

You're Mine by Penny Brooks

Chapter 96

Harper

We finish eating our steaks and are out by the bonfire while the guys go back inside to grab some whiskey.

I wrap the blanket tighter around me and nudge Sadie.

"Ryan seems...chipper."

She snorts out a laugh and sips her wine.

"That makes two of us."

"So, he liked the ropes."

"He fucking loved the ropes."

"Eww, but also, awesome, I'm happy for you..for both of you," I add.

"Ryan deserves all the good things.

I mean, he annoys the hell out of me, but he's good."

Sadie turns to me, her eyes flicker to my mouth, then back up.

"You're good too."

I frown.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

I hear the boys approaching.

She licks her lips.

"I may be a bit drunk." "Okay?"

I offer.

"But I know what else Ryan's gonna like, as weird and sick and twisted as my mind seems right now..."

She doesn't warn me, just leans in and whispers against my lips, "Let's fuck with them."

And then she kisses me.

Sliding her tongue past my lower lip, teasing gently.

It's not the first time we've kissed, but that was more like middle school let's test this out and see how it works so we don't mess up when we kiss boys sort of kiss.

This is a big girl kiss.

She tastes like white wine.

I taste like red.

kiss her back.

I'm not attracted to her.

And I know she's not attracted to me.

But the idea of driving Easton crazy spurs me on as our tongues tangle.

"Fuck, oh fuck." Easton's voice fills the empty night air followed by a, "Shit, oh shit, shittttt,"

by my brother.

And then I'm getting pulled away from her by Easton, who already has me in his arms, his hand coming down on my ass in a painful swap.

"I'm not ever leaving this fucking cabin."

"Same."

I laugh.

He kisses me then, wrapping my legs around his waist as we sit back against the chair.

I twist in his arms, trying to get closer as his cock painfully presses between my legs.

I wish my leggings were thinner, even though I can feel his head and how badly he wants to peel down every stitch of clothing.

Sadie and Ryan are laughing behind us and most likely making out.

The last thing I need to see is my brother getting it on with my best friend but after a while, when my mouth is sore, Easton pulls back and grabs the bottle of whiskey, taking a swig and handing it to me.

turn in his lap.

Sadie's sitting on Ryan, they have a blanket covering them and his lips are extremely swollen, good for her, I mean still my twin, but good for her.

Ryan glares at me across the fire in a big brother warning.

I glare right back.

It's a weird line we don't want to cross or discuss but it's also kind of awesome, that we can all hang out together and be this happy.

Right now it honestly feels like nothing can shatter the moment.

The stars are so bright it's impossible to count them all.

The sound of the waterfall fills the air and the smell of the campfire already has me mourning from going home the next day.

Easton braces his arms around me, his lips on my neck.

"I really like you."

I sigh, for a minute I thought he would say love.

"I like you too, Easton."

"No, I really, really."

He gulps.

"I think it's more than like, Harper...no, I know..."

His eyes flicker with emotion.

"No matter what, I'm yours."

No matter what happens." He seems tense again, so I reach behind me and start to palm the front of his jeans, he's so hard he has to be in pain.

He lets out a little groan.

"Do I need to make you forget?"

"F—forget?"

His eyes roll back.

"What were we even talking about?"

"You not being stressed," I say, slowly reaching into his jeans and looking across the fire to make sure that Ryan and Sadie aren't paying attention.

Thankfully, they're kissing again and talking in hushed tones while I finally grip Easton's dick and free him.

He leans back in the chair, spreading his legs.

"Mmmmm."

I squeeze his tip.

"You feel ready for me already."

A bit of pre—cum escapes as I rub it between my thumb and forefinger.

"Keep doing that and I'm gonna lose control,"

he says gruffly.

"Then lose control,"

I offer.

"Lose control with me."

"Fuck, I'm obsessed with you."

I start pumping him with my hand just as the sound of a car coming up the driveway fills the quiet air.

Then headlights.

What the hell? Car doors slam, the lights turn off.

And Blake suddenly appears.

"Sorry I'm late, decided to come after all."

He lifts up a six pack.

"And I brought beer."

I'm momentarily shocked.

Then nearly pass out when the sound of another door slamming fills the crisp night air.

And fucking Aisha comes walking out, wearing a puffy coat, boots, and a coy smile.

