

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

## **Chapter 166**

Chapter 166

Harper

"Did you bring anything good for lunch?" Sadie asks as she meets me at my locker.

I shake my head.

"I watched Mom throw it together this morning before work"

I hold up the bag, so she can see it.

"Turkey sandwich.

Chips.

An orange." I laugh.

"I know you're dying to get your hands on an orange.

Wanna trade?" "Um, hello, we know my mom is the worst cook ever, I've got nothing you'd want in my lunch bag.

It's going straight in the trash and I'm buying some pizza.

Want a slice?" "No.

I'm good"

The truth is, even if I had a good lunch, I wouldn't eat it.

My stomach is such a mess.

And it has been all week.

I've been waiting to hear back from the colleges I applied to and I haven't gotten a response.

It seems like the entire senior class has heard something—whether it's an approval or denial from at least one school.

Even Ryan and Sadie have.

But all I've heard is silence.

And it's terrifying.

I need to know, I need to plan.

I need to prepare for what's about to happen with my life.

But most of all, I need to prepare for what's going to happen between Easton and me.

I can't do that unless I have an idea of where I'm going to go and where he's going to go.

Knowing my best friend is waiting for a response, I say, "Honestly, Sadie, I'm not even hungry"

She gives me a look.

"Everything all right?" "Yep," I lie.

"You're sure?" I even nod this time and say, "I'm positive"

"Well, if you change your mind, let me know.

I've got some extra cash on me to get whatever kind of slice you want"

She loops her arm through mine and when we arrive at the cafeteria, Easton and Ryan are already sitting at our table.

Sadie and I part, her going up to the lunch line, me tossing my lunch bag into the trash before I join the guys.

I see Ryan has also ditched the lunch Mom made and is eating chicken nuggets and tater tots instead, money he probably scored by selling weed.

Easton is devouring a slice of pepperoni and sipping on a soda.

I take a seat next to my boyfriend.

"Hey," I say softly.

He reaches forward to tuck some of my hair behind my ear.

"What took you guys so long to join us?" I shrug.

"Sadie and I were talking, that's all." I look at the empty spot in front of me where my lunch should be sitting, the weight of the day hitting me.

"Has school been a snore fest today or is it just me?" "Isn't it always a snore fest?" Ryan asks.

"Agreed," Easton says.

"I guess you're right," I admit.

"It just seems extra slow and draggy today"

"That's because we're seconds away from graduating," Blake says.

I didn't realize he joined us, but he's standing behind Easton and me, Sadie now taking a seat next to Ryan.

"And guess where this genius got into college?" He's smiling so hard, I think his lips are going to crack.

"Come on, any guesses?" he asks around the table.

Easton shrugs.

"Harvard? Isn't that where your kind goes?" "Funny, asshole; Blake says.

"But, let's be honest, had I applied to Harvard, I would have gotten in." He holds up his phone to show us the acceptance letter on the screen.

"San Diego State, bitches." "Wow; I say, viewing the school's emblem at the top of the email, jealousy completely filling me even though I hadn't applied there.

It just must be an amazing feeling to have that approval in your hands.

"Congrats, Blake, that's amazing"

"What about you?" he asks me.

"Any good news yet?" I suck in a deep breath and shake my head.

"Nope, not a word." "What about you, Easton?" He crosses his arms across his chest.

"Your parents must have bought your way in somewhere, am I right? Since you don't have Leigh's pussy to get you a mailbox full of acceptance letters?" "Fuck you," Easton snaps.

"If I'm wrong, then tell me the giant list of schools you've gotten into,' Blake goads.

Easton chuckles even though I know he doesn't find any of this funny.

"I certainly don't have to do that"

"That's right ... Easton is too good for school. He's probably going to be working as a busboy next year." "Jesus,' Easton groans.

"You're fucking relentless"

"I just don't understand what you're hiding." Easton turns around to look at him.

"What makes you think I'm hiding anything?" Blake smiles.

"Prove me wrong.' I stare at Easton, trying to figure out if he's going to knock out Blake or start screaming at him or...

"Will it make you shut up?" Easton asks him.

