

You're Mine by Penny Brooks

#Chapter 111 - Read You're Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 111

Chapter 111

Chapter 111

Harper

I can tell something is wrong by the way Aisha's grinning and wiping her mouth and the way that Easton looks ready to hurl.

His face is pale.

And memories of what Blake said in the garage have my head spinning already.

He warned me about her, he said that she's still hung up on Easton and would do anything short of murdering me to get to him.

I didn't expect Blake to come right out and confirm all suspicions, I also didn't expect him to pull me in for a hug and tell me he cared.

I was so confused by the time I made it back into the house that all I could get out was, bed, ready for bed—and the confusion had nothing to do with my feelings for Blake but more or less what the hell sort of game were they both playing.

And why did it feel like they were trying to get both of us alone? Aisha's still grinning at me.

And I've had it.

I stomp over to her and shove her away from Easton so hard she stumbles back and falls against the couch—it's extra dramatic on her part, but whatever.

"Stay the hell away from Easton! "

"Or what? "

She adjusts her towel.

"You're going to cry? Run me over with your car? You'll never have what we— "

I slap her. I just go for it. I can't handle it anymore and I don't have to take it.

The sound of my palm hitting her face goes off like a bomb in that room.

"Listen... "

I barely recognize my own voice.

"I would never keep Easton trapped in a relationship just because I wanted him on my arm, or just because I felt like I deserved him.

I love him.

And if you're what he wants, then even though it would kill me, I'd let him go. "

I back away and turn to a shocked Easton.

"So is this it? Is this what you want, Easton? "

"No, "he says gruffly, and then pulls me into his arms and kisses the crap out of me, lifting me into his arms so steady, so fast, that all I feel is him—everywhere.

He tears his mouth away long enough to say, "Take a room, sleep outside, hell, burn the place down, I don't give a fuck, just don't bother us and Aisha"—he looks over his shoulder, eyes blazing—"We're done.

I don't want to see you.

I don't want to talk to you.

Forget what I said earlier, your brother would be ashamed of you—I know I am. "

Tears stream down her cheeks as Easton walks us toward our bedroom, kicking the door closed with his foot and tossing me onto the bed before I can protest.

"I'm so fucking sorry, "

he whispers between kisses.

I kiss him back, because I love him, but I'm still so...pissed she said all of that.

I know it's irrational, we weren't together then, but still.

Is that what he was into? What he wants? "I know we'll have to talk about everything that went down. "

“Aw, he’s learning. ’

I cup his face and sigh.He smiles.

“He’s a slow learner, but he’s getting there with this whole I love you relationship stuff. ’

Tears fill my eyes.

“Well as long as you get there. ’

“I know I have a past that I’m not proud of and it keeps coming back to haunt us.

But I swear that’ s not what I want anymore. ’

He cups my cheek.

“Maybe I was just searching for something I believed would make me happy, but I could never find it.

Until you.

You’re what makes me happy. ’

My heart expands.

“That’s so sweet. ’

“Also, that slap was really hot, ’

he adds.

I laugh because I didn’t expect him to say that.

“Are you serious right now? ’

“Made my cock so hard. ’

He nips at my lower lip twice before his tongue dives back in as he moves his body across mine.

“Feel that? Imagine, all it took was a quick slap and I’m ready for you. ’

“You’re always ready for me. ’

Our next kiss is full of all the words we haven’t said but will eventually need to as he pulls off my clothes in a frenzy.

I kick down his jeans.

He jumps over me and lays on his back completely naked.

“Alright, service me. ’

I punch his perfect six—pack, getting nothing but laughter out of him as he tackles me against the bed, hovering over me.

“Too soon? ’

“Read the room, Easton, read the room. ’

A crack of lightning flashes, causing everything to light up briefly, showing me his full lips and perfect face.

The way he looks at me makes everything disappear, all the chaos from tonight, even Aisha’s hurtful comments.

I shudder.

I can’t think about her even touching Easton let alone...

I look away quickly.

“Or... ’

Easton lowers his mouth to mine.

“We can talk about it now because my girl just lost a bit of the light from her eyes and I fucking hate it. ’

I smile and stare up at him.

“I hate that she touched you. ’

“That makes two of us, ’

Easton says, slowly kissing down my neck.

“But do me a huge favor and remember that guys a lot of times think with their dicks and when a girl’s easy and throwing everything out there all the time, well, it’s not an excuse, but guys are dumb. ’

His breath tickles my neck as he keeps talking almost like he has to say it without looking at me.

