

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

## **#Chapter 121 - Read You're Mine by Penny Brooks**

### **Chapter 121**

#### **Chapter 121**

Chapter 121

Harper

With Easton's phone tucked under my arm to hide it from my teacher, I enter the classroom, and hurry to my desk.

Once I'm sitting, I take out my textbook and notebook and pretend to be ready for class. Really, it's just a stage, so I can look prepared while, in all actuality, I'll be hiding behind the guy in front of me, using Easton's phone to catch up on all the things I've missed. Just as I'm typing in his passcode—the same code, I've learned, that opens his locker—I hear, “Are you all right?”

The question comes from my left, the seat where Blake sits. I'm sure he's asking because he saw Easton and I arguing.

Blake misses nothing. I don't want to get into it. It's none of his business.

Whatever I tell him, I'm sure will get right back to Aisha, and then I'll have to listen to her teasing, too. I'm over it. I glance at him, observing the concern etched across his face. “Yeah, I'm fine.”

“You deserve better.”

He turns his body toward me. “I told him that when I saw him gloating in the hallway a few seconds ago. What dude does that, by the way? Fight with their girlfriend, and then act like king of the world?”

He rolls his eyes. “Anyway, I just want you to know that you don't have to put up with someone treating you that way. You're a hell of a catch, Harper. Any guy in this school would agree.”

My heart aches. I was the reason for today's fight. I was the one who royally fucked things up. I was the one who waited her whole life to date someone—someone as amazing as Easton—and then kept him

a secret from her parents.

What's wrong with me? How am I going to make this up to Easton? How am I going to show him how much I love him? "Harper?"

I realize I'm staring at Blake, lost in my thoughts, not saying anything. "Yes?"

"Stop doubting yourself. Every word I said is true."

I nod and turn back toward the front of the room, the teacher beginning her lecture. I don't know what she's saying, nor do I care.

What I need is to get out of my head for a few minutes and focus on something other than my massive fuck—up. I unlock Easton's phone and pull up his Instagram. Do I snoop? Ugh, I can't help myself.

I immediately pull up his DMs and start scrolling, looking for names that stand out.

There's nothing, just a bunch of stuff with his guy friends. Phew. I logout of his account and login to mine, catching up with all the messages I've missed.

I check Aisha's page, surprised there isn't some type of reference about my fight with Easton this morning—or anything about me in general or her everlasting love for him. She's been quiet, and that's not like her.

WHGOSSIP hasn't had anything really juicy to share either. In fact, their posts have been a little lame lately, a few hookups that the school already knows about, a fight between two cheerleaders that resulted in lost weaves. Snore.

I logout and check my Facebook and TikTok, laughing at Sadie's video with her hairless cat. She likes to dress him up in these wild costumes and the cat couldn't be more uninterested. It's hysterical. And it's gained her over a hundred thousand followers.

She's even having pet companies reach out to her for endorsements, it's nuts. Seeing that I haven't really missed much, I logout of all my accounts and stare at the background on Easton's phone.

The photo is of us, the first night at his lake house, sitting outside on the dock. Sadie had taken the picture and our legs are dangling in the water, his arm is around my shoulders, my head is resting by his neck.

I'm sorry.

I'm so sorry, Easton. I didn't mean to fuck this up. Even though things didn't end badly when we parted in the hallway, I feel hopeful that he's somehow going to forgive me, and I'm going to find a way to make this right.

Still, my heart aches. I need more. I need to feel the love he didn't give me this morning. I pull up his photo App and start scrolling through all his pictures. I'm surprised at how many there are of us, I didn't realize Easton took as many photos as me.

Some are of us snuggled together at his house, others were taken in my bedroom, lots were snapped while we were at school, tons more of us at the lake house. I scroll through many more random shots, searching for more pics of us.

I'm going pretty fast, so there's quick flashes of detail that catch my eyes—liquor bottles, Ryan doing a keg stand, the boys moshing at a concert.

I keep scrolling, knowing there has to be more shots and suddenly, something out of nowhere catches my attention, and I reverse back a few photos.

There's a fluttering in my chest as I rewind the pictures I've already seen, going slow to make sure I don't pass it again.

I don't know exactly what I'm looking for, I just know something didn't feel right when I saw a flash of it the first time.

