

Kiss Me,
I'm **Irish**

Meg Queenz

Katlyn Greene isn't a Directioner, but she isn't a Directionater either. She's just the person who doesn't really care. Her seven year old sister Klaire though? She's a hard-core Directioner, stalking their Facebook and Twitter accounts, buying their albums, posters, and whatever else you could possibly think of.

With the whole family being Irish, you can bet Klaire's favorite is Naill Horan, so with the signing at a local mall coming up, Katlyn is drafted to take Klaire to finally meet her idols, and more specifically, Niall Horan.

Things were going great, up 'til the point Klaire decided to go behind stage and see One Direction first. The real place things start though, is when Katlyn meets Niall...and she starts to meet up more often.

With crazed fans, managment, band mates and more, will Niall and Katlyn's newly found relationship last?

Prologue:

I was in my room, on my laptop, minding my own business --I swear!-- and then it was interrupted by my annoying noise box of a sister, Klaire.

"*Ohmigod!*" she squealed from downstairs, even though it sounded as if she were yelling it directly into my ear.

I sighed. When she squealed *that* loud, bad things were about to happen.

"Mum, Mum, Mum!" she chanted.

I could only hear incoherent mumblings beyond that point.

"Katlyn!" my mother called.

I galloped down the steps and came to halt in the den, where Klaire has a smile that looked painful to create and Mom was giving me a

"I'm-sorry-but-you're-not-going-to-like-this" look on her face. That look never got me anywhere good in life.

"Katlyn," Mom began. "Your sister wants to go to an event, but your father and I won't be here to bring her."

This is going somewhere bad, *fast*.

I nodded slowly and made a 'go on' gesture with my hands.

"Can you take her?" she asked hopefully, pulling the puppy-dog look.

Don't look, don't look, don't look. I chanted, but despite my better judgement, I looked.

I sighed, giving in quickly. "Yeah, I guess so."

And Klaire let out a scream and did an Irish jig.

"Hey Mom?" I asked before she could escape into the kitchen again.

"Yes?" she answered sweetly.

"What is this 'event' I'm taking her to?"

"A signing,"

I narrowed my eyes.

"A signing for what?"

"One Direction,"

Chapter One:

You know how before you even do something, you get this feeling of overwhelming dread, telling you not to do it? Well, that's the feeling I'm getting as I park two miles down the road from the mall the signing is in.

My sister, of course, is too busy screaming at every possible second to notice this.

"Would you shut up already?" I exclaim as we finally near the mall. "No one appreciates screaming little girls."

She crosses her arms. "I am not a little girl. Harry is going to marry me one day and you'll see."

It takes all of the self-control in me to not break out in a fit of laughter. From what I've heard, they're more than ten years apart in age. It's not happening if Dad has anything to say about it.

So I just nod and continue walking in bliss-full silence.

When we got to the mall's entrance, I was finally able to figure out how many people we here. The answer was way too many.

We waited in line for about five minutes before Katlyn got one of her brilliant ideas and took off.

Me, being the responsible older sister I am, decided to run after her.

As I passed the majority of the people wearing One Direction shirts and swag, I could barely see her, but I did see the color of her bright green shirt skidding to a stop and ducking under a black curtain.

Great, I thought. This should end well.

I ran where she did, running towards the black curtain she ducked under and ducked under it myself.

When I surfaced from the world of black, I saw three big guys dressed in black chasing the giggling Klaire down the hall leading to the underground garage.

Thankfully, after years of playing sports, I could still run after her. Otherwise, I would have just left her.

As I saw the three guys gaining on Klaire, I got a burst of energy towards the thought of them actually catching her and managed to get right behind them.

"Come on, Katlyn! Faster!" Klaire yelled back to me.

The three guys turned their heads and their eyes widened at the sight of me directly behind them.

One of them tripped and the others quickly followed. I jumped over them, not being able to stop at the speed I was going at even if I wanted to.

Klaire grabbed my arm, opened a door, and pulled me into it. I managed to stop running as she shut the door behind her softly.

"I knew that scholarship for track would come in handy." Klaire stated pleasantly from

behind me where I was glaring at her.

"You are so dead! I don't even know why I chased after you. I should've left the Security Guards to have you." My Irish accent got stronger as I got madder and madder with her.

She turned around, rolling her eyes as she did so, then she froze.

I kept ranting, then noticed her hyperventilation. "What's your problem?"

She opened her mouth then shut it, no words coming out as she tried to get oxygen into her lungs.

