

Tommo Records

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Tommo Records

by [LenaHarrysAngel](#)

Summary

What happens when Louis Tomlinson, CEO of Tommo Records, meet one of the new trainees? What happens when Harry encounters a long-gone person? What happens when Louis' Girlfriend tells him some unexpected news?

Notes

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

Chapter 1

Adulthood.

The second Harry stepped in London University's secretariat office to claim his timetables and the list of books he should buy along with the receipts proving that he had paid 25% of his tuition fees, he has crossed his way from Adolescence toward Adulthood. A world of responsibilities and burdens, where Money is worshipped and people with high statuses are fawned over. Harry knew it would be hard to leave home, the only thing left for him to look after but he had to go to college.

Study! work hard and everything will be fine, he almost hears him speaking.

Those paroles of encouragement always push him to do his best not to give up. They came from a modest village outside of Cheshire. His family was not too rich nor too poor; his mother earned enough to not let them starve or freeze. During high school, he was a smart guy, slightly shy but he usually let his cheeky side take over. He is very friendly. Proof: he is sharing a flat with four other people. Well, it was four, now there is only three left. When he is not studying, he works at Vito's; a music shop held by a Chinese immigrant. One of Harry favourite pastimes is music mixing. He is a wizard at music mash-up. Harry never considered DJing as a serious career, instead, he is studying Music engineering with his friend Niall.

Talking about Niall, Harry has heard his voice before he even reached the threshold of their flat.

"I won! You lost! I fuckin' won! And you lost!" he cried, running around the living, hands waving the X-Box remote in the air.

"Hey Haz! I beat Zayn with a score 3-2!" he cheered, kissing Harry's cheek.

Haz, Hazza was the nicknames that were given to Harry.

"So?" Harry sassily replied.

"We run a bet, the person who's gonna lose, is going to pay the other person's part of the rent!!" he wiggled his eyebrows until they knit his blond hairline.

Niall is a tall blonde guy with deep blue eyes. He was a year older than Harry but they are both seniors now. He is the holy happy spirit, the ray of sunshine in their dull moody lives.

Harry shrugged, pushing his toes out of his Nike trainers.

"I won! I won! I love Ireland!" he continued his little festivity.

Ah! Harry almost forgot! He is Irish. His patriotism is so... annoying.

Confused and annoyed Harry walked through the living room, ignoring the turned-on telly, then stopped in the kitchen, where he found Liam an apron covering his lower-half and two saucepans and frying pan in front of him on lightened stoves.

"It smells good!" Harry noticed out loud.

"Yeah! I makin' pasta" Liam said, waving a wooden spatula.

Liam was a dark-haired with warm welcoming eyes. He is older than Harry and Niall, studying journalism. He is a MASSIVE clean freak, but thanks to him the flat doesn't look like a jungle. Well,

all the flat apart Niall's room, who is kind of a rebel against Liam's rules of order.

"Ooh hoo! I won! Ooh hoo!" Niall chanted bursting through the kitchen.

"Shut up, Niall!" Zayn shouted.

"Ohow! Little Zayny is a sore loser!" he fonda

The other boy just scoffed while the blonde reached for a beer. Zayn was the oldest. His raven hair and big brows claiming his Arab roots. He was studying English Literature to get a degree and become a teacher. Well, it was what his mother had planned for him since he could not figure out his proper future.

When dinner was ready, they all sat around the tiny dinner table. 'Out of Our Heads' by Take That was blaring through Liam's speakers.

The only thing in common with all four boys was their fascination for music. Their tastes were similar.

"Thanks for cooking dinner, Lima!" they all thank at the same time.

The windows were open and we could still hear traffic noise of London city. Harry was tired but he couldn't sleep after a bottle of beer, so he offered to do the dishes, and of course so they could leave Zayn in the company of Liam. Harry and Niall always suspected that something was between them until they asked them once. Surely, both Liam and Zayn denied but their flustered and horrified expressions told otherwise. Since then, Niall and Harry made their number one priority mission was to show them what is going on behind the scenes. They even have a name for the ship: 'Ziam'

He washed while Niall was doing the drying and of course he wouldn't stop rambling' he was currently talking about some concert on the O2 Arena.

"I know"

"Well, that's great!" Niall exclaimed. "But you don't look too excited about it... what is wrong with ma Hazza?" he asked pouting.

"You're Hazza" Harry started saying with a whiny tone "needs seriously to get laid"

Smiling lightly at the face his flatmate was pulling, Niall responded:

"Want to go to the club?"

Harry considered his suggestion for a moment but shook his head.

"Still have some assignment to do" he pouted.

"I think we are done here," Niall said looking around the kitchen island. "Goodnight everyone"

"Night 'Night"

His room was not as messier as Niall and Zayn's but was not as tidied as Liam's. Few clothes were scattered on the floor after his morning rush. The walls were painted in a creamy colour but were covered by posters. His small wooden desk is threatening to collapse because of the weight of the many books it was carrying. A small closet was situated next to the door.

Harry almost tripped on a large book.

Who would leave a bloody book right in the doorway? He thought while holding his swollen toe. Oh! He was the one who put it there but why?

Oh! Yeah! To remember something...he thought again.

He always keeps something out of its place to remind himself later of it, it was a great idea.

Oh! He needs to finish Mrs Bowles assignment! Shit

He grabbed his cheap laptop and sat on his made bed to finish his assignment. A half an hour later, he hit send and exited the mails window, turning off the laptop calling it a night.