"I would take it all back if I could—every kiss, every touch, every moment, and save them all for you. '

My chest tightens.

"You mean that? '

"Every word. '

He pulls me against his chest, flipping onto his back.

"I would Harry Potter the hell out of the last few years just so you could be by my side, so that every time I kissed you it wasn't ruined by crazy pants over there—she does realize we're at a lake, right? '

"Thank you! '

I give him a shove.

"Someone needs to send her a memo about wearing safe footwear along the lake, who knows, she could accidentally fall in— '

"Or get pushed by my angry girlfriend, but totally the same thing. '

"Girlfriend. 'I draw out a long kiss from his mouth.

"I really like hearing that. '

"And the angry part? '

"I purposefully ignored it. '

"Figured. 'He grips my sides and pulls me close, so that we're face to face.

"Fuck her... '

His eyes are teasing.

"And when you're done forgetting all about her... '

He licks his lips.

"Let me— '

I expect him to say fuck you.

Instead, he brushes a featherlight kiss to my mouth.

“Love you. ’I gasp.

“Thought I was gonna say something different, but guess what, Harper’—he grips my ass with both hands—“I read the fucking room. ’

“And there he is. ’

We fall into fits of laughter and kissing and I can’t help but think this is absolutely one of my favorite moments with him.

The teasing.Loving.

Him opening up.

I can’t imagine how anything can get any better between us when things feel so perfect, and as our teasing quickly turns into him thrusting into me while I hold onto the bedpost, I imagine a world where it’s just us like this all the time.

Where we finally get our happily ever after.

Chapter 112

Chapter 112

Easton

I wake up the next morning with a naked Harper in my arms, snuggled up close, her tits resting on my chest and her hair in my face. I crack my eyelids open only to immediately slam them shut thanks to the blinding sun that’s pouring through the open window right next to the bed. With the power out last night, I forgot all about closing blinds and curtains, it was so damn dark. Harper shifts next to me, a little moan falling from her lips. My cock stirs—when does it not— and I’m about to flip her over and kiss her awake when I hear her speak. “Who turned on the lights? ’

Chuckling, I kiss her forehead. “It’s the sun. ’

She pulls out of my arms and sits up, pushing her hair out of her face as she looks around the room. The comforter has fallen to her waist, showing off her perfect tits and I’m reaching for one when... “Hey fuckers, are you awake? ’

Blake. Yelling at us from behind our closed bedroom door. “Yeah asshole, we’re awake.

I sit up too, dropping a kiss on Harper's bare shoulder. "Cool. We're leaving in a few. Aisha wants to head back early, '

Blake says. I look outside the window, surprised by the clear blue sky that's dotted with fluffy white clouds. Like a horrible storm never blew through here yesterday and dumped a buttload of rain. "Are the roads cleared? '

"Yeah, they are. We're good to go. '

Blake hesitates for only a moment. "Thanks for having us. '

So polite to the host. Such a bunch of bullshit. "Drive safe! '

Harper calls, always so sweet. "See you guys later, '

Blake calls. We hear footsteps as he walks away, then nothing but silence. I grab hold of Harper and bring her with me as I fall back onto the mattress. She's giggling, shoving at my chest but she doesn't really mean it. I can tell, thanks to the way she's rubbing that hot body of hers against me, her legs tangling up with mine. "We should probably get ready to leave, '

she says when I start kissing her neck. "We can stay in bed for a few more minutes, '

I murmur against her throat. "I bet Ryan and Sadie are still in bed. Like us. '

"Can't think about it, '

she quips, shoving at me again. But I don't budge. Pulling away slightly, I stare into her eyes, overwhelmed with emotion for this girl who stands by me no matter what. And there was a lot of shit thrown at her this weekend, despite us having fun too. Any other girl would've probably run by now, but not mine. "I love you. '

Her expression softens and her lips curl into the sweetest smile. "I love you too. '

"I'm going to fuck you. '

I thrust against her, nice and slow. "And then we can start packing up and getting ready to leave. '

She laughs. "Okay. Deal. '

I press my mouth to hers and seal our deal with a tongue—filled kiss. kk The drive back home is quiet. Almost somber. Ryan and I are sitting in the front of the Jeep, while the girls are in the back. Like we're a couple of old married couples traveling together. But I could tell the girls wanted to get a private

talking sesh in and I can handle not sitting next to Harper for a couple of hours. Barely. "Heard what happened last night, '

Ryan says to me out of the blue. I glance over at him. "What exactly are you referring to? Lots of things happened last night. '

