

the Swoonworthy list

- "You're pretty gorgeous yourself."
- That deep, sexy laugh. Grrr, baby, grr.
- "You look like my next girlfriend."
- "I brought you some lunch."
- "I'd like to do nothing but stare into your eyes."
- A perfect four-leaf clover.
- A kiss on the cheek.
- Wanting to kick the crap out of Riley for sucking cotton candy off my fingers.
- "You look pretty. I really like your hair like that."
- Holds my hand.
- The Ferris wheel.
- A slow, perfect, time-stood-still, fireworks-in-my-eyes kind of kiss.
- A push-me-over-the-edge-of-the-love-cliff smile.
- Kissing my hand. Like freaking Prince Charming.
- The kind of kiss that makes me feel like he's kissing my soul.
- Fixing my lips
- "A dance for every point?"
- "Twenty-nine dances. That pretty much makes you my date."
- A black Prada suit with black/silver cowboy boots.
- Twinkle lights on the ceiling.
- A twenty-nine song playlist.
- "Now a soft kiss—Aye, by that kiss, I vow an endless bliss."

- "You're different, Boots."
- "I don't think you could belong to anyone else."
- Tractor beam eyes.
- "Tutor me."
- Kisses his glove and blows me a kiss after he scores.
- "I'll be there, whenever you need me."
- "Tutoring with food."
- Ordering my favorite pizza.
- "I doubt you're ever gross."
- "I'm so glad I suck at French.."
- "Rawwwrrrr."
- "What about fuck?"
- "We'll be dating by then, but trust me, it's gonna happen. And when you say it to me in French, I wanna make sure I know what you're saying. You know, when you start begging me."
- "B-Moi."
- "We will definitely go to France together. Maybe I'll ask you to marry me there. Top of the Eiffel Tower, sunset?"
- "It's sorta like fate."
- "Well, it may be cool, but it sucks. I wanna hear your weekend with Dawson sucked. I want to be tutored in my room, so we can have some privacy. I also want you to stop flipping your ponytail around. Your hair smells like cotton candy and it reminds me of the stupid Ferris wheel."
- "You're just trying to tell me you love me, it's okay. I already know."
- This text: Hottie God: I miss you </3. Will die if you don't meet me in my dorm room.

- "You should love me."
- "I love dancing with you."
- "vos lèvres sont mon béatitude." (Your lips are my bliss)
- Getting my phone out of jail.
- Hershey's Bliss candy.
- "That day when you kicked the soccer ball at my head, the way the sun was shining behind you all I really saw was your face, outlined by golden rays. You looked kinda like a goddess. I honestly thought I was dreaming. Then, when the soccer ball went whizzing by my head, I realized you were real. I'm glad you're real."
- A glass four-leaf clover for luck.
- "You in boots is my favorite. Reminds me of the first day we met."
- A marker-drawn, green four-leaf clover outlined in black on a football.
- That moment when we come up for air, he's still holding me in his arms. And we have this moment. I'm so pissed at him. But we're so close. Body to body. Face to face. We just stare at each other for a moment. It's like he's trying to memorize my face with those gorgeous green eyes.
- Almost kisses.
- Talking on my neck.
- "Too bad I'm not a vampire. I'd bite you. Make you mine."
- "Just because sex is good with someone, doesn't mean you're destined to be with them. Imagine what it will be like with the guy you're really supposed to be with. Your true love."
- Picking me up and twirling me around after he passed his French class.

- "You'll be with me."
- "I promise not to pretend punch your head ever again."
- Our spot in the chapel.
- Telling me everything would be okay.
- Leans his helmet against my forehead instead of running to the bench.
- "You know, you're even beautiful when you cry."
- Telling Riley about Whitney.
- The kind of smile that makes me want to drag him to a little chapel in the woods, say I do, and make him the last boy I ever kiss.
- Grabbing my pinkie with his.
- "You're the only one at school who knows I can dance like this."
- "Love at first sight, huh?"
- "I think being just your friend will be fun."
- Elle ressentait la même chose. (She felt the same way.)
- Always having cake vodka just for me.
- Knowing how I flip my hair and that when I'm mad I put my hand on my hip.
- Thinking I have a very expressive face and telling me I belong on stage.
- "If I didn't need you here to tutor me, I'd suggest you quit school, go to Hollywood, and start auditioning."
- His hand on my knee.
- "It's agreed then. I'll be your arm candy."
- "Are you telling me that will be your dying wish? It's the last thing I want to do. Have his lips on mine."
- "Just catching you."

