

You're Mine by Penny Brooks

Chapter 176

Chapter 176

Easton

I'm heading towards Harper and Blake when I see him lean in, as if that motherfucker is going in for a kiss with my girlfriend.

What.

The.

Fuck.

I see red.

I break out into a full run, grabbing the back of Blake's shirt as soon as I get close, and yanking him away from Harper.

She's staring at me as if she's in shock, a horrified expression on her face.

"Easton," she breathes.

I point at her.

"Don't move"

I turn on Blake whose facing me with a furious expression on his face, his right hand in a fist as if he's going to throw it at me.

"What the fuck, man? Why are you making moves on my girl?" My voice is loud enough that it carries across the pool and beyond, and I realize quick we have an audience.

Fuck.

"I wasn't making moves on Harp." Blake lurches to the left, nearly collapsing and I jump forward, grabbing hold of his arm to keep him from falling.

"I just—I'm in a mood"

"You're drunk." "It's not just that." He shakes his head, his gaze distressed.

"Don't you miss how things used to be?" The music starts back up, a popular rap song playing at top volume and I take a step forward so we can hear each other.

"Things change, bro. We grow up. And we can't stop it from happening either"

"I know"

Blake hangs his head, looking sad as hell.

"I just miss how we used to be.

When it was just me, you and Ryan and we'd hang out all the time.

Get into trouble.

Remember when you used to fuck around with Leigh?" I frown, hating that he brought that bitch up.

"I don't want to talk about her"

"I know. Yeah, you're right. I'm sorry. I should've never brought this shit up. My bad"

He turns, ready to leave but I grab hold of his arm yet again, stopping him.

"I miss the good times we had too," I admit, wanting him to know that despite everything, I still care about him.

Blake was one of my best friends for a long time.

I still consider him a friend, but he's right.

Things have changed and we've grown up.

It will never be the same between any of us again.

Especially when he's trying to make a move on my damn girlfriend.

"Do you?" Blake's gaze turns hopeful.

"We should hang out more.

I'll be leaving for college soon.' "So will I" I remind him, wrinkling my nose when he sways closer.

The dude smells like a liquor cabinet.

"And we won't be so far from each other either.

We should plan on hanging out"

"We'll still be a couple of hours away from each other"

"That's close enough." Out of nowhere Blake grabs hold of me, pulling me in for a hug.

"I'm going to miss you so much, man.

You were one of my best friends.

I feel bad for everything I've done"

"What have you done?" I ask, my voice muffled by his shoulder.

"You're a lucky man, having Harper in your life," Blake continues.

"! don't want you to hate me"

"I don't hate you"

I disentangle myself from his smothering embrace, brushing my hair back into place.

"You gotta stop trying to kiss her.

I love you, you're my friend.

But I will kick your ass if you lay your hands on her again"

"I'm so sorry, bro.

Seriously.

Forgive me." Blake holds his hands up in front of him.

"I swear I'll leave her alone forever.

She's yours.

She belongs to you"

"You're damn right," I say, my voice firm.

"Just don't hate me, okay? Please?" He's pleading, his eyes turning glassy.

Fuck.

How can I hate this guy? "We'll talk about this later, okay?" "Okay"

Blake nods, sniffing loudly.

"It's cool"

Harper approaches us, stopping by my side.

"Are you guys all right?" "We're great, Harp.

I'm sorry if I've been a prick to you," Blake says.

And with that, he walks away, not quite able to walk in a straight line, stumbling as he heads toward the house.

"Damn, that guy is so fucked up,' I say before turning my attention onto Harper.

"Did he actually get his lips on you?" "No"

She shakes her head.

"And you can't be mad at him for what he tried"

"Who says?" I scowl at her and she throws herself at me, wrapping her arms around my neck and kissing along my jaw.

"Me,' she murmurs, pulling back so she can smile up at me.

"I say. Let it go, Easton. Blake is so drunk. I think he's kind of sad too. It's the end of an era, you know?" I press my forehead against hers, gazing into her eyes.

This girl.

She's so smart.

Compassionate.

I've definitely learned a thing or two from her since we've been together.

"You're right. And he is so fucking wasted." "So is Sadie.' She winces.

