

You're Mine

Chapter 106

Chapter 106

Easton

As soon as, "I love you, Easton.

And I promise, 'leaves her mouth, I kiss her.

I kiss her in a way that she'll never forget.

That, in twenty years from now, she'll look back on and remember the power and strength behind it.

The emotion.

The love that I have for this girl.

Goddamn it, she blows my mind.

The moment I pull away, I hear another crack of thunder outside and I know I need to get a fire going in the living room in case we end up losing power.

"Are you hungry? "

I ask, giving her one last kiss.

She shrugs.

"We had a big breakfast. "

She then rolls her eyes.

"Not that I could really enjoy it, deep down I worried she was poisoning us. "

I laugh.

The thought had crossed my mind, too.

I get up from the bed and find her leggings and sweatshirt, tossing both onto the mattress, so she can get dressed.

I put on a pair of grey sweats and a hoodie.

As I turn toward her, I say, "There's stuff for s'mores in the pantry.

Any interest? '

"Ohhh, 'she groans.

"I love those. '

Fuck, she's gorgeous.

She has no makeup on, her hair is a little wild, she's covered in a sweatshirt that's hiding most of her sexy body, yet she couldn't look hotter in this moment.

"I'm going to load the fireplace with wood and get it roaring.

Why don't you go find Sadie and Ryan and see if they're hungry.

There's frozen patties and hot dogs in the freezer, I can always slap some on the grill and we can eat them for dinner—or even breakfast tomorrow. '

She looks at one of the windows, then back at me.

"It's pouring outside.

You'll get soaked. '

"We have a backup grill in the garage.

Don't worry, I won't get wet in there. '

She wraps her arms around my waist.

"You're right, the storm was the best thing that could have happened to us this weekend. '

I kiss her nose.

"I know. 'I slap her ass.

"Now go. '

I head for the garage where my parents keep the Spare wood and load the large fireplace with some.

I add in some crumpled—up newspaper and find the matches Mom keeps in the kitchen.

Once I get the flame started, nursing it at first by blowing in some air, I join the group in the living room.

"Is it s'more time? 'Sadie asks.

She's holding a long, metal skewer, a marshmallow already at the end.

"Have at it, 'I tell her.

She squeals as she walks over to the fire, taking a seat on the rocky ledge.

"So, what's everyone feel like doing? Should we watch a movie? Play a game? '

A crack of thunder comes through the living room, causing Harper to jump.

Since the entire back of the house is all windows, we can see the bolt of lightning that follows, flashing across the whole lake.

"Are we going to lose power? 'Sadie asks.

"It's a strong possibility, '

Ryan replies.

"Don't you agree, Easton? 'I nod.

"It happens a lot here whenever there's a storm. '

"So you must have candles? '

Harper asks.

"Sure do, follow me. '

I take her into the kitchen where there's a whole shelf of candles on the bottom of the pantry.

I hand her several, and then grab some flashlights.

While I give everyone their own flashlight, Harper spreads the lit candles throughout the room.

"We don't have to worry about food, '

I tell them.

"If we lose power, the grill will still work. '

"Good, because this'll hold me over for an hour or so, '

Sadie says, "And then hangry will set in. '

"You don't want to meet hangry, 'Ryan says to me.

"Noted. '

I laugh and walk over to the side of the fireplace where there are several cabinets that frame the bottom of the entertainment center.

I open one of the doors, reading the labels of the boxes inside.

"We've got Twister— '

"Ohhh, Twister, 'Sadie says.

"A big no to Twister, '

Harper interjects.

"Hello, I'm not playing that with my brother. '

"Good point, '

I say, and then I continue, "Monopoly, Clue, Checkers, Chess— '

My voice cuts off when a pound of thunder roars through the house, a buzzing follows, the lights flickering once before they go out.

"Fuck, 'I sigh.

"I didn't expect it to happen that fast, '

Ryan says from the couch, getting up to grab a candle, setting it on the coffee table.

I worry that the power won't come back until this storm is over and who knows how long that's going to be.

"We still have s'mores, '

Sadie says, pulling her marshmallow out of the fire.

Harper is at the table, and Sadie joins her, adding the graham cracker and chocolate.

"Mmm, so good.

