

# You're Mine by Penny Brooks

## Chapter 196

Chapter 196

Easton

"I'm not going anywhere, Easton," Harper says in tears.

"Tell me what's going on right now." I look down at Blake, disgust pouring through my body.

The urge is so strong to demolish his face that I have to look away before I do it.

"Do you see that box on the ground?" I nod with my head since I'm now holding Blake with both hands.

"Look inside it." Harper and Sadie leave the doorway to come closer, both girls peering inside the box.

"Spray paint?"

Sadie says in shock.

Harper wipes the tears that are dripping down her cheeks.

"And cheerleader paint." She then looks at Blake and it's that moment that I finally see the guilt in his eyes.

The realization of how fucking badly he hurt my girl.

"It was ... you?" She's not accusing him.

Because she still doesn't believe it.

She's asking him.

I dare this motherfucker to lie to her.

I dare him to make up some bullshit excuses, like he did when we found the spray paint in his car.

"Harper..." he starts, his voice then fading out.

"No."

She shakes her head.

"It can't be you.

It was Aisha, she's the one who hates me, she's the one who wants to take me down."  
She wraps her arms around her stomach.

"You're my friend, Blake ... you've been there for me. You've picked me up when I was falling apart." She swallows, the tears coming down even faster.

"You wouldn't do this to me.

Blake is breathing so hard, but he's silent, saying absolutely nothing as he stares at her.

"Tell her, I growl, squeezing his neck even harder.

"Tell her the fucking truth." It takes several seconds before he responds.

But when the motherfucker finally opens his mouth, the only thing that comes out is, "I'm sorry.

I'm so fucking sorry, Harper." "No!"

Harper shouts, her hands going to her face, and then into her hair.

"No!" She collapses on top of his bed, leaning between her legs, her cries filling the air.

"I can't believe you would do this to me." Sadie is next to her, comforting her.

"I've trusted you, she wails.

"I've always stood up for you." When she finally looks up, rivers of tears are streaming down her cheeks.

"Why? Why would you hurt me that way?" "Fuck," Blake replies and turns his head away from Harper.

His response only fuels my anger.

I know if I don't stand up and walk away, I'm going to hurt him to the point where he's not even able to respond.

"You piece of shit" I roar and I get to my feet, clenching my fists together, pacing his large bedroom.

"What the fuck are we going to do with him?"

I ask Ryan.

"We trusted this motherfucker and all he's done is lie and betray us." "IL can't believe it wasn't Aisha,' I hear Harper sob in the background.

"I can't believe Blake would do this to me." "You know what's so fucking funny?"

Ryan says, releasing Blake's feet to stand over him.

"When you were wasted at the party, the one where you were kissing my girl, you apologized to us.

It happened after all the Sadie shit was worked out, after I somewhat forgave you.

When Easton asked you what you were apologizing for, you didn't answer.

It was for this, wasn't it?" Ryan looks like he's about to explode.

"The alcohol hit you and you were feeling like a fucking asshole for doing this to my sister and making out with my fucking girlfriend— something I no longer think was a mistake—and the guilt was too much for you to bear." I remember that.

I remember wondering what the fuck Blake was saying sorry for.

And now it all makes sense.

"Ryan, I'm going to fucking kill him." I go to take a step toward Blake and my best friend moves in front of me.

"Easton ... you'll go to fucking jail," Ryan says.

"That's what will happen if you put a hand on him.

He'll tell his Mommy and Daddy and your ass will be behind bars." "My father is the best lawyer in the state—"

"Easton, Ryan is right," Sadie says, cutting me off.

"It doesn't matter how good your dad is, Blake's parents won't stop until you're punished." I look at her, the way she's rubbing circles over Harper's back, and then at Ryan.

"So, you're telling me to just stand here and do nothing?" My fingers clench again.

"Fuck that." I storm out of the room and move into the hallway, the smell of the pizza and McDonald's filling my nose as I hurry down the long, narrow path that will eventually lead to the staircase.

Before I get there, there's a piece of art on the far wall of the sitting room that hangs above the TV.

