

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

## **#Chapter 191 - Read You're Mine by Penny Brooks**

### **Chapter 191**

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Chapter 191

Harper

The moment we all climb off the bus, the bright sunlight smacks me right in the face, making me wince, holding up my hand to shield my eyes.

"Oh God." Easton slips on his sunglasses, looking sexy as hell despite having slept on a bus for the last three hours.

Sometimes it's painful how good looking he is.

"Thank God we're home." "Actually, I'm sad we're home.

That went by way too fast,' Sadie says as we start walking across the parking lot toward Easton's Jeep.

"I'd stay five days in Disney if I could.

Hell, I'd live there." "You would." Ryan ruffles her hair, making her duck away from him with a yelp.

"You guys want to come back to my house?"

Easton asks, wrapping his arm around my shoulders as we continue walking toward his car.

"You should come too." "I'm down,' Sadie says as she hooks her arm through Ryan's, briefly leaning her head on his shoulder.

"Mom and Dad knew I was going over to Easton's once we got home, my brother tells me.

"Oh." I pull my phone out, wondering how I should word this.

My parents trust us.

Sort of.

But they wouldn't like it if they knew I was going to Easton's house to sleep.

In his bed.

With him.

Preferably naked.

That would be a hard no from the parents for sure.

"Just tell your mom I'll be there.

She can't say no to that," Sadie suggests.

Huh.

Knowing Mom, she might.

Though lately she's been pretty agreeable, letting me do more things, giving me a little bit of freedom.

Can't hold you back forever, she said at one point.

So true.

I'm leaving in a few months.

About to live on my own in the dorms at UCLA.

I can't freaking wait.

Once I get the okay from Mom, we head for Easton's house, the mood subdued.

More like we're exhausted.

I didn't sleep that well despite using Easton as a pillow.

All I want to do is collapse and go back to sleep for the rest of the day.

"My parents are already at work, so we'll have the place to ourselves," Easton says as he pulls into the driveway of his house.

"Not like we're going to party," Ryan says as we all exit the Jeep.

"I'm way too tired for that shit." "Same," Sadie says.

I nod in agreement, shuffling my way through the garage, trailing after my boyfriend.

"Anyone want a snack? Something to drink?"

Easton asks as we enter the house through the kitchen.

"I just want to lay down." Sadie stretches her arms above her head, yawning loudly.

"Let's chill in the family room.

We can put a movie on and crash out on the couch for a while," Easton tells us.

We follow him into the family room and find a spot on the giant sectional that takes up most of the space.

It's big and comfy and Easton's mom is a big believer in cozy throw blankets, so I snag one off the back of the couch and grab a pillow, lying down facing the TV.

Easton lies next to me and Ryan and Sadie are cuddling on the other side of the couch.

"That was so much fun," I say once I've got myself positioned just right with the blanket tucked up under my chin.

"And I'm so freaking tired" "Me too," Ryan says.

I glance over at him to see he's leaning against the back of the couch, Sadie in his lap and his fingers in her hair.

They look happy together.

Content.

And that warms my heart, I swear.

My brother and my best friend together.

Who knew? "You two make a cute couple." I can't resist telling them that, knowing it'll please Sadie and most likely irritate my brother.

But Ryan doesn't seem irritated at all.

He glances down at Sadie with a soft smile before lifting his head to meet my gaze.

"We do, huh." "Definitely."

"You know, I didn't expect our senior year to end like this, Ryan says.

I frown.

"What do you mean?"

"Me with Sadie.

You with Easton—especially you and Easton." "Watch it," Easton murmurs, his eyes closed.

I elbow him in the ribs, making him grunt.

"He's being nice." "Oh, I'm being so nice," Ryan says, his tone sarcastic.

He starts to laugh.

"But seriously.

I didn't want you anywhere near my friends, Harp." "Why not?" "Because they're jackasses and I didn't believe any of them were worthy of you." Ryan points at my boyfriend.

"Especially that guy." "I proved you wrong," Easton says.

"Yeah you did.

Now I can't imagine you two not together.' Ryan smiles.

"It's been a crazy senior year." "Crazy good," Sadie adds.

"Totally agree." Ryan smiles down at her.

Aww, they're so adorable.

"A couple of weeks ago, I started to panic," I admit, about to share with them something I haven't told anyone.

Not even Easton.

My boyfriend stiffens next to me.

"About what?" "Life in general.

What was going to happen after high school.

How we're technically going to be adults now, and have to fend for ourselves." A shiver moves through me.

