

Dad dropped me off at the hospital the next day, and I walked in. I got to Griffon's room and knocked on the door.

The door opened and I looked up to see Madison Connors.

"Hey." She said softly.

"Hey... what brings you back to Tennessee?"

Madison gave a small sigh and gave a her face dropped. "My stupid brother, that's what."

I nodded with some agreement, and walked in. Ashlyn gave me a smile and waved, as Austin had his hands in his pockets.

Mrs Connors was stroking Griffon's hair and Mr Connors sat near. Griffon looked up weakly. He looked exhausted, and ready to pass out and meet the man upstairs any second. He had all sorts of wires attached to him, and a pulse oximetry on his pointer finger. A heart monitor next to the hospital bed carefully counted his heart beat.

His heart beat wasn't normal.

It was fast and would pause for a split second the pick up again.

I walked over and Griffon gave me a slight smile.

"Hey." I said softly.

"Hi... how do I look?" He asked with a slight smile.

I bit my lip and smiled. "You look alive."

"Good." He said looking up. "Because I see a light."

"Griffon John Connors you better shut your mouth before I shut it for you." His mother snapped harshly.

Griffon rolled his eyes and went to sit up, but his dad pushed him back down.

"You need to rest."

"I don't wanna."

Mr Connors shot Griffon a look and he shut up. I knelt down my the hospital bed and shook my head. Griffon gave a small smile and looked up at us all.

"Where's Kevin?"

"Kevin's not here." Madison grumbled.

Griffon nodded and looked down.

A long time passed, and soon some of us had to leave. Austin had to leave to babysit his brother, Jack, and Ashlyn left for a job interview at a veterinary clinic. Madison and Mrs Connors had to go home to go grab some stuff, and Mr Connors had work.

That left me and Griffon.

We sat there in silence for a bit and I could have sworn he fell asleep till he asked, "What time is it?"

I looked up and to my phone. "Eleven twenty three." I said softly.

Griffon nodded and sat up. I helped him get stable and he looked at me carefully.

"How are you?"

"Fine." I muttered.

"Mhm. Sure."

I looked up at Griffon. His face was pale and he had tired bags under his blue eyes.

"Griffon I'm fine." I said again, sternly.

He gave a small smile and shook his head. "No you ain't . I can see it in your eyes Nicky. I ain't that dumb."

I looked down and felt my eyes welt up.

"Come here."

He grabbed my hand and pulled me over to sit down on the bed. I whipped tears from my eyes and gave a small smile.

"I'm sitting on your legs."

“Can I feel? No. Do I care? No.” He said with a slight tired grin. Griffon tilted his head.

“Come here.”

“What?”

“Like, come here.”

“Huh?”

“Lady, do I gotta spell it out for you?!” He asked grabbing my hand.

“Uh, yeah.” I said with an eye roll.

Griffon gave a small smile and pulled me onto his lap. He looked at me carefully. “What’s wrong?”

I burst out crying again and Griffon hugged me softly, and let me cry my eyes out.

“Mhm, cry your little eyes out.”

I sat up and smacked his head. He gave a small smile and rolled his eyes.

“Guess I deserved that huh?”

“Guess?!”

“Fine, I did.”

I nodded and hung my head and looked at my hands.

“So, what’s wrong?”

I stared at my hands and looked down more. “I... I watched you die Griffon.” I said softly.

“You didn’t have a heart beat, and you weren’t breathing.”

“And am I now?”

I looked up at him and he gave a small smile. He grabbed my hand and moved a part of his hospital gown and put my hand over his heart.

“I’m alive.”

I bit my lip and gave a small smile and whipped my face of its tears.

“Do I need to give an explanation of breath’n?”

“No, no you don’t.”

Griffon made an exaggerated gasp at air and breathed it out at my face. I pulled my hands away from him and clenched my fists and glared.

“When you get out of here, I’m going to beat you up for that.”

“I know.”

He leaned in and kissed me and I felt my emotions stop drop and roll. I kissed him back and he ran a hand through my hair.

“Hey! Leave room for Jesus!”

Me and Griffon pulled apart and looked up to see his brother Kevin. His burly arms were crossed and he sent a glare at Griffon.

“Actually, leave room for the Trinity. God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost!” Kevin said walking in.

He then looked and glared at his brother. “Look, you can’t just die on a FaceTime! Mom had me and Madison freaking out, and hung up on us!” He then yelled at Griffon.

“Not my fault.” Griffon snapped.

“Blah blah blah!” Kevin yelled. I saw pain in his eyes like he had been scared out of his mind. “Don’t die on me again Griffon!”

“Fine! I won’t die again!”

“You better not.” I mumbled.

“Who’s side are you on?!” Griffon asked folding his arms.

“I’m on the ‘your not dying’ side.” I said folding my arms back.

“I agree.” Kevin snapped pulling a chair over. “And when we get out of here, I’m gonna strangle you and send you to the man upstairs myself!”

“Allow me to come with my softball bat.” I said with a nod.

“I thought you were on the ‘not me dy’n’ side!” Griffon snapped.

“We’re past that!”

Griffon groaned before we all heard a beeping. We looked up at the heart monitor on Griffon, and he took a deep breath. I looked down and gave a small sigh as his tired face strained for a split second.

My phone buzzed and I looked to see it was from dad. He was ready to pick me up.

“I have to go.” I said softly.

Griffon nodded and kissed me again quickly.

“I’ll be back tomorrow with your school stuff.” I said with a smile.

“Good, because I wanna do someth’n.”

I got up and Griffon grappled my hand and yanked me back. “You will be back though right?”

“Did I say I wasn’t? No. No I didn’t.” I snapped.

Griffon smiled again and kissed my hand.

“We’re going talk about that.” Kevin said to Griffon.

“We’re gonna talk about what?” Griffon snapped.

“Your dating your best friend. We’re going talk about that.”

I gave a smile and Griffon rolled his eyes and leaned back. I gave a smile and said goodbye to him and Kevin.

I got to dad’s car and he gave me a small smile, as I buckled up. He turned the car on and fixed his hair.

“How was it? How’s Griffon?”

“He’s a lot better.” I said with a smile.

Dad smiled back at me and nodded. “Good.”