"Hope it's okay..." Blake wraps an arm around her.

"But I brought a plus one...

you know, fifth wheel and all."

"Mother.

Fucker,"

Easton says under his breath.

"Hey guys."

Aisha grins smugly.

"Should we play strip poker or something?"

"Should I choke her and drown her in the lake and end up on Dateline or something?"

Easton says behind me.

I laugh behind my hand despite the fact that I'm shaking with anger.

Easton clears his throat and finally acknowledges the group.

"Thought you weren't coming?" Blake, no lie, stares Easton down and says smug as hell, "Well, some things change.

Don't they?"

I wasn't suspicious at all before...but I'm getting there...especially when Blake turns his attention to me and winks.

Chapter 97

Easton

What the ever lovin'...

The entire mood shifts with Blake and—holy fuck—Aisha's arrival.

We were having such a good time.

Now it all feels like I was having the best dream ever only to wake up to my worst nightmare.

Spending the rest of tonight and tomorrow with Blake.

And fucking Aisha.

My hard on is long gone.

In fact.

I think my dick is trying its damndest to shrivel up and pretend it doesn't exist just to get away from the conniving bitch that is Aisha.

Blake, I can handle.

He's a friend who I don't trust, but I know him.

He's familiar.

Aisha? Yeah we might've hooked up, but she's shady as shit.

I definitely don't trust her.

At all.

Blake glances over at Ryan and Sadie who are still cozied up together, though their expressions are wary as hell.

"Sorry we crashed your party.

It's okay that we showed up, right?"

Harper wraps her arm around mine, a warm smile on her face.

"Of course.

We're so glad you decided to come after all and brought a—guest with you.” I look down at Harper, the serene expression on her face.

Is she seriously welcoming them to my lake house like a damn hostess? She lifts her gaze to mine, her lips curled in a barely there smile and I see it.

The anger.

The mistrust.

Not at me.

At them.

"Grab your stuff and follow me inside," I say gruffly as I head for the house, Harper right by my side while Blake and Aisha go to his car to get their things.

The moment we're in the house and alone, Harper turns on me, her eyes blazing.

"What the hell, Easton? What are they doing here? Did you know Blake was going to bring Aisha with him?"

I grab her shoulders, giving them a squeeze.

"Babe.

Calm down.

I threw out an invitation to Blake right before we left school Friday, but he turned me down.

I didn't think he'd say yes anyway so I figured we were safe from him showing up.

And I sure as shit didn't know he'd bring her with him."

A sigh leaves Harper and she hangs her head.

"I hate that she's here.

She will ruin the rest of the weekend because she is a total bitch who will make my life miserable, Easton.

She hates me, and the feeling is mutual."

"Hey."

I slip my fingers beneath her chin and tip her face up.

"I won't leave your side.

You're my girl.

If she comes for you, she's gotta come through me first." The door opens and in walks Ryan and Sadie, the both of them wide-eyed and frazzled.

"What the hell is the spawn of Satan doing here?"

Ryan asks me.

Sadie goes right to Harper and pulls her away from me, giving her a quick hug before she says, "I will commit murder in the middle of the night, Easton.

I just wanted to warn you so you're not shocked when the cops are on your doorstep in the morning."

Ryan yanks Sadie into his arms, running his fingers through her hair.

"You're not going to murder her.

I won't let you."

"You'll have to sleep sometime, Ryan.

And when you do, I'm going to carve Aisha into tiny little bits for what she's done to my best friend and your sister." Sadie rests her hands on Ryan's chest and gives him a gentle shove.

"Swear to God, you'll have to tie me to the bed to keep me from killing her."

Ryan grins.

"Perfect.

Now you're speaking my language, woman."

He tugs Sadie close and kisses her.

Harper grimaces.

I roll my eyes.

Sadie slaps at Ryan's chest, about to say something when— The front door swings open and in walks Blake with a damn twelve pack of beer in one hand and a duffel bag in the other.

"The party has arrived!"

Aisha is right behind him carrying two giant bags, as if she's staying for a week.

Thank God we're headed back home tomorrow.

I show them the room they're going to share—Aisha said she was sleeping with Blake—which is unfortunately, right next door to our room.

"Let's go back outside and sit by the fire."

Blake suggests once they'd dumped the bags in their room.

