

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

## **#Chapter 161 - Read You're Mine by Penny Brooks**

### **Chapter 161**

#### **Chapter 161**

Chapter 161

Harper

Sadie came over to our house late Sunday afternoon with her laptop, and we went right to work editing the video footage she and Ryan got yesterday at the restaurant.

As we keep pouring over it, trimming it down to the highlights, I realize what they filmed is so damning.

When it gets out that Aisha is WHGOSSIP and she's the one behind all the malicious stories that have spread over the years, she's going to be ruined.

Finished.

Over.

For good.

"I can't wait to see her face at school Monday.

When she realizes she's been exposed and there's nowhere for her to hide," Sadie says as she stares at her laptop screen, her expression downright gleeful.

"It's going to be so good." "How are you even going to spread this around to everyone?"

"I've got a plan."

She is being way too evasive.

"And what exactly is that plan?"

"I'd rather keep you on a need to know basis.

As in if you need to know, I'll tell you."

Sadie cackles.

"You're being ridiculous."

I roll my eyes.

Start giggling.

Immediately stop.

"I feel kind of bad."

"Girl, if you say you feel guilty about exposing Aisha and all of her bullshit, I'm kicking you out of the house." Sadie is dead serious, I can tell.

"But are we being too mean?"

"Nothing is too mean for that snake." A sigh leaves me and I lean back in my chair, already giving up on the editing process.

I grab my phone to check it and see I have a text from my boyfriend.

Easton: Come outside.

"I'll be right back,"

I tell Sadie, who's not even paying attention to me.

Her gaze is still glued to her laptop.

I walk out onto the front porch to find Easton waiting there, a faint smile on his face.

He sweeps me into his arms, holding me close, delivering a soft kiss to my lips.

"What are you doing here?" I ask, breathless.

His hand slides down to my ass, gripping it.

"Been missing my favorite mystery girl, so I thought I'd come see you."

"You just saw me yesterday."

"Yeah, like twenty four hours ago." I roll my eyes.

"I FaceTimed you last night."

"Not good enough."

When we were talking last night, all I could think about was you being in bed with me."

He kisses me again, and I'm done for.

I love it when he says stuff like that and calls me his mystery girl.

Or when he holds me tight, like he never wants to let me go.

He watches me as if I'm the most beautiful thing he's ever seen and he makes me feel beautiful.

Wanted.

Loved.

We went from having an amazing, romantic Valentine's Day together straight into all of this Aisha drama.

I just want some time with my boyfriend.

Looks like he's feeling the same way.

"I've missed you too,"

I whisper against his lips.

His strong arms squeeze me tight, pulling me in closer and I fall into his intoxicating kiss.

His tongue searches my mouth, making me whimper and I break away from his seeking lips, glancing toward the front door of the house.

"My parents are in the kitchen," I murmur.

"So?"

He nuzzles my neck just before he kisses it, his lips hot on my skin.

A shiver steals over me.

"I don't want them to see us like this."

"They have to get used to us being together." I pull away from him, my lips parting and he presses his index finger against them, silencing me.

"And dont you dare bring up the Christmas tree incident again.

They're over it."

"Sort of."

"Uh huh,"

he practically growls before he kisses me again.

I press against his chest, ending the kiss and pulling out of his embrace.

"Sadie is inside." "With Ryan?"

"No, with me.

She's editing the footage they got yesterday.' "And what exactly is she going to do with the footage once it's edited?"

"Somehow put it on blast and share it with everyone."

"Via social media?"

I shrug.

"I don't know if that's as effective as she thinks it'll be."

"Then how is she doing it?"

"Why don't you ask her?"

I grab his hand and drag him into the house, walking past the kitchen where my parents are.

"Easton's here! Say hi!"

"Hi Easton!"

At least her mom is cool with me.

But her dad doesn't say anything at all.

Whatever.

We head up the stairs for Harper's room, running into Ryan in the hallway.

"What are you doing here?"

he asks me.

"Came to see Harper." He smacks my ass, making Ryan scowl.