I grab it off the wall, lift my leg, and fucking bash the canvas across my knee, splitting it in two.

When I have both pieces in my hands, I throw them.

And then I take the lamp that's on the table and I throw that, too, hearing the glass shatter as it crashes.

How dare he do this to us.

How dare he do this to Harper.

Ryan is one of his best friends, doesn't he realize he's hurting him, too? Harper has done nothing to hurt him.

She's stood up for him.

She's supported him.

And this is what she gets in return? Getting her reputation blasted? Getting accused of being a slut and a whore—accusations that are so far from the truth.

Getting her prom night almost fucking ruined because she couldn't shake the WHORE from her head? She's shed so many fucking tears over this, she's had so many sleepless nights.

All because of him.

Another fucker we kept close, a motherfucker we didn't push away because for some reason we trusted him.

I should have listened to my gut.

I should have forced Ryan to push him out of our circle the second we found that shit in the back of his car.

I should have done more digging and maybe I could have prevented this.

This is my fault.

And somehow, I have to fix this.

I go back into Blake's room.

Harper and Sadie haven't moved.

Ryan is glaring down at Blake, his teeth grinding together, his fingers in fists.

Blake is now sitting on the floor, knees bent, looking guilty as hell.

I stand in the doorway, not daring to get any closer, and I look that motherfucker in the eyes.

"I don't care if I go to jail. I don't care if you never leave this room again—I don't fucking care if you even live to see another day. The only thing I care about is the answer to this question." I take a breath, trying to stop myself from charging forward and strangling him.

"I need to know why. Why the fuck you did this to my girl."

## Chapter 197

Chapter 197 Harper I'm breathless, both dreading and needing to hear Blake's response to Easton's question. What is he going to say? How is this asshole going to redeem himself? He cant. Not with me. And not with my boyfriend either. Or my best friend. Or my twin brother. Blake is done. The tears still stream down my face and Sadie's got her arm around my shoulders, comforting me. The silence in the room is deafening and it's just... can't take it anymore. "Why?" | whisper, the sound ragged. Blake remains quiet, the asshole. Trying to buy time? He visibly shakes as he runs his hands through his hair and his gaze finally meets mine, his eyes, his expression is just—blank. Like he doesn't know what to say. "Tell me!" | scream. "Tell her, fuck face," Easton demands, his voice low. Deadly. "| wanted..." Blake's gaze is pleading when it meets mine. "I wanted you. And | knew I couldn't get you, especially once Easton finally noticed you. You've always had a thing for him, and just when | thought I might have a chance with you, he kept treating you like garbage, yet you still wanted him. It made no fucking sense. He doesn't deserve you!" | flinch, hating how he makes me feel like I'm at fault for having a crush

on Easton. How was | supposed to know Blake was interested in me? He never gave me a single clue that he was. | was the quiet girl. The one no one noticed. The invisible twin. "It was stupid, my idea," Blake continues, shaking his head. "I felt desperate. And | thought that just maybe | could scare you a little and be the big hero running to rescue the girl." "That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard." Sadie's voice is full of disgust.

| briefly squeeze my eyes shut, like | can't stand to look at Blake—which | can't. "Why not just try the normal way and ask me out?" "Him." That's all Blake says. "I knew

before even he did, that he was obsessed with you. Even if Easton wouldn't admit it to himself, | saw it. The way he looked at you, how he couldn't keep his eyes off you. There was something between the two of you and I couldn't stand it. So | panicked. Fuck, it's our senior year and | wanted a chance. | just... don't know." A sigh leaves me and | hang my head, frustrated. His explanation isn't good enough. What he did to me is beyond cruel. It's unforgivable. And Blake needs to realize that. I'm not the weak, quiet girl | was at the beginning of the school year. I'm stronger. More confident. I'm not going to let this guy break me. No way. Sadie removes her arm from my shoulders when | stand up straighter, and | glare at Blake before my gaze shifts to the box full of incriminating evidence. "Did it really have to go this far?"