Anyone want one? '

Harper takes the skewer from Sadie's hand and says, "I'll make one. '

She smiles at me.

"Want to share it? '

I want to eat the chocolate off her instead, but I say, "Of course. '

She's just taking a seat by the fire when there's a flash of light that shines across the front of the house.

I assume it's just more lightning, but the light lasts, filtering in through the blinds.

"What the fuck, 'I say, moving over to the window.

I move the blinds away to see what's going on outside.

"What do you see? 'Ryan asks.

"I don't know ... '

I squint, the rain making it hard to distinguish what's going on out there, the storm making the sky so dark, I can barely see anything, but there's definitely a flash of light that's making its way through the trees.

"I think it's a car. '

"Who the hell would be here? '

Ryan asks.

"And who would be driving in this storm? '

Harper joins me, the half—charred marshmallow at the end of her skewer.

"I'm freaked. '

"Why, baby. '

I put my arm around her, holding her against me, licking some of the marshmallow off her finger.

"I don't know. The power is out, it's dark and Halloween—y and no sane person would be on the road right now, yet whoever it is, is driving up your driveway. "

The car parks and it's too dark to see the make.

I can't even distinguish the color.

It looks like the driver's side door opens and I leave Harper to rush over to the front door, opening it and yelling, "Who's there? "

There's no response as the rain pelts down, the crack of the thunder vibrating through the surrounding trees.

"Who is it? "Ryan asks.

"Easton, say something, "

Harper adds.

I'm squinting again, trying to make out the figure, realizing it's running right toward me.

I squeeze the door handle, not sure if I should keep it open or close it as the figure lands on the front porch, pulling their hood back, showing me his face.

"Hey, man, "

Blake says, winded, just as I hear the sound of the passenger door open, seeing Aisha running straight for me.

"The roads are too bad, and we had to turn around and come back. "

Harper is now next to me, her fingers digging so hard into my waist, she's going to leave a bruise.

"I was right ...it's not a sane person, "

she whispers as soon as Aisha joins Blake on the porch.

"And this is a damn nightmare."

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Harper I'm in shock.

I don't move for a few minutes after my confession to Easton that their arrival is a nightmare.

He grips my hand in his.

I squeeze right back.

How are we supposed to deal with this? While I don't like Aisha, okay, I hate her, and I'm at a breaking point with Blake, I don't wish death on them.

At least not yet.

"Yeah, it's rough out there, '

Ryan finally says, getting up on his feet and grabbing a few blankets.

"We were just sitting down to play a few games, you guys hungry? '

Ryan looks like he'd rather shove his head into a toilet than offer them food, but bonus points for actually being nice.

I'm still trying to look away from the massive amount of cleavage Aisha is showing.

I can't stop myself from rolling my eyes.

I want to toss a sweatshirt at her and then a blanket for good measure just so her girls don't spill out and give the guys a show.

I know I'm being ridiculous, but at the same time, I'm so angry that they're back and ruining our time together once again, I want to scream.

"Starved. '

Blake plops himself down on the couch, his dark man bun in disarray as if Aisha has had her hands through it.

I frown.

He meets my gaze, his eyes lock on mine, like he has something to say, which automatically makes me squirm as he licks his lips and winks.

What? I quickly look away as Ryan brings over some chips and dip, along with a fifth of whiskey—wow, yeah, because all good choices follow shots of whiskey.

Maybe I should numb myself a bit, so I don't commit homicide because as of right now, as Aisha adjusts her black top where I swear I almost see nipple, I think prison might be nice.

"S\$00000. '

Blake rubs his hands together, then runs them through his long, jet black hair, pulling it back into his little bun again, looking effortlessly hot, which just annoys me even more because why the hell is he with Aisha? What a waste.

"What were you guys up to before we came back? '

"Relaxing, '

I say in an annoyed voice as I lean in closer to Easton and grab his hand.

He kisses me on the head almost as if to say hey, it's fine, it's just a storm, everything's all right.

The sound of thunder has everyone in the house jumping a foot.

And, then, the lights flicker, giving me hope they're about to come back on, but my hope is wasted as the room stays deathly dark.

"I need to go check on the food, '

Easton says, kissing me on the cheek.

He gets up and Blake decides to join him along with Ryan.

So basically all the boys are playing hero while the girls are sitting in a small circle, staring at each other, waiting to draw blood.

