

# Love Me Ever After

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*sum of u asked me 2 do sum more romance stories, and i have, but i finally posted 1! weeeee! not too special- but i like to dreem... y must i tortur myself w. this stuff... i can never hav it!*

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**Chapter 1 - \*sighs\***

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## 1 - \*sighs\*

I settled into my seat at Dodger Stadium, and set my root beer into the cup holder. As I kicked my feet up on the back of probably the only empty seat in the entire stadium, besides the one next to me, for some odd reason, a picture of Taylor crossed my mind. I remembered how much he loved the Dodgers, and how we'd always quarrel over the Yankees and the Dodgers. The fact that it was very likely for him to be at that exact game I was at clawed at my heart. For this was the World Series game, one reason the stadium was so packed, and the Yankees were playing, another reason the stadium was so packed, so those were two reasons he might be around. Cheering on his Dodgers, and knowing how I loved the Yankees, probably trying to find me.

I was so zoned out, I had hardly noticed that the man next to the chair where I had my feet up had left, which was no surprise, for I would do the same thing if the smell of my feet were hanging in the air by my nose.

Suddenly, a familiar voice rang in, and my world crumbled around me. Complete darkness filled my mind and my heart raced. My mouth gaped open like a bear's cave. I took a deep breath and without looking up, whispered, "Su-su-say again?" I bit my bottom lip as the voice became clearer, and I was sure it was him.

"Is this seat taken?" he asked again. Tears flooded my eyes, but I held them back, and when I looked up to see if it was who I thought it was, the image was blurred, but I knew it was him, and the tears nearly burst from my eyes like Ol' Faithful.

I nodded, and fixed my eyes to the ground, not looking up for chocolate cake. My bottom lip quivered and my breathing went from heavy sighs to high-pitched wheezing. I tried to hide my pain by breathing through my nose, and pretending to yawn to hide my tears, but he caught on quick.

"You've changed," he pointed out, noticing how different my behavior was when I was on the verge of tears. I shook my head, knowing he'd try to get the answer out of me, what ever it took. "Oh?!" he exclaimed, as if he didn't know what was happening, "I always thought you were the type to always be happy and care free, always laughing and having fun!" I couldn't help but laugh. He was right, and it amused me how well he had gotten to know me in the past 6 months.

I finally looked up into his smiling eyes. I nodded, "Well, that's true," I smiled, leaning back in the chair and kicking my feet up on the back of the chair again. I frowned and said, "But not when my heart's been ripped out." I knew the 'ripped out' part would get to him much more than 'broken', for his imagination was so vivid, that he would be able to see himself ripping out my heart, which looks alot worse than breaking a heart. And besides, I felt alot worse than broken heart. I even felt worse than a ripped out heart.

I pushed my feet off the chair again and crossed them in the half locust position on my chair, facing my once true love. I smiled at him, as if this was just a big talking game where each of us tried to make the other feel twice as bad as their self.

"Reese, come on. Can't we work this out? It's not that big a deal if you'd let me explain!" he said, touching my shoulder. I knew he meant well, but I didn't, and he wasn't going to get away with it that easy.

I grabbed his hand, and held it gently, as if I were going to give in right then and there. Then I snorted out of my nose like a sleeping dragon and shoved his hand back at him. "No!" I shouted, attracting many fans, although only the women kept watching. "It's not that easy, Taylor! Love is not a game of baseball.

When things go wrong you can't tell the ump. that your team won, fight over it, and then go on! It's more complicated than that!" Now, even more women were watching, but didn't say a thing. The good thing was I didn't feel a bit embarrassed, for this had to be said, and yelling what was going to be done only got his attention more than calmly explaining what I wanted and how we could compromise.

"Everyone is staring," he whispered, leaning over, trying to hide from the crowds. I rolled my eyes and tried to keep from exploding all over him.

"Well let them stare!" I yelled, flaying my arms in the air, "The more to get down on you with!" My hands balled into fists as I slammed them onto the armrest, just barely missing Taylor's arm. The many women listening in clapped like crazy, as some men perked up, wondering what happened in the game that they missed.

"Alright then!" he exclaimed, crossing his arms, "Then I'm sure they'd be happy to hear that I didn't mean what I said!" I raised my eyebrows and crossed my arms, as if to say, 'Yeah, and then what, you big jerk?' I was starting to wonder why I had cried over him the entire week after I had heard him say the oh-so embarrassing thing to one of 'the guys', which was a week earlier.

I nodded once at him, waiting for him to continue. "When I said that, I was just trying to get Mark off you back," he said, a little quieter, but loud enough for the ladies to hear.

"Uh-huh," I replied, nodding and scratching my chin, "And what was that you said to him, again?" I looked at him as his expression became guiltier and guiltier. All the women began to whisper, sitting on the edge of their seats, as if they were watching a movie of some type.

"Well, I said, I said... you wakorbickissah," he somewhat coughed out, so quiet, I could barely hear him, let alone the ladies listening in.

"What was that?" I asked, knowing what he'd do next. I tapped my fingers together like a therapist, pushing him to crack.

"I said you were a horrible kisser!" he shouted, attracting a few more woman and tons of men, who knew, from experience, what to and not to say to women. He looked down almost ready to cry. "It's just," he continued, "Mark was giving you such a hard time, I just wanted him to get off your back, and I knew the only reason he liked you was because you were dating me... and because... your the most beautiful girl on the planet earth." All the women sighed and a few sniffled. "And since I knew he just wanted to kiss you without getting to know you, I told him you couldn't kiss, but I didn't know you were listening..."

I bit my lip, feeling so guilty it hurt. I remembered him saying he was going to get Mark off my back, and I hadn't even seen Mark after that, which was weird, because he normally stopped at my house three times a day. I felt like crying, but this was no time to make him feel bad for making me cry... again.

I lifted his chin, and smiled. I felt like crying again, but these would have been tears of joy, but I had plum run out of tears. Although my heart had been replaced, and I couldn't be happier if I tried, sadness crawled all over Taylor like termites on wood. I ran my hand along his cheek and back to his neck. A single tear fell from his eye and onto my other hand, which was softly resting on his knee. He smiled so big; I could see the Taylor I had loved for so long.

He leaned over, ready to kiss me, when he whispered, "You know they're all watching."

I leaned closer and said, "The more reason to kiss me." I smiled and waited for a response.

He laughed and shook his head. "And you thought I left you." He leaned so close that there was only one sentence left before we hit heads.

"I hope that's a compliment," I giggled, and having no more patience what so ever, I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him as if I hadn't seen him for years. He seemed surprised, but then calmed down, and squeezed me tight. I would have smiled, but I didn't want to leave his arms, when he, suddenly, let go.

I watched him as he got down on one knee and I nearly fainted when he pulled out a small green-velvet box. Almost every woman in the stadium gasped and I looked up to see that the game was stopped, and

I was staring at myself on the big screen.

"Reese Nicole Casey," Taylor began, as I looked back down at him, "If you by any chance, still have one ounce of love left for me, would you consider marrying me?" I laughed, not expecting him to say a thing like that, but nodded.

"I might have to think about it," I giggled, starting to cry. I smiled, shaking my head, "I would be an idiot to say no." I leaned down, as Taylor sat back down in his chair, and we kissed as if we hadn't just kissed each other a few seconds ago.

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I still ask Taylor to this very day how he knew I would be at Dodger Stadium that day, and if he did, how he knew I still loved him, and he always says, "Hey, it was the Yankees!" and then, looking out to the sky, he smiles and says, "I knew you'd love me ever after."