, that’d be lovely, right? Suppose he won’t know until he opens the door, so he wills his hand to twist the knob and his feet to walk in cautiously.

What he hadn’t been prepared for was to see Harry — at least he *thinks* it’s him — in the middle of Louis’ bed. There’s no dead give away of it being a person, it appears to be a pile of pillows and blankets at first. The longer he stares in confusion, the more obvious the gentle, slow rise of the

mound becomes.

Quietly, he closes the door and steps further inside, setting his bag on the ground to move closer to the person in his bed. It definitely is Harry, part of his face is covered by layers of blankets, but the other half smushed into his own pillow gives it away. He still can't sleep without that thing, Louis thinks.

Louis bites his bottom lip as he kneels down to get a better look, his chin wobbling a little as tears prick his eyes while he observes his partner. Dried water streaks are evident on Harry's rosy cheeks, his under eyes noticeably darker and puffier than the day prior, his eyebrows furrowed and his full, red lips seem to be permanently downturned.

Shakily, he releases a breath he didn't know he was holding and gently thumbs the tear paths, wanting nothing more than to have not been the reason they're stained on the soft skin. He watches with watery eyes as his tender fingers follow the line of Harry's jaw, brushing stray curls away from his creased forehead.

There's movement from behind the veiny translucent lids of Harry's eyes before his lashes flutter, showing off that piercing emerald green Louis' missed so much. They're glazed over, whether from sleep or from unshed tears, Louis can't be sure. However, he does know how the hand around his heart squeezes significantly tighter when Harry registers that Louis' is in front of him.

"Hi," Louis whispers sadly.

"You're back?" Harry croaks, shifting so one hand appears from the blanket. He pets over Louis' red cheek as if to see if he's really here. That's when it hits Louis; he couldn't live without this.

The angel leans into it, fighting to keep his eyes open. His voice shakes when he says, "Of course I'm back."

Harry's nostrils flare and his mouth purses into a deeper frown, "I thought I scared you... that you weren't going to come back because of what I said."

"I'm so sorry that I made you think that," Louis whimpers, shaking his head, hand gripping the space between Harry's shoulder and his neck. "I wanted to let you know that I feel the same, but it was hard for me to say it out loud. When you admitted it, I shut down— I was scared and I'm sorry if I hurt you."

"You did hurt me, angel. I didn't understand what was going on but I can't play games with you, not about this," Harry says solemnly before taking a shaky breath. "Why were you keeping it a secret for so long? Did I do something to make you want to hide me away?"

A pained noise crawls up his throat and Louis squeezes his eyes shut, shaking his head. "God, no, Harry, you are fantastic. We haven't had the best record with each other and I was terrified of what everyone would say or how it'd make me look. I know I shouldn't have been bothered with any of it because you are a truly amazing being, but I was foolish and scared. You mean everything to me and you're the best boyfriend I've ever had."

"I'm the only boyfriend," Harry points out, face twisted in an amused grimace as he shakes his head side to side. "You haven't moved on already, right?"

A half hearted laugh struggles to come out through the angel's constricted throat and he shakes his head. "No, you're the *only* boyfriend I've had and I'd quite like to keep it that way," Louis admits, hoping he's not asking for too much. "If you'll have me, that is."

There's a pause, just the two of them looking at each other for what feels like the first time with glazed eyes. "Of course I will, Lou. I understand your doubts but you're here now," Harry responds meekly, eyes darting over his face, trying to read the angel's mind, "and you love me."

"Hell yeah, I do!" Louis exclaims, making Harry's face break out into a large smile, his lovely, ugly cackle following after. Harry grabs the back of his neck to bring him into an uncomfortable hug as they laugh wetly into each other's necks.

"You bastard angel," Harry grumbles happily, pulling back to look at Louis' beaming face. His eyes drift down to Louis' bitten lips, his jaw tightening as he says, "Please don't do that to me again."

"I won't," Louis swears, noticing the not so sly look and leans down to connect their lips, both of them melting into it completely. Pecking his mouth over and over as if sealing that promise with every touch of their rough lips, he gets pulled from the ground to lay in his bed with Harry.

