

# You're Mine by Penny Brooks

## Chapter 86

Easton I

It's finally the last period of the day—a day that hasn't wanted to fucking end—and the teacher is writing on the board, giving me a chance to slip out my phone and shoot off some texts.

For hours I've been thinking about how I should talk to the guys about this, how I should bring us all together, and only one way makes sense.

To be straight up with them.

I check to make sure the coast is still clear, the teacher rattling off about some shit, and I start typing.

Me: Come to my house after school.

Blake: Should I bring my boxing gloves? Me: Unless you plan on mouthing off and not listening to a goddamn thing I have to say.

Blake: What do you have to say? I already know how much of an asshole you are.

Me: Just be there, dickhead.

I open the last text Ryan sent me and I type out a message to him.

Me: After school, my house.

Be there.

Ryan: I should knock your ass out for that stunt you pulled in the hallway.

That conversation we were having is far from over.

Me: It'll continue after school.

Ryan: I know.

I put my phone away and try to focus on the teacher, but I don't hear a word she's saying.

That's how the whole day has gone—waiting to get called into the office, zoning out as I think of my talk with Harper, relieved as hell that I didn't lose her, ignoring every motherfucker in the hallway who has a smart remark about my situation with Leigh.

None of the Mrs.

Scott pettiness the students are barking at me really bothers me.

They can say whatever they want, I slept with a married woman who's more than twenty years older than me, and I would have slept with her again if she hadn't cut things off.

It's definitely not the worst thing I've done.

I just don't like that the students assume I fucked her while I've been with Harper.

Out of all this, that's the only thing that eats at me and the reason it hurts is because I know how much it kills Harper.

It makes her feel betrayed and that's the last thing I want.

The sound of the bell pulls me out of my thoughts, and I rush up from my desk.

There are two situations I need to focus on, and both happen to be parked in my driveway the second I pull up to my house.

"Surprised you invited him,"

Ryan says, nodding toward Blake.

Ryan's just as angry at the cocksucker, but for an entirely different reason—a reason I'm going to address today.

I stand between them, glancing at both of their faces.

"I'm tired of this shit and none of us are leaving this house until everything is hashed out."

I hold the door open and each of them walk in.

I follow behind and stop at the bar.

"Beer?"

"Sure," Blake answers, and catches the one I toss at him.

"think I'm going to need vodka for this,"

Ryan replies, and I hand him a bottle that we'll share.

"So, you didn't do it?"

Ryan says the second we're all sitting on the couch.

I shake my head.

"No, man, I swear I didn't."

I rehash the same story I told Harper and I explain everything that went down.

"I haven't fucked her since last year.

I wouldn't do that to Harper." I stare at Ryan.

"And I wouldn't do that to you."

"Mrs.

Scott has a lot of shit on all of us."

Ryan nods at me, and then Blake.

"Is any of that going to come out?" My connection to Leigh has benefited the guys the same way it's helped me.

Whenever I've needed something for them, I drop a tip under her fingers, and it's gotten them out of trouble.

"I don't know," I admit.

"No one has reached out to me yet, I have no idea what she's told them.

I'm sure it's coming my way very soon." "That's an in I'll certainly miss,"

Blake says.

My head whips in his direction.

"And an in you used against me when you were talking shit about me to Harper." Ryan takes a sip and hands me the bottle, chugging a few gulps before I say, "We've been friends for a long time, Blake.

I want this shit settled.

Today.

I can't keep fighting you every time I lay eyes on you."

Blake pushes his back into the couch and crosses his legs.

"What do you want from me, Easton?" "All this bullshit with Harper, appearing next to her every time I turn my back, trying to be her fucking knight in shining armor—I want it to stop." "Harper and I are just friends,"

Blake replies.

My fingers clench.

"Stop with the lies.

I know you want her, I know you're fucking crazy about her.

I'm going to give you my word that I won't try to fight you anymore, but you have to promise me you're going to lay off." "It sounds like you're asking me to stop being her friend— something that's pretty fucked up of you to do."