"Okay, breathe. In, out, in, out," I coaxed her.

Finally, she managed to start breathing like a normal person.

"They're...right...behind...you." she managed to get out.

My eyebrows furrowed as I panned around to see what she was looking at.

Sitting on the bathroom counter were five guys, and I heard enough about them to realize who they were.

I swore under my breath and muttered. "She had to pull me into *this* bathroom."

And the blonde one promptly broke out laughing.

Chapter Two:

The rest of the infamous boy band joined in, as well as Klaire who managed to stop staring, so I decided not to be the odd one out and join in as well.

After we managed to control the laughing epidemic, I spoke. "I seriously don't even know your names." Klaire looked at me like I was an alien and I stuck my tongue out at her.

"I'm Harry Styles." the curly-haired one introduced himself first.

"I'm Louis, and I'm an addict." the one wearing the stripped-tee said seriously.

"Zayn Malik," the black haired one said simply.

"I'm Liam Payne." the next one says.

"I'm Niall, and we're *One Direction!*" nearing the end, Niall slipped into an announcers voice, for some reason causing Klaire to erupt into a fit of giggles.

I just looked at her in surprise. I thought One Direction was a *British* boy band. I didn't know there was an Irish guy here! And now I wonder why she wants to marry Harry instead of Niall.

"I'm Katlyn, and this is my sister Klaire." I looked at Niall curiously. "What part of Ireland are you from?"

"Mullingar, you?"

"I'm from Dublin, actually. But I have family in Mullingar. Nice place, I must say."

He smiled at me appreciatively. "Thanks, I always liked it there."

"And I like carrots," Louis cut in, nodding slightly in self-appreciation.

"Carrots are nice," I replied warily.

He gasped dramatically and ran towards me. "Can we keep her?" he asked, looking at Harry and hugging me enthusiastically.

He looked over at Louis, then replied. "If Liam says so, I don't see why not."

Louis turned to look at Liam, taking me with him. Liam stood with his arms crossed over his chest, observing us with amusement clear in his eyes.

"Sure," he finally answered.

Louis squealed and I almost mistook him for one of my teenage friends. "Yea!"

I looked at everyone and mouthed. "Save me,"

"Louis?" Niall asked, seeing my plead for help.

"Yes?" he replied, dragging the word out.

"Do you want to do Zayn's hair?"

Louis eyes widened to the size of saucers. "Really?" he asked, bouncing up and down as Zayn frantically shook his head.

"Uh-huh, but you have to hug her sister first."

Louis shrugged and let me go, his eyes going back to a normal size. As I took in a breath of sheer relief, Louis skipped over to Klaire, who's eyes were almost as large as Louis' were moments ago. He gave her a big hug, practically lifting her off the ground and happily

skipped over to where Zayn was trying to hide from him. I looked away before I could catch the destruction of what looked like a lot of hard work, but if Zayn's protests were anything to go off, it didn't look pretty.

I smiled at Niall. "Thanks for saving me."

He laughed. "He's Lou," he said, like that explained everything.

"So he's always like this?" I asked skeptically.

"Yeah, that's Boo-Bear for you."

Klaire seemed to regain her confidence and she scooted in front of me so she could face the boys but still had me as a safety blanket.

"So can I have a hug from the rest of you now?" she asked hopefully.

Liam smiled. "Sure, Klaire."

Her eyes widened as if hearing her name come out of Liam's mouth was the best that that ever happened to her. And, knowing how serious she took this Directioner thing, it just might have been.

She squeaked and launched herself at Liam, who reacted quickly and managed to stop them from toppling over.

After Liam untangled himself from her, she moved onto Niall, then got to Harry. Now she looked nervous. "Can I touch your curls?" she whispered.

Harry laughed. "Sure, love."

She gingerly reached her hand up to touch the mop of curls on his head and then quickly brought her hand back as if it had burnt her. Then she smiled, hugged him, and took a step back.

"Well, now my life is almost complete."

I shot her a confused look. "What do you mean almost? I thought these boys were your idols."

She nodded quickly and assured the boys. "Oh, you are my idols. But I didn't get a hug from Zayn yet."

Hearing his name, Zayn managed to get away from Louis and come over to us, trying to fix his hair. It just wasn't working though.

"'Vas happenin'?" he asked.

"Klaire here wants a hug from the Bradford Bad Boy himself." Niall explained, gesturing towards Klaire as he did.

He nodded. "On one condition,"

Klaire nodded enthusiastically. "What is it?"

