

You're Mine by Penny Brooks

Chapter 186

Chapter 186

Easton

I want to fucking devour this girl.

I want the last words on her tongue to be my name, and I want her screaming so hard she's hoarse.

She reaches up and pulls my head down again, I'm so fucking lost I wonder if I'll ever find air again as our tongues tangle and twist like we haven't been making out and fucking for the last few months.

This is it though.

Last year was filled with so much drama, shit sex, and mistakes I never want to repeat, which just makes this year that much more special.

I have my girl, no my woman, because damn those curves, she is a motherfucking woman.

She arches up to greet me.

My dick is all like, hey girl, hey there.

But my heart wants everything to slow down.

Now comes the moment beyond the crown, beyond prom, beyond everything as I shakily pull back from her and stand.

She frowns.

"What's wrong?" More like, what's right.

I fumble like a total idiot as I reach into the pocket of my almost kicked off black pants and hold out the Tiffany's box.

Harper's eyes widen.

"Um, I'm not ready for—"

"Like I would propose during prom." I laugh and want to kiss her even harder for the panicked look in her eyes that also tells me if it was a ring, she'd say yes.

"I'm fancier than that." She bites down on her lower lip as it trembles.

"So what is this?" "A promise," I say, obsessed with the way her eyes well up with tears, tears for me, tears for us, probably tears over the shit year we've had to go through in order to get to this moment.

"To love you forever despite all the cunts that want to keep us apart.

To be the person you rely on, you love, you fight with, and sometimes fuck when you want to fight." I add in for good measure.

"To be yours the way you've been mine when I was too stupid to even realize what was right in front of me." I open the box.

She gasps.

hold out the small bracelet—on the inside, it says my mystery girl forever, my love.

I show it to her.

The minute it's on her wrist, I'm getting pinned onto the bed, clothes go flying, I don't even know my own name as she rakes her nails down my chest like she wants to fucking mark me.

let out a yell when her nails dig into my pants in an effort to jerk them the rest of the way down.

We nearly hit our heads together as she finally gets the rest of my clothes off.

And then she's grabbing my cock and riding me.

I'm in heaven.

Complete bliss mode as she grabs my hands and puts them on her tits, her body moves back and forth, and I'm drugged, so fucking drugged the building could burn around us, and I'd still be like, oh look, a fire, that's weird.

She's fucking aggressive, her hips slamming against mine, my head actually hits the back of the headboard, and I'm so turned on I want to throw her against the wall and ugly fuck like the type of fucking where you know there may be bruising, but you don't give a shit because it's passion and love all tied up into one perfect moment.

Her lips part.

I want to last.

I truly do.

I want to be that guy who just flips her over and goes for hours, but I can't, not when I see the bracelet on her wrist, not when I see the bliss on her face, and not when I feel the perfection of being inside her.

"Harper, I whisper her name, and I'm done, so done that I just let her ride me out until she screams out Easton.

And It smile.

That's my name.

My name bitches.

Mine.

Just like she's mine.

How did I get so lucky? I keep thinking of these things as we get up the next day and stumble around the room.

I take one last drag of the champagne that's been open all night and wince.

"Could have just grabbed water." She laughs.

"This just hits different,' I rasp.

"Plus, we're celebrating, right?" She holds out her wrist and giggles.

"Right." An hour later, we're all at Denny's eating a shit ton of eggs, bacon, pancakes, and attempting to rally after a long night of partying.

Quite honestly, after we had sex me and Harper stayed up, we talked, we watched another movie, and the last thing I remember was her falling asleep in my arms.

It was perfect.

She's perfect.

It almost scares me thinking about how I could have missed her or missed what we have now.

I reach across the booth and squeeze her hand.

She looks down then up at me.

"You okay?" "More than okay." I lean in for a kiss and pull back with a scowl when Aisha and Blake walk in and grab a booth right next to us.

"Seriously, even after all of the shit that went down?" Blake doesn't make eye contact, but Aisha? She fucking puts her hand around his waist and basically owns him as they sit in the booth and order.

"Suspicious, Ryan says in a hushed whisper.

"Why would he even still be with her? Especially after he took that other chick to prom last night." "Maybe she has something on him?"

Sadie offers up.

Harper frowns.

"I thought...

sorry, I don't know what I thought, but like didn't he say he was done with her? For real done?" "Yeah,"

I say.

