

You're Mine by Penny Brooks

#Chapter 151 - Read You're Mine by Penny Brooks

Chapter 151

Chapter 151

Easton

I wrap Harper in a towel and tie one around my waist.

I bring her into my bedroom, setting her on top of my bed, a hell of a surprise waiting for me in that bottle on my nightstand.

I certainly didn't expect to find lube in that box.

For Harper to give me her ass, the same way she gave me her virginity.

But it just shows how much she loves me.

And I'm silent promising her that I'm going to do everything I can to make sure this moment is painless and unforgettable.

I pull the towel from her body, dropping my own onto the floor, and I reach for the bottle.

I kiss over the tops of her tits, taking each of her nipples into my mouth.

Sucking, biting the ends, before I make my way down to her stomach, stopping at her pussy.

I spread her legs, positioning myself between them, and squirt some of the cold jelly onto my fingers.

I rub it across my skin, making sure both fingers are covered, and while my tongue goes to her clit, my fingers go to her ass.

"Ahhh," she breathes.

"Oh God." I lick, concentrating on the top, and at the same time, I circle her ass.

I make sure the edges are prepped before I gradually dip a finger inside.

"Easton," she moans.

Fuck, she's tight.

I can only imagine how this is going to feel on my dick.

I groan at the thought and as my finger moves inside her, I go slow, taking my time to stretch her, adding a second finger when I feel she's ready.

I give her more pressure, more speed, wanting to make sure she can handle it before she gets my cock.

She's taking everything I give her.

Moaning.

Rocking against my mouth in a way where I know this feels incredible for her.

When she feels worked up enough, I squirt more lube over my whole shaft, ensuring there's a thick layer across my crown, and I aim my tip at her ass.

I frame her face with my hands, locking my eyes with hers.

"This is going to hurt a little," I warn.

"I know." "I'm going to go slow."

I need you to tell me if you want me to stop." She nods.

"Okay." I shift my hips upward, the tip sliding in, her breathing instantly changing.

"Is it too much?" "I'm all right." But I can see the pain in her eyes.

"I'm going to stop—"

"No." She kisses me.

"I want this." I force myself to move even slower, going in a tiny bit more, her tightness taking a hold of me.

Fuck me, if I thought her pussy was snug, her ass is a like a lock, and I know I'm going to have a hard time lasting.

"Once I'm all the way in, it'll feel better," I promise.

The pain has moved into her lips, and I devour them, hoping to take her mind off it, gradually working in deeper.

I can feel her heart pounding against my chest, her emotion in every one of her breaths.

“There,” I say, now still.

“You have all of me.” I know it’s going to take some time for her to get used to me, my size, this new foreign feeling.

“Tell me when you're ready.” “Ready,” she says after several seconds.

“It's not going to feel any better at first, but you'll soon get used to it, and then it'll start to feel really good.” I reach down, rubbing my thumb over her clit.

“Especially as I do this.” “Mmm,” she moans.

Still moving as carefully as I can, I slide out to my tip and work my way back, the tightness not letting up at all, the wetness coating me.

“Fuck me, Harper.” I repeat the same motion several times, using the identical speed, and I finally notice a change.

The pain is dissolving from her eyes, it’s left her face, and each thrust is sending soft, sweet moans from her mouth.

“Fuck,” I roar, kissing her, needing her taste on my tongue.

She begins to move with me, her legs not just spread, but circled around me, her hands clutching my shoulders.

“Easton,” she cries, her neck leaned back, giving me the chance to kiss it.

“This feels ...” She swallows and I kiss across her throat.

“So good.” My thumb is still on her clit, and I pick up speed, feeling the tightening in my balls, that incredible build up not far behind.

I don’t want to flip her around and change positions, having to put her through the feeling of spreading again, so I lift her legs onto my shoulders, giving me the most perfect view of her pussy, and I drive into her.

Flicking her clit with my thumb, giving her nipples quick pinches, watching the sensations spread across her face.

“Harper,” I moan, holding her calf, kissing across her shin.