"No. | got in too deep, and | couldn't stop." Blake visibly swallows. "And | swear it was never supposed to be like this. | thought—| could be your hero, you know? And then you'd finally see me." "All | see..." | walk over to the box of spray paint and give it a fierce kick. "Is a weak ass bitch who never once explained his feelings to me, or even tried, before asking the wicked witch of the west to help you." And that's the most unforgivable part of all. "She had uh...experience." Say what? That's his excuse? Oh hell no. | lunge for Blake and Easton grabs my arms, but | immediately jerk out of his hold. "Let me take care of this." | love that my boyfriend wants to defend me, but | don't need him to run to my rescue every single time. Despite what he thinks, or Blake, for that matter. | can handle things on my own. "So." | start to pace, going over everything that happened this year in my mind. "It was you and Aisha this entire time? Who started it? Or does it even fucking matter? You're both guilty as hell, but it's worse, knowing it was you. You betrayed me, Blake. | was scared. You made me cry. You tried to ruin my senior year while pretending to be my friend. And | defended you! When Easton would say he thought you were being shady, | always said, 'not Blake. Never Blake'. | feel like an idiot!" He closes his eyes like he can't even look at me. "You're right. It was both of us. | just thought—" "—Oh, you thought?" | make air quotes with my fingers, not bothering to hold back. "This is so cruel, so messed up, you have to see that, right?"

"Yeah." His voice is low. "| know that now. | mean, | knew that then, | just... maybe | wanted what I could never have." Blake turns his attention to my boyfriend. "In a way, it felt like you stole her from me." Easton takes a step toward Blake, his expression murderous, his hands clenched into fists, but Ryan grabs his arm, stopping him. "He's not worth it" my brother murmurs and Easton nods once, his attention solely for Blake. "The difference between you and me, is that | actually love Harper. | love her with my entire fucking soul. | would die for her—would you? | doubt it. And even if | mess things up—and | probably will—| hope to God I know how to repent on my fucking knees and tell her how amazing she is and beg for her forgiveness. | would never try to make her feel small in order to manipulate her into being with me. Ever." Blake's eyes squeeze shut, his humiliation clear. All | can do is stare at Easton, my heart thumping so hard | swear everyone in the room can hear it. His gaze meets mine, all of that sincerity and his love for me swirling in the blue depths and without thought, | go to him, not caring that everyone—specifically Blake—is watching us. He's mine. And I'm his. Easton grips the back of my head, kissing me hard on the mouth and then my forehead and | lean into him, sighing against his shoulder. This is how it should be. Having each other's

backs, not trying to tear each other down. Why couldn't Blake realize this? Why did he have to take it so far? He ruined a friendship between all of us. It's over. Finished.

Completely ignoring Blake, the four of us send each other a look before we leave his house, Sadie and Ryan making sure they grab all the food. Blake doesn't try and even stop us. Doesn't say a damn word to any of us, and once we're outside, it's as if we're all taking a deep, cleansing breath. The weight of the mystery is completely gone, and while I'm disappointed in finding out it was Blake of all people, I'm not surprised at all that Aisha was involved. Of course she was. "If I could, I'd go kick that skank's ass right now," Sadie mutters. A giggle escapes me, even after everything we've just been through. "I wouldn't stop you." "I would." Ryan wraps Sadie up in a big hug, and while it seems like he's being affectionate, I also wouldn't doubt he's trying to restrain her from making good on her threat. "We need to forget about them. Forget all of this ever happened" "I agree," Easton says as he pulls me into his arms. I cling to him, breathing in his familiar, delicious scent, absorbing all of his warmth and strength. This boy... I love him. So much. I trust him. He's got my back, and I've got his. He's promising me forever without using words just by holding me and I close my eyes, safe and secure in his arms. Even outside of Blake's house. It doesn't matter. I know, and Easton knows too. I'm his. And he's mine.

