

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

## **#Chapter 181 - Read You're Mine by Penny Brooks**

### **Chapter 181**

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Chapter 181

Harper

"I can't believe it's prom," I say to Sadie as we stand in front of the sink in Easton's bathroom, putting on some last—minute touches to our makeup before the limo takes us to the pre—prom dinner.

"Neither can I." She adds lip gloss, and then starts fluffing her hair.

"I really didn't think this year was going to turn out this way.

I mean, you know I've always been in love with your brother.

But us ending up together, like we are now, I don't think I saw that coming." "Um, hello, I certainly didn't see Easton and I together either.

To be honest, I didn't see myself with anyone." And that somehow, I was going to die a virgin. Sigh.

"I always saw you with Easton," she says, facing me, waiting for me to turn toward her, which I do.

"I remember that little bikini you wore the day of your Halloween party and how all I wanted was for him to notice you." That's a party I will never forget.

A party that changed my whole life in every way.

"Except he didn't," I say, rolling my eyes.

"He probably didn't even know I was at that party ..

or that Ryan even had a twin sister."

She gently slaps my shoulder.

"Stop it, he knew exactly who you were and he thought you were hot AF." "Now you're just lying ..." "Harp," she starts, and I know a lecture is on its way.

“You're the most gorgeous person I know.

I promise he saw you.

I promise he thought about you.

And I promise he never made the moves on you because he knew Ryan would disassemble his body— like Dexter style.” I smile, because the truth is, it doesn't matter.

He's mine now.

And nothing, not even college, will break us apart.

“I hate that you're always right,” I say, laughing.

She takes the tube of lip gloss she just put on and starts dabbing the wand against my lips.

“Now they're red hot and glossy.” “Easton's face is going to look like a crime scene the moment I kiss him.” She giggles.

“That's the problem with red, but with that dress” —she leans back, so she can check me out—it's a must.

You're a freaking knockout, girl.

I'll be surprised if Easton doesn't kick us out of the limo and try to fuck you in it.” I release a long, pent —up breath, thinking of hot, leathery seats and music playing through the speakers, and that wickedly sexy black suit he has on.

Easton dressed up is now one of my favorite sights ever.

“Oh God, I hope he does.” She holds out her hand and I grab it.

“Come on, let's go downstairs, I think everyone is getting ready to leave.” With our fingers linked, I follow her out of Easton's room and down the staircase where the guys are waiting for us.

“Ready?” Easton says, his hand on my lower back, his eyes practically devouring me.

“Yep.” He rubs his lips over my cheek, like he's inhaling me.

“Everyone is outside, so we'll say good—bye to your parents and then take off.

Sound good?” I nod, releasing Sadie's hand to clasp my fingers around Easton's and I follow him into the living room where my parents are chatting with his.

The moment we join them, their voices die out, and they all turn toward us.

"My little girl, you look so incredibly stunning," my mom says, gazing at me first, and then at our entire group.

"All of you do." She holds up her camera.

"One last picture, scrunch together." The four of us wrap our arms around each other and smile, the flash going off several times before we stand straight and resume our normal pose.

"You guys be good tonight," my dad says.

"No trouble—remember that." He looks at Easton as he speaks.

"You have our word," Easton replies.

"You have money, your phones, everything you need?" Easton's dad asks.

Easton nods and taps his pocket.

"We're all set." "Then, we'll see you tomorrow," Easton's mom says, smiling.

We give them all hugs and we leave through the front door, our senior class all starting to get into the limos and cars they'd brought to Easton's house.

"You guys finally ready?" Blake asks, him and his date are waiting for us by the front door, his impatience clear as day.

"Jesus, you took long enough." "It's my fault," I tell him.

"Sadie and I needed lip gloss and to hug my mom." "Whatever." He shrugs.

"Let's go, I need a drink." He shows us the flask he has in his suit pocket.

"That makes two of us," Easton says, flashing the one he's packed in his pocket.

"Our ride is over there," he adds, pointing to our limo.

Easton's hand lowers down my back as we walk over to the limo.

When he reaches the top of my butt, a heat begins to move across my skin.