"Tone it down, bro," he mutters before he runs into my bedroom and basically mauls Sadie where she sits, making her squeal.

"Such a hypocrite." Easton shakes his head as we enter my bedroom.

"Okay guys, I've got it all put together," Sadie announces triumphantly, rising to her feet.

"The video has been uploaded to the cloud.

Want to see it?"

Ryan grabs Sadie around the waist and delivers a noisy kiss to her cheek.

"You know it, babe." She disentangles herself from Ryan's grip and grabs her phone, tapping at the screen a couple of times.

"Okay.

It's sent."

All three of our phones sound with notifications from an unfamiliar number.

Frowning, I open the text to see a message and a video attachment.

Unknown number: Check THIS out.

Glancing up from my screen, I study Sadie, who's watching all of us with an eager expression on her face.

"What did you do?"

"Did you watch it?" I click on the video and it starts playing YouTube.

"What's up with the unknown number?" Ryan asks.

"And who did you send this to?"

Easton adds.

"Everyone."

I frown.

"What do you mean, everyone?"

"Like everyone you know.

Everyone at school.

Including staff." Sadie looks extremely pleased with herself.

"No freaking way,' Easton says, shaking his head, watching the video play out on his phone.

"Damn Sadie, pretty sure you just ruined Aisha for good." Sadie grins.

"Told ya that I would."

## **Chapter 162**

Chapter 162

Easton

"You almost ruined my fucking life, you bitch," Rebecca shouts at Aisha as she's walking down the hall.

"I can't believe you're WHGOSSIP.

who the fuck do you think you are to do this to us?"

"Come on, Rebecca, your little love triangle isn't nearly as bad as the shit Aisha aired about me,' Mickey says, his lip curling as he glares at Aisha.

"I almost got kicked out of school when you posted that pic of me smoking weed in the janitor's closet."

Aisha's face stays almost stoic as Vicky now approaches her, but Aisha can't hide the emotion that's in her eyes, watering to the point where I wonder if she'll actually let a tear fall.

"I'm going to fucking kill you!"

Vicky yells, squaring up in front of Aisha.

"You want to post about me fucking around behind my boyfriend's back, then you come say it to my face." "Hi,"

Harper says as she moves in next to me, dragging my attention away from the fight that's about to erupt.

Damn it, my girl can't look any hotter in that tight shirt and shiny lip gloss.

"Morning, baby."

I lean in to kiss her cheek, but she turns her head in time, giving me her mouth instead.

She's smiling when she pulls away and I know it's not just because of the kiss we just shared, especially when she nods toward Aisha.

"This happens to be one of the best days of my life."

She bites one of the lips I just tasted.

"That bitch is getting everything she deserves."

To be honest, I'm pretty fucking happy too.

I knew Aisha was guilty all along.

Now she's going to get it from every goddamn kid at this school —because that's how many people WHGOSSIP has fucked over in the last four years.

"I'm not gonna lie," I say to Harper.

"I'm pretty fucking happy to be watching this go down as well."

I wrap my arm around her, pulling her closer, knowing we have a few more minutes of this before the bell goes off.

"What did I miss?"

Sadie asks as she joins us, Ryan at her side.

"Has anyone thrown a punch yet?"

"Not yet,"

Harper answers.

"But it looks like Vicky is getting really close.

"Do you remember when WHGOSSIP posted that photo of her kissing that college guy? Vicky hasn't forgotten and it looks like it's about to get ugly."

"Oh my God, I die,"

Sadie replies.

"I wish I had popcorn, that's the only thing that would make this better right now."

Harper reaches into her bag and hands Sadie a granola bar.

"That's the best I've got."

Sadie opens the wrapper and takes a bite.

"It'll do."

Ryan moves next to me and leans into my ear.

"Do you think Blake knew about this?"

I turn toward my best friend.

"You mean that WHGOSSIP is really Aisha?"

Ryan nods and says, "They've been close as hell the whole school year."

How could he not know?"

That's something that's crossed my mind since we found out the truth about Aisha.

Even though Blake and I have made amends, I still don't trust him.

