

You're Mine by Penny Brooks

Chapter 146

Harper

I'm light for the rest of the night, like a dark cloud has been lifted and all I can feel is warm sunshine.

Easton warns me at one point that the chance I could still be pregnant is possible but I can't even let that thought enter my brain.

Nope.

I'm not pregnant.

I took two tests proving exactly that.

Feeling impulsive, I attack Easton in the living room, straddling him as he's trying to watch some corny Christmas movie on the Hallmark Channel.

My boyfriend, the secret romantic? Yes, it's possible.

"Babe, come on.

I need to know if this chick is the real daughter of Santa," he says, his hands resting loosely on my hips as he looks around me so he can stare at the TV.

"Forget that chick.

She's not Santa's daughter," I tell him, grabbing him by the shoulders and leaning in so I can give him a long, tongue filled kiss.

We come up for air a few minutes later, his hair a mess thanks to my hands and his fingers cupped firmly around my left tit, his arm tunneled beneath my sweater.

"How do you know?" I roll my eyes.

"I watched the movie with my mom last week." We kiss some more, until I'm basically dry humping him and he's helping me along, his hands firm on my hips as he shifts me back and forth over his erection.

I pull away slightly, my fingers seeking when he tries to wrench away from me.

“What are you doing?” I ask, exasperated.

“I just had a thought.” “What is it?” I lean in to kiss him again but he averts his head.

“You were sick a few weeks ago.

You went on antibiotics,” he says.

“Yeah, so?” “I've heard that can make birth control less effective.” His gaze locks with mine.

“Maybe that’s what happened.

And maybe you’ re actually pregnant.” A sigh leaves me as I crawl off his lap and fall onto the couch, sitting right next to him.

“You're ruining the mood.” “I can't stop thinking that you might be really pregnant.

What if that test is wrong? They're not one hundred percent foolproof, are they? We probably should’ve bought some other ones, just in case,” he says absently, his gaze growing distant, as if he’s lost in thought.

“It claimed to be pretty accurate on the box,” I reassure him, but he’s not having it.

“Nothing is guaranteed, babe.” He sends me a look, like I’m so silly for believing that we're in the clear.

“We won't know anything until you get your period.” Another sigh leaves me and I cross my arms.

“Like I said, you’re ruining the mood.” “And I can’t stop thinking about the possibility of us having a baby.” He shakes his head, his gaze finding mine.

“That's some trippy shit.” “For sure,” I agree, realizing I'm not going to get what I want tonight.

Oh well.

I enjoy spending time with him.

Kissing him.

Watching him get into a silly holiday movie about Santa’s daughter and how she’s helping a small town find the magic of Christmas once again.

It's corny yet Easton is enjoying it.

Maybe he needs the distraction.

It's been a whirlwind of emotions tonight.

I'm exhausted, and I lean my head against his shoulder, silently marveling at how warm and solid he is.

I could sit like this forever if he'd let me.

We're wrapped up in a throw blanket, watching the movie in silence.

Once it's over, Easton kisses my forehead and murmurs, "I should get you home."
"Yeah." I don't want to go though.

He drives me back to my house, my mind full of crazy thoughts.

Like what would happen if I was actually pregnant.

We could move in together.

Easton's family has lots of money and I know he'd take care of me and our baby.

I rest my hand over my stomach at the thought.

Our baby.

So crazy.

When we're finally back at my house he walks me to the front porch, pulling me into his arms and delivering a blistering hot kiss to my lips— The porch light blazes on and the door swings open, the both of us springing away from each other.

It's my dad standing in the doorway, and he looks pleased as hell to catch us.

"Good evening, Easton." My boyfriend nods, looking nervous.

"Good evening, sir." "I heard you went for a drive to check out the Christmas lights."
"Yeah, we did." He sends me a look.

One that says, please go along with my lie.

"The town is lit tonight." My dad laughs.

"Indeed, it is.

Well, time for you to leave.

See you later, Easton.

Drive safe.” “Good night.” Easton’s gaze finds mine once again, and he mouths I love you before he turns away and heads for his car.