## Chapter 198

Chapter 198 Easton "I'll can't believe we're done!" Harper spreads herself across me on the bed as we sit at my parents' lake house completely alone except for the fandom screams coming from Ryan and Sadie. "Should we go out there?" I ask. "She did just threaten his life." "I'll threaten yours if you don't kiss me." "Oh yeah?" My eyebrow arches as I hold her hard against me. "Weren't we supposed to just come in here real quick to change for the hot tub?" I snap her white bikini and grin up at her. "Or am I wrong?" She rubs against me. "Mmmm, yes to changing, but I got comfy, so..." I look down at the scrap of material barely covering her body. "That's comfy?" "Yes." She winks. "What, you don't like it? I thought you loved me in bikinis? Isn't that how you found your mystery girl?" "Correction..." I flip her onto her back. "I found you post bikini, and had I known this was my future, I would have stripped you bare and carried you over my shoulder, I may have locked you in my room, possibly would have gone to prison after Ryan kicked my ass or attempted to. We both know his right hook is weak as fuck." She nods like she does know. Damn, I love her. "And yeah, our story would have ended differently." "True." She wraps her arms around my neck. "But I like our ending." "Oh yeah?" I ask. "Why?" "It's messy." She shrugs. "But messy makes us stronger right?"

"Right." I rasp, leaning down for a kiss. She hooks her heels behind me. A fist bangs against our bedroom door. "You better not be having sex." "Okay Dad!" I yell back.

"Oh God, Easton, right there, right there, oh, oh," Harper starts screaming like a porn star, and instead of laughing, I'm so turned on I swear my dick turns to stone as I watch. "Son of a bitch, Easton!" Ryan roars. "I'll kill you!" "IT'S NOT LIKE YOU DIDN'T KNOW!"

| yell back, angry that he's ruining this super fucking sexy moment of Harper fake orgasming beneath me—fuck he's such a cock block sometimes! “Ohhhhhbhhh.” Harper reaches down and slides her hand beneath her tiny little bikini bottoms. | watch like it's free porn. | can barely breathe. When the fuck can | marry this girl? | mean, seriously. I'm afraid to move as she hooks her hands inside the bottoms. | can tell when her fingers start to move because her hips buck. Is this really happening? “You guys suck!” Ryan yells. “Sucking,” | repeat in a daze. “Yes, great idea, all the sucking.” “All of it,” Harper pants. | grab her hand and jerk it from underneath her bottoms, then suck on her two fingers tasting her there and wishing that | could sit here, the rest of my life and just watch her pleasure herself over and over again. I'd be okay with that sort of torture, that sort of hell. “My turn,” | growl.

“Hurry.” Her cheeks are pink. | tug down her bottoms, then reach for my shorts and do the same. My dick is already so hard it's painful as | thrust into her, quickly, efficiently, damn we have it down to a perfect science, though I'd like to think of it as art as | pump into her. We both know, without even saying it, that Ryan's probably grumpy and wants everyone to hang out since it's our last night before everyone starts to buckle down and worry about getting ready for college, but all I'm worried about is making my girl feel everything. And all she's worried about, it seems, is to scream so loud she traumatizes her brother and best friend for life. Can't say I'm not on board for that. Her body is so tight, so hot and wet, I can't breathe. | kiss her hard, devouring any confession she may still have left on her lips as our bodies move in sync. It's so perfect. Us. The lake house. Everything. She smiles against my mouth, and | feel her let go. It's beautiful, knowing that I'm the one that causes her release, that she's so free with me and always can be, that she's mine and that | can be myself, finally. Fuck | was such a pussy about relationships earlier this year, and now | can't imagine anything else or anything better than this. I'm ready to handcuff the poor girl to me. She'd probably say yes only because of the kink. We both find release.

It's perfection. And when we finally make it out to the hot tub, both of us completely sated it's to find a pair of swim shorts, an empty bottle of champagne, along with an empty hot tub. “Where the hell are they?” | ask. “DON'T LOOK OVER HERE!” Ryan yells. And, of course, we do exactly that. He's standing behind the tree to the right, completely naked and Sadie has a switch from one of the same trees in her hand. She's still in her suit as she hits him again. “That feel good, baby?” “Yes!” he yells. “No!” And then. “LOOK AWAY!” “I will never recover from this,” Harper says under her breath. “And yet I can't look away at all; his ass is so white I'm blinded.” “Ewww.” Harper turns to me and then slowly gets into the hot tub. “Pretty sure we can tune them out with all my moans and screams.” “Oh, it's like that, huh?” | get in after her. “Yup.” She peels off her top and tosses it to the ground. “If we can't look, neither can they.” I'm ready again. “Look away, Ryan,” | say. He's clearly busy at this point. | see Sadie grab his hand. They run into the house probably to finish what they started leaving Harper and me alone in the hot tub. “So.” The water laps at her breasts as she swims toward me. “What should we do?” “Stargaze.” | pull it out of my ass. “Respect one another...have a nice chill dinner where we talk about our hopes and dreams and—” She pinches my dick with her fingers.