There's something shady as fuck about that guy and it's not just the fact that he keeps trying to get with my girlfriend.

It's something else.

Something I can't put my finger on.

"I don't know,"

I tell Ryan.

"But I'm going to find out."

"How?"

I shrug.

"Ask him."

"You think he'll tell you the truth?"

"Dont know."

I think about it again.

"Doubt it, but it won't hurt to ask him.

Plus, I'll get to see how he responds and maybe I can tell if he's lying."

"You fucking cunt," someone yells, pulling my attention back to the hallway where two other girls have joined Vicky, all of them now pointing their finger at Aisha.

"You stuck your nose in the wrong bitch's business."

I laugh.

"Today is going to be interesting as hell." "If anyone puts their hands on her, they'll get suspended," Harper says.

"Which is so unfortunate because I'd love to see Aisha with a few black eyes and a rearranged nose."

"A nose that was just done last summer,' Sadie says.

"Whaaaaa?"

Harper says.

"Aisha had a nose job?"

"Oh yeah,"

Sadie replies, taking out her phone.

After a few taps and swipes, she shows us the screen where there are side—by— side shots of Aisha.

"Look at that hook.

You can't tell me she hasn't had it fixed—the tip, the width, it's all different now.

"Nope, you're right,' Harper agrees.

"It's definitely been done."

She cups her hands around her mouth and chants, "Knock her out, knock her out."

A few people join in and suddenly everyone starts shouting it, goading Vicky to punch her.

Unfortunately, before Vicky gets in a swing, a teacher rushes into the scene and says, "All right, all right."

She puts one hand on Aisha and the other on Vicky, pushing them apart.

"All of you need to get to class."

When no one moves, she shouts, "Now!"

The crowd slowly begins to thin out.

Harper looks at me.

"Well that sucks." I run my thumb across her gorgeous cheek.

"Don't worry, they'll find her after school."

This isn't even close to being over.' "Then, we need to be in the parking lot after the last bell, because I need to see it all go down."

She smiles and kisses me.

"I'll see you after class."

"Yes, you will." She loops her arm through Sadie's and both girls head in the same direction.

"Aisha isn't going to survive the day,' Ryan says as soon as they're gone.

"You're right about that."

We start heading in the other direction toward our classes.

"Not that I feel bad for that bitch, she's stirred up enough bullshit in my life." "And mine,' Ryan agrees.

"Do you remember when she posted that picture of me passed out on your couch after that rager you threw sophomore year?"

"Dude, you puked all over yourself that night and we hosed you off and it left a mark on your shorts that looked like a piss stain."

"Except the whole fucking school didn't know that part, so they assumed I'd pissed myself." He was so pissed the next morning when the pic aired.

I could never forget that.

"Damn, that was a fun night, though,"

I say.

"For you, asshole."

"And you."

He finally chuckled.

"Truth."

I stop outside my classroom.

"This is me.

I'll see you next period."

"You're still an asshole," he says as I walk inside.

I take my seat next to Blake who's sitting all perky in his chair, like he just got the hottest chick's number.

Except, I'm dating the hottest chick in school and he's got ...

Aisha.

"Man, what do you think of Vicky going after Aisha?"

I ask him.

"That's some shit, huh?"

I didn't see him in the hallway, so I wonder how much he knows about this morning's fight.

He turns to me.

"Don't know.

I wasn't there." "What, you're not having her back today?"

He chuckles, like the question is ridiculous.

"Got to school late and didn't want to get detention since your girl can't get me out of it."

He smiles.

"You know ...

the administrator you used to fuck."

Motherfucker.

"Did you know Aisha was WHGOSSIP?"

His eyes narrow.

"Don't you remember all the posts she shared that were about me?"

His teeth grind together, his jaw flexing.

"I knew nothing.' I remember.

I also remember them not being bad at all.

Nothing like what Ryan, Harper and I have endured.

I'm still not sold that he's telling the truth, so I say, "You're sure you didn't know?"

He tilts his head, like he's the one testing me.

"Positive."

