

# **You're Mine by Penny Brooks #Chapter 141 - Read**

## **You're Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 141**

### **Chapter 141**

Easton

"Oh look..."

I slam the door to my Jeep, freezing my nuts off as I look at the snow piled high around the parking lot and on the roof of our school.

"Hell." "The snow or the school?"

Ryan pulls his jacket tighter around himself.

"Shit how cold is it?"

"You'd think that the snow closest to the school would be burned up by the flames, alas, that's not the case, Hell's hot but the snow here is colder."

"A true fight between good and evil." Ryan nods solemnly before slapping me on the back with one of his gloves.

"At least it's our last semester, we're only here for the dumb Christmas spectacular concert that we've been forced to volunteer for and we aren't virgins wondering how to get laid at prom."

All good points.

I nod.

But, fuck it sucks that mid break we have to come back to this hellhole just because it gives all of us extra credit.

It's two hours out of my life where the middle school kids sing in their puberty filled voices and sell cookies for their class trip.

It's gonna be fine, it just sucks that it's taking up time with Harper.

Clearly, we must have the worst timing in the world as Blake moves into our line of sight.

He grabs the metal door and opens it wide for us.

Immediately, I'm hit with heat, the smell of cafeteria food, and sweaty nervous bodies all getting ready to perform Jingle Bells.

See? Hell.

Total hell.

Damn it, where are the girls? They volunteered to help too, actually most of the senior class did.

Ryan, fucking mind reader, says it out loud, "Where's the girls? I thought they said they were leaving early?"

"At the auditorium, waiting it looks like,"

Blake says falling into step with us as we walk down the hall and, alright, I'm not a total asshole, but if you've ever seen those cheesy teen movies where the popular guys walk down the middle of the hall and people stare, girls giggle, cameras are raised for whatever slow motion Tik—Toks students plan on doing.

What I'm saying is that's us.

Merry Fucking Christmas.

Even with us still semi—fighting and not knowing where Blake stands or where we should stand with him.

It's like a fucking teen movie.

And I'm in the middle like a king.

I smile.

A girl curses under her breath.

I want to turn around and say that the smile was for my girl, the one currently watching me with her lips parted, cheeks red from the cold or maybe from me.

Who knows? We stop in front of the auditorium.

Sadie gives me and Ryan a funny look then squeezes Harper's hand.

"Hey, Ryan, let's go see if anyone needs any help backstage."

"Okay."

He frowns but follows.

The air is tense.

"You okay, Harper?"

Blake asks, totally stealing my line like a douche.

Her eyes dart from mine to his.

"Um, yeah, just didn't sleep well last night, was kind of worried about grades and all that."

"Mr. Billings already started emailing the students who dropped off Honor Roll, bastard, who the hell does that during the Holidays?"

He shakes his head.

"I'll see you guys later."

He walks off like he didn't just set a bomb off.

Harper's eyes go wide.

"Easton..."

"Nope, I won't believe it, I won't."

"Have they posted them online yet?"

She's asking like she wants me to look, so I pull out my phone and quickly log onto MasterSchool.

She's visibly shaking next to me.

Now, she's making me nervous.

I don't have to even put in my password when it starts to happen all around us.

The typical, "I want to die."

My parents are gonna murder me.

Do you think I could pay someone to kidnap me just for the day? Does this mean I fail? OH shit I failed PE how do you fucking fail PE? Fuck Christmas!"

It's all around us.

I even see one kid go to the window and just start banging his head against it in hopes it will break and cause a hospital visit.

Parents, volunteers, and teachers are starting to come down the hall to calm down some of the kids who are volunteering like us who look ready to burst into tears.

And my hands are shaking as I finally login and look down.

My grades are posted.

I have all straight A's except for one A— in Science.

That bastard hates me, though, so I'm not too surprised.

"Posted,"

I whisper.

"H—how'd you do?"

Harper asks in a terror filled voice.

"Passed,"

is all I say, logging out and handing my phone over.

"Here, login real quick, it's better to just rip the bandaid right off."

"And if I bleed to death?"

she grumbles.

"Then, I'll stop the bleeding," I offer, bracing her by the shoulders.

She looks down at the screen, then shows it to me.

"I can't do it, you do it, you look."

She's already logged in, so I click the right semester and wait for it to load.

A in Science.

B+ in PE.

A in Geometry.

So far so good, right? I mean she'll be pissed about the B, but it's at least not horrible.

