

17 - Likes

"It's almost over," I whispered in disbelief, tears starting to well in my eyes. "Two years of fucking torture and it's almost over."

Dean scooted forward on the bed, gathering me in his arms as he placed a kiss on the top of my hair and let me rant out my emotions.

"I can finally live without the thought of him haunting me. Oh God, I feel like I might throw up. Is that normal, Dean? Wait, you should move back in case I puke on you." I tried to scramble away but he held me tighter, his body shaking with silent laughter.

"I think you deserve to puke on someone right now, don't you?"

I wrinkled my nose in distaste, looking up at him. "Don't tell me this is some weird thing you're into, pretty boy. I might actually call the cops."

He only shook his head, a so expression blooming over him as he took my face in his hands. "I'm so happy for you, Sophia."

"He'll...he'll be gone."

"He'll be gone." Dean repeated, reassuring me.

"Will you slap me so I know I'm not dreaming?"

"I think it's pinching..."

"What if I'm into slapping?"

"God, Soph." His smile widened. "You're so fucking bizzare sometimes."

I didn't respond, burying my face in his crewneck clad chest as I inhaled the scent of him. I think my favourite place in the entire world was right here, being held in Dean's arms. I truly could not fathom anything better, and as I snuggled further only one thought occurred to me.

I pulled back, raising a hand so I could stroke his cheek.

"Dean?" I called out, in a mere whisper.

"Yes, Sophia?"

"If you were in trouble, would you tell me?"

He looked surprised at my question, trying to hide it by tucking some hair behind my ear.

"Why would I be in trouble, Sweetheart?"

I only swallowed, trying to build up the courage to ask him what I wanted the most. My hands fell to the material of his crewneck, gripping it in between my fingers as I looked down for a few seconds before meeting back his gaze.

"You never did tell me where you went those first few days of school."

At that, Dean's body tensed, most likely not expecting me to remember that because it was only two months ago. He leaned down, pressing a so kiss to my lips which I reciprocated eagerly, before moving back to hear his answer.

"It was nothing, Soph. I promise. I just had something to take care of."

I knew he was hiding something but didn't want to pry, accepting his response for now. Dean was quiet, he liked to be alone and he liked having his privacy. And as much as I respected that, I knew that if we ever wanted to take our relationship to another level we would have to be more honest with each other.

Communication, Alex had said, is crucial and I really fucking like Dean. I really wanted whatever we had between us to work. I really wanted him to be mine.

"Okay," I sighed, cupping the back of his head and pulling him down for another kiss. He held me securely, tilting his head in order to deepen it and then pulled back, once again not letting it take us anywhere.

"Do you want to stay here for a little bit or go home and process?"

If the news may have been bad then sure, I would have wanted to go home but right now all I wanted to do was celebrate. I stood up, taking his hand and dragging us outside to sit with everyone else.

"What happened to truth or dare?" I asked, seeing everyone on the floor surrounded by blankets and pillows, all pivoted towards the TV. Vanessa had the remote in her hand as they debated on what to watch. Alyan was sitting closer to her now, his arm fully around her shoulders.

"Zayn." They all chanted, and I shot Zayn a questioning look. He replied with a sheepish smile, shrugging his shoulders not wanting to elaborate.

With that, I led Dean over to an open space, getting settled with my back against Dean's chest as I pulled the blanket over us. He put his arm around my shoulder, tucking me close as we quietly watched them decide on which movie they would like to see.

"So, what are we watching?" I asked, seeing Vanessa and Ayesha looking at one phone, bickering back and forth on what I assume was different movies. With a sigh, Ayesha nodded and Vanessa turned to me to answer.

"We've decided on watching The Conjuring 2." Vanessa announced, going to press play on it.

Dean froze, his face full of horror. "Why?" He exasperated.

"Oh get over it you big baby," Vanessa rolled her eyes. "It isn't even real."

"Don't worry, Dean." Alyan smirked from beside Vanessa. "Sophia will hold your hand if you get scared."

"Fuck o ."

"It's true!" I played along. "Don't you worry your pretty head, Dean. I'll make the monsters go away."

"That's it, I'm banning you guys from talking to each other." Dean sighed, leaning his face on my shoulder as I shook with laughter. My hand came up to scratch his hair so ly, liking the feel of it.

"You know, it's either this or a rom-com."

"I like rom-coms." Zayn frowned. "What's the one I liked? Brandon the one we watched in the cinema together that one time..."

"Crazy Rich Asians?" He o ered.

"Yes! That one made me cry."

"Zayn crying? Now I would like a photo album of that." Ayesha muttered.

"You're so mean to me, Ayesha." Zayn sighed. "Maybe your mother will make you nicer."

"Nope," Dean pushed Ayesha back down. She was full on glaring at Zayn, and Zayn didn't do anything but grin back. "Let's just watch The Conjuring and get it over with."