“He’s a nice boy, Harper,” Dad says as we enter the house together.

“Once we can get past the tree incident for good, I’m sure everything will be fine.” God, the tree incident.

Will it ever not be mentioned? Knowing Ryan, he’ll bring it up every Christmas from now until we’re dead.

“Good night, Daddy,” I tell my father, dropping a kiss on his cheek before I head upstairs.

I go into the bathroom and use the toilet, shock coursing through me when I see what’s on my underwear.

Blood.

Chapter 147

Easton

There’s only one way I want to spend New Year’s Eve and that’s with my girl, her lips locked on mine at midnight, and zero drama, especially now that I know we’re in the kid—free zone.

Holy fuck, that was close.

Too close.

But the overflowing amount of drama that’s surrounded us lately is why I wasn’t sure that I was going to head to Blake’s New Year’ S party, even though Harper and I had been invited.

Blake still isn’t my favorite person in this world.

Where he travels, Aisha is never far behind, and she’s nothing but trouble.

I just don’t want to deal with their bullshit.

But when I told Ryan that, he lost his shit and said I have no choice, I was going—that we’re all going, him, Sadie, Harper, and me.

So now, I'm driving to Harper's house to pick up the three of them for the party.

Fortunately, they all come out as I pull into the driveway, saving me from having to go inside and see her parents.

Thank fuck.

"Hi," Harper says, leaning across the front seat to kiss me.

The diamond necklace I bought her for Christmas is sitting on her neck and I'm wearing the boxers and button—down she got me.

"Mmm, you taste delicious," she adds.

"I taste like ...

me." "Exactly." I laugh, resting my hand on her thigh as Sadie and Ryan get into the back.

"Are you guys ready for this?" "I don't know," Harper replies, her voice now full of anxiety.

"I know Aisha is going to be there and that doesn't get me excited to go." "But you know I'll cut a bitch if she tries to fuck with you," Sadie chirps in.

"And I love you for that," Harper adds.

"But I'm still ugh about it." "Listen, if there's drama tonight, we're all going down together," Ryan says.

"But there won't be, tonight's going to be fun as hell." I definitely don't have Ryan's positivity when it comes to this party.

Maybe that's because my girl and our relationship have been the center of every controversy that's come through our school lately where Ryan and Sadie seem to slip by unnoticed.

"You know what would make things much better?" I announce.

"A joint." "I've got you," Ryan says, and I instantly smell the smoke as he lights one up.

As he hands it to me, I squeeze the paper between my fingers and take a hit, holding in the smoke until I cough.

"Do we know who's going to be there tonight?" Harper asks.

“Everyone,” Sadie replies.

“I scanned Insta before I came over to your house and saw a ton of stories of all the girls getting ready.” “Great,” Harper says.

“More of an audience.” “Um, no,” Sadie responds.

“The more people there, the more of a distraction it's going to be, so less peeps paying attention to you and Easton.” Harper sighs.

“So, you're saying, WHORE or BIG DICK isn't going to be painted on one of Blake's mirrors? Seems like everywhere I go, I'm hit with those wonderful words.” Fuck me, it's affecting her.

And I can't fucking blame her.

I squeeze her leg as Sadie says, “Harp ...” “And I better be all smiles or WHGOSSIP is going to snap a pic of me in the most unflattering way and air it across every social media site with some headline that makes me want to die.” “Baby,” I whisper, gripping her even tighter.

“I've had it, Easton.” “That's why we're going to have fun tonight.” I glance in the rearview mirror, making sure Ryan and Sadie see me, letting them know we all need to watch out for our girl this evening.

“I think we could all use some, don't you?” “Hell yes,” Sadie sings.

I give Harper the joint, glancing over to see her suck down several hits.

When she passes it to Ryan, I grab her hand.

“You look gorgeous,” I say softly.

“Yeah, yeah.” I release her fingers to trace mine across her collarbone and down her side, feeling the tightness of the dress hug her hips.