- "The harem will wait."
- Pinning me against the brick wall, moving his leg between mine, and pushing his chest tightly against mine
- Just hugging me..
- "You should have faith in the people you love."
- "Maybe the guy you're with isn't worthy of your love."
- "Do you think true love is bullshit or do you believe in it?"
- Asking about true love under an almost full moon.
- "I like to hammer things. I'm good at screwing too. That didn't come out quite right. I meant that I'm good with a screw gun. I'm good with lots of power tools."
- His godly, powerful tool.
- "I'm good at all kinds of screwing."
- "Trust me. When we do it, it will so not be gross. It will be amazing. Best you'll ever have."
- "I think I'll leave it off, just for you. You can think about us naked. Hammering. Nailing. Pounding. Screwing."
- "Sunsets are like fingerprints. No two are ever the same."
- "Alberto Moretti Arfango. I found them online at Barneys. Had to have them."
- "You're afraid to like me."
- A soft cotton western shirt with pearl snap buttons, Rag & Bone jeans, and a pair of brown leather cowboy boots. The boots are scuffed and well-worn.
- Showing me a beautiful sunset.
- "What you said about only caring about what the people you love think. It was something I needed to hear."

- Risking embarrassment for the people you love.
- "I did it for all the people that I love. Did you love it?"
- "That's not what I asked. Did you love it?"
- A marker drawn four-leaf clover on his arm.
- "Points for dances, Round 3? I had someone draw it to match your note. I needed some of that luck today."
- Keeping my note.
- "That was really brave. New girl. New school. To take that chance."
- "Well, since I'm feeling lucky. What do you say? Points for Dances, Round 4?"
- A grey Armani suit, the palest of blue shirts, an artistic gray and blue striped tie, and by far the coolest shoes of the night.
- A little wink..
- "I'd like to produce and sell my own wine."
- "A night like that would be magical. You'd want to share it with someone you love."
- "If you need arm candy, I'll be there."
- "I want to make a wine for charity."
- "Come on. Look at you. You flash that little pout and boys fall at your feet."
- "The more I find out about you, the more I want to know."
- "Sex doesn't equal love."
- "It's a peace offering. Get it? Piece of cake. Peace offering?"
- A ceiling covered with hundreds of little glow-in-the-dark stars.
- "I did it because I think it's time you finally knew that the stars were always for you. Always. Only. Ever. For you."

- "Every night when you go to sleep, I know you'll see the stars and think of me. Sweet dreams, Boots."
- "When we sleep together, it's not going to be because of a bet."
- Talking about people inspiring him and the sunsets on the EB video.
- "Fine. I'd like it to be like a date. I just don't know what complicated means."
- "So, is he wooing you? Is he taking you out? Being sweet? Making you fall for him? If you have to think about it, the answer is no."
- A car that is almost as gorgeous as he is.
- Opening the car door for me.
- The way his hand feels on top of mine. The way he presses down on it slightly when he shifts. It's like he's in control.
- "Boots, we're gonna be a lot more than friends by then."
- "I think anything we do together will be fun."
- "I definitely want you naked. Just not yet. We should take things slow. Be friends."
- "I want this feather. Can I take it off?"
- Running the feather up the side of my neck.- among other places.
- One single finger following the outline of my dress. On. My. Naked. Skin.
- Only using a feather on me.
- My feather earring attached to his backpack.
- "I might want to use it again."
- Giving me his sweatpants when mine were wet.
- A complicated-looking thing with his hands. His thumbs and pointer fingers form touching double O's. Then the rest of his fingers form sort of a bridge above the O's.
- Sparks flying when our fingers touch to form a four-leaf clover.

- "It's going to take both of us to make this work. I heard Dawson took you on a date tonight."
- "Doesn't matter if he woos you. I'm going to win."
- "We're going to take things slow."
- "I'd wait for you forever. You don't get it do you?"
- "We're going to be together for a long time. There's no need to rush things when you know that."
- "Did you not feel it? Was it just me?"
- "Don't fight me anymore."
- In the pouring rain: The. Best. Kiss. Of. My. Entire. Life.
- "Boots, love isn't like a cute pair of shoes. You can't try it on to see if it fits and walk out the door wearing it."
- "You told me sometimes true love takes a bit. Do you believe that?"
- "But sometimes the girl is used to getting things instantly. And probably the guy is too. And maybe they need to slow down."
- "You don't have to have sex to know. Sex isn't love."
- A forehead against mine.
- "I told Coach I forgot my lucky charm and had to go back and get it."
- "Real swan feathers dipped in gold. Made in Paris."
- "I like when you can't think."
- Saying "Now, I can't lose." after I draw a four-leaf clover on his bicep.
- "This is the view from a gorgeous hotel in Crete. Someday we're going to stand on this balcony and watch this sunset together."
- "I want to watch a million sunsets with you."
- "The heart has its reasons which reason knows nothing of."