College.

College Park was Harry's most favourite spot in London University. Most students would agree that the monuments all around the building are amazingly captivating but Harry does not have the same opinion. It was the greenest place of Bloomsbury, a part of Russel square gardens, and the quietest of course. Everything in his life was quiet and he doesn't mind that. The first time he moved to London, he could not put up with the claustrophobic attacks he suffered from, due to the constant busy city.

A breeze of air swept some strands of his brunette hair. His hair is growing taller; he needs a haircut. The weather is always cold in London and a sunny day worth gold in here. few leaves were falling from different trees. Harry always loved the last season of the year which is Fall. It is always a sign for a new beginning.

When the weather got chillier, it was a cue for him to leave. Walking past the British Museum, he came across many groups of tourists, strafing the place with their camera's. Clutching his backpack shoulder straps, he got down to the underground station. Swiping his card on the ticket machine, he got into one of the compartments and sat down, plugging his earphones in.

He still got plenty of time to kill before his shift starts, so he decided he would stop to do some clothes shopping. Shopping for Harry meant two things: whether he is stopping at different well-known brands where he could only look and not buy or check the cheap shops. Today, he decided he would go for option number one.

Louis Vuitton, Burberry, Hugo Boss, Chanel, Dior, Yves Saint Lauren... Gucci!

It was his second favourite spot in London. The shop was screaming Luxuriousness; the suits displayed in the showcase were enough to make Harry feel like an intruder. Gone were the simple dull coloured suit, instead were tight ones with flashy colours and designs on them. He recognises he would look completely ridiculous in those, as each man would. He wonders if Gucci acknowledges that, and if yes who do wear those kinds of garments. As he was about to continue walking, something caught his eyes. In the middle of the shop, a large human size wax figure was wearing a black shirt. He got into the expensive place, greeted by one of the shop assistants. The woman herself looked expensive, in her pencil skirt, shinning high-heels and uniform. She fake-smiled at him and nodded telling him she would be here if he needed anything, not forgetting to judge the white shirt and tight skinny jeans he was wearing. He strode toward one of the rows where he has spotted minutes ago the black shirt. The fabric of the clothing was shining see-through material with gold cuffs buttons. Again, it looked expensive as each other product and to prove that he reached to have a look at the tag.

5,000 £ ... that would buy him like 150 T-shirt from Zara Men. But he fell in love with the blouse. His fingertips touched slowly the fabric, fearing to tear it up.

Reaching for his phone, he took a quick picture not bothering to attract enough attention then he left.

As much as he hated it, he always attracts attention, mainly because of his body. Most people would describe him as Hot, with capital 'h' because he was. He learned to put up with that too after he moved here. He didn't notice that one of the shoppers was eating him with his eyes.

Vioto's is the music shop where Harry works as a shop assistant before he could get a paid internship. He entered the store from the staff door, got changed into his uniform and was greeted by the crowded shop.

"Hey!" he called out Niall who was working there too. "What's goin' on?" he asked confused.

The blonde boy who was pressing his digits on the touch screen in front of him made a grimace and pointed toward the commercial television screens.

Tommo's Record and Dolby Digital presents, for the first time the first album of Black Wolves.

Black Wolves was a new band formed by four British girls after they won on a famous musical talent show. They just started recording their first original tracks lately and Harry knew they will be selling their albums soon... but not too soon. He sighed at the very long queue that was formed. He diverted his way toward the cashiers and took Finn's spot.

"Anyway, where is Finn? Isn't he supposed to be currently working?" Harry asked as he put the sign on the open side.

"I don't know, he is probably dicking around" Niall responded

Harry greeted his first customer and took their product. He scanned the QR Code, stuffed their credit card into the machine, waited for the receipt to be printed, put the products in a bag then finally gave all of it back to the person.

The same action was repeated until the clock turned to ten p.m.; closing time.

"Thank god... I wouldn't have lasted if you weren't here!" Niall said in a tired voice. "Thanks, mate" he thanked nudging the other boy's side.

"Any time!"

They walked back together to the flat.

"Have you seen how good it was? Like it was mixed pretty well but she still said no. I hoped this time at least she will listen to the whole track..." Niall was currently telling him about one of their assignments.

Harry liked how Niall is talking about Music with such a passion, he would go through long writing sessions for hours and wouldn't stop to have a bathroom break or something. He also had a great voice. His Irish accent was lighter and easier to spot when he talks. His blue eyes are shiny and always curious. He also has this contagious laugh that as much as Harry tried to not laugh, he fails. When Niall laughs, his nose would scrunch up and the corner of his eye crinkles. He was cute... Oh! Shut up, Harry! It's your friend! Harry mentally shook his head.

"Yeah ... I will try to mix it with one of the classics."

"What you suggest?"

"I don't know... something from the Who... maybe she'd like it. I could recreate the background sounds"

“Yeah... but you know a stuck-up bitch as that teacher would never actually like something” he joked

“At least she would be ‘satisfied’.” He shrugged, smiling.

“I am saving money for a new MIDI Pad because the Aux plug of mine snatched yesterday,” Niall said

“Actually... I think Amazon had them half-price lately. I got a notification on my account about a week ago. You could use mine though” he shrugged, pushing the front door open.

“Thanks, mate”

They caught a lift to the third floor. When they opened the door, Harry’ jaw dropped to the floor when he is greeted with a half-naked Liam who has just had a shower and was walking out of their bathroom.

