Would You Love Me
By C. Jade Wyton

Becky Bloom and her boyfriend Jareth spend the night together at his house. It has been a good time; though now, right as she's getting ready for bed, Becky finds her anxiety flaring up. Jareth can see she needs his reassurance- And he is ready to provide it.

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It was later than usual for Becky to be taking her medication. She'd been distracted, and almost forgotten— Until Jareth had squeezed her close, brushing their naked skin together, and whispered about it in her ear.

She'd been huffy, of course. She'd not wanted to get up; she'd been perfectly happy to lay in his arms all night, with their legs entwined and his sweaty chest pressed into her wet back.... She'd wanted their post-coitus warmth to be what lulled her to sleep instead of drugs.

But Jareth had to *care about her.*

Another huff escaped her as she lay back down in bed, which Jareth seemed to find amusing as he entangled her legs back within his own and kissed her cheek.

'There we are,' he chuckled. 'I'm proud of you, baby girl.'

'*Mm,*' Becky let out a deep breath and closed her eyes so she could bury her face into Jareth's shoulder.

He smelt fantastic.

She could have laid there, forever....

Except that, slowly, something began to prickle in her brain and chest.

Was this just temporary?

She didn't want to believe it was, but....

These were the good times, weren't they? And Jareth had waited until she was better to ask her out.... What if she had never gotten better? Would he still have wanted her, if she had stayed sick?

And if she got worse again, would he leave her?

Mattel would.

The thought hit her, and her breath came out with an audible tremble.

'Hey,' Jareth's hand found her cheek again. 'Hey, what's wrong?'

'You love me, right?' Becky blurted, her voice tinged with her anxieties.

'Babe— *Yeah,*' Jareth seemed taken aback as he stared at her. 'Of course I do.'

'Really?'

'Yeah. If I didn't, you wouldn't be here, you know?'

'I mean...' Becky fidgeted, pressing back into Jareth's chest. 'You don't have to love someone to find them hot and sleep with them.'

'True,' said Jareth. 'It's just a bonus.'

'Would you still love me if I was ugly?'

'Of course I would.'

'Good, good...' Becky let out her breath, and let herself relax—

She tensed again.

'What's wrong?' Jareth asked.

'What if I got fat?' she asked. 'Would you still love me if I was fat?'

'Lots of people I love are fat,' Jareth replied, giving Becky a tight squeeze. 'My mum's fat. Benny's fat. Wouldn't bother me if you were fat.'

'Okay... well... what if I was in another accident— I came out absolutely disfigured with scars?'

'Scars are cute,' said Jareth; making his point by tracing gently along the scar on Becky's shoulder with his finger. 'They tell a story. And show me how strong you are.'

'No but— Like. I mean if like— Half my face is gone or something!'

'Then I'll just pay twice as much attention to the half you still have.'

'Really?'

'Yeah, really.... I love you, no matter what,' Jareth said, pulling Becky close. 'I bet you there is not a single scenario that you can think of that would make me not love you.'

Becky giggled, at that, feeling her anxieties begin to ebb... though all Mattel's criticisms still prickled in the back of her mind. 'I...' her anxieties squeezed her chest again and she sighed. 'I find that hard to believe....'

'Well, it's true,' Jareth said, gently. Then, he grinned down at her, and his voice became playful. 'Hey. You know— I bet that, no matter what scenario that weird little head of yours comes up with, I will have an answer for you.'

'What?' Becky blinked up at him.

'I bet you, no matter what kind of thing you can come up with happening, I'll be able to think of a reason I'd still love you,' said Jareth. 'You wanna try?'

'Uh...' Becky turned the thought over in her mind. 'Um... okay....'

'Okay. Hit me! What do you think is gonna happen to us that'll stop me loving you?'

'Um...' Becky took a breath, and answered slowly. 'Well... what if... we got in a fight?'

'Well, that just happens sometimes,' Jareth laughed. 'We'd get over it.'

'You think so?' Becky asked. 'You wouldn't... hold it against me?'

'No— I wouldn't,' Jareth said. Then, he took a deep breath, and let it out slowly. 'Did... Mattel do that?'

'*Yeah,*' Becky said, so quietly she wasn't sure if Jareth had actually heard her until he kissed her.

'I'm not her,' Jareth promised. 'And my love's not conditional. I will always, *always* love you.'

'Hm...' Becky felt herself give a weak smile. 'Yeah....'

'Yeah...' Jareth echoed, pulling her tight against himself. 'Okay. What else?'

'Uh...' Becky thought for a moment. 'What if... I let my room get messy again?'

'Aw, easy one!' Jareth laughed. 'You already know I don't mind taking out your dirty plates for you.'

'True,' Becky agreed— Finding herself giving a weak giggle at Jareth's tone. 'True.... Well.... What if I lost my boobs?' she asked. 'You really like them. So what if they just... fell off one day? Just dropped off onto the floor and rolled away, and I didn't have boobs anymore?'

'Well, first I'd call the hospital,' Jareth replied with a giggle. 'Because that

would be a *really* concerning thing to happen— But then, if you were fine, I'd take you shopping for new bras.'

'Okay, but what if— AH!' Becky let out a squeal as she was grabbed around her midsection and flipped over Jareth to the wall side of the bed. 'Jareth!'

'Heh,' Jareth chuckled as he settled down. 'Just getting comfortable…. Continue.'

'Hmp,' Becky gave a huff and wiggled to get comfortable in the tiny gap Jareth had pressed her into. 'What if I went crazy?'

'Beck—' Jareth scoffed a laugh; though he tried to smother it. 'Come on, Becky. You're *already* crazy.'

'No, but what if I got *crazier?*' she asked. 'Like. Absolutely mental.'

'What, like when we were kids, or?'

'I'm serious, Jareth! What if I went crazy and started like. Barking like a dog and biting people?'

'Then I'd buy you a muzzle,' Jareth replied simply, burying his face into Becky's neck. 'And one of those vests that says "nervous" on the side.'

'It wouldn't bother you? You wouldn't want to break up with me?'

'Hey, I mean. I already put up with Mimi!' he laughed.

'Jareth!' Becky let out her own laugh, and shoved at her boyfriend. 'Well…. What if I got kidnapped by a mad scientist and turned into a flesh-eating monster?'

'That won't happen, baby—'

'But if it *did?*'

'Well, it wouldn't be your fault—' Jareth kissed her cheek. 'So I'd look after you and buy you cows to eat.'

'Whole cows?' Becky asked.

'Yeah, whole,' Jareth responded. 'With all the bones still in them and everything! Something to gnaw on.'

'Okay, though, what if it *was* my choice?' Becky asked. 'What if *I* was the evil scientist, turning people into cow-eating monsters?'

'I'd be your number one henchman!' Jareth declared. 'And I'd help you find people to turn into monsters.'

The laugh that escaped Becky was louder than she'd meant it to be, and she pushed her face into Jareth's chest. 'I don't deserve you….'

'Yeah you do.'

'No I don't,' Becky said, suddenly feeling her eyes growing very, very heavy.

'Yeah.'

'No….'

'Well…' Jareth pressed his lips into the top of Becky's head. 'Even if you don't deserve me? You're stuck with me. So you're just going to have to get used to it. Okay?'

Becky giggled into Jareth, and then let out a yawn. 'Mm… okay.'

Another kiss met Becky's hair, and she closed her eyes.

'Goodnight, Becky.'

'Night….'

—END—

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