- "You're beautiful. Like, you take my breath away. Sometimes when you're tutoring me, I feel like I can't breathe."
- A slow, tender, amazing kiss. that feels like he's waking up something inside of me.
- Kisses that make me feel poetic- Kissing him is like watching fireworks: a little flash as it goes up in the sky, an explosion of colors, those colors falling and fading in the sky, and then you hear the boom.
- "Le coeur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point."
- "Ever think that's cuz he doesn't care as much as I do?"
- Running his hand across my face.
- "Forever, huh?"
- A deep blue oxford with contrasting paisley fabric inside the collar. A navy blazer. And a purple and blue paisley tie, partially tied around his neck. Shoulders that still have little drops of rain on them. Looking like he does after football practice, his hair wet, slightly messed up. But instead of being sweaty and gross, he's all dressed up. The combination of the two make him look unbelievably, adorably sexy.
- "You have an unusual way of thinking, but I'd like that. I don't think I want to collapse into a heap."
- "So, Boots, I was wondering if you would be my escort for the Compass Cup. Wear my jersey. Walk me out on the field. Go to the banquet with me. Be my lucky charm?"
- Looking like someone just opened the gates of heaven.
- This kind of kiss: A slow, perfect, knock-me-off-my-feet, slide-down-a-rainbow and then soar-through-the-sky kiss.

- “I’m sorry I kinda got mad the other night. I’d love for you to be my date for the banquet.”
- Looking at my Halloween costume and saying, “I wouldn’t have let you out of my room.”
- “Boots, I want to build a framework with you. Do you still want that?”
- “I want the framework—the foundation—built on love, not sex. Build a foundation with me. A nice, strong foundation. Then we’ll build a huge sprawling mansion of love on it. The kind no one could ever knock down.”
- A kiss on the nose.
- “You’d be a cute piggy.”
- “I bought tickets to every showing.”
- “I love this play because the good guy wins.”
- Taking me to the soccer goal and saying, “This is where we first met.”
- “I can’t take this anymore. I want you to be my date for the banquet, but that means you have to wear my jersey and escort me onto the field. Period. No negotiation. Otherwise, you can go with Dawson. And if you do, I’ll give up. I’m trying here.”
- “I want to drag you away from Dawson any time I see you talking to him!”
- Grabbing my arm and dragging me up to his room.
- Picking me up and setting me down hard on his desk, sending his perfectly stacked books onto the floor in the process.
- His lips landing hard on mine.

- A full hot-tongue-straight-into-my-mouth kiss.
- A kiss so hot, it's incendiary. Like the white-hot blazes of the underworld. Or the electrical charge of a lightning bolt.
- A god's full power being unleashed on me.
- His tongue destroying my mouth. Devastating it. Owning it like no boy ever has.
- "You're dumb because you can't see that I'm so fucking jealous, I can barely function. So I'm gonna ask you one last time. Will. You. Wear. My. Jersey?"*
- A skillful tongue.
- A tongue going so deeply in my mouth that I'm pushed roughly down across his desk, causing me to almost scream, unleash the Titan!
- Causing my panties to melt clean off my body and end up nothing but a little pile of ashes smoldering on the floor.
- Being wild and out of control.
- "God, you make me crazy."*
- "I do want to be your friend, Boots. I want to be your everything."*
- Picking me up off his desk, laying me across his bed, and kissing me some more. With his tongue.
- "Tell me more about the framework."*
- "I've been trying not pressure you. You once told me something about the Keats guy. That you didn't know if he loved you so much he let you go, or he let you go because he didn't care enough. I want you to know with me. I want you to know exactly where we stand."*
- A sexy, deep laugh. The kind of laugh I want to hear every day.
- "Night, Boots."*
- "You can trust me, Boots. You can tell me anything."*