## **Chapter 163**

Chapter 163

Harper

The first few periods of school fly by and I can't stop smiling through each class.

It's like I took bong hits before I walked into the building, that's how big the perma—grin is on my face.

The reason? My enemy is finally getting what she deserves.

Seeing everyone attacking Aisha this morning couldn't make me happier.

Since I started dating Easton, she's wrecked me more times than I can count and she's done the same to so many kids in this school.

Karma has kicked in.

And it will kick in once more when it's my turn to tell her how much I hate her.

The opportunity comes right after lunch.

Easton, Ryan, Sadie and I are getting up from our table, about ten minutes before class starts, and in walks Aisha.

I'm shocked she has the nerve to come in here, knowing she's opening herself up for a verbal lashing.

But when I really think about it, the move completely fits her personality.

Aisha is fearless, that's why she opened the WHGOSSIP account in the first place.

She doesn't care about anyone or what they think of her.

And she probably won't care what I have to say.

Except I'm giving her no choice but to listen.

As she's headed in our direction, I step in front of her, stopping her from passing me.

"My turn."

"For what?" she snarls.

My hands go on my hips, preparing myself for this war.

"To tell you how shitty I think you are.

But first, I want to know why you put a tracker on my boyfriend's car because that's straight up psycho."

She sighs.

"I don't have to answer that."

"Seriously? You're going to go to the extreme of knowing where he's at every second of the day and you're not going to give me your reasoning?" I glare at her.

"That's fucked up on so many levels, I don't even know where to start.

Not to mention, that makes you pathetic and desperate.

Stalking someone else's boyfriend, how low can you go, Aisha?"

"Whatever."

"What about WHGOSSIP. do you have anything to say about that?"

"Does the truth hurt, Harper? Did it hurt when everyone saw it?"

She grins in a way that shows me she feels bad for me.

"Oh, honey, it looks like it does."

I want to laugh. In fact, I do, just to show her how little I care about her.

"You're the most vile person on this planet.

You must feel so bad about yourself, have zero self—respect, that you get off by tearing people down."

My heart is pounding, my hands clenching as adrenaline starts to pump through me.

"What happened to you, Aisha? What made you such a horrible human being?"

She smiles, the evilness shining through her face.

"I want people to realize how much of a whore you are.

Really, it's that simple."

She nods toward Easton.

"Besides, you have something I want.

Haven't I made it clear throughout this whole year that I'm not going to stop until he's mine?"

"Except, I think I've made it clear that you can't have him."

I feel my eyes narrow as I use her words against her.

"What I find so funny is that Easton has told you he wants nothing to do with you, yet your desperate ass keeps trying to win him.

This isn't a game, Aisha, nor is it a contest.

There's nothing to win.

That boy is MINE."

When she attempts to interrupt me, I continue, "If he wanted to be with you, he would be, so when are you going to get it through your thick, annoyingly relentless skull that Easton cannot stand you?"

I take a look around the cafeteria.

The other students are practically applauding.

"In fact, no one can stand you, Aisha."

"Do you think I give a fuck? I'm off to college soon where none of you losers are going to be and everyone is going to love and adore me." Now it's my turn to really laugh, her response the most insane thing ever.

"Love you? And adore you? That's not even possible.

Once they find out who you really are and what you're capable of and all the lies and gossip you're going to spread around campus, they're going to hate you, just like we all do."

I look her up and down, quickly reminded that she's thin, pretty, her clothes are trendy, and she knows how to do makeup—reasons, I'm sure, she's earned herself passes in the past.

Passes that have excused her shitty behavior.

But now that Sadie has aired the truth about Aisha, those passes are long gone.

Everyone can see her for who she really is.

A jealous, insecure bitch.

"Harper, you're wasting your breath."

She rolls her eyes.

"I'm honestly not even listening to a thing you're saying."

"No?"

I cross my arms over my chest.

"Then, at least hear this.

I feel bad that you have zero self—respect and positively no self—worth.

These evil, desperate things you do are only to make yourself feel better.