It's awkward as hell.

I just want Easton.

And more vacation.

More lake.

And no Aisha.

With her fake blonde hair and emerald green eyes, she's pretty, I'll at least give her that, but she uses her beauty as a weapon.

She's the sort of girl who you warn people about, one who will pretend to be your friend to your face while jamming a knife in your back while she says sorry.

I shudder.

"So. '

Sadie clears her throat.

"Bad roads, then? '

Aisha rolls her eyes.

"Duh, isn't that what we said? '

Sadie's hands clench into tiny fists.

"Were there some trees down or something? '

I intervene.

"Yeah. '

Aisha looks away, then jumps a foot when the thunder sounds again.

Her eyes flicker to mine, then to the door.

"Are the guys coming back? '

"They're fine, probably just working on the food, '

Sadie says in a bored voice, but I notice something different.

I notice Aisha.

Frowning, I watch closely as she grabs a nearby blanket and wraps it around herself.

Her body shivers as lightning flashes through the window and when the thunder hits again she squeezes her eyes shut.

One solitary tear slides down her cheek before she swipes it away with her perfectly manicured, pointy, purple nail.

"Are you scared of storms? '

I ask, curious but also trying to cut the tension a bit.

She shrugs.

“Storms are scary. ’

‘Yeah, so are heights and Ryan somehow manages to go bungee jumping like a pro. ’

She shudders.

“It’s okay to be scared of shit. ’

She peers around me.

“Are we sure the boys are okay? ’

“They’re fine. ’

Sadie jumps to her feet.

“But, because you’re so damn worried, I’ll go check on them.

Happy, princess? ’

Aisha sniffs.

“Yes. ’

“Perfect. ’

Sadie halfway growls, then stomps out of the living room, abandoning me to Aisha and her weird moods.

More thunder sounds.

Aisha practically plasters herself against the couch.

“Do you need anything? ’

I ask.

She snorts out a laugh.

“Like you actually care. ’

“I do care. ’

And I mean it.

"I mean, while I would one hundred percent attach your body to a metal pole and leave you for the lightning, I do care.

Right now, I care. '

Aisha laughs.

"I'm feisty, you'd have to get me strapped in the first place. '

"Oh, I have plans, I'd knock you out first. '

"I'll be sure to be on the lookout for blunt objects. '

She actually laughs.

And I find myself joining in.

"So. '

I shrug.

"Storms? '

She swallows, then her eyes meet mine.

For the first time since I've Known her, there isn't a pretense, no hidden agenda, just a scared girl.

"He died. '

I lean forward.

"Who did? '

"My brother. '

She hugs the blanket tighter around herself.

"What do you mean? '

I pry.

"I didn't even know you had a brother? '

I vaguely remember Ryan being upset about a kid at another school getting hurt but we didn't hang out as much back when we were freshman, I hurt his cool factor.

"How could you? "

She shrugs.

"He went to the perfect private school across town, besides, most people forget, it's easy to forget.

You know, way easier, because then it doesn't hurt as much, then you can almost believe it didn't happen because how could that happen to someone so young? "

Her voice cracks.

"He was driving up here, to Easton's lake house, actually... "

She shudders.

"We were freshman, he was a senior. "

I shake my head.

"I don't remember. "

"Well, you are a nerd. "

She offers with a laugh.

I weirdly don't feel offended.

"But there was a storm, a lot like this one, and my idiot brother needed to drive back for football practice. "

"What happened? "

I'm almost afraid to ask more of the story.

Her eyes meet mine before she whispers, "Easton killed their friendship.

The storm finished him off."

Chapter 108

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Easton

"Storms suck bailllssssss. "

Ryan kicks a piece of firewood.

"How do you only have like two days worth of firewood and zero storm gear in this place? "

I shrug.

"No idea, I'm not exactly a cub scout, then again"— I turn to Blake—"Anything you'd like to add to this Mr.

I[-have—at—least—seventeen— survival—patches. "

Blake flips me off.

"I was nine and you're a dick. "

I burst out laughing.

Damn, sometimes I miss him, and then I remember Aisha sucking my dick sophomore year and I get all better.

"Well ... "

I look around the shed.