He Pauses to take a drink, the motherfucker not even able to admit the truth when it's staring him right in the face.

"But I'll do my best."

"What about my garage, did you do your best there?"

Oh shit, Ryan isn't fucking around today.

Blake's eyes almost bug out.

"What the fuck? Are you accusing me of spray painting it?"

I show Blake the photos I took of his trunk.

"You want to explain why you have black spray paint in your trunk?" He laughs and looks away.

"There's some spray paint cans in my car, and you think you have proof? Come on, fellas, you can do better than that."

He shakes his head.

"I was helping my dad refinish our outdoor furniture and that's how we painted the metal frames." "So, you're saying you didn't do it?"

I press.

"Nah, it wasn't me."

"And you swear to that?"

Ryan asks.

"On my life."

"We got our answer, he's innocent," Ryan says to me.

"Time to back off and bury the hatchet." I'll back off, but I'm not sold on his innocence.

Blake's parents are loaded, they wouldn't restore furniture, they'd buy new, just like my parents would.

But I know the truth always comes out in the end and if Blake is guilty, Ryan, myself, and everyone will eventually find out.

"I'll bury it," I tell them, and I take a drink.

The bays are quiet for a few moments until Ryan says, "I don't like this Mrs.

Scott shit.

I have this feeling that everything is about to crash." "You and me—both,"

I admit, even though I have that topless picture of her in her house that I can always use as a bargaining chip.

"Except my dick was in her, unlike yours." "Are you going to admit that to the school board?"

Ryan asks.

"Hell fucking no." I glance over at Blake and he's staying silent, like the motherfucker is scheming something in his head.

He likes Harper, that's not going to change, and that tells me this isn't going to be the last time he messes up.

Which can only mean one thing ...

## Chapter 87

Harper

Walking onto campus the day after it comes out that your boyfriend has banged an administrator twice his age is nerve wracking.

Anxiety inducing.

It's just as bad as I thought it would be, but thankfully, not worse than yesterday.

That day had been the ultimate test.

Even though Easton explained everything and I believe him, what we believe doesn't always matter.

The rumors and the stares and the whispers behind hands make me crazy.

They're not as bad today.

I have Sadie by my side walking into the building, a defiant look on her face just daring anyone to say something.

I think she's fully prepared to fight to the death for me.

I couldn't have a better, more loyal friend I swear.

"They're still whispering,"

I say to Sadie, my voice low so only she can hear me.

We walk past a cluster of girls, all of them giggling when they see us.

Me.

"Ignore them," Sadie says firmly, her gaze scanning the hallway, as if she's looking for someone.

Easy for her to say.

Of course the next person we have to see is Aisha.

God, that bitch.

If she so much as opens her mouth...

"Oh Harper, it's your lucky day," she sing songs, looking pleased.

"A certain administrator who's been accused of fucking your boyfriend has been put on leave until the case is examined."

"You can't keep your mouth shut to save your life, you stupid bitch."

Sadie lunges for her and I grab hold of her arm, keeping her back.

Aisha smirks.

"So defensive.

Always running in to save your best friend.

Someday you're going to get in trouble, Sadie.

Or someone's going to steal your man right out from under you.

If he even is your man." She sneers, her gaze alighting on me.

"What are your thoughts on your best friend, the brother fucker?"

"Let me do some damage,"

Sadie pleads with me, struggling to get out of my grip.

"Please."

"She's not worth you getting in trouble," I say.

And that's exactly why she keeps talking all this shit to me and Sadie.

She knows we won't do anything.

"Listen to your little friend.

I can make your life a whole lot worse."

Promise fills her tone and she walks away.

The moment she's out of sight I let go of Sadie, who practically growls in frustration.

"I can't stand her.

God, I wish you'd let me tear her eyes out.

Getting suspended would be worth it to make that bitch scream." "So bloodthirsty." I shake my head, though I can't deny it would be wonderful to witness Sadie tearing the hair straight out of Aisha's head.

"I totally agree, She sucks.

But we can't let her get to us."