But nothing works, nothing can bring you up from the bottom because you're scum—like that sticky filth that sticks to the soles of our shoes." A grin spreads across my satisfied face.

"You're going to have a very long, lonely, pathetic life.

Good luck with that."

I turn toward Easton, his expression telling me he couldn't be happier with me.

"Fuck, that was hot," he whispers in my ear.

"Do you have something you want to say to me, too?"

Aisha says.

I turn around again, seeing that Aisha's addressing Sadie.

"My girl, Harper, has the words."

Sadie raises her hands.

"But I have the fists and if you don't get out of here, I'm going to use them to punch that pretty, little nose of yours.

You know, the one you had done last summer and the one that's going to be hella expensive to fix after I break it."

Aisha hides her nose behind her fingers and says, "Fuck you, Sadie."

She looks at our group and adds, "Fuck all of you,"

and then she hurries out of the lunch room.

"Fastest I've ever seen that bitch move,' Sadie says.

"I'm glad you didn't knock her, I couldn't handle you being suspended," I admit to Sadie.

"But, oh my God, you breaking her nose is a sight I NEED to see."

"She may be the techy one—being all sly with that tracker—but I'll kick that bitch's ass," Sadie says.

"I love your feisty side,"

Ryan says, throwing his arm around Sadie's shoulders.

Easton's arm goes around me and he whispers, "What you did back there, how you claimed me as yours"—he stops to shake his head—"damn it, I'm turned the fuck on right now."

## **Chapter 164**

Chapter 164

Easton

Watching my girl come down on Aisha was one of the hottest things I've ever seen.

She didnt raise her voice.

She didnt use her fists.

And even if Aisha claimed she wasn't listening, she was.

Her eyes gave that away, the same way they gave away the hurt she was feeling when my girl was going at her.

I know, because I have the advantage—I know what Aisha looked like when she lost her brother, when the real side of her came out, giving me the ability to see right through her.

She wants everyone to think she's this fearless girl, that nothing affects her.

Just the opposite is true. She feels. She aches. And she's doing both right now.

But, me? I'm feeling none of that—I hope that cunt gets taken down.

What I'm feeling instead is a fucking tingling in my cock, the confidence Harper showed during that confrontation giving me an instant hard—on.

I can't do anything about it while we're in school.

It's too close to graduation, I can't take the risk of getting caught and disciplined.

But the second the last bell rings, I find Harper and drag her out to my Jeep.

"We're going to my place," I say as I open the passenger side door.

She laughs.

"But I'm supposed to be going to Sadie's to study—"

"I'll drop you off there in a little while."

I help her inside and hand her the seatbelt.

"But I'm devouring you first—before you even think of opening a text book."

She chews her bottom lip.

"You won't hear me put up a fight."

"I didn't think so." I shut her door and get into the driver's seat, going at least ten over the speed limit, hauling ass back to my place.

Since my parents won't be home for hours, I lead her into the living room, not wanting to waste the time to go upstairs to my room, and immediately tear off her shirt.

"I love when you don't waste any time," she moans.

"I've been thinking about this since lunch and that was"—I kiss across her bare neck while I reach behind her to unhook her bra—"hours ago." The metal unfastens and I toss the lace, cupping her tits, the heaviness of them filling my hands.

"Easton," she breathes.

I graze across her nipples, pulling them, rubbing the pad of my fingers across them, her breathing increasing with each pass.

"Fuck me, I want you."

Her head leans back and I kiss across her throat and over her collarbone, her tropical smell of her making me fucking throb, the softness of her skin a tease I'll never recover from.

I groan, "You're so fucking gorgeous."

I then move her hands to my belt and say, "Get me naked, so I can fuck you."

A giggle moves through her throat as I'm licking across it, and she starts unbuttoning my pants and lowering the zipper.

I slip off my shoes and step out of my jeans, along with my boxer briefs, quickly yanking off my socks.

Now that I'm naked, I concentrate on removing the rest of her clothes and the second she's bare, I pull her into my arms and wrap her legs around my waist.

"You have me, Easton ...

what are you going to do with me?"

