

You're Mine by Penny Brooks

Chapter 156

Chapter 156

Easton

I can't remember ever feeling this way in my entire life.

She's lying against me, naked.

And for the first time in like...

months, all I want to do is hold her close, treasure this moment, maybe eat some bacon, have some coffee, a shot of something strong, and ask her what she wants to watch on Netflix.

Holy shit, we're in a relationship.

You know you are when suddenly sex isn't the first option but cuddling on the couch, spooning, asking who the big or small spoon is, and actually looking forward to the new Ryan Reynolds movie because he's just such a badass that sex can wait at least ninety minutes.

We get up after that incredible sex and eat more of the food, laughing when we find Sadie and Ryan already digging in.

And weirdly enough, they had the same idea.

We spend the rest of the night laughing and watching Netflix, and I can't remember a time in my life where I've ever felt so at peace.

So perfect.

It's jarring, almost.

What if it's taken away from me? I want to protect it.

To protect her and this moment that's always been mine, I just was too blind to see it.

I pull Harper closer into my arms as we finish up the movie.

Sadie and Ryan are both completely passed out on the other couch, he's snoring, and she's kicking him in her sleep.

Sounds about right.

"Hey."

I nudge Harper.

"We should go to bed." "You're my bed."

She climbs further onto me.

"I'm comfy." I'm not.

But I don't have the heart to say it.

Hell, even if my legs were falling asleep and my arm was about to get cut off, I'd probably still stay in that position, with my girl lying across me, her cheek pressed against my chest, her breathing slow, heavy.

I would die for this moment.

I would kill for it too.

I run my hands through her hair and smile.

"Okay, let's stay here." Forever.

I wake up hours later with Ryan and Sadie both on the floor like they fell off the couch but were too tired to move.

He's just starting to wake up.

"Huh?" Sadie jumps to her knees then slides one toward Ryan's dick.

I laugh as he falls to his side.

"Whyyyyy!"

"Oh no!" She reaches for him.

"Don't touch it!"

He yells.

"It's bruised!"

I burst out laughing.

"You bruised his dick."

Harper yawns and rubs her eyes rising from her spot on me and the couch.

"Whose dick is bruised?"

"Son of a bitch, it burns!" Ryan groans.

"Wait, why does it burn?" I ask.

He looks down.

"I'm on fire!"

"What?"

I yell.

"Huh?"

Sadie shrieks.

A flame gets doused by one of the blankets quickly by a fast— thinking Ryan.

He was apparently dangerously close to the thing, some might say too close.

I burst out laughing.

"Holy fuck did you nearly burn your dick off?"

"Shut the hell up!"

Ryan yells, throwing the candle to the ground.

"Who lit this?"

Sadie raises her hand.

"It was romantic last night?"

He points to his nearly burned briefs.

"IS IT ROMANTIC NOW?"

"Aw, baby."

She reaches for him.

He slaps her hand away and points at her.

"No! You nearly destroyed us!"

"Us?"

I repeated.

"Ew."

Harper shudders next to me.

"I'll just leave you guys to argue over my brother's dick and the candle and start packing."

"Do that."

Ryan glares.

Harper disappears, and while Sadie and Ryan argue over the candle incident, I go and grab some bacon and eggs to cook.

It only takes a few minutes before they're making out, naturally, and Harper's back with our bags.

"No shower?"

I ask.

She shrugs a shoulder.

"It was boring without you."

"I'll take care of that."

I drop the piece of bacon just cooked, grab her hand and lead her into the main bathroom and start stripping her as we stumble under the shower.

I turn on the water, it's cold then so hot I start to sweat with my girl by my side.

Soon she's grinding against me, and I'm losing my mind trying to find a way to maneuver her so I can fuck her hard.

My girl's brilliant though, and bends over, spreading her thighs for me as I lift her a bit and fuck her as hard as I can as her hands slide against the tile.

Her cheek presses against it, her hair sticking to the same cheek, and it's beautiful as we find a quick release then wash each other off.

Again, I can't imagine a more perfect day.

No Aisha.

No Blake.

No interruptions.

Just us.

I almost high five myself for the best Valentine's Day ever as we pack up the rest of our shit and start to put stuff in the Jeep.

"Messy little bitch,"

Ryan says under his breath, moving things around the back seat.

"Why do you still have last year's cup from football? You don't even play anymore!"

I shrug.

"It got stuck under the seat because it was too big?"

He throws it at me while Harper mutters, "Damn right it is."