They kiss as if it hasn't been only a few hours since their last, Louis' hands grasping at the demon's face and hair to feel closer and Harry — *god* Harry and his hands have never felt so good. As much as he wants to climb him, take his pants off and make up for the lost hours, Louis' head is pounding from crying for hours and Harry's warmth is all that he needs right now.

He pulls away breathlessly, shoving his face into the crook of Harry's neck to familiarize himself with that intoxicating scent of oranges and cinnamon. Harry's nose nudges just underneath his ear, taking a deep breath to do the same, a quiet groan falling from his lips.

"Baby," he says, rolling Louis off of him to lift up the blankets and take him under. "It's been too long, come here."

Louis wastes no time sliding under the covers and slinking into his body, and even with his shoes on, he's the most comfortable he's been in the past day. Though now it's a little after noon, he falls asleep in the comfort of the demon's arms, a hand rubbing his back, pulling him closer as time goes on.



They remain tied together for days save for eating and showering, going to class and work are necessary too, Harry tells him. They always gravitate to one of their beds after long — or short — days, simply relishing in each other's company. Now, they're laying on Harry's single bed, carefully woven into the other as they watch a Netflix show from the laptop resting on Harry's stomach.

The sun has set outside, soft pelts of rain hitting the window and stronger gusts of wind supply them with a gentle background melody. Louis' one arm is curled in the middle of their bodies and the other is under the blanket, his hand sitting between the layer of Harry's t-shirt and his abdomen. The first few episodes had Louis intrigued, but he's never been good at staying focused when other much more *important* things are going on.

It's hard to ignore the loving slide of Harry's fingers automatically sifting through the fringe on his forehead when he's missed it so much, Louis' face resting on his broad chest. The even breaths, slow tousling of his hair and the racket from the laptop are a reminder that he definitely shouldn't be half hard right now. Like he's said before, it's the small things. His crotch is pressing against Harry's thigh and he can't stop thinking about shifting his hips the slightest so his boyfriend notices his untimely discomfort.

So he does, unable to avoid the fire growing in his belly any longer. Around the time the climax of the episode starts to build — may it be the *wrong* time — he tries to subtly grind his hips against Harry's leg. He sighs quietly at the relief, sort of hoping that it gets drowned out by the commotion on the screen.

The demon notices the precise change, humming and easily diverting his eyes to tune into Louis, "Everything alright?"

His nails scrape the angel's scalp gently causing a needy noise to escape his lips, Louis' fingertips pressing into his stomach at the small spike of arousal. "Yeah," he squeaks feebly, turning to bury his nose into the cotton shirt to take a deep breath, the warm scent clouding his thoughts.

"Are you sure?" Harry questions, though he sounds so sure of what Louis' doing. The firm flex of his leg that adds a sublime pressure proves that.

Involuntarily, Louis rocks into the sturdy leg and whines low in his throat, "*Harry...*"

The hand caressing his head makes one more trip through the fluffy hair and then tangles at the base of his neck, tugging tenderly to make eye contact with him. His face is illuminated by the screen, flashing blues and whites bringing out different prominent features with each transition but his dark, soft eyes remain the same. Their stares are locked, Harry's gaze flickering between Louis' pleading eyes while he scratches the back of his head.

"Tell me what you want, angel," he prompts smoothly.

Louis slides the hand underneath Harry's shirt up, taking the fabric with it, blunt fingernails clawing at his chest. "I want *you*."

The corner of Harry's lip quirks at that. Slowly blinking, he says, "Come here then."

Without another word, Louis shimmies himself up Harry's body and slots their mouths together. The hand on the back of his neck holds him steady as Harry tongues at his bottom lip, slowly licking into his mouth when his jaw slacks. When he hikes his leg to get more friction, his head spins with pleasure. Trying to get closer to the demon, he spreads his hand to grab the curve of his shoulder and shifts his weight onto his other arm, lifting him a few inches.

Harry easily goes with him to keep their lips connected, the sensation of his hot tongue tasting every corner of Louis' mouth has him vibrating with nerves. Louis' practically riding his thigh, Harry's own cock nudging his hip bone with each rotation. The demon's other hand rests atop Louis' on his chest, squeezing his wrist as a gentle reminder to calm down. That's just not an option right now because, well—

"I want you to fuck me," Louis pants from his glossy mouth, looking into Harry's eyes.