"I think other than the blankets, junk food, and the rest of the firewood this is as good as it's going to get. "

"Yeah, "

Ryan agrees.

"At least it's not too cold yet at night and we won't starve. "

"And we do have girls to spoon, "

Blake points out.

I immediately want to be like my girl, my spoon, go fork somewhere else, then remember he has Aisha and feel my balls actually tremble.

"About that. "

"What? "

Blake looks genuinely relaxed when I'd be making SOS signals in order to escape being alone with her.

"Are you guys like... "

I make a gesture with my hands that makes zero sense, then finally just say, "Fucking.

Are you fucking? "

Blake doesn't even blink.

"Would that bother you? "

"No! "

I pretty much yell.

"Not at all, you do you, man.

[I'm just curious because you brought her up here and people don't typically bring others up here to talk about feelings and knit. "

"How would you know? I knit a damn good sweater. "

Blake crosses his arms.

"He knits? "

Ryan asks.

"He does, "

Blake answers with a grin.

"But, for your information, we're just friends.

I've been reaching out to her lately, you know, it's the anniversary of her brother's death tomorrow and it just seemed like the right thing to do. "

My stomach drops.

How could I forget Deacon? I never could.

Never would.

That night.

The way he looked at me like I'd betrayed him.

And the way he drove off in pain.

And never came back.

"Yeah, Deacon was a good guy, '

I find myself saying, hiding my secrets, my past, digging deeper into the mud, and praying that nobody sees the dirt under my nails.

"Didn't you know him pretty well? '

Ryan asks.

I shrug.

"Yeah, I mean, I knew a lot of the guys from other schools, especially the football teams, but I wouldn't call us close. '

"Huh. '

Blake smirks.

"That's funny. '

"What is? '

I try to keep my tone even.

"Nothing. '

He smiles.

"Don't worry about it, I'm just thankful you let us crash here tonight, so we don't repeat history and all that. '

"History? '

Ryan scratches his head.

"Oh wait, didn't a huge storm hit? '

'Yup. '

Blake locks eyes with me.

“The biggest storm to hit the family, I'm surprised more people weren't hurt. '

My nostrils flare.

“Storms happen. '

“Yeah. '

Blake grabs one of the blankets and grips it in his hands.

“Sometimes, they do.

It's about how you handle them in the moment though that defines everything. '

“We still, um, talking about lightning? '

Ryan asks.

“Yes, '

we say in unison.

“Let's go, '

I say gruffly.

“The girls are waiting and probably super scared and cold. '

“Nah, not my girl, Sadie's a fucking beast, a warrior a— '

“—Get it offfffffl '

Sadie's voice comes down the hall.

We all start running and stop when we see Sadie dancing in the middle of the living room, flapping her arms all over the place.

“Stop moving! '

Aisha yells.

“You're making it worse! '

Harper adds.

“It's alive! '

"IT'S A LEAF! "

Harper yells.

"Sit the hell down before I smack you! "

Sadie stops moving and looks down at her arm.

"It felt real. "

"God, you guys are lunatics! "

Aisha screams, then realizes we're all standing there, watching them, and her face softens.

"A leaf flew in through the door when Harper opened it to look out and they thought it was a mouse or a bat, who fucking knows.

Point is, you guys are all crazy and I'm already exhausted.

Where's the whiskey? "

Aisha's eyes are full of tears.

And I know why, the thunder making her flinch again.

She grabs a blanket and sits on the couch, wrapping it around her, then reaching for the whiskey that was there the whole time.

She tips the bottle back in one huge gulp before setting it down and staring straight ahead.

Harper shares a look with me while Sadie sits across from Aisha and makes a valiant attempt to look friendly.

They don't know though, do they? Not what happened.

Not why this is hard for Aisha.

As much as I hate her, I do get it.

I feel it in my bones.

My soul.

Like Deacon is still here, haunting us, reminding us of memories I'd rather forget.

For one brief moment, I look at Aisha and she looks right back, her eyes meeting mine in a way that's almost familiar, friendly, like she's sharing the pain.

But, as quick as it happens, it goes away, and she leans forward, her tits nearly falling out of her dark black tank and says, "So, strip poker, then? "

"Sure. "

Blake laughs and sits next to her, pulling Aisha to his side, like they're together.

She doesn't flinch, but she does elbow him and scoot away.