I scroll past another A, then land on something I don't recognize.

Well, I mean, I can read, I know the letter, I'm just confused as to why it's next to her name, which is next to US History.

C+? "Ummmm."

I feel ready to hyperventilate for her.

"So, you have a lot of A's, one B+..."

She sighs.

"Thank God, okay I'm pissed about the stupid B+.

Let me guess, PE? Ugh, I hate PE!"

"After you played badminton with Blake I do, too," I grumble.

"And, um, I think there's a misunderstanding for this last grade." She pales.

"Misunderstanding?"

"US History." Her eyes widen.

"No, no, no, no, he promised if I did extra credit I'd be fine! I did all the extra credit, Easton! All of it!"

She jerks the phone out of my hand, nearly dropping it before staring at the screen and screaming, "Son of a bitch!" Oh good.

Angry Harper I can handle, I know how to handle that version of her, but sad Harper.

Shit.

One tear falls.

Followed by another.

Shit.

Shit.

Shit.

"Harper—"

She slides down to the floor and sobs.

I have no choice but to join her and do what I promised—stop the bleeding.

## **Chapter 142**

Harper

I don't feel...right.

After my epic, over the top hissy fit about my grades at school, Easton took me straight home, quiet the entire drive while I sobbed as if someone had gutted our family dog and left him on the front porch for us to find.

He tried to reassure me, but his softly spoken words only made me wail harder.

Once I got home and composed myself, I emailed my history teacher and luckily enough, he responded quickly.

I reminded him about my extra credit work, he apologized for forgetting to include it and my grade moved to a solid B+.

Not the A I wished for, but good enough.

I FaceTime Easton a few hours later, after I've taken a nap and feel like a rested, semi—well—adjusted human.

"You better?" he greets me once his handsome face fills the screen.

Nodding, I smile at him.

"I took a nap." "So did I." "I emailed my teacher and he added the extra credit assignments.

Now I have a B+." He grins, running a hand through his hair.

Did I mention he's shirtless? And his biceps are bulging? Heart eyes all day for Easton, I swear.

"That's great, babe.

I bet you're happy." "So happy." "And less stressed." Not all the way.

For some reason, something is still hanging over me.

Something I can't quite put my finger on.

"Sure," I tell him, not wanting to delve into something I can't really explain.

"What are you doing tonight?" "I thought I'd take my favorite girl out," he says casually.

"We could grab some food.

Check out the Christmas lights around town." Butterflies flutter in my stomach at him calling me his favorite girl.

I will never grow tired of that.

"That sounds fun." "You want me to come pick you up in about an hour?" He hides a yawn with his hand.

"Will your parents let you out of the house?" "Yes," I say firmly.

"Because they're not here.

They're visiting my great aunt Jenny at her house.

She's ninety, still lives on her own and is mostly toothless, but she's also living her best life.

My mom is bringing her a giant tin of cookies as an early Christmas present.

Despite being toothless, she loves sweets." "That's probably why she's toothless," he says.

I burst out laughing.

"Probably." "I'm surprised they didn't drag you and Ryan along with them," Easton muses.

"Aunt Jenny hates children.

I can come around when I'm twenty.

She told us that a few years ago." I laugh again.

So does Easton.

"Do you like children?" Easton asks me once our laughter has died.

My heart trips over itself.

“What do you mean?” “I don't know.

Guess I can see you being a good mom someday,” he says with a shrug.

I swallow hard, wondering how the conversation deviated to this...

“But that’s a long time from now,” Easton continues.

“You having kids.

Maybe even—us having kids.

After that conversation with your dad, I'm not allowed to think like that, you know? No buns in the oven.

No babies.

Thank God you're on the pill.” “Right,” I say, my voice thin.

“Thank God I’m on the pill.” “I'll come get you in about an hour, okay? Dress warm.

We'll have the windows down and I'll blast Christmas music for the entire drive.

That's what my parents used to do when I was a kid,” he says.

“Sounds fun.

I'll see you soon.” We end the call and I stumble off my bed in a haze, going to my dresser to grab some clothes to wear before I head for the bathroom.

I open my bedroom door, stopping short when I spot Ryan standing there, his gaze snagging on mine.

“Where have you been?” he asks.

“Napping,” I admit, pressing my lips together.

“How did the volunteer thing go at school?” “Lame.

We stayed for a while after Easton got you out of there, but we eventually left and went to lunch,” he explains.

“It's like, five o'clock.