The demon chokes on the breath he was taking as he pulled back, clearly unprepared for *that* to come out of the angel despite how long he's wanted to hear it. Louis' a virgin — no matter what he says — but the almost manic glint in his eyes makes him look like a sex crazed minx and Harry's dick throbs at the sight.

"Yeah?" he asks, any real response startled out of him, a million thoughts hitting him all at once. But, all Louis has to do is sink his teeth into his already crimson bottom lip and give a sure nod for things to snap together and Harry to surge up, kissing him again. Cupping his jaw and slinking his spare hand down his back to grab a handful of his ass, Harry spreads his fingers over the round muscle and presses forward, bringing Louis' groin against his thigh in a firm grind.

The saccharine noises that flit through Louis' lips into his mouth taste as sweet as they sound, vanilla and a twinge of cherry tingling his tongue and nostrils. He'd be drunk just off Louis' scent alone, but licking into his mouth has him twirling through the sky, somehow simultaneously both weightless and laden. Louis' right there with him, getting lost in the spasmodic rhythm, grasping onto Harry with everything he has because he *knows*, he knows that it's finally going to happen.

The Netflix show is completely thrown to the side, much like the laptop clattering to the floor once Harry switches positions to hover over Louis, putting his weight on his forearm while the other hand slips under Louis' shirt. Neither of them pay any mind to the device, too caught up in the filthy glide of their tongues, heavy breaths, and frantic kissing. With the mewls coming from the angel, Harry suddenly realizes there's too many layers between them.

He breaks their mouths apart to shuck Louis' t-shirt up, the sight of tanned skin has his mouth drooling and he takes only a second to admire before he's trying to do the same. Too distracted, his mind and body working on two different waves, he nearly topples off the bed to remove his own shirt. Tossing the article of clothing to a random part of their room, Louis giggles weakly and grabs the demon's waist to prevent him from rolling onto the ground, effectively bringing their lips together.

"Sorry," Harry says between spurts of intense kissing. "I just— can't believe it."

"Believe what?" Louis asks, removing his hands from the demon's jaw, reaching down to undo the knot of Harry's sweatpants and tug them down his pale thighs. His mouth dries at the sight, Harry's cock hanging heavy between his legs. "No underwear?" he rasps.

Harry looks down at himself then back at Louis, his eyebrows raised and voice panicked, "When do I ever wear underwear to bed? I wasn't expecting this, Louis, I *swear*—"

"Harry" — kiss — "*honey*" — kiss — "it's okay."

Harry nods quickly, swallowing the lump in his throat and laying down to the side to tug off his sweats so Louis can do the same. He shouldn't feel like this — it isn't his first obviously, but it's his first with *Louis and it's Louis* we're talking about — like an inexperienced teen, trying their hand at sex for the first time.

But he does, especially when Louis shuffles down to face his cock, taking it into his hand, much more gentle this time around. There's no hesitation when Louis sticks his tongue out to lick the length and wrap his lips around the round tip, immediately taking an inch or two into his mouth. Harry's hand finds itself tangled in Louis' hair, wrist working with the bob of his head as he spews praise and compliments that only make the angel work harder.

Harry's not the smartest but he knows one thing: Louis likes to be praised — acknowledged for his hard work. He *deserves* to be. So, that's what he does, glorifying his angel until he's on the brink of release. He tugs an eager Louis away from his cock but not without an impatient whine from those spit polished lips.

"If you don't stop, I'm gonna finish and I was hoping to get in you before that happens," Harry jokes but his voice is stern, sliding his hand from the hair to Louis' jaw. While Louis elbows his way back up the bed, Harry eases two fingers into the angel's hot mouth in replacement.

He's missing a vital thing but it's *so far* away. In a way, this is a good test to see how on it the angel is. If you look at it the right way. "Can you give me the lube, baby?"

The nightstand drawer opens to his side and the clear bottle of lubricant flies through the air and

lands right next to Harry's thigh on the ruffled sheets. He makes a pleased hum and shoves his fingers deeper into Louis' mouth until he feels the slimy uvula in the back of his throat. Impressed and aroused that the man trained himself to prevent gagging, he presses further, completely ignoring the bottle just to indulge himself. Moaning around the slender fingers, Louis' throat opens to accept them while maintaining strong eye contact, like he's testing Harry. He's radiating a certain confidence that Harry feels is only temporary.