"I want your fucking ass," he growls, just loud enough for me to hear.

Goosebumps move across my skin as his lips press against my neck.

"You feel so fucking good, Harper." His compliments never get old.

My body responds each time, his words like fire as they move through me.

"Limo sex," I whisper.

"Mmm." He squeezes my ass.

"Fuck yes." We round the corner and walk around the back of the limo to the side where the driver is holding the door open for us.

But something makes Easton stop and a strange look comes across his face.

"What the fuck?"

he shouts.

I follow his eyes to the rear windshield and that's when my heart stops.

When my stomach churns.

When my eyes immediately begin to fill.

Words are spray painted across the glass—just like they were on the lockers and the cars and the bathroom mirror at school.

Words that are about me.

RED IS THE PERFECT COLOR FOR A WHORE.

"I'm going to fucking kill someone," Easton hisses.

"Oh God," I sob, my eyes tracing the lines of the letters, my lips quivering as the meaning really begins to sink in.

"Harper?" Sadie says from a few feet behind us, "what's wrong?" And then she stops directly in back of me, gripping my shoulders as she realizes what we're looking at.

"Oh fuck no! It's prom, how could they? No! Just no!" "Who did this?" Ryan seethes.

"Who fucking did this to my sister?" \*Man," Blake groans.

"This is so fucked up.

I'm so sorry, Harper." "I'm going to murder someone at prom!"

Easton shouts.

"I'm going to fucking wreck whoever did this." Why? FUCKING WHY? I know they're going to ruin my makeup, but I can't hold them in.

Like Sadie said, it's prom.

It's our last celebration before graduation.

And now ...

this is the memory I'll hold onto forever.

## **Chapter 182**

Chapter 182

Easton

"What the fuck!"

It's all I want to say after the limo's cleaned off and everything is back to normal I mean if you can call having fucking red whore across your limo fucking normal.

Harper's crying and all I want to do is comfort her.

She stiffens.

Oh shit this can't be good.

Suddenly she lifts her head and stares at me, her eyes made of steel.

"No." "No?" Lask.

\*No." She shakes her head.

"Hell no.

This is our night." My girl.

This girl.

"It's ours." I want to repeat again that she's mine but don't.

"Ours." She sits back against the leather of the limo her tears drying.

“Ours.” She repeats.

“Ours. Mine. And I'm gonna make it epic.” Meanwhile, she can't even comprehend how pissed I am, how angry over all of this.

It's complete bullshit! I try to keep my voice down and nearly stutter as I try to agree. I grab the flask from my jacket and start chugging, knowing full well that I'll probably be wasted before the night ends because again.

What.

The.

Fuck.

Who the hell does this? Who targets someone as amazing as her? I'm thinking all these things as she reaches across the limo and puts her hand on my thigh.

Her nails are all done, so pretty, her dress is fucking gorgeous.

All I wanted for this night was perfection.

She had such a rough year that it's the least I can give her.

From the limo to the hotel room later, to just everything...

she deserves it—hell, we deserve it, and now it's all ruined because some dumbass decided that they couldn't let us be happy.

My stomach churns as I take another swig.

“Hey.” Harper grabs my face with her hands and presses a kiss to my lips.

“It's fine, it's going to be okay.

Honestly, I'm not even that pissed.” I snort.

“You shouldn't be used to shit like this.” “Oh, 'm not used to it.” She shrugs.

“But I'm with you.

At freaking prom, so forgive me for being happy.

We need to ignore it and figure it out later.” “And now?”

I ask.

"Now, we kiss, we hang out, we have fun, we make memories, we exist, just us, Easton." "Just us," I repeat.

"Yup." She grins like she's just solved world hunger, and it kind of feels like it as I exhale a shuddery breath and lean in to kiss her cheek.

"You're amazing," I say.

"Truly fucking amazing." "I am," she agrees.

She's so damn cute.

I have this sudden need to bop her on the nose like a lunatic, instead, I just say, "You are."

"You've always been." "Bro..." Ryan claps his hands.

"Not to like interrupt this weird—ass moment but can you at least share the goods?" He holds out his hand.

I toss him the flask.