Fucking Aisha and her big, never stop talking mouth. "Aisha bringing up your uh..friendship with her brother. '

Ryan squirms in his seat, as if it makes him uncomfortable. He didn't know Deacon. He only heard the stories. After he died, I never brought him up. "Who told you? '

"Blake. I was up early this morning and he found me in the kitchen. Filled me in on what Aisha said last night. What she did. '

Ryan shakes his head. "She's evil, man. Toxic. What the fuck is Blake doing with her? '

"I don't know. I think he likes pain. '

Sometimes I wonder if I do too. Why else would I put up with Blake's—and Aisha's—constant bullshit? "Don't we all? Look... '

Ryan glances over at me and I see the sincerity written all over his face. "Whatever sick, twisted game you used to play with Aisha and her brother and..whatever, I don't want my sister to be a part of it. I know you care about her, and I believe you when you say that. But [I'm worried about Aisha. '

'I'll protect Harper, '

I snap, irritated Ryan would think I don't have her best interests at heart. "I won't let Aisha touch a hair on her head. '

"I don't worry about Aisha touching my sister. It's what she says to her that could fuck with her head. '

He pauses, slumping in his seat. "And her heart. '

Fuck. Ryan's right. Aisha's weapons are her words, and she knows how to wield them so they cut deep. The fucking bitch. "I'm sick of her shit, '

I mutter, gripping the steering wheel. "If she even looks in Harper's direction, I'm going to do something about it. '

"Like what? Beat her up? That'll get you tossed in jail. Yell at her? She'll just laugh in your face and bring up some old, hurtful memory that'll make you look like a douche. Face it, she's got too much on you. She's got too much on all of us. '

Ryan shakes his head. Hate to admit it, but Ryan's right. Aisha does have too much on all of us in this Jeep. Blake too. Hell, more than half the school population. She's feared. Hated. "What do we do then? "

I ask, feeling helpless. And that is an emotion I don't like experiencing. At all. "(gnore her. Don't acknowledge her. That'll drive her crazy. We're going to have to do the same with Blake. Cut ther out of our lives for good, '

Ryan suggests. "That's easier said than done. '

"No shit. But we can sure as hell try."

Chapter 113

Chapter 113

Harper

Easton: Good morning, beautiful. I smile as I read the text from my boyfriend, hating how sore my throat is. Swallowing hard, I close my eyes, my head spinning. Oh no. I think I might be sick. My phone buzzes again. Easton: Miss you. Easton: Can't wait to see you at school. Me: I don't know if I'm coming. Easton: What do you mean? Me: I don't feel so good. My phone rings in my hand and I immediately answer it. "What's wrong? '

he asks, sounding concerned. "My throat. '

I swallow again, and it hurts so bad I never want to swallow again. "It's killing me. I think I'm coming down with something. '

"Maybe you should stay home. '

"We missed school yesterday. I can't stay home. '

"Listen Brainiac, you'll be fine if you miss another day. It's not like you're going to fail all your classes. '

He's teasing me and I know he's probably right but... I hate missing school. And now I have an extra reason to worry about not being there. Aisha trailing after my boyfriend everywhere he goes. If she knows I'm not at school, she'll be all over him. "I'm going, '

I say firmly as I sit up in bed. Only to immediately lay back down, my head swimming. "Or maybe not, '

I say weakly. "What happened? '

“(I’m kind of dizzy. ’

I close my eyes and exhale loudly. “My body aches. ’

“You’re sick. Stay home, baby. You need rest. ’

His voice is soft and soothing and I know he’s right. There’s a knock on my door and then it opens, my mother peeking her head around it. “You should be up already, Harper. It’s late. ’

“I need to go, ’

I tell Easton. “Talk to you later? ’

“See ya babe. Love you. ’

I don’t say it back, ending the call. Mom might flip out if she heard me say that. She doesn’t even know Easton and I are a thing. “I’m not feeling well. I have a sore throat, ’

I tell her. She enters my room, her hands going to her hips. “You think you’re getting sick? ’

I nod, tucking the covers up under my chin. “My whole body aches. ’

A sigh leaves her and she approaches the bed, the back of her hand going to my forehead. “You re hot, too. ’

“Maybe I have a fever. ’

‘You probably do. Goodness, Harper, I really think you’re doing too much lately. Always running around with your friends, and you’re never home, I’m happy you’re getting out more and enjoying your senior year, but I’m also worried about you, ’

she says. “You probably shouldn’t have gone to the lake with your brother and his friend. ’