Of course, he's right. The facade shuts off as soon as Harry rubs his spit and lubed up fingers against Louis' virgin hole, relishing in the sight while he sits in between his spread legs. They've only ever got a finger deep before Louis was coming, but that was also with a combination of Harry's expert tongue. This time, Harry's purposely been keeping his mouth from anywhere near Louis' hole, and choosing to neglect the angel's cock all together, wanting to prolong this experience as far as it'll go.

"Harry you *fucker*," he swears shamelessly when Harry crooks three fingers perfectly into him. "Fuck *you*, you demon— *fuck*."

Harry resists the urge to laugh, stuffing his face into Louis' chest, still scissoring his fingers to stretch him out enough so it's not too painful. The angel's scent surrounds him and he quickly realizes that he made the wrong move, the smell overpowering all his senses.

"C'mon, 'm ready," Louis assures rapidly, gripping his neck and the small hairs on the back to make the demon look at him. "I'm clean."

Obviously, Harry wants to say — wants to whine at the implication and assure him that he's on the same page, but he settles with, "Me too, but are you *sure*?"

"If you ask me one more time, I'm gonna—" Louis cuts off with a surprised whimper when the tip of the demon's cock nudges his hole.

"What're you gonna do, angel?" Harry teases, getting ahead of himself, not confident on what this will do to *him*, when he taps the shining head against the fluttering entrance. "Huh? You don't want to say anything now?"

"Fuck," Louis curses seemingly only to spite Harry, but in actuality, it's the only thing the angel can manage to get out. There's a tiny ring of cerulean iris, Louis' dilated pupils taking up most of the space as he holds the heavy eye contact until Harry finally pushes the head in, no more teasing.

That's when his eyes roll back and his lashes flutter, his head hitting the pillow with a dull thud and the highest, most delicate noise ringing through the air past his offensively opened mouth. Harry's never seen *anything* this exquisite and he really, *really* doesn't want to miss the way Louis looks when he bottoms out but the heat is so intense his head is going fuzzy.

This may be the last time he thanks god because Louis just might kill him while doing absolutely nothing but laying there, looking fucked out *already* and Harry's not even halfway in. He's so beautiful, truly an angel on earth, and Harry loves him so much.

"Lou..." The demon stills, rubbing the soft skin of his thighs, belly and waist to try and get his attention. "Are you okay? Do you want me to keep going?" he asks gingerly, a bit breathless.

"*Yes*, want it all, H," the angel insists, voice shaking. His quads and hamstrings tremble from the stress of it all but he looks up, wide eyed and properly wrecked when he pleads, "Please, don't stop. *Please*."

“Okay, okay. Don’t worry, baby. I’ll give it to you, just—” he stutters when Louis clenches around him, automatically drawing his eyes to the spot. “Oh, my *god*.”

It’s sinful in the best way, Harry feeding his glistening cock into the angel, watching it disappear inch by inch until he’s flush against his ass. The type of noise that comes from Louis is something that’d be heard in a gritty porno and disturb their neighbors this late but honestly, everyone else can fuck right off because he is the luckiest man. A dusting of a sparkly yellow glows around the angel, making Harry feel like he’s literally walking through the pearly gates. The wave of euphoria hits him like a tsunami and he falls over the other, bracing himself with a hand by Louis’ wild hair.

“Look at you,” Harry admires tenderly, voice hoarse from how overwhelmed he is. “So beautiful, Louis— *perfect*. Wanna take my time with you, wanna be in here forever.”

Louis blinks up at him, glazed eyes scanning every detail of his face. They close when Harry brings his jittery hand to push away the damp fringe from his forehead. He looks so inviting and vulnerable, taking shallow breaths to calm his rabbiting heart, shining lips a bit plumper than usual from all the biting and kissing. Naturally, Harry kisses him again — kisses him to take his mind off the pain and the fact he’s housing a demon’s cock, kisses him for his own good because Louis’ irresistible in every way.