"Because that's all I fucking want right now, for you to stop talking"

He reaches into his pocket and takes out his phone, tapping the screen several times before he shows it to us.

"Stanford"

I don't need to read the first few lines.

I already know what they say.

But I do anyway.

Accepted.

That's the school Easton's parents went to, the one they made him apply to.

The one they want him to go to for pre-law.

Blake grabs the phone out of Easton's hand and says, "Looks like you were accepted over a week ago." He smiles.

"Knew it." He hands back the phone.

"So, did Mommy and Daddy make a big contribution to the alumni? Or did Leigh send them a selfie of her tits?" Easton points toward the exit of the cafeteria.

"Neither, now get the fuck out of here, Blake, before I kill you"

"Damn, Blake sings.

"It feels good to be right"

He winks at Easton.

"You guys have a good lunch"

Easton has known for over a week that he was accepted to Stanford.

And he didn't tell me.

My stomach immediately starts aching, my heart hurting.

I cross my arms over my chest.

"I didn't apply to Stanford," I whisper, knowing Easton can hear me.

I didn't because I couldn't afford it.

Seeing that Ryan and Sadie are deep in conversation, I look at Easton, the ache in my chest getting worse.

"I wish you would have told me." "I was going to"

And now I ache even more that I found out this way.

"When?" He takes a deep breath.

"Harper—" "Don't." I swallow.

"I don't want to talk about it"

Tears are moving into my eyes when I add, "Easton ... I can't."

## **Chapter 167**

Chapter 167

Harper

Ever since my breakdown with Easton the other night, I feel like a complete idiot.

It's not like he can help where he gets accepted.

He's brilliant and rich on top of that.

I just had this oh shit moment of what happens to us along with the panic of how far we've come and what happens if everything gets stripped away? I'm not in the best mood when I get to school the next day, despite Easton's encouraging texts all night long and me apologizing, it just feels off.

I still haven't heard from any school, and no matter how many times you refresh your email on your phone, it's not like the colleges go, oh cool, she's finally ready for us to email her.

Despite all that, I still refresh my email once I'm in the parking lot of the school.

My hands shake as I stare down at the screen.

I have new emails.

And one is from a college, I panic, then get excited, then panic again.

I probably wouldn't even notice if Aisha was breathing down my neck like a dirty little dragon whore.

I click open.

And nearly drop my phone.

I got into San Jose State.

Granted, it wasn't my first choice, but I'm at least going to be going to a college and not having to explain to people that I wanted a year off or that I wanted to go to a community school.

God, that would have been horrible.

I smile down at my phone again.

"Looking at porn?" a deep voice asks.

"Hilarious." I turn and throw my arms around Easton.

"Whoa!" He hugs me back.

"What's this for? The naked dudes you were just looking at or—" "—Shut it!" I squeeze him tighter then whisper into his ear, "I got into San Jose State"

His body tenses, then relaxes as he squeezes my body and rocks me back and forth.

"I'm so fucking proud of you"

"Thank you." I'm happy, I really am, except for the fact that he's not there and I've come to rely on him the way you rely on air so you can breathe— and not in a needy way— but a way that's necessary because you love it so much.

"Baby..." He pulls away only slightly, enough to press his mouth against mine and make me feel wanted and loved.

"This is epic"

"I know"

Tears fill my eyes.

"I was so worried." "I wasn't," he says confidently.

I roll my eyes and start to move away, but he grabs my arm and pins me against his body.

"I wasnt," he repeats.

"Because you're the strongest and smartest girl I've ever known, of course, any college would want you? Hell, they should be crawling on their hands and knees, begging to admit you"

I cant help my smile as I answer back.

"Does that mean you'd be willing to get on your hands and knees?" He immediately moves away and drops to his knees.

"NO!" I laugh.

"Easton, get up!" He shrugs and puts down his hands.

Oh God.

People are starting to stare.

It's like a whole Dirty Dancing moment but the opposite where Jonny's on the ground and baby's watching him crawl.

"Easton!" I hiss his name again as phones come out around us.