I like how she lumps Easton with Ryan, as if he’s not involved in my life that much. And in her eyes, that’s the case. “It was fun. I don’t regret going. I just regret the crappy weather. That’s probably what got me sick in the first place. ’

“That and not getting enough rest and doing too much. ’

She raises a brow. “You’re staying home today. In fact, I’ll make a doctor’s appointment for this afternoon and we’ll see what he says. ’

“Okay. ’

I nod, hating how heavy my lids feel all of a sudden. "You're going to take it easy this week. No going out with your friends. '

"Fine. '

I give in to the urge and close my eyes. "And you're staying home this weekend too. You need a break, '

Mom continues. "Whatever, '

I mumble, rolling over on my side so my back is to her. I know she's trying to watch out for me, but it's also annoying how she's trying to tell me what to do. Not that I want to go anywhere right now. I feel terrible. It's like my throat is full of razor blades and it's absolute torture to swallow. "How's Ryan? '

I croak, knowing Mom is still standing in my bedroom. "He seems fine. Didn't complain about feeling bad, '

Mom says. "Could you ask him to come see me? '

I roll back over so I'm facing her. "I want him to do something for me at school today. '

"Of course. '

Mom smiles. "I'll let him know. And I'm going to call your doctor's office and see if we can get you in today. '

"Thanks Mom. '

She leaves the room and I close my eyes once more, almost drifting off to sleep when I hear my brother stomp into my room. You could never call Ryan subtle, let me tell you. "What's up? Mom says you feel like shit. '

I crack open my eyes to find him watching me, concern filling his gaze. "My throat is sore. Mom thinks I have a fever. '

Ryan takes a couple of steps back. "Don't want it. '

"Whatever. '

I roll my eyes. "Can you do me a favor? '

"Sure. Want me to get any assignments you might miss? '

'Yeah. But I also want you to keep watch on Easton for me. '

"What do you mean? "

He frowns. "If Aisha gets near him, let me know. If you see him talk to her, interact with her in any way...I need to know about it. "

I close my eyes, trying not to imagine them standing close together. She's so beautiful and so is he. They make a perfect couple. Sometimes I think they look better together than Easton and I. "Why? You

don't trust him? "

"I trust him completely, "

I say. "It's her I don't trust. At all. "

"Good call, "

he says, his voice soft. "She's a raging bitch, Harp. I told Easton we need to cut her off. "

"You make it sound like that's all we have to do and it'll be that easy. She'll leave us alone. "

"He pretty much said the same thing. "

I don't know why that makes me happy, but it does. "I'll keep an eye on your boy, "

Ryan says. "And I'll make sure she stays away from him, though I'm pretty sure he's going to do the same thing. "

"Thank you, Ryan, "

I whisper. "Take it easy, sis."

Chapter 114

Chapter 114

Easton

It fucking sucked, not having Harper at school today. I missed her something fierce. To the point that I turned into a growly, grumpy motherfucker who snapped at anyone who asked me a fucking question, including my teachers. I didn't give a shit. Who knew I'd become so whipped for a girl that I'd turn into a mess when she wasn't around? "I really hope my sister comes back to school tomorrow, "

Ryan says as we leave campus at the end of the day, headed for the parking lot.
"Because you're being a total asshole. '

"I don't like it when I can't see her, '

I admit, hating how I sound like a complete pussy. But fuck it. "How'd she look this morning? '

"Miserable. '

A string of curses leaves me and Ryan barks out a laugh. "Glad I didn't tell you that this morning. Might've made you even grumpier, if that's possible. '

"Hey guys. '

We both turn to find Sadie approaching us. When she's close enough, Ryan swoops in, wrapping his arm around her shoulders and pulling her into his side, dropping a kiss on her cheek. Watching them only makes me miss Harper even more. I'm such a fucking sap. "I heard from Harper, '

she says. "She just called me. '

"Why didn't she call me? '

Sadie's gaze meets mine. "She said she tried you first but you didn't pick up. She went to the doctor. They put her on antibiotics. '

"She's legit sick, huh. '

Ryan shakes his head. "I figured if she was faking it. '

"Harper wouldn't fake being sick. '

She'd want to be at school so she could see me. "I don't know if she'll be at school tomorrow either. '

Sadie winces, as if she's preparing herself for the blow that is my wrath at hearing this. "Just thought I'd warn you, E. '

Ignoring her, I reach into my back pocket and pull out my phone to see that yep, I have missed calls from my girl. I immediately call her back. "Hey, '

I say when I hear her soft greeting. "How are you feeling? '