We can't let anyone get to us.

"Hey."

I turn at the sound of the familiar male voice, relief flooding me when I watch Easton and Ryan approach us.

"Why didn't you guys wait for us outside?"

Easton approaches, his gaze eating me up as he sweeps me into his arms and holds me close.

I press my face against his chest and close my eyes trying to calm my racing heart, breathing deep his delicious, masculine scent.

"You told us to wait for you?"

"Ryan was supposed to tell Sadie," Easton says, his tone vaguely accusatory.

"Whoops.

My bad," my brother says.

I glance over at him and Sadie to see his arm slung around her shoulders, all of Sadie's earlier anger dissipating now that they boys are here.

Easton's right.

We totally should've waited for them to show up so we could all walk in together.

My brother stayed the night at Easton's house—and so did Blake.

I guess they worked it all out? I don't know.

Easton was vague via text since he was still with them and he promised to explain everything later.

I'm going to keep him to his promise.



"Did you hear? Mrs.

Scott is on leave as they investigate the allegations brought against her,"

Ryan says.

"Oh we heard,"

Sadie says, rolling her eyes.

Easton's gaze meets mine.

"From who?"

"Aisha,"

I admit, sinking my teeth into my lower lip.

"Of course."

He shakes his head.

"I wanted to beat her ass, but Harper wouldn't let me,"

Sadie says.

"At least one of you has common sense," Ryan tells her.

"Hey."

She tries to duck out from under his arm but he grips her too tight and hauls her to him, dropping a kiss on her lips.

I stare in open shock.

My brother isn't overly affectionate.

Not with my family, and definitely not with girls he's been with.

He usually operates in stealth mode.

It's nice to see him be so open with Sadie.

Kind of warms my heart.

Even if Aisha called my best friend a brother fucker.

Ew.

We continue walking down the hall until I grab Easton's hand and pull him outside, tucked away in the very spot we had one of our many recent confrontations.

"Talk to me," I demand.

He frowns, facing me.

"About what?"

"About Leigh.

About the investigation.

The allegations.

Have they questioned you yet?" "Who would question me?"

His frown deepens.

He's either being purposely obtuse or he really has no clue.

"I don't know.

Staff.

Admin.

The freaking police."

"The police aren't going to get involved," he says firmly.

"Right.

You had sex with an adult while you were a minor.

Someone of authority at our high school.

A counselor.

She could go down for sexual abuse." "I consented."

"It doesn't matter." "I refuse to let the police get involved." I roll my eyes.

"You're eighteen and a student at the school.

You don't call the shots."

"My lawyer dad could call the shots." "You're going to tell your dad you fucked Mrs. Scott?"

My voice rises and Easton flinches, but I don't care.

The more I think about it, the madder I become.

"Listen.

Babe.

It's all going to work out." He takes a step closer, his hand snagging mine and he brings it up to his mouth, where he drops a kiss on my knuckles.

"I promise." "I'm glad she's not here,"

I admit, my voice small.

"But people are going to still talk.

And something might happen that's—out of our control."

"I will make sure nothing happens,"

he says assuredly, tugging me to him so he can press his mouth gently to mine.

"I swear on it.

I swear on us.

I will make this all go away."

I kiss him back, needing his reassurance.

But it doesn't fully erase my doubt.

## **Chapter 88**

Easton

What do you do when your girlfriend is full of doubt and in a bad mood for the entire day? You take her back to your place, make popcorn and grab a couple of sodas, and

then drag her into your bed along with your laptop with the promise of, "watching a movie".

That's code for getting naked with each other.

Harper didn't get the memo though.

When I enter my bedroom with the promised drinks and snacks, I find her sitting on top of my bed with every stitch of clothing still on, her back against the headboard as she stares so hard at her phone, her forehead is wrinkled.

Frustration fills me but I bat it away and paste on a smile.

"Everything okay?" "What?"

She glances up at me, smiling when she sees what I'm carrying.

"Oh my God, I'm starving."

