

You're Mine by Penny Brooks

#Chapter 91 - Read You're Mine by Penny Brooks

Chapter 91

Chapter 91

Easton

The dinner with my parents started out like a total shit show, but at least ended on a positive note.

Once we moved past the local news reporting on me and Leigh—like what the actual fuck—Mom called us into the dining room where she had a huge spread of food laid out in dishes like she made it.

I know for a fact she's too damn busy to cook and ordered everything from her favorite Italian restaurant, but I never said a word.

Neither did Mom.

In fact, she basked in Harper's lavish praise about the delicious meal and pretended to be modest.

Like her "making"

dinner was no big deal.

Whatever.

If Mom wants Harper to think she's an expert on Italian cuisine, I don't care.

We hung out for a while after dinner at the table, making small talk, my parents asking Harper an endless string of questions.

She answered every one of them like a champ, never letting her poise slip in front of them.

Damn, she made me proud.

I walked her out to Ryan's car and I climb inside with her, kissing her for a solid thirty minutes before she finally, reluctantly left.

I went to bed with a smile on my face.

Still was wearing that smile when I walked into school this morning.

And then during first period, I got called into the principal's office.

The moment I walked inside, the serious expressions on everyone's face—and there are at least five people crammed into the office, two of them I don't recognize—sends a spiral of dread through me.

"Easton.

Sit down."

Principal Jenkins indicates the empty chair in front of his desk.

I settle in, glancing around.

"What's this about?"

"These detectives here would like to speak to you."

Jenkins waves his hand toward the man and woman I don't recognize.

"About the—incident between you and Mrs.

Scott."

I keep my face completely neutral.

"What incident?"

"The allegations that have been made in regards to you being...

involved with Mrs.

Scott."

Principal Jenkins actually squirms in his seat.

"I know this won't be easy to talk about, and of course we'll leave you alone with the detectives so you can speak freely "There's nothing to talk about."

Panic races through me, my heartbeat thundering in my ears.

I send a quick glance in the detectives' direction and I can tell they're not liking what I'm saying.

Well tough shit.

No way do I want to talk to them and turn this into a big deal by getting the police involved.

I'm going to deny anything even happened.

Jenkins frowns.

"What do you mean, young man?"

"I mean what I say.

Nothing happened between Mrs.

Scott and I." I sit up straighter, rendering my expression into stone.

"Yeah, she helped me out by having me work on a couple of rough drafts for my college essay.

Had me over at her house one night so we could look at college websites together, but that's it." Jenkins openly sneers, like he just sniffed someone's stinky ass.

"You were at Mrs.

Scott's house?"

"Yeah.

Her husband was there too." He was that one night, upstairs asleep in their bed while I banged Leigh on the kitchen counter.

"It was all on the up and up.

I know it's not standard for a student to be at a counselor's house in the evening, but that's about as inappropriate as it gets between Mrs.

Scott and I."

"Really."

The female detective's flat tone tells me she thinks I'm full of shit.

She's the only smart one in this room.

"Yeah."

I meet her gaze, never backing down.

"Really."

"Well."

Principal Jenkins clears his throat, resting his clasped hands on top of his desk.

"I see.

That changes everything."

"Nothing happened," I stress, glancing around the room so I can look everyone in the eye.

They can't bulldoze me into confessing I was inappropriately touched or whatever the fuck they're saying.

I wanted it.

I made it happen between Leigh and I.

Yeah, I also was a minor at the time, but I don't need any more trouble in my life.

I'm over it.

Done.

"Are you sure, son?"

Jenkins asks, his voice lowering.

Like he's the overly concerned, father—figure of the school.

"I'm positive,"

I say, matching his tone of voice.

Trying to sound like the prodigal son.

Jenkins leans back in his chair, his smile of satisfaction indicating me pleading my case actually worked.

"I think we've solved your case," Jenkins crows to the detectives, who look like they want to murder me where I sit.

Specifically, the female detective.

The glare on her face is unmistakable.

"Easton, you can go ahead and leave, son.

Make sure and grab an excuse slip from my secretary on your way out."

hightail it out of there as quickly as I can, stopping at the secretary's desk and putting on the charm while I wait for her to fill out the slip so I can get back into class.

Once she hands it over, I leave the office, dashing into the bathroom to take a quick piss before I head back to sit through the rest of first period.

Though it's almost finished.

I could just wait around for a few minutes in the hall and the bell will eventually ring.

"You're a liar."