My thumb swipes again and suddenly my chest tightens to the point where I can't breathe. It's not like I've been running and can't catch my breath. This is the feeling that something has literally taken the air out of my lungs.

Because that thing has punched me in the fucking gut. And it doesn't stop with one kick. It punches again. And again. My hands shake as I hold Easton's phone. My stomach churns. Why does he have this photo? Why does it appear like he's the one who took it? I don't want to—and I don't know why I do—but I spread my thumbs over the picture to blow it up. My heart begins to pound as the pixels spread, Mrs.

Scott's boobs enlarged over the center of his screen. She's topless. Braless. Smiling. At my man. In what seems like a house—probably her house because I know it's not Easton's, I've never seen that painting hanging on any of his walls.

I can't.

I fucking can't.

A thought comes to me. Maybe it's a super old photo that he forgot to delete. That he meant to trash, and it just slipped his mind.

I pull up the details of the picture where it shows the date it was taken. My stomach churns again, the bile threatening to rise to my throat. The date that's timestamped is a date I'll never forget. Because it changed our entire relationship since that very next morning, every student in this school thought he had slept with Mrs. Scott. But I believed he didn't. I thought he was loyal to me.

I stupidly took his words for the truth when he told me nothing happened between them. But something most definitely happened. This photo is proof.

Proof that my boyfriend cheated on me with that bitch. I set the phone down on my desk, my chest heaving, my lips quivering, this overwhelming urge to scream takes over my body. How could he? Why would he? It doesn't matter.

Because ... We're done.

## **Chapter 122**

### Chapter 122

Easton

It's weird not having my phone.

And not being able to text my girl when I literally want to bang my head against my own locker, add in a few slams, then get high so my anxiety slows down all because I just need her.

Don't get me wrong, I'm still livid as fucking hell that she didn't tell her parents about me.

And let's be honest, I'm still embarrassed that I was eating her out under a mother fucking Christmas tree while both the Santa figurine and baby Jesus watched. Son of a bitch. I'm going to hell, aren't I?

I start to sweat as I think about all the ways I'll burn for shoving my head between her thighs while her mom walked in.

I pull my beanie down over my eyes and groan when the bell rings. Thank. God. I need my phone.

I need Harper.

It's been stressful since the cabin, her sickness, grades, upcoming finals and just everything, everything seems to be causing both of us to pull more apart just when I felt like things were finally getting better.

Add in fucking Blake and yeah, maybe I do need to just store edibles in my locker and pretend they're actual candy.

I barely make it to my locker when I see Ryan approach, and he looks just as tired as I feel. "School blows," he groans and leans against it.

"I can't wait to be done with all of this shit."

I put in my History book and slam my locker closed. "Something happen in Pre—Cal that I don't know about?"

Or is this just you bitching like you always do that Mr. Clark is dumber than a box of rocks and needs to retire?"

"He called me Bryan,"

Ryan says. "Three times."

I bust up laughing. "Damn, I needed that laugh. Did you at least respond?"

"Yeah, because he kept going, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, and I was fucking annoyed. He pointed his stapler at me.

It was an entire experience that made me want to toss my desk."

He frowns. "Honestly, things with Sadie are going good, too good, I just have a weird feeling, one that tells me it can't always be like this and after..."

He hesitates. "You know the... desecration."

I glare. "Must you bring it up?"

"Some things you can't unhear, bro, some things scar you for life, you fucking ruined holiday decorations for my entire family.

I couldn't sleep and had to turn baby Jesus toward the window along with the little lamb because I felt guilty on your behalf."

He shudders. "Anyways, it's just a lot. Don't people always say senior year is supposed to be the best?"

Nobody ever talks about the stress."

"All the stress,"

I groan. Ryan jerks his head toward the hallway behind me. "Speaking of stress, there's my sister and she looks..."

He frowns, and then slaps me on the back. "The same way she did when our grandma died so... may the odds be ever in your favor. I'm out."

He runs away like a little bitch and I wonder why the hell she looks so angry and sad when I'm the one who got caught by her mom of all people—and not only that, I wasn't

even brought into the fold as far as being her boyfriend. I frown. I cross my arms. I prepare for impact. "You."

She says it in a terrifying way that has my teeth clenching and my sperm most likely dying out of sheer terror. "You."

Does she really need to repeat it?