"Same." Aisha looks over her shoulder and winks, then wraps an arm around an uncomfortable looking Blake all before she grabs a sip of water and leans in.

He pales.

And then looks like he's ready to throw something as he looks over at us and waves, then gets back to chatting it up with enemy number one.

"Something's off." I frown.

"Very off." And as much as I want to say it's all Aisha, there's something about the way Blake is sitting next to her, almost like she has him, that has me wondering what the hell he's done to make her own him like a bitch.

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Harper

"Oh my God, I don't want to be here" Sadie groans, leaning her head on my shoulder.

I pat the top of her head.

"Only a couple more weeks, and then it's over forever." "No more high school," Ryan adds as he joins us.

We're standing in front of our lockers, waiting for the bell to ring to start our day.

One of our last days of high school.

This moment is totally surreal.

"It just feels so pointless, going to class.

We're graduating in mere days.

Why do we even have to be here?"

Sadie goes to stand beside Ryan, sliding her arms around him and resting her head on his chest.

"I have a suggestion—let's ditch." "We can't ditch, Ryan says, kissing her hair.

"If they catch us, no grad trip for us." "And you're not missing out on that," I warn her.

"I can't go to Disneyland without you.

Who will go on the Peter Pan ride with me?" "I'm your Tinkerbell." Sadie smiles, pressing her lips against Ryan's chest before she lets him go and takes a step back to stand next to me, bumping her shoulder against mine.

"It's going to be so epic." "What's going to be epic?"

Easton asks, coming right in between us and sliding his arms around mine and Sadie's shoulders.

It warms my heart that my boyfriend is so good to my best friend.

Yes, sometimes they have their moments but for the most part, they get along.

And I love it.

"Senior grad night," Sadie tells Easton.

"Disneyland, here we come." "Only a few more days," I sing song, extra excited.

"You told him, right?" Sadie asks, glancing over at Easton.

His brows draw together as he turns to me.

"Told me what?" "We've...never been to Disneyland before,' I admit.

Easton glances over at Ryan.

"For real?" Ryan nods.

"For real." "Your parents never took you guys to Disneyland ever? Not even when you were little kids?"

Easton's voice goes low as he nuzzles my hair.

I shake my head.

"They never really had the money.

It's expensive."

The sympathy in Easton's gaze is unwanted, but I do love how he kisses me and whispers, "We're going to have the best time." "I can't wait to take you on my favorite ride!" Sadie squeals as she slips from under Easton's arm and goes back to my brother, gripping the front of his T-shirt.

"Pirates of the Caribbean is so much fun." "My favorite is Space Mountain,' Easton says.

"Oh and the Haunted Mansion." Sadie makes a dismissive noise.

"That ride always breaks down."

"It's still cool, though." Easton tucks me into his body, pressing his mouth on my forehead.

"It was my favorite when I was a kid." My heart squeezes.

I love thinking about little Easton.

He must've been the absolute cutest.

"Aw."

"We are going to have so much fun," Sadie says.

"I can't wait." "What are you guys talking about?" Blake appears, glancing around at each of us.

Easton goes tense beside me.

"Senior grad trip, Ryan answers for us.

"Duuuude, I can't wait." Blake grins, rubbing his hands together.

There are a few mumbled "yeahs", but otherwise we're silent.

It's still a little awkward between us and Blake, especially with Sadie.

That kiss in the garage at Easton's party still lingers over her head, though she plays it off for the most part.

I don't think it bothers Ryan nearly as much as it bugs Sadie.

Meaning miracles can and do happen.

"How's the freshman?"

Easton asks Blake.

"She's doin all right.

Too bad she can't come to grad night' Blake drawls.

"You're still seeing her?"

I ask.

"Oh yeah." Blake nods.

"We just hung out last night." "Dude, she's like...fifteen," Ryan protests.

"You can't get any action with someone like that.' "You'd be surprised," Blake says mysteriously.

"Gross," I mutter under my breath, making Easton chuckle.

"Hey so I just found out I'm leaving for San Diego early,' Blake announces, looking around at us.

Even Sadie, who immediately looks away.

"Why?"

I ask.

"I got a job down there at a hotel right on the water." Blake grins, scratching the back of his head so his manbun bounces up and down.