"I'm kind of worried about her.

She drank an entire bottle of tequila"

Goddamn.

"She'll be okay.

Ryan will take care of her"

Harper frowns.

"He might be wasted too"

"They'll be fine. Don't worry"

I slide my hands down to her butt, giving it a gentle squeeze.

"You were a big tease earlier, when you were dancing with Sadie"

"Oh, so you did notice"

"I couldn't not notice"

I slowly run my hands up and down her ass, playing with the hem of her shorts.

"Want to sneak off somewhere? Fuck around for a little while?" "So romantic,' she croons, laughing when I swat her on the ass.

"And such a perv"

"You fucking love it,' I growl, thrusting my hips against hers.

She kisses me, her eyes glowing.

"I do."

Chapter 177

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Harper

"Do you need a drink?" I ask Easton.

He takes a look at his glass and says, "Wouldn't mind a refill, babe"

He hands me the tumbler.

"How about you?" I ask Ryan.

He checks his bottle of beer.

"Still got a half, I'm good for right now, but do me a favor, check on my girlfriend, I haven't seen her in like ten minutes or something." Now that I think of it, he's right.

It feels like it's been a century since Sadie disappeared to the bathroom.

"I'm on it," I tell both of them and I carry Easton's glass into the kitchen, making him another vodka soda and deliver it to him before I go to the downstairs bathroom.

There's a small line outside the door and I ask the person in the front, "Is Sadie in there?" He shrugs and replies, "I think it's Michael, but I'm kinda too drunk to remember"

Sadie isn't in line.

There's a chance she went upstairs to use Easton's bathroom.

That's where I'm going to check, but I'm going to get myself a beer first.

I go to his dad's private garage to grab one from his secret stash and open the door, flipping on the light.

"Turn off the light," I hear someone say the moment I look inside.

I immediately notice someone leaning against the wall halfway between the fridge and me.

That someone is my best friend.

And there's a guy pinning her to the wall, his lips all over hers, his hands moving up and down her sides.

"What the fuck?" I shout, my hands instantly shaking, my heart freezing.

They stop kissing and look at me.

My stomach churns when I see who it is.

"Blake?" I gasp and look at Sadie.

"Sadie, what the hell are you doing with him?" "Blake," she slurs and her eyes widen, like she's just now realizing it's him.

Her hand flattens against his chest and she pushes him away from her.

At least she attempts to, but he doesn't move.

"H—how dare y—you." She's a mess.

Drunker than I thought.

I never should have let her go to the bathroom by herself.

But it's too late.

And now ...

she's made out with Blake? Oh God.

"How d—dare you," she continues and tries to step back, but he's holding onto her.

"I—I.

I thought you were R—Ryan"

"You thought who was Ryan?" my brother says from the doorway directly next to me, his empty hand telling me he'd come in here for another beer.

He'd just chosen the worst timing ever.

At least the scene isn't as bad as it was a few seconds ago.

Still, it's bad enough.

Blake's hands are on Sadie's waist.

Her lipstick is smeared all over Blake's mouth.

Tears are spilling down Sadie's face.

"Ryan, she cries, "I didn't know.

I thought it was you .."

I look at Ryan just as it all seems to click in his head, his teeth grinding together as he roars, "Sadie, what the fuck am I looking at right now?" I don't know how to fix this.

I dont want to throw my best friend under the bus.

I don't want my brother to kill Blake in Easton's house.

I don't want my brother to feel betrayed because his girlfriend was just making out with his friend.

Fuck.

"Ryan .."

I start.

He cuts me off and launches for Blake, saying, "I'm going to fucking murder you!" But someone comes running up behind Ryan, stopping him by holding him steady, and I quickly realize Easton has joined us and he's not letting my brother go.

"What the fuck is going on?" Easton shouts across the garage.

No one says anything.

If it wasn't for Sadie crying, we'd be standing in silence.

"Someone better fucking answer me," Easton demands.

"Let me go!" Ryan shouts, trying to wiggle out of Easton's grip.

"Not until I know what the fuck is happening," Easton replies.

"Tell him, Harper!" Ryan declares.

"Tell him what you saw because your face is telling me you fucking saw something"

But I don't get a chance to say anything because Sadie moves away from Blake and closes the distance between her and Ryan.