“Goddamn it, you feel amazing.” “Easton,” she inhales, “you're going to make me come.” That's the only thing I want.

The words I’ve been waiting to hear.

To fulfill the promise I made to my girl that this wouldn't hurt her.

And now she's about to feel the best part of it.

"Ahhh, yes!" she shouts.

I rear my hips back, plunging inside, giving her hard, deep, passionate strokes.

She's pulsing around me, clenching, and that causes her to feel even tighter.

I make sure her clit has the pressure she needs and when she starts to scream, "Fuuuck," shudders moving through her stomach, I know it's my time.

I punch forward, the intensity moving through my body, shooting out the end of me.

"Fuck!" Ripples are blasting through my body, every part of me turning numb aside from the tingles that are erupting.

"Yes! Damn it!" Each thrust sends more of me into her, filling her to the point where I watch it drip the moment I pull out.

She gently bites her lip as she looks at me.

"I didn't expect that." She shakes her head.

"I mean, for it to feel that good." I smile.

"I knew it would ...

you just needed to trust me." "I do.

Always." I quickly kiss her, and then I leave her for just a second to go into my bathroom, grabbing a washcloth that I soak with warm water.

When I return, I gently rub it over her, cleaning me and the lube off her ass.

I toss the cloth back into the bathroom and I get under the covers, pulling her against my chest.

I bury my lips into her hair, breathing her in.

"One hell of a present, Harper." "I'm the best girlfriend in the world." "You are ...

that's for sure." She glances up, a mischievous look in her eyes.

"Now, what other kind of trouble are we going to get into today ..."

Chapter 152

Easton

I'm still not over it.

I'm not gonna lie, I stared at my locker longer than what should be appropriate once we were back at school for at least two months.

Things were somewhat back to normal.

I mean, if normal was fucking your girlfriend's ass more than once and receiving presents you never thought you'd receive— even post—Christmas.

I smirked again.

"Stop thinking about my sister before I strangle you,' Ryan says next to me, leaning against the metal locker and giving me a disgusted look.

"Fuck, I hope Spring Semester goes by fast." "You know you just ruined my perfect mood, right? I was thinking about all these tight holes that needed to be filled with my—"

"—Fuck you!"

"—bruh, stop, I've got shop this last semester, wanted to take things easy.

What the hell were you thinking about?" I smile because I know he can't kill me but wants to since his brain went exactly where I wanted it to go just because he ruined my awesome mood.

His eyes narrow.

"Somethings not right with you."

"And you're so much better." I scoff.

"You look like you got kicked in the nuts before walking in here, and you're more pissy than usual." "Whatever."

He looks away.

The bell rings.

He pushes off the metal lockers and turns to walk away, then turns back to me.

"Look, it's like this." "Oh shit, I'm gonna be late to class, I just know it.

"This is it."

In dramatic fashion, Ryan spreads his arms wide like he's trying out for a musical and ready for his big moment.

"This, right here."

"Um, the bell ringing? Smelling gross freshman? Watching them get a boner over Miss. Stead when she hosts an assembly about sex ed?"

"No man."

Ryan looks ready to bang his head against my locker.

"I'm just saying, we don't have much time left.

I want to make it worth it.

With you, possibly Blake if he survives that long, Sadie, and yes, even my sister." He makes another face.

"What did you have in mind?"

He suddenly grins.

"Well, for today, we'll behave."

"And tonight? Tomorrow?"

I bang my fist against the locker in excitement.

"What did you have in mind?"

"Trouble."

"The good kind?"

Sadie sprints down the hall at that moment.

"I'm late for class! Aghhhhh!"

Ryan pulls her into his arms and presses a kiss to her lips, and I'm suddenly sad, not just sad, but jealous.

I miss Harper.

She left me early to go to class and turn in more extra credit. It's weird.

How the school year started.

I frown and stare down the hall even though I'm supposed to be going to class.

Months earlier, Harper was invisible to me...

okay, not invisible, but she was just there.