I stop in my tracks, glancing over my shoulder to see the female detective standing in front of me, her hands on her hips.

I turn to fully face her.

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me."

She takes a couple of steps closer, her expression one of pure determination.

"You're lying.

You had a relationship with Leigh Scott.

You're protecting her.

Why, I don't know.

She's a predator, Easton.

She used you."

This bitch has no idea what she's talking about.

"You've got it all wrong-"

She holds up her hand, silencing me.

"Keep your lame ass story to yourself.

It's not working for me.

You're lucky there's no evidence, or your one true love would be locked up in jail and have to register as a child sex offender for the rest of her life."

My jaw drops, shocked at the way the detective is speaking to me.

"You don't know what the hell you're talking about."

"Oh, but I do.

And I can guarantee I'll see you soon, Easton." She turns on her heels and walks away, my gaze staying on her until she disappears around the corner.

Fuck.

More trouble that I don't need. Why can't I ever catch a break?

Chapter 92

Harper

Easton is pale.

Normally his skin is a healthy tan, his good looks are so ridiculously hot that I want to strangle him then kiss him right afterward.

I'm next to my locker when he walks up, hands shoved into his jeans, posture stiff.

"Sup?"

I snort out a laugh.

"Did you just bro talk me?"

"Huh?"

He scratches his head, completely distracted.

I mimic his movements, then give him a slight shove.

"Yeah okay, bruh, what you wanna do later, dude, wanna hit the pavement, go for a smoke, shoot some hoops and—"

"-Are you high?"

He leans in, and the smell of his cologne has me dizzy with want.

"And why wouldn't you share?"

Flirtatious Easton is back.

The one I'm obsessed with.

The one I need more than anything, despite how frustrated I get with him on a daily basis.

He's mine.

All mine.

I just wish all this bullshit would go away so we could have more time to figure out what we are, how we work, and what this means before graduation.

Ugh.

"Not high."

I wrap my arms around his waist.

"You just seem distant..."

We have at least half the day left before we can go home—before I can go home with him, even if that means I'm just going to be in the backseat of his super sexy Jeep.

"Yeah okay boomer,"

he jokes.

"I'm fine, I promise."

Our foreheads touch and I forget all about the worries I have as people whistle and pass us as they walk down the hallway.

"I just had a moment.

Plus all this shit is getting really ridiculous."

He pulls away briefly and looks around like he's paranoid about something when what looks like a police officer makes her way down the hall.

She's in black pants, and a tightly tucked in blue shirt with a badge, okay so yeah totally a police officer —attached to her belt.

She stops by us, her sneer so apparent I want to vomit.

Does she know? Is that why he's acting weird? He doesn't so much as flinch as he wraps an arm around me and turns.

"Have a great day."

Her eyes narrow.

"Girlfriend?"

"Yes,"

I answer for him and stick out my hand.

"My name's Harper."

"How..."

She throws on her black aviators.

"Lovely for you..."

I flinch and drop my hand as mid-life crisis stomps past us like it's the time of the month and the world ran out of Advil and tampons.

"What the hell was that about?"

I say out loud.

Easton is tense but manages a shrug.

"Who knows...she's old? Botox isn't working? Fillers don't do shit? Hates her job? A woman in a man's world? Take your pick, I mean really...fuck."

He spins me toward him.

"What if we skip?"

"Skip what?"

I frown.

"Life?"

He jokes.

"Okay not life, but what if we skip the rest of school, run back to our houses, pack, and go to my parents' cabin for the weekend?"

I'd heard so many epic things about his cabin.

According to school gossip, his cabin was like this mansion right on the lake and only the most popular kids had been invited over the last few years.

I used to have serious envy when Ryan would go because duh, best friend.

And now he wants me to go? "Just us?"

I ask.

"Over my dead body."

Ryan suddenly appears, scaring the shit out of us.

Sadie is leaning against his side, her head laying on his shoulder.

Damn they are moving weirdly fast if they're showing that much PDA during school hours.

Wow, I just sounded like my mom.

I cringe and look toward Easton.

"You know I'd never leave you out." Easton bumps fists with my brother.

"So you in? Should we just take off?"

Ryan snorts.

"Who the hell are you going to get to write you an excuse since Mrs.—"

He stops talking and looks away.

"I mean, it might be hard now that...fuck."

Easton doesn't stiffen, but I know the words bother him as much as they do me as he looks down the hall and frowns.

"Fine, maybe we suffer for the next few hours, then leave? We can make it there by dark?"

"Let's do it." Ryan grins.