"It's kind of scary." "Yeah it is' Sadie chimes in like the good best friend that she is.

"I even believed at one point that I didn't want to graduate.

Couldn't we just stay in high school forever?"

I'm trying to make light of the moment, but I really did think that.

Life is scary.

Going to college is too.

I was afraid to move on.

Move forward.

Not anymore.

"You don't want to stay in high school forever, Easton says, tucking me close to him.

"That sounds like a living nightmare." "Full of nonstop Aisha," Ryan reminds us.

We all start laughing.

That's the last thing any of us wants.

"Are you scared of the future now?" Easton asks, his voice low and just for me.

"Not at all" I whisper, smiling at him.

I know everything is going to be okay as long as I have him by my side.

## **Chapter 192**

Chapter 192

Easton

Me: Just a few more hours and we're graduated, dude, that's fucking crazy.

Harper: Right? These last few weeks have flown by.

It's what I wished for and now it's here and gah! Me: That graduation practice was a total joke today, but are you comfortable with it all, do you know what you're doing?

Harper: Wait, you're asking ME if I know what I'M doing? I'm the one who was paying attention to where we're supposed to line up and all that.

You're the one who was high as hell with my brother, laughing non-stop.

Me: lol truth ...

I'm just always worried about you, baby.

Harper: I love you for that, but I'm all good.

I'll see you there very soon.

I smile at her last message and put my phone down.

Then, I take my black tie out of my closet and wrap it around my neck.

Once the knot is where I want it, I carefully place the graduation gown over me and I put the cap on my head.

I take a final look at myself in the mirror, knowing the minute I get downstairs, my family is going to want pictures.

They're all here—my brothers and their girls, aunts and uncles, everyone coming to the auditorium to watch me walk across the stage.

Being the youngest, I know this is a big deal for my parents, so that's why I don't lose my patience when I join them downstairs and pose in every fucking direction while they snap a million pictures of me.

And since some of my family hasn't seen me since I decided to go to UCLA, I accept the small digs they shoot in my direction for being the rebel of the family and not going to Stanford like the others.

Whatever, I can handle it.

In fact, bring it on.

I don't want to be like my brothers.

I don't want to get into law.

I want to be my own person and go my own direction and kick ass in a way that isn't expected of me.

And by some fucking miracle, the people I was most worried about— Mom and Dad— didn't kill me over my decision.

Sure, they wanted Stanford.

Sure, they're a bit salty about it.

But they accepted UCLA and they're even hooking me up with something huge for my first year there— something I haven't told Harper yet, but I'm going to surprise her with it later.

Damn it, I can't wait to see her face when I tell her the news.

That's what has me smiling as I take some final pictures with my brothers.

Once the photoshoot is over, my parents approach me just as I'm getting ready to leave.

"We're so proud of you, honey," my mother says, kissing my cheek.

"We know you worked so incredibly hard this year and your grades couldn't have made us happier."

This definitely isn't the moment where I bring up Leigh and her help with that.

Nah, that secret is going to my grave.

But I pulled my shit together and I got the grades I needed to and that's all that matters.

"Thanks, Mom—and thanks for being cool with my decision over UCLA' She adjusts my tie as my father says, "Are you sure I can't convince you to go to Stanford?"

He's holding his phone and shakes it in his hand.

"A quick email is all it'll take and I can tell them you've changed your mind and—"

"No, Dad." I know this is the lawyer in him.

He doesn't stop until he wins.

But he's not going to win this and his eyes tell me he's accepting that fact.

"I'm happy with where I'm going." He nods.

"I understand, son.

But I had to try one last time." "I'll see you both at graduation," I tell them, and I say good—bye to the rest of my family and hurry outside to my Jeep.

When I get to the auditorium, minutes before we line up, I find Harper in the crowd.

I've been thinking about when I want to give her this gift and knowing we're not anywhere near each other in line, this feels like the right time.

Her hair is down and curled and her lips are glossy, just like I love.

I'm not sure what she's wearing underneath, but she looks gorgeous in her gown.

"Hi," she whispers, clasping her hands with mine.

"I was hoping you'd come find me before we walk across the stage." She takes a deep breath.

"I'm so nervous." "Nervous? Why, baby?"

She shrugs.

"It's just a huge deal and my family is here and it feels like the whole world is watching and—you know, all the things." I give her a kiss, holding our faces together before I reach into my pocket and pull away.

"Don't worry about it, it's gonna go great."

"I know ...