“Fuck, with you looking that good, I don't know if we're even going to make it to the party.” “Uh, can you drop us off first? You might be my boy, but she's my sister, let's not forget that,” Ryan says.

Harper laughs and it's a sound and sight I want more of.

I park in a spot about a block from Blake's house and we join hands the moment we're on the sidewalk.

As we walk toward his mansion, I bring her fingers up to my mouth and kiss across her knuckles, keeping an eye on her as we get closer.

“Hey,” I say before I ring his doorbell, waiting for her to look at me.

“Remember ...

fun.” She nods.

“Harper, that’s all we’re going to have tonight.

I promise you.” I know the responsibility I’m taking on as I say those words and what will happen if some shit goes down.

But I need my mystery girl smiling.

I need that more than anything.

I press the bell and Blake opens the door, grinning while he says, “My party people!” He pounds each of our fists.

“Happy you’re finally here.” As I step inside, the music is blasting.

Balloons cover his ceiling, their long, glittery tails giving the room almost a psychedelic effect.

Everyone is holding cups, dancing, laughing.

There’s definitely fun happening here.

He hugs Harper and my entire body stiffens.

I don’t like his hands on her, but I’m not going to make a scene.

I’m not going to start this night off with a confrontation.

I’m going to uphold the promise I made to her.

“Man, I’m glad you came,” Blake says to me when he releases her, leaning in for a man—hug.

“Looks like a good party,” I tell him.

I can feel Sadie and Ryan behind me, Harper’s fingers tapping me as though she’s warning me to be nice.

“Wouldn't be the same without you.” Blake’s hand goes to my shoulder, shaking it.

“Listen, Easton, I want to start over.

I want things to be good between us, like they used to be.” I'm shocked to hear his admission.

Especially now, at the end of a wildly, rocky year, where it feels impossible to just forget everything that’s gone down.

But I know hating one of my best friend’s has been hard and it’s the last thing I've wanted.

And knowing we only have a little time left before we all part ways and go to college—that thought does sting.

I don't know if the trust can be repaired, but maybe it'll return as time goes on.

“I like that idea,” I tell him.

“Excellent.” He puts his arms around Ryan and me and says, “Drinks are in the kitchen, along with a shitload of food.

The hot tub is bubbling outside if you want to use it.

Game room downstairs has everything you want, plus beer pong if you feel like joining the tournament that’s going down in a little while.” He looks at his empty hands.

“I need to go get myself a drink.

Boys” —he then glances at Harper, smiling—“and girls, make yourself at home.” He leaves us and I put my hand on Harper's face, forcing her to gaze up at me.

“See, all good.” I kiss her.

As she pulls away, her eyes tell me how leery she is.

“It's still early ...

just wait.”

Chapter 148

Harper

I didn't want to go to Blake's party, and I tried to come up with every excuse in my head to back out.

I even ran a few of them past Sadie once I found out Easton was dead set on going.

But each excuse I gave to my best friend, she returned with the same reply—that I was going no matter what, and her sassy self didn't want to hear any more about it.

Anxiety ate at me all day.

I could feel it in my hands while I was getting ready, my eye liner a wobbly line, far too thick and beyond repairable.

But after that joint we smoked in the car and the electric blue punch that I've been sipping from Blake's kitchen—that probably has thirty different kinds of alcohol in it, oops, whatever—I hate to admit that I'm actually having fun.

But I really am.

Blake's game room, which is more like an arcade, is where we've spent most of the night.

The boys have been battling out an epic game of beer pong, Sadie and I jumping in to partner with them when we're not lost in our own war of Ms.

Pac—Man or bowling— because, of course Blake has a bowling alley in his basement.

And whenever we run low on drinks, Blake sends one of his servers to refill our glasses.

I've never been to a high school party that has waiters.

Not even Easton hires them for his ragers.

But I'm not surprised that Blake has gone all out, he doesn't do anything half—assed.

Even as he's standing next to Easton, partnering with him on this round of pong, he looks perfect.

His hair is more styled than mine.

His outfit is so put together, I swear he uses a Stylist.