"I need some alone time anyway."

He looks down at Sadie and winks.

I make a face.

"Not while I'm in front of you." Ryan rolls his eyes.

"You gave me earplugs, FUCKING EARPLUGS and I wink at her and suddenly she's pregnant?" "Maybe,"

Sadie jokes.

"Nooooooooocs." I laugh.

"Guys!"

Everyone laughs as the bell rings and we all go our separate directions, me to English, blah, and everyone else to their classes.

It's the one class I don't have with any friends, except Blake, but I'm still confused on that whole...situation.

I'm high key stressed as I walk into the room and notice a hush go over the crowd like they know my boyfriend was possibly fucking the school counselor.

Awesome.

I clear my throat and sit at my desk only to have Blake plop down next to me, his man bun perfectly coiffed on his head, his adorable smile easy and fun.

See? This is why I don't get it.

He's not some villain.

He's just Blake.

In another life I would have crushed on him.

Easton is just jealous and Ryan, well, he's just..Ryan.

"You doing ok?"

Blake asks, getting his books out.

"Course."

I shrug.

"You?"

"I'm sitting next to you, of course I am."

I blush.

"Riiiiight."

"Hey, it's true."

He winks.

"Really though, I'm here if you ever want to talk.

I know you're with Easton, but you still mean something to me.

I would hate for anything to happen to you—it kills me to think about that smile leaving your face for even one second."

I scoff.

"My smile? Why?"

He leans in until I can smell his spicy cologne.

"Well, because..."

His thumb grazes my chin, then falls.

"It's so fucking sexy.

Would be a shame if it no longer existed in this world."

See? Completely harmless, my brain tells me.

While my heart thuds against my chest.

Danger.

Chapter 93

Easton School sucks.

The last bell rings and I'm ready to hang the principal from the flagpole, salute him and burn the place down.

I need time with my girl.

But I also need to get away.

The pressure is too much.

The fact that that fucking detective cornered me not once but twice has hives breaking out on my body, not really, but it feels like its inevitable.

I can only handle so much and right now I just need to be with my calm.

Harper.

I rush out of my class and grab my shit, then send a text to Harper to meet me at my Jeep along with Ryan and Sadie.

I'm running, not realizing where I'm going when a body slams into me, and my bag goes flying across the ground.

look up.

It's Blake.

He's not glaring though.

No, instead he looks almost..sad.

"Hey, man."

I still hate him right now, but I'm not going to show weakness just in case.

I want to know his aim—keep your friends close, enemies closer and all that.

"Sorry, wasn't paying attention." He shrugs and laughs.

"No big." He grabs my bag off the ground and hands it to me.

"You seem distracted.

Excited about the weekend?"

Yeah."

Sudden memories of us at the cabin over the last four years fill my stupid brain.

All the laughter, drunken moments, near drownings after being drunk and thinking skinny dipping was a good idea with all the girls.

I feel sick.

I know I've fucked up lately.

And while I'm sure Blake wants Harper, I feel like I'm being too harsh.

He eyes me up and down in curiosity not as a threat, and maybe I'm just too excited about spending time with everyone, but I offer the olive branch because if he's going to fuck up, he's going to do it soon.

May as well be around for it if he is for sure guilty.

"Actually."

I clear my throat.

"We're headed to the cabin this afternoon for the weekend.

You're more than welcome to come if you want."

His eyes narrow, and then he looks down.

"Yeah, thanks for the invite, man but...I don't want to be—what I'm assuming—is the fifth wheel.

Is Ryan going?"

"Sadie too,"

I add.

"And Harper, of course."

"Thought so."

He rocks back on his heels.

"It's cool, have fun though.

Be safe, yeah?" "Yeah,"

I say as he walks away, lowering his head like he's disappointed.

Why do I suddenly feel like shit? I give my head a shake and shove open the school doors, making a beeline toward the Jeep.

Whatever, I'm not letting him ruin what's going to be the best weekend ever.

Even if I do feel a bit guilty and a lot stressed.

kak An hour later, everyone's in the Jeep belting out The Weeknd and living their best lives.

Harper is sitting next to me in the front seat, holding my hand while I drive with the other.

Already, the mountain smell is getting to me.

The Evergreen trees.

All the beautiful land.

The winding road up to the lake.

We stopped by a grocery store to grab all the junk food we could find since I knew my dad had his liquor cabinet stocked last time we were up here-the girls offered to cook all weekend and we offered to grill one night.

It's going to be perfect.