I make a show of stretching and yawning.

"I'm beat.

Maybe Sadie and Ryan will sit with you guys." Before anyone can say another word, I've got Harper's hand in mine and I'm tugging her into the room, slamming the door practically in Blake and Aisha's faces.

"So rude,"

Harper chastises with a big ol' grin.

"I don't want to hang out with them and make small talk by the fire."

I grab hold of Harper's waist and pull her into me, her lush curves fitting perfectly against my body.

"Let's see how long Sadie lasts."

Harper grabs fistfuls of my shirt.

"She wants to kill Aisha, Easton.

She hates her."

"I hate her too."

I drop a light kiss on the tip of her nose.

"I'm pissed at Blake for bringing her."

"Why would he do that anyway?" A sigh leaves her when I lean in to nuzzle her neck.

"I don't know."

Because he wants to stir the shit? Because we can't trust him?"

I drop kisses along her throat, feeling her shiver.

Feeling her go still when the implications of my words sink in.

She rests her hands on my chest and gently pushes me away, her gaze lifting to meet mine.

"You're right."

We can't trust him, can we?"

I knew my girl always trusted him, but finally——finally she sees him for what he really is.

I slowly shake my head, drifting my fingers along her delicate jaw.

"Nope."

He is up to some shady shit if he's chilling with Aisha, babe.

That chick is no good."

Her smile is vaguely evil.

"I'm suddenly having some not good thoughts myself."

I raise a brow.

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh, you'll see,"

she says mysteriously.

"L will?"

"Yes, Later." She rises up, her lips brushing against mine.

"And you'll benefit from it too.

I promise."

Chapter 98

Harper

I am a bad, awful person.

But when you're dealing with a conniving little bitch who tries to ruin your life every time you turn around, then you have to play fire with fire.

And I'm turning up the flames tonight.

Easton is currently in the shower while I wait for him in bed.

Naked.

Sadie won't stop texting me.

Sadie: You bitch! Why aren't you down here right now having to deal with this—this MONSTER? Me: Tell my brother you want to have sex and drag him out of there! How can he resist you? Sadie: He's already about four beers in and they're all caught up strolling down memory lane, telling Aisha and I about their past lake house adventures with Easton.

She's eating it up.

I'm about to throw myself into the fire.

I can't stop giggling.

My best friend can be so dramatic sometimes.

I did love how she talked about murdering Aisha for me though.

Me: Tell me when they're on their way to their room, okay? I have a plan.

Sadie: What's your plan? Me: To be bouncing on the mattress and screaming Easton's name as loud as I can when they get to their room.

They'll hear me and know we're having amazing sex, even if we aren't.

Sadie: Don't you two always have amazing sex? Me: Well yes.

But what if they come up to the room right now? I'll have to yell all by myself because Easton is still in the shower.

Sadie: You're ridiculous.

Fine.

She's right.

I'm no evil genius, but I have to get my thrills where I can.

The water shuts off and I tug the covers up to my chin, lying flat on my back with my head propped on a pile of pillows as I scroll through my phone and keep one eye on the closed bathroom door.

I can hear him in there, and I think about him naked.

Water droplets clinging to his skin.

A white towel wrapped around his waist...

The door swings open, steam billowing out of the room and he appears, my every fantasy coming to life.

Right down to the wet hair and towel around his waist.

Only difference is the towel is dark blue.

[try to act like it's no big deal, even though I'm squirming beneath the covers.

"Hey." "Hey."

He approaches my side of the bed, snatching my phone right out of my hands.

"Are you mad?"

I frown.

"Why would I be mad?"

"Because Aisha is here."

His eyes are clouded with worry.

"I had nothing to do with her coming here.

I hope you believe me."

I smile at him, loving how concerned he is.

"Oh I know.

This is all Blake's doing."

My phone dings and Easton checks it, his brows drawing together.

"Sadie says they're headed up here."

"Oh!"

I sit up, the comforter falling to reveal my bare chest as I reach for Easton's towel and pull it off his body.

"Get in bed, big boy.

We're gonna fuck."

Easton bursts out laughing.

"Big boy? We're gonna fuck? Harper, what the hell is wrong with you?"

I grab his hand and pull him toward the bed.

He collapses on the mattress, on top of me and I try to kick the covers away.