The angel pulls away from his mouth breathlessly, stomach twitching when he moves. He gasps, “I feel you everywhere. I’m— I’m so... *full*.” He sounds dazed, looking down between their bodies and rubbing his sweaty stomach, “Here.”

Harry doesn’t want to believe that because if it’s *true*, he’s not going to last as long as he originally thought. Regardless, he looks down to see for himself. The bulge becomes more prominent when Harry pulls out a bit and thrusts back in slowly, watching the space below Louis’ belly button protrude the tiniest bit.

“Fuck *me*— Louis, you’re gonna fucking kill me,” he growls onto the angel’s heated face, kissing him fiercely and moving his hips back before snapping into him.

Louis yelps into his mouth and jostles from the movement, wrapping his arms around Harry’s neck to hold himself as steady as he can be when the demon starts properly fucking into him. Harry’s hand twists in the sheets while the other roams Louis’ sticky skin, finding a place on his thigh where he hitches up onto his hip, digging his fingertips into the flesh.

“Harder, harder please,” Louis moans, wrapping both legs around Harry’s waist and inadvertently driving his cock deeper into him. A gasp gets caught in his throat at the depth, he throws his head back and chants, “*Yes, yes*.”

It’s lovely, *loud* music to Harry’s ears and it’s more motivation to pound relentlessly into the smaller man, fingers slipping as he tries to find a bruising hold. Each drive of the demon’s hips spur frequent whines and moans from Louis that don’t have enough time between the next hit to his prostate.

“Holy *s-shit*, Harry. You’re so hot—Jesus *Christ, fuck*,” Louis babbles between their loosely connected lips. He tangles his fingers in Harry’s messy curls and tugs hard, eliciting a low groan from the man above him, Louis’ eyes flashing with desire. It seems to do something for the angel because he tightens his legs around Harry’s waist and pants harshly, “God, I fucking love you,” before kissing him with just as much passion.

Harry would laugh at how vulgar he’s being if he wasn’t balls deep in his angel boyfriend and a few minutes away from blowing his load, “I love you, too— *so* much. You’re perfect, taking me so

well, baby. Just like I knew you would.” He rambles on, pressing sloppy kisses across Louis’ wet mouth and sweaty face until he feels that overbearing heat in his lower stomach that he desperately wishes wouldn’t come so he could stay inside the angel forever.

“‘S so good, Harry,” Louis whimpers pathetically, hands haphazardly gliding across the demon’s sweaty back. Turns out Harry’s into being praised as well, edged on by his partner’s words and neediness. *“I’m close, I’m close.”*

Quickly and careful not to pull out, Harry sits up to fix Louis’ legs so they’re resting on his shoulders and folds the angel in half to use his last bit of remaining energy fuck an orgasm out of him. His thrusts are powerful, the mattress squeaking and bed frame creaking with the force, the quiet sound of it scraping the wall easily heard if one was to ignore the piercing noises coming from the couple.

Louis’ eyes screw shut and his mouth hangs open, curt moans escaping into the air with each jab of Harry’s cock. Harry simply cannot stop looking at the blissed out angel, vision going a bit hazy as he shoves into him, grunting with the exertion. His heart swells when Louis’ needy noises get higher with each thrust, satisfaction and pride coursing through his being.

Suddenly, the angel throws his head back, exposing his neck, his thrumming pulse visible at the base, and all but cries when he finishes. He’s even more beautiful than Harry imagined he’d be when he comes in thick, slow ribbons. It reaches his sternum, some of it pooling along the valley of his spasming abs and he looks down, eyes wet and wild to see the long stroke of Harry’s cock still penetrating him.

The angel’s *glowing*, sparkly light radiating from the tips of his fingers to the apples of his cheeks. His gaze snaps to Harry in an instant and he leans upward to connect their lips in a wet smack. Kissing him hastily, the angel mumbles, “Come in me, please— *need it.*”

Harry doesn’t have to be told twice and it happens in a matter of seconds with the way Louis’ clenching down on him. He finishes, buried the deepest he can be, with a low, sonorous groan, his blood vibrating with the release. Sweat drips off the tip of nose as he pants, trying to fill his lungs, breathing in their mixed scent that makes his head spin. Louis’ legs slide off his shoulders and he lets most of his weight down over him, blanketing him completely.