You had lunch for the last four hours?" I lift my brows.

Ryan grins like a maniac.

"You don't want any details, sis.

Trust me." His gaze drops to the clothes I'm clutching in my hands.

"What are you up to?" "Taking a quick shower before Easton picks me up.

We're going to drive around and look at the Christmas lights," I explain.

"Where's Mom and Dad?" "Having dinner with Aunt Jenny." A full body shudder seems to take over my brother at the idea.

"Glad we dodged that bullet." I slide into the bathroom and shut the door, dropping my clothes on the counter.

After I start the water, I use the bathroom, realization dawning slowly but surely.

Kids.

Birth control.

Period.

Or lack thereof.

Grabbing my phone, I check the date again, remembering the last time I opened my period app.

I was late back then.

And that was a week ago.

Or maybe longer? Oh shit.

I skipped my period.

Dread consumes me as I strip out of my clothes and step under the hot spray of water.

I didn't have a period, and here's Easton casually talking about how I'll make a great mother someday.

Holy hell, I could make someone a great mother in approximately eight months.

My parents are going to kill me.

Wait—they'll probably kill Easton first.

That's when the tears come, and I hurriedly wipe them away, pissed at myself.

How could I be so stupid? Even though I took my pill at the same time every single day.

I even have an alarm set to make sure I don't forget.

Huh.

Maybe that's why I've been so tired all the time.

And emotional.

I'm pregnant.

I brace my hand against the tiled wall, overwhelmed by a blast of confusing emotions.

This is...

This is the scariest, most surreal moment of my life.

Once I'm out of the shower and dressed, I'm fixing my hair when Easton sends me a text.

Easton: I'm here.

You ready? Me: Give me a sec.

I grab my bag and throw on a coat, bounding down the stairs and yelling, "Bye Ryan! See you later," as I exit through the front door and practically run toward Easton's Jeep.

The moment I'm inside, Easton leans over to drop a kiss on my lips, murmuring, "Hey beautiful." I stare at him.

His handsome face, those gorgeous blue eyes of his.

This man could be the future father of my child and oh my God, how am I going to tell him this? He frowns when I don't say anything.

"Harper, you okay?" "I'm late."

## **Chapter 143**

Easton

What the hell is she talking about? She's late? "Where you gotta be?" I ask stupidly.

Harper rolls her eyes and settles into the passenger seat, her arms crossed in front of her as she stares straight ahead.

"I'm late.

My period." Swear to God, her lower lip is trembling.

"Wait a second." It all comes flooding back.

How emotional she's been lately, crying all the damn time over silly stuff.

The breakdown she had earlier.

The stress.

How tired she's been.

How horny she's been too.

"Do you think you're—" My voice drops to a whisper.

"— pregnant?" She glances over at me, her expression full of misery as she nods.

"I haven't started my period yet.

I'm like—two weeks late." "Is that normal?" "No.

I'm like clockwork.

I'm so regular, it's almost annoying," Harper practically whines.

I make a face.

Too much information, don't really need to know the details of Sadie's irregular cycle.

"Have you taken a test?" "I've taken a lot of tests lately, Easton.

Just like you since we just had finals—oh." Her face falls and her voice becomes hushed.

"You mean a pregnancy test." "Yeah." Reaching out, I settle my hand on her knee and give it a squeeze.

“Maybe we should do that.” “Right now?” she squeaks, her eyes wide.

Damn, my girl looks terrified.

I’m feeling a little terrified myself.

This is serious, the chance that Harper could be pregnant with my baby...

I bang the back of my head against the seat and close my eyes.

“Your dad is going to murder me on the spot when he finds out.” “It’s not for sure.” She pauses.

“But I had that exact same thought.” I scrub a hand over my face.

“It’s not like we meant to.

You’re on the pill.

We’ve been safe.” “I know.” Harper hangs her head, her hair falling in front of her face.

“I don’t want to be a mom.

Not right now.” “Hey.” I reach for her, slipping my fingers under her chin so I can tip up her face, her luminous gaze meeting mine.

“It’s going to be okay.” “Really?” I hate how doubtful she sounds.

I guess I can’t blame her.

This is some scary shit.

“Really,” I say firmly.

“I’ve got you no matter what, okay?” “Okay.” “You want to get food first? Or stop by a store and get a test?” “Let’s do the test first,” she answers.

“And nowhere nearby.