He catches me looking at him and smiles and when he finishes the round with Easton, he comes over to the bowling area where Sadie and I are hanging out.

“Hey,” he says, clinking his glass against mine.

“Having a good time?” He looks up at the TV that’s tracking our score.

“Damn, you’re on fire.

I didn’t realize you were that good at bowling.” “Neither did I,” I admit, laughing, watching Sadie’s ball head straight into the gutter, missing all the pins.

“But this has been a blast.” “A few more of those”—he nods toward my glass—“and I just might be getting a kiss at midnight.” “Blake ...” “I’m kidding, Harper.

We’re friends, that’s all we’ve ever been, and I know that.” “Damn it!” Sadie shouts at her second attempt, which turns out to be a gutter ball, too.

“I hate this game.” “You do know I’ve only ever wanted to protect you, right?” he says when I glance at him again.

“I don’t want anyone hurting you, Harper.

The thought of that makes me fucking crazy.” “Thank you,” I whisper, feeling his words, the impact of each one nestling into my chest.

“I’ve always known you’ve had my back.” That’s mostly true.

Sure, there were times I’ve doubted him, but that’s when I’ve allowed Sadie and Easton and Aisha to creep into my thoughts.

But if I went by my heart and the way it’s felt, I’ve been team Blake all the way.

“Good.” His grin grows.

“I’m glad you feel that way and you know there isn’t anything I wouldn’t do for you.” “What am I doing wrong?” Sadie whines, a quick glance telling me she went for a third try, even though she technically isn’t supposed to.

I giggle at Sadie who’s throwing her hands up in the air, like she’s trying to actually fight the bowling alley.

But when I turn back to Blake, my thoughts become more serious.

“What you can do for me is keep Aisha tamed and make all this drama—the spray painting and the name calling and the WHGOSSIP posts—go away.” When I realize how silly I sound, that Blake doesn’t have control over any of that, and I’m just venting, probably to the wrong person, I add, “I’m sorry.

I know none of this is in your control, but it’s getting to be a lot.” “You don’t deserve it, Harper.

Not a second of it.” “Then why does it keep happening? Who am I hurting so badly that they want to hurt me?” His stare shifts between both my eyes.

“I wish I knew.

I wish I could take it all away and replace it with happiness.” “Me too,” I say so softly.

One of the servers returns with a full glass of punch and a drink for Blake.

Blake grabs them off the tray and hands me mine.

“The good news is, you're here.

You're laughing at Sadie”—he points to her as she attempts a fourth try and fails again, cursing at the lane like it can hear her—“and you're enjoying yourself.

It's the start of a new year and that's hella important.

You can't start it off with a fucking dud of a night.” He's right.

This is probably the last New Year's I'll ever celebrate with all these guys.

Once we go to college, everything is going to change.

When we all return home for the holidays, who knows if we'll all even get together.

We could lose touch.

We could be totally different people then.

“Thanks for having this party,” I say.

“I guess all these final celebrations really matter.

Who knows how many more we're going to have before we all part and go our separate ways.” He clasps my shoulder and shakes it.

“Getting nostalgic, are we?” I laugh.

“It's this wicked punch.

What the hell did you put in it, anyway?” “You don't want to know.

But trust me when I say, go slow, because it's going to sneak up on you and kick your ass.” “I think it already is.” He smiles as he gazes at me.

“I’ve missed you, Harper.

You’ve changed since you and Easton have gotten together.

Not in a bad way, I don’t mean that.

You’re just a different person now.” “How so?” He shrugs.

“I remember that timid, insecure girl who came out into the backyard during her brother’s party, wearing a tiny bikini.

He ordered you inside because he didn’t want any of his friends looking at you and you went back in and changed.

Do you remember that?” That seems like a thousand years ago.

But, of course, I couldn’t forget, that was the first time I kissed Easton.

“What would you tell your brother now, Harper? Would you go back inside and put something else on?” “Fuck no.” “Exactly ...

you’ve changed.” His eyes narrow, like he’s really seeing me.

“But I have to say, the confidence looks really good on you.” “Blake—” I stiffen, my voice cutting off when I feel a set of hands on my shoulders, a place where Blake had just gripped.