For real, I forgot he was even in that fucking limo with us.

Whoops? Sadie's furning.

But I know it's not Ryan's fault, it has everything to do with whoever's picking on Harper.

Sadie's a good friend, she'd probably give both kidneys if Harper asked, and I love her for it.

"Babe..." Ryan elbows her.

"Drink up." "Who the hell does this? Who has time!" Sadie throws up her hands.

Here we go.

Ryan tries to shove more alcohol in her face, but (can tell—correction, everyone can tell, the entire world can tell, that she's not focused on Ryan or the alcohol but on the fact that we have a jackass amidst the school and that it most likely isn't Aisha since she's been fucking exposed.

"Let's not focus on it now," Harper says with a shrug.

"We're all here, together, let's just party and—" "—Fuck,"

I answer out loud, then jerk my head toward Ryan and wince.

“Sorry?” He groans and pinches his nose.

“It’s like you forget how weird it is that you see her naked.” “We were born naked,” Harper announces.

“Together.” “That’s seriously not helpful in the least.

You actually managed to make it worse!” Ryan turns toward Sadie and literally places his face between her tits for comfort.

I bark out a laugh.

“Is that the answer to your trauma, bro?” His answer is muffled as he mutters, “Tits are always the answer.” “True, true.” I agree, then turn to Harper.

“Does that mean I get some therapy as well?” “Do you need it?” I nod my head and try to put on a sad face.

“I have the sads.” “Oh God.” Harper rolls her eyes.

“Get over here.” Is it wrong to do a fist pump as I start kissing down her neck and rest my face between her tits and start licking the valley between them like I’m claiming it as my own? “They’re making out, aren’t they?” Ryan’s muffled voice sounds.

“Shhh, shhh,” Sadie says soothingly.

“Just stay in there a bit longer, tiger.” “So wrong,” he grumbles.

“So right.” I lick then pinch her nipples with my fingers before coming up for air and claiming her mouth.

“So, fucking, right.” \*I can hear you!” Ryan announces as the limo stops.

For some reason, I’m nervous, maybe because the night has already been amazing, then shit, then amazing again—but what else could possibly go wrong, I mean, seriously? I kiss Harper again and decide to just be thankful despite the anger still brewing in my soul over someone being such an ass.

It’s Harper.

If you don’t like her, you’re the problem.

My thoughts go to Blake, how he’s been acting recently.

He wouldn't, tight? There's no way he'd go that far, but he was with Aisha a hell of a lot this year, and we already suspected him.

But he'd been normal recently.

I'm still thinking about it as we get out of the limo and make our way toward the gym.

The music is so loud it's almost hard to think.

We hand over our tickets and go inside.

The place has been transformed into Hollywood.

It looks pretty fucking incredible, they even have the Hollywood sign displayed for pictures that looks nearly lifelike.

Post Malone comes on, and I take a deep breath.

I'm with Harper.

It's all I want.

All need.

I hold out my hand and yell.

"Let's dance!"

"Lead the way!" She laughs and twirls next to me as we make our way out to the dance floor.

I'll salvage this night if it's the last thing I do, I think as I twirl her again and then grind against her.

## **Chapter 183**

Chapter 183

Harper

I know he's pissed.

God knows I was ready to tear someone apart—but this is prom, it's our night, our moment, and I'll murder anyone who comes between Easton and me.

I know he's being protective, and he's just angry on my behalf, but I need him to focus on the happy because, after this moment, we don't have a lot of days left at school, and while I can't wait to go to college and get out of this hell hole, these are still Moments we'll never have back again.

Who knew I'd be at prom with Easton reminiscing over stupid moments? Not this girl.

I take a deep breath after we have a few dances, my slinky red dress makes me feel so sexy, and the fact that Easton bought it for me and wanted me to dress like this for him gives me chills, he's the best, truly.

And he deserves to know that.

"Terrifying," he whispers in my ear, pulling me back against him.

"What is?" "That look in your eyes.

You plotting someone's murder?" I lean back against him, loving the way it feels to be held by him as people dance all around us, the music seems to get louder and louder.

"You're safe, don't worry." "Because I was.