The smile on her lips is so fucking sexy.

But so is the thought that I can do whatever I want to her.

"Taste,"

I answer and I walk her over to the back of the couch, setting her on top of the highest cushion.

Once she's sitting, I kneel down and spread her legs, my tongue going to the place that she loves.

The place I fucking love.

I lick across the very top of her and bury two fingers inside her, my hand moving slowly at first until my skin is coated in her wetness.

"Oh God,"

she cries the harder I flick my tongue across her clit.

Her scent is even stronger down her and it's fucking perfect.

Everything I want.

Everything I've thought about all day.

And even though I'm finally getting the chance to eat her, it's not enough.

I need more.

I flatten my tongue and wiggle it down, swiping the entire length of her, sampling more, swallowing.

"Harper, fuck." Her hand is in my hair, pulling at the strands, her breaths so loud.

"You're going to make me come!"

she screams.

That's when I give her even more pressure, when I twist my wrist, reaching for that deep, sensitive place, that spot that makes her fucking crazy.

"Ahhh!"

I know it's only going to take a few more licks to get her quivering, just a couple more turns of my fingers.

And I'm right.

"Easton!" she shouts at the top of her lungs, her legs closing in on my face, her stomach shuddering.

I don't stop.

I move faster instead, watching the pleasure spread through her, taking in every one of her sounds, feeling the way she's responding to my tongue.

When she finally stills, I slowly make my way up her body, pausing to take each of her nipples into my mouth, giving them quick bites and hard flicks of my tongue.

When I eventually meet her face, she's just finding her breath.

"You are"—she swallows—"beyond amazing at that." "It's because I can't get enough of you."

"I hope that stays true forever." I grab her ass, her legs finding their way around me again.

"Why would that ever change?"

I can tell something is on her mind, but she doesn't say it.

She shrugs instead.

If she doesn't want to tell me what's bothering her, then I'm going to reassure her the best way I know how.

To make her feel how much I love her.

"Kiss me, Harper."

She glances at my mouth.

"But you're covered in me."

She goes to wipe some of the wetness off and I stop her.

"Kiss me."

She finally leans forward, closing the distance between us.

Instead of taking her lips gently, I ravish her, the same way I just did to her pussy.

While my hands hold the back of her head, thumbs pressing against her cheeks, I give her my tongue.

The longer I kiss her, the faster she starts unraveling, her breaths becoming shorter, her pulse increasing, thrumming under my hands.

"Easton ..." It's that sound that tells me she knows.

She feels it.

"I love you,"

I say against those beautiful, plump lips.

"So fucking much."

"And I love you."

She travels down my chest, stopping at each muscle, dipping her fingers into the grooves of my abs until her palm is wrapped around my cock.

I turn her face, kissing across her cheek until I reach her ear.

I take her lobe into my mouth, sucking the end before I whisper, "Do you know what I'm about to do to you?"

Her chest rises and falls so fast as though the anticipation is exploding through her.

"What?"

"I'm going to make you scream again."

## Chapter 165

Chapter 165

Harper

I'm so full of tingles and jitters and this overwhelming pulsing, I can't even imagine feeling this all over again.

But I know Easton.

When he wants something, he doesn't give up.

He doesn't rush.

He doesn't do it half-assed.

And right now, he wants me.

I suck his lip into my mouth, gnawing on the end ... tasting myself.

Something I never thought I'd do, but now I find it so incredibly sexy.

I release him and take in his smoldering glare, remembering the words he said to me moments ago and reply, "Then make me fucking scream."

My response is barely out of my mouth when he picks me up from the top cushions of the couch and carries me over to the living room wall.

The paint and texture are so cold against my bare back, as he positions us, my shoulders rub against the hardness of it.

I hold onto him for dear life, knowing he won't drop me, but still needing the reassurance, especially as his dick enters me.

"Oh God," I moan.

The back of my head hits the wall, not in a way where I scream out in pain, but in a way that makes me want him more.

"Fuck," he hisses.

"You're so tight."

I dig my nails into him as he rears his hips back and plunges fully inside me.