"Brandon, get the lights." Vanessa called, and Brandon reached up the wall with his hand, e ectively flipping the switch closed. We were drowned in darkness now, the only source of light was coming from the television as it illuminated across our faces.

The more the movie played, the more I wanted to kiss Dean. That probably sounds fucking insane however our kiss from earlier was getting me hot and bothered and I wanted nothing more than for him to finger me under this blanket.

Alright...maybe not now, in front of a group of people. I meant back at his apartment in the privacy of our home. I pushed myself impossible close to him, grabbing his free hand and interlacing our fingers on my stomach. In response, Dean bent down and kissed the side of my head, my heart full at the gesture.

From my peripheral vision, I noticed a small exchange between Alyan and Vanessa. His arm was around her, them almost as close as me and Dean and I could see that he had mumbled something into her ear that she must have liked because her smile grew bigger and she shrunk in her seat. He laughed, looking down at her in admiration.

"What are you smiling about, Sweetheart?" Dean murmured in my ear, noticing my attention on something else other than the movie.

"Alyan and Vanessa," I whispered. "They seem close."

"Close like us?"

"What does 'close' mean to you?"

He replied by cupping the side of my face, gently pushing it so I stared at him as he pressed our lips together in a slow, sweet kiss. Once I was fully breathless did he respond, a slight smirk on his face. "Close like that."

A blush ran up my face, heating up my entire body as I fidgeted beside him, needing him to do something, anything to relieve the ache in between my thighs.

"Dean," I whispered, pressing his hand tighter to my stomach. "Can we go home now?"

He looked to me with confusion present, however complied, helping me stand. I adjusted my skirt, fixing my hair as Dean announced that it was time we go.

"Aw, no. But it's almost done." Zayn groaned.

"It's alright, we should let them go. They have school tomorrow." Vanessa said.

We gathered our things, folding away our blankets before waving our goodbyes as we made it out the door. Dean kept glancing at me, not quite sure on why I was so eager to leave but let me yank him out the door and to the elevator, a bounce to my step.

"What are you up to, Sweetheart?"

"Nothing," I shrugged my shoulders, trying to appear innocent. "I think we should finally fuck, though."

"In my car?"

"Wherever you want." I said, walking over to said vehicle. I waited for Dean to open it, climbing in once he did and then immediately going over to sit on his lap.

"Sophia," Dean said, his hands coming up to hold my waist. He sounded concerned almost which was really fucking funny considering all I wanted to do was kiss him. "What's going on?"

I shook my head, fingers threading in his hair as I connected us with a heated kiss. He started talking in between, his hold tightening on my body.

"Baby..." He murmured. "Tell me what's going on in that pretty head."

"Why can't we have sex? Did I do something wrong? Or...or say something that made you not want me anymore?"

He separated us, in disbelief. "Sophia, where is this coming from? Why would you think that?"

I shrugged, avoiding his gaze. "I thought that maybe with everything that's going on with me, you realized that..."

"That?"

"That I wasn't...worth it anymore. That my shit was too much shit and it turned you o . That my body--"

He paused me right there with the shake of his head, relaxing more into his seat as he relaxed tucking just how deep my insecurities laid. "Baby, no. That's not it at all."

"Then what is it?"

"I need you to know that I'm not like him."

"I know you're not." I said, confused.

"Sophia, I think you've always assumed that in order to show a action, you needed to have sex."

"Isn't that a part of it?"

"It can be," He brushed a lock of hair away from my face. "But it's mainly the little things. Holding hands, being in each other's presence. You mean more to me than anyone, Soph. I wanna do this, us, the every part. I wanna give you everything you deserve, wanna learn every part of you."

"Dean," I pressed my lips together, not wanting to cry. I've done enough of that today and my heart throbbled, so incredibly warm and safe. "I really fucking like you." My voice cracked.

He smiled back, eyes shining. "I really fucking like you too."

"What does this mean? That we'll never have sex?"

"No, but you just received a call that your case might move forward. You might not think so, but you're still processing that, Sweetheart. You're vulnerable and I won't take advantage of that."

"Stop using that word," I frowned.

"Which one?"

"Take advantage. You aren't doing that, Dean. You never are. I hate it when you use that word."

"Hey, look at me." He says so ly. "You're the only one for me, baby. And when the time comes and we do finally have sex, I want it to be the most special thing for you. I want you to feel like the most important person in my life."

"I already do," leaning forward onto his chest, I buried my face in the side of his neck tucking this memory close to me.

"You're wearing the necklace I gave you." He so ly says, taking in the small silver chain at my neck. My hand unconsciously reaches up, playing with it.

"I never took it o ," I admitted, playing with the ring I looped around it. "I forgot to give this back," I went to take it o but he stopped me.

"Don't," He shook his head. "I want you to have it."

"You mean that?"

"Every part."

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