His arms are strained and his leg muscles twitch as they peck each other’s lips over and over, Harry’s cock still in Louis’ ass. When he lifts himself up, a mixture of Louis’ release and their sweat are plastered on his torso, but he doesn’t mind. It was worth it and it gets even better when eases himself out, cum oozing out of Louis’ used hole. The demon watches with sparkling amazement as it runs down the crease, a little more of it gushing out when Louis clenches.

“Oh, my god,” he groans and crawls back over the angel to kiss him, all bodily fluids to the wind. “I love you.” Louis mumbles it back, too shaky and worked up to form a full response.

Harry pulls back abruptly, their lips parting with a smack — it looks like a lightbulb went off in his head before a mischievous grin spreads across his face. He whispers proudly, *“You’re not a virgin anymore.”*

Louis’ face twists in faux offense and he pinches Harry’s sensitive side, “What did I tell you about that?!”



A blissful week passes, most of their time being spent in bed together, discovering each other in

new ways, but the time has come for Harry to be properly introduced to Louis' friends. The angel has a feeling Harry might be stalling the visit considering everytime he tries to get ready, he's being pulled back down for another round. He goes easily, so it's not *completely* Harry's fault if he has to text Niall every 15 minutes to tell him ' *almost ready!*'. When he finally does pry himself off of the demon and his cock, Harry whines in protest.

"How are you so horny?" Louis laughs, swatting the hand away that tries to grab his ass.

"Have you seen yourself?" Harry lets his hand fall and he shifts to rest on his elbow, hungrily dragging his eyes over Louis' marked up naked body, "*Look* at you."

A blush creeps up his chest and cheeks, adding to the already flushed skin, and he weakly tries to cover himself up. Instead of feeding into Harry's not-so-slick ploy of getting him riled up again, he grabs his towel from the back of his chair and faces the demon, "It's almost 5. I'm going to shower so I don't reek like sex and sweat."

Frowning, Harry humphs and sits up, "*Fine*, but I'm coming too. Don't want your friends thinking I'm a smelly demon, do we?"

Louis hums in agreement and pecks his lips after they grab their things, heading across the hall. If he ended up crying from Harry eating him out then that's on his inability to deny coming for a fourth time in two hours. He walks back into the room on shaky legs and Harry's arm around his waist, the demon positively radiating pride when they stroll through the common area, knowing others heard the cries of pleasure.

"Did it hurt?" Harry asks from the bed, dressed in one of his ugly Hawaiian shirts and a pair of khaki trousers.

Louis halts zipping his hoodie and furrows his brows, looking down at his body, not sure as to what he's referencing. He *did* get a nasty rug burn on his knees and elbows from this morning's activities and there's a bearable stinging pain lingering on his ass. "Did what hurt?"

There's a pause that makes him look up and, of course, Harry's got the biggest shit-eating grin when he says, "When you fell from heaven."

His beaming smile and cheesy joke goes hand in hand and, as much as Louis hates to admit it, he loves him and his lackluster career as a comedian. Louis imitates a hearty laugh and wipes his fake tears away, hooting as if Harry was *actually* funny. His performance makes Harry break out into full blown giggles, pushing off the bed to tackle him and peck the expanse of his face with sloppy kisses.

"You love me," Harry states against his cheek and the angel agrees through his laughter, " *And* my pickup lines." Louis makes a groan of disapproval that gets silenced with Harry's mouth on his. They makeout for a few minutes, Louis' cock getting dangerously close to becoming hard, almost enough to give up on his friends and spend the rest of the day with Harry inside of him.

He breaks it breathlessly, holding onto the demon's strong jaw and looking at him sternly, "We're going. Now."

"*Yes, sir,*" Harry purrs, rolling his eyes dramatically and giving his bum a firm squeeze and smack. "You really can't expect me to keep my hands to myself when you're dressed in *that*. Those are my favorite jeans."

Louis ruffles the bottom of his white Champion hoodie and flexes his legs to showcase the perfect

curve of his ass in skintight pants, “Mine too! They’re extremely comfortable *and* affordable!”