"Can you fix my hair?" Zayn looked exasperated, dropping his hands to his sides tiredly as he gave up on his hair.

Klaire turned to look at me expectantly.

"What?" I asked finally.

"Please?" she asked. I was about to protest when she quickly added, "You know I can't do hair!"

I sighed, giving in too easily for my taste. "Fine," I muttered, going over to Zayn.

I managed to fix Zayn's hair in under five minutes. And I'd know; Louis demanded that he time me. For whatever reason, I don't know.

"What time are you suppose to start the signing?" I asked curiously.

"Uh, now actually." Harry said, glancing at his phone. "We're just waiting for Security."

I nodded and noticed Niall staring at me. I smiled at him, "What?"

He shook his head. "Nothing, just wondering what your Twitter was."

I furrowed my eyebrows, but replied anyways. "Uh, it's @KatGreene."

All the boys got out their phones and as I was about to ask what they were up to, my own phone buzzed continuously.

I pulled it out and scrolled through my Twitter feed to find that all five boys had followed me. I quickly followed them back, then put my phone back in my pocket.

"Now we can talk all the time!" Louis exclaimed excitedly as the door opened, revealing the three security guards from before.

"Hey!" one of them shouted at me and Klaire, their hands reaching for their weapons.

"It's alright, they're cool." their actions were cut off by Niall and I smiled at him gratefully. He smiled back.

As they walked past me and Klaire, they gave each of us a hug. Niall was last, and by the length of his hug, I could tell this wasn't the last time I'd be hearing of the Irish boy.

Chapter Three:

The Twitter icon on my phone buzzed as the clock stuck five.

I quickly clicked on it and grinned down at the screen. Niall_Official direct messaged me.

Hey, Princess.

I laughed, typing a quick message back. **Hey to you too, Niall.**

What are you doing right now?

I looked at my calendar. Eh, nothing.

Nothing, why?

Want to meet at Starbucks?

Sure, which one? =)

The one closest to the mall.

I laughed. **That's the one on Main St., you know.**

Haha, yeah that one. XD

See you there in thirty?

I'll be there.

I smiled as I got my purse and put on my shoes. For a couple moments, I thought about the best way to ask Mum if I could go. Then I threw all those out the window and marched downstairs.

"Mum, can I go to Starbucks with a friend?"

She looked at me suspiciously. "Which friend?"

"Oh, his names is Niall."

Footsteps sounded from above me, then on the stairs as Klaire ran downstairs. "Did I hear Niall's name?" she asked, slightly out of breath.

"Uh, yeah." I answered hesitantly.

"You know him?" Mum asked her.

She nodded. "Yeah, he's-" I shot her a look. "Really nice!" she finished lamely.

It wasn't that I wanted to hide something from my mum, it's just I didn't really want to worry about me.

Mum looked at me before smiling. "Sure, honey. Just be home for dinner."

I nodded, then gave Klaire a grateful smile and walked out to the car.

As I pulled up to Starbucks, I turned off the radio, which was playing One Direction's "Live While We're Young", coincidentally. Believe me, when it started to play I had a pretty good

laugh over it.

I opened the door and walked in, the smell of coffee beans filling my nose and making me sigh in contentment. I've always loved coffee.

"May I have a large latte?"

A bored looking teenage girl nodded and replied with the total, her tone monotone.

I handed the money over and thanked her before looking around.

Hm, a middle-aged guy wearing a fedora, a college student on her laptop, and a blonde guy wearing an Irish flag snap-back. Choices, choices.

I walked over to Mr. Irish, who was sitting in the corner of the store.

I sat down and he immediately looked up. Yup, it was Niall.

"Hello, Mr. Irish."

He grinned at me. "Hey, Princess."

I laughed. "I'm not a princess, Niall."

His smile turned mysterious. "You never know."

I just shook my head and sat down. "So how was the signing?"

"Well, I think I may have gone deaf." he stated seriously.

I shrugged. "Your fans love you."

He smiled. "That's true. I can't believe the amount of success we've had."

I sipped my latte, then grinned at him. "I think my sister is slowly turning me. It's easy to like your music, you know. It's relatable, fun, and sometimes just downright sweet."

"What's your favorite song?" he asked, curious.

"Little Things." I answered automatically. "Like I said, downright sweet. And it helps girls realize that they're beautiful, flaws and all."

"Ed wrote that song you know." Niall said.

My eye brows raised. "Ed as in Ed *Sheeran*?"