Fucking perfect.

I bring Harper's hand up to my lips and press a kiss there.

She grins over at me.

Fuck, she's beautiful.

I want to pull over and eat her out, then tell her over and over again how much I want her, how addicting she is, not just her body but her fucking soul.

It's everything.

So pure.

So amazing.

God, I'm so pussy whipped it's almost embarrassing.

I kiss her hand again.

She giggles.

"None of that,"

Ryan quips from the back.

"Oh please, like I can't see that you've had your hand up Sadie's skirt for like twenty minutes."

I laugh.

"Whyyyyy!"

Harper covers her eyes like she can see it too.

"Ryan! Sadie!"

"I was quiet!"

Sadie yells while Ryan laughs.

"My best friend!"

Harper yells.

"My sister!"

Ryan argues.

"Guys!" Sadie falls into fits of laughter and then, "Wow, is that your lakehouse?" I pull into the driveway and smile, proud.

"Yup."

It's right on the edge of the lake, has two docks, a boat, three jet skis, seven paddle boards, and a kayak.

It's two stories of perfection with floor to ceiling windows overlooking the lake.

An outdoor grill and small pool and hot tub are in the back, surrounded by a natural waterfall and trees.

It's fucking ridiculous and has been in three magazine articles for architecture.

Sometimes, it's nice being rich, what can I say? "Master's ours." I kill the engine.

"But the other four rooms are nice and have balconies, so you won't be complaining." Sadie claps her hands and jumps out of the Jeep, and Harper follows.

Both girls start sprinting toward the cabin, leaving me and Ryan behind to unload the Jeep.

"They realize they can't get in without us, right?"

Ryan asks.

The girls start complaining.

I laugh.

"Well, they do now."

"Thanks for this, man."

Ryan grabs two bags.

"I think we all needed this."

"Anytime, you know that." I slap him on the back.

"It's been a rough year."

"Yeah,"

he agrees and takes a deep breath.

"But it finally feels like things are calming down, you know?"

"Totally."

I lie, thinking back to the detective.

"Things have taken a turn."

"Completely,"

he agrees.

"Plus, I think I'm getting fucking laid tonight."

"Wear a condom,"

I tease.

"Thanks, sex—ed, I'll get right on that."

He rolls his eyes.

"She's been..."

"What?"

I ask.

He shakes his head.

"Nothing, I've just had to work for it."

"Makes the sex better."

I shrug.

"Plus, once you go there, there's no going back."

He makes a face.

"You saying that from experience?"

I say nothing.

I just smile and slap him on the back, then whisper, "Never fucked so much in my entire life—"

"—Mother fucker!"

He yells while I start running toward the cabin laughing, Ryan hot on my ass.

I barely make it to the front door before he tries to tackle me, but by then we're both so excited to be here, he lets me go and I type the code to get in, shoving the door open.

Harper gasps.

I wrap an arm around her.

"Welcome to paradise, sexy." "Already had it,"

she answers, standing on her tiptoes and pressing a sweet kiss to my mouth.

And the guilt that was gone, reappears with a vengeance.

Chapter 94

Harper

"This is the life..."

I stretch my arms wide and lay out in my bikini next to Sadie, who's already drinking a hard cider—you know, at eleven in the morning.

Last night we all crashed pretty early after watching movies and while I really wanted to just blow Easton until his voice was hoarse, it was kind of nice to just..lay next to him, to know that I was safe, and that we were going to be okay.

I woke up to him diving between my legs and pinning them apart so that was also..um, nice.

He said he didn't want to wait until breakfast and who am I to stop him from getting what he wants.

I smile to myself.

"Wow, slut."

Sadie laughs.

"I know that look.

Good night?"

"Good morning."

I shrug and watch the boys as they jet ski across the lake, splashing each other.

As much as I want to barf, my brother does have a nice body, which I'm sure helps in the whole Sadie department, but Easton? Man, his six pack may as well be an eight pack as he stands up and spins the

jet ski around, laughing.

I missed him laughing so much.

Sadie clears her throat.

“So...” My eyebrow arches.

"So?"

"Um..."

She adjusts her ponytail, then sets down her drink.

"Can I tell you about my night?"

"Am I going to be traumatized for life?"

"No."

She blushes.

"I mean, maybe.

I don't know, forget it." "No, no, no."

I take a deep breath.

“Just tell me.” "Are you sure?" No.

"Yes, my job as your best friend is to be sure, but will I need alcohol for this?"

She shrugs.

"It's your brother."