Harry groans playfully, “You’re not as innocent as you think you are, angel. C’mon before I get distracted again.” He ushers them to the door, waving his hand exaggeratedly, “I’m sure they’re *quivering* with anticipation— just waiting to meet the man, the myth, the demon: *Harry Styles*.”

Louis shakes his head fondly, the thought that his friends won’t like his partner are barely there, “Your ego’s always been bigger than your head.”

Harry scoffs lightheartedly after locking the door and guiding him down the hall, “I hope you haven’t been talking me up, don’t want them to get the wrong idea and think I’m a good guy.”

Louis huddles into his side, shaking his head more, “God forbid!” Harry laughs, squeezing his shoulder and they start their trek to the house.

When they arrive, standing in the shade of the tall tree Louis saw all those months ago, some of the purple petals beginning to bloom, he notices that Harry’s clammed up significantly. His hand has slid from the angel’s shoulder to the dip of his waist and he’s squeezing on and off like he’s nervous.

“Yes, I’m nervous,” Harry confirms without him having to say anything. He exhales shakily, turning to face his boyfriend and bouncing on his toes, “Give me a pep talk.”

Louis’ face contorts with doting, amused confusion, “Okay, uh... you got this! They’re just regular people, there’s no need to be worried—”

“But, what if I don’t—”

“I won’t have *any* of that self doubt, Styles,” Louis says strictly, trying to put on a serious face and pointing his finger for extra effect. It makes the worry lines on Harry’s forehead go away and his smile come back. “This is your chance to give demon’s a good name! Besides, I’m here— they *legally* can’t hate you when you’re with me.”

The anxious bouncing stops and Harry rolls his eyes fondly, pulling Louis into a strong hug. “You’re my selling point — my best asset. The salt to my pepper, the bangers to my mash, the—”

“Okay, I get it, I get it; I’m the better half.” Louis laughs, looking up at him with crinkles by his eyes. The sun’s lower in the sky, blessing the demon with it’s tender, golden glow and a warm wave flows over him in gentle pulses. *Love*, he thinks, *this is love*.

Harry’s green eyes sparkle with the light and the same adoration that lies within him, the corner of his mouth pulling up into a soft smile, “We’ll be alright.”

“Yeah,” Louis assures and meets Harry in the middle for a gentle, promising kiss. They’re delicate with each other now, a wild contrast compared to when they met.

“You fuckers comin’ in to eat or what?” comes an Irish voice from up the steps, breaking them apart. Harry takes a step back, blushing furiously and the angel watches with a swollen heart. How he can be humiliated by a little kiss when he literally paraded his naked body around the commons area is something Louis doesn’t understand.

“Hi, Niall!” Louis greets sarcastically then sighs, facing his embarrassed boyfriend. He extends his hand for Harry to take, giving his hot fist three reassuring squeezes. Leaning into him, he whispers, “Give ‘em hell,” and pecks his cheek for good measure.

The beloved dimple returns like Louis placed it there with his lips and Harry nods, his confidence slowly coming back. They're welcomed into the home by Sunday and Liam, the smell of homemade cooking wafting through the air. They only get teased a little by Sunday, who's surprisingly friendly to the demon (she's tipsy). She took their coming out speech well enough, only questioning them for days on how their lives as supernatural beings work and how the *hell* they ended up together. Some things will remain a mystery.

The night proceeds smoothly, everyone gathering around the table to eat Liam's feast. Glasses are filled with semi fancy wine or beer while something that seemed unbelievably impossible unfolds.

They're getting along with Harry — a *demon*. Louis' fingers glow with excitement and joy as he watches Harry talk to his friends about his interests, school and past life, while all of them listen intently and with wonder in their expressions. He tells one of his dumb jokes that Louis' heard a hundred times — it still brings a tight grin full of fond across his face — and the rest of them genuinely laugh.

It has Harry looking at him with a smug smile, like a kid who proved to their parents that they can count to ten, "I *told* you it was funny." The demon blinds him with a trophy-worthy smile. He can't help but think they'll be alright.

Suddenly, Louis' vision slows down, becoming soft and hazy — *dreamlike* — from the felicity of the moment. Everything is perfect. Or at least he thinks. After a beat, his content smile falters at a sharp, pricking pain in between his shoulder blades. He brushes it off as something his nerves do when stimulated by a different area of his body, like hitting his elbow off the edge of the table, which just happened.