I settle in beside her on the bed, disappointed she's not naked under the covers but I guess I can't be too upset, considering I didn't tell her what I wanted in the first place.

"Here."

I hand her the can of Coke and she takes it from me, cracking it open and immediately guzzling from it.

"I've been on an anti—caffeine kick lately.

Worst possible time to try to give it up,"

she says.

I set the bowl in between us on the bed and we both stick our hands in the popcorn at the same time, our fingers brushing.

She snatches her hand away, brushing her fingers against her lips as she studies me.

"I want to help you forget all of your troubles," I murmur, leaning over to deliver a kiss to her salty lips.

She smiles, but it doesn't quite reach her eyes.

"I appreciate you wanting to distract me with snacks and a movie, but I don't know if it's going to work..." I pull away from her, banging the back of my head against the headboard, closing my eyes briefly as I blow out an exasperated breath.

"Harper, I already reassured you that nothing is going to happen.

I wish you could trust me.

Leigh is gone.

They'll probably fire her.

Eventually everything will just..go away.

And everything will go back to normal."

"I do trust you, but are we really going to get that lucky, Easton? Or is that bitch going to be back at school and trying to bribe you again with sex?" I glance over at Harper to witness her with her head

tilted back and her chest thrust forward as she keeps chugging the soda like she's a frat boy downing a beer.

"Harp.

Slow down."

She wipes the back of her hand across her mouth and sets the can on the nightstand.

"I'm sorry.

I'm just really stressed out right now."

She grabs a handful of popcorn and gobbles it down.

Huh, My girl is feeling...a certain way.

And I need to help her forget.

At least for the afternoon.

"Give me your phone." I hold my hand out toward her.

She eyes it warily.

"Why?"

"We're going to disconnect for a while," I wiggle my fingers.

"Hand it over."

She slaps her phone in my palm and I lean over to drop it in the nightstand drawer.

Then, I grab my laptop and crack it open.

"What kind of movie do you want to watch? Horror? Action?"

"A rom com, please,"

she says primly, reaching for more popcorn.

Whatever my girl wants.

Forty—five minutes later and we're watching a boring ass movie about true love and utter bullshit.

The popcorn is mostly gone so I grab it, setting the bowl on the floor.

Our heads are nestled close, our gazes on the movie playing on my laptop screen, but I'm achingly aware of her body.

How close she is.

How I can smell her intoxicating scent.

How badly I want her.

I curve my arm around the top of her pillow and thread my fingers through her hair, running them through her long locks as she lies there, her hazy gaze still fixed on the laptop.

Eventually, a contented sigh leaves her and she slowly closes her eyes, forgetting all about the movie.

Good.

I wasn't paying attention to it anyway.

Scooting closer, I press my lips to her forehead.

Whisper her name against her skin.

She turns toward me, her knee knocking into my laptop, slamming it closed.

I grab it and set it on the floor, leaning it against the bed before I return to her.

We don't talk as we reach for each other.

What's the point? She's too worried and I'm too frustrated and we can't change anything about our circumstances right now.

At lunch I told her that Ryan and I were cool with Blake, which I know gave her a sense of relief, but I'm still unsure.

As in, I don't trust Blake one hundred percent.

Something's up with him.

I just can't put my finger on what it is.

'il figure it out.

Right now, I just need to concentrate on my girl.

Make her feel good.

Make her forget.

“Easton.” She's snuggling close to me, her arms winding around my neck.

She rests her hand on my nape, applying pressure so I dip my head and catch her lips in a deep, tongue filled kiss.

Within seconds I've got her rolled beneath me, pinning her curvy body to the mattress, my mouth devouring hers.

My hands wandering, skimming down her sides, over her curves.

The dip of her waist.

The flare of her hip.

I pull away from her drugging lips to kiss a hot path down her neck.

Sucking on her skin.

Nibbling her ear.

She writhes beneath me, her legs spreading wider, allowing me to settle in between them, rubbing my cock against her.

She moans and I steal the sound with my lips, thrusting my tongue into her mouth as I thrust my erection against her.