She existed almost as a part of Ryan, which is freaky as fuck now that I think about it, but I just, I don't know.

She annoyed me, maybe because I could never figure her out.

But I'd be a lying dumbass to admit that I never found her hot.

She'd always been hot, curvy...

I'd just been distracted and a stupid dick.

I smile to myself.

Yeah, a total dick. Nice.

I shake my head and walk to class, dropping my shit onto my desk before sitting.

Blake is next to me, I can hear him talking to Aisha, which just sets me off and ruins my super good mood.

I flip open my book to a random page as if I'm paying attention, then grab my phone and send a text to Harper.

Me: let's skip.

Harper: You'll have to be more specific.

Me: School.

Class.

Life.

I mean I have presents now.

It would be offensive not to use them...daily.

Some might say hourly.

Harper: Some being you? Me: You're a good giver, I'm a good receiver, what can I say? Do you want me to apologize for that? Harper: What did you have in mind? I sit up straight.

Is she serious? Would she risk it, and was it our moment after her amazing gift giving that's tempting her? Fuck, just thinking about my cock anywhere near her has me ready to rub one out beneath my stupid as hell desk in front of whoever watches.

Weird.

She's making me weird and desperate, and still, I can't stop smiling or wondering how it would feel to just bend her over the very desk I'm sitting at, legs wrapped around me tight, mouth open, waiting...

"Someone likes Chemistry." Aisha snorts.

Slowly, I turn my head.

"Weird, how when you finally experience it, you want it more and more, am I right, Blake?"

His eyebrows shoot up, and then he shrugs even though his hands seem to clench into fists like he's tensing up.

"Not your fault you've got someone you want that bad, right?"

"Nope."

I halfway snarl in Aisha's direction as my phone goes off.

I look down.

Harper: Does this have anything to do with the fact that it's Valentine's Day? Is that my surprise? We get to skip? I smile at my phone as I raise my hand.

"Yes? Easton? What is it?" Mr. Rayne looks like a grumpy turtle that forgot his shell and threw on a wrinkly green coat hoping nobody would notice.

"Gotta pee."

I shrug.

He rolls his eyes.

He's easy though, as he hands me the hall pass.

I sprint out and go to my locker first.

My hands feel numb, almost cold as if I'm proposing or something.

Maybe it was the pregnancy scare or the very fact that I thought about it.

For a few minutes, I fucking thought about being a dad.

About her being a mom, and while I was scared, I was weirdly excited about having a life with her.

The only issue was that I didn't want to confess that to her, not yet.

I could still see her face after going to Walgreens and after taking the tests.

The main point was that I wanted her forever.

And I wanted her to know it.

So I grabbed the shit in my locker, took my hall pass, and smiled with pure joy the entire way to her locker.

Sure, yeah, the year started off rocky, but I'd do it all again if it meant I was able to be the dumbass standing in front of her locker with a shit—eating grin on my face hoping that she liked what I had planned for her.

And praying it helped seal a forever I could have never hoped for then—but lived for now.

Chapter 153

Harper

I stare at the roses in my locker and almost burst into tears.

"What do you think?"

Easton's deep voice is behind me.

I swipe my cheek as a tear trails down it.

I don't tell him, but all I keep thinking about is this ridiculous montage of all the moments as I walked by his locker, mine, wishing things were different.

Wishing we were together.

And now I'm looking at a locker full of roses, candy, and I'm hearing my man's voice behind me as he wraps his arms around my body, resting his chin on the top of my head.

"Didn't expect tears,"

he whispers.

"I mean, I expected at least a kiss, a hug, maybe a BJ if I was a really good boy—"

I elbow him in the ribs and turn in his arms.

"I love you." His eyes go glassy.

Did I do that? It's only us in this moment, and it's all I need as I wrap my arms around his neck and kiss him hard, he pushes me against the locker next to mine, and I start to hear whistles and catcalls.

I don't care.

All I care about is him.

All I need is him.

And then I wonder how did I ever survive without this boy? His mouth on mine and the way he makes me feel like I can conquer anything in this world as long as he's by my side? He pulls back.