"I'll be banging beach babes all summer long." "Lucky," Ryan says, earning a slap on the stomach from Sadie.

"Ow, baby." "Wrong thing to say, baby," Sadie throws back at him.

The bell rings, breaking up the tension.

Thank God.

"I'll walk you to class," Easton says as he steers me down the hallway and away from our friends.

"What do you think of Blake's new job?"

I ask, my voice casual.

I can't help but wonder if my boyfriend thinks Blake is lucky too since he's going to be surrounded by bangable beach babes all summer.

Can't believe Ryan said that in front of Sadie.

He's going to catch hell for that remark.

"I'm sure he'll be great at it.

He knows how to lay on the charm.

That'll earn him a lot of tips," Easton says.

That isn't what I was referring to.

"What about the babes part?" "What about them?"

He glances down at me.

"He's going to be having the time of his life, single and free while working at a hotel on the beach." I pause for a moment.

"Some guys might like that." "I'm not just some guy, Harper.

And I don't want to work on the beach this summer." He pauses right in front of my classroom doorway and we turn to face each other.

"I want to be with you." "Well, you're stuck with me whether you like it or not," I say lightly, the tension easing within me.

"I'm not stuck with you, Harper.

I'm in love with you." His gaze is serious as he studies my face.

"Big difference." My heart is so light, I feel like it's going to pop out of my chest and float to the heavens.

Even after everything we've been through, I still get worried sometimes that I might not be enough.

That he might be tempted to go somewhere else.

But here he still is, always by my side.

Smiling at me.

Leaning in for a kiss.

Like he is right now.

"No PDA in the hallway!"

someone from administration squawks as they walk by us.

A new person who came in to replace Mrs. Scott.

Ugh.

So glad she's gone.

"Uh oh," Easton says as we spring away from each other, laughing.

"You better get to class," he tells me.

"You too." "I love you, he mouths at me.

"I love you too," I whisper back, earning a smile that makes my heart ache in the best way.

I love this man so much.

And I can't wait to start the next chapter in our lives.

Feels like forever until we get there.

Chapter 188

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Easton

The ride to Disneyland is long, a little over four hours, but at least the high school rented plush buses for us to travel in.

Harper and I sit together, with Ryan and Sadie in front of us, and the girls have kept up their conversation ever since we left campus, Sadie going on and on about her favorite rides and snacks at the park.

"and we have to get the Dole Whip, Ryan. It's so good. I know you don't like pineapple, but you must try it." Sadie nudges Ryan in the tubs, and he grunts in reply.

I glance over at Harper, noting how her gaze is at half—mast.

My girl looks sleepy and I reach out, briefly settling my hand on her thigh.

"Tired?" She nods, her eyes falling closed for a moment.

"Maybe I should nap before we get there." "You can use my shoulder as a pillow, I suggest, because I've become that guy.

The one who's so completely into his girl, he'd do anything to make her happy.

Harper's eyes pop open and she smiles.

"I'd love that." "Harp, are you seriously going to take a nap right now? I was just going to tell you about Splash Mountain." Sadie turns in her seat, rising up onto her knees so she can look directly at us as she grips her headrest with both hands.

"Ryan's no fun. He's only talking to me in grunts, like I'm an annoyance to him. And now you're about to fall asleep too. What is wrong with you people?"

"Let them sleep so they can actually enjoy Disneyland later; I tell Sadie, wishing she'd calm down.

I like Harper's best friend, but sometimes she's way too hype.

"We're in for a long night, Harper says as she rests her head on my shoulder.

"I need rest." "So do I, Ryan says from his seat in front of me.

Sadie purses her lips into a pout.

"I'm too excited to sleep." "Try.

Ryan grabs Sadie's hand and tugs, causing her to tumble into his lap with a giggle.

He gives her a deep kiss before pushing her out of his lap and back into her seat.

"Close your eyes, baby.

Relax for a minute." If she could relax for as many minutes as possible, I definitely wouldn't protest.

Leaning in, I press my lips to Harper's temple, breathing in her sweet, tropical scent.

"You should definitely try to take a nap.

We're going to be up all night long." "I can't wait to see everything.

Like, I don't even know what ride to get on first" "I'll help you,' Sadie calls from seat.

'I've got your back, bestie." "I know you do bestie," Harper says to her before she returns to our conversation.