"I felt hands—s on me and—d it was dark—k." She hiccups.

"And then I—lips"

Another hiccup.

"And I heard y—your name and I was sure it was y—you, Ryan"

Ryan looks like he's about to explode when he says to her, "Did he take advantage of you?" "Come on, man," Blake starts.

But Ryan cuts him off and says, "Answering the question, Sadie.

Did Blake take advantage of you?" "I-I"

She puts her hand on her forehead, her skin starting to turn pale.

"I don't th—think so.

I'm s—so drunk, Ryan"

I know my best friend better than anyone.

And I know when she's reached her alcohol limit and we're there right now.

"She's going to be sick," I tell everyone, and I move past the boys and grab Sadie's arm, leading her out of the garage.

"Just hold on to me, I'm going to bring you into Easton's room so you have some privacy"

I take most of her weight, carefully guiding her up the stairs into Easton's room and close the door behind us.

I get her into the bathroom and just as I'm grabbing a washcloth to wet, she leans over the toilet and throws up.

"Oh God, Harper,' she cries.

I quickly wet the cloth with cool water and hold it against her neck.

"It's okay.

You're going to feel better after this." "Everything is spinning"

She purges again and I hold her hair out of her face, rubbing soft circles over her back.

"You're all right," I whisper.

"What did I do, Harp?" She sobs between retches.

"What did I do with Blake?" "Don't worry about that now"

"Ryan's going to hate me." She turns to me, her black eyeliner running down her cheeks.

"Hate, hate, haaaaate me"

I take the washcloth off her neck and start to wipe her face.

"He won't"

"But he w—will.

You know your brother, he doesn't t—take any shit"

"I'll talk to him, Sadie." Since it looks like she's done, I flush the toilet and bring her over to the sink, trying to clean the rest of the makeup off her face.

"Don't worry, I'm going to make this better." "You can't," she sobs.

"Loan"

I hear the sound of the bedroom door opening, Ryan appearing in the doorway of the bathroom.

"Sadie, are you all right?" I don't want them to fight.

I don't even want them to talk about this now.

They're both way too drunk, nothing will get resolved, and Sadie will only get sicker.

"Get out," I tell him.

"She needs to lay down and rest." "Sadie, answer me, are you all right?" Ryan asks her, ignoring me.

"No," she cries, gripping the sink with both hands.

"Do I need to take you to the hospital?" I put my hands on my brother's shoulders and back him up a few feet.

"Let me take care of this.

Please"

His stare hardens.

"Harper—" "Listen to me, Ryan.

She's drunk.

She's emotional.

She's been throwing up.

You two will talk about this in the morning." I nod toward the door.

"Go"

"Fine.

Fuck." He continues through Easton's room and shuts the door behind him.

That's when I turn to Sadie and help her out of the bathroom, leading her into Easton's room and onto his bed.

"You just need some sleep,' I tell her, adjusting the pillow to make her more comfortable.

I take off her shoes and cover her in a blanket.

"He h—hates me." Her head shakes from right to left.

"Hates"

I push the hair out of her face and try to settle her down.

"He's going to break—k up with m—me." I continue to try to soothe her, but I say nothing.

Because I don't want to lie.

The truth is, I don't know how my brother is going to react, because ...

This is the first girl he's ever loved.

Chapter 178

Chapter 178

Easton

"Is she all right?" I ask Harper as she walks downstairs from my room, where I know she just took Sadie.

"I think so"

She stops at the bottom step and rests her arms over my shoulders.

"She feels like hell and she can't stop crying about Ryan and how much he's going to hate her, but she'll sleep it off and be good to go in the morning"

She pulls me closer, giving me a quick kiss.

"Don't worry, I put your trash can next to the bed in case she needs to puke again"

I pull her in the rest of the way, breathing in her tropical scent.

"Harper, what the fuck was happening in that garage .."

"I don't know,' she whispers.

"I really don't.

I was ...

shocked"

"Did she know what she was doing?" "No"

She leans back, giving me her eyes.

"Sadie would never jeopardize her relationship with Ryan.

She's obsessed with him"

She sucks her lip into her mouth, biting it.