"Whyyyyy!" Ryan throws his bag in the back seat, then grumbles when it bounces back and nearly hits him in the face.

Harper, taking pity on him, rolls her eyes and starts to organize the bottom back where I've left some random clothes and empty coke bottles.

She suddenly freezes, then frowns.

"What the hell is this?"

"Technology?"

Ryan jokes.

She's holding up a white circle that I've never seen.

Harper holds it out.

I grab it right away and know exactly what it is.

It's an Apple tag or tile, the same kind that my mom gave to my dad last Christmas so he would stop losing his fucking keys.

Spoiler alert—she never gave me one.

What the fuck? "This isn't mine."

I look at it closer.

There's no fucking way.

No way.

And then it hits me.

All those times that Aisha showed up in random places.

All those instances that could have been avoided.

All the fuckery.

And I lose it.

After all the calm, all the greatness of Valentine's Day—My entire temper just snaps as I chuck the tag and scream.

"MOTHERFUCKER!"

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Harper

"Motherfucker, someone's been tracking my ass!"

Easton's voice is deep.

Downright vicious.

He swipes the round disc from the ground and holds it between his fingers, staring at it for a long, silent moment, just before another roar leaves him and he chucks the tracker so hard, it bounces off Ryan's thigh.

"Ow! What the fuck, man?"

my brother yells, glaring at Easton.

Sadie goes to pick it up off the ground, frowning as she examines the round disc.

"What is this? Like a tile thing or whatever?"

"It's one of those Air Tag things,"

Easton says between tight lips, his expression so thunderous it kind of scares me.

"Someone's been tracking me."

"Do you think it was your mom and dad?"

I didn't think his parents were that strict.

They care about his grades and what he's going to do with his future, but the normal day to day stuff? He's kind of on his own and basically does whatever the hell he wants.

So why would they track him? They have Find My Phone like every other parent on the planet.

Isn't that good enough? Easton slowly shakes his head.

"No, it's definitely not them."

"Then who?"

I ask, at a complete loss.

"Aisha,"

Ryan supplies for him, his eyes going wide.

He points at Easton.

"It's fucking Aisha, dude!"

My stomach drops.

No.

No way.

She wouldn't track my boyfriend...

Would she? Absolutely not.

That's taking things way too far.

I turn to my twin.

"What do you mean, it's Aisha?"

"It's her." Ryan nods, already convinced.

He turns to Easton.

"She shows up everywhere we're at, bro.

Like, fucking everywhere.

The pizza place that one time.

Oh shit, remember when we went to the grocery store to pick stuff up for Harp when she was sick, and Aisha was there?"

"Lurking around the bananas like a fucking stalker," Sadie says savagely, clutching the tracker in her fist.

"Or the time we went to Walgreens across town," I say, my voice soft, my mind replaying the memory in my head.

How Aisha showed up right when we were in line to make our purchase.

How startled I'd been.

What were the odds of her being there? At the time, it made no sense.

I wrote it off to complete coincidence.

Plus I was distracted that night, sick with worry I could be pregnant.

But I wasn't.

And her showing up wasn't a coincidence either.

She's actually been tracking and following my boyfriend.

"That bitch." My voice is so loud I make Sadie jump.

"I hate her."

"She's fuckin' crazy." Ryan nods.

"Let's go to her house right now and kick her ass.

She fucking deserves it for all the shit she's put us through."

Sadie starts for the back door of the Jeep, ready to hop in, but she turns to look at all of us at the last second.

"Should we throw this thing away?"

She holds up the tracker.

"No way." Easton holds out his hand.

"Give it to me."

"Why would you keep it? Don't let her track you. It's messed up, how she knows your every move. Easton."

I grab his arm, giving it a light shake, but he doesn't respond. His body is tense, his gaze distant, and I can tell he's in his head. Furious.

Upset.

Maybe even a little...

Hurt? I hate to think of him with Aisha—gag—and I hate her with everything in my entire being, but once upon a time, these two were sort of a thing.

Gross.

Maybe he feels violated by her doing this.

Who knows how long she's been tracking him? Sadie hands the disc over to Easton and he curls his fingers around it, clutching it tight.

"This bitch is going down," he mutters.

"Yes!" Sadie crows, pumping her fist in the air. Ryan grabs her arm, tugging it back down to her side.

"Calm down, babe. We have to approach this situation right."

I frown.

"What do you mean, approach it right?"

"We can't be too obvious,' Easton says, his gaze going to Sadie.

"No ass kicking allowed."

"God, you're no fun."

Sadie crosses her arms in front of her chest, her lips forming into a pout.