“Hey, Mates”

His voice snapped Harry out of his stupid gawking.

Bad Harry!

“Harry! Zayn! There is some mail for you” Niall called as he got rid of his shoes.

Harry turned around to take the envelopes from his hands. A postcard from his older sister and a letter from the school, which was a reminder that he still has got 50% of his scholarship fees to pay. Thank god, they do not have a deadline or some sort of that. His monthly paying was at Vioto’s not enough, but what could he do. He cannot ask his parents because he is an adult now and needs to put up with responsibility whatever it takes. Sighing loudly, he tossed the papers on the table.

Surprisingly and for the first time, Zayn is preparing dinner. Usually, they would call for a pizza or any other junk food, with Liam cooking eventually.

“Zayn!?!?... What are ya doin’?” he dumbly asked, eyes wide open.

“Vas happening boys!” he cheered in his thick English accent.

“I think I am dreaming. Niall, pinch me, please” he laughed

Niall happily executed.

“Oww! It was a metaphor you, dickhead!” Harry glared at him while stroking the swollen red skin.

“Anyway, how come Zayn is standing in front of the stoves with an apron, cooking... what are you cooking?” Niall asked, looking over his shoulder.

Harry’s gaze in the other hand, followed what Niall said to stare at Zayn’s waist. His olive tanned skin hugged his bones flatly as his v-line was... Ziam, remember! His conscience reprimanded him. His hands came to hide his red tomato face while he sighed in exasperation.

He knew he was a little be gay. Truth to be told, he is comfortable having sexual relations with both genders. If Zayn was not meant to be with Liam, he would already hump him like a rabbit. Smiling at the thought, he sat down and joined his mates.

“I am cooking ... uh!” he cried when he burned his fingertip “Chicken and Risotto”

“Let me help you with serving that” Harry volunteered.

“Thanks, mate, you’re my hero!” he kissed his cheek.

When dinner was ready, they all sat around like usual, with 2’Chanz blaring through the speakers. Zayn was all nervous and Harry could not understand why. A ding was heard from Harry’s phone and as he looked at his home screen, everything made sense.

He remembered one of the long conversations with Niall the day before yesterday. Liam was innocently sipping his beer and took a forkful of risotto. Niall looked at Harry and the curly head shrugged.

“It’s today” Harry mouthed.

Niall winked at him and dig into his risotto. Harry seized a hesitant spoonful and shoved it in his mouth.

“OH MY... What is this Zayn!!!” he cried at the taste in his mouth while Niall was hurrying to grab his can and gulping the content to help to down the food.

“Everything is good...” Liam started

“How Could IT BE, JEEZ” Harry cuts him off.

“Yeah, have you burnt your tongue of something!” Niall alleged sarcastically

“Jeez, he just forgot to add salt... honestly Zayn, it is good” Liam scowled at them.

Zayn was all a blushing mess.

“I’m sorry guys...” he apologized

“It is nothing Z. At least you’ve done something” he was still glaring at them.

Harry and Niall’s facial expression was the same; one eyebrow up with a wide grin. Suspicious

“What’s wrong Lima Bean?” Niall wiggled his brows, suspicious.

“You were being rude” he blushed.

Ziam shippers couldn’t help but burst in a fit of laughter. Zayn got up and brought a cake from the fridge.

“Happy Birthday to you” they started chanting. The look on Liam’s face was priceless.

“Happy birthday, dear Lima. Happy Birthday to you”

When the candles were blown and presents were given, it was time to cut the cake.

“What have you forgot this time Zayn?” Harry asked, motioning toward the cake.

Zayn glared at him “I bought it from the bakery”

“Hey since today is Friday and most of you are not working tomorrow” Liam starts “Let’s Go CLUBBING!” he exclaimed.

“Now, my friend you are being Liam” Niall teased him.

WN was the closest strip-club in the area. It didn't offer luxurious strippers or beverage but warm alcohol spiked cola and cheap liquors. It was enough to get wasted and the line doesn't get too long.

The four friends knew the son of the owner- thanks to Niall and his endless rambling with people- so they usually get one of the VIP booths if there is one free.

Within ten minutes, four shots were aligned in front of them and they downed them in a shorter amount of time. Drink after Drink, Zayn and Liam were drunk enough to go dancing together. Niall was busy, with a ginger-haired girl on his lap. Harry was still sober, sipping lightly from his Cosmopolitan and scanning the room. The dance floor was packed with sweaty bodies, moving to the rhythms that were booming from the speakers or practically dry humping.

Harry was looking forward to a nightstand. A casual fuck was enough for him.

Let see... what are you in the mood for Harry tonight?

He was hoping today that he would go for the opposite gender tonight.

Oh, look who's there! He thought as he saw the 'best friend' of their ex-flatmate, Vivienne. Vivienne was a long story. She rented the room next to Harry when they first moved in. He was familiar with the whole flirting from her and he would just turn down every offer of christening his new bed because he knew that the minute it happens, he going to pretend as if nothing happens but she would want more and try to drag into a relationship. He never knew she was that crazy about him until one day she threatened him that she would cut herself and pressed charges against him for abuse if he did not was her 'first time'. So, he did, not wanting to get into trouble but made her promise that she would forget about it. The experience was not that exciting, it was all routine but she was captivated. She falls for him so bad, that when she begged for more, he randomly told her that he was gay to get her off his back. Since then she moved out, still regretting the fact that she lost her virginity for a homosexual.