- “Vous avez volé le spectacle.” (You stole the show.
- “It’s your job to paint this neon stuff on me for the pep rally.”
- Making him groan while I brush paint above his waistband.
- A curls up fist, placed gently under my chin, and a kiss.
- “You look good as my number one.”
- A tongue that feels like heaven.
- Drawing hearts on my leg, forming a perfect four-leaf clover.
- Kissing the glass clover, tucking it back inside my bra, and telling me to, “Break a leg, Boots.”
- A bouquet of lavender roses and white feathers.
- “I think you know exactly what both the feathers and the lavender roses mean. You were amazing. You seriously light up the stage when you’re on it.”
- “I don’t care what you say. I want to be the first to get your autograph.”
- A beaming smile.
- “Only if I get to end up in the moonlight with you.”
- “I just like that you’re spunky, wild, and full of life. It’s that little spark of fearlessness that made you steal the soccer ball from boys you’d never met and kick it at my face. It may be the thing I like best about you.”
- A murmur in my ear.
- “I’m never walking away again.”
- How perfect he looks in my loft. Almost like the designer picked him out too. He’s wearing jeans that are fashionably ripped and frayed at the seams. A Band of Outsiders jersey hoodie that skims across his muscles. A casual blazer.

- The way he makes my loft feel more like a home.
- A black suit and black shirt. Looking a little dangerous.
- A naughty gleam in his eyes.
- A kiss that I can feel all the way to the tips of my Louboutin-encased toes. A kiss that has way more tongue than is appropriate for a crowded elevator.
- "That's because you look beautiful."*
- How small my hand feels in his. And the possessiveness and control I feel in his firm grip.
- Taking me to the top of the Empire State Building and making me feel like I belong on a movie set.
- "My hands are going to be all over you in the club. Feeling every bit of you."*
- Delicious lips finding my neck in the middle of a crowded dance floor.
- Swaying to the music while he bites my neck. Teeny little adorably hot bites. Ones that injects love potion or some sort of ecstasy type drug into my skin.
- "Bath or hot tub?"*
- Not only fitting together when we're dancing, but my back nesting perfectly into his chest. I am seriously never taking a bath again by myself.
- Ice between his lips, gliding purposefully down my neck. Then slowly—excruciatingly slowly—down into my cleavage. Then across my stomach. I've died and gone to hottie heaven."
- A look in my eyes that speaks directly to my soul.
- "This is the good part, Boots."*

- Watching him take a shower.
- Thinking I look beautiful when I have mascara under my eyes and look like the zombie apocalypse.
- Realizing I was wrong when I said it looked like my loft was designed for him because my bed was designed for him.
- A pillow fight.
- “You look good pinned underneath me.”
- Snuggling my face into his chest, breathing in the heavenly scent that is him, and closing my eyes.
- Waking up to find him making snacks in my kitchen.
- A big Barneys box with a purple handbag for no reason other than I loved it.
- “When my mom was going through chemo, she was tired a lot, so we watched movies together. And popcorn was one food that usually didn't make her feel sick.”
- Knowing for certain that his tongue is laced with love potion.
- “Because us, this, is not about fun. It's serious.”
- Rubbing a feather lightly all over his chest. His neck. His perfectly shaped arms. Across his abs. In a little tickle motion up his sides. Across his neck. His face. Even though I'm. Dying.
- “You told me that you wanted to work on our foundation, our framework.”
- Pulling me against a raging Titan and asking: “Does this feel like I want to reject you?”
- “When you decide that you want me and only me, that's when I'll let you keep your clothes off. Until then, we're going slow. I have never turned down a girl before.”

-“Boots, I promise you. I want you. It took every single ounce of my conviction to do that. To walk out of the room. The foundation was your idea.”

-Pushing me onto the kitchen counter, ripping open the front of my robe, shoving it off my shoulders, and staring at my naked chest.

-A single finger tracing the curve of my breast. Circling my nipple. Grazing across the top of it.

-The hunger in his eyes.

-“Does that feel like middle school?”

-Studying French body part words.

-“Mmmm, you like my tongue?”

-Sitting on his lap. Okay, straddling his lap.

-His sexy growls.

-“You’re gonna have to stop doing that or I’m gonna . . .”

-Replacing my hand with his. “I’ll do that.”

-“Do you think it’s been easy for me? I’m doing it for you. Because you need to go slow.”

-“Because the last two guys you’ve been with, that you loved, hurt you. I want to be the guy that doesn’t hurt you.”

-Face bruised, posture off, no sparkle in his green eyes, no smile. But still . . . My god of all hotties.

-making a four-leaf clover before kicking a field goal.

-A moon.

-“While others may wish on a shooting star, it’s the moon the holds my dreams afar.”

-A hard, possessive kiss on a plane.