Students are starting to snicker but in a funny way like they're catching the hottest guy on school legit crawling toward the invisible girl.

I dig it.

I really do.

He stops in front of me, then very slowly rises, his body sliding against mine until he's facing me.

The friction alone from our clothes could send us to Hell because damn this guy.

How did I get so lucky? "About the crawling..." he says while people still watch.

"I kind of liked acting like your bitch.

If that's wrong, I don't want to be right"

I throw my head back and laugh.

"Wow, you're out of control, Mr.

Stanford"

"Bro, why were you just crawling toward her?" Ryan comes up and shakes his head.

"Soon to be Stanford students, do not crawl my friend"

The fun mood dies the minute Ryan mentions Stanford.

Even Ryan realizes it as he looks between us, then forces a smile and grabs Easton by the shoulder.

"You wouldn't happen to have pre—calce notes for me, right?" Easton sighs and reaches into his bag, handing over notes that just prove again why he got into Stanford and why even if I had the money—I'd never be able to go.

When the bell rings, I swallow the lump in my throat and start walking while Easton jogs ahead, swearing that he forgot one of his books in his locker.

I watch, and then I wonder, are these the last moments we're going to have? With us flirting in the parking lot, him running to class, and me watching everything pass us by in a blur? I want to breathe it in.

All the experiences we have left, because what if this really is the end of the road.

Something hits me in the back of the head.



"Why the hell did you bang me over the head with Easton's notebook, you freak?" I shove my brother.

He moves out of the way and laughs.

"Because I know that look, fuck I've had to live with that look and the fact that my sisters getting banged by my best friend." He shudders.

"Anyway, stop overthinking this; it's just college"

"Oh yeah, okay." I roll my eyes.

"Just college.

I mean, you'd freak out if Sadie went somewhere else or if she got accepted somewhere across the country"

"We're not talking about us, and quite frankly, we're in a different spot than you guys are.

I know that look.

It's the same one you gave Mom when we had to put Buster down"

I sigh.

"I loved that dog"

"Exactly,' he says.

"Or when your goldfish died, or that one turtle you had to set free that Mom said went to that special lake down the road but didn't?" I stop walking.

"What do you mean Stuart didn't go to that special lake down the road?" His eyes widen.

"He did, he totally did.

Swear.' "ON BUSTER'S LIFE!" I yell.

"ON BUSTER'S LIFE!" he yells back.

"Damn, you're weird"

He opens the door to the school.

"My point is this, you don't have to say goodbye, just communicate, talk things out, plus it's not like he can say no when he's a legacy"

I stop walking.

"A legacy?" Ryan gives me a look that basically says, why are you dumb.

"Yeah, a legacy, his dad went there, his grandpa went there, I think they even have one of the buildings named after their family and not just because they're loaded.

They're just all wicked smart"

A legacy.

A legacy.

There's no way then, is there? I deflate even more.

Why would I ever take that away from the person I love the most in this world.

"I'm happy for him," I say even though I want to burst into tears because the minute this school year is over.

I have a sinking feeling...

we will be too.

## **Chapter 168**

### Chapter 168

Easton

It's a rare day where I'm at home with just Dad, texting Harper and begging her to come visit so I can fuck her in my pool.

I'm not even ashamed to admit my actual text was — come to my house so I can fuck you in my pool.

She has to study for a test, so I upped it and said, pool and hot tub.

I have an hour before she can even attempt to get here, and I'm bored out of my mind, not because I'm not fucking, but because all I can think about is her and college, which stresses me out so much I'm useless when it comes to anything else.

Somehow, I find myself downstairs in the kitchen staring into the fridge like it's going to magically shit out food for me when my dad's voice sounds.

I jump a foot.

"Seriously? At least announce yourself.

"So, my hard footsteps against the marble floors weren't enough?" I shut the fridge and shoot him a glare.

"Or my heavy breathing? Or the fact that I said your name at least three times while you stared into the fridge like it was Heaven and you were a few seconds away from following the tiny light?" "Very funny." I run my hands down my face.

"Sorry, it's been a long day.' "Same"

Dad pulls out a barstool and sits.