"Son of a—" | jerk away. "—Or we can just love each other, fuck on occasion, and | can feed you when you get hungry. After all, my mystery girl needs to eat to keep up her energy." "True." She floats toward me then sits on my lap. My cock brushes against her ass; I can barely hold my groan in. "And in the meantime..." She reaches behind and squeezes. | curse. And then she's holding her breath, and her mouth is sucking me under the water. | forget all other thoughts. And look up at the stars and smile. Okay, so maybe I'll stargaze and find a lucky star to thank for the girl of my dreams. My mystery girl. Harper.

## Chapter 199

Chapter 199 Easton "Hey there." A random girl tries to touch my arm, | recoil and shake my head as if to say, not in this lifetime, but I'm saved by my girl as she slides up next to me and glares. The girl walks off, nearly falling in her flip—flops and impaling herself on a bike rack in all her haste to get away. "Damn, you didn't even have to say anything." | hold Harper close. "I've developed a really good resting bitch face since dating you." Harper looks ready to pat herself on the back. "Anyway, how was orientation?" She's wearing the cutest little jean shorts and crop top showing off her curvy body, and damn, I'm not normally a fan of cowboy boots, but | literally see her in nothing else but them and want to slam her against the nearest building and peel her clothes from her body. "Hey." She snaps her fingers. "Eyes up here!" "Hmm?" | blink. "What?" "Men,' she mutters. "Yes, I'm in boots. Yes, my shorts are short." She turns around, showing near ass cheek. "Yes, you can fuck me later but right now, tell me about orientation!" She stomps one of the boots, endearing her to me even more as I smirk at her little scowl. "Okay, okay, it was intense, but I'm really excited about being here. | think I'll be challenged, and so far, the professors seem really cool."

"Good." She grabs my hand. | squeeze hers back as we start walking down the sidewalk. College so was not what | thought it would be. So far, freshman

orientation takes up all of our time—we're in different majors, so we still see each other every day, but it's an adjustment after basically living together all summer. Her parents would be dumb—dumbs if they didn't know that we were in the same room whenever we were at the lake house. Add that into the fact that her mom and dad went on their very first overseas trip since their honeymoon for a month, and yeah, it's not like Harper stayed at her house the entire time. Between my house and hers, it was basically like an intro into adulthood and possibly living together, so when it came time to figure stuff out for college, | just said fuck it and asked her to live with me. Her parents, | think, were so thankful they didn't have to pay for her housing that they were at least a bit okay with it. | may have lied a bit and said she'd be in the other room and that we'd be sharing with one other person who I've yet to actually meet, but | figured worst—case scenario, we'd find some sad freshman who needed to catch a break, let them live with us, and all would work out. | kissed the back of her hand. "Should we go make dinner?" "Lwas thinking Italian." "Nice choice." | stopped walking. "Shit, | need to go get groceries. Damn, | keep forgetting they don't magically appear in our fridge." "No, the grocery fairy, aka your mom, does not, in fact, live in our fridge." Harper laughs. "But | did actually

stop off and grab some stuff just in case you wanted to stay in tonight. One of the only Italian dishes | know involves noodles, sauce, and a whole bunch of..." She laughs. "Meat." "Oh, does it?" Fuck how am | already turned on over food? "That's... wonderful."