"Let's get on the road,' Easton says, the tracker still in his hand.

"We should head home before your parents get back."

All four of us climb into the Jeep, Easton dropping the tracker into one of the cup holders in the center console before he starts the engine.

The mood is somber, all of us lost in our own thoughts, mine filled with stupid Aisha and what she's done to us since Easton and I started our relationship.

The things she said.

The horrible way she's treated me.

Again and again and again.

Glancing over my shoulder, I see Sadie is leaning her head on Ryan's shoulder, her eyes closed.

My brother is staring at his phone, his Air Pods in his ears.

Meaning we don't have an audience.

"Easton," I murmur.

He glances over at me.

"What's up, baby?"

My entire body goes warm at him calling me baby.

I don't want this weekend ruined.

What happened between us yesterday, last night...has been completely tainted by finding that stupid tracker.

"I love you,"

I tell him, just needing to get it out there.

His smile is faint, but it doesn't quite reach his eyes.

"I love you too."

"Yesterday was the best Valentine's Day I've ever experienced."

His smile grows bigger, his gaze on the road.

"For me too."

"That's why I don't want this tracker thing to overshadow our first Valentine's Day together."

I reach over the console, resting my hand on Easton's muscular thigh.

"Let's focus on what happened yesterday."

A ragged exhale leaves him as he grabs my hand and brings it up to his mouth, pressing a kiss to my knuckles.

"I love what you're saying, but you gotta know, it's impossible." Unease washes over me and I slowly pull my hand from his.

"What's impossible?"

"Trying to put what Aisha did out of my mind."

His grip tightens on the steering wheel.

"It's fucking insane. She's fucking insane."

"We don't even know if she's the one who did it,' I point out.

He actually scoffs.

"Come on, Harper.

She totally did it.

Who else would?"

"I don't know."

I feel helpless.

Stupid.

"Right. The logical answer is Aisha."

He pauses.

"Or Blake."

I suck in a sharp breath.

"Blake would never do that to you. He's known you and Ryan forever. Why would he track you? Why would he care where you are and what you're doing? Wouldn't he just tag along?"

The triumphant look on Easton's face is obvious.

"Exactly. That's why it wasn't him. It was Aisha. That bitch has shown up everywhere we've been for months. Even the Walgreens, Harper. And no one knew where we were that night. We were in a completely different part of town. There was no reason for her to be over there—by herself. None."

I dip my head, staring at my clutched hands resting in my lap.

"What are you going to do about it?" "I don't know, but I'm going to take care of it."

He glances over at me, a devilish gleam in his eyes.

"I promise."

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Easton

"This place is so cool."

Harper glances around the restaurant, her eyes wide.

"I love all the dragons everywhere."

I took my girl to a Chinese restaurant that I used to always go to with my parents when I was a little kid.

Some obscure place that doesn't look like anything special from the outside, but once you enter, it's like walking into another world.

Giant mirrors hang on the black lacquer walls, reflecting the multiple red Chinese lanterns that hang from the ceilings.

There's a giant water feature when you first enter the restaurant, and you can hear the gentle tinkling of the water even from our table, which is on the other side of the building.

Even on a Saturday afternoon at three o'clock the place is packed.

Luckily we got right in before the current surge came.

"I think it's still Chinese New Year," I say as I glance around the room, looking for a familiar face to pop up.

So far, we're in the clear.

Harper catches me glancing around yet again and frowns.

"She's not going to show up."

"She still might." "Maybe she wouldn't be so obvious." Harper looks out the nearby window.

"Maybe she's waiting for us in the parking lot."

Anger simmers in my blood, making my skin hot.

Since I found that fucking tracker yesterday I can't think about anything else.

Even though we shut Sadie down about confronting Aisha, I can't help but think we should've.

The bitch deserves it.

But Ryan was right.

Aisha would deny she had anything to do with that fucking tracker and that would've been it.

Case closed.

We have to catch her in the act.

It's the only way to prove she's behind it.

"I'm so full," Harper practically groans, pushing her mostly empty plate away from her.

"It was good." "Yeah it was."

I grab a piece of broken off wonton and pop it into my mouth.

"Should we take the leftovers home for later?"

"Easton.

Look."

She waves a hand at the near bare dishes on the table.

"We've pretty much eaten it all.

There's nothing left to take home."

"Yeah.

True." With a sigh I lean back in my chair, casually looking around the restaurant yet again.

"Should we go?"

"Did you pay the check?"

"Not yet."