I can tell he's not joking as he tugs on his black tie then pulls it off all the way only to shrug out of his suit jacket.

"I had to defend an innocent person who's now going to jail all because sometimes even the law can't save you.

He has two kids under four, and his wife's all on her own now.."

Dad shakes his head.

"Son, sometimes life isn't fair." "No"

I agree.

"It isn't." He leans onto the countertop.

"Want to talk about it?" "My feelings?" I state.

"No, not really.

I mean, what happens if I just blurt everything out then start crying like a little bitch?"  
"Then we disown you.

It's in the parenting handbook they gave us when you were born"

Dad deadpans.

"And again, very funny." Dad pulls out a chair.

'Sit, talk, unwind, want a beer?' "Is this the part where I say I'm underage like a good little boy and refuse to admit the fact that I've consistently been having parties and raiding your liquor cabinet for at least three years?" "I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that just like I'm going to pretend you aren't underage and I'm not handing you alcohol, and you didn't just send a text to your girlfriend about fucking in the hot tub.' I actually gasp.

He doesn't make eye contact.

"Make sure you're not connected to the cloud son, bad things happen when you are.' I clear my throat.

"Noted"

"Anyway.."

He gets up and sure as shit goes to the fridge, grabs two beers, hands me one, and says, "Let's go sit outside"

Normally this is the part where every teen panics.

Is my archaic father going to try to have the sex talk with me? Is he going to use puppets again? Am I going to be scarred for life? Or is he just going to try to be relevant? The horror.

I mean.

Fuck.

Instead, we sit down in silence.

He sips his beer, I open mine, and sip it while giving him side—eye that says, spit it out before we awkwardly start talking about the weather or baseball, how 'bout those Yankees.

I've had enough awkward conversations with my dad to last me an eternity, so I really don't need to add another one.

"What's on your mind?" Dad asks.

"You know, other than the hot tub, I won't ever go in for the rest of my existence" I hide my grimace behind the beer and take another sip before answering.

"I'm going to Stanford"

"And your mom and I couldn't be more proud." He slaps me on the thigh.

"So you're nervous? Hell, I was nervous too.

Your pop—pop used to share stories with me about all his accomplishments, the clubs he was a part of; it's intimidating, I get it, but you'll be fine.

You'll graduate with honors, take over the law firm he started and work with your family.

It's all set out for you, son, like the smoothest drive you'll ever take"

And yet, as I sit there, it feels bumpy.

It feels wrong.

It feels like I would be taking a left when I should be taking a right.

I dont like this feeling.

And I hate that I don't feel like I can tell him that I'm apprehensive, that maybe I dont want to go there.

That I'm thinking of changing his entire plan and my trajectory because of a girl, but not just any girl, my girl.

Fucking, MINE.

"Yeah.."

My voice sounds uncertain.

"That's it, just a lot of pressure, you know?" "Yup, sure do." He finishes his beer in a few swallows and then turns to face me.

"So are you going to tell me the real reason now or keep lying out of your ass?" "Son of a bitch," I grumble.

"Language"

He sets his empty can down and faces me.

"What's going on?" "I love her" I blurt out.

"That's what's going on.

I fucking love her"

"Your mom? Your Nana? That old goldfish you cried over when you were twelve?"  
"Okay, first of all, Goldy was a national treasure"

I pointed out.

"And even you felt bad when she went belly up"

"Only because my son cried," he says.

"So, who do you love?" "You know who I love"

I look down at my hands.

"And you know why I'm struggling." He sighs.

"Will you live your life making decisions based on your feelings or on fact?" Feelings, I want to say.

Fact fails you.

Fact always failed me because if I went by what felt right and what looked right on paper, Harper and I would equal a wrong, and I know in my soul we are the rightest thing that's ever happened.

Ever.

"Dad—" I take a deep breath.

"I just think—" "Look who showed up!" Mom announces, coming out the door with Harper close behind.

"I asked her to stay for dinner!" Awesome.

Perfect.

So my dad can look at her and know exactly who I offered the family hot tub up to in sexual sacrifice.