I don't ask. I simply clear my throat and wait. Tears start to fall. Damn, this isn't good. I reach for her only to have her flinch and pull back as more tears flow. People are watching. I have no clue what to do and almost ask if it's that time of the month when she points my phone at me, showing me my own screen.

I immediately feel like puking when I see the picture of Leigh and grab Harper by the wrist, pulling her down the hall and outside so that people can't hear, can't see, can't know.

Panic has me almost hyperventilating because what the hell do I say?

What. The. Hell. Do. I. Say?

It starts to rain, because of course it starts to rain when you're a senior in high school and dealing with drama and trying not to have a nervous breakdown. Hell, are we on Riverdale or starting our own Netflix drama these days?

I clench my fists as I stare at the photo of Leigh. Her tits could not be any more visible, obvious, huge, damning. "I didn't take that."

I lie right away because I'm so used to it. I am so fucking used to being that guy, the one who's never been in a real relationship and doesn't want to get in trouble. But the minute I say those four words I regret it. Harper's eyes squeeze shut and open again, glassy yet so clear and sad that I want to rip my own beating heart out of my chest just so I can exchange it and take on her pain. My fault. Fuck. "The date,"

she whispers hoarsely. "It was the day everything changed for us, the night, the hot tub..."

More tears fall until she's full-on sobbing. "Did you cheat on me?"

When I gave everything to you?

When I made the decision to be transparent?

When you made the choice to be the guy I've always known you could be?

When you said all those... things?"

A knot forms in my throat. I know I'm about to cry.

I'm still angry for my own reasons, but right now I feel like a complete dick head, the worst of the worst because while I took that to protect us—I still kept it from her, and the whole point of a relationship, of

being open, is to share things that matter, and things that affect us.

"I'm starting over," I whisper as tears fill my eyes.

God, I can't believe I'm ready to cry, that I might actually shed a tear in front of my girlfriend. But it hurts.

It hurts so fucking bad. Everything hurts. I love this girl. I love her so much I don't know how to function.

And her expression is breaking me. I open my mouth, only to close it again, then finally mutter the damning words, "I lied. I'm sorry. I had my reasons. I only did it so—"

The bell rings at that moment. "Look, wait for me after school, I can explain...let me explain."

It's my turn to squeeze my eyes shut and open them again, knowing that this might end us. "I went over there to protect you—to protect us. And when she came onto me again—"

I take a deep breath. "She doesn't matter. Because you've always only been mine and I wanted to keep it that way."

## **Chapter 123**

Chapter 123

Harper

"No."

It's all I can say, all I can think. No. No. No. No. "Harper."

He reaches for me.

All I can do is slap his phone into his hand and turn away from him. This isn't okay. Nothing about this is okay. He has a naked picture of the school counselor on his phone in order to blackmail her and he never told me.

He fucking left me that night and lied. The problem is his lies.

Had he just said, oh hey, btw, this woman is the worst and I slept with her and here's everything laid out on the table, full disclosure, like he SAID he was going to do. I feel sick to my stomach.

Forget feeling like shit this morning thanks to my cold. Nothing compares to this feeling of finding that photo on his phone.

I turn around and start to walk away. "Harper."

The way he says my name kills a part of my soul.

He says it like a prayer every time, and it's so damn hard not to fall to my knees and worship the way he treats me or how I thought he treated me.

I think back on when I was sick and he dropped stuff off, I think back on all the times he was my rock and I wonder what I did wrong to make him feel he couldn't trust me, when he fucking lied and said he did.

I want to be his as much as he's mine. So why doesn't it work?

Why are there so many obstacles the minute I think things are okay?

The stress is starting to really get to me.

"Not now," I finally say. It's all I really can say without puking all over the sidewalk and I make my way back into the school for my last class. Shit. I know I probably look horrible. I rush into the girls bathroom and grip the sink, then stare at my reflection, wondering why it's hard to even recognize myself anymore. The door opens. "Girl, Sadie says.

"I saw you running, are you okay?"

"Yes."

I fib. And then fall into broken sobs. "No, he I—lied. He went to her and I had his phone..."

After checking all the Stalls it only takes me three minutes to tell her before the bell rings. "This isn't over."

She juts a finger at me. "If Ryan knew about this, I'm burning his ass with a fucking torch!"

I sniffle and shrug. "Can you at least tell me I don't look like hell before I head over to gym?"



She winces. "Maybe just...put on some lipgloss?"