"Terrible. '

She sniffs loudly. "Now I'm congested. "

"You sound bad. "

"Gee thanks. "

"Sadie said you're on antibiotics. "

"One of those five day Z—pack things. I'll be fine, "

she says, sounding anything but. "My throat is still killing me. Doctor said it's going around and prescribed some cough syrup for me too. Mom says it's because I'm too busy and doing too much. "

"You need rest, "

I tell her, thinking of all the things I could do for her to make her feel better. "And lots of fluids. "

"Okay, Dad, "

she jokes. "Don't ever call me that, "

I growl, turning away from Ryan and Sadie so they can't hear me. "Unless you're into that 'daddy' thing. I might be down for that. "

"Easton, "

she groans, just before she starts coughing. "Stop. "

"Babe. You need to go back to bed. "

"Lam in bed. "

"Well, take it easy then. "

I soften my voice. "I'm glad your mom took you to the doctor. I just want you better so I can see you. I miss you. "

"You don't want to see me right now. I look awful. "

"You're always beautiful to me. "

"And I'm contagious. "

"I'm not scared. "

She's quiet for a moment. "You're really not, are you. '

"Hell no. '

I pause. "I love you. Now go take a nap. '

"I love you too. Bye. '

I turn back to Ryan and Sadie to see they're completely making out in the middle of the parking lot. I clear my throat, which causes them to pull away from each other, Ryan glaring at me. "Go with me to the store. '

They both frown. "Why? '

Ryan asks warily. "I need to grab stuff for Harper to make her feel better. '

I shove my hands in my front pockets, feeling... don't know. Bashful? What the fuck? "I need help picking out some things. '

Sadie grins. "This is right up my alley. I'll totally help you. '

"I thought we were going back to my house, '

whines to her. "My parents are gone. '

"Harper is there. Sick. In the bedroom next to yours. I'm not having sex with you in your bed when she's lying there miserable, listening to every single thing we do and say. '

She mock shudders. I can't help but laugh. The first time I've laughed all day. When I see Ryan's annoyed expression, I laugh a little louder. "Come on. Help a bro out. '

"Fine, '

Ryan mutters. "Let's go. '

We end up at a shopping center not too far from where Ryan and Harper live. There's a supermarket and a CVS there, which should cover all the basic necessities I want to pick up for my sick girlfriend. I buy her a giant ass bag of cough drops and her favorite candy at CVS, plus a cute little stuffed white cat Sadie says Harper will love. At the supermarket, I pick up some of their chicken noodle soup from the deli that's freshly made, plus a container of her favorite cookies. Sadie is helping me out every step of the way, eager to spend all my money to make her best friend happy, but I don't mind. Anything to put a smile on my girl's face. We're picking out balloons and flowers when Ryan slaps me on the back. "Don't make it obvious, but look to your right. '

Slowly I glance over to find Aisha standing in the produce section, examining a banana, her gaze going to us every few seconds. "What the fuck is she doing here? "

I haven't really seen her all day, which is just the way I like it. And I'm surprised, considering Harper wasn't at school. I assumed Aisha would be all over me. "Following us? "

Sadie suggests. "Doubtful. "

This is from Ryan. But I don't know... "Why does she keep caressing the banana? "

Sadie giggles. "Maybe that's all she can get now that she's scared off every guy at school. "

"Don't think Blake's scared, "

I say. "I bet she wants to stroke his banana. And that asshole will gladly let her. "

"Gross, "

Sadie calls, so loudly that Aisha blatantly stares at us. "Yeah, I'm talking about you. "

"Sadie, "

Ryan groans, but I don't think she cares. Aisha drops the banana and makes her way over to us, a sneer on her face. "Where's your girlfriend? "

she asks me. "None of your damn business, "

Ryan snaps, defending his sister. "He's talking for you now? "

Aisha nods toward Ryan. "He's just answering your question. Because he's right. It's none of your damn business, "

I say, my voice calm. My hands though, are clenched into fists. I would love to punch her, just like Ryan suggested, but he's right. She'd call the cops on me and my ass would get arrested. And truly, I'm not one to commit violence against women. With the exception of her. I'd choke her out if I could get away with it. "Tell Harper I hope she gets well soon, "

Aisha croons as she walks away. What a minute. How did she know Harper is sick?