Another Cosmos and two vodka shots and Drunk Harry are here. In his current state of drunkenness, he was a typical Fuckboy.

"Hey!" he said in his unusual thick accent. A bleach blonde noticed him, waving shyly at him. She was wearing a small piece of clothing that was close to a bra and a too short mini-skirt. Her face was painted with a lot of cosmetic product. Shaking his head, he stood up and dragged himself across the room.

"Hey doll!" he called out before plopping on the barstool next to her. Immediately, she kicked her endless legs on his lap.

"Are you interested in joining me somewhere so we could get to the part when I tear those close off" he drunkenly stated.

She giggled like a middle-school girl before he reached out for her hand. The journey to the flat was long since they were practically made out and walking at the same times. A five minutes' walk turned to twenty but they finally have gotten to their destination.

"Let's the real fun began" he smirked as she tore the ridiculous piece of clothing. Liam was against having sex in their living room but he never mentioned anything about their rooms.

Harry sat the girl in the middle of his bed and got rid of his shirt. He disappeared for a couple of minutes to bring a can of beer. He opens it.

As it was mentioned earlier; Drunk Harry is a very confident and kinky bastard. The doll he brought home was silently gawking at him as if he is Aphrodite or some Sex God.

He finished his beer first before plopping next to her laying on the bed.

“Sugar, you see that!” he slowly pointed toward his crotch.

She nodded frantically.

Harry smiled at her enthusiasm. Let’s say he has a very long tiring day and was ready for special treatment.

“Mister down there is Still Sleeping” he pouted “Wake him up for me!” he said in a childish spoiled voice. “If you get me hard within 5 minutes, we’ll date.”

Her eyes sparkled as I glanced toward the clock hung on the wall.

“Ready...Steady...Go!”

She quickly got rid of his Jeans and Boxers. She kissed his lips chastely then leaned down until she was face-to-face with Harry’s groin. She shot him an impressed look. They always do and he is aware of that because you don’t get to meet males with huge cocks every day. Shyly, her lips kissed the inside of his thighs, trailing up. Wrapping her pretty lips around the shaft, licking a broad strip from the base. She took him as deep as she could pumping the other half, with her hands.

Harry threw his head back a moan escaping him.

“Time is up” he murmured.

He hurriedly switched their position “You failed baby” he said, bottom lip quivering a bit. “Now it is my turn”

Harry was much more into BDSM but he could not get involved in such kind of sexual activities unless he gets more intimate with his partner. Vanilla is good from time to time.

Slipping a swift hand in her panties, he gasped.

“You are so ...Wet!”

Aligning himself, he penetrated her, earn a trail of curses. She hissed at the skin-to-skin contact.

“...You like that...huh... that pretty pussy is rented for the night! ...You take my cock so good...” Harry admits that he sucks at dirty-talking but he could not help it.

The girl beneath him was screaming in pure bliss, her toes curling up as she comes without any warning. As soon as she was finished, he pulled out, releasing on her flat stomach.

Panting, he laid to the side.

“Can I use your bathroom?” she asked when she has finally caught her breath.

He pointed sloppily toward the door. Half an hour later, she was gone and he was fast asleep.

Noise.

Almost everywhere Louis went, there was noise. He could still remember when he was younger, how their house was always full of people. He'd always return home from school after a long day and the first thing he'd spot is the twins; sitting next to each other as they "play" their favourite game, which consisted mostly of throwing stuffed animals from the open windows. Next, it was his mom who would usually be in the kitchen cooking dinner or washing laundry and constantly talking on the phone. She would kiss his forehead and pinch his cheeks, as if he was still nine and send him for a shower, again as if he was ten. She was used to be a living reminder, always looking after everyone, asking if their chores or homework are done. His father wouldn't appear until late in the evening after a long day of work. His two other sisters would be as usual in their room, decorating one of his most beloved musical band's posters in glitter and pink. He was used to his life being this 'loud', therefore when he moved out to go to college, finally bidding farewells with his beloved home town Doncaster, he felt the need to find the same environment.

A few years later, with his degree in business, he discovered the music industry. Tommo Records was known all over the world. Louis himself could not believe how much achievement has he reached an early age, but he was alright with it if he could look after his family.

Being the youngest successful businessman comes with its side-effects, as he likes to call them. Money, for example, made most of the women Louis has known after Tommo Records throw themselves to him. He was glad he has met Eleonore; he guesses.

Eleonore was Louis two years girlfriend. Pretty woman, tall with brunette hair much like his, brown warm eyes and a welcoming aura. She has a great personality... I guess that is it. Oh! I almost forgot; she goes to college, studying Fashion Design, which means she is six years younger than Louis.

Sitting on the living room's canopy, Louis was watching a football match. Eleonore was beside him studying and rambling about something. They lived in a simple flat in the most buzzing part of London, which makes senses.

"Louis! Louis! Are you even listening to me?" he heard her.

"Sorry darling, I wasn't paying attention. What did you say again?" he asked confused.

"So, there is this concert I am dying to go to and maybe... maybe we could go together" Eleonore suggested.

"Which concert are you talking about?"

"5 SOS" she shrugged

"The Australian guys?"

"Yup," she said, drinking the last gulp of the Kale and Avocado milkshake that was sitting next to her.

He always wondered why girls liked to drink that kind of stuff. It is almost undrinkable. Oh, to lose weight!