"Lipgloss doesn't fix broken hearts,"

I point out. "No."

She braces my shoulders with her hands.

"But it does give you more power when you're wearing lipstick. Ask my grandma, she's eighty, and red lipstick still gets her laid."

I laugh through my tears. "I knew I liked your grandma."

"Everyone clearly does."

She winks. "Put on the pink gloss, go to gym, ignore him for the rest of the afternoon.

You only have fifty minutes of hell before you can sneak into the liquor cabinet or DoorDash fries, kay?"

I nod and swallow the giant sized golf ball in my throat, trying to clean up my face as much as possible before I head to gym.

With Aisha and Blake.

Yay, the hits just keep coming. I don't even have a phone I can utilize just in case Easton actually does have a better confession or explanation.

I want to say we're done, but right now I just need a break from it all before I rage.

I change into my gym clothes and walk into the giant space.

Aisha is off to the side, talking to Julia, and when Blake sees me, he frowns as he approaches.

Like literally the last thing I need right now is one of his pep talks.

I turn away as the teacher blows his whistle. "Line up, we're playing badminton! Find a partner and remember if I see any more cell phones out or Toks or Tiks— whatever the hell you kids call it being filmed, it's detention.

You know things happen in actual real time here at school and filming your life for the world to see because you want to be an influencer isn't how it's done if you want to go to college."

"Someone's pissed, Blake says from behind me.

"His daughter, by the way, has two million followers on TikTok. Think he's triggered that she makes more than him?"

I smile, despite my grumpy mood, and turn around. "It's not like teachers are rolling in it."

"Especially gym teachers."

He runs a hand through his dark hair, pieces of it falling against his high cheekbones. "Let's team up, you look like you could use a win today."

I shrug. "Technically, you're playing against me."

"Right."

He takes a step forward until he's inches from me, licking his lips before saying, "I suck at badminton, couldn't ever get into it once I found out you technically call the little birdie shit a shuttlecock."

He grins. "So, what do you say?"

You wanna shuttle my cock?

And I mean that in the most respectful way possible."

Our teacher starts yelling about lining up again as Blake holds out the shuttlecock. And for some reason. I want nothing more than to grab him. Rage. And beat his ass.

## **Chapter 124**

### Chapter 124

Easton

I'm a fucking mess through last period and can't even fucking text Harper to apologize or discuss the whole thing with her mom.

The sick feeling I get in my chest when I think about her not claiming me and of course on top of that the picture.

Fuckkkk, the damn picture. I see Sadie the minute I get out of class and think, oh good, someone I can convince to be on my side, when she smacks me on the ass with her backpack.

"The hell, Sadie!"

"How could you hurt her like that! I thought you trusted her! She was bawling."

Her own eyes tear up. "Really, Easton?"

I mean, fucking, really?"

"Keep your voice down."

I grab her by the elbow and bring her toward my locker when Ryan walks up. "Is there a reason you're hitting him?"

"Yes,"

she seethes and looks around us. "He has a picture of Leigh on his phone with her tits just dangling out there and Harper saw it and it was the same day...it was..."

She shakes her head. "That same fucking day you guys decided to get serious, you lied, Easton. AGAIN!"

"Keep your voice down!"

Ryan repeats and shares a look with me. "Sadie, you don't know the whole story."

Her eyes widen. "You knew?"

"Shit."

Ryan lowers his head. "Look, can we do this in the parking lot at least?"

People are starting to stare."

Sadie appears ready to chop his dick off.

I'm so miserable, I'm still on the verge of tears as we leave the building.

Sadie and Ryan walk ahead of me, but she jerks out of his embrace and already I feel guilty because I know she's taking sides and is pissed off.

Harper soon appears in the parking lot, heading toward Sadie's car, and I know all hell is about to break loose as Blake follows behind her and hands her a scrunchie. Really?

A fucking scrunchie?

I hear him say, "You dropped this after gym."

He winks at her, tuffles her hair and says, "Good game, thanks for handing me my ass. It was actually more fun losing, I think."

He looks over at me and smiles. "Maybe winning first isn't where it's at these days..."

I want to kill him. Blood pumps through my body as my nostrils flare. Ryan grabs me before I can run after Blake or just hop into my car, start the engine, and run him over. "Not worth it, man,"

Ryan says quickly. "Look, maybe we should just head out and talk or something?