But it’s not him, it’s Easton—I can tell by the feel of him, from a breeze of his cologne that hits my face.

His hand falls to my waist, his expression telling me he’s not happy.

“Blake ...” His voice is low, gritty.

“I know you’re not creeping up on Harper behind my back again ...”

Chapter 149

Easton

I swear, every fucking time I turn my back, Blake is there.

He’s like Aisha.

The two of them can sniff out a moment when one of us is alone and vulnerable and they make their move.

But this one I especially didn't like.

I didn't like the way he was looking at her.

I didn't like the way she was gazing back at him.

And I didn't like the way they were standing so close.

There's over twenty people in the game room, why oh fucking why, is he talking one—on—one with my girl? "Easton," Blake starts, "I know Harper is yours and I just want you guys to be happy.

You belong together.

Creeping up on her is not my intention at all.

I told you when you came over tonight that I want to start fresh.

I wasn't kidding.

You think I'd jeopardize that by hitting on her?" He smiles, taking a step back.

"She was just standing there, alone, and I went over to keep her company.

Ask her ..." I look at Harper for confirmation and she's agreeing with him.

"He wasn't hitting on me, Easton.

I promise." I hold her tighter, trying to push every Blake thought out of her head.

Even if he wasn't putting a move on her, she was gazing at him in a way that didn't sit right with me.

"If you're telling the truth," I say to him, "Then, it looks like you're going to live to see another day." He raises his glass.

"You cats have fun, I'm off to see the bikinis in the hot tub." He leaves us alone and Sadie comes over.

"Bowling and me—we've broken up.

Dunzo.

I never want to see an alley or a bowling ball ever again." "That bad?" I ask her.

"I broke three nails and have a score of zero." I glance up at the monitor that shows their score.

"You're on your eighth frame and you haven't hit a single pin?" I laugh.

"You weren't kidding, maybe you should break up." She slaps my arm.

"Asshole." "What did he say this time?" Ryan asks as he joins us.

"The truth," Sadie replies.

"I just didn't want to hear it." "We've conquered beer pong," Ryan says to me.

"What are we going to kill now?" "Not bowling," I joke.

Sadie rolls her eyes.

"How about we just get drunk.

I think we're all really good at that." Harper clinks her glass against Sadie's.

"I'm in." She hiccups, her hand going over her mouth.

"But I might already be halfway there." "Hell yes," I growl, hauling her body against mine.

"Does that mean I can do whatever I want to you tonight?" Her parents think she's staying the night at Sadie's.

Which is true.

But given that Sadie's parents are much more lenient than Harper's and Sadie doesn't have a curfew, who knows what time they'll actually end up going home.

"You mean ...

hook up ...

here?" She giggles.

"All right, this is where I leave the conversation because I've most definitely heard enough." "No," Harper says, grabbing Ryan's arm.

"It's almost midnight.

We all need to be together for the countdown.

Easton isn't dragging me anywhere until that happens." I growl again, squeezing her ass.

But, the truth is, I know she'll want to be close to Sadie when the clock strikes midnight, that's just how those two girls roll.

"We have fifteen minutes," Sadie says, looking at her phone.

"What do you say we grab some drinks and go outside? I think I heard someone say there's going to be fireworks." "Sounds good to me," Harper responds and leaves me to loop an arm through Sadie's.

We follow behind the girls as they make their way to the stairwell, hurrying up to the first floor.

We go through the living room, which is packed with people, and into the kitchen.

I'm pouring myself more vodka and Harper is grabbing some punch when I hear, "Hello, boys." Fucking Aisha.

She's a whitehead that never wants to pop.

We've been lucky as hell to have avoided her so far tonight.

Of course, my luck has run out, and now she's moving in next to me, a smile on her face that makes me fucking itch.

"You had to bring her?" Aisha says, nodding toward Harper.

"Funny," I utter back, "I was thinking the same thing about Blake inviting you." "Aisha," Sadie seethes, "I have zero patience and a lot of alcohol inside me.