He simply nodded.

"Wow," I sat back in my chair, crossing my arms in disbelief. "No wonder I like that song!

I'm surprised Klaire hasn't told me yet, considering she knows how much I adore Ed."

Niall grinned. "My favorite song off his album is *A Team*."

I laughed. "Mine's *UNI*."

He nodded. "That's a good one too."

There was comfortable silence as we both finished our drinks.

"So which college are you going to? I heard Klaire say something about a track scholarship."

I smiled gently. "I'll be moving to England to attend college, actually."

"Which part?"

"Manchester. In two months I'll be in Manchester trying to settle in."

Niall's eyebrows rose. "That sounds exciting."

"And terrifying," I added. "I've never lived on my own before." As I spoke more about it, I could feel my nerves coming back to life. I had managed to hold them down, but now they were coming back with a vengeance.

"It's not so hard," he assured me.

I gave him a pointed look. "Don't you live with four of your best friends?"

He laughed. "Something like that, but I promise it won't be so bad. And, hey, in two months me and the lads will be off tour. I can help you settle in."

As those words left his mouth, my nerves dissipated little by little and I nodded. "I'd like that." I told him. Then my phone beeped.

I looked down to find my mum sent me a text telling me dinner was in the oven. Basically, it was the fifteen minute warning text.

I looked up at Niall and smiled apologetically. "I have to go. My mum just texted me."

He nodded, giving me an understanding smile. "I understand."

We both got up and threw our cups away, making our way to the door in unison as well.

As I reached my car, I reached for the handle, but Niall placed a gentle hand on my arm to stop me.

I turned around to face him, my eyes shining with curiosity.

"I'll see you in two months?" he asked, his tone hopeful.

I grinned. "Of course, you're my personal tour guide after all."

He grinned back at me and held out a hand, the other one reaching into his pocket. "Give me your phone."

I shrugged, my hand reaching to grab the phone from my purse. After digging it out, I placed it into his awaiting hand, the tips of my fingers brushing the palm of his hand, sending tingles up my spine.

I quickly pulled my hand in a position for him to place his own phone into.

As soon as he did, I added myself as a new contact under *Kaitlyn G.*. Simple? Yes. Effective? I like to think so.

"So now we can talk without having to DM."

I smiled. "That'll be nice." Then I hesitated slightly before wrapping my arms around him.

He seemed slightly surprised, but returned my hug nonetheless.

"Bye, Niall." I mumbled, slowly releasing my hold on him.

"Bye, Princess."

Chapter Four:

Niall's POV:

As soon as I got onto the tour bus, I brought out my phone and direct messaged *@KatGreen*.

Hey, Princess.

Moments later, I got a message back. I quickly clicked on it and grinned down at the screen.

Hey to you too, Niall. I laughed, typing a quick message back.

What are you doing right now?

Nothing, why?

Want to meet at Starbucks?

Sure, which one? =)

The one closest to the mall.

That's the one on Main St., you know.

Haha, yeah that one. XD

See you there in thirty?

I'll be there.

I smiled as I sat up from the bunk bed that I deemed mine and moved towards the door.

"Where are you going?" It was Zayn.

"To meet up with Katlyn." There was no point in lying.

I got into the car the boys and I rented just in case and started to make my way to Starbucks. As I turned on the radio, my own voice started blasting in the car. I shook my head, turning it off. Harry must have left it on.

I waited with my cup of coffee in the corner of the store, until someone sat down in front of me.

"Hello, Mr. Irish."

I looked up and smiled at her. "Hey, Princess."

She laughed. "I'm not a princess, Niall."

My smile turned mysterious. "You never know."

She just shook her head and sat down. "So how was the signing?"

"Well, I think I may have gone deaf." I stated seriously.

She shrugged. "Your fans love you."

I smiled. "That's true. I can't believe the amount of success we've had."

She sipped her latte, then grinned at me. "I think my sister is slowly turning me. It's easy to

like your music, you know. It's relatable, fun, and sometimes just downright sweet."

"What's your favorite song?" I asked, curious.

"Little Things." She answered automatically and I smiled. "Like I said, downright sweet. And it helps girls realize that they're beautiful, flaws and all."

"Ed wrote that song you know." I said conversationally.

Her eyebrows raised. "Ed as in Ed *Sheeran*?"

I simply nodded.

"Wow," She sat back in my chair, crossing my arms in disbelief. "No wonder I like that song! I'm surprised Klaire hasn't told me yet, considering she knows how much I adore Ed."