"Be right back." I jump up and run to the mini fridge, grab a drink, and come back.

"Okay, ready."

She exhales and looks out onto the lake, then back at me.

“Did you know...um...wow, okay, I'm just going to come out and say it...

did you know Ryan's a virgin?"

I spit out my drink.

I can't help it.

"No, there's no way, no, just no."

"Yeah, just yeah." She shifts uncomfortably.

"So, like, we've messed around a lot, I mean a lot.

If there was an Olympic medal for messing around—"

I hold up my hand.

"—yeah got it, no need for details." "Sorry."

She blushes.

"I just, is there something wrong with me?"

"No!"

I shout, making her jump.

"It's not you.

I mean not at all, have you talked to him about it?"

"Yes!"

She sighs.

"And he's hard, trust me it's not..that."

I squeeze my eyes shut.

"I won't ever recover from this conversation, will I?"

"How do you think I feel? I know he wants it, but whenever it gets close to that time, he pulls away."

I frown.

"What? Like he has a headache?"

"Honestly? I think being the most popular guy in school is too much performance pressure..." snort.

"He always was a perfectionist."

"Yeah he is."

She smiles dreamily.

"Enough of that." I smack her, and then grin.

"So, really what we need is a little Temptation Island thing going on when the guys get back up here, Make it so he can't say no." "I've tried seducing him."

She chews her thumbnail.

"Yeah, but have you used the secret Ryan weapon?"

"Are you seriously helping me fuck your brother right now?"

I cringe.

"Just don't ever remind me of this conversation.

Now, here's what we're going to do..."

kak The boys come back to the lake house about an hour later.

I'm lounging on the couch in nothing but a towel wrapped around my body, reading Harry Potter.

"Woman! Make me—"

Easton starts yelling and takes in the towel and my near nakedness.

"Your pussy.

Now."

"Standing."

Ryan sighs.

"Right behind you."

"Then stand elsewhere," Easton growls.

Ryan stomps off into his room with Sadie.

"Gonna take a shower before we eat."

I grin and hold up my hand to keep Easton from pouncing.

"What?"

"In three, two, one..."

I count.

And then a door slams.

Moaning.

A lot of screaming.

"The hell is going on?"

Easton asks, trying to tug at my towel still.

I burst out laughing.

"Just helping out a friend...let's just say Ryan has a very specific weakness..."

"For Sadie?"

"I walked in on him one time watching porn where the girl was tied to the bed, all four posts, and I was traumatized for life.

Just thought I'd keep them occupied while we..."

I stand and drop my towel.

"Play."

"Fuck.

Yes." Easton reaches for my boobs, his rough hands running across my nipples before lifting me against his wet board shorts.

I undo the ties in a vain attempt to shove them down his hips.

He growls against my mouth.

"Better idea."

"Hmmm?"

He carries me toward the master bedroom, then the bathroom.

I assume we're going to shower when he opens another door and takes me outside to a private rock shower near the waterfall.

"Wow!"

"Mmmmm."

He sets me on my feet and kisses me hard.

"Was thinking the same thing..wow."

I grin up at him, "I needed this."

"Me too." He takes my mouth again, then turns on the shower, the water goes from cold to hot, but I barely notice as we kiss beneath the spray.

And I just know everything—is finally, FINALLY falling into place.

Chapter 95

Easton

Damn it she feels so good.

I don't deserve this fucking hot body.

I can't kiss enough skin, my lips feel numb from trying to kiss her hard, from trying to bite her skin, to taste her and consume her, make her mine forever and ever.

My favorite parts of her are on display and every single inch of skin.

There's a rock bench near the rock wall.

"Turn around and bend over."

With a grin, she does just that, her wet hair slapping against her cheeks as she smiles and kisses me, then bends over.

Her hands placed firmly on the rock as I grip her hips from behind.

My dick is so hard it hurts.

Harper.

It's only ever been Harper, the way my body responds is borderline embarrassing, but fuck I wouldn't want it any other way.

I tease her pussy with my tip, rubbing it back and forth down the length of her lips.

Her body jolts back.

slap her on the ass.

"Patience."

She lets out a moan.

"Seriously?" I slap her ass again, this time it leaves a red hand print.

Fuck, I like the way that looks, so I do it again and again until she's moaning and writhing, arching back against me, like her body's searching for my cock, but can't find it.

I laugh.

"You desperate yet?" "Easton!"

"That's my name."

I laugh harder, then give her my cock, but not all the way.