"But what about Blake? Did he know? Was this all on purpose?" I take a minute to really think about her question.

"Can we trust that motherfucker? I don't know." "Where is he?" "On the couch, drinking water,' I tell her.

"And where's Ryan?" "I sent him outside to the patio.

He needs to cool off and get some air." She links her fingers behind my neck.

"I'll go get Ryan, you go sit with Blake, and I'll bring Ryan to you guys.

Let's get this worked out before something—or someone—explodes." "You mean you want to hash this out now? While they're both drunk?" She nods.

"If we wait until morning or even at school, it's going to brew, and that's a storm none of us need right now"

She has a point.

I give her a quick kiss.

"All right, I'm down.

See you in two minutes." While Harper heads outside in search of her brother, I go into the family room, finding Blake where I'd dumped him on the couch.

He's lying down, a huge bottle of water propped up on his chest.

"You good, man?" I ask as I take a seat next to him.

He sits up a little.

"You know you have twelve pieces of art from here to the kitchen.

Twelve, Easton.

And two of them have red in them.

Is red angry? I think red is angry"

Fuck, he's drunk.

I don't know if that's a good thing.

"Harper is getting Ryan and we're going to talk this shit out." He looks in both direction, like we're crossing the street.

"Talk? What are we talking about?" "We're talking about Sadie and why you kissed her." He starts to laugh, his face even turning red.

"I kissed Sadie? Nah.

Not even possible"

"You don't remember?" He sits up even higher, putting his feet on the ground, which causes him to almost fall over.

"I remember some juicy ass lips.

Man, those were good lips.

I fucking love lips." "You better not be talking about my fucking girlfriend," Ryan says as he joins us.

Talk about the worst timing.

Fuck me.

"He's hammered, Ryan.

I don't think he remembers a thing." Ryan looks at me, and then at Blake.

"You don't remember kissing my girl?" "Kissing your girllll?" Blake slurs.

He laughs, his head falling back and for a second I think he might fall asleep.

"I don't evennn know what you're talking aboutttt"

Sadie takes a seat next to me and Ryan stands in front of the couch, too mad to plant his ass down.

I wait to see if Blake's answer satisfies him.

It seems to for a second, no one is saying a word, so I add, "Ryan, he doesn't even know where he is— and you know I never stick up for the motherfucker, so if I'm saying this, I really mean it." Ryan looks at me, and then at Blake.

"I need to hear you say it.

I need to know you didn't intentionally try to get with Sadie, and then I can squash this"

"Sadie?" Blake laughs.

"Why the helllll would I want Sadie?" He takes a drink of his water and misses his lips, most of it spilling on his shirt.

"We all know it's Harper I'm in loooooove with"

Ryan shakes his head, laughing.

Harper puts her hand in mine.

And me? I take a deep fucking breath, trying not to punch the dickhead in the face.

Blake stands.

He's not at all steady on his feet and wobbles back and forth before he finds his footing.

"Bathroom," he announces.

He takes a few steps and almost stumbles and that's when he turns around to face our group.

His mouth opens and it looks like he's pondering something.

"You know ..." He shakes his head, looking down at the floor.

"I'm sorry"

I laugh at the fool.

"What the fuck are you sorry for?" He keeps his head pointed down, but looks up at me, like a puppy who's just had an accident.

"It's cool ..

you know.' He pauses.

"No, never mind"

He takes a breath, rocking on his heels.

"I'm just fucking sorry." He keeps walking toward the closest bathroom.

I turn to Ryan.

"When was the last time you saw him this drunk?" "My house, maybe?" he answers.

"You know, the night of the Halloween party." Harper squeezes my hand.

"One of my favorite nights ever.' I wink at her.

"Mine, too, baby.' My attention turns back to Ryan.

"Do you believe him? Or am I going to have to Uber Blake home, so you don't disassemble his face on my living room floor?" Ryan finally takes a seat next to Harper.

"I think we're good.

I want to talk to Sadie in the morning and make sure she's all right, that there isn't anything she's not saying.

But Blake seems so fucked up, I don't think that motherfucker had any idea what he was doing"

"I agree,' Harper says.

She looks at her brother.