I strongly suggest you play nice or you're going to find yourself floating face first in the pool after I drown you." Aisha rolls her eyes.

"Whatever.

I'm just coming over to see if everyone's having a good time tonight." "No, you're coming over here to start shit," Sadie says.

"I'm not going to tolerate it, so turn yourself around and march back to wherever you came from.

Hopefully, it's a cell that comes with a lock." "You're going to let your girlfriend talk to me that way?" Aisha says to Ryan.

Ryan eyes Sadie, like he's about to devour her.

"Hell yes, it turns me the fuck on." "You're all fucking sick and twisted—you deserve each other." She stomps away.

We all laugh.

"That's all it takes to get her to leave us alone?" Harper asks.

"Sadie, you really need to mouth off to her more often." I hand the vodka to Ryan, and he refills his glass.

"Right? That was far too easy," Sadie says, looking at each of our glasses and adds, "We've all got something to drink, good, now let's go outside." When we reach the pool area, Blake has his arm around Aisha, which makes me nauseous, but she's his problem.

As long as she's not bothering us, I don't care what she's doing or who she's snuggling up to.

The four of us move to the other side of the pool where I sit on one of the empty loungers, Harper fitting in between my legs.

Ryan and Sadie sit the same way on the one beside us.

We're just getting settled as the first firework shoots into the air, an explosion of pinks and purples, greens and yellows.

"Wow," Harper sighs, leaning into my chest.

"This is incredible." A second round lights up the sky, this one in different shades of blue and red.

"Our own private fireworks show." I shake my head.

"Damn, Blake's the only motherfucker who can throw a better party than me." "Not true." Harper nuzzles into my neck.

"Your Halloween party was perfect." "It didn't have fireworks." "But it had you," she admits.

"And that's all it needed, in my opinion." I turn her chin to face me, gently kissing her lips.

"I fucking love you." "Ten!" someone yells in the background.

“Nine!” I smile, breathing her in, a rainbow of colors igniting above us.

She replies, “I love you more.” “Five! Four! Three!” Sadie reaches across the small space and links fingers with Harper.

I give Ryan a nod.

“Two!” “Happy New Year, Easton—” Before she even finishes speaking, my hand moves to her cheek, and I smash my lips against hers, kissing her in a way that should settle every question she has about our future.

Because, no matter what, Harper is going to be mine forever ...

Chapter 150

Harper

Mom and Dad think I'm still with Sadie, that we're sleeping off the New Year's Eve party and then going for pizza.

That's the story I told them, anyway.

But the truth is, after sleeping off our hangover, Ryan is leaving Easton's house, where he stayed the night, to come over to Sadie's, and I'm going to Easton's.

And Ryan and I are switching phones in case the parentals decide to check our locations.

I've thought about tasting Easton from the moment I woke up, all while Sadie was cooking us breakfast, the feeling growing even stronger as she drives me to Easton's.

And because the four of us had discussed this idea prior to the party, planning well in advance, I'd had time to buy Easton a little present.

It's wrapped in a box that I carry inside his house, passing Ryan in the hallway on his way to the front door.

“If Mom calls, have Sadie answer or something,” I tell him, handing him my phone in exchange for his.

“She won't call, she'll text.

Her and Dad are probably as hungover as us.

But if she does text, do me a favor and try to sound like me.” I laugh.

“Oh, you mean, like give her a one—word response?” “Whatever, just don't get us caught.” He closes the door behind him, and I find Easton on the couch, a blanket over him, a buffet of fast-food wrappers

on the coffee table.

“Is your head pounding as hard as mine?” I ask, setting the box on the table and crawling up next to him, snuggling under the blanket.

“Everything hurts.” He kisses the top of my head as I rest it on his chest.

“But so worth it.

That was a hell of a party.” I don't want to admit this, but it was so much better than I expected.

In fact, I had a blast.

“What time did we get home?” I ask.

I remember the four of us jumping into an Uber and the boys having the driver drop us off first, but I was far too drunk to see the time.