Which only results in me almost kicking him in nuts.

"Damn it, watch out,"

he chastises as he dodges my overeager foot while I shove the comforter completely out of our way.

"If you think this is foreplay, you've got it all wrong."

"Shut up and kiss me."

I thrust my fingers into his damp hair and pull him down, so his mouth meets mine.

I slide my tongue against his with a low moan and I can tell he's already hard.

Reaching between us, I wrap my fingers around the base of his cock and stroke, continuing where we left off before we were so rudely interrupted by the most terrible person on the planet.

"They'll be here any minute,"

I whisper against Easton's lips.

He hesitates.

"Who?"

"Blake and Aisha.

I want them to hear us."

I lift my hips, rubbing my lower body against his.

Easton's eyes almost cross.

"I want them to hear me when you make me scream."

His eyes shimmer with promise as he wraps his arm around my waist and hauls me into position.

He nudges his hips between my thighs, guiding his cock inside of me with one sure push, my body ready for him.

I arch beneath him on a gasp, my eyes open and locked with his as he slowly starts to move.

I move with him, our bodies recognizing each other, a whispery moan leaving me with his every thrust.

"Need to be louder than that."

He goes still, but only for a moment.

"Pretty sure I hear them in the hall." He starts to thrust harder.

Faster.

Not being careful or delicate.

He's practically shoving my body up the mattress with his hips and I moan louder.

"That's all you've got?"

He reaches between us, his fingers finding my clit as he begins to stroke.

Pinch.

Stroke again.

"Oh God."

He circles my clit.

Faster and faster.

"Oh God." "Say my name, baby.

Let them know who's about to make you come."

He drives his cock into my body again and again, his fingers working their magic on my clit, and I can feel my orgasm rising.

"Eastonnnnnnnnn."

I moan his name so loud I'm thinking Sadie and Ryan can hear me too, but I don't care.

My boyfriend is grinning, looking mighty pleased with himself as he keeps thrusting.

"That's right.

Never forget who owns this pretty pussy." "It's all yours,"

I say with a whimper, the orgasm sweeping over me, leaving me a shuddering, shaky mess.

Easton slows his pace and dips his head, stealing a kiss before he whispers against my lips, "You own me too, Harp.

Body and soul."

My heart feels like it just cracked wide open at his sweet words.

I pull him in for another kiss, not even caring anymore about putting on a show for Blake and Aisha.

I can only concentrate on Easton and what he's doing to me.

What he means to me.

How much I care about him.

How protective he is of me.

He owns me, body and soul too.

Chapter 99

Easton

I wake up to gentle fingers touching my face and crack my eyes open to find Harper fully dressed and standing beside the bed, smiling down at me.

"I have good news and bad news."

"What's the good news?"

I ask warily.

"Sadie didn't commit murder last night."

"And what's the bad news?"

"Aisha is still alive, and she's currently in the kitchen making breakfast for everyone." She wrinkles her nose.

"Do you think she's going to poison us?" "Probably."

I reach out and take her hand.

"Come back to bed."

"I need to go watch over Sadie before she gives in to her urges and tries to kill Aisha."

She tries to pull out of my grip but I just squeeze tighter.

"Easton, come on.

Let me go." "No."

I pull her much like she did to me last night and she falls onto the bed, sprawled across me.

"I want you for breakfast.

Nothing else."

Her face is in mine, a big smile on it.

"But she said she's making your favorite.

French toast." I'm not about to admit French toast is my actual favorite breakfast food.

How the fuck does Aisha know that? "I hate French toast.

I prefer waffles."

"Uh huh."

Harper's voice is full of doubt.

"And bacon."

"Oh, she's making that too.

She says she's been up since six, preparing our meal.

That was over two hours ago.

What did she do, go out and slaughter the pig herself?"

Harper's brows shoot up.

My girlfriend is a comedian.

"You're funny."

I dig my fingers into her ribs, tickling her.

Making her laugh.

"Easton." She tries to wiggle out of my grip, but I take her with me as I roll over, so she's pinned beneath my body.

"What are you doing?"

"Gonna have you for breakfast."

I kiss her, shutting her up with my lips.

She gives in with ease, her arms winding around my neck as my hands shove her T-shirt up, my fingers trailing over her stomach.

Next thing I know, I've got her leggings and panties pulled down to her ankles and my mouth on her pussy.