-A cotton-candy-has-filled-my-brain kiss.

-The way he smells.

-“I’m going to keep kissing you until you stop talking.”

-His soul telling me the same thing it always does. That we should be together forever.

-“Boots, I give up.”

-“You were right. It wasn’t all about you. I jumped into relationships last year. I did things with girls I didn’t have feelings for. I wanted to do things differently with you. And I know you loved the Keats guy. It was unfair of me to judge your relationship when I know nothing about it.”

-“Boots, I don’t care about my past, or yours. I only care about your future. Our future.”

-A mason jar full of dirt to build our mansion of love on.

-“It’s symbolic dirt. It also means a fresh start. I don’t care if everything we’ve told each other up until this point is a lie. We start over. Here. Today. This second. Both of us. On fresh dirt.”

-“What, baby?”

-This text: Hottie God: I’m not giving up on us. I can’t give up on us.

-Giving me his penny and his wish.

-“I’m far from perfect, Boots, but I know that I’m perfect for you.”

-“A thing of beauty is a joy forever: its loveliness increases; it will never pass into nothingness.”

-“You make every moment beautiful.”

-“Before Keatyn. Because since you came into my life, no one else fits.”

-Imagining him forty years from now, dressed in jeans and dusty cowboy boots, his dark blond hair starting to gray at the temples,

those bright green eyes still speaking to my soul as he wanders onto our front porch, our grandchildren in tow, their hands and mouths full of dark red grapes they just picked from the vineyard.

-The kind of kiss that infuses me with so much more than love potion. It infuses me with hope.

-“You’re stronger than you know, Boots, and if you ever have to fight something, I’m confident you’ll be able to handle it.”

-“Life with you is never going to be boring.”

-“I’ve been dreaming of slowly undressing you.”

-“The sound of the ocean, watching the sun set, a good glass of wine, and your lips on mine.”

-Thinking I hear him whisper, I love you.

-“I love you naked in my shirt.”

-“A beautiful wreck then. Wearing my shirt. I’d like to wake up like this every morning of my life.” He gives me a naughty grin. “So back to last night.”

-“I want you to jump with me. Off the love cliff.”

-“Do you trust me?”

-“He better not be trying to steal my girl!” (about a dolphin who is showing off.)

-Writing love in the sand.

-Doing everything on my list.

-Being a tease.

-“You better always come back for me.”

-Watching him in the shower. And then joining him.

-The Titan covered in white washcloth.

-Seeing the green flash together.

-“Everyone falls in love at different times in their lives. And when you’re in it, you think you know what it’s like to be in love. Until you meet your true love and feel the real thing.”

-Not running away after B called. Talking to me.

-“I can see the sparkle in your eyes. How excited you were. It’s like you believed your life could be a fairy tale.”

-“I sat out on the balcony, drank the champagne alone—straight out of the bottle—and, as the sun was almost ready to come up, I made a wish on the moon.”

-“I wished for my perfect girl.”

-“What you feel is my heart beating for you. Always. Only. Ever. For you.”

-“Did you know that each leaf on a four-leaf clover has a special meaning? The first petal is for faith. You need to have faith in us. The second is for hope. The hope that we can get through whatever life throws at us. The third is for love. And the fourth is for luck. We already know that we’re lucky together.”

-“Look, this isn’t at all how I wanted to do this. But I love you. A deep-within-my-soul, heartbreakingly beautiful kind of love.”

-“It’s okay, baby. It’s been a rough night. Let’s go to bed.”

-“I’m up for the competition. By then, we’ll have built such a strong foundation that no one could tear it down.”

-“Wherever you go, I go.”

-“You have my heart and I kinda need it to survive.”

-“When I said we’re going to be together forever, I meant it.”

-“Forever isn’t going to be nearly long enough for us.”

"I've never asked you to promise me forever, Boots," he says, the hint of a smirk playing on his lips. "Just promise me tomorrow."

"I was serious, Keatyn. Wherever you go, I go. Whatever family stuff you need to deal with, I'll help you. You don't have to face it alone."

"I think I can find a way to keep you warm without a sweatshirt on. Without anything on."

"It means we're going to survive the kiln, too. No matter how high the heat."

This text: You're probably asleep, but I just wanted to tell you I miss sleeping with you.

This note: All I want for my birthday is you.

"Je veux vos lèvres sur les miennes." (I want your lips on mine.)

In class, when I stuck out my tongue at him, he grabbed it with his lips and pulled me into a very steamy kiss.