"I'm just a wreck." "Maybe this'll make you feel better." I place the small box on her palm.

Her eyes widen as she looks at it.

"You got me a gift? But I didn't get you anything and—"

"It's not like that.

Just open it." She lifts the flap of the hack wrapping job I'd done and pulls the rest of the paper off, slowly opening the lid of the box.

I can see confusion on her face as she takes out the key and holds it in her hand.

"My parents rented me an apartment off campus."

I smile.

"That's your key." The confusion is gone and is now replaced with excitement, especially as she throws her arms around my neck.

"Oh my God, Easton.



Your own place.” “Our own place.

Where we won't have to sneak around.

Where we can be as loud as we want.” I hold her tighter.

She releases a quiet moan.

“Oh.

Hell.

Yes.” I laugh.

“I know you're going to be in the dorms, but I want you to stay with me as much as you can.

I want you to think of the apartment as home.” She bites her lip.

“You're my home.” God, I'm in love with her.

There isn't anyone who's more perfect for me.

“And you're mine, Harper.” The moment is interrupted as one of the teachers yells, “Line up, everyone, we're starting.” I slap her ass and say, “Go.

I'll see you after.” She giggles and gives me one last kiss and hurries to the front of the line where her and Ryan have been positioned.

Being farther back, I'm able to watch her enter the front of the stage, waiting by the stairs to be called.

The moment the principal announces Harper Quinn, she climbs up the few steps and walks across the stage.

She hugs the teachers who are standing there before she approaches our principal and accepts her diploma.

For a quick photo—op, she poses in the center of the stage.

A smile covers her beautiful face and there's relief in her eyes.

I see so much love flooding through that girl.

Love that she gives me.

Love that I can't live without.

As she's walking down the steps to find her seat, our eyes lock and I mouth, "I love you, baby." She grins in response.

And it's more than enough.

## **Chapter 193**

Chapter 193

Harper

"How did Ryan score us this bottle?"

I ask Sadie as she fills our glasses again, the bottle now almost gone.

"I promised him a blow job." She laughs.

"And don't worry, I have another bottle in my bag, so we're not even close to running out." I groan as I roll over in my bed, trying not to spill all over my blanket.

"You could have spared me that detail." She rolls onto her back as well, both of us looking up at my ceiling.

"You know, one day you're going to have to get used to talking about this kind of stuff." I shake my head.

"Nope." "Yes." I feel her eyes on me.

"Because if I'm going to hear all the juicy details of you and Easton, especially what's about to go down in his new apartment, then it's only fair you hear about Ryan." I wince at the thought.

"Then, can you change his name? Call him Michael or Greg or something, so I don't have to deal with the visual that makes me want to gag?" "You're ridiculous." "And that's why you love me." There's a few moments of silence while she takes a drink and then sighs.

"You know what I'm not looking forward to?" "What's that?"

Her voice softens, "Missing you." I sit up, resting my back against the wall, draping my legs over hers.

"The thought about kills me." "It's far, Harp."

Like faaaar.” She's talking about the distance between the two schools, something I've looked up more times than I can count.

The miles are drivable, of course, seven hours and change is totally possible, but we won't be in the same town, like we are now.

We won't be minutes away.

We're going to have to rely on Facetime and texts and phone calls.

And the thought of that makes me so sad.

“I know,” I whisper, guzzling down more of my wine, the reality of our situation eating at me.

“And if I'm being honest, I hate it.” “Me too.” “I wish we were all going to the same college.” She leans up on her elbow, resting her face against her palm.

“But you know UCLA was never my thing just like Chico State isn't yours.” “True, but once we leave, it's going to be Thanksgiving until I see you?” She nods.

“Unless I can convince Ryan to do a road trip to visit you guys sooner, which is totally possible, he'll do anything for a blow job.” I cover an ear with my only free hand.

“Different name! Remember?” She laughs.

“I'll work on it—promise.” “Easton's going to have a car too, so maybe we can come visit you.

I know he's going to miss Ryan like crazy, so I doubt it'll take much convincing.” “What about Blake?”

she asks.

“Do you think he's going to be part of the group once he takes off? I know he's leaving soon.” I shrug.

“Don't know.

I do know the guys are going to help him pack up and load his car.

Easton says he has a ton of shit and it's like an all- hands—on—deck kinda thing.

But I hope he stays in touch—at least I want him to, I can't speak for Easton or Ryan.” She grabs the bottle again and adds more to our glasses.

"I feel like I have so much to do to get ready for this move.

So much to pack.

So much to buy.