You could use it"

Hell yeah I could, but I want to talk to Harper. The minute my eyes search for her again, she's already hopping into Sadie's car and putting on her seatbelt. "Wait!"

I call out. She hesitates putting it on.

I wait for her to get out. Instead, she looks away and clicks herself in while Sadie gives me the finger and burns out of the parking lot, like she's getting chased by the devil after stealing his horns.

I curse until Ryan again informs me that people are watching, then I blindly crawl into my Jeep and follow him to the pizza place by his house. I don't remember him ordering.

I don't even remember eating my first slice of pizza before he cracks his knuckles and says, "Tell me everything, like you're a girl on a super dramatic reality show. Then, tell me why you look so equally pissed and sad."

I grit my teeth and stare at my empty plate. "Other than, you know...the incident."

"Is the whole tree thing called the incident now?

I like that better than—"

"Yes,"

I interrupt him. "For the love of God, can we not talk about it anymore?"

He lifts up his hands in surrender. "Fine by me, again, it's my sister. If I could bleach my brain I would."

I shrug. "I'm sure your mom feels the same way."

He shudders. "I have constant second—hand embarrassment and horror, just so you know."

"I'll have nightmares of her face for life."

I take a sip of my Coke and lean back in the chair, explaining how everything went down.

Pure anger flows through me as I explain how much it hurt that Harper didn't tell their parents she had a fucking boyfriend who also happens to be her brother's best friend.

And then I rage about the chaos that is Leigh. And to his credit, Ryan sits there and listens, though I can tell I'm stressing him out too because he's had five Cokes and he hates soda.

I'm sure he wishes each of the Cokes had rum in them.

Give me a damn bottle at this point. "So..."

Ryan winces. "I think you guys need to sit down and talk. I know why you kept it and I still support it, the picture that is, but she's so stressed out, man. Mom and Dad were not easy on her after...the tree."

He clears his throat.

"And, on top of that, she doesn't have her phone, she can't even communicate with you right now and seeing that on your screen couldn't have been easy after all the lies and drama.

I know Sadie isn't being helpful either because girls have this need to stick together like they do when one has to pee and seventeen of them get up and go. The point is, I know my sister.

It's going to be fine—eventually.

Just be patient.

She's stressed about finals too, after being so sick, and this is just as new to her as it is to you."

The man has a point.

I nod as the bell on the restaurant door goes off and Aisha walks in with Julia and maybe because I'm stressed and sad as fuck I lose my censor and end up barking out, "Why the fuck are you always finding us?"

Aisha rears back, her face a mask of innocence. "Can we not eat pizza?"

"You always said you hated this place because it was a greasy, toxic dump."

Ryan sips more Coke. "So, no... and sorry they don't have any salad. Grab a fucking baked cookie or slice of greasy pepporoni and leave."

Julia goes pale. Aisha juts her chin out. "We just came here to grab a quick soda."

I roll my eyes. "Whatever, dude."

I slap some bills on the table. "We were just leaving anyway."

Aisha has the audacity to pout. "Aw, we were going to join you, remember last time we were here and —"

"Gonna stop you right there."

I hold out my hand.

"I've had a shit day and you're giving me actual stalker vibes. We're out, enjoy your diet soda and don't forget to puke up whatever food you eat after so you can stay a size two."

Julia's eyes widen. Aisha looks ready to cry. I honestly don't care anymore. I leave the restaurant with Ryan. "A bit harsh,"

he says under his breath. "Even though she's a bitch."

"It's not normal,"

I find myself saying as I unlock my Jeep. "How often she finds us."

He frowns. "You're right."

I shake my head. "Hey, I'll text you later."

"Let me know how I can help."

"Yup."

I feel like shit my entire drive home.

## **Chapter 125**

Chapter 125

Harper

"It would be so much easier if I still didn't feel like shit!"

I throw myself onto my bed as Sadie paces back and forth as if that's going to help the trauma of the day. Why can't things be easier?

I do love him. I do. I just feel betrayed. Hurt.

And exhausted, quite honestly, I could nap for ten days and probably still not feel rested.

Maybe it's the fact that I was so sick and jumped right back into school, the trauma of my mom finding us, or feeling guilty over not telling my parents about the love of my life.

Wow, take your pick.

"He's an asshole,' she finally says. "Let him sweat it out a bit."