"Okay" he shrugged "Sugar, it is bedtime"

"Nah, I have more things to do... I may stay up a bit"

"Okay. Night' Night" he kissed her forehead, knowing that it was only a pathetic excuse.

Even if Louis has control over his own life, his sexual life does not submit to the rest. Louis and El

met two years ago in a pub. She was drunk, he was drunk. Next day they found themselves in her dorm room. Typical Louis. They decided they'd be more than a simple hook-up. During the four first months, the sex was amazing. They were on it like rabbits, but it slowly started to sink down. Now he feels like a middle-aged man after twenty years of marriage. He guessed that Eleonore wasn't good enough as he thought when they first met. Having sex twice a month and eventual blowjobs would be given if Louis took her shopping. They must make a fucking law about that. Maybe if he takes her to that concert, she would give him something.

Sighing, he laid on his king-sized bed. He knew that somewhere that night there was a couple of wasted teenagers, shagging like there is no tomorrow while they don't even know each other's names. And that person was Louis at a certain period.

Well, this what life has got for him!

Louis has not realised how the Internet was such a great invention until he started typing his favourite website. At first, the annoying loading circle was spinning lazily after he logged in then the black background with the three wide letters written in a bold golden colour appeared. He signed up a monthly offer to get rid of the teasing notifications that always promised him exclusive sex-tapes.

Scrolling down the Recommendation Videos, he found the G. Section, which consisted of homosexual sex-tapes. Shrugging, he scrolled down like the sex-starved man he is.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Elegance.

Harry believes that elegance is a gift rarely given to human beings. The grace and attractiveness in his appearance and behaviours usually make a lot of people fall for him. Talking about Fashion, for example, Harry could wear the most ridiculous thing ever created and he would pull it off. Niall always told him that he was born to be a model. Looking through his closet, he threw three shirts out and some trousers.

“NIALL!” he called out.

The blonde appeared behind Harry’s door, his white button-up half-open.

“I need help! I cannot decide what should I wear” he said, rummaging through the stacks of clothing.

“It’s an internship interview, so you need to dress professional” Niall reasoned.

“What about ... This ONE!” he exclaimed, pulling a grey sweater out.

“Never in a million years... That is nowhere near my sophisticated tastes” Harry sighed.

He laid on his bed exasperate, looking at the mess that was his closet.

“Haz, I know how you usually dress and believe me; I like it. But you have to give a good impression.” Niall scrunched up his nose. “you have to dress smart!” he advises

“You mean I have to dress boring... like Liam?!?” Harry pulled a look of disgust.

“Humm... I am afraid, yes.” Niall said slightly pouting. “Unless you have something professional and sophisticated at once then you could wear that” he shrugged.

Harry gives him a puppy look. He remembered the Gucci suits on display and wishes he had enough money to buy one. Suddenly, an idea popped in Harry’s head.

“I think I have something like that. Wait” he started throwing stuff out of his closet until he found the item he was seeking.

“Ta-Da!!” He exclaimed, holding the piece of clothing up in the air with a triumphant expression.

It was a cream coloured silk shirt, simple but stylish.

“I think this may do the job, mate”

“Thanks, Ni. What are you going to wear?” Harry inquired, suspicious.

“This and some dress trousers” Niall responded, pointing toward the white button-up and his bare legs.

“Smarty...” Harry shrugged, turning to peel his pyjama top off.

Niall left, leaving him to change. Harry took his time to remove the black nail polish and to style his hair. His brownish curls were growing longer and he debated whether he should let it grow or cut it. One of the sensitive parts of his body was his hair, he enjoyed having it pulled while having sex. He may let it grow now that he considers it.

Wet-daydreaming, Harry strolled out of his room hunting his brown boots with two inches high-heels in his side of the footwear cupboard.

“We need to move our arses out coz we only have twenty-five minutes left!” Niall chided.

“Niall! You are dressed like you are going to some marriage ceremony! Are you serious?” Harry shook his head.

They signed up for this internship after Mr Paulini advised them, precisely Niall and Harry.

Mr Paulini was another tale. Mr Paulini is one of their lecturers at the Uni. Married middle-aged man, average height and very sex-starved. He used to gawk at all kind of girls until Harry entered the picture. He fell for him and that was the story of the first middle-aged blowjob Harry has ever given. Well, it is the cause of all the A+ he had in all his classes.

“Mr Paulini told us to bring our CV and stuff” Harry reminded him.

“Oh... yeah! almost forgot” he said turning on his heels.

Hugging the papers to his chest, they made their way toward the underground station.

“So, it is a paid internship which particularly means that we may say goodbye to good old man Vioto.” Harry chuckled

“I am gonna’ miss him,” he said, feigning grief.

They chuckled. They slid their card on the ticket machines and took the subway toward the centre of London.

“What are you doing?” Niall asked as Harry was scrolling down on his phone.

“Who is going to interview us?” Harry asked instead of answering.

“The director himself, Louis Tomlinson, apparently” Niall shrugged.

He was still trying to fix his hair, looking through one of the windows. The place was not as crowded since it was only nine in the morning. Harry wasted no time in typing the guy’s name over most known social media and Wikipedia.

“Louis William Tomlinson. Age: 26. He is one of the youngest businessmen. He went to LBS; London Business School. Not married but has a girlfriend. And... he looks so hot!” Harry exclaimed, ogling at the picture on his phone.

Niall rolled his eyes. “Well, he is ‘Taken’, better keep your dick inside” He warned.