"Easton!" I don't expect it.

Nor do I anticipate the intense rush that follows or the perfect feeling of fullness that comes in or the pressure that adds to this incredible burst of sensations.

"Ahbh," I sigh.

As he holds me against the wall, there's a quick grind of his hips.

That's followed by a hard rock forward where his tiny hairs are rubbing against my clit in a way that starts a whole new feeling inside me.

"Harder," I cry. I need to feel him deeper, I need him to pound me in a punishing way where I'm lost.

And, within a few pumps, that's what he's giving me.

It's a relentless, consuming thrust that I can't get enough of.

He's holding my mouth hostage, his breaths covering me, his eyes meeting mine every few drives of his cock.

"Jesus fuck, Harper.

You're so wet." That's because the build is there.

I feel it moving through me.

I feel it coming on in a way where I can stop it.

I can't pause it.

"Oh God."

I hug him closer to me, urging him, bouncing over him as I try to meet him in the middle.

"I'm going to come." The first wave hits me, coming on so strong, I scream out a moan and then, "Fuck!"

I gasp in some air and continue, "Easton!"

"Fuck, yes,"

he roars against my face.

"I can feel it." My stomach starts to shudder as the ripples move through me, each exhale sending more of the sparks through my body.

"You feel so fucking good," he growls the moment I'm still, but he hasn't stopped moving, and now he's pulling me from the wall.

He brings me over to the dining room, sitting on one of the armless chairs where I'm straddling his lap.

"Now fucking ride me." I'm sensitive.

Everywhere.

Every part of me bursting with electricity.

But the only thing I can think of, the only thing I want is to make Easton feel as good as I do right now.

"Wow," I quiver as I bob over his dick, moving slow, the only speed I can handle at first.

His hand drops down the front of me and finds that place that his hairs had just rubbed, his fingers now circling the top of my clit.

I don't know where the energy comes from, I don't know how this feeling returns so easily, but it's there and it comes with more speed.

I'm rising and falling, twisting my hips, Easton's moans getting louder each time.

And even though I'm in control, he's moving with me, rocking my hips over him, biting me with his grip.

"That's it," he says.

"Fuck yes, just like that." I'm dancing over him, taking in his fullness along with the friction from his fingers, and I'm in that place again.

The one that's causing a build.

"Yes!"

I wrap my arms around him, bending my knees to get more bounce.

"Easton!"

"Fuck me, Harper. Ride my fucking cock."

I suck in that order, holding it inside me as I take off, using a speed that I didn't have before.

But with it comes a fire that's erupting inside me, a heat that's igniting through my body, spreading to each of my limbs, burying in my navel, scorching my clit.

Easton circles his arm around me, squeezing my ass, and he starts to match my movements, rocking, thrusting, shouting, "Milk it, Harper.

Fucking milk it." And that's when I lose myself again.

And when I feel and hear him lose it too.

"Fuck!"

He tightens his grip.

"Harper!"

The rush comes all at once, pounding through me, setting me on this overwhelming path of sensations.

All I can do is hold on and ride it out, exhaling moan after moan.

But Easton's not done.

His drives turn sharp, ending in deep, guttural explosions that tell me he's feeling the exact same as me.

The moment we're both finally still, I press our bodies together and rest my face on his shoulder, filling my lungs with air.

The pain I felt not too long ago is back and it's burning my chest.

"I'm going to miss this." "Miss this? When?" I sigh.

"When we both go to college." He grabs my chin, aiming it up at him.

"Don't say that."

"But how can I not, Easton?"

I take a breath and that hurts too.

"You're the love of my life and soon—so soon—we're going to be leaving." To where, I don't know.

We haven't talked about that.

He could be headed north, I could be going south.

Not seeing each other again until Thanksgiving? Christmas? Oh God, I can't even put my heart there.

"Hey ..."

His hands are cupping my face, his thumb rubbing across my lips.

"I don't want you to worry.No matter what happens, it's going to be all right."

It's not that I don't believe him.

I just don't know how that can be true.

If we're not together ...

nothing is all right.