I feast on her as if she's my actual breakfast, sucking her clit between my lips.

Thrusting my fingers deep inside of her, curling them to nudge that spot that makes her wild.

It works, She's coming all over my face in minutes, until she falls in a heap on the mattress, breathless and in a daze, her arm thrown over her eyes.

I kiss the inside of her thigh once.

Twice.

Watching her the entire time until she drops her arm and looks down at me.

"I think I might be the one dying this weekend.

From too many orgasms."

"What a way to go."

I shift up, so I can press a kiss to her stomach.

The spot between her tits.

Her shirt is shoved up beneath her chin and I gently pull the fabric down until her upper body is covered and just as I'm about to lean in and kiss her on the mouth, I hear voices.

"Breakfast is ready!"

Aisha yells.

"Let's feast, motherfuckers!"

This from Blake.

We stare at each other, Harper reaching out to brush her fingers against my chin.

"You're messy." "Think I should walk down there looking like this? Can you imagine Aisha asking me what's on my face and I tell her your pussy juices?" I start laughing.

Harper wrinkles her nose.

"Juices?"

"What else can I call it?" I climb off the bed and spank her bare ass, making her yelp.

"Come on, baby.

Let's go eat."

"Didn't you do enough of that already?"

The smirk on my girl's face is adorable.

I go back to the bed and lean down to kiss her, just before I rub my face all over hers, making her squeal.

"Now we'll both smell like your pussy."

"You're so gross," she says on a laugh.

"You fucking love it." Her laughter dies, her eyes glowing as she stares at me.

"I do." Well fuck.

That got real serious quick.

Once we're dressed and cleaned up, we head to the kitchen, where Sadie appears to be mainlining coffee and Ryan sits next to her at the kitchen counter, his hand on her arm as if he's holding her down.

Which he might be, I don't know.

Aisha is puttering around the kitchen like she's fucking Betty Crocker.

She's even got an apron tied around her waist.

"There you guys are! I was going to send Blake up to check on you."

"That would've been awkward since I was eating out Harper not even five minutes ago," I say.

Harper slaps my arm and glares at me.

Ryan averts his gaze, his expression pained.

I love you so much, Sadie mouths at me.

"He's just kidding," Harper says into the silence, but we all know.

I wasn't kidding.

Aisha pretends I never said it, that pasted on smile curling her lips.

"Ladies first! Come serve yourselves."

Ryan whispers something to Sadie before she slides off the stool to go grab a plate.

I drop a kiss on Harper's lips before I give her a shove toward the counter where all the food awaits.

These girls don't want to get close to Aisha, and I get it.

She's the enemy.

I glance over at Blake who's smiling at me like an idiot.

His hair is a mess, escaping his man bun and I flick my chin at him.

"What's your deal?"

"Nothing, man, Feeling good on a Sunday morning."

His smile turns into a grin.

"The fresh mountain air just does it for me, you know? That and listening to the two of you fucking all night long.

Talk about invigorating." I don't even flinch at his mentioning that he listened in on us.

Not that it could be helped.

Harper was loud on purpose—at first.

"I thought you'd be too busy with Aisha to pay much attention to us."

"When you've got your girl moaning your name over and over again, you can't help but notice." Blake steps closer.

"What's the secret, huh? Is she really that into you? Or is she just a greedy little whore who needs dick constantly?"

llunge for him, grabbing the front of his shirt and pulling him close so I'm in his face.

"What the fuck, dude?" "Hey, hey, break it up!"

Ryan runs over to us, shoving me away so I have no choice but to let Blake go.

"What the hell is wrong now?"

"I was just kidding,"

Blake says, that same shit eating grin on his face.

"Don't have to be so sensitive."

glance around the room, shaking Ryan off of me.

The girls are all gaping at us—at me.

Blake's blowing this off, like he didn't just say what he did.

But he said it.

And eventually, the fucker is gonna pay.

Chapter 100

Harper I can admit the breakfast Aisha made us is delicious.

Ugh, though it kills me.

The French toast is cooked to golden perfection.

The maple syrup is thick and sweet, and that hint of powdered sugar sprinkled on top?
Yummy.

The bacon is crisp yet chewy.

The coffee is strong.

She cut up all kinds of fruit for us to eat as well and the watermelon is sweet.