I grinned. "My favorite song off his album is *A Team*."

She laughed. "Mine's *UNI*."

I nodded. "That's a good one too."

There was comfortable silence as we both finished our drinks.

"So which college are you going to? I heard Klaire say something about a track scholarship."

She smiled gently. "I'll be moving to England to attend college, actually."

"Which part?"

"Manchester. In two months I'll be in Manchester trying to settle in."

My eyebrows rose. "That sounds exciting."

"And terrifying," She added. "I've never lived on my own before."

"It's not so hard," I assured me.

She gave me a pointed look. "Don't you live with four of your best friends?"

I laughed. "Something like that, but I promise it won't be so bad. And, hey, in two months me and the lads will be off tour. I can help you settle in."

As those words left my mouth, I could see her nerves dissipated little by little and she nodded.

"I'd like that." She told me. Then her phone beeped.

She looked down at her phone and frowned, then looking back up at me and smiled apologetically. "I have to go. My mum just texted me."

I nodded, giving her an understanding smile even though I didn't want her to go. "I understand."

We both got up and threw our cups away, making our way to the door in unison as well.

As she reached out to open her car door, I placed a gentle hand on her arm to stop her.

She turned around to face him, her eyes shining with curiosity.

"I'll see you in two months?" I asked, my tone hopeful.

She grinned. "Of course, you're my personal tour guide after all."

I grinned back at her and held out a hand, the other one reaching into my pocket. "Give me your phone."

She shrugged, her hand reaching to grab the phone from her purse. After digging it out, she placed it into my awaiting hand, the tips of her fingers brushing the palm of her hand, making me want to keep her hand in mine. But she quickly pulled her hand back and I handed her my phone.

I added myself as a new contact under *Nialler*.

"So now we can talk without having to DM."

She smiled. "That'll be nice." Then she hesitated slightly before wrapping her arms around me.

At first, I was surprised but the feeling of the hug took over me and I wrapped my arms around her as well.

"Bye, Niall." She mumbled, slowly releasing her hold on me.

"Bye, Princess."

Two months was too long, I decided. I'd made it three weeks, and that was torture enough. Sure, I'd just met Katlyn, but there was something different about her. Something...calm. And right now I needed a little bit of calm.

"Hey, lads!" Liam said, opening the door to Harry and Louis' flat.

“Hey!” everyone replied.

I was sitting on the couch, surfing Twitter on the laptop in front of me while the lads were all over the place; Zayn next to me, watching TV, Harry on the floor, Louis in the kitchen, and Liam making his way towards the couch as well.

“What are we doing on our day off?” Harry asked.

“I vote we chill here.” Zayn commented.

“I say we go to the park and play football.” Louis added.

“What about going to Nandos?” I asked, feeling hungry.

They all shot me a look.

“How about we do all three?” Liam interjected. “We go to the park, then go to Nandos on the way home to chill out and watch TV.”

We were all silent for a moment, then murmurs of agreement broke out. As I was in the middle of a “that sounds good” my phone beeped. I looked away from the laptop where I was re-tweeting some fan’s tweets and picked up the phone beside me.

It was a text message from Katlyn.

What are you up to?

About to go to the park and play football, what about you?

Football? I though you- oh. European. Got it. Haha!

Haha, don't you call it soccer there?

Yup, but I'll have to get used to calling it football; only a month to go.

I can't wait to show you around London.

Neither can I. Well, I'll let you go so you can play "football".

Haha, okay. Bye, Princess.

Bye, Nialler.

I didn't notice the boys moved and all looked over my shoulder until I sent the last message.

I looked up to see Louis smirking at me.

"What?" I looked at him confused.

"Princess?"

I ran my hands through my hair. "What's so bad about that?" I asked, hoping no one caught the hidden meaning. But I had a feeling Louis already had.

He was still smirking. "Nothing. Nothing at all."

Chapter Five:

@Niall_Official: @KatGreene Today is the day!

100 replies | 90 retweets

View Conversation:

@KatGreene: @Niall_Official I know! I'm so excited to see you again.

170 replies | 50 retweets

@Niall_Official: @KatGreene I'm excited too, Princess. See you in a bit.

1, 200 replies | 1,500 retweets

Replies to Conversation:

@IShipKiall: @KatGreene @Niall_Official You two are so cute together. I ship it!

2 replies | 25 retweets

@Directioner5Evah: @Niall_Official Aw, so adorable!