Let’s go to the other side of town.” “Why?” “We don’t want to run into anyone we know.” “Good call,” I admit as I put my Jeep into gear and pull onto the street.

We drive until we’re on the other side of town, just as Harper requested.

We don’t make much conversation.

Think we're both too preoccupied with our thoughts.

And they're pretty fucking serious thoughts, if you ask me.

We finally find a Walgreens and I pull into the parking lot.

We don't say a word as we climb out of the Jeep, but before we walk into the store, I grab her hand, interlacing our fingers.

Hers are icy cold and I'm pretty sure they're trembling.

I bring our locked hands up to my mouth, dropping a kiss on her knuckles.

"I love you." "I love you too," she answers shakily.

Christmas music is playing over the speakers in the store, loud and crackling with static.

There are people everywhere, and I guess it doesn't matter where you go, if it's right before Christmas, the shoppers are out, looking for those last—minute gifts.

I let Harper lead me to the aisle where the pregnancy tests are, right next to the condoms which I think is hilarious.

A nice little reminder—oh and those condom packages are under lock and key, which is some bullshit.

Condoms should be provided for free if you ask me.

But whatever.

Can't worry about it.

"What test should we get?" Harper asks as we study our options.

"I don't know.

Not the cheapest one." I wave a hand at them.

"Why not?" She turns her frown on me.

"Maybe they're not as accurate." "True." She taps her lips with her index finger, pulling her hand out of mine as she leans over and plucks one of the tests off the hook.

"This test looks good." I grab the box from her and read over the back.

Seems fairly simple.

It'll tell us if she's pregnant in minutes.

Not the most expensive test, but not the cheapest either.

"Want to get two? Just in case?" She nods, grabbing another one.

"Let's go." We wander through the store, Harper picking up a bag of miniature peanut butter cups wrapped in Christmas colors and a gift bag with Santa's face on the front of it.

"Do you need that stuff?" I ask her as we head toward the line for the registers.

"No one needs candy," she says, sounding vaguely irritated.

"But I want some." "And the gift bag?" "I don't want to look like we came in here just for these tests," she admits, her voice low.

"Give them to me." I wave my fingers at her and she hands over the items.

I know she's embarrassed about this.

Time to man up.

"You want to wait in the Jeep?" Harper gapes at me, surprise etched all over her face.

"You'd do that for me?" "If you're embarrassed, I don't mind making the purchase." I hand over the keys to her.

"Start the engine and run the heater so you don't get too cold." Her lips curve upward and she rises up to kiss me.

"Thank you." I watch her leave the store, wondering what the hell we're doing.

I'm not ready to be a dad.

And I'd bet she's not ready to be a mom either.

But looks like we don't have a choice in the matter.

Either she's pregnant...

Or she's not.

## **Chapter 144**

Harper

I'm walking out the double doors, stopping short when I see her in the parking lot.

Aisha.

Say what? She hasn't spotted me yet and I rush back inside, going to where Easton is still standing in line.

He sees me, looking confused as I approach him.

"We have to go." "Why-" I grab his hand and pull him out of line.

"Follow me." I'm dragging him to the back of the store, not looking backward, grateful he's not resisting.

We're near the pharmacy, hiding behind one of the taller racks when I finally come to a stop.

"What the hell, Harper? What's going on?" "I saw—"

I release a shuddery breath, hating how out of shape I feel.

"—Aisha in the parking lot." "What the fuck?" I shush him because his voice was really loud just now.

"Are you serious?" Nodding, I take a couple of steps to my right, peeking around the taller display that's hiding us.

I don't see her stupid blonde head anywhere, but that doesn't mean anything.

"What is she doing on this side of town?" "I don't know.

That's the reason why you made me drive all the way over here.

So we wouldn't run into anyone." "Right.

Yet here she is." Pretty freaking suspicious if you ask me.

"Let's buy our stuff at the pharmacy." Easton glances over his shoulder.

"It's still open." "Good idea." There's no line so we're able to approach the woman working behind the counter and make our purchase, me with my back to her so I can see the entire store, my gaze searching for that familiar, bitchy blonde head.

But she's nowhere to be found.

Hmmm.

“All right, let’s get out of here,” Easton says to me once he’s done, clutching the long receipt in one hand and the bag in the other.

“I’ve got everything in here.

Even your Santa sack.” I roll my eyes at him, relieved that the pregnancy tests are hidden away in the shopping bag.

“You never know.