"Yup." She looks ready to skip in front of me. She tugs my hand harder. "And for dessert, | bought whipped cream..." "Where do we put that?" | ask dumbly. She throws her head back and laughs, then sobers and says, "Wherever you want." | groan. "How am | so turned on right now?" "When are you not?" she asks. "And we're only a few minutes away from the apartment." "Mmm." | nod in agreement, staring at her boots again. "You should cook in just those." "And you'll do what? Watch?" "Supervise, duh." | shrug and spin her around. "I'll make sure you're doing a good job, and every time you drop something, I'll slap your ass, think of it as both reward and punishment." | pull her against me and kiss her nose. "Tell me you're wet for me right now just thinking about a wooden spoon coming down on your ass." She wiggles against me, her cheeks going red. "People are staring." | laugh. "Let them stare. Let them be jealous." "Jealous, huh?" She teases. "Of how horny we are for each other?" "That..." | pull her tighter. "And how much we love each other, how much it shows, and how fucking thankful | am that | stumbled across a mystery girl and decided to make her mine." "Just took you a hot minute." She pats my head. "Didn't it?" | should have known; | whisper. "| would know you anywhere now." "Even in the dark?" "Yup!" "You sure?"

| prove it hours later when we decide to reenact the whole moment—| mean, of course, it's our small kitchen, so | know she's there, but as | see her silhouette, | think to myself how fucking grateful | am that she's here with me and how awesome it is that she's not just my other half but my best friend. Most guys don't get this lucky. Then again, most guys aren't dating Harper Quinn. "Love you," | whisper hours later when we're in bed, and she's naked across me. "Love you too," she answers back with a yawn. "Love you so much."

## Chapter 200

Chapter 200 Easton "I'll want to tell you a story," | start, a smile moving over my face as all the memories come back to me. There are so many of them. Years worth. Fifteen to be exact. "It all started with a party, a bathroom, and a power outage." | shake my head, laughing. "I'll spare you those details, but what resulted from that party was the most epic of love stories. One that had so many highs and lows. One that was as rocky as it was beautiful. We were so young and total opposites, but somehow she was made for me." Completely made for me. "She was the most beautiful girl at school, but | was too caught up in a life | won't go into to even notice her. | never knew what love was, until | was with her. Love that is all consuming, that takes your breath away. Love that makes you miss the person even when you are away from them for only a few minutes. Love that makes you know you would do anything in the world for that person. That is what it felt like, being in love with her. My voice drifts and I think of our life together. How we started, and what we've built. How we've come so far, and what we've accomplished. "UCLA was never the school of my dreams, | just knew there was no way | wanted to go to Stanford and be without her ..." | sigh, recalling the disappointment from my parents

— | was a third generation legacy, my path had been mapped out for me from the moment the doctor told them, “It’s a boy!” and diverting from their path

was not what they expected. “I loved her, and it didn’t matter if | would disappoint my parents. | had to follow my heart, so | went with her to Los Angeles for college.” A smile crosses my face. Those moments feel like yesterday, yet they also feel like a lifetime ago. I rock my body, back and forth, like music is playing in the room, but it’s just silence and my voice—and my memories. “We moved in together freshman year and that’s where we lived until we

graduated, and now there’s a finance diploma hanging on the wall, and a degree in social work for her.” | move over to the window, taking in the view from the second story of our house. “My graduation present to her was a condo downtown—thanks to my hefty trust fund—and a two week vacation in Europe. She said it was too much …” | shake my head. “But it wasn’t enough. Not for her, not for my girl—she deserved the world and | planned to give it to her.” | bend my knees and straighten them, adding in that movement to combine with the arm swinging. “That’s where it all started, in that condo downtown—the start of her career and the beginning of mine. The true foundation of our life together and what we have now.’ | close my eyes for a moment, recalling the basic dinners we tried cooking—and burning—together and the long walks we took after we got off work. When we were tired yet full of excitement and dreams. So many dreams. The weekends off when we would escape to the lake house or stay in the city, finding new brunch spots to test out, determined to locate the best mimosa in town. So young, so in love.