Worried, that is." He laughs, his fingertips dance up and down my arms, and it's funny because I don't even think he realizes that he's doing it.

Damn, we're officially in a relationship.

The couple that moves around each other like they're in orbit.

And I love it.

I sigh as our principal taps the mic and holds up the cards for prom king and queen.

I try not to tense, but I can't help it.

Despite everyone wanting to throttle her, Aisha is most likely going to win.

And Easton? Who the hell else would he even compete with? Ryan? Blake? No offense to both of them, but they would never win over Easton.

Which means that he and Aisha get to dance.

And I get to watch.

Suddenly my night doesn't seem so magical.

I brace myself for the news.

Our principal looks so annoyed I almost feel for him as people boo that the music has stopped and that he's at the mic trying to get everyone's attention.

Maybe if he wasn't such an ass, he'd have more fans.

"He's the worst," Easton grumbles in my ear.

"Hey, wanna go get high?" "You're going to win." I turn in his arms and press a kiss to his neck, his cologne is a mixture of sweet spices that make my knees weak.

"So no, we can't go get high." "You're killing me." He runs his hands down my bare back sending chills down my spine.

"Come on, Harp—"

"Harper Quinn!" The principal shouts my name.

I jump away from Easton.

Wait, why is he calling my name? Everyone's cheering, and Sadie rushes to my side, dancing like a lunatic.

What the hell is going on? "YOU WON" Sadie shouts.

"Get your crown, bitch!" "What? I glance at the stage where our principal looks bored out of his mind as he holds up a gorgeous little silver tiara.

Wait.

That's mine? "Go!" Sadie shoves me while Easton winks.

Stunned, I walk to the stage, past everyone clapping.

Is this really happening? I half expect Aisha to trip me when I walk by her and Blake.

Instead, she just looks pissed and hurt like I stole something from her, then again, I stole Easton, and now I was putting on what she thought was her crown.

I smile to myself.

I can't help it.

And when I get on stage, and the crown's placed on my head, I smile brighter.

Because Easton's name is next, I just know it.

So when it's announced.

"Easton Cartwright' I'm waiting with open arms.

The cheesy crown goes on his head.

He turns to me.

"Ready for our dance?" "Is this real?" "Come on, Cinderella..." He winks.

"Let's go make out on the dance floor then party, then fuck, then party again, like in that order." "Wait, I thought we were getting high?" "I'm already high." He kisses my forehead.

"Because I've got my queen by my side." "And I've got my king." I smile through stupid tears.

He brings me to the middle of the dance floor like every amazing teen movie that has you crying despite the cheesiness.

The music picks up, it's The Weeknd, and it feels more sexy than sweet which I totally love.

He spins me around and around.

People clap.

Oh God, it really is like a teen movie, isn't it? And I'm the star.

I almost preen as Easton adjusts my crown only to pull me flush against him.

His mouth meets mine amidst cheers, and suddenly the music shifts into Doja Cat, and we're all grinding and dancing, me with my crown, him with his.

lose track of how much time goes by as we dance, but we're having the time of our lives as we move around the floor.

It's crazy.

This is actually crazy.

Ryan and Sadie start making out next to us, I keep adjusting my crown since I've been moving around in my dress so much.

BTS starts playing, and I cling to Easton.

Could this be any more perfect? "So..." He kisses my cheek, then his lips slide down my neck.

"You ready to party?" "And get high?" I laugh.

"And get fucked," he adds.

I gulp.

Because yeah, I can just imagine how hot it would be to get fucked with my crown on, his, possibly my heels.

"Let's go!" I grab his hand.

He bursts out laughing as he stumbles after me and calls for Ryan.

"Bro, it's time!" "YES!" Ryan shouts, grabbing Sadie.

Within minutes we're back in the limo drinking out of the flask again and en route to the Four Seasons.

I assumed Easton would get a hotel room, I just wasn't sure where or if my parents would be pissed about it, but clearly, it's all part of the plan, especially if Ryan got a room too.

I frown.

How would he even afford it? I'm about to ask when Easton kisses my forehead.

"Hope you're okay with it, but I got us all a penthouse.