"But yeah, I'm so tired.

I've been anxious all day, excited about the trip." "It's going to be fun." I grab her hand, interlacing our fingers.

"I haven't been there in years." "Right."

She's quiet for a moment, her fingers curling around mine, and I wish I knew what was going on in that pretty head of hers.

"These last few weeks have been so wild." "What do you mean?" "Getting into my dream college.

The party and the whole Blake and Sadie thing at your house—"

"I heard that," Sadie interrupts.

Harper's laughter is soft.

"Sorry friend." I squeeze her hand.

"Continue." "Prom night.

My dress and how much you loved it.

Winning prom king and queen with you.

Knowing that you're coming to UCLA with me.

That we have a future together” She lifts her head from my shoulder.

“I feel on top of the world.” That’s all she says, and I sense there’s a “but” following her statement.

Yet she remains quiet.

“Harper, I urge. “If you're feeling unsure about any of this, about me, just know you've got nothing to worry about.

You've got me on lock.

You couldn't shake me if you tried.” She turns her head to look at me, her eyes glowing, though I spot the tiniest hint of worry clouding them.

“I know. I don't worry about you. Or us. I just...” “What?” “The spray paint.

The message that night on the limo,’ she admits, biting her lower lip.

I really hate it when she does that.

Only because I want to bite that plump lip myself.

“We don't know who did it.

Who wrote that.” Anger makes my blood simmer and I try my best not to get too worked up.

“When I find out who did, there's going to be hell to pay.

Mark my words.” “Oh, I know,” she says on a sigh.

“But what if we never find out who did it. Or why. What then?” I frown.

“You told me you weren't going to worry about it.” “I wasn't, not that night.

I didn't want to let some petty, stupid message make me feel like shit on what turned into the best night of my life.

But now I'm curious.

Who is doing this? And why? What do they care about me and what I'm doing? I have no known enemies." "Except Aisha," I remind her.

"Except Aisha,' she repeats, slowly shaking her head, her gaze going to the window to study the scenery passing by.

"She didn't do this." "You don't know that for sure—"

"No." She whips her head around, her gaze finding mine.

"I'm positive it wasn't her.

Not after what happened and how we exposed her.

She's been keeping to herself ever since, Easton.

And yes, while she was there at your house the night of prom, I still don't think she's the one who left the message.

It's got to be someone else." I don't agree with her, but I'm not about to argue.

Not on the bus while headed to Disneyland.

Talk about making everything worse.

"Okay. So who is it?" "I don't know, she admits, catching her lower lip between her teeth.

"But I'm hoping we figure it out. Soon"

Chapter 189

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Easton

We're exiting the bus in one of the giant Disneyland parking lots when Ryan grabs hold of my arm and pulls me aside.

"I brought something,' he says, holding up his backpack.

"Like what?" Knowing him, he packed some extra good snacks, which we're allowed to have so it's no big deal.

Don't know why he didn't bust them out while we were still on the bus, but whatever.

“This.” He unzips the top of his backpack, opening it up and revealing what's inside.

At first I see nothing, but then my eyes adjust to the light and it becomes super obvious.

The dumbass I brought a small baggie of fuckin’ weed.

“Seriously?” I push his backpack closed and shove it into his chest.

“They catch us with that, we’re done for.

No walking at graduation.

No nothing.

Your parents will kill you.” And mine will kill me.

Definitely not worth the risk.

Ryan clutches his backpack to him, rolling his eyes.

"Give me a break.

We can smoke out behind the bus, just pass the joint between us for a few puffs.

No biggie.

It'll be epic.” “You have joints in there too?” How much weed did the guy bring with him? Ryan nods, looking real pleased with himself.

“Let's get the girls and go around to the other side of the bus before they start looking for us.” They're still unloading the buses, and it's going to be a while until everything is under semi—control and they can corral us to the park.

So like a dumbass, I fall into line and follow Ryan everywhere he goes.

And I'm not a follower.

I never have been.

But I wouldn't mind a couple of hits off that joint to mellow me out.

I've been amped up ever since Harper and I had that conversation about who could be the one who's spray painting shitty messages about my girl everywhere we are.

It really could be anyone.

I know she doesn't believe it's Aisha, but I think she's wrong.

That bitch doesn't give a shit about anyone but herself.