Maybe I want to put your Christmas present in there.” He grins, and for a moment, I forget all of our troubles as I stare into Easton’s sparkling eyes.

“Can’t wait to open it on Christmas morning.” “Oh look.

It’s the lovebirds.” We both glance over to find Aisha standing in front of us, her lips curled into a sneer, her gaze full of thinly veiled disgust.

“Go away,” Easton practically snarls, his arm going around my shoulders and pulling me in close to him.

I want to shout with happiness at how rude he’s being toward her.

It’s the best thing ever.

“Well hello to you too,” she retorts.

“Seriously, Aisha.

What the fuck do you want from us?” Easton shakes his head.

“Don’t bother answering.

I think I know.

And you’re never going to get it.” “No need to be so rude.

It’s the holiday season.

Aren’t you supposed to be nice to the people you know?” Aisha asks.

“Not crazy bitches who seem to be following my ass everywhere I go,” Easton throws back at her, full of annoyance.

“I’m starting to think you’re tracking me.” “You’re not worth following, trust me.” Aisha lifts her head, her nose in the air.



“Rot in hell, Easton.” “Right back at you,” he yells as she walks away.

The moment she’s gone, we make our way out of the store, practically running to the Jeep.

Once we’re inside, I’m pulling the pregnancy test out and staring at it as I hold it in my lap.

“What if she would’ve seen us in that aisle?” I ask, not really expecting an answer.

“She would’ve told everyone.

The entire school would know I was pregnant.” “We don’t even know if you’re pregnant yet,” Easton reminds me.

“That wouldn’t stop her from spreading the rumor,” I say, slumping against the seat.

“Seeing her has ruined the entire night.” “Oh and the pregnancy scare didn’t do that already?” He sounds like he’s teasing.

I don’t think he meant to upset me by saying that, but man...

I’m upset.

I can feel the tears threatening to spill, and I press my lips together.

Close my eyes.

It’s no use.

The tears start falling, sliding down my cheeks and then Easton is right there, his fingers on my face as he wipes them away, his lips on my forehead.

“Hey, I’m sorry.

I didn’t mean it like that.

I was trying to make a joke.” “I-I know.” I lean into him, really crying now.

“It’s okay.” “No, it’s not.

I hurt your feelings and I’m sorry.” He curves his hand around my nape, his fingers sliding into my hair.

“Baby, I’ve got you no matter what that test says.

I will stand by your side and support you through the good times and the bad.” “Are you saying me being pregnant would be b—bad?” I practically wail.

“Well, our timing would suck, but it wouldn't necessarily be...bad.” He pauses.

“We could make the best of it.” “You really think so?” “I know so.” He kisses my forehead again, his lips feather soft.

“Want to go back to my house and take the test?” “Where are your parents?” “They had some company holiday dinner to go to.

They won't be home for hours.” He pulls away slightly so he can smile down at me, his gaze so gentle, a fresh batch of tears start up.

“Let's grab some food to go and we can chill at my house while you—take the tests.” I nod once, exhaling loudly.

“Okay.

That sounds good.” We pull out of the parking lot, spotting Aisha's car as we leave.

She's already in the driver's seat, I see her unmistakable blonde head and I can't help but wonder what she's up to.

Is she actually following Easton around? Or is it all coincidental? Too much of a coincidence if you ask me.

I wouldn't doubt for any instant that she's tracking my boyfriend.

But how?

## **Chapter 145**

Easton

We grab some food to—go at a local Mexican restaurant, and then head back to my house.

The minute we're in the kitchen, I'm pouring Harper a giant glass of water to prepare for her peeing on the stick after dinner.

She's pulling all of the food containers out of the bag, setting them up on the kitchen counter where we're going to sit and eat.

“You bought a lot of food,” she says as she cracks open one container, revealing a pile of tortilla chips and a small container of salsa.

“I’m starving,” I admit as I grab a couple of chips and stuff them in my mouth.

“And I wanted to be prepared since you might be eating for two.” She rolls her eyes and socks me in the arm.

Her gaze goes to the cup of water I set in front of her.

“You expect me to drink all that?” “Probably enough for two tests.” “Yeah.” She swallows hard and pushes the container with her food inside away from her.

“I’m freaking out, Easton.

Our lives could change tonight.” “Or it could be no big deal,” I say with a shrug.

“No matter what, we’ll figure it out.” “You really think we will? Because I’m scared,” she says, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Like—really scared.” I turn to her and pull her off the stool she’s sitting on.

