30 - Him

"Hey, Soph. Are you ready yet?"

"Give me a second, pretty boy! We can't all dress nice in five minutes like you!" I huffed from behind the door, hands on my hips in my underwear as I gazed in my closet for a solence of an outfit to pop out.

I could hear Dean audibly sigh, his head banging on the other side of the door. "You look good in anything you wear, baby. I promise."

"You're just saying that because you wanna get in my pants later." I rolled my eyes, yanking down a skirt and sheathing it on. I could hear his muffled laughter as he walked away, giving me the peace I needed to finish dressing.

My makeup was done, nails painted, and hair freshly washed and dried, curls hanging over my shoulders. The skirt I had on was a mini in black, simple with no designs and I paired it with a cute top with a straight cut neckline.

"Fuck," I whispered, smothing my hands over my sides before turning my body to check myself out from the back. Because I was finally able to feed myself properly, three meals a day with snacks, I noticed I was starting to gain a little weight. My hands pressed over my stomach, feeling the small bulge there and I sunk to the floor, a smile on my face.

I was dangerously malnourished before, my bones so brittle and weak that I could barely carry two textbooks without feeling dizzy and I was glad I was starting to gain pieces of myself back. I let myself hold my stomach for a few moments longer before standing up again, putting on some jewellery and then pulling on some white socks followed by doc marten loafers I had bought this month as a gift to myself.

I gave myself one more glance in the mirror, loving how I looked. I looked good. I felt good.

My mind wandered back to the therapy session I had yesterday, telling her all about Dean and our new relationship.

"Do you think I may be moving too fast? I wanna do things right this time around." I had asked, fingers playing with the necklace around my neck as I awaited her answer.

"Do you think you're moving too fast?"

I shrugged my shoulders, looking away. "I mean...no. I don't. Moving too fast means I'm not ready for a new relationship and I am. I know I am. I'm ready."

She simply smiled, writing something down before looking back up at me with her head slightly slanted. "Sophia, there is no such thing as doing something right in a relationship. It's all about learning each other's wants and needs, being compatible. If you feel right about this relationship with Dean, you should trust that. Trust yourself to make the right choices."

I nodded, smiling a bit shy now. "We're going on a date tomorrow."

She crossed her legs, leaning back also looking happy for me. "How do you feel about that?"

"Excited. Happy...I haven't been on a date in so long. Or had anyone ask me if I'd like to go on a date with them. He makes every moment feel special." She only raised a brow, silently asking me to elaborate and I did, settling back on the couch. "Well, like yesterday we decided to cook together again. And rather than make it a boring, long draining process he put on some music and we sang and danced mid-mixing and cooking. It was..." I blushed, smothering my face in my hands as I giggled. "Nice. It was so nice."

"Does Dean do things like that a lot?"

I nodded, my cheeks hurting from how big my smile was now. "Yeah...it's almost like he wants me to marry him right this second or something. I feel...I feel so lucky. So lucky and cherished and happy."

I laughed softly at the memory, grabbing my purse and heading out of my room to meet Dean at the foyer where he waited with his hand in his pocket and a picnic basket dangling from his arm.

He put the basket down, stretching his arms over his head as he dramatically yawned. "Finally! I thought I was going to age ten years by the time you got out."

I rolled my eyes, gently smacking his chest. "You're so dramatic it's hard to tell you and Zayn apart sometimes."

He stopped, frowning. "Hey, take that back."

I laughed again, shaking my head and opening the door to get out. Dean trailed behind me like a lost puppy, his frown deepening into a cute pout.

"Sorry, pretty boy. But it's true."

After locking the door we walked together to the elevator, Dean pushing the button with his knuckle and waiting a few moments before it came up and opened. It was empty, like it usually is on weekends, us stepping inside together with Dean directly behind me. We were facing the mirror, my eyes continuously going back over my outfit and Dean wrapped an arm around my waist, tucking his chin on my shoulder.

"By the way, you look beautiful."

My cheeks flushed as I held onto his arm, leaning back against him as I watched us together in the mirror. Us, we were an us. Not a me and him, Sophia and Dean, but us.

"You look pretty yourself, Dean. I think that's my favourite shirt on you."

He kisses my cheek, mumbling. "You're only saying that because you like how my arms look in it."

I turn in his hold, wrapping my arms around his neck as I rose on my tippy toes and pressed a cheeky kiss to his lips. "And what wonderful arms they are. Big arms are so fucking hot."

His mouth lifted at the corners, head tilting down at me. "I'm feeling very objectified right now."

"Well don't," I rose up again, pressing two more kisses on his mouth. "I also love your brain and your voice and the way you cook and your thoughts and the way you listen to me."

"That's a lot of things you love, baby."