"Happy Valentine's Day."

"I got you a card," I blurt lamely.

He throws his head back and laughs.

"I like cards."

"It has a turtle on it," I grumble.

"With a heart, so at least there's that, but I didn't know what to get you, and I just—"

He cuts me off again with a kiss.

Then another.

Easton pulls away again.

"I have tonight all planned."

I've never been more excited that school is done for the day as I am at this moment.

I want to jump his bone and fuck him against the metal and wrap my legs around his body.

We break apart when I hear Ryan curse under his breath.

"Sorry man." Easton wipes his mouth like I licked him, and my brother narrows his eyes like he's contemplating homicide.

"It is Valentine's Day though, so..."

Ryan grunts.

Thank God Sadie rushes to his side and pulls his head down for a kiss.

"We gonna hook up on a bed of roses?"

Ryan kisses her back.

Totally my turn to gag.

He flips me off literally while kissing her, then stops and turns to Easton and me.

"Should we tell them?"

Sadie starts bouncing on her feet.

"Tell us what? Are we going out to eat? Italian? French? Should we go get all hot for you guys and—"

"—Stop," Ryan says and silences her with a kiss.

"All you girls need to know is that you need an overnight bag.

Dress comfortably and be ready to relax."

Weirdly enough, I literally slump against Easton, already thinking about how nice it would be to relax with my people.

My relaxation is ruined however when the sound of Aisha's heels click against the ground.

I smell her gross perfume as she stops in front of us and puts her hands on her hips.

She's wearing a pink skirt and white crop top with sparkly pink heels.

Every part of her looks like she should audition for Legally Blonde or at least be a body double as her eyes move from left to right, taking us in.

"Must be an exciting Valentine's Day."

Her penciled eyebrows arch.

Suddenly Blake comes up behind her, gives her a weird look, and walks off.

She doesn't see it, but I do.

It's still strange how he was so close with her only to shove her away and try to get back with the guys, but who am I to even attempt to understand High School politics at this point? "What the fuck do you want?" Easton sounds almost exhausted like he's at the point where he wants to toss in the towel and just run her over with his Jeep.

"I used to think you were like a bad cold, now I'm pretty sure even Hitler would be annoyed." She gasps.

"Don't gasp like you even know History.

Didn't you fail twice?"

Easton smirks.

"Anyway, we should be going..." "Where?"

Aisha lifts her chin.

"Out to eat like every other loser on Valentine's Day?"

She peers around me and smirks.

"Ohhhh, roses in a locker, classic.

Hey, Easton, didn't you do that for me Freshman year? Only I think they were white roses? God, those chocolates were amazing too, so was the sex—"

"—Should have been black roses representing your funeral," Ryan says under his breath.

"Let's go man."

Sadie is fuming at his side.

And I'm just done.

So what? He gave her roses.

He gave me his heart.

And I gave him my ass.

I laugh just thinking about it.

"What's so funny?"

Aisha nearly growls.

I turn around, grab Easton's hand, and put it on my ass.

"Oh nothing, just the fact that there are still some things you never gave him...

and some things he never gave you.

Too bad I took it all.

So take your flowers, take your chocolates, and shove them up your ass the way his dick was shoved up mine during break."

"My ears!"

Ryan yells.

Sadie offers a high five.

And Aisha stumbles back in her stupid pink heels.

"Best ass ever."

Easton kisses the top of my head.

"You guys ready?"

"I will never recover from this,"

Ryan mumbles.

"Atta girl!"

Sadie is basically dancing as we leave Aisha in the hall scowling at us with her jaw dropped open.

And Easton's hand is pressed against the very ass he claimed.

Point.

Me.

"So,"

I ask once we're at the Jeep.

"Where are we going?"

Easton pulls me against him for a quick kiss.

"We're going to the Lakehouse.

Your parents are gone for the night, so are mine, not that they care...and we even have our dinner already pre—made and packed in ice chests." I wrap my arms around him.