I wanted everything to be special." "You're so getting a blow job tonight." I grab his hand.

"Just one?" He teases.

"Two..." U say, then lean in and whisper.

"Plus, I'll let you fuck me in the "—Still sitting pretty close guys!" Ryan yells.

"DON'T give me trauma!" "Poor baby." Sadie laughs.

"You're just jealous because you haven't been in my—"

“—NOPE!”

I yell along with Easton.

“Huh, now I know why it’s traumatic, not enough weed in the world to get that out of my head.” “We’ll see,” Easton adds.

And my mouth hurts from smiling so much.

It’s perfect.

All of it.

Even my brother talking about Sadie’s ass.

## **Chapter 184**

### Chapter 184

Easton

The drive to the hotel is half lusting over Harper and half alcohol buzzing through my veins.

Sadie and Ryan haven’t come up for air in the last few minutes as they make out across from us like we won’t have to go to therapy after listening to the wetness of their mouths sliding against one another along with the moans and what I’m sure is a giant boner Ryan’s sporting since sitting down and pulling her onto his lap.

“So this is fun.”

Harper jokes and then shudders as Ryan moans again.

“So fucking fun.” I laugh and then pull her against me, kissing the top of her head.

God knows I want my girl, I always do, but I don’t need to be all over her right now.

I adjust her crown on her head with pride before kissing her cheek again.

“You ready to party?” She looks up at me.

“I think we’ll at least out last those two.” Ryan moans.

\*Son of a bitch, bro!” I throw my flask at his feet.

“Knock it off, we get it.

You're horny and super drunk, wait until you at least don't have an audience." "Don't mind one," he says between kisses.

"Sadiieeeeeeee." Harper draws out her name.

"Fine, fine." Sadie gives Ryan a bit of a shove.

"Stop clutching your pearls." "More like puking them up," I mutter under my breath, earning a laugh from Harper.

Ryan sits back and wipes his mouth with his sleeve like he's been deep diving for clams or something, and Sadie stares across at us.

"Is my lipstick messed up?"

I frown and lean in toward Harper.

"She's joking, right?" "Maybe it's a trick question?" She bounces back.

"Or we win a prize if we answer correctly?" "She does realize she's spent the last five minutes getting mauled by my twin..."

ewwww, I can't say it out loud, saying it makes it real." "Was fucking real a few seconds ago, babe." I shudder.

"And yes, Sadie..." I turn my voice up a notch.

"Your makeup is fucked because of that fucker who wants to fuck you.

Any questions?" She turns to Ryan, who flips me off across the limo.

"Really?" "No, you're beautiful, always beautiful." "Right," Harper pipes up, "But you've got like...red..." She points her finger.

"...lipstick, like painted against your chin and right cheek." I nod my head in agreement.

"Think less crime scene more..."

Vampire if that helps?" Sadie shoves Ryan and grabs her purse while Harper and I snicker and lean in close.

I can't help but stare at the stars in her eyes and pray to God it's because we're together, despite the fucking spray paint and the bullies.

Damn it, we may just survive all of this, huh? High school should come with both a warning and a passport just to get in so we can burn it when we get out—ridiculous.

I try not to do that whole trip down memory lane because, quite honestly, it makes me fucking panic over all of the shit that went down...

that we went through...

and the shit road we had to travel down to get to this point.

Would I do it again? Yeah, and that's what's terrifying.

Because a year ago, I would have said I wanted an easy senior year, no drama, a lot of sex, hanging out with my boys.

But now? I have my queen by my side.

She's wearing the crown she deserves after going to hell and back, and honestly, I'd travel that road a billion times as long it means I get to be by her side.

SIMP.

My brain screams.

"Yup," my heart screams right back as it flips my brain off.

Sue me.

We all laugh and drink as the limo takes us to the hotel and drops us off.

I told her dad I'd be respectful, knowing full well he knew what was about to go down tonight, when he pulled me aside and started getting that awkward 'do we need alcohol for this conversation' look in his eyes.

"Yeah, so...prom." He rocks back on his heels.

\*Yup." I rock back on mine, mimicking his movements.