"Boots, I told you, you're the only girl I've kissed all semester. The only girl I ever want to kiss."

This kiss: When he looks deep into my eyes, the playful mood turning serious with a single look. He doesn't say anything, just kisses me.

And does this kiss ever speak.

It's a kiss that's more emotional than it is sexual. It's a kiss that says all our fighting, all our misunderstandings, our lack of communication, all the hurt feelings, were worth it.

But when his tongue gets involved in the kiss and he pulls me onto the bed with him, and onto his lap, it takes the kiss to a whole other level.

It's emotion mixed with desire.

And I decide that might be the most powerful combination of all.

With every flick of his tongue, with every greedy touch of his lips, with every caress of my face, I know it's not just a silly love potion.

It's what love is supposed to be.

Scary, exhilarating—from the top of the world to the pits of hell—all-consuming love.

He rubs my face when I'm sick or don't feel good.

He told me to wear the boots my grandpa gave me because they are lucky and would make me feel better.

"I want a night alone with you in my room. No parties. No hanging out. Just you and me dancing before curfew, then you sneaking over to my room after curfew and spending the night. Sleeping with me."

How he dunked the ball during warm-ups, then blew me a kiss.

How we danced under the twinkle lights to our playlist.

The way he looked when he pulled me into someone else's dorm room because he had a surprise. His entire body was bathed in the golden light that's streaming through the window, almost making him glow. They say some people can see the color of your aura, and I know without a doubt that Aiden's must be the purest of gold. When he showed me a gorgeous gold and pink sunset and then his house project, the Eiffel Tower and asks me to winter formal.

"Keatyn Monroe, vous me faire l'honneur d'être mon jour pour l'hiver formelle?"

A movie-ending, sweeping-epic-romance kiss.

He started making the Eiffel Tower when I was still seeing Dawson.

He's my control in the chaos.

"It's the jeans. I'm not sure I'll be able to keep my hands off you today."

"This has been the best birthday of my life." And he spent it with me.

This text, which cracked me up: I'm loving our conversation but I just dropped my phone on my face because I fell asleep.

"Gonna be kind of hard to forget you considering I'll be with you. Our ten year plan includes college, marriage, and at least a couple of those four kids we're destined to have."

When he wakes me up at three in the morning to show me the first snowfall.

Telling me I need to come to his room and wish him luck, but then he tells me it's an excuse to kiss me.

When he says, "I think what you need is a good screwing." Then puts my hand on his zipper, because he has golden feather earrings in a box in his pants.

The Titan.

"Every kiss. Every touch. Every single thing we do feels a hundred times better than anything I've ever done before. Because it's with you."

The kitchen counter and his fingers.

He hung the glow-in-the-dark moon above my bed at the loft.

He cooks for me.

"Naked and wearing cowboy boots. That is straight out of my dreams."

He bought me a Christmas tree and ornaments that all had meaning to us.

"This is our tree. The story of us."

"That you watch sunsets with me. That I even had the guts to tell you why they were special. I've never shared those parts of me with anyone. No one at school even knows my mom had cancer."

"Fine. I'll tell you. These are all about luck and fate. It was fate you kicked the soccer ball at my head and made me instantly fall for you. It's fate that I'll ask you to marry me someday. But it was luck that I found a four-leaf clover to give you, and every time we've given each other a clover, it's helped us both be lucky. And it was luck that we got to see the dolphins. You've made me lucky."

He took me to see the Nutcracker.

The pool table. All of it. The white t-shirt, designed motorcycle jacket, aviators, and scruff.

Strip pool.

"Panties. I win." Then him ripping them off.

"You can have anything of mine you want."

"You and me against the world. Always."

"That's what people are going to fall in love with. That smile. It's, well, the only word that really accurately describes it is intoxicating. Everyone in the theater will be instantly love-drunk."

The sight of him making breakfast in my kitchen with a shirt that's too tight and sweats that are way too low on his hips for me to think straight.

"I want to spend New Year's with you. Wherever you are."

This text: ifly<3

"You kissed my neck and told me it was your favorite place. The rest of my body is jealous."

These texts: Me either, but I know once we do, we won't want to stop. I've wanted you since the first day I saw you. I seriously had never seen someone so beautifully perfect until that moment.

What you should be prepared for is the fact that you're never going to want to be with anyone else ever again.

In six and a half minutes, I'm going to kiss the hell out of you. Just saying.

He comes to the chapel when I say I need him after I found out about the girl from the club. He presses his lips into my temple and whispers, "It's okay, baby. Shhh. I'm here. It's okay."