Bedding, towels, decorations—all the things." "Same." I glance around my room, not wanting to bring anything that's in here because when I return for break, I want my bedroom to look the same as when I left.

"Want to go shopping next week?"

I ask her.

"I still have that four hundred dollars I didn't use for my prom dress and now I have some graduation money that I can spend." "Next week is perfect, but, girl, you know Easton is going to insist on buying it all, his bougie ass is going to want a certain thread count for the sheets and pillows that are a certain percentage of down—"

"oh my God, stop." I laugh.

"He's not that bad." "I'm glad you're sticking up for your future husband, but, hello, we both know he's THAT bad." She takes out her phone and shows me a photo that was taken in his room the night of prom when we were putting the finishing touches on our makeup.

"Do you see what's in the background of this picture?" look closely.

"Decorative towels? A few bottles of body wash?"

"Those, yes, but the man has a freaking bidet in his own private bathroom.

Do you know a single person in this world who has a bidet, never mind having one in all eight bathrooms in their house?" I put my hand over my mouth as I snort.

"I honestly didn't even know what one was until I saw it at his place, and then had to Google it." "Exactly my point." She clinks her glass against mine.

"Bougie." "Okay, maybe you are right." I continue laughing.

"Should we invite the boys on our shopping trip, so they can weigh in on the things that matter, like sheets?"

"Ryan will go because he loves the Chinese food at the mall, but Easton's approval is a must, so yes." "It's a date, then." I glance out the window beside me, remembering all the times I'd watched the boys from up here while they hung out in the backyard.

All the times I'd wished more than anything that Easton would notice me.

And, now, I'm here.

When I glance back at Sadie, the emotion starts to hit.

"I know I've already said this and I probably will a million more times, but I'm going to miss this." I inhale, feeling my chest tighten.

"And I'm really going to miss you." She sets her wine down and gets up to throw her arms around my neck.

"I know, Harp, I know.

I feel the same way." I set my wine down, too, so I can really latch onto her.

"We can't let too much time go by without seeing each other.

Promise?" "Promise." I close my eyes, feeling the first tear drip.

"How am I going to live without you?" "You won't be doing any of that without me.

We're going to talk hourly, we're going to Facetime.

Nothing is going to change aside from you seeing my pretty face in person every day"  
That better be true.

Because even though I'm ready for this next stage, doing it without Sadie hurts.

And the thought of having to hug her good—bye soon makes the tears drip even faster.

## **Chapter 194**

Chapter 194

Easton

"Another beer?"

Blake says, walking into his room with the third six— pack of the afternoon.

He told us he needed help packing up to go to college, that he had a shit—ton of stuff, but I never expected this.

It's like he's moving his whole house.

"Fuck yes,' I answer, holding out my hand.

"Without question," Ryan says.

"Why in the hell didn't you hire a moving company?"

I ask, glancing around the room, seeing all the boxes we've done so far, knowing we have way more to go.

Blake sets the rest of the beers on his desk and starts putting another box together.

"Because I have two best friends who are more than capable of doing it." He laughs and I want to knock his ass out.

We've been here for hours and we'll still be here for a few more.

"After this, I'm not sure you'll be able to call us friends anymore,' Ryan says, wiping the sweat off his brow.

"This is hard ass work." "Tell me about it" I add, lifting a box of books out of his room to bring it into the hallway, swearing it weighs at least a hundred pounds.

I stand in the doorway, taking an inventory of what's left.

"Why do you need all this shit anyway?"

"Because I need it," Blake answers.

"Your bitching isn't going to speed this process up." He walks over to the desk and hands me another beer.

"Drink that and stop crying." I twist off the cap and guzzle it down.

"Thanks ... dick." Ryan holds up a series of pictures from prom that were taken in the photobooth that was rented for the night and he points it toward Blake.

"Things done between you and the freshman?" He finishes with the wardrobe box and moves onto another one.

"Things never started between us.

She was just a date." "Then why didn't you take Aisha if she wasn't anyone special?" I ask.

Blake shrugs, pausing the packing to take a drink.

"I know you guys don't like her and I didn't want to bring her around the group since all everyone would do is fight all night." "Finally, a right decision." He flips me off for my comment.

"I was looking out for you guys." "And I appreciate it," I tell him.

"Harper would have lost her mind.

It was hard enough getting her to recover from the shit that was written on the limo.

You add in Aisha and that would've sent her straight over the fucking edge." "Don't get me started on the whore incident, it makes my fucking blood boil" Ryan says, "Let's talk about something important, like if the freshman put out." "Jesus," I groan and drown myself in beer.