| move over to the rocking chair, carefully taking a seat, keeping up the swinging, which is now guided by the chair. The swish of air as the chair moves adds to the calming mood permeating the room. “And then came the moment when it was time to propose. I knew she wouldn’t want a diamond the width of her finger. That’s not her style, money and glam isn’t something she was ever after. | worked with our family jeweler and designed something that was made for her. Humble. Exquisite. Breathtakingly beautiful. | took her to the lake house, a place that holds so many memories for us, and | asked her to marry me. Under the blanket of stars and with a gentle breeze blowing, she said yes and | didn’t think my life could ever be more complete.” | pause thinking about our wedding, and how perfect it was. “The only place she wanted to get married was at the point at the lake. When she rounded the corner and | saw her in that white dress, | was done for. The tears were pouring down my face, and | didn’t even care. All | could think was, ‘how did | get this lucky?’. | was totally one of those grooms that they show on TikTok crying like a baby when he sees his bride, and trust me there was no shame in my game” Another sigh leaves me. It’s so easy to get caught up in the memories. | look up at the ceiling pasted with glow in the dark stars, rocking back and forth, and | smile. “Now what came after the wedding was not what we expected.” | chuckle. “They say God laughs when you make plans, and boy was he rolling on the floor laughing at us. | came home from golfing one day with a client to find her on the bed crying.” | shake my head, hating the thought of her tears. Any of them. “Let me tell you, when I see her cry, no matter what the reason, it just kills

me. She held up a positive pregnancy test and when I asked her why she was upset, she said she was scared to be a mother." How wrong she'd been to be scared. She's a freaking natural.. "We had so many doubts over what type of parents we would be. Will we know what to do, or would we fu—fudge it up. I had no doubt she would be the best mother there ever was. We decided to move home where we grew up, to be closer to our family." Her parents stepped in and helped us so much-and surprisingly enough, so did mine. They both love being grandparents. "We had twin boys-really shouldn't have been a shocker, considering. But that's not the biggest surprise to happen-just hang in there, I'll get to that part soon. A fond smile crosses my face as I think back to that particular time of our lives, Talk about a challenge. "No parenting books could have prepared us for those hellions. They were like two bulls in a China shop 24/7. We would fall into bed at night so exhausted, but also grateful for those two precocious boys. When Ryder and Jamie were four, we decided our family wasn't yet complete. So when we found out we were having baby number three, we were so excited — and she being the planner she is, couldn't wait to find out if we were having a boy or a girl." Another chuckle escapes me, remembering Harper's frustration. "You wouldn't position yourself right at every ultrasound we went to, and we went to a lot. We couldn't tell if you were a boy or a girl, and the doctor kept calling you our mystery baby!" My smile is huge as I glance down at the sweet bundle in my arms to find

sleepy eyes peeking up at me, and my heart threatens to burst. "Remember when I said, twins weren't the biggest surprise? No, that was the day you were born. Your mother was so strong during the delivery, doing everything the doctor said and on the final push, when you came out-he looked at us and said, Harper and Easton, meet your mystery girl! We cried tears of joy knowing that name held so much more meaning to us than what Dr. Davis knew." Rising to my feet, I walk over to the window once again and lay her head on my shoulder, patting her on the back as I begin raining kisses all over her tiny face. "So that is the story of us, our family of five. A story I will never get tired of telling." As I walk to her crib and lay her down, I just stare at Ava. Our daughter. "God you are so tiny,' I whisper as she holds my finger with her hand, not wanting to let go, fighting the sleep that will be coming soon, "Your eyes are just like your mother's. And your perfect lips, your ten tiny fingers and toes." Swear to God, tears threaten and I let them come, overwhelmed with love. "You are so perfect, baby girl. You're mine, you know. Just like your mom is mine, too." "Oh Easton." I turn to find Harper standing in the open doorway of our daughter's

bedroom, tears flowing down her face. I hold my arms out to her and she comes for me, walking straight into them, her face pressed against my chest as I kiss her temple. "We've made a good life,' I whisper into her hair.

"The best," she murmurs, giggling when one of our son's shouts, "MOMMY!" from downstairs. "I love you."

"Love you too, baby." I squeeze her tight, angling us both so we can stare at the wonder that is our daughter. "And I still can't believe you're mine."

The Novel will be updated first on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!