I shove my hands into my pockets.

He does the same.

A crow flies overhead searching for my dead body—okay, not really, but I half expect him to pull a gun and say pistols at dawn, all right? He suddenly announces, "I too went to prom." "Wow.

I didn't know they had prom back then." I laugh at my own joke.

He doesn't.

So far, I'm losing.

"Lots of partying," he adds in.

"Sir, I'll keep her safe. I love your daughter and—" "—get her fucking pregnant, and I will find you.

I can tell you I don't have money.

But what I do have are a very particular set of skills, skills I have acquired over a very long career, skills that make me a nightmare for people like you—"

\*—Are you quoting Taken?" "Seemed appropriate." I hold out my hand to shake his.

"Yeah, that's fair." He shakes it and sighs.

"Great movie though." "Fantastic movie." He hangs his head and swallows like it almost hurts to speak or breathe.

"She's my baby girl, Easton." He turns to me.

"But I trust you." I almost break.

His words mean so much.

I nod my head because it is all I can do, and then he ruins the moment by handing me a small package all wrapped up in weird as hell birthday paper.

"Ummmm." I take it.

"What's this?" "Didn't want the wife to suspect anything." She legit walks around the corner.

"The limo's here!" "Perfect!" Harper's dad says, a bit too loud.

"Oh, honey." She frowns and stares at the Marvel birthday package in my hand.

"Is it your birthday" Yeah, because a grown—ass man would totally wrap a birthday present in Iron Man, well okay, maybe...

I wouldn't be opposed to that.

"Just a present for his—" \*—Nephew." I nod.

"Your husband's just so giving..." "Aw, sweetie!" She kisses his cheek and leaves while I give him a what the fuck look.

“Just...” He turns bright red.

“I don’t want to think about it, just...be safe.” Hours later, I almost called my mom’s therapist.

He'd given us condoms.

CONDOMS! And he'd given me the medium-sized that rat bastard! At first, I was weirded out, then I realize that asshole of an awesome father was just playing mind tricks, he knows we'll have sex, and he knows it was gonna happen but wanted to basically be like, I'm the bigger dick, just try to fight me.

Until all of the bullshit with the red paint—it might have been one of the funniest moments of my life.

“Why are you laughing?” Harper nudges me as we get out of the limo, and I return to the present with my thoughts.

“I just...” L grin.

“Fucking love Iron Man, you know?” Same, bro, same.” Ryan nods seriously while both girls look at us like we're crazy.

Andlam.

Crazy.

Insane.

Mad.

For her.

## **Chapter 185**

Chapter 185

Harper

I'm nervous as I adjust my crown and try not to think about what tonight means.

We've had sex so many times I've lost count, yet tonight feels like the first time.

Maybe because it's prom or maybe because a year ago, I had to watch both my brother and Easton take off with random dates (we hate Aisha) and not get back until early morning the next day.

Easton stayed with us.

His lips had been swollen, and his eyes were tired like he'd been up all night partying, but he seemed happy as if prom was the best night of his life.

Isn't that how it's supposed to be? I sat across from him, sipping my coffee, completely invisible.

I hadn't gone to prom because the date I wanted already had someone, so I ate junk food all night, felt sorry for myself, painted my toenails twice, cried while watching rom-coms on Netflix, and then had to see the results of what was the most perfect night ever right in front of me.

Ryan had been pretty tight-lipped, but I can only imagine what happened between the two of them and their dates.

Will tonight be better or different now that Sadie has Ryan and Easton has me? I want to believe it will be beyond epic, but my nerves are getting the best of me.

Once we are in the hotel suite, I kick off my heels and lie back against the bed, spreading my arms wide.

Sadie bounces next to me on the bed.

"Time to party!" "Time to party!" Ryan shouts a bit too loud, making me smile.

Before I know what is happening, the four of us are ordering room service, compliments of Easton's dad's credit card, watching sappy movies, drinking way too much champagne, and laughing hysterically over things that in the morning probably won't even be funny.

Easton pulls me against him on the couch, our legs tangle between each other.

He kisses the top of my head and whispers, "Best prom ever." "You mean other than the whore business on the limo?" I joked.