"What are we having?"

He leans down and whispers in my ear.

"Ass."

I swat him.

He just laughs.

"You know you're fucking amazing, right?"

"Me or my ass?" "Both."

He laughs.

"Both."

I turn around.

Ryan's plugging his ears, and Sadie's trying to get him to stop.

I realize in that moment it doesn't matter how we got here, but the fact that we are here, and it's perfect.

More than I could ever ask for.

Finally.

We're finally having our moment.

It just took a hell of a lot of shit to get here.

I almost flip off Aisha as she walks out into the parking lot but honestly, at this point, I almost feel sorry for her.

Who's getting into Easton's Jeep? Me.

Who had a pregnancy scare then had that same guy promise to stay? Me.

Who loves me? I turn.

He smiles.

Him.

It's always been him.

"What?"

He kisses my forehead.

"Nothing."

I shrug.

"Just having a moment.' "Well, let's pause that moment so we can both share in it once we're at the Lakehouse...I brought...things."

My eyebrows shoot up.

"Things?"

He grips my ass.

"You'll see."

Chapter 154

Easton

I went up the day before and made sure the Lakehouse was perfect for the girls, I set the temperature so they wouldn't freeze their asses off, and I made sure that the fridge was stocked with all their favorite drinks.

Truly's Champagne, Diet Coke, Bottled Water, and in the freezer, I dropped in some Gin and Whiskey.

I had a chef prepare one of the best meals I could think of.

Mac and Cheese.

But not just a normal Mac and Cheese—one that had like a billion different cheeses in it along with bacon and cream, and let's just say it should give them orgasms bite by bite.

I added in a whole bunch of appetizers and even made sure to get the projector so that we could watch a movie on the side of the house with the outdoor fire pit going as they hear the lake wash up against the shore.

It's going to be perfect.

And I can't fucking wait for her to see it now that we're finally here.

I've never gone to this extent during Valentine's, let alone any holiday, not even for my parents, best friend, nobody.

It's all about her.

Ryan's lucky as fuck that I'm letting him barge in.

Then again, he is my best friend, and I know I'll have Harper all to myself later.

Besides, she's happy with her girl around, which makes me happy, which makes us both happy when I get her to myself.

She might even thank me with her mouth before I fuck her with mine.

I smile to myself.

"Stop it."

Ryan shoves me a bit.

"Still, my sister."

"Oh please, like I didn't bring earplugs because Sadie keeps going, oh fuck me, fuck me, Ryan!"

He clears his throat and looks around the kitchen while the girls get into their sweats because fuck, the last thing they need is to get all ready and stressed out.

No, this is supposed to be relaxing as fuck.

"We gonna talk about the ass—"

"—Never." I interrupt him.

"Cool, good, awesome."

Ryan nods his head.

I nod mine.

Awkward as hell.

We do this weird fist bump thing, run into each other before aimlessly wandering around the living room and kitchen waiting for the girls.

A door opens.

I look up.

And there she is.

My life, my soul, my girl.

Harper.

I get angry at myself, like legit want to run my head through a wall when I think about all the time I didnt have her in my arms.

When I was ignoring her, being mean to her, all of it just makes me sick because fuck, I could have had this years ago, and instead, I let myself get distracted.

I let myself be that guy.

I fucking HATE that guy.

And I was him.

But now I'm hers.

So I know it's better, but damn, that girl is beautiful, and mine.

She's wearing a pair of black high—waisted sweatpants with a matching crop top sweatshirt, her hair is pulled back in a braid that I can't wait to pull with my teeth, and her smile is all for me.

"Hey gorgeous," I whisper.

"Hey handsome."

She skips toward me, like literally skips from the room.

All I can do is pick her up and swing her around and wonder how the hell I got so lucky to be with this human, meanwhile panicking, can I keep her happy? I'm not trying to be insecure, but damn, this person is my person, and I want her more than anything all the fucking time, and I can't imagine a world without her in it.

"You happy?"

I ask, twirling her around and setting her down on her bare feet.