"I think we'll need more drinks for this. "

"Yup, "

Aisha agrees.

Blake meets my gaze.

"The booze still in the same spot in the garage? "

"You know the way. "

Maybe too well.

"Cool. "

He gets up and looks down at Aisha.

"Wanna help me carry them in? "

She crosses her arms and pouts, "Baby I'm so tiiiiiiired. "

"Fine, fine. "

He winks.

"What about you, Harper, wanna help me carry some beer in? "

Harper looks to me.

I kind of hate that she thinks she needs my permission.

Hell, I'll kick his ass if he tries anything, so I just smile and say, "She's woman enough to carry all that booze in here, right, Harp? "

“Right. ’

She jumps to her feet, and then yawns, stretching her arms over her head.

Her shirt rides up, giving me a perfect view of smooth skin and full hips.

Blake’s hungry look isn’t helping my generosity in letting him be close enough to breathe the same air as her, but what else am I supposed to do? “Let’s get it. ’

Blake leads the way and Harper shares a smile with me before following him.

I’m totally calm, at peace, ready to put things behind me when Aisha starts to laugh.

“What? ’

I frown.

“You high or something? ’

“You’re an idiot, ’

she says, grabbing the playing cards from Ryan.

“If you think that you don’t have some serious competition when it comes to Blake, you’re wrong. ’

“Huh? ’

I almost laugh.

“That cock sucker? ’

She smiles.

“Never underestimate the underdog —and the one guy who can possibly make you look and feel like a dumbass at school, other than that dip shit over there. ’

She points at Ryan.

“But clearly, he’s about to get laid, so he doesn’t give a shit about you right now, he just wants pussy. ’

I wait for Ryan to defend me, but he’s already making out with Sadie and her hands are tugging at his pants and before I know it, they’re stumbling out of the living room, which means I get to play strip poker with Blake, Aisha, and the girlfriend I just confessed my love to.

Awesome.

Chapter 109

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Harper

“You boys ready to lose? ”

Aisha asks.

I look at her, like really, really look at her.

She went from being emotional and an actual human a few minutes ago, sharing stories of her past, her brother, and why they were so close, why his death effected her so much, to this flirty little thing who looks ready to have a threesome with Blake and Easton.

She adjusts her top again, of course, exposing her boobs, then sits back against the couch and clasps her hands together.

“Boys against girls! ”

That means I’m on her team.

Yay me.

How did that switch flip so fast? I share a look with her, she lifts her chin, her eyebrow arching, like game on, and I have zero choice but to reply back with a look of my own that I hope appears confident and sexy as fuck.

“Never, ”

Blake laughs.

“Hey, where did Sadie and Ryan go? ”

“They’re having sex, ”

Easton laughs.

“Lots and lots of sex, in fact, if you guys want to give up on the game, I’d be more than down to take this girl over here”—he grabs me—“and eat her out until my tongue falls off. ”

Aisha's cheeks turn pink.

Blake glares.

"Thanks for the overshare, but I think we should hang out a bit.

Isn't that what friends do? '

I want to punch him.

Easton's tongue falling off? Well, yeah, that sounds super nice, sign me up! Instead, I'm playing stupid cards with Blake and Aisha.

I don't growl, but a sound I can't quite define escapes my parted lips as Aisha deals the cards out and starts the game.

"Actually, '

she laughs, "how about we do a game of slapjack instead? Super easy to understand, you just have to slap, and if you lose, well... '

She shrugs.

"An article of clothing gets to leave your body. '

"I don't think so, '

Easton mutters, his gaze meeting mine.

"Awesome idea, '

Blake encourages.

"Are you really okay with this? '

Easton asks me.

"Sure. '

I shrug, remembering I have a see through lace bra on, so once my shirt is gone, or pants, I have like zero choice left.

I'm wearing flip flops, sweats, a thong, and a sweatshirt.

Clearly, I did not plan for this.

I'll just have to win slapjack, which I can do.

I can totally do this.

A half hour goes by and I realize I really cannot do this.

I'm sitting in my thong.

My flip flops are gone.

Blake is shirtless, showing off an eight—pack.

It's impressive and I want to stare, but I force myself to look away.

And Easton? He's fully dressed, a pro at slapjack, to the point that it's almost alarming.