"Well, did she?"

Ryan follows up.

"She's a virgin, Blake replies. "That's certainly never stopped you before," I add. Blake goes back to his closet, taking another armful of clothes to hang those in the new box.

"It did that night. She's the clingy type and I'm leaving for school. I didn't want to get all involved, and then worry she might show up on campus or something." He shakes his head.

"I sure as hell don't need that." "Or the freshman's father coming to hunt your ass down for taking his daughter's virginity after she's butt hurt that you peaced out to San Diego," Ryan says.

"That too," Blake agrees.

I feel a vibration in my pocket and take out my phone, seeing a text from Harper.

Harper: Are you guys going to be there for a while? Should Sadie and I bring you food? I glance up and say, "Anyone hungry? Harper and Sadie are offering to bring some grub." "Fuck yes," Ryan says.

"I want a Big Mac and a large pepperoni pizza." laugh.

"You want both?"

"I'm on my fifth beer and doing manual labor. Don't fight with me. Yes, I want both." I continue to chuckle and look at Blake.

“What about you?” “Pizza is fine.” Me: 2 large pizzas and your brother also wants a Big Mac Harper: We're on it.

Anything else? Me: Just you.

Harper: Silly, you already have me.

Me: Then, go get the food and hurry over here, so I don't have to wait any longer to really have you.

Harper: See ya soon.

"The girls will be here in no time, let's get this shit wrapped up,' I tell them and I drop my empty beer in his trash and go over to his bed.

Since he's not taking any of his furniture, he instructed us not to touch his sheets or pillows.

But since I hide plenty of shit under my bed, shit I don't want out in the open, I figure Blake does too, and he'll need that stuff packed up as well.

I get on my stomach and take a peek underneath, checking out the whole space between his mattress and floor.

There's only one thing under there.

A box.

Not even a big one, it's about the size that would fit a couple pairs of shoes.

I swipe it with my arm, dragging it toward me along the carpet and once I get it out, I notice nothing is written on the lid.

I lift it off, seeing which of the boxes we'll need to dump this stuff into, whether it fits with his school stuff or clothes or personal items—boxes we've already labeled.

But as I look inside, it takes me a minute to realize what I'm staring at.

To process each item.

To slowly put the pieces together in my brain.

And when it all clicks, I practically explode.

There are four cans of spray paint—the same color as the WHORE that was sprayed across Harper's parents' garage and the lockers at school—two of them brand new, the



other two used as bits of the paint are all over the nozzle and have dripped down the sides of the can.

There's also cheerleader paint in there, the same kind that was used on the windows of Sadie and Ryan's car and on the limo and on the fucking mirror at school.

When Ryan and I found cans in the back of his car, he denied doing it.

I fucking dare him to deny it again.

I turn around.

My teeth grind together as I look at Ryan who's busy packing Blake's hat collection.

I then gaze over at Blake who's putting the rest of his clothes into the wardrobe box.

Neither of them notice what I'm doing.

Neither of them know I'm about to lose my fucking shit.

I balance the box on my hand and tilt it forward, so they'll both be able to see what's inside.

"Blake ..."

The sound of my voice causes both of them to turn around.

I look at Ryan first, watching him peer inside the box, the realization finally hitting him.

My eyes shift over to Blake, my throat growling, "Explain what the fuck this is." Panic shoots across his face, his body becoming twitchy, his gaze shifting between Ryan and me.

"Easton—"

"You have about a second to explain yourself before I choke your ass out. And I promise, Blake, you'll never take another fucking breath again."

## **Chapter 195**

Chapter 195

Harper

"I feel like this is enough food to feed our entire senior class,' Sadie snorts as she drives away from McDonald's, our final stop for the boys.

That's after we already picked up the pizzas and added several large fries and a few more burgers to the order, knowing they're probably drunk and most definitely high and will eat more than they've asked for.

"You know our men, they're endless pits of hunger." "Ain't that the truth." She turns at the light, heading for Blake's neighborhood, one that's just as nice as Easton's.

"When does Blake leave again, like a few days, right?" "Girl, he's leaving tomorrow, that's why they need to get it all done today.

Once he's packed, the boys are going to load it all into Blake's car, and we're going to party tonight, and then Blake will take off in the morning." "Damn." She shakes her head.

"This is all happening so fast." "You're telling me," I say as she begins to slow for the stop sign.

I glance at her.