"Would you?"

I ask. "Let Ryan sweat it out?"

Or would you communicate?

Hear him out?

Be mature?

I don't even know what I want to do. One minute, I want to run Easton over, the next I want to hold him and never let go.

He's mine, Sadie. Mine. I love him. I just...I don't understand this side of him. The one that's still holding back, the one that's afraid."

She sighs. "Love is scary, babe. No matter how young or old you are.

It has no prejudices, it is what it is. One day, it cuts you so deep you think you might bleed out, the next day you wonder how you ever lived without that feeling.

It doesn't take sides. It simply exists and you live in it because on those good days, the really good fucking days, you can't imagine waking up without your person.

You can't imagine breathing one more second without that person holding your hand and standing by your side.

So yeah, while this all sucks, I know if you really love each other, you'll get through it, fight for it, and come out on the other side. Until then."

She claps her hands. "He's dead to us."

I laugh, I can't help it, and then I burst into tears again. "I'm sorry, I'm just so emotional these days."

I hate that I missed school when I was sick, and I feel so much pressure over finals and getting into college.

Things with Aisha still feel like a true crime story ready to unravel and Blake..."

I stop myself. Sadie tilts her head. "Blake seemed extra friendly today. Wanna talk about that?"

I shrug. "He was pretty tame. Normal."

He wanted to be my partner in gym. I let him because honestly everyone else was pairing up while I was throwing a pity party and he just seemed...nice."

"Was he nice?"

she asks, examining her fingernails. "For Blake, I mean, since all the Aisha shit?"

"He was. We had fun."

I smile. "He barely flirted and it at least distracted me for nearly an hour, which I totally needed."

She nods. "I still think something's off there."

"Yeah."

I don't tell her that I'm back to wondering what exactly is off because I can't put my finger on it. "Maybe. I don't know. Either way, it was a horrible day and I hate that I can't talk to him..."

"Blake?"

"Easton, I say, then rush to my laptop and open it. "Let me just send this real quick..."

Aknock sounds at my door. "Yo."

Ryan lets himself in. "Hey, beautiful, mind if I borrow you real quick?"

He kisses Sadie on the cheek.

She blushes, then shoves him. "Nope, wait, you're friends with the devil." He rolls his eyes.



"Yeah, let me just say right here and right now, you both need to listen to the reason. Yes, I knew, blah, blah, blah, you all want to murder me, who runs the world, girls, but for real...he did nothing wrong and

Harp..."

His eyes soften. "He loves you. He would never cheat on you. Besides, if he did, I'd cheerfully kill him and go to prison."

Tears fill my eyes. "Thanks, Ry."

"Anytime."

He grabs Sadie's arm and pulls her out of my room, leaving me alone with my laptop and all my dark thoughts.

I take a deep breath and get on gmail.

And then I type.

Easton, I know we need to talk.

I don't know if I overreacted or if I'm just letting life kick my ass, but I miss you. I don't want to break up, I just need some time...but I also need you.

I don't know what to do and how things got so complicated so fast, but... can't text you, so I at least thought I could email and let you know that no matter what, right now, in this moment, you're still mine.

And I'm still yours.

I click send and I stare at my screen.

Wondering if there's a way to salvage this. Or if we really are done.

I don't have to wait long as my email pings minutes later, making me nearly drop my computer onto the floor in an effort to check if it's him.

It is. Googlechat?

Zoom?

Hand signals?

I smile, despite being hurt and email back right away.

I can zoom, send me an invite. Minutes later, he does.

And when his face appears, just like that, my fears dissipate a bit as I see a tear run down his cheek.

He looks away and wipes it.

And then he grabs the screen and whispers, "I fucking love you so much.

You don't even know. And I'll tell you. Everything. I just need one fucking minute to stare at your face.

To memorize it, so I can go to bed tonight without having nightmares of losing you. I'm yours too.

And know that every choice I've made has been to protect us.

To protect what we have. And, most importantly, to make sure that you're in my life forever.

I know that doesn't forgive what I did, but quite honestly, it doesn't forgive what you did either.

If we're in this, I need to know that everyone you love knows how much I love you.

So, before we go any further—are you in this?

With me?

Do you love me the way I love you?

And are you ready to tell the world to go fuck themselves, so I can come over to your house and fucking love you the way you deserve?"

I gasp. And burst into tears.