"And you know Sadie would never intentionally kiss him.

She's so in love with you"

"Easton!" Blake shouts from behind me.

"Your toilet dances.

Has it always done that?" "What?" I ask, laughing, watching him trip his way toward the couch.

"It's dancing?" "Yeah, man." When he takes a seat, he collapses.

"It kept moving from side to side." "I think you were moving from side to side," Harper says.

"Haaaarper," Blake slurs.

"What are you saying? I pissed all over the bathroom on purpose?" The three of them laugh while I think of the text I'm going to send our housekeeper in the morning, begging her to come over and clean before my parents get back.

"Hey, at least the photo of you pissing everywhere won't be posted by WHGOSSIP in the morning," Ryan says.

"I don't miss that account one fucking bit"

"And I sure as hell don't miss her," Harper says.

"I especially love how quiet she's been since all that shit hit the fan." "Mmm, Blake groans.

"Aisha .."

I can't tell if he's agreeing with Harper or not.

But I don't get the chance to ask him because a few seconds later, he's sound asleep, snoring.

Chapter 179

Chapter 179

Harper

"You're right on time, I love it," Sadie says when I meet her outside her locker.

"Why would I be late?" I ask.

"You know, I just figured you and Easton would have a quick sexy session before we went shopping." I laugh.

"In the student parking lot?" She shrugs and shuts her locker, the two of us now walking out of school.

"Wherever.

You guys can never keep your hands off each other." "Same for you and Ryan—but please don't talk about it.

I still can't stomach the details." "Girl, I'm just glad your brother forgave me for the whole Blake thing and he didn't demolish Blake's face in the process"

"That makes two of us.

I mean, the party was a blast, but cleaning up Blake's blood would have made for a horrific ending." I turn toward her as we reach the parking lot.

"I still can't believe I walked in on you two.

It was pretty nuts to see it, Sadie.

Blake and you—the last thing I ever expected"

"I swear it was Ryan.

But, honestly, it could have been the president and I was in no shape to even know the difference." I giggle, trying to wipe that image from my head, too, and climb into her car.

Once she pulls into the road, I check my wallet to make sure the money is still in the slot where I put it this morning.

"I really hope the shop is running some kind of prom sale.

I can't afford to spend a fortune on this dress." "Didn't Easton give you his credit card to pay for it?" I glance out the window.

"Yep"

"So, use it." I sigh.

"I really don't want to, Sadie.

I feel weird about it." "Why?" She speeds up, hauling ass through the yellow light.

"I don't know, I just do.

I have my own money to pay for it." "But you also have Easton's and he wants you to use his card or he wouldn't have given it to you"

I understand that and I thanked Easton endlessly when he handed me his black card at lunch today.

But putting that expense on him feels like too much and not fair to him.

"I'll think about it," I tell her just so we can change the subject.

"What color dress are you thinking?" She turns at the next light and begins to slow as we get closer to the store.

"I had a dream last night about a hot pink dress.

That's the color I'm going for.

And the hotter, the more sparkly, the sexier, the better"

"Ooo," I sing, "That's going to look so amazing on you"

I pause, sighing.

"I have no idea what color I want.

Probably something a little more simple and black"

She snorts.

"Okay .."

I turn toward her just as she parks.

"What?" Sadie looks at me and rolls her eyes.

"We'll see." She climbs out of the car and I follow her inside the dress shop, watching Sadie go straight for the pink section where I stay back and go for all the dark tones.

The first dress I come across has a price tag of eight hundred dollars.

Yikes.

I only brought four hundred with me.

It's almost all the money I've saved over the year that includes from Christmas and my birthday.

I flip through a few more, finding a couple that are only a few hundred, one that's navy, another that's dark green, and pick up a few more that are all black.

"Having any luck?" Sadie asks, joining me, her arms full of pink and sparkles.

I show her my arms.

"You're holding a funeral"

"Stop it,' I tell her.

"I like dark colors"

She looks at one of the price tags.

"No, you like the price." Her voice fades out as a sales clerk approaches and offers to start a dressing room for us, taking the pile of dresses from each of our arms.

"I need a few more to try,' I tell her, searching through another rack.