We've got all our clothes on, so we're basically dry humping, and while I know it would take nothing for me to strip her and strip myself, there's something kind of exciting about this.

From the sounds she's making and the way she's moving beneath me, I know Harper is enjoying it too.

Everything between us has been so tainted lately.

By Aisha.

Blake.

Leigh.

Rumors.

God, the rumors.

I'm tired of dealing with awful shit.

Fake stories and innuendo and not being able to trust anyone in my life.

The only person I one hundred percent trust is this beautiful girl underneath me.

Everyone else? Can go to hell.

## **Chapter 89**

Harper

Easton keeps thrusting his hips against me, his denim covered erection hitting me in the perfect spot every single time, making me see stars.

We moved so fast, we never took the time to just kiss and rub our bodies against each other.

It feels good.

Forbidden.

Fun.

His parents aren't home from work yet, but they could show up at any minute.



The waning sun shining through his window casts its glow across the bed and when he breaks the kiss, the sun gilds his features in gold as he stares down at me.

"You're fucking beautiful,"

he whispers.

I reach for him, streaking my fingers across his cheek.

"So are you."

He turns his head, kissing my palm before he reaches for the hem of my shirt.

"Let's take this off."

Easton helps me remove my shirt.

I take off my bra.

The moment my breasts are free he's got his hands all over them, cupping them together as he rains kisses all over my flesh, his tongue swiping across my nipples before he draws one deep into his mouth and sucks it.

I arch beneath him, wanting more, forgetting all about keeping our clothes on.

I want him inside of me.

Now.

But he draws the moment out.

He teases me with his fingers as they slide across my belly, dipping beneath my jeans.

He toys with the waistband of my panties, slipping his fingers beneath the thin fabric, blocked by my tight jeans to get any further.

"We need to take these off,"

he mutters as he removes his hand and undoes the snap, then slowly pulls the zipper down.

"You need to get undressed too," I insist and he rolls off the bed, shucking his jeans and his shirt while I strip my jeans off as well.

He stands by the edge of the bed in his black boxer briefs.

His hard cock stretches the fabric out, and I stare at him for a moment before I cover my mouth.

Trying to stop the giggling.

But he heard me.

And the dark expression on his face tells me he's...

Mad? "Are you laughing at me?"

Okay, maybe not.

I see the sparkle in his gaze.

"Never,"

I say, choking on the laughter I deny.

"Harper,"

he growls.

Just before he pounces, jumping on the bed—on top of me—and making me squeal.

Making me laugh as he tickles my sides, his hands everywhere, his chuckles making my heart light.

He rarely laughs and he sounds so happy.

I'm begging him to stop, trying to push him away...

Until he slips his fingers in front of my panties, his fingers traveling down, down, slowly parting me.

Finding me oh so wet.

"Fuck,"

he moans as he strokes me between my thighs, his hand working beneath my white panties, stretching the fabric out.

I'm so wet, the sound of his fingers slicking through me fills the air and I close my eyes.

Lift my hips.

Bite back a moan when he sinks his finger deep inside of me.

"I need to be inside your tight pussy,"

he whispers, removing his hand from my body and making me whimper.

I crack open my eyes to watch him quickly remove his boxer briefs, my gaze zeroing in on his thick cock.

He catches me watching and with a smirk, begins stroking himself.

Squeezing the tip so hard a glistening pearl of precum dribbles down the side.

Everything inside of me goes liquid at watching him pleasure himself.

My mouth is dry, my chest heaving and he knows...

"You want this?"

His voice is rough as he grabs the base of his cock.

I nod, unable to speak.

"Say it.

Ask for it."

Oh I love it when he gets like this.

All commanding and rough.

"I want it." "You want what?"

"Your cock."

My voice is loud.

Bold.

I'm not shying away from anything.

He grins.

"Where do you want it?"

"Inside of my pussy,"

I say without hesitation.

Easton climbs on top of the bed.

On top of me.

He slides inside of my body with one sure thrust, filling me up completely.

His face in mine, a smile still lingering on his lips as he says, "Such a good girl.