I cup his face in my hands, eyes scanning both of his as I whisper, "I love that you exist. Thank you for existing, Dean. Thank you for being here."

He moves one hand to cup the back of my head, fingers threading through my hair as he brings our faces together and crashes his lips on mine in a sweet, gentle kiss that has my legs going weak at the knees. I hold onto him for stability, eyes closed and basking in this precious moment.

He pulls back, also searching my eyes. "I love that you exist." When the bell rings signalling that we made it Dean steps away from me to pick up the picnic basket as the elevator opens to ground level. Taking a hold of my hand, we walk out to his car.

"Are you ready for our date?"

"I've been ready from the day you kissed me."

"Are you admitting that you liked me that far back?"

I gave him an unimpressed look, clicking in my seatbelt. "I let you finger me on my bed. What do you think?"

He only laughed, starting up the car before relaxing in his seat and placing a hand on my thigh. I almost clenched my legs right there and then, the heated feeling in my stomach growing but I tried to push it away because today wasn't about sex and lust. It was about a cute date Dean had set up.

"So let me guess where you'll be taking me. A big fancy dinner where they don't have the price on the menus followed by a flashmob where at the end, each member gives me a diamond necklace and then finally, a private concert from Gracie Abrams and Mitski. Am I right?"

He gives me an amused glance, smoothing his hand up and down my thigh. "Almost. You forgot about the yacht I take you on and at the end, I tell you I bought it for you."

I groan, shaking my head. "How could I ever forget about the yacht? That's like, the most important aspect of this date. Wow Dean, don't look now or I'll be running away with your wallet sometime soon."

"But I brought all your favourite foods..."

I pause, pretending to ponder this for a moment before settling on a nod. "Alright, tomorrow then. That way I can have some energy before I go."

He nods along with me, agreeing with this plan before pulling up to a near-empty parking lot, unbuckling his seat and me doing the same. While Dean went to the trunk of his car, I looked around at the surrounding area, seeing it was a park with a gazebo not that far away.

"A park." I said out loud, turning to look at him. He was carrying the basket and a sheet in one hand, while the other had a case of water.

"It appears so."

My face lit up, jumping over to him in glee. "You're taking me out on a picnic?"

"I know you get overwhelmed with big crowds so I thought this would be better. And plus, you've been stuck at home for a while and need some fresh air."

"You brought me here to get some vitamin D?" I ask, reaching over to carry the water so he wasn't overwhelmed with the weight of items. I pushed the trunk closed once we got everything out, Dean pressing a button on his set of keys to lock the car.

"I brought you here on a date. And to get some vitamin D."

"No one has ever offered to give me fresh vitamin D before." I said excitedly, walking by his side as we tried to find a secluded area with shade.

"Do you...like it?" He looked down, unsure and that action made me love him ultimately more. I hugged him close to the best of my ability, pecking his cheek.

"I love it. Thank you, Dean. No one has ever been more thoughtful."

That brings him the reassurance he needs to walk the rest of the way to where he wants to set up, spreading out the cloth with my help before placing the picnic basket in the middle. I sit down right next to him as he opens it up, taking out things like food followed by plates and then, cutlery.

Finally, however, does he bring out two books and my heart almost stops as he hands one to me. I look down on it with awe, my heart beating faster in my chest as I press it to my chest for safe keeping.

"What? Are we gonna read to each other?"

He shrugs, plucking up and chewing on a strawberry. "Look inside, Soph."

I do, brushing through the pages seeing that they're filled with...writing. Notes, ideas, thoughts. Stopping at a random page I see what's written in the margins, my eyes almost gathering with tears. It's filled with Dean and it makes me love it more.

"You..." I pause as I look back up at him seeing he was gauging my reaction. "You annotated a book for me?"

He silently nods and I let myself look through it once more, stopping at another page to see what he's written. It's all analytical, picking out literary devices he finds embedded in the text and analysing each and every character present thoroughly. He also underlined lines that he loved and I almost fall apart right then and there.

"Oh my god," I choke out, setting it down before jumping at him. He's ready for me, gathering me in his arms as I pepper kisses all over his face. "Dean you're so—"

"Amazingly hot and handsome? I thought so."

I smacked his chest before burying my face in it, kissing his heart. "Everything. You're so everything. There is no word to describe what I feel about you."

He takes a hold of my face, brushing back my hair with a soft look in his expression. "I can assume that you liked it?"

"You annotated a book for me. I fucking love it. Thank you, thank you, thank you."

I let him hold me a little while longer before separating, going back to examine which story he decided to pick to give me. It was A Thousand Splendid Suns and I let myself cry.

"I've been wanting to read this book forever."

"I know," he says softly, putting some food on a plate for me before sliding it my way. "That's why I bought it."