“It is my Casanova side” Harry joked wiggling his brows.

“It is a fact, actually cuz you ARE a Casanova.” The blonde mentioned.

“I saw you with that girl on Li’s birthday, so just don’t try to give me that sex ed stuffs” Harry stomped his foot like a ten years old spoiled brat.

“You are a twat!” Niall rolled his eyes again. He does this very often and Harry is afraid one day his eyeballs may get stuck forever.

“My point is that if you want this internship, stop dicking around. Plus, not everyone is willing to shag a naughty boy like yourself.”

Harry stuck his tongue out, childishly. Laughing loudly, they are startled by the voice that boomed through the speakers, announcing that they reached Buckingham station. They hurried out of the compartment. It was occasionally a sunny day and Harry is already regretting the fact that he is not out there sunbathing. He needed the money. He needed the money.

Their destination was one of the tall sky-scrapers in the city, next to the Aston Martin and Vauxhall buildings. Huge italic letters were forming the name of the company: Tommo’s Record.

Harry’s inside started twisting as soon as they stepped in the buzzy building, stress taking over.

Okay, Harry! you gonna be your usual charming self and everything will be alright. Even Mr Paulini said so.

“He only asked us to go to the interview because you sucked his dick!” Niall snickered.

Harry didn’t realise that he was talking loudly.

“Shut up! NI!” he yowled “Wait... if I give him a lap dance, you think I may have a chance?” he asked credulously.

“He already’ gotta bird so I don’t think so!” he said in defeat. Niall held out his palms and clutched Harry’s shoulder “Be yourself! Stop your rambling! And everything will be alright!”

Breathing shakily, Harry puckered his lower lip, silently requesting a sign of comfort. Niall shook his head and held his friend closer. Niall was a good friend and Harry gotta be fucking grateful for that!

“Kiss?” Niall slapped him playfully and kissed his left cheek.

Ding. The elevator’s door slid open revealing a smiling pretty assistant.

“Good Morning, Mr?”

“I am Mr Horan and this suffering human being beside me is Mr Styles” Niall introduced as Harry was in the edge of puking.

“Welcome in Tommo Records. My name is Elda. I am Mr Tomlinson’s Personal Assistant. He will be ready to receive you in minutes. Please take a seat”

The younger boys thanked her, while Niall was gawking at her endless legs. Harry shuffled in his seat.

Louis was seated in his comfortable leather chair, elbows on the giant Mahogany desk. Hundreds of folders were laid in front of him. He knew today was going to be a very long, long day since he is supposed to interview thirty-two people. Different folks from all over the kingdom came with their CV clutched in hands. Some of them were very stressed while others were way too confident. Louis was not very fond of the fact that he will have ten college students messing around the building, so he made his mission to choose serious people. Only!

Tommo Records' Staff was at its minimum. Not that Louis likes to fire people but because he doesn't like to work in a crowded office. Instead of having a whole team at the reception, he minimized that to a secretary and a personal assistant. The building has already got twenty-five studios, each one has its team management.

Elda knocked and entered.

"Mr Tomlinson, there are still two people waiting for you," she told him.

"Bring me..." he started ruffling through the files in front of him "Mr Styles"

"Sure." She responded.

The door is closed than was opened and closed once again. Louis was too absorbed in the reading of the papers that he didn't notice the boy that has entered the office. He hears the clicking sound of heels on the wooden floor. His head snapped back only when a throat was cleared.

Blue eyes met green ones. Louis noticed the sound of a sharp intake of breath, as he gasped himself at the sight. Right in front of him, stood a young boy who is shuffling awkwardly under the weight of the elder's stare. His brown chocolaty curls fell nonchalantly mid-shoulders, ahead rag holding them away. His eyebrows were in a questioning frown, where his green eyes were sparkling. His eyes reminded Louis of those green maze, that he could get lost in it when he was young. He won't regret it though. His jaw was perfectly sharp. A pink tongue peeked outside to wet his cherry heart-shaped lips. He smiles, showing porcelain capped teeth as two dimples popped out, accentuating his awkward but beaming smile. The person didn't seem very real, as if Louis was stuck in a dream. Maybe he did fall asleep on the ton of paperwork that was waiting for him to sign and fantasized about this amazing boy. Maybe if he pinches himself, he would wake up.

"Excuse my terrible manners, Mr...?" Louis caught himself saying when finally, his system responded. He closed his dropped open jaw and jumped on his feet. After all, dream or not, he should have some manners.

The angel extended his hands for Louis to shake and Louis almost gasped as his skin touched real human flesh, proving that his divine creature theory was wrong.

"Styles. Harry Styles" he spoke, in a shaky breath.

"Take a seat Mr Styles. Would you like some refreshments?" Louis asked, eyes still staring at the boy.

"No thank you, sir" He sat gracefully, crossing his long legs.

His voice was raspy with remarkable octaves between each word. Louis already imagined how would it sound in a slow ballade.

"As you like" Louis sat down. "So... since you came here, I could guess you are interested in the Music Industry?" He asked. Stupid Louis! he internally slapped himself.

"Yeas, sir. I am studying for a Music engineering Degree." Harry answered shortly, not letting his rambling take over. He hid his face behind his curls coyly, as Louis spaced out, a hand pinching his chin.

"Of course," Louis internally facepalmed himself for such an idiot question, after some seconds.

"Now Mr Styles..." he started.