"Why don't you check the purples, that color would look great on you"

"Good idea." She disappears and I locate a couple more slip style dresses that I can afford, knowing a cute pair of shoes will make the dress look more formal and I head toward the back of the store where the dressing rooms are located.

I strip off my clothes and step into the first gown and I walk out of the dressing room at the same time Sadie is walking in.

"No"

She shakes her head.

"I hate it." I look down at the dress.

"Why?" "It's bland, like squash.

No one likes squash, Harp"

I turn, so she can see the way my leg is sticking out.

"But it has a high slit." She points toward the dressing room.

"Still no. Next one." I go back inside and put on the navy one, reaching behind my back to zip myself up.

When I come out, I don't expect Sadie to be standing outside, but she is.

She eyes me up and down.

"That's a big hell no." "Seriously?" Her brows raise.

"You seriously think it's cute?" I shrug.

"I think it works." "Girl, nakedness works too, but that doesn't mean I'm going to let you go like that to prom." She holds up her finger.

"Don't move," she says and disappears.

I stand in front of the full-length mirror, observing the dress at every angle.

It's really not that bad.

Maybe not as tight as I want.

Maybe not as sexy.

It definitely doesn't stand out, but does it need to? I have Easton for that.

"Here," Sadie says, handing me a smoking hot red gown.

"Try this one." I eye the stunning material and the low—cut neckline and slit, the intricate beading and the soft, silky material.

"No"

"No? Why?" Because I know I can't afford it.

"It's too much, Sadie." "Go try it on right this second and if you put up a fight, I will smack you." "Ugh"

I turn and go back into the dressing room, losing the navy dress for the red one, immediately feeling so perfect and how it feels on my body.

When I get back outside, Sadie's mouth drops open.

"Holy fuck"

She pulls my arm, moving me in front of the mirror.

"Can you even right now? Look at how freaking gorgeous you look"

She's right.

The dress is stunning.

It's everything I could have ever dreamed of.

It fits me perfectly, it's tight in all the right places.

It's smooth and buttery on my skin.

I glance down at the tag, my eyes almost popping out of my head when I see the price.

"Twenty—five hundred dollars?" I gasp.

"Are you kidding—" "Easton is buying it." I glance at her to respond.

"And don't even try to fight me on this.

I've already sent him a text and asked if it was okay and he said yes." "Sadie .."

She puts her hands on my shoulders.

"Navy and black and bland dresses are your past.

You're a red girl now.

The kind of girl who walks into prom and everyone in the room stops and looks at her"

She twirls a piece of my hair.

"Let your boyfriend spoil you, he can afford it." Just as she finishes speaking, we hear whispers and in walks Aisha and Julia with dresses in their hands.

My stomach churns at the sight of them.

"Of course you're here," I say, looking right at Aisha. She huffs a mouthful of air, like my presence is turning her off. "Costing Easton a pretty penny, huh?" Sadie gives her the finger.

"You're just jealous that you have to take Julia as your date. Not even Blake wants to be seen with you"

She laughs.

"Can't blame him really. If I was him, I'd rather take a freshman, too." "Whatever. We're not together, he can take whoever he wants"

But I can tell she doesn't mean that.

She's clearly upset.

I put my hands on my hips, smiling.

"It's too bad WHGOSSIP is shut down.

A picture of your face right now would make the most perfect post." "Fuck you, Harper." I smile.

"Jealousy is not a good look on you, Aisha"

In that moment, the sales clerk walks in to check on us and I point to the dress I'm in and say, "I'm going to take this one."

Chapter 180

Chapter 180

Easton.

"Harper ..." I whisper as I walk over to her as she enters my living room.

I can't fucking get over how she looks in her prom dress.

I can't stop gawking at her.

I can't stop touching her.

I can't stop thinking about what the fuck I'm going to do to her the second we're alone.

My hands go to her waist as I take her in again.

"My God, you're so fucking gorgeous." "You like?" She smiles and it's like she's glowing.

Her hair is curled in long waves, her makeup is done perfectly, her lips glossy in the same color as the dress.

Every curve of her body looks fucking beautiful.

"I don't like it.

I love it."

My stare moves down her body and back up, my girlfriend the most stunning girl I've ever seen in my life.