“I think it was close to four.” “Woof.” “Yeah ...

tell me about it.” He rubs his hand over my back.

“Are you hungry? Ryan and I had all this food delivered and a whole other bag that I stuck in the fridge.” “Sadie made pancakes.

I'm stuffed.” “Pancakes sound pretty good.” “They were chocolate chip and she made hash browns to go with them, mmm.” “You might be making me hungry again.” I glance up, our eyes connecting.

“Hungry for what?” He chuckles.

“I love that you want my cock as much as I want your pussy.” I freeze and try to listen for movement upstairs.

“Your parents aren't here, are they?” “Nah.

We're all alone until tonight.” I wiggle away and lean up, grabbing the box from the table.

“Perfect, then you can open your gift.” I place it on his lap.

“You already got me a Christmas gift.” “This isn’t for Christmas ...” He eyes me, and then he slowly unwraps the paper from the box, tossing it onto the table before he lifts the top to peek inside.

“Do you want to explain this?” he asks, smiling.

“It’s simple really ...” I play with the tassels on the end of the blanket.

“There’s something else I wanted to give you aside from my virginity.” He lifts the present out of the box, the bottle of lube now resting in his palm.

“Your ass?” I nod.

“It’s the only part of me you haven’t had.” “Get over here,” he growls, and I giggle as his hands surround me, lifting me onto his lap where his mouth devours mine.

“Before you get too carried away, let’s go take a shower—I think we could both use one—and then have some fun.” “You want to use the lube now?” I lick across my bottom lip, something that drives him nuts.

“Unless you have a better idea ...” “My hangover is suddenly gone,” he jokes, and he rises from the couch, leading me upstairs to his room, and into his own private bathroom.

He turns on the water and while we wait for it to warm, we strip off our clothes.

When we’re both standing naked in front of each other, he pulls out the tie that’s holding my hair in a ponytail.

“Fuck, I’m the luckiest guy in the world.” His stare is like fire as it moves across my tits and down my stomach to the spot between my legs.

It scorches me in a way where I’m instantly wet.

His words do the same.

Sometimes, so simple, but they hit the hardest.

I can feel them deeper than my chest.

Deeper than my heart.

It’s like they live inside me.

He backs me up into the shower, the heavy, hot stream running over the top of my head, soaking my hair and body.

Easton lathers his hands in soapy bubbles and rubs them across my breasts.

“Mmm,” I moan, my head falling back, the water now beating on my face.

“That feels so good.” He goes lower, covering my stomach and hips, pausing when he reaches my clit.

He circles the top, adding pressure and I can't breathe without a moan coming out of my lips.

“Easton ...” His mouth is on my neck, the whiskers that had grown overnight, tickling my skin.

He feels amazing and I have a hard time staying in the moment and not getting lost in the pleasure.

I reach for the bottle of body wash and squirt some in my hands, running the silky soap over his shoulders and down his chiseled chest, my fingers falling into the grooves of his abs before I fist him.

He's so hard.

He rocks his hips forward the moment I surround him and I pump my fist up and down along his length.

“Fuck yes,” he hisses.

I gasp as his finger enters me, the water only adding to the sensations that are already pulsing, his thumb circling the top of me.

“Oh God.” The combination is making my back arch, it's making my legs numb.

I can feel a build and it's taking over, and I don't know if my feet are going to hold me.

“Easton, yes!” He needs to feel what I'm feeling, so I tighten my grip and stroke him even faster, twisting my wrist as I reach his crown, running my thumb over the center of his tip.

“Harper,” he breathes, taking my bottom lip into his mouth, gnawing his teeth into it.

I'm drowning in Easton and the tingles that are shooting through my lower stomach.

When I know I can't hold on any longer, a blast explodes through me, and I begin to shudder.

He grabs me with his free arm, taking my weight, while grinding out my orgasm with his other hand.

And when I can't focus on anything but the flames that are licking through me, I release his dick, and wrap my arms around his shoulders.

I just need to hold on—to him, to all of this.

I finally start to still and catch my breath, and that's when I hear, "It's time to use my present."