"Please call me Harry" Harry muttered, uncomfortable.

"Okay, Harry I know it is supposed to be all professional but as you see I am bored out of ma' ass. Let's just chat, alright?"

Harry nodded, moving to cross his ankles as he was sitting on the edge of the seat.

"So, what do you want to do after this internship? Do you want to work here?"

"Yes, I do, Mr Tomlinson. I gotta make a livin'. I work in a small music shop but it ain't enough to pay the 75% last of my scholarship fees and to pay the rent." Harry shrugged a bit.

Louis found a kind of amazement each time he heard the younger boy call him Mr Tomlinson. He gave him a modest smile. "I have been there me too. You know, being the man of the house is kinda tough when you start attending college."

"What do you think of the last single that was labelled here?" Louis inquired.

"The one performed by Black Wolves?"

"Yes"

"Well, it was good I liked the contrast in the booming at the background voices and alternation in the C scale but in my personal opinion, if we could quicken the tempo during the chorus, we could get a rhythm that you can dance to it, along with a whole new beat," Harry explained.

"Interesting!" Louis whispered as he watched the curly-headed's lips move sinfully while he was talking.

Harry smiled hesitantly gaining some of his confidence. Louis could tell that the boy was only trying to be nice, but he was kind of flirting with him. A silence settled in the room, as Louis was gazing at the beautiful miracle in front of him.

"You are such an interesting thing" the older blurted out of the blue.

Harry's cheeks turned into a deep shade of crimson, as he bowed his head in shyness.

"Thank you" he muttered.

A knock was heard, Elda came in with a folder in her hands, signalling that the time of the interview was up. She deposited the items on the desk and left.

"Well Harry, I would like to talk more about it but I am afraid I have another interview," Louis said sadly.

They both stood up and as Louis was about to walk him out, he peeked down to find that he was aroused. Harry noticed the tent forming in the elder's trousers and unintentionally his hand flew to touch that bump standing between them. Louis moaned eyes shut tightly. The realisation finally hit them and Harry walked backwards almost trips himself. They stimulatingly blushed heavily.

"I-I apologize sir for that improper gesture... it was a mistake... I should probably get going" After those words were said, his graceful body escaped the heavy tension of the room.

Louis plopped down on his chair, adjusting in his jeans. He did not understand what happened. He was straight. Harry was a male. Scientifically talking, it does not make sense. All those thoughts triggered a hammering inside of Louis' head. He asked Elda to bring him some Aspirin and a black coffee.

Blue.

The sky was tainted in a clear shade of blue as Harry hurried his steps out of the building. After he apologized about the instinctive move, he told Niall that he would wait for him outside. Harry needed to escape so he would not ruin his career but he also needed to return so he could kneel in front of Mr Tomlinson and suck him until he sees the stars.

Harry was still dazed from the earlier tension, the intense stare of Mr Tomlinson's blue orbs and the sexual thoughts that were racing in his mind. He had never been so interested in a human being this much. He could not blame himself, the man was very handsome with his high cheekbones and crinkled smile. His eyes were bluer than the deepest oceans. They reminded Harry of his first flight to the States when he got the chance to see the Atlantic Ocean. His feathery brunette hair was very beautiful and he wondered if it feels as soft as it seems. He liked the smooth and confident man he is when his body is clad in a black simple suit. The tie was loose around his neck and the collar of his shirt was opened enough for Harry to notice his amazing collarbones and the fragment of a tattoo. Harry's imagination has got the best of him so he pictured how he would look like tracksuited, or wearing a skinny jean or naked... His mouth watered at the sight in his head. A tap on his shoulder disturbed his wet daydream.

"Harry? Mate, what happened? You got me so worried!" Niall anxiously asked.

"I think I fucked' up the interview..." Harry signed, kicking gravel.

"Did you suck him?"

"Unfortunately, no." The curly lad shook his head in disappointment "But I kinda groped him?"

“Is that a question or an answer, Haz?” Niall snickered.

“When he was about to walk me out, he noticed that he was hard. Like too hard and unintentionally, I touched his bulge... I don't know what was happening but I couldn't stop myself... it is like ... ugh!” Harry tried to explain, his hands moving frantically in front of his face.

“Wait... he was hard?”

“Yeah but this is not the point...” Harry shrugged

“wait! Wait! It means you kinda ‘maybe’ turned him... On!” Niall exclaimed, quoting the word ‘Maybe’.

“I am not one hundred per cent sure but maybe,” he said his hands in his pockets.

“It means that he may be gay after all” the blonde suggested.

“Well nothing in his posture shows that he is gay”

Niall frowned. “How could a posture... never mind what's next?”

“Aren't we having a class or something?”

“Oh, come on! You don't wanna' hear Mr Davis talking nonsense this evening!”

“What are your plans then?”

Niall did not bother looking both ways before he crossed the street and was so fucking lucky that Harry was there to do it.

“Let's go shopping!” The Irish lad exclaimed.

Automatically, Harry's green eyes lightened in excitement. Niall always knew how to make him feel better. “But we gotta get something' to eat, I am starving!” Harry just smiled as they kept walking.

An hour later, they strolled out of McDonald's and went for a browse around the mall.

“I want to check the Autumn line of suits at Gucci” Harry requested, dragging Niall to the next store.

“Why do you want to buy from here? All they sell here is too expensive stuff... look at this for example” he took the thongs in his hands. “It costs 23£, which is for us, way too expensive. I could ask Granny Georgia to sew sweaters way better for you to wear” he shrugged, as Harry was looking at the fabric in amazement. He grabbed the underwear from his friend's hands.