When he pulls up his shirt and has a sticky note stuck to his stomach with a down arrow that says Kiss Me Here.

His panty melting smirk when I accidentally mention the Titan.

This text: Tonight is a big game, but I have to admit, my thoughts are on you wearing candy. Did I mention I have a sweet tooth? And tongue.

My parts touching his parts.

He bought me Clash of the Titans movies.

"When you kissed me, I was done for. Ever since that first kiss on the Ferris wheel. Totally and completely your love slave."

When he tells me it's okay with him for me to dance on the bar.

"I definitely want to."

A classic Gucci tuxedo.

The husky, desire-filled sound in his voice.

The way he smells.

The way he looks.

Around us, other people are dancing, but it feels like the room, the dance floor, the whole night, was made just for us.

When he gives me a feather and tells me he was my naughty Santa.

"That's why I fucking love you, Keatyn Monroe."

The way he brushes a tear from my cheek and says, "Life hasn't been following your scripts. You told me that once."

"No, I would have said, Baby, I already knew."

"Because I wanted to be the kind of guy you could trust. It's why I backed off. Why I told Riley about Dawson. I didn't want to see you hurt anymore. It's why I've told you so many times that you can tell me anything. That you could trust me. What I didn't realize before was that I needed to earn that trust. We had to build a strong foundation. I'm really glad you were planning to tell me tonight."

"There's nothing you could tell me that would make me hate you. You need to have faith in us. We're going to survive the kiln."

"The heartbreaking part is never going to happen, Boots."

When I tell him nothing about us has ever followed a script and he tells me he doesn't want it to.

"I wished that someday you'd trust me enough to tell me the truth."

"Boots, pretty much everything you've ever said to me is permanently ingrained in my mind. It's all the story of us."

"I need to teach you how to live life unscripted, because we're going to be better than anything you ever imagined."

After reading my lie list, he smirks and says, "So, you did recognize me as the goalie that day in the cafeteria, huh?"

"I'm gonna go hop in the shower. Care to join me?"

"I've just recently learned the extent of all of that. And you're welcome, sir. She means a lot to me." (What he said when he met Tommy.)

His ability to morph into any role. Deal with any social situation. Get along with anyone. He can be the sexy bad boy one minute and the sweetest boy ever the next.

The way he bends over the pool table and slowly, purposefully licks his lips while I'm trying to concentrate.

How he won't sleep with me unless the door is open because he doesn't want to offend Tommy. But then pins me on my chaise and tells me that the closet door can stay closed.

"You don't need beauty sleep. You're already beautiful."

"No way I'm letting you be alone on Christmas. Either you're coming to St. Croix with me, or I'm staying here with you."

Coming home to find him wearing nothing but a pair of shorts and a candy necklace.

His toast: "Here's to a sweet night."

When he tells me not to move my hands from the doorway then drops to his knees and counts how many pieces of candy there in his way to the "sweet spot."

The way he looks when I say I love you. The surprise in his eyes. The emotions crossing his face. His lips forming a smile. His big hands holding my cheeks firmly in place as he looks into my eyes.

"I love you too, Boots."

When he tells Grandpa he's a big fan of the boots Grandpa sent me and that they are lucky.

How he used one of Grandpa's lines on me. "You're right, as usual."

When he shows off for my little sisters by doing walking on his hands. And then how he tells me he loves me in the grass after we all were tickling him.

How everything with him means so much more.

How when he takes my hand, it feels like it belongs in his forever.

How he has a piece of hay in his mouth, a grin on his face, and cowboy boots on his feet. How he reminds me of my dad. Perfect blond hair, amazing eyes, a beautiful wide smile, and an easy-going demeanor.

How adorable he is with my sisters.

When he takes my chin in his hand and looks deep into my eyes and says, "Player Aiden never talked about things like love, fate, or marriage. Just like the stars, all that is only for you. Want to know my favorite part of the song? It's the world can spin around us because, baby, now it's you and me." When I ask him why, he says, "Because that's what I want more than anything. To only have to worry about us."

"So can I woo you with my wood?"

How he put twinkle lights in the gazebo so we could dance.

"You just said I do. In a wedding gazebo. It gave me a glimpse of the future. Of our wedding."

A beautiful vintage ring with a green stone, surrounded by teeny diamonds. Radiating out from it are four silver filigree hearts forming a four-leaf clover, each leaf set with a marquise-shaped green stone. Around the edges of the hearts are more of the little diamonds and

behind the clover is more silver, making it look like two clovers sitting on top of each other.