Fuck, it's like the tree all over again! "Hey there." Harper comes over and sits on my lap.

"What were you boys talking about?" Nothing.

Everything.

You.

"Life," Dad finally says.

"We were talking about life"

He gets up and puts a hand on my shoulder, and finishes with, "Do the right thing."

## **Chapter 169**

Chapter 169

Harper

He's acting weirder than normal.

My eyes narrow as Easton stares into his spaghetti then looks up at me like he's trying to figure something out.

I frown.

"So, Harper his dad says, "what are your plans next year?" Easton shifts in his seat while I reach across and put my hand on his thigh.

"Honestly, I'm not sure.

I got accepted into San Jose State, so I'll probably go there." "Ah, congrats"

His dad raises his wine glass.

"Might be hard being away from Easton, huh?" Talk about stating the obvious.

He drinks his red wine, tossing it back in two sips before setting his empty glass back down and looking between us.

"If it's supposed to work.

It will"

That's it.

That's all he says before getting up; even Easton's mom is grinning at us like her smile is either frozen, or she's trying to look encouraging.

Nothing about their expressions are helpful, nor do they make me feel better about my life right now.

"Easton.."

His mom stands and spreads her hands wide across her black designer skirt.

Even her makeup is perfect, her lipstick still somehow on after eating dinner, her smile white, and her dark hair pulled back into a low bun that just manages to look both pretty and classy at the same time.

"Why dont you and Harper watch a movie or something? Use the last few months you have together before school." Her smile is genuine, but my gut still sinks to my feet as Easton stands and holds out his hand.

We walk toward the living room, and then he tugs me down the hall into the theater room, and we walk inside.

He says nothing as he grabs the remote and turns on Netflix.

He presses play on Red Notice and snatches a blanket from the little basket next to the wet bar, then curses under his breath and goes back, grabbing a bottle of expensive whiskey and slumping into a seat holding his arms out like he wants me to sit on his lap.

I do.

I sit there.

I feel how hard he is.

But more so, I feel how sad he is.

The whiskey bottle is handed to me.

I take a sip, then hand it back; we do this for at least five minutes, each of us getting buzzed as we watch the movie.

It's hilarious, but neither of us are laughing.

Because this world is one that exists without us together in it, at least that's how it feels as we both think about our futures.

He can't leave.

I cant leave.

I assume he'll probably fake a fight and break my heart in order to stop the pain from leaving my chest.

He would fix it by breaking it, and I would let him because of his love for me.



"Easton," I whisper his name; I taste it on my tongue and wonder what it would be like years from now, remembering his name, saying it, worshipping it, without having him in front of me.

I don't want to imagine that sort of pain.

And yet, my heart tries to.

I try to imagine a world where our breaths aren't mixed, our hands aren't tangled, our bodies aren't pressed against one another, and where our heartbeats aren't synced.

It's like bleeding out—this pain.

It's like being shot and then told that there's nothing you can do to stop the wound; that's what it feels like sitting on his lap and imagining a world where we aren't together.

For a minute, I think I'm being dramatic, and then he rests his head against my back and sighs.

"I can't do it." My eyes squeeze shut.

"What are we going to do?" He holds me tighter.

"I'll love you no matter what"

"My love for you—" I smile to myself "—isn't measured by distance.

But by the size of your heart"

"And my dick?" "Very funny." For some reason, I want to burst into tears.

My phone buzzes next to me on the couch.

I grab it really quick.

My parents are checking in.

Typical.

For some reason.

I need a distraction from the pain and check my email, then nearly fall off the couch.

"SHIT!" I yell.

"Easton, SHIT!" I stumble away from him and start to jump in place.

"What? Are you okay? What's going on? What?" He's yelling.

I'm yelling and jumping.

"I got in!" I squeal.

"Right!" He laughs.

"To San Jose, you little badass—" "=TO UCLA!" I shout.

He freezes.

I keep jumping in circles.

And then I'm pulled into his arms.

His mouth is crashing against mine, and I'm once again wondering why I would ever want to be in a place where this boy didn't exist.

"This is—" he kisses me hard "—amazing!" Tears stream down my cheeks.

