

[ASMR] ILLNESS [M4A][COMFORT][LIGHT-HEARTED]

*College years are quite unpredictable, much like rain. Your roommate, as stubborn as they are, wakes up looking like death visited them. Of course, as their closest friend, you must direct them back to bed and force their rest.*

(Hunting down some creamer) Ughhh... am I seriously out of creamer? I'm not crazy. I know I put it somewhere... (You find it) HAH! There it is! ... aaaand it's expired. Great. But there's barely any left... (Open the bottle and sniff it)... well, I mean it still smells good-- (You notice the listener slowly meander in) Oh hey! Good morning! Surprised to see you up and-- (They don't look good) Uhhh... at least I hope it's a good morning? Geez, are you alright? You look like you come home with the Grim Reaper and are having your walk of shame.

*Your roommate mumbles that they are fine as they attempt to stumble to the fridge. There is no way you're allowing their sickness to spread.*

Ooooh no you don't. Nuh-huh. You are not cooking right now. You are clearly sick and I am not going to let you spread it around. Sit down and I'll make you something. (They start to protest) Nope! Shh. Shush. We're not arguing about this. Sit. (You force the listener to sit at the kitchen island to wait) If you get up out of that seat, I will make you pay the gas bill as well as your half of the rent. Don't think I won't. (You open the fridge) Eggs, toast, and juice. Then straight back to bed.

*Your roommate grumbles, annoyed, but they sneeze and shiver before complying. You take out two eggs and start to crack them into a bowl before whisking.*

Just gunna keep it simple. You don't mind scrambled, right? Quickest meal to make this early in the morning. Still, what happened? You are the healthiest person I know and you barely went out last night. Then again you came back around 2... (Listen: How did you know?) Huh? How did I know? My bedroom is right by the front door. You'd have to seriously be good at sneaking around in order for me not to hear you open it. Believe me, for as long as I've known you, sneaking is not your strong suit. (You turn on the stove and start to heat a pan with some butter) So, who or what got you sick?

*Your roommate grimaces and explains that they were at a party with some friends, so it was probably someone they were with.*

Gotcha. You did mention going out to a party, so it's not surprising someone decided to be irresponsible. Not you, of course. You literally just got sick. Someone who went there

decided to spread their own little cocktail of chaos. Ten bucks says it was a frat boy who just didn't care, but who knows at this point. (The listener groans and lays their head down on the island counter) Oh don't sweat it too much. From the looks of it, you probably caught, like, a flu bug or something. A little rest and water should kick it out of your system.

*You start to cook the listener some eggs and slip some bread into the nearby toaster. Your roommate looks at you with a mildly pathetic smile.*

Your eggs should be done soon. After you eat, its straight back to bed with you. I gotta disinfect the counter so I don't catch what you got. (The listener sticks out their tongue, offended) Oh don't give me that look. I got a presentation on Monday and I am not gunna let you get me sick. It's practically half of my grade. Besides, with you in bed, I can practice it out in the main room and guarantee that A. (The toaster pops and releases the now toasted bread, which you slide onto a plate.) Hot! Hot... phew. Just in time, too. Your eggs should be done too.

*You plate up the eggs and slide the dish to the listener. You then take out a bottle of juice and pour them a glass.*

Salt and pepper are right in front of you. Here, some juice to go with your meal. Vitamin C will help you kick this sickness quicker. Eat it all or I will literally make you. Don't test me on that. (The listener rolls their eyes but complies.) See? Easy to eat. When you're done, it's straight to-- (Listen: What did you do last night?) Huh? What did I do last night? I was here writing my speech for my presentation. I wanted it to be perfect so I just stayed in. That way, I could just relax tomorrow instead of stress out about this stupid project. Spent half the semester polishing it. I earned a small bit of relaxation before I turn everything in.

*The listener nods while they eat. They are barely energetic, but there is a sincerity to them. You admired that. You pour yourself a glass of juice.*

Can you believe we're already halfway through the semester? It feels like we only just moved in, yet here we are just a couple of months away from graduating. It's kinda weird if you ask me... (You drink from your glass.) God... how long have we known each other? Since freshman year, right? Four years... Wow... Time flies. Now we got an apartment and have to pay more bills than should be legally allowed. We got seriously lucky in finding those seniors who needed to sublease this place out and they were roommates too. (The listener stifles a laugh) Huh? What? What was that laugh for?

*The listener mockingly repeats “And they were roommates.” It takes you a minute, but you finally catch on and start laughing.*

Ahahaha! Oh my God I did not catch that. (Jokingly) “Oh wow they were roommates~” pfft you know I did not mean anything by that, right? They were cool. Anyway, you almost done eating? (The listener nods, showing their plate.) Good! Plate empty. Now, let’s get you to bed shall we? You’ve been infecting the kitchen for long enough, sicky. Time to rest.

*The listener groans, but obeys as you pull them off of the barstool and guide them back to their room. Slowly, you return them to their disheveled bed and tuck them in.*

Don’t you be putting up a fight now. I just fed you. I could have just made my breakfast and went on with my day, but I’m a good friend. And good friends take care of each other. So just stay in bed and get better, okay? (The listener groans again but nods.) Ah-ah-ah no attitude. Save your sass for your sickness. Hell, if you just relax I’ll even promise to make some soup tonight. Homemade. (Listen: Your chicken noodle?) Yes, my chicken noodle. The one I make from scratch. We got like most of the ingredients. I can get the rest after I eat my breakfast.

*You stand over the listener, proud to have helped them into a comforter cocoon. They look comfy, but very very tired.*

You’ll be fine. You’ll probably feel like complete butt all day, so you might as well sleep through it anyway. I’ll bring some water and a fever-reducer that can help too. The only reason you should be getting up is to use the bathroom, got it? No excuses. If you think I’m gunna let you waltz out of here and get other people sick just because you don’t wanna be in bed all day, you’re dead wrong. The best thing you can do is to kick it so you can return to your social life faster.

*The listener pouts, but surrenders. You’re glad for that.*

Glad you understand. Now, I’ll be home all day, so if you need anything at all, just holler or text me. Like I said, I’ll be practicing my presentation and cooking, so I won’t be far away. Okay? (The listener nods) Good. Alright. Have a good-- (Listen: Thank you.) Huh?.. Heh. No problem. You being healthy should be top priority and if you need a little help with that, then I’m right here to help. After all: we’re roommates haha!

*You move to leave the room.*

I'll be in the kitchen, okay? Get some rest. Soup will be ready by 3.