And Aisha? Same.

The only thing she took off is one high heel.

That's it.

One.

Heel.

I officially hate this game.

We continue to play.

My eyes are moving faster than what should be humanely possible as I try to locate the stupid jack card, so I can slap it.

Aisha sees it first.

My hand hits hers.

Easton hits mine.

Blake is last.

All eyes fall to me.

Because unless I want to pull off my stupid thong, I have to pull off my hoccie.

"No. "

Easton tugs me against him.

"Hell no. '

I pull away slightly and look into his eyes.

"It's fine, it's not like Blake hasn't seen boobs before and I'm sure mine are so big that we'll give Aisha a real live human anatomy lesson. '

I start to take off my top.

"PS, this is what real boobs look like, you know, without padding, without help..just all natural perfection. '

I'm shaking as I flip off my sweatshirt and toss it into the corner, clearly I'm nipping out because I'm cold and freaking out.

Aisha glares at me, like her plan backfired, while Blake looks at my chest, looks away, then looks again.

"Look at her tits one more time... '

Easton warns.

"And I will fucking kill you. '

Aisha snickers.

"Not like you haven't had your share of strip poker, tits, and pussy. '

Easton stiffens next to me while Blake looks away like he's ashamed.

I frown.

"What? '

"Oh, you know. '

Aisha starts equally splitting the deck again.

"Or maybe you don't? '

I'm quiet.

I don't want to hear this, do I? But it's like an addiction I can't quit, like I need to know Easton's past even if it affects our future.

“What? ’

I ask again.

“Aisha, ’

Easton warns.

Blake clears his throat.

“Probably not the time, Aisha. ’

Even Blake is warning her? Is it horrible that now I really want to know? “What? ’

She laughs.

“Are you two, like, actually embarrassed about it? ’

She throws her head back and laughs more.

“God, I thought you were more mature than that. ’

“Aisha, ’

Easton says her name again.

“I’m serious. ’

“So am I! ’

She laughs harder.

“It was fun while it lasted, am I right? ’

She does a little shimmy.

“Man, you’d think Harper was the only girl who’s ever been topless in this lake house. ’

I freeze and reach for my sweatshirt, I’m officially done playing games with her.

“After all... ’

Aisha deals another card ignoring my cheating.

“Wasn’t it just a year ago that I was up here with you two, drinking...playing the games we always play and getting naked... ’

I hope she doesn't finish the sentence because I'm afraid it might make me kill her.

And then she adds, "Even fucking "

"Okay. "

Blake stands.

"Sorry, we should go to bed, she's had a lot to drink. "

"No. "

Aisha slams the cards onto the table.

"I don't want to go to bed.

Not yet.

Don't you want to stroll down memory lane? Didn't we fuck around that one night, after we got really drunk and played strip poker? I seem to remember a threesome with you on top Blake... "

"Fuck, Aisha! "

Blake yells.

"Are you serious right now? "

She nods, and I swear she's just warming up.

"Maybe it was just a dream, but I swear I was handling two dicks that night—— "

"Enough. "

Easton's deep, angry voice makes her jump.

It makes me jump too.

Aisha pouts.

"You're no fun. "

"And you're drunk. "

Easton's gaze shifts to Blake.

“Get her out of here.

Before she says something she regrets.”

Chapter 110

Chapter 110

Easton

I'll kill her I will actually kill this bitch.

I stand up.

Harper is stunned, I think.

She grabs on to me— hard.

Blake yawns.

“Aisha, babe.

Let's go to our room.

Fuck around a little bit and put that mouth to good use like you did for me last night. '

“You're such a fucking jack ass! '

Aisha gets up and stomps off.

“I'm taking a shower, don't follow me! '

She stumbles away from him clearly drunk off her ass.

“Had to give it a shot, '

Blake says under his breath so only we can hear.

I keep my laugh in while she stomps off in a zig zag.

I pull Harper closer next to me, thankful she has her top back on and is in the process of putting the pants back where they belong——on her ass.

She's stiff next to me.

I can feel her tension, her stress, all the words Aisha said seem to just seep into her body as if my I love you doesn't even matter anymore.

Blake shakes his head at me as if to say, don't.