"My dream college"

"Your dream," he repeats, his eyes locked on mine in a way that says, follow them but know that I wish I was there with you as if my dream could ever include something he wasn't a part of.

But he was my dream too.

I still in his arms.

And of course, the moment is broken as my mom calls.

He kisses my cheek.

"I'll grab something to help us celebrate." He's leaving the room as I answer.

"MOM!" "Are you okay?" she yells.

"I just wanted to check—in.

You never texted back and—" "—Mom, I got into UCLA!" I start crying for real.

And contemplate doing cartwheels around the room when she speaks, "Oh honey, that's incredible!" Her voice says otherwise.

I frown.

"Mom?" "Sweetheart," she hisses.

"She got into UCLA"

"Good job!" Dad says with pride on the other end.

"That's wonderful"

"I'm so excited! I can't believe it! Can you imagine?" I start to do a little dance again when Easton comes back with a bottle of champagne and two glasses—clearly, his parents aren't paying attention to what he's doing, but I don't even care at this point.

I'm grinning from ear to ear when he pops the bottle and smiles.

I put the phone on speaker and keep dancing while Easton laughs and pours us champagne.

"We can talk about this later, Mom says in a calm voice.

"When you get back to the house.."

I pause.

"What do you mean talk about it?" Dad clears his throat.

"Honey, I want nothing more than for you to go to your dream school, but we'll have to make sure our finances work with it...

if not, we might have to discuss other options.

But we're so proud!" I deflate immediately.

Easton stops pouring and stares at me.

Embarrassed, I look away and say, "Y—yeah, okay good idea.

Love you guys! I'm going to go celebrate, okay?" "Sounds good!" Dad laughs.

"And good job, honey." "Thanks Dad"

My voice catches in my throat as I hang up and turn to Easton.

And burst into tears.

## Chapter 170

### Chapter 170

Easton

I didn't mention the elephant in the room with Harper.

Talking about money always felt weird, and after our champagne, I figured it would be smarter to just Uber her home and then have her come pick up her car later.

She left her keys with me, and I realized I could just drive the car back to her house tomorrow and see her at the same time.

Besides, I had news to tell her.

I got into UCLA too.

Basically, miracles do happen, and I was pumped as shit to get to her house and tell her.

I go down to the kitchen to grab something for breakfast and chug some coffee when my mom stops me and gives me the look every mom gives their kids when they want to have a talk.

"Something on your mind?" I ask, nervous that she already knows about UCLA and is going to try to steer me away from what I've already decided.

She hesitates, rubbing her fingers down her coffee cup like she's nervous before blurting.

"Are you being safe?" So not what I expected her to say.

I trip a bit then grab an apple from the fruit basket even though my plan was to grab a breakfast sandwich from the freezer or at least a cold brew from the fridge.

"Hmm?" "Safe," she repeats.

"With...Harper." "Safe as in I make her put her seatbelt on?" I awkwardly bite into the apple and chew.

"Yeah, Mom, we're safe." "Okay"

She nods.

"Okay, I just.."

She sets the coffee cup down on the counter.

"It's important that you go to college—both of you.

And I don't want any surprises like a pregnancy or—"—"Gonna stop you right there." Guilt creeps in.

"She's not pregnant, and we're being smart, not stupid, and Mom..." I pull her in for a side hug.

So now she wants to be a helicopter parent? Really? Only when it comes to college? It kind of burns, but I try not to focus on it as I hold her close and breathe in her Chanel perfume.

"I love you," I say simply.

"We're together now, and I love her.

We're taking one day at a time"

Mom exhales softly.

"Okay." I kiss the top of her head.

"Thanks for worrying though." She looks up at me in confusion.

"I always worry"

She's always been distant though, ever since High School started, but I don't want to remind her because, for some reason, I'm suddenly seeing her differently, like maybe she just didn't want to interfere and felt weird as I got old.

"I do." She pulls away.

"Worry, you know." "Thanks mom"

I start to feel emotional.

"For caring." "We both care"

She looks away, grabs her coffee, and then shows me her megawatt fake smile.