She looks around the house.

There are vases of roses of various colors placed strategically everywhere, along with the roaring fireplace giving us an ambiance that I hope makes her want to just sit with me on the couch and make out.

Making out is still the best even if you don't have sex, and I'm totally okay with my body pressed against hers while we rub each other off and just exist in that moment.

Harper looks up at me with tears in her eyes.

"It's everything I've always wanted."

I smile.

"The flowers? Food?"

"You,"

she says, quickly grabbing my head with possession, her hands on each cheek.

"It's what I've always wanted.

You."

I swallow, afraid to speak because I know my voice is going to fucking crack.

I know this is a special moment, and I can't get past the fact that I just want to hold her.

Right now, I'm not thinking about having sex, stripping her bare.

I'm thinking about holding my girl and humming my favorite song.

I'm thinking about a future where we do have kids and still escape up to the Lakehouse when we can.

I'm thinking about what happens when we graduate, but fear creeps in because what if this doesn't last? I need it to.

It must.

It has to.

This sort of love is what people go to war for.

It's what people wish they had when they watch movies and imagine a world where you're with your other half.

I'm so damn lucky I can't even take it all in as I press my mouth to hers again.

She tastes like the last woman I will ever kiss—and fuck, it's the most addicting taste I'll ever experience as I slip my tongue against hers, as we hold each other and cement this moment into a forever where we always go back and say remember that time at the Lakehouse, when I knew once and for all, that I was yours? That was this kiss and this moment.

"Wow."

Ryan finally says.

"You realize I've been standing here this entire time?"

We break apart as Sadie comes out of the other guest room.

Ryan's jaw drops.

Sadie's in tiny shorts and a tank that may just fall apart.

She grins.

"I like my present."

"It was mine,"

he says with a laugh.

"And you did so well unwrapping it."

"Unwrap me then?"

She tilts her head.

And he's gone.

Sprinting toward her, tackling her toward the bedroom, and slamming the door shut, leaving Harper and me alone in the kitchen smiling.

"So..."

I twirl her in my arms.

"What does my princess want? A movie? Food? Champagne?"

She looks up at me with what feels like stars in her eyes.

"You.

I just want you, Easton.

I've only ever wanted you.

Not just for Valentine's Day, or Christmas, Or my birthday.

My wish already came true, so kiss me, love me, and show me how much you want me now...and that, my sexy boyfriend, will be the perfect Valentine's Day.' I can't speak right away, it's my turn to be weirdly emotional as I wait a few seconds and whisper against her lips.

"Done."

Chapter 155

Harper

It takes mere minutes to make it into the bedroom.

The door closes, my mouth opens to drink in more of his kiss as our foreheads press together.

I can feel the heat of his body, the want from the way his cock strains against his jeans.

I reach down and touch him.

He shudders, his entire body shaking like we've never had sex before like we've never had moments like this.

Why does this feel different? It is.

And I don't know why.

But this is different.

It's not just us in this room—it's our forever.

I don't know why I feel like crying...

it's not like they're sad tears, everything about this moment is happy, it's everything.

Easton pulls away, his eyes lock onto mine.

I couldn't look away if I tried.

"I love you."

He shoves me back onto the bed.

"Forever.

Always."

I shove him back and love the way he frowns like he's getting his favorite toy taken away from him in confusion.

"Wait."

I hold up my hand.

His hungry look is all it takes for me to quickly pull off the sweatshirt.

Little does he know that I'd been planning my own Valentine's Day surprise, and it has everything to do with sexy lingerie and his mouth on mine.

I toss the sweatshirt to the ground and grin up at him as I lay against the bed.

I'm wearing a white and red bra that leaves basically nothing to the imagination with its strategic lace.

My boobs look huge, and he looks ready to shove his face between them and die a sweet death.

Easton licks his lips, his eyes going from my boobs to my eyes, then back down again like he's trying to be a gentleman and control himself when all he wants to do is go all caveman, which I would so love.

Pull my hair.

Stick your cock inside me.