Chapter 115

Chapter 115

Harper

I may be sick and I definitely don't feel like going anywhere, but I'm already bored out of my mind. I think I've scrolled enough on social media to last me a lifetime. I'm even tired of watching TikToks. I slept for a while when I got back from the doctor's appointment, but now I'm lying in bed and wide awake, wishing I had someone to hang out with. Like Sadie. No, scratch that. I love my best friend but I'd much rather see... Easton. I can't help but smile when I think of him. Sadie sent me photos during lunch that she secretly took of Easton sitting by himself, not wanting to talk to anyone. He looked so mad. And handsome. And even a little sad. My poor, grumpy boyfriend who misses me. Who knew this moment would ever happen between us? Me and Easton? He treated me like garbage. Bullied me relentlessly, yet secretly craved my kisses—especially when I was his mystery girl. We've come a long way. My phone dings with a notification and I check it to see I have a text from the very boy I can't stop thinking about. Easton: Check your front porch. Me: Why? Easton: You have a special delivery. I slowly climb out of bed and head downstairs, grateful I took some Tylenol earlier so the body aches are mostly gone. Mom left for work after she took me to the doctor's office, and she told me she won't be home until late. Dad is always home late. I have no idea where Ryan is. Probably with Sadie. When I open the front door, I can't help but smile. There is a giant giftbag filled to the brim with stuff sitting on the doormat. A balloon bouquet is tied to the gift bag handle, all of them saying get well soon! There's a bouquet of pink roses and a bag from the nearby supermarket's deli. So much stuff. And I can tell it's all stuff I like. I mean, who doesn't love food and balloons and flowers? But I swear I see a package of mini Reese's peanut butter cups in the gift bag, and those are my fave. How did Easton know? I get another notification. Easton: What do you think? Me: Did you come up with all of this yourself? Easton: I had some help. Me: Where are you? "Don't think he picked out all that stuff—I totally helped him! "

I look up to find Sadie and Ryan standing on the sidewalk just to the left of our house so they weren't in my direct line of vision. Those sneaks. "You guys! Thank you! "

I wave at them before I glance around, looking for my boyfriend. Easton suddenly appears from behind them, like he was ducking down and hiding behind them. Despite feeling like shit, and knowing I must look terrible, I can't contain the smile from my face. When he starts to approach the front porch, I hold my hands out in front of me, trying to stop him. "Don't come any closer! "

He comes to a halt, frowning. "Why the hell not? "

"I told you. I'm contagious. "

"And I told you, I'm not scared. "

Easton starts walking once more, slow and steady until he's standing directly in front of me and I'm dying to launch myself at him. But I restrain myself. "I can't believe you did this all for me, "

I admit, waving at my gifts still on the ground. He grins. "Like I said, I had help. '

"And don't you forget it! '

Sadie yells. He glances over at where they're still standing on the sidewalk. "Didn't I tell you guys to go to my house and use the hot tub for a while? '

My brows shoot up and I make eye contact with Sadie, who is grinning. She snags Ryan's hand and leads him to his car. "We're out! '

"Thanks man, '

my brother calls as they climb into his car. 'You're letting them use the hot tub? '

I ask Easton once they're gone. He shrugs. "Someone may as well have fun in there. '

"Did you tell them we've had fun in there? '

Multiple times. Enough fun to make my entire body break out into a flush just at the memories. "They don't need to know. '

He pulls me into his arms and holds me close. "I missed you so damn bad, Harper. I need you to get better. Like now. '

"Help me carry in all my stuff and I'll try, '

I murmur against his chest before tipping my head back. "You are the best boyfriend ever. '

"Don't you ever forget it. '

He presses his lips to my forehead. "Come on. '

He smacks me in the ass and starts gathering the things he left for me, only letting me carry the flower bouquet with the roses attached. We enter the house and head straight for the kitchen, where I sit at the counter and let Easton wait on me. It's kind of nice. He brings me a bowl of chicken noodle soup and scrounges up some crackers in the pantry. He adds more water to the bouquet of flowers and attaches the balloons to the back of one of the chairs at the kitchen table. He shows off the various bags of candy he bought me, and the giant bag of cough drops. "Something else for you to suck on while you're sick, '

he says with a mischievous smile. "So dirty, '

I tease him. It's the cute little stuffed animal cat that gets me the most. Soft white fur and a pink nose, with big blue eyes. I cuddle the kitty close, knowing I'm going to sleep with it tonight. For all the nights. "I love it. "

I smile at him. "Thank you so much. "

"And I love you, "

he says, coming to me. Despite me trying to push him away, he manages to give me a kiss on the lips. "Ill do whatever I can to take care of you. You know that, right? "

When I stare up into his eyes, I wonder why he looks so... Worried.