5 replies | 50 retweets

@KlaireG: @KatGreene She's growing up so fast!

50 replies | 105 retweets

I had just grabbed my luggage from the baggage claim and was walking to the entrance to meet Niall when I noticed them.

The fangirls. And there were loads of them. Holding cameras, posters, and anything else One Direction related. I even saw one with a "Mrs. Styles" tee-shirt. They *made* those?

I saw someone jump from the corner of my eye and I turned around, my eyebrows furrowing subconsciously.

What was-? My thoughts were cut off though, when I realized exactly who it was; Mr. Irish himself.

A grin wormed its way onto my lips as I watched him wave happily.

Throughout the two months we've been apart, we've texted and tweeted constantly. All the Directioners have gotten used to our friendship, and a new ship, whatever that was, was started. I should probably look up what that meant, since it apparently involved me now.

Klaire couldn't be happier with the amount of followers she has just from mentions on Twitter. Yes, my sister had gotten a Twitter, but it was closely monitored by me and my

mother.

I walked towards Niall, who met me half way for a hug. I could hear the fangirls from outside, but I just hugged him harder. I've gotten to know him so well in the two months we spent apart that I'd go as far as to say he was my best friend. We've told each other our secrets, fears, and pretty much everything. I felt so close to him.

"I can't believe you're finally here." He whispered softly.

I laughed softly. "I can't believe it either. Britain is in for a surprise. I'm about to crash their party."

He pulled back and smiled at me. "I missed that sense of humor. Texts just don't go it justice."

I smiled back at him. "I know, right! It's just not the same."

"No. No, it isn't." he whispered, then cleared his throat. "Well, let's get you to your flat before you collapse."

I reached to my side for my luggage, but stopped when Niall threw me a look. "I'm getting that, Princess."

I put my hands up in surrender playfully and backed away, laughing. "Okay then, tough guy. You can carry the luggage."

He laughed, showing his teeth and picked up the suitcase.

I hefted my purse onto my shoulder and we started towards the doors.

“Stay close to me.” Niall said. “You’re less prone to attack.”

I grinned at him and scooted closer. “It’s so dramatic!” I whisper-yelled.

He grinned back at me. “Yes it is! Just stick close.”

I nodded, all playfulness gone as we approached the Doors of Doom.

I giggled at the name and Niall shot me a confused look.

“We’re approaching the Doors of Doom.” I explained, and he laughed.

“That we are.”

As we reached the doors, I could hear the fans screaming his name.

“Is it always like this?” I asked, scooting even closer to him.

He nodded. “Yeah, wherever me and the lads go.”

“Jeez. That must get annoying.” I muttered as he opened the door.

I smiled at him as I walked through, careful to wait until he was right beside me to move.

As we walked through the hoard of fans, people pulled and yanked at us and our clothing.

Niall put an arm around me to tug me as close as possible to him.

“Are you dating?” One fan yelled.

I shook my head at her as we passed and smiled lightly. “No,” I yelled back.

There were shouts of complaint as we moved closer to the car that was parked in front of us.

“Kiall, Kiall, Kiall,” everyone chanted as Niall opened the car door for me.

I really had to look up what this whole shipping thing was.

Chapter Six:

URBAN DICTIONARY: SHIPPING:

This is most often used on Tumblr by fandoms. Fandoms will ship everything and anything. Shipping comes from the word relationSHIP. Basically it is when you want a fictional character, real-life person, or cartoon people to be together. People often write fanfictions about their favorite ship, called their OTP.

"Oh," I whispered.

"What?" Niall asked, looking over to me as we turned onto yet another busy street. *Sheesh*. Is London always this busy?

I avoided his eyes, trying to hold down the blush that was no doubt still arising onto my cheeks. "Nothing!" I said, a little too loud and too quick to be genuine.

He shot me a confused look. "Uh, okay. Anyways," he perked up. "We'll be arriving at your flat in a couple minutes so you can drop your stuff off."

I looked at him curiously, trying to put off the thoughts about "shipping" whirling around my head. "Where are we going after that?"

"My favorite spot in London."

I raised an eyebrow at him. "And that is?"

He grinned at me. "You'll see."

He wasn't kidding when he said we were only minutes away from my apartment because

two minutes later I was standing in front of the prettiest building I've seen.

This is as far as I have gotten with this story. I do plan on completing chapter five, but not at this moment. Please be patient and I'll publish a post on my blog when I've added the rest of the chapter.

-Meg Queenz