It gives her some sort of sick thrill, bashing Harper anonymously.

What the fuck ever.

Ryan grabs Sadie and Harper and we go to the far side of the bus, away from everyone.

We form a tight circle facing inward, no one able to see what the hell we're doing as Ryan brings out a joint and a lighter and sparks one up.

"Going vintage today,' he says before he brings it to his lip and takes a deep drag, holding the smoke in his lungs before he lets it out.

"Nice."

"Hand it over, I say, glancing over my shoulder to make sure no one's nearby.

"I can't believe you guys!"

Harper squeaks, her eyes wide with panic.

"We could get into huge trouble." "Keep your voice down and we won't," Ryan chastises.

I take a couple of hits, then pass the joint to Sadie, who puts the joint between her lips and takes a pull off of it.

She doesn't say a word.

Doesn't complain or act shocked by the joint's appearance, which tells me Ryan let her in on that little bit of info.

And no one told Harper.

"You want some?" Sadie asks her when she's done, holding the joint out toward her.

Harper slowly shakes her head, her gaze going to mine.

"I shouldn't." "Why not?" I shrug.

"What if we get caught?" "You're wasting precious time, Harp." Ryan's voice is full of irritation.

"Either take a hit or hand it over." She takes a small hit, making Sadie laugh.

"You go girl!"

We pass it around a couple of times, Sadie bringing a giant bottle of body spray out of her bag and spraying it everywhere once we're done.

Ryan and I start coughing and we jog away from the girls, laughing the entire way as we join the rest of our senior class, who are all now clustered in a circle, listening to one of our advisors.

The chaperone is rattling off all the rules and what we can and cannot do, but I'm unable to focus.

I'm fucking high, is my problem.

Ryan nudges me in the ribs with his elbow, making me crack up.

Sadie and Harper show up, both of them standing behind us and I glance back at my girl to find her smiling at me, her eyes glazed over.

Looks like someone else is high too.

We take yet another bus out of the parking lot and head toward Disneyland.

Harper is pressed up close next to me in the crowded shuttle, her hand on my thigh a total distraction.

Despite everyone talking all around us, the excitement in the air, I can only focus on one thing.

Harper.

"You smell good," I tell her, my voice low.

"I smell like Sadie's overpowering body spray, she answers with a laugh.

Damn it, she's right.

"You still smell good." I nuzzle her hair, pushing it out of the way with my nose so I can kiss her cheek.

"Why are you so hot?" "Easton." She drags my name out, pushing on my thigh.

"Stop." "Let's hook up on Space Mountain," I suggest.

"Maybe I can finger you.

It's dark in there, you know." Wide eyes meet mine.

"What do you mean, it's dark in there?" "Space Mountain is a roller coaster you ride in the dark.

You have no idea what's going to happen." "It sounds terrifying." "It's fun."

I shrug.

"And it's your favorite ride?" "You know it." I smile.

"And it'll become my favorite ride of all time once I get you in there and slip my fingers beneath your panties." She slaps my leg.

"You're being awful." "And you fucking love it." "Maybe, she says mysteriously.

There's no maybe about it.

I know my girl is going to have fun tonight.

And so all.

Chapter 190

Chapter 190

Harper

I am truly having the time of my life.

Running all around Disneyland with my best friend, my brother and my boyfriend.

Riding all the rides.

Trying the Dole Whip, which is pineapple flavored frozen yogurt.

We stood in line for what felt like hours just for ice cream, but it was so delicious I told Sadie it was worth it.

It's worth it just getting to spend this time with the people I love the most.

Everything makes me giggle, and I blame the joint we shared.

I can't stop laughing or smiling.

All the rides are so much fun, even Splash Mountain, where I got totally drenched, more than anyone else.

Sadie thought that was hilarious.

Since it was one of the first rides we got on, and the late spring air is still warm, we dried up pretty fast.

late two churros and we shared popcorn, which we ended up throwing at each other.

As the night got later and the air got colder, we popped into a souvenir shop and Easton bought me a sweatshirt.

I'm wearing it now as we're in line for Space Mountain, and the promise in Easton's eyes is beyond obvious.

At least to me.

I remember his earlier threat.

How he said he was going to finger me on the ride, and while I think what he's suggesting is pretty impossible, I can't help but wonder if he's at least going to give it a try.