Throw me against the wall.

Maybe we'll make permanent dents in the Lakehouse? One can only hope.

"Damn,"

he finally whispers.

"Your tits..."

I grin.

"Nice, right?"

"Fucking delicious." He reaches, I swat his hands back and then slowly shrug out of my sweatpants, tossing them with the sweatshirt, and I swear Easton nearly swallows his tongue whole as his eyes widen and he looks down.

I'm in nothing but a matching lacy thong that's high on my hips.

I tug at the small strings on the sides, then flip over onto my stomach and arch up toward him doggy style.

"Fuck!"

he growls.

"Shit!"

His hands hit my ass gently and then firmer as he digs in.

"Fuck!"

"I like it when you yell,"

I say, arching toward him.

"And I like it when you scream."

He bites down on my neck and tugs my thong completely from my body, tossing it onto the floor.

Easton grabs my ass, and then his tongue is running down the back of my thighs as he grips my skin.

Ecstasy washes over me as I slam back against him, needing him in ways I don't even think my body understands.

There is nothing but pure need as he groans and grips me by the hips again and flips me onto my back, hovering over me.

With a grunt, he peels off his shirt.

My fingers shake as I touch his six—pack and imagine my tongue in between each muscle.

I grab the front of his jeans and flick open the button.

In a hurry, he undoes them and kicks them off, then leans down and kisses me again.

Emotion washes over me as I stare up into his eyes.

I feel him everywhere, from his hand gripping my hips to the way the heat of his body presses against my thighs.

I gulp as he lowers his head and presses a soft kiss to my lips.

"It should have always been you,"

he whispers.

"Always."

A tear slides down my cheek onto the pillow as I reach for his shoulders, then slide my hands around his neck and pull him close, deepening the kiss.

"Guess what?"

"What?"

Easton asks against my mouth.

"You're mine, you can fight it all you want, but in my head, it's always been you, even when my heart knew that it wasn't real...

it's you."

Easton pulls back a funny expression on his face.

He pulls his hand from my thigh, sliding it up my stomach between my breasts until he finally rests on my chest, his fingertips nearly burning into me.

I frown, wondering what he's doing.

His smile is pure sexy perfection.

His head descends, his lips are on my ear.

He bites, then he whispers, "It's yours.

My heart.

It's yours.

It will always be yours.

And you'll always be..."

He hesitates, then tugs my ear with his teeth again and damn near growls.

"Mine."

I gasp, my hips bucking up against him.

And then it's all over, my hesitation, his, our words, and the way we've been lingering on the edge of this moment.

He grabs my hair tugging it as he kisses me hard, his mouth slamming against mine like he's trying to make a point or possibly stake a claim, and I'm ready for it, so on board as I kiss him back with everything inside of me.

The bad.

The good.

The insecurities.

Everything we've been struggling with this year.

I let it go.

I finally fucking let it go.

I let Easton take it.

I let him fix it with this love we have between each other.

He thrusts into me, his mouth leaves.

I feel empty when I'm full.

But he's pumping into me, his eyes locked.

It feels so good that I want to cry out, but I stay silent.

Which is good since he uses this moment, this very special moment, to talk.

"Heal with me,"

he says.

"Be with me." He slides further out of me and then slams into me.

"Stay with me."

His smile is almost sad.

"I would love you no matter what."

He kisses my nose.

"I'll love you either way.' "Whatever the future holds, wherever it fades..."

He keeps fucking me slowly.

"..my love doesn't change, Harper.

It's going to grow, but it will never fucking change."

"I—"

I can't find the words.

And I swear he reads my mind as he responds.

"Then dont, Harper, just listen to us, listen to the way our worlds collide."

Another pump of his hips.

"Listen to fucking perfection....and don't forget..."

He grins.

"To scream my name."

"Easton, I whisper it as if it's more powerful as his eyes roll into the back of his head like he's nearly finished.

"I worship you."

The confession falls as we both finish.

And I realize in that moment that no matter what happens.

He's no longer just mine.

He's my future.