"You know ...

we're next." "Don't go there, we still need to shop and pack and have fun this summer.

We have some time before we take off."

She's right.

We have the whole summer, Blake is just going early to San Diego.

But I'm glad we're not heading to UCLA until freshman orientation, which is in a couple months.

I need more time with Sadie and I need more time with Ryan.

And I need time to unwind from the last few months of school and prepare my brain for all the hard work I have ahead of me.

How I'm going to balance Dean's List—something my scholarship requires me to maintain—with Easton and partying and college fun.

I know I can do it.

It's just going to take a lot of focus when I suddenly have so much freedom.

"You know what's one of the best things about this summer, I say.

She turns onto Blake's street.

"What's that?"

"Mom and Dad have dropped my curfew."

"Whaaaat?" I smile.

"It was a surprise to me, too.

They just told me tonight when you picked me up.

I asked Mom what time I needed to be home and she said she'd spoken with Dad and they decided not to give me a time anymore." "oh my God, the trouble we're about to get in." I grab her arm.

"Let's not, I just got the shackles taken off, I don't want my parents to put them back on.

And they will—like in three seconds." She laughs.

"True." She pulls into Blake's driveway.

"The smell of this food is making me so hungry." "I'm sure they'll share," I say and climb out of the car, balancing the pizzas and McDonald's bags on my palms.

"Here"—she holds out her hands—"give me something, you don't have to carry it all." I shake my head.

"Just get the door, I'm fine." We go up the walkway and up the front steps, knocking on Blake's door.

"Are his parents' home?"

I ask Sadie.

She shrugs.

"No idea.

I don't see their cars, but they have an eight— car garage or something, I doubt they park in the driveway." "Try ringing the bell," I say after another knocking attempt.

She presses the button and we can hear the bell go off inside, the double chimes that echo through the entryway.

When a few minutes goes by, I say, "Where are the boys?" I look toward the driveway where Easton's jeep is parked with Ryan's car and Blake's.

"They have to be here." "I'm sure they are, but the house is so big, they probably can't hear the doorbell." She reaches for the handle, pressing down on the top latch, and the door pops open.

"Do you think it's okay if we just go in?" I've only been to Blake's house a few times, each occasion he answered the door.

I've definitely never just let myself in before.

"I think so, I tell her.

"They know we're coming over, they gave us a food order, so it should be fine." She takes a step inside, looking in both directions before she glances back at me.

"Should we bring the food up to them or leave it down here and we'll eat in the kitchen?"  
"I say bring it upstairs.

If I remember correctly, there's a bar up there where I'm sure they have paper towels and drinks." "Perfect."

She closes the door behind us and takes the McDonald's out of my hands, leading us to the massive staircase that wraps around the entire living room.

When we're past the first few steps, I say, "Maybe they're passed out.

Knowing them, they had a ton to drink." "Oh God, I didn't even think of that."

We hurry up the rest of the staircase and down the long, windy hallway toward Blake's wing, where he has his own sitting area and bathroom, he even has a massive balcony that overlooks the pool.

We're rounding the corner toward his sitting room and that's when we hear the screaming.

"I'M GOING TO FUCKING MURDER YOU." I freeze from the sound of it, the voice so loud and angry and gritty, I can't tell which of the boys it's coming from.

"What the fuck?"

Sadie whispers next to me, her eyes wide.

I take a deep breath and swallow.

"I don't know..." "Easton!"

I hear Blake shout.

"I'm fucking sorry!" "Oh God," I groan as I realize what we're hearing.

"They're fighting, this is going to get ugly." I place the pizza on the couch, Sadie drops the McDonald's next to it, and we run to the back where Blake's room is located.

We get to the doorway and I see Blake on the floor, Easton's hands are around his neck, and Ryan is holding Blake's legs, stopping him from kicking or moving.

"I don't give a fuck if you're sorry; Easton yells, rearing his arm back, his fingers clenched in a fist, like he's seconds away from punching Blake.

"Easton!"

I shout.

When he doesn't look up or acknowledge me, I scream, "Easton," again.

It finally registers and he glances up at me.

His jaw is clenched, his eyes are filled with anger.

I've seen him mad.

But I've never seen him like this.

"What are you doing?" I gasp.

"What's going on?" "Harper, he growls, "get out of here." I don't understand.

I don't know why he's asking me that.

"Easton, no—"

"Harper, he says again, cutting me off, "get the fuck out of here, I don't want you to see this." I don't know why, but my eyes suddenly fill with tears."See what?" "See me kill Blake."