Until she’s standing in between my spread legs and my arms are around her waist.

She wraps her arms loosely around my neck, our gazes never straying.

“I’m scared too.

But you need to know something before we take that damn test, okay?” “What is it?” “I’m in this with you.

For real.” I squeeze her even closer.

“I’m not going anywhere.

I love you, Harper.

And no matter what, we’re going to get through this together.” Her eyes are shiny as she stares down at me and I hope to hell she doesn’t start crying again.

Her tears do me in every single time.

“I love you too.

You say the best things.” “I mean every fucking word I say.” I grip her nape tighter and pull her down so our lips meet for a brief kiss.

“I’m starving.

Let's eat." She laughs as she pulls away from me, settling on the barstool she just vacated.

"How can you eat right now? I'm too nervous." "Oh, I'm nervous," I admit, just before I take a giant bite of my burrito.

Fuck, it's delicious.

"But a man's still gotta eat." Harper shakes her head and pops open the lid of her container, staring at the two tacos she ordered that are nestled inside.

A shiver steals over her and she slams the lid shut.

"I can't.

I'll barf." Not a good sign.

If she's throwing up and tired all the time and horny...

My girl is probably pregnant.

As in, I knocked her up.

I'm responsible for making her that way.

Fuck, her parents are going to be so disappointed in me.

And I can't even think about my parents and how they'll react.

My dad will go on a rampage, telling me how I ruined my life all over a girl.

Well, she's the most important person in my life, so if I'm going down and ruining my life, at least I'm doing it with the girl I love.

"Drink up," I tell her, waving at the glass of water.

"Then, go take the test." She chugs water while I consume my burrito, and I'm glad to see her munch on a few chips.

She's been looking thin lately.

And pale.

I just chalked it up to stress.

But maybe it was something else.

I'm about halfway through my monster burrito when she grabs one of the tests and heads for the guest bathroom that's next to the kitchen.

"I'm going in." "Want me to come with?" I ask, my mouth half full.

"After I pee," she says.

"I'll call for you." Within minutes, she's calling my name and I head for the bathroom, my steps heavy the closer I get to her.

These next few minutes should determine the course of my life.

My heart starts beating wildly in my chest, causing a dull roar in my ears.

Swallowing hard, my mouth is dry, and I sort of feel like I could throw up.

Fuck.

She's at the sink, staring at the test device as it sits on the counter and when she hears me approach, she lifts her head, glancing over her shoulder at me.

"I was going to wait for you, but..." "But what?" I ask, my heart in my throat.

Her smile is a glorious sight to see.

"It's negative." "No way." I stand next to her, staring down at the test, seeing the best word ever appear.

Negative.

"Take the other one," I suggest.

"What if it comes up positive?" "It won't," I say with confidence.

We go back to the kitchen and I finish my burrito while Harper eats one of her tacos.

She seems lighter.

Happier.

So aml.

She guzzles the water and I crack open a beer because, holy fuck, I need it to calm my frazzled nerves.

We're not in the clear yet, but we're close.

Really close.

“Should I really take the other one?” she asks once she’s finished her second taco.

“Yeah.

Definitely,” I say with a nod.

She heads for the bathroom and I check my phone to see I have a text from my best friend.

Ryan: Where are you guys? Me: At my house.

Ryan: Fucker.

You should've invited us.

Harper gave me some bullshit about you guys looking at Christmas lights.

Me: We were going to do that, but we changed our minds.

Ran into Aisha at a Walgreens.

Ryan: Why were you at Walgreens? Damn it.

I don't want to explain myself.

Me: Harper wanted candy.

Ryan: Figures.

Can we come over? Sadie and I are bored.

Now is not the time, but how do I tell that to Ryan? Me: I don't think so.

Harper is stressed out.

Ryan: She was born stressed out.

Me: She's been worse lately.

You've noticed it.

Ryan: You're right.

She has.

Work your magic over her and calm her down.

Maybe we could get together tomorrow.

Me: Maybe.

“Easton!” Harper shrieks from the bathroom.

My phone tumbles from my hands and lands on the floor with a plop, but I don’t even care.

I’m rushing toward the bathroom, stopping in the doorway when I spot Harper standing there, the test clutched in her fingers, her cheeks dripping with tears.

Oh fuck.

“What does it say?” I ask, bracing myself.

She bursts out laughing.

“Negative, motherfucker.

You're not my baby daddy!”