"This isn't your Christmas present. It's a ring from me to you. I love you, Keatyn. I know the future scares you. I know that you can't commit to anything, so I'm not asking you to. I just want you to always know, wherever you are, wherever we are, that I love you. And I want you to carry our luck with you."

When he tells me there doesn't have to be music for us to dance. Our first time. Holy shit.

"Take me back to your room, Boots. I'm so not even close to being done with you tonight."

A night of kissing, hotness, positions, amazingness, sexiness, and love. All hot, sweet, and unbelievably, perfectly unscripted. I never knew sex could be so utterly, breathtakingly beautiful.

How his love for me shines through his every action.

How every time I think my sexual credit card is maxed out, he touches me and I'm ready to go shopping again.

When he dangles the mistletoe in front of his pants.

"Never. Ever. Will he be tired of you."

How I have a raw, uncontrollable need. For him.

"And, so you know, I don't just believe in luck. I believe in our luck. We're lucky together."

How he dazzles Gracie with his smile and stops her tantrum.

"I want you forever, but I understand now why forever scares you. It's your situation, not me."

"Follow your heart, baby. That's all I ask."

"Of course, I know. We fit together perfectly. And not just when we're dancing. In every single way. I told you: BK. Before Keatyn. You've ruined me."

A quickie in my dressing room.

His face close to mine as he slowly starts counting down from ten, making it feel like the party has disappeared and there is only us. Redoing the New Year's Eve countdown.

A kiss on the top of my head to calm me down.

An offer to make breakfast.

"You don't have to give me the pout. I'll make bacon."

Waking up with kisses sprinkled across my shoulder.

Kissing his clover tattoo, then mine, and wishing me luck before the takeover call.

A reality check I needed: "That's because you're trying to live a pretend life. There's no joy in it."

How he brought the book of Keats poetry from the loft to the hotel.

When he puts me in the tub, orders dessert and tells me I should start with him.

"Morning, beautiful."

How he drags a hand through his messy hair, blinks beautiful green eyes, and then rubs at the scruff on his face. It's something most people do when they wake up, but no one else looks like him doing it. It's the epitome of sexy.

"Do you have any idea how you've changed my life? What you mean to me?" He looks teary. "I'm going to miss you."

"Shhh, baby," he says, smoothing down the back of my hair. "Tell me what happened."

He crashed his car into Vincent's van to save me.

"I couldn't risk losing you."

When he has Dallas get his keychain for me. "Luck and fate.

Take them with you, find him, and then come back to me."

When he shows up at my door.

How he's so cool when he meets Brooklyn. I think maybe they could be friends.

How he asked me to dance before I told him he was my green flash.

"What it might mean for us? Boots, we survived this. I think we can survive a few days apart. I'll come to the loft every weekend. You need to follow your dreams." When I said wherever they take me, he said, "wherever they take us."

An amazing birthday. A beautiful dress. A surprise dinner with my family. A Ferris wheel ride.

On the night of my first walk down the red carpet. This note: I thought on the night of your dreams, you should wear the dress of your dreams. Hope this is close. Happy Birthday.

And the dress. OMG! The dress.

A black Gucci tuxedo and a pair of Aviators perched on the top of his head. Looking like sex on a stick.

He had the heel of my shoe from when Vincent tried to kidnap me fixed. Told me: "seems like the perfect night to wear the shoes that are the real you."

"You look beautiful tonight."

Being my arm candy.

"Wherever you go, I go."

The huge smile plastered on his face when I told him I was going to spend my senior year at Eastbrooke with him.

The way he greets everyone at my birthday party.

How he graciously bows when B asks to cut in to dance with me.

Attacking me on the furry rug in my closet. Surrounded by all my clothes.

"We're building our love mansion right here. In this very spot."

And more than 10 years later . . .

Top of the Eiffel Tower, sunset.

"You and I are like a promise. A wish. Proof that fate and luck bring people together. Proof of love at first sight. Proof that true love can survive the kiln. I promise you a life that's better than anything you've ever scripted. So, what do you say, Boots? Wanna get hitched?"

A ring that looks like a sunset. With one little green emerald.

"You're my green flash too. Always. Only. Ever yours."

"Are you really pregnant?"

The same shocked look on his face as when I kicked the soccer ball past him. A smile that starts to form, the corners of his mouth turning upward. Which turns into the full-wattage powerful godlike smile that still makes me swoon.