"Anyway!" She takes a huge gulp out of her mug.

"Have fun today!" And there it is.

The fakeness.

But maybe it's not being fake—maybe it's more about a shield she feels she needs to wear because of what my dad does and because of the money we have.

I think I start to understand her a bit more as she basically bolts from the kitchen.

I shake my head, put the rest of my apple in the trash, and go grab Ryan's car, the one she borrowed last night to get here.

It doesn't take me long to get to her house, and by the time I'm there, I see Sadie's car outside parked on the curb.

Of course.

They're inseparable these days, not like I actually had a leg to stand on.

I let myself into their house and right away hear yelling and the sound of dishes.

Both of Harper's parents are in the kitchen making pancakes.

Ryan's holding one over his head while Harper yells and jumps to grab it.

Her dad's laughing.

Her mom's rolling her eyes.

And Sadie is busy digging into the bacon like she hasn't eaten in years.

I pause, just watching them, and realize something in that moment.

Is college important? Yes.

Is it important to follow your dreams? Absolutely.

But what's more important? Relationships.

Love.

Laughter.

This.

I smile and toss Ryan's keys in the air twice before dropping them onto the counter.

"Looks like I'm right on time"

Their mom grins while their dad nods his head, and then an alarm from someone's phone goes off.

"Oh no!" Their mom pulls off her apron and scrambles around the kitchen while their dad quickly grabs his keys and kisses Harper's head.

"Gotta go!" he says.

"Wish us luck!" They're flying by me before I can even say bye.

"What the hell?" I ask.

Harper comes over and wraps her arms around me.

"This is what happens when your parents find a Groupon for golf lessons." She sighs.

"They'll be gone for three hours." "I suddenly feel the need to thank Groupon"

I grip her ass.

Ryan curses under his breath.

"Bring my car back in good shape?" "Nah, I jerked off on every seat then made sure to watch some porn in the front seat while getting high and touching my dick every few seconds just to make sure the entire place smells like me and sex so you can never get it up again." I deadpan.

"Fuck bro, of course I took care of your bitch"

His eyes narrow.

"Right, but that was also weirdly detailed." I shrug.

"Planned it the entire drive here just to make you piss yourself." "Fuck you," he growls, grabbing a piece of bacon and sitting next to Sadie.

She puts her hand on his thigh, then leans in and kisses his cheek.

He bites into his bacon like he's a predator.

And Sadie bites into his lower lip the minute he's done chewing like he's her snack.

Gross.

I look away and shudder.

"Right?" Harper whispers.

"Hey, I had a thought..." "Hmmm?" I hold her close, and the smell of bacon and syrup fills the air.

"What kind of thought?" She goes up on her tiptoes and whispers in my ear, had I been chewing, swallowing, or just doing anything but breathing, I would have choked to death.

"Are you sure?" She nods.

"Yeah, I mean, they're gone." "Right,;" I whisper under my breath.

"But don't you think that's crossing a line?" She looks over her shoulder.

Ryan and Sadie are already making out.

"Well, first off, they won't even notice.

Second, we can lock the door, and third, don't you want to do something...forbidden"

The way she says it has my dick straining already against my fly.

Let's be honest I'd probably follow her into a warzone at this point as I nod my head and rasp, "Lead the way"

"Knew you'd cave"

"It's sex.

Guys always cave when it's sex, plus you said forbidden." "True"

She laughs over her shoulder.

"Hey Ryan, don't come into Mom and Dad's room, all right? It's occupied." Ryan stops kissing Sadie, looks between us then scowls.

"Son of a bitch, why do you ruin everything?" "Don't be pissed you didn't think of it first," I call that ass out.

He glares.

"Cool, just keep desecrating everything"

"One minute, ' I whisper just as we're nearing the door.



"I have some news that might help said desecration..." "What?" She laughs.

"What could possibly make this better, hmm?" "I got into UCLA"

I blurt it out, and suddenly everything feels right like the universe is finally on our side.

She stills in my arms.

"Wait, does this mean—" "Strip, baby." I shove her inside the room.

"It's time to celebrate."