“Well I could tell Granny Georgia's style is very similar to mine” Harry admitted.

Granny Georgia was a sweet old woman living next door. Harry would always help her with her grocery bags or walk her to the church.

“She is colour-blind,” Niall noticed, remembering the pink and yellow sweater she had offered him last Christmas.

“She came by yesterday coz she had trouble with her DVD reader, and guess what?”

“What?”

“She has the whole collection of the James Bond Series!” Harry said as he looked through some T-shirts.

“No fucking way! I have to brow them someday. I miss those”

“You gotta be shittin' me!” Harry exclaimed.

“What?”

The green-eyed boy runs to the other side of the shop where he saw the infamous black shirt last time he went shopping. It was half price. It was still expensive but boy, how much he needed that shirt.

Niall was right, shopping was great therapy, he had already forgotten about the drop-dead gorgeous CEO of Tommo's Record.

“I have to buy it, it is half price. Last time I checked it was 1500£!” he rambled shaking his head in disbelief.

“From 1500 to 750, wow! You gotta buy that” he agreed.

“750£... I think I could afford that.” He shrugged almost jumping in his spot.

He grabbed the shirt, carefully and walked to the cashiers. He paid for it and had free samples of the new brand's fragrances. He was beaming as they walked back home. When they arrived, Harry folded the shirt in a box and put it in the highest shelf of his walk-in closet, next to his birthday suit.

The interview was quickly forgotten as the rest of the boys came home. He helped to prepare dinner and sat around, as usual, laughing and being foolishly irresponsible as they got tipsy while watching the footie.

Before he went to sleep, he cleaned his teeth in a maniac manner as he brushed his damp curls. He removed the towel around his waist and plopped on the bed, naked. He always felt the need to feel comfortable when he was by himself. Sleeping fully clothed could cause horrific claustrophobic nightmares that would wake him in the middle of the night, panting and sweaty. When he was younger, his mother always brought him warm camomile tea with milk and honey before sleep to avoid bad dreams.

Nudity.

When Louis was younger, he used to be very self-conscious. He could not stand the feeling of nudity or the witnessing of it. He believes that everyone was born in a small bubble called 'Personal Space'. It made the Tomlinson's vacation to Brighton sounds to Louis more like a trip to hell. He loved the beach but could not afford the sight of the sweaty sun-screened bodies polluting the warm virgin sand and clear blue water. He always came after midnight to gaze at the blue cold seawater shinning in the moonlight. He loves the way the tide-line would form a barrier on the wet sand. The sound of waves crashing against the shore was very soothing for young Louis. He would lay on his back on the rough rocky surface and count the stars. He surely loved glittery shinning things. Like an elf, he had a treasure; a small coffret where he hid multiple shiny objects that he holds dear. Mostly just buttons painted in golden colour or false plastic diamonds. His childhood interest did not disappear when he became a pre-teen. He went as far to paint his bike in a shiny silver colour. His life was shinny but not as colourful; his parents' divorce was such shock for everyone except Louis. He was the only one to notice the non-healthy circumstances they lived in, the daily abuse of his mother and the lack of food.

They moved out, bought a nice flat and soon enough his mother got remarried. Louis always promised himself to never let anyone cause his mother any harm. It became a very difficult responsibility when hormones invaded his body and changing him into a sassy disgusting moody zombie. When twelve years old Louis discovered sex, after the infamous bees and flowers story, he was grossed. Sixteen years old Louis, A.K.A the last virgin in grade eleven, got hammered during Prom night and end up bottoming with the captain of their football team, at least that was what they told him. He could not remember anything when he woke up the next day. All he found were his trousers hung on a tree trunk, a buttonless shirt and a tied condom filled with a white liquid substance. And don't forget the soring pain around his no longer unused hole. Since then, he started jerking himself almost every night. He became addicted to the rush of adrenaline before climax, the feeling of euphoria and the after-sex buzz. Males his age used to watch porn to initiate them but he could pass.

During his last year at university, his mother was more than worried at his lack of girlfriends, or boyfriends at least, until, Eleonore showed up. After a drunken night, he woke up the next morning next to her, wearing nothing but his skin. What made him like her, was her patience after Louis told her about his nudity issues. They started slow, from dry humping to handjobs, oral sex then finally full-blown sex. She was the only Louis could see naked and not cringe. Although Louis' lack of experience and gay deflowering, he does consider himself as a straight man. Until he met mister green-eyed angel. He was the most beautiful creature Louis ever laid eyes on. He never felt the urge to have sex with someone this much until he wished he could throw himself in Harry's arms and beg him to wreck him. The small part of sanity left in him was urging him to keep cool during that ten minutes interview.

The first thing Louis did when he had spare time that day in the office, was checking if Harry had any social media. When he did not find any, he looked for his friend's Irish lad. @Horan_Is_Irish twitter account was easy to find. The list of subscribers was long enough to make him ask Elda for a hand but he decided to keep all this to himself.

He was about to lose hope and clicked the last one's information; @Bi_But_Proud. His layout appeared showing a huge rainbow flag as a banner and drawn peace sign as a profile photo. A picture caught his attention, where a group of people were sitting around a fire camp. Harry's frail figure was among them wearing a baggy sweatshirt and a swimming trunk. His skin was in perfect

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