My gaze is sweeping the restaurant yet again and Harper actually growls.

"What?"

"Are you always going to keep that up now?"

"Keep what up? My dick?"

I grin at her and she rolls her eyes.

"It's always up for you, baby."

"Easton, please.

Not in the middle of the restaurant." She's blushing, which is cute.

Considering all the filthy things we've done together, I love that I can still make her do that.

"I'm talking about you always on the search for Aisha." "I'm not always looking for her—"

I go silent when I see the look on Harper's face.

She is clearly calling me out on my bullshit.

And she's right.

"I'm paranoid, okay?"

I grip the back of my head, tugging on the ends of my hair before I let go.

"Just knowing she's followed me for who knows how long fucking makes me want to lose my mind."

"It'll be fine.

Really." She tosses her napkin on her empty plate.

"Let's go.

You can pay the bill at the counter on the way out."

I follow Harper toward the front of the restaurant, my gaze dropping to her heart shaped ass that looks extra juicy in those jeans.

We should go back to my house after we're done and mess around.

I was just with her a couple of nights ago, and I'm already craving more of her.

I always am.

I could have her naked and in my bed twenty—four— seven and it still wouldn't be enough.

"You ready?"

I ask Harper once I pay for the bill.

She nods and smiles.

"Let's go."

We walk out into the parking lot, the sun shining so brightly I wish I brought my sunglasses with me.

We head for the Jeep hand in hand, my gaze snagging on a passing car that vaguely resembles Aisha's, watching the vehicle carefully as it makes its way out of the parking lot.

It's not her.

I knew it wasn't her from the beginning, but I couldn't help myself.

Harper yanks her hand out of mine, making me pause.

"What's wrong with you?"

"I'm sick of it.

Sick of this.

Ever since you found out about that stupid tracker, it's all you can focus on.

It's like you forget I even exist." Damn.

She sounds pissed.

I frown.

"What are you talking about? I'm watching out for that bitch because I don't want her coming for you!"

"Oh please, I can handle her."

Harper starts walking faster, until she stops by the driver's side of my car, turning so she can watch as I approach her.

Her arms are crossed in pure defensive mode and I know I've got a fight on my hands.

"You really think you can handle Aisha?"

I stop directly in front of her and she tilts her head back, a pissy look on her face.

"I don't want to talk about her right now.

Let's just go."

She drops her arms, ready to go to the passenger side but I grab hold of her, keeping her in place.

"No, let's discuss it.

You've been acting shitty toward me since we found that tile thing yesterday.

Like it's my fault this happened." My voice is loud and full of accusation.

"You never once tried to deter her, Easton.

Like—ever.

If you would've just told her to fuck off at the very beginning, we wouldn't be dealing with this."

Harper jerks her arm out of my hold.

"She's been an issue in our relationship since we've been together.' "Only because you let her."

"Only because I let her?"

Harper laughs, the sound harsh.

"Give me a break.

You're the one who's constantly letting her overshadow our relationship.

Sometimes I wonder if you enjoy the drama."

"I fucking hate it."

"Whatever."

She glances down at the ground, mumbling, "We should've let Sadie kick her ass yesterday."

"Jesus Harper, really? How immature are you? Like you or Sadie could kick Aisha's ass anyway."

She jerks her head up, her eyes extra wide, her lips pressed tightly together.

She looks like she wants to murder me with her bare hands. Shit.

I probably took it too far.

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Harper

I stare at Easton, shocked he would say such horrible things.

He actually believes I couldn't kick Aisha's ass? That Sadie couldn't either? Please.

It would probably be an even fight between Aisha and I, but if we were ever to completely unleash Sadie on Aisha, I would worry for Aisha's entire future.

Sadie hates her that much.

"You think I'm immature?"

I squeak out, like that's the only word I can focus on.

He nods, his entire expression tight.

Even when he's pissed, he's still gorgeous, which is infuriating.

"You can't just go around beating people up and thinking that'll solve your problems."

"This from the guy who gets into physical fights all the time, even with one of his best friends." I'm referring to the fights with Ryan.

With Blake.

With everyone, I swear.

"Look, babe.

Men are different."

He shrugs.

"We get in each other's faces and hash it out—and sometimes we hit each other, I can't lie.

But then we're over it and we're friends again.

Women are petty.

You hold grudges and always end up getting into stupid cat fights.

Even when you say you're not mad at each other anymore, deep down, you still are."

I absorb what he said, not bothering to deny it.

"You and Sadie always talk about kicking Aisha ass,"

he continues.