"And I admit, this is one hell of a surprise." She wouldn't let me see the dress even though she bought it a few weeks ago, she wouldn't even tell me what color it is, so I did white roses for her corsage and

she'd done the same for my boutonniere.

But it was worth the wait to see her like this.

I wrap the corsage around her wrist and she says, "It's exquisite, thank you." "It doesn't even compare to you." I groan.

"Nothing compares to you, stunning girl." She blushes.

"I wasn't sure about the red," she says, twirling so I can view every angle.

The dips of her shoulders, her heart-shaped ass, the curves of her waist.

"But I couldn't be happier with it" She puts her hands on the lapels of my black suit, pinning the boutonniere to it.

"I can't get over how scrumptious you look in this suit." She closes her eyes.

"And how good you smell." Those thick, glossy lips pull into a grin.

"God, do I wish you could take me upstairs right now." "I would fucking kill to do that," I growl.

"But your dad is giving me that look." I glance up, making eye contact with him as he stands with my parents, talking.

"You know, the one that tells me he knows what we're going to do tonight since it's already been done under their Christmas tree." "We'll save the fun for the limo," she says, and she brings me over to Ryan and Sadie, so we can start with the pictures.

My parents had offered our house for the pre—prom festivities and a bunch of our class is here.

Blake brought his freshman date.

Aisha and Julia are even here, even though no one invited them.

I'm not surprised they came, we all know Aisha has balls bigger than half the senior class.

"I need pictures of just you four," Harper's mom says, standing in our living room with a camera in her hands.

We move into the position she wants us in.

"Now closer," she adds.

I put my arm around Harper's waist and crowd in next to Sadie who's practically on top of Ryan.

"Say cheese, her mom shouts.

I'm giving her my best smile and the flashes are going off.

Not just from her, but my parents are taking plenty of shots too.

"Now just Harper and Easton.

Sadie and Ryan will be next." Harper and I are now under the spotlight, standing in front of our large fireplace.

Harper's mom gives us more directions on how to stand and turn, the last pose she wants us facing each other.

I look in her eyes and all I want to do is grab her face and pull her against me and kiss the shit out of her.

But I can't.

Not with her parents watching.

So, I look at her instead, feeling my lips pull into a smile and say so softly, "I fucking love you so much." "And I love you, Easton." "You know I'm the luckiest dude, right? There isn't a single motherfucker in my house right now who's luckier than me." She's grinning so large.

"This is just the beginning for us." She pulls at the sides of my suit jacket.

"Now, it's onto college." I shake my head, thinking of the fall and the fun we're going to have together at UCLA.

"I can't fucking wait." She laughs.

"That makes two of us." "need you both smiling," Harper's mom says.

I pull Harper in a little closer and smile at my girl. It isn't hard.

She's all I think about.

The one thing in my life that makes me the happiest.

And when it's Ryan and Sadie's turn, I look at my best friend under the spotlight and laugh like hell at how he's posing with her.

Once the photoshoot is done, we all go outside and join the rest of the class who have come.

Blake comes over to us with his freshman, his arm around her shoulders, some swagger in his step that tells me he's had a few cocktails, "Looking good boys,' he says to me and Ryan.

He nods at Sadie, knowing better than to speak a word to her after what went down in my garage.

"Harper, damn it, girl, red is your color." "Watch it," I warn.

Blake puts his hands in the air.

"It's all good man, just speaking the truth." "Everyone get together, we're going to do one massive pick of all of you,' one of the parents says.

We all move in close together, Harper at my side, Ryan and Sadie next to us, Blake and the freshman beside them.

I can see Aisha and Julia at the end, Aisha looking miserable as always, probably pissed as hell because Blake is here with another chick.

Or maybe she's pissed I'm so in love with Harper.

Either way, I stopped giving a fuck a long time ago.

"All right, everyone, look at me," the one parent says, holding her camera in the air.

"On the count of three, I want everyone to say, 'Seniors!'"

She holds up her fingers, showing the countdown and by the time she reaches three, we all scream, "Seniors!"

I wait for the parents to take several shots, and then I look at Harper.

“Are you ready to have the best night of your life?” She smiles at me, making my dick hard as well.

"I can't wait."