"This is going to have to be our last ride" Sadie says after she checks her phone for the time.

"After this, we'll need to head back to the meeting spot." Pouting, I lean against Easton, who pulls me fully into his arms.

"Saving the best for last." "This ride is gonna make me trip out, especially when I'm—"

Ryan presses his fist to his mouth and coughs the word, "high." "How do you know?"

I ask him.

"You've never been on it." "Because I made him watch a bunch of the rides on YouTube last week,"

Sadie answers for him.

"They're all on there, and when you watch, it's like you're actually on the ride." "No way," I breathe, wishing I'd watched the Space Mountain one sol knew what I was in for.

"Talk about spoiling the surprise," Easton mutters.

Sadie laughs.

"I was just trying to prepare him."

We move deeper into the building where the Space Mountain roller coaster is, the air getting cooler and making me grateful for the sweatshirt.

Oh and Easton, who can't seem to let me go.

At least he's keeping me warm.

Making me feel safe.

We're finally loading up in the cars, me and Easton behind Sadie and Ryan, who are sitting at the very front of the ride.

The sly look Easton shoots me is wicked enough to make butterflies erupt in my stomach and I slowly shake my head at him when he rests his hand on top of my thigh.

"You keep your hands to yourself, mister, I warn him.

The look on his face turns into pure innocence, despite the wicked gleam in his eyes.

"You don't want me to finger you on the ride? While we're sailing through the intergalactic sky?"

"Bro, please." Oops.

Guess Easton said that way too loudly.

"Sorry, Easton tells my brother, not sounding sorry at all.

He leans in close to me and whispers, "I'll finger you later.

On the bus." "Easton." I nudge his shoulder with mine, but I'm smiling.

Hopefully he'll make good on his promise.

ke "Let's share a blanket," I suggest to Easton as I pull out one of the throws from home that I packed in my backpack.

"I'm beat," he says loudly as I drape it over the both of us.

"Me too," I say just as loudly.

The conspiring look we share almost makes me giggle and I have to stifle it with my hand so no one will hear me.

The majority of people on our bus are exhausted.

We just got on the freeway about twenty minutes ago, and the night's excitement has worn off some.

Pretty sure Ryan and Sadie are already asleep, and if I spot anyone with their eyes open, they do look pretty drowsy.

"Come here," Easton murmurs, tugging on my arm.

"Let's snuggle." This giggle slips out as I press my body across his, laying halfway across him.

"You want to snuggle with me?" "Of course I do." He strokes my hair and my eyes automatically shut.

"I always want to snuggle with you." "Not at the beginning of the year, I remind him.

"I was a different person then." "So different." I glance up at him to find he's already watching me.

"Now you're mine." "No, you're mine." He dips his head, his mouth landing on mine.

The kiss is slow.

Sweet.

Hot.

His tongue licks against mine, stroking deep and the next thing I know, his fingers are at the front of my denim shorts, undoing the snap.

Pulling down the zipper.

"Really think we should do that here?" I whisper against his seeking lips.

He nods, his fingers brushing the front of my panties.

"Hell yeah." A soft whimper leaves me when one of his fingers slips beneath the thin cotton fabric and then he's touching me.

Stroking me.

More fingers join the first one and I spread my legs as far as I can go without being obvious.

"So wet,"

he whispers, the sound so soft I wonder if I imagined it.

But I didn't.

I know I didn't.

My boyfriend is going to give me an orgasm on a bus with us surrounded by all sorts of people.

People we've gone to school with for years.

It's wild.

One of the wildest things we've ever done and we've done a lot.

I love how free I feel when I'm with Easton.

How much we experiment.

How he's up for anything and he's convinced me I am too.

Like I realized earlier, he makes me feel safe.

Protected.

I can trust him.

Completely.

There's a hitch in my breath when he touches a certain spot and he touches it again.

And again.

I lift my hips, biting my lip when he increases his pace.

My entire body stiffens as my orgasm draws near and just when I'm about to fly apart, his mouth lands on mine, swallowing my moan as I come against his fingers.

I'm trembling, my breaths rapid, my skin damp with sweat.

My bones are liquid as I melt against him and he holds me close, his heart racing beneath my ear.

"I love you; I whisper, my eyes falling closed.

"I love you too." He kisses the top of my head.

Best.

Night.

Ever.