Idly rubbing his not-so-funny bone, he tries to follow along to the conversations floating around, only catching bits and pieces, laughing when others do. Between the spurts of stinging in his muscles, he catches Harry's slightly distressed gaze.

Immediately, his partner leans in a bit, mumbling, "What's wrong?"

Louis shakes his head discreetly so he doesn't perturb the others while they're enjoying their dinner. "It's nothing, just a kink in my back."

The demon already knows that's not the complete truth. "Baby... *tell me.*"

"It's nothing!" he snaps quietly, not looking at the demon to protect *some* of his thoughts, facing his half eaten plate. When he looks up past Harry, he makes contact with Niall's eyes because fuck Louis, right? All attention lies on him as soon as the human's catch wave, the air becoming heavy with worry — exactly what he *didn't* want.

"I'm fine, alright?" Louis sighs when the pulsing along his spine relents, feebly gathering his bearings. Picking his fork back up with a shaky hand to prod at the mixed vegetables glistening with butter and flakes of salt, he clears his throat, "What were you saying, Li? Something about Alask-ah! *Fuck!*"

He hunches over the table from the intensity of the pain, his shoulders retracting to attempt to ease the burning sensation running vertically through his back. It feels like a grist of hornets are attacking him, fiery and cruel like he did something to provoke this furor. Harry's frantic, not able to read what's causing his partner pain, hand reaching out to rub the angel's back with dubitable concern.

When Louis hollers and lurches away from him, he snatches his hand back in fear. "Louis, *what—*"

The angel smacks a hand over his shoulder as if he was killing a pesky mosquito during the middle of a campfire tale, quick and harsh. His hand stays over the muscles, scratching at the fabric of his shirt to ease the itching and burning feeling. It's not until his hand slides underneath the collar of his shirt, bicep stretching uncomfortably to lacerate directly at the source of irritation, that he slouches in relief.

Nails scraping the spot that's bothering him — *and now everyone else* — he sighs, grateful that he found the knot that was causing the distress. But it isn't just a bump, he realizes as his index finger trails over the raised skin. Something's sticking out from him, something as small as a bee's lancet but noticeable enough that he jerks with a wince when he touches it again.

Bravely, he grasps the millimeter thin stem and eases it out, hissing as his skin constricts around each barbed row. With baited breaths, the others watch his movements with foreboding curiosity, cringing along with his excruciating expressions. They want to say something, each of their hysteric thoughts crossing trails in his jumbled head — *are you okay, I'm so confused, should I call an ambulance, what the fuck is happening?*

As much as he'd like to respond to all of them, he can't focus. The only thing keeping him grounded is the solace that follows the waving, intense torture this small *thing* is causing him. He decides to bite the bullet and *pull*, the pain abruptly stopping. Tears prickle his eyes but he blinks them away, bringing his hand in front of his face to inspect the beast from his back.

The room is silent as he's met with a sterling white feather. Everything and everyone around him spins and whirls, his peripheral vision darkening as he stares at the weightless object between his glowing fingers. Not even his beating heart can be heard while he marvels at the glittering quill.

Breathe, a voice inside speaks. Unsure of who or *what* it is, he succumbs. A harsh inhale rips through his throat and lungs, snapping the angel back to the present. Manically, he scans the room to vaguely gauge their reactions but, ultimately, his eyes fall back on the feather. If this is what he thinks, what he's been *praying* for, then—

“Holy *shit*.”

End Notes

Well? What'd you think? Louis got his wings!!! Edit: I've been getting a lot of questions about the ending (unsurprisingly) and I wanted to clear it up! I figured after all the stuff Louis went through and never really feeling like a "proper angel" without wings, it was a good time for him to sprout them! If you have anymore questions, you can always message me!

I wanted to thank the creators of the fic fest and every friend I made along the way of writing this. You're all so wonderful, talented, and supportive. Please fill me in on your thoughts and feelings about the fic by leaving a comment/kudos here.

As usual, you can follow me on [twitter](#), [Tumblr](#), and even [Wattpad](#).

love always

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