Asking for what you want." I move with his every thrust, savoring the grunt that leaves him every time he pushes inside of me, wrapping my legs around his hips so I can send him further inside of me.

I don't close my eyes like I usually do.

Instead, I watch him.

Watch us.

Absorb the sounds of our bodies connecting, our skin slapping against each other, the smell of sex filling the room.

I forget everything.

All of our troubles.

My worry.

My paranoia.

I concentrate instead on this boy.

This wonderful, horrible, magical boy who knows how to make me feel better by feeding me popcorn and giving me soda and letting me watch a cheesy rom com.

This boy who is also a man and knows how to give my body so much pleasure I almost feel like I could die from it.

He opens his eyes and stares at me as he increases his pace.

Sweat dots his forehead.

His breathing accelerates and when he pushes so deep inside of my body I cry out, that's when I feel him spill inside of me.

Flooding me completely.

I hold him close as he pants and groans, his orgasm causing him blissful agony.

I stroke his damp with sweat hair.

His back.

Grip his perfect ass and hold him to me, savoring the sensation of his cock pulsing deep within my body.

He feels good.

Perfect.

"You didn't come," he says seconds later, his mouth pressed against my neck.

I shake my head.

"It's okay."

"No.

It's not." I lightly stroke his firm ass, giggling when he clenches the muscles there.

"Really.

It is."

"No girl leaves my bed without being fully satisfied."

He bites the side of my neck, his sharp teeth making me hiss.

"Especially you." We kiss some more, and I can feel him grow hard.

Harder.

Until he starts moving inside of me, eventually lifting away so he can stroke my clit while he still fucks me.

That's what he does this time around.

He fucks me.

Hard.

Purely intent on making me come.

Until I do.

I shatter, falling apart with a whimper and a moan.

Put back together with a kiss and a promise from Easton.

"I will always protect you.

No matter what."

## **Chapter 90**

Harper

Ryan, Sadie and I got to school before Easton, so we're waiting for him as we lean against the car, my gaze on the parking lot entrance, watching for his Jeep.

I'm trying to pretend I'm not paying attention to my brother and my best friend while they flirt with each other, but it's difficult.

He is really laying it on, and she is definitely lapping it up.

I concentrate on what happened between Easton and I yesterday.

How sweet he was.

The things he said.

The way he looked at me, touched me.

A shiver moves through me and Sadie notices.

"Cold?"

"Nope." I smile at her and she rolls her eyes.

Easton's Jeep appears and he pulls into a spot so swiftly, the tires squeal, making me shake my head.

He drives too fast.

He likes to do lots of fast things.

He can be slow when he needs to be too.

A secretive smile plays upon my lips as he jumps out of the car and slams the door, hitting the keyless remote to lock the Jeep.

He's headed our way and I swear to God, I can hear him whistling.

Like he's one of Snow White's dwarves, ready to go to work.

When Ryan spots Easton, he gets all scowly.

Like he's mad at him or something, which is ridiculous.

There is no reason Ryan should be holding any kind of grudge against Easton.

Things are good between all of us.

In fact, they've never been better.

The moment my gaze finds Easton's, I'm running toward him, wrapping him up in a big hug as my way of greeting him.

"Good morning."

He slides his hand over my ass, gripping it firmly.

"Good morning to you too." "Jesus, stop groping my sister in the parking lot," Ryan shouts.

Easton laughs and readjusts me so I'm slammed up against him, and we approach Ryan and Sadie.

"Sorry bro."

"Uh huh." Ryan rubs his jaw and lowers his voice.

"Hey.

I saw something—weird earlier." "What did you see?"

Easton asks.

My heart sinks.

God, what now? "I didn't mention it to Harper but..."

Ryan quickly glances in my direction as he clears his throat.

“When we were driving to school, we passed Blake's car parked on the side of the road.

And—I'm pretty sure Aisha was in the Passenger seat.” I freeze up at my brother's revelation.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought maybe I was just seeing things."

Ryan shrugs, looking uncomfortable.