I place it down beside me to read later, shifting my body so my underwear doesn't show and pick up the plate he gave me. He was busy putting food on his own plate and I dug in, examining everything he bought.

"You're such a health freak."

"Hey, I bought you chocolate and chips, baby. What more do you need?"

"If I sit on your lap and feed you chocolate, will you eat it?"

He paused, contemplating this decision. "Will you let me feed you strawberries back?"

"If you get down on your knees and do so then yes, you can."

He sent me a smirk, sipping on some water. "I've already been down on my knees for you, sweetheart. What makes you think I won't do it again?"

"You're cheating."

"By stating a fact?"

"By making me wanna give you a blowjob in this park. Unfair, pretty boy. You're playing dirty."

He looks at me, eyes flaring. "Dirty..."

"Stop!" I exclaim, placing my hands over my ears. "You are insatiable today. What's gotten into you, huh? Where's my quiet, innocent, pretty boy I met all those months ago. Bring him back to me."

"He was an asshole to you." Dean pointed out, pushing a bowl of melted chocolate towards me to which I happily started dipping my fruit in.

"An asshole who I was very unhealthily attracted to."

"You were turned on by me being an asshole?"

I flushed, avoiding his gaze. "You can't judge me for what I find hot. That's mean."

Dean laughs at this, dipping in a piece of fruit before turning to feed it to me. I let him, some spilling out from the corner of my mouth making Dean lean over to kiss me, licking it away.

"Did that turn you on too?" He asked, pulling away and I nodded, not being able to speak.

"Hmm," he said to himself thoughtfully, feeding me again. "We should have a thorough conversation about what you like so I can start doing it all for you."

"I like anything you do," I tell him honestly. "You can breathe and I would love it."

"Is this where you confess your love with a flashmob?"

"We should really get on that flashmob idea. It seems like something we both want to do." I shifted closer to him, running my hands through his hair. "And when I confess my love, it won't be during a date you set up. It'll be when I do something special for you, because I wanna give you everything you give me."

"I don't need much, Soph. I just need you."

"That's good to hear," I murmur, smiling softly. "Because I'm kind of running low on diamond necklaces to give out."

I kiss him again to seal my words before shifting away so I can feed him this time. We alternate between fruits and other snacks, the both of us prying open our books and settling down to read side by side. I'm laying down, Dean crossed legged as my head rests in his lap. My legs are crossed at the ankles as he runs a hand through my hair, a soothing motion that relaxes me further into him.

As the time passes I shiver and Dean shrugs off his jacket, playing it over me so my bare legs are covered. We continue snacking on the food and reading pages of our individual books before I put mine down, digging into the basket finding single-use polaroid cameras.

"Wait...why didn't you tell me you got these?"

Dean looks at what I'm holding, closing his book. "Oh...I forgot I brought those along."

I respond by taking his picture, the flash catching him off guard and I move towards him excitedly, flipping the camera so I can take a picture of us together. Dean is more organised this time, awaiting the flash as my lip meets his cheek in a sweet kiss. He only responds by slanting my head towards him, cupping my jaw with both of his hands and planting a kiss on my mouth as I press the button for another picture to be taken.

"I love polaroids." I tell him, breathless.

"I know." Is the only thing he says back.

We kiss each other for several more moments before Dean pulls away, taking a hold of the camera and taking my picture. It's then where I stand up, Dean continuing to take picture after picture of me as I laugh wildly, running to the gazebo.

"Make me look like a model," I tell him from above, hands gripping onto the railing.

"You're fucking beautiful, sweetheart. No one can ever compare."

I dash down to where he stands, taking the camera from him to start taking pictures of his pretty little face.

"Pose for me, baby." I laugh, seeing Dean unresponsive like usual. "Come on, pretty boy. These are for my eyes only."

"Are you insinuating for me to get nude?"

"I wouldn't mind..." I blink my eyes innocently at him and he rolls his eyes, feigning the action of taking off his shirt which I capture on camera. I look down at the image, swooning. "Dean, I'm so attracted to you it's insane."

"Is this another way for you to get into my pants later?"

"Maybe..." I pause, taking another picture of him and looking down at the result. "Yeah, nevermind. I do. Come on, let's go makeout and fuck in your car." I say, linking my arm with him and dragging him back over to our picnic set up.

"The first time we fuck will not be in my car."

I pause, looking up at him. "You're right. It's pretty cramped in there and my leg hurts as it is. Maybe we can find a porta potty—"

"We are not fucking in a porta potty!" He exclaims and I laugh at his disbelief, shaking my head and patting his chest in love.

"It's so easy to rile you up sometimes, Dean. I wonder what else you'd believe I wanna do."

"Give me a heart attack..." He mumbles under his breath, letting me drag him the rest of the way back to our picnic.

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