"It's stupid.

At least with guys, we get over it."

"You're being a misogynistic jerk right now."

My voice is shaky, and I'm so tempted to say something worse.

But I don't.

"Only speaking the truth."

His expression is smug.

"Just...let that shit go, babe.

Aisha isn't a threat to us." "Yesterday you were furious at her and calling her all kinds of names.

And now she's not even a threat?" "I can forgive and forget."

"Really? After everything she's done? After all that she's put me through?"

My eyes sting with tears and I blink hard, forcing them away.

I refuse to cry right now.

This is not the time.

"Dont let her factor into our relationship," Easton says, his voice easy breezy, like what he's saying is no big deal.

"She isn't worth all of this.

Don't you trust me?"

I don't even hesitate with my answer.

"Of course I do.' "Then prove it.

When I say she doesn't matter, believe me.

When I say you shouldn't go after her, don't do it.

Listen to me." He taps his chest.

"I know what's best for you.

For us."

What the hell? Is he for real? "You're being a total asshole." "And you're being ridiculous." Without thought I reach out and slap him across the face.

So hard, the sound cracks in the air when my fingers make contact with his cheek.

Oh shit.

My hand, my entire body is shaking.

I didn't know I could deliver that big of a wallop.

Easton's eyes are wide with shock as he slowly brings his hand to his cheek.

"You slapped me."

"You deserved it." I am eerily calm.

Totally Zen.

Not that I would ever say it out loud, but it kind of felt good, to smack him like I did.

Months of pent up aggression inside of me coming out, I guess? Maybe I have a violent streak after all.

"What the hell, Harper?"

He removes his hand from his face, the red marks my fingers left on his skin obvious.

"I didnt mean to hit you that hard,"

I whisper.

The dirty look he sends me would normally make me collapse to the ground.

"Got a little too into it, I think."

Frowning, I watch him as he hits the keyless remote to unlock the Jeep and then throws open the door to climb into the driver's seat.

"Get in the car, Harper.' I cant move.

It's as if I'm rooted to the spot.

It's only when I feel his icy gaze linger on me that I finally bolt into action.

I round the front of the Jeep and open the passenger side door, slipping into my seat and slamming the door so hard the vehicle rocks.

"Damn woman."

He's wincing as he rubs his face.

"That fucking hurt."

"I'm so sorry."

I lean over the console, quickly raining kisses on his cheek where I slapped him before I pull away.

"Did it hurt?"

"Yeah, it did.

And I wasn't expecting it, so that made it worse."

He's shaking his head.

"You were fierce."

I smile faintly.

"You were too.' "If I hurt your feelings with all that shit I said, I'm sorry.

I didn't mean to,' he says, his voice low, his gaze lingering on my lips.

As if he's thinking about kissing me.

Which he shouldn't do.

Not right now.

That would ruin everything.

"It's okay."

My smile is faint.

"I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings.

I got really into it."

"Clearly."

He rubs his face again, but at least he's smiling.

"And you didn't hurt my feelings.

We're good." "Good."

He leans in, his lips hovering above mine.

"I'm dying to kiss you.

It was kind of hot, how mad you just got.' "Even when I slapped you?"

He nods.

"Even then."

"But you can't kiss me," I whisper.

"We don't want—her to see us."

"I know." He pauses.

"Think she bought it?"

I nod.

"Think she's here?"

"Oh she's here,"

he says with arrogant confidence.

"Pretty sure I saw her skanky blonde ass when we walked out of the restaurant.

In fact, her car is parked two rows over."

"You can see her right now?"

My brows draw close together and I glance over my shoulder, wishing I could see her.

"Pretty much.

But don't look.

She might figure out we're on to her," he says.

"Let's go find Sadie and Ryan and see what they got."

Excitement fizzles in my veins and I put my seatbelt on as Easton starts the Jeep.

"Look sad for a few, okay babe? Or look mad.

Like you want to tear me apart,' Easton suggests as he backs out of the parking space.

Crossing my arms in front of my chest, I slump in my seat, staring straight ahead with a glower on my face.

I feel like a bratty little kid.

"How's this?"

He chuckles.

"Perfect."

Chapter 160

Chapter 160

Easton

I immediately pull the Jeep around to the back of the Chinese restaurant, sliding into the available parking spot next to Sadie's mom's car, which sits empty.

Huh.

"Where are they?" Harper asks, glancing around.

"They should be here." "Probably still hiding behind a tree,"

I mutter as I put the vehicle in park and shut off the engine.