He lets out a groan.

"Don't ever remind me.

Ever." "Too soon." I nod, my gut clenching.

"It will always be too soon." His arm braces my body in a protective way that says he's going to stand in front of the line of fire no matter what faces us.

love him for it.

I just love him.

Suddenly I want Ryan and Sadie the hell out of our room so I can show him exactly how much I love him and do it in a way that makes sure he never thinks about another girl again.

Ever.

"Time to go!" I jump up.

Everyone looks at me like I've gone crazy.

"You." I kick Ryan with my foot.

He's on the floor with Sadie lazily draped around him.

"Go to your room." "Why are you suddenly channeling mom?" Ryan sits up.

"And why is it so fucking scary?" I roll my eyes and point.

"Go."

"Your future, man...observe, Ryan says to Easton as he gets to his feet and puts his hand out for Sadie.

"My lady." "Could you be any slower?"

I say through clenched teeth.

"Could your ass be any tighter?" Ryan winks and then does this whole high five we're bros thing with Easton before moving at the speed of a sloth toward the door with Sadie clinging to him.

I swear he's doing it on purpose.

"Oh look, my shoe, it's untied," he says.

"Tie that shoe, and I'm shoving it down your throat!" I threaten.

Sadie takes pity on me, and with a smile and a generous grip on my poor brother's ass, she whispers something in his ear, and suddenly he's picking her up, and we're alone.

"Huh, should have just used her instead," I say to myself.

Easton gets up and wraps his arms around me, his body's so warm, so right.

"Is there a reason you kicked out your best friend and brother?" "I wanted to be alone with you." I pout and then confess way faster than I hoped to.

"And I'm nervous, okay? Like last year you were here with Aisha, and this year things have been crazy, and I just want to forget the limo thing and have the perfect night, and I can't have the perfect night with my brother breathing down my neck and—"

He spins me in his arms and kisses me.

It's the perfect kiss too.

Not too much tongue.

Not too much force.

Just...

perfection.

I moan into his mouth and cling to the sides of his face keeping him captive as he spins me around and lightly pushes me back onto the bed.

I'm still wearing my dress, but I'm barefoot.

The slits on the dress allow me to wrap my legs around his waist and pull him dangerously close to where I want him.

Easton's already tugging at his tie and tossing it, next comes the vest, and then he starts this sexy hypnotic dance of unbuttoning his cuffs and shrugging out of his tight button—down shirt.

I'm surprised it didn't rip during dancing.

I'm also surprised I didn't rip it off while we were dancing because, damn this boy is hot.

"Like what you see?"

He grins.

I grab the discarded tie on the bed and wrap it around his neck, then pull him in for a kiss, keeping him captive, whispering against his neck as I roll against his dick.

"Like what you feel?" He groans.

"Totally unfair." "All's fair in love and war."

"know we're in love but are we at war too?" he asks.

"I do like to fight..."

is all I say before he growls and flips me onto my stomach, then starts lifting my dress.

"How attached are you?"

he asks, voice husky.

"To what?" I look over my shoulder.

His eyes are locked in on my ass and the fact that I'm wearing the tiniest thong in the history of thongs.

"Your dress." "Not very, I mean you bought it for me so it's special but—"

He starts ripping.

I gape at him as it rips up my back until it's basically half a dress, and he's half—starved.

His eyes are wild as he licks his lips and starts planting kisses up the back of my thighs.

His hands dig into my ass as his face presses against the small of my back, sending shivers up and down my spine.

"Used to make fun of guys who felt like this...who felt like they'd miss their girl even if they'd never met them, he whispers, rubbing his hands up and down my body before gripping my ass again.

"Now I know the truth." I hesitate, then whisper, "What's the truth?" "I missed you even when I knew you.

I was missing you every day, all the time, and now that I have you.

I just want to fucking worship you." A tear escapes before I can stop it.

Easton leans his body over mine and kisses my neck, then swipes at the tear and says, "You'll never be anyone else's."

"I know. You're mine Easton. You're mine forever." I lean over my shoulder to kiss him, then flip onto my back and pull him close as our mouths collide.