What doesn't he want me to do? The hell? "Hey, Easton, I'm gonna go grab some beer from the garage, want more? "

I want to say no because my girl's here and I want to be with her, but also, I'm not sure I should be.

I'm not sure if she needs a minute and I don't want to ask her in front of him.

"Actually. "

He scratches his head.

"Sorry to be an ass, Harper, but I'm gluten free and I can't remember the right brand, can you just run out and help me real quick? It might just be easier since it's so dark and all..You hold the flash candle and I'll fill my hands, God knows we need more alcohol after that drama. "

Harper lets out a curse, then gets up.

"Yeah I could use some air. "

"Great. "Blake winks at me.

Is that an I got this wink or an, I'll steal this wink? No clue.

All I know is that Harper leaves, fucking leaves with Blake and I'm left there wondering what the hell to do.

Was Aisha right? Is he really my competition? No fucking way.

I don't have to wait long until I'm no longer alone.

Two minutes later, out comes Aisha.

She's wearing a white, fluffy towel.

Her hair's wet and tied up in a knot on her head and she looks hungry for dick.

"Hey there. "She drops the towel.

"You wanna play some more? "

“No. 'I deadpan.

“Also, your snatch needs a bit of trimming, oh, and I'm into pussy that hasn't been pounded at least a dozen times... '

I pause. “In the last week. '

“Fuck you! 'she yells, grabbing her white towel and pulling it across her chest wrapping it tight.

“Why are you such an asshole? '

“Why are you so obsessed with me? '

I tease back.

“But, seriously, Aisha, I have a girl who's hot as fuck—something you can never claim.

I'm happy, also something that you'll never be able to say if you keep doing what you're doing and... '

I shrug.

“I'm done, so fucking done with you and your games, so try all you want, but this is my fucking house, I'm just letting you stay the night so you don't die in a storm— '

“The way my brother did, '

she counters with a sneer.

“The way you let him die? '

“That wasn't my fault and you know it! '

I yell.

“Oh bull fucking shit! '

she screams.

“It was you who let him go! Admit it! Just admit that you were the reason he left! That you were the reason he was depressed! '

My heart clenches in my chest.

“It had nothing to do with me. '

"You could've been nicer to him! "

"I was! 'I scream.

"He was my friend! "

"He was my brother! "

she screams back.

"And you ruined him! "

"No, 'I say quietly.

"He ruined himself. "

"Fuck.You. "

Tears stream down her cheeks.

"I hate you.I hate you.I hate that I thought you were different.I hate that at the end of the day, you're just this spoiled little fuck who doesn't care about anyone else but yourself. 'I nod, my chest tight.

"I'm sorry you feel that way. "

"And I'm sorry he's dead, "

she says, tears streaming down her face even more.

"But it doesn't bring him back. "

"No, 'I whisper, looking out the window into the darkness.

"But I wish it did. "

She swipes the tears at her eyes and starts to climb the stairs, then stops and turns around, looking over her shoulder.

"Did you ever care about him? Even a little bit? "

"Of course, "

I answer without even thinking about it.

"He was one of my friends.Talented.

He had it all.

If anything I was jealous. '

"So... 'She sniffs.

"Why couldn't you be there for him? '

"Because he was my friend, Aisha.

That's it, that's where it stopped. '

"I loved him, 'she says.

"So much. But it wasn't enough. '

"Aisha, 'I sigh.

"No one could save him.

Not even you. '

"They bullied him. '

She starts to cry even harder.

"They called him names.

You were his only friend. '

"Yeah, I was, 'I whisper.

"It's why, despite you being crazy, I'm still your friend, because that's what he would have wanted. '

Her eyes squeeze shut.

"You hate me, though. '

"I hate what you've become.

I don't hate you. '

She nods, and then she's walking back down the stairs until she's right in front of me, standing there like I'm supposed to do something.

“Thank you, ’

she whispers.

“For understanding. ’

“For understanding him? ’I ask. “No. ’

Her arms reach around my waist.

“For understanding us. ’

“What the fuck are you— ’

Her mouth claims mine so fast, I can’t even finish my sentence as the back door to the garage slams and voices sound.

I shove her away in a panic.

Harper walks around the corner, smiling.

“Hey, you guys ready for bed? ’

“I sure am. ’Aisha winks.

“What about you... ’

She looks around me.

“Blake?”