Ryan and Sadie were way into the spying part of this scenario when we were making our plan last night.

Hopefully they weren't fucking around and actually got some damning evidence against Aisha.

Knowing Sadie, she'll come through.

She'll do anything to take that bitch down.

"I'm texting Sadie."

Harper grabs her phone and starts tapping away, sending a quick message.

Her phone dings almost immediately and she reads the text before saying, "They're on their way back to the car now."

We wait in silence, adrenaline coursing through me as I think about what we've done.

What we're about to do.

If everything goes as we planned, this is going to be major.

Like, stop Aisha from doing any of her shit ever again, major.

Within a few seconds they're in the back seat of the Jeep, the both of them out of breath and high fiving each other over and over again, giant smiles on their faces.

"Hey.

What did you two find out?"

I ask.

"So much good shit!"

Sadie crows, pleased with herself.

"We were both recording and got your fight from different angles.

It's so epic."

"Did you get Aisha in any of the footage?"

Harper asks.

"Yesss, oh my God.

I filmed her almost nonstop.

She took a ton of photos of you guys,"

Sadie says as she brings up her photos on her phone.

"Check it out."

Harper scrolls through the photos, our heads bent close together as we study each picture.

There are multiple ones of Aisha watching us and taking photos with her phone.

Hiding behind cars like a freaking stalker as she watches us.

"We're going to take her down." Ryan reaches out to grip his sister's shoulder, giving it a reassuring squeeze.

"She's going to regret everything she's ever done to you."

I've given Ryan a lot of shit since Harper and I started seeing each other.

He's accused me of doing some bad things too.

But in the end, we're always there for Harper.

He's a good brother to her.

And I hope like hell he thinks I'm a good boyfriend for his sister.

"Yeah.

I'm thinking Aisha's done a lot more than we even know,' Sadie says cryptically.

Harper and I share a look, but don't say anything.

Now we wait and see.

xk The fake fight was Harper's idea originally.

She thought it would be a good idea to give Aisha something to gossip about, and we all agreed.

Taking Harper to a Chinese restaurant in a part of town we never go to was my idea.

If we wanted to prove Aisha was tracking my ass, we had to set her up and go someplace obscure.

It worked.

Of course Aisha showed up.

And for once, she didn't make herself obvious.

How many other times did she do that when she was watching us? Watching me? Lurking in the shadows, taking note of my every move.

Fucking creepy.

What was Aisha's plan? Why did she do it? Did she actually think she could get with me somehow? The chick is seriously delusional.

After I dropped Harper off at her house, I went home and took a shower.

Kept checking my phone to see if there were any notifications of Aisha posting.

So far, nothing.

Damn it.

By the time I'm in bed and about to fall asleep is when I get a FaceTime call from Harper.

I answer, smiling when I see her pretty face filling my screen.

"What's up, beautiful?"

"You won't believe what just dropped." Her eyes are glittering with excitement.

"What happened?" She's so pretty right now.

I wish she was here with me.

In my bed, instead of staring at me through a screen.

"WHGOSSIP just posted." "So?"

What do they have to do with this? "Are you ready to hear what they said?"

She sounds like she's going to burst with excitement.

"Give it to me."

Harper clears her throat.

"Looks like there's trouble in paradise.

The golden couple of the senior class was caught having a raging fight in a parking lot earlier today.

Things got so bad that Little Miss Whore slapped her supposed boyfriend across the face.

Shit's getting real yo.

We predict the end is near.' "Wait a minute—are you saying Aisha is WHGOSSIP?"

WHGOSSIP first appeared when we were freshmen, and it's been terrorizing the high school on a semi —weekly basis.

It makes total sense Aisha would be the one who's behind it all.

"Yes! She has to be.

At the very least, she's a part of it.

Can you even freaking believe it? Oh, and she posted a photo of us in the parking lot too." My phone dings and I check Harper's text message, hitting the link that takes me to Instagram.

And there it is, the post Harper just read to me, accompanied by a photo of us in the parking lot, having our fake argument.

Damn, we look mad.

Harper's arm is raised, her hand poised and ready to smack my face.

Still can't believe my girl did that.

So ferocious.

Even though it hurt, it was a nice touch.

The perfect end to our passionate argument.

"That is all the proof we need Easton," Harper says.

"Aisha is WHGOSSIP.

She followed you to the restaurant and she took that photo."

"Okay."

I click out of IG and go back to the FaceTime screen.

"Now that we know what's up, what are we going to do about it?"

Harper smirks.

"Sadie has a plan—and it's a good one."