I enter about a half inch and stay there.

"Don't move."

She moans, her back arches.

"Why are you torturing me?"

"You torture me every day."

I rub the places I slapped with my hands and look at us, semi connected, the way my cock pulses to be inside her so hard that I probably have no blood left in the rest of my body.

Water slams against us, just adding to the sensations around us.

I rub her ass, then lightly tap it again, moving my hand around her hips, but careful not to fully fuck her.

Inip her ear with my teeth and whisper, "I'm going to fuck you, but first...I'm going to punish you." "I thought you just—"

I lightly slap her pussy with my palm.

She squirms.

"Don't move,"

I order.

She whimpers my name as I kiss down her neck and slap her pussy again.

She can't help but move.

I can't help but want more.

But I can't last much longer.

She's too beautiful.

Too perfect.

Too primed.

I thrust into her and groan at how tightly she holds me, every fucking time as I move, my body slamming against hers as she keeps her hands firmly against the rocks.

I know I won't last.

Not after the teasing and torture or the fucking view of her bent over in front of me as I move within her body.

Her back arches again.

"Easton, that's so good...deeper...harder." (groan and dig my fingers into her hips, pulling her back against me so hard that I see stars.

Fuck, I know I'm going to come, I can't last much longer.

I reach around and pinch her nipple with my fingers and suck on her neck, then whisper, "Let go."

She does exactly that.

Which is good, since I was holding on by a thread, as I release inside her, all over her, all over us, and wonder if I can just stay like that for the next hour until I'm hard and can do it all over again.

She slowly moves away from me and turns.

Face flush, body red with marks from my hands.

She wraps her arms around my neck and kisses me.

I can't deny her anything.

Our tongues twirl and fight as we move under the spray of the shower and start to slowly wash each other down.

By the time we're done, I want to grab my girl and take a nap with her, We're both in white bathrobes and moving around the kitchen when I grab a bottle of chilled champagne and pour us each a glass.

She grabs hers and takes a sip, leaning against the counter in a way that gives me amazing views of her cleavage.

"Trying to tempt me?"

I tease.

"You feeling tempted?"

She laughs.

"Fuckkkkk, I could fucking fuck you all fucking day."

I'm clearly delirious.

She throws her head back and laughs.

"That's lots of fucking, Easton."

I growl.

"Exactly." I reach for her when the door to the guest room opens and Ryan comes stumbling out with Sadie.

His hair is a total wreck, sticking out all over the place, and he looks both dazed and confused about where he's at and what he's doing.

"Everything okay?"

I ask.

Sadie comes up behind him and slaps him on the ass.

"Oh he's fine, just you know...thinking thoughts."

"So many."

Ryan's voice is hoarse.

"Fucking thoughts."

"Lots of fucking thoughts,"

Sadie repeats.

"What is with all the fucking?"

Harper wonders out loud.

Ryan bursts out laughing and then coughs.

"Sorry."

I um.."

He finally locks eyes with Harper, then looks away like he's embarrassed.

What the hell is going on? "Oh champagne." He's still wearing his board shorts.

I frown when he grabs the bottle, tilts it back and starts chugging.

"Weren't you going to change?"

"Oh, he's changed alright,"

Sadie says cryptically.

"Huh?"

I narrow my eyes.

"Let it go,"

Harper mouths and winks at me and I'm suddenly a simp all over again, just staring at her, wondering how I got so lucky and when I can get lucky again.

So fucking relaxed, I still want to nap and fuck at the same time.

Maybe I'll get lucky and turn into someone who rather than sleep walks, sleep fucks? One can only hope.

"Why don't you guys grill some steaks?"

Sadie offers.

"Sure!"

Ryan jumps to the task like his ass is on fire and he's getting a treat if he does her steak medium rather than medium rare.

He plants a kiss on her mouth that lasts longer than fucking necessary, then pulls her against him before she pulls away and grabs the bottle from Harper.

"Let's let the boys talk and cook.

We can watch them do it shirtless..."

"Goody."

Harper laughs and follows her out.

The door shuts.

Ryan's smiling like an idiot.

"Bro..."

I shove him.

"What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Nothing wrong." He slaps me on the shoulder.

"It's just that everything's finally fucking right." He suddenly pauses, then calls over his shoulder, "Oh, also, hope you brought extra condoms."

I did, but I leave out the part that me and Harper don't use them since she's on birth control and instead just shrug and say, "You know I got you, playa." "Playa, indeed."

"Yup."

I laugh. "Let's grill."