Sadie is watching him, her gaze narrowed, arms crossed in front of her chest.

"But the more I think about it, the more I know it was Blake and Aisha in Blake's car."

Here we go again, my brother and Easton ready to make Blake look like the bad guy.

I'm so sick of it.

I thought they worked everything out and it was good between them again.

"Why would they be together?"

I ask.

“Blake knows I hate her.”

Easton scowls.

"Maybe since I told him to leave you alone, now he's trying to get with her."

"He wouldn't do that,"

I say firmly.

"He knows how much that would bother me."

And he does.

Blake wouldn't betray me like that.

He knows his being with Aisha would cut me to the bone.

"Oh come on, Harp.

He would totally do that,"



Ryan says.

"He's always looking for free pussy and Aisha gives it up every chance she's got." Sadie slaps Ryan's arm, shutting him up with a glare.

"No."

I shake my head.

"I don't believe it." "Your faith in that asshole is unshakable.

I don't get it," Ryan says.

"Took the words right out of my mouth," Easton mutters.

"I thought you were team me, not team Blake."

"Of course I'm team Easton." He's jealous, I can tell, and I lean in, pressing my mouth against his, trying to comfort him.

"Hey."

He takes my hand and pulls me away from Ryan and Sadie so they can't hear us.

"You doing anything tonight?"

I frown at his change of subject.

"No.

Why do you ask?"

"How about you come to dinner at my house.

Officially meet my parents." My mouth pops open.

"Really?"

He nods, brushing a strand of hair away from my face and tucking it behind my ear.

"I want them to meet my girl.

They already know you as my best friend's sister, but not as my girlfriend, you know?"

The smile on my face is so big, it almost hurts.

I forget all about Blake and Aisha and throw myself at him, squeezing him tight.

"Yes.

Yes, I'd love to come over for dinner tonight." "Perfect.

It's about time they meet you."

He kisses me, his soft lips sending tingles scattering all over my skin and I sigh into his mouth.

I'm tired of the two of us sneaking around all the time.

It's like we're trying to keep everything that's happening between us a secret, and while I know what we share started out that way, I don't want to keep him a secret any longer.

Looks like he feels the same way.

ak I drove Ryan's car to Easton's house, a bundle of nerves the entire way.

I walk up to the house, giving myself a pep talk and before I even have a chance to ring the doorbell, the door swings open.

Easton is standing there, a smile on his face.

He takes my hand and pulls me inside, interlacing our fingers together as he shuts the door and leads me into the giant living room.

His father sits in a recliner, watching the local evening news.

He grabs a remote and pauses the news, smiling at me.

"Who's this, Easton?" "Dad, this is my girlfriend, Harper.

Ryan's twin sister,"

Easton says.

He sounds so serious.

Also a little nervous.

"Ah, Ryan's sister, Nice to see you again, Harper.

Want to sit down?"

He gestures toward the empty couch.

We settle in together, Easton pressed against my side, our hands still clasped.

I can tell he's still nervous by the little smile he flashes my way.

"How's school going for you, Harper? Excited about graduating?"

"Yes."

I nod, gripping Easton's hand tighter.

"Definitely trying to enjoy my senior year though."

"Wonderful."

His dad turns the news back on and Easton rolls his eyes, making me cover my mouth so I don't laugh out loud.

"...the school district has suspended administrator Leigh Scott without pay while they investigate her for inappropriate conduct with a minor.

According to reports, Scott was involved with a student last year under the guise of offering college counseling and helping him prepare his applications.

No other students have come forward indicating involvement with Scott, and the district as well as the police, plan on interviewing the student involved in the case." My entire body goes cold as all the blood rushes through me, leaving me lightheaded.

Oh my God, I think I might faint.

I fall heavily against the couch, my fingers like ice as Easton clutches them tight.

"You okay?"

he murmurs.

"Easton, that's at your school.

Do you know the young man they're talking about?"

his father asks.

"Does he need legal advice? I could help him out." "Nope, I don't know him,"

Easton bites out, sending me a warning look.