The strawberries juicy and red.

The grapes I avoid because...

I hate grapes.

Oh well, guess it's not the perfect breakfast.

Sadie is shoveling food in her mouth with her nose wrinkled in disgust, but she's enjoying it.

I know she is.

We all are.

Damn it.

"Who knew you could cook?"

Blake says when he's finished eating, leaning back in his chair and patting his belly like he's a chubby old man.

"That was fucking good, Aisha."

She beams from her spot at the head of the table.

"Thank you.

I love cooking meals for my friends.

It's like my love language."

Sadie and I share a look across the table.

Love language? She is so full of shit.

"Guys, we need to clean up some outside before we leave," Easton announces.

"My dad texted me and said there's a storm coming in later."

glance at his plate—empty.

Guess he doesn't hate French toast after all.

"Let's do it."

Ryan leaps to his feet, seemingly eager to get out of here, I guess.

Though we aren't going to leave right after breakfast, are we? I mean—and oh my God I can't even believe I'm thinking this—but I feel kind of bad that Blake and Aisha show up late last night and then

we're going to head home right after she made us this amazing breakfast? Easton leans over to whisper in my ear.

"You don't mind staying in here with Aisha for a little bit? She's being okay, right?"

I slowly shake my head, trying to pretend like it won't bother me.

"No, I don't mind.

I'll make sure Sadie doesn't shove her hand in the garbage disposal."

"That's my girl."

He kisses me, his mouth lingering before he pulls away and when I glance over in Aisha's direction I find her glaring at me, her eyes narrowed.

Huh.

She hasn't changed one bit.

She hates me.

She hates that Easton and I are together.

"We'll help you clean up the kitchen,"

I tell her sweetly, offering her a smile.

Aisha smiles in return.

"That would be so great, thank you.

I appreciate the help."

"Well, we appreciate the breakfast." Sadie is mute and I kick her in the shin, making her yelp.

She sends me a look.

I glare, tilting my head in Aisha's direction.

"Right.

Yeah.

We appreciate it,"

Sadie says weakly.

Once the guys go outside, we start gathering up the plates on the table and bring them in the kitchen.

Aisha is already at the sink, rinsing out dishes and loading them in the dishwasher.

We quietly clean the kitchen, none of us uttering a word to each other with the exception of a murmured "thank you"

or "excuse me"

every few minutes.

It's weird.

I can hear the boys outside talking and laughing while we're acting like we're at a funeral.

"Look, I gotta know," Sadie says out of nowhere.

"Are you with Blake for real, Aisha?"

Aisha turns off the water and dries her hand on a dishtowel.

"What do you mean am I with him for real? We're...friends."

"With benefits?"

Sadie asks.

"I don't see how that's any of your business," Aisha says haughtily.

Sadie sends me a look.

"Just curious."

I remain quiet.

Aisha turns her attention to me.

"You have nothing to say?" "What do you want me to say? Thanks for breakfast? I can give you that."

I'm so happy you showed up with Blake last night? Yeah, can't lie.

You're most likely using him to get at..."

I clamp my lips shut and she smiles, waving a hand at me.

"Go on.

Finish what you wanted to say," she encourages.

"You're using him to get at—me."

Aisha throws back her head and laughs.

And laughs.

And laughs some more.

Sadie glances over at me and I roll my eyes, crossing my arms.

"Who's using who is the question," Aisha says once her laughter has died.

"You don't think Blake is using me?"

"I don't care who's using who, I just know that your motives aren't pure,"

I throw at her.

Aisha arches a brow as she approaches me.

"Oh, and yours are? Little Miss Virgin Harper? Give me a break.

I heard you screaming your head off last night.

'Oh Easton, fuck me, Easton'." She rolls her eyes.

"Pathetic performance.

Four out of ten.

Zero creativity." "You're just jealous,"

I spit at her, hating how her comments make me feel.

I was so excited to put on my little performance for them last night.

Rub it in both of their faces that Easton and I are having terrific sex and we're happy.

Genuinely happy.

"Jealous of you?"

Aisha sneers as she looks me up and down.

"Please.

Easton is going to realize soon enough that you're boring.

He'll move on and leave you crying and alone, and that's when he'll come back to me."

"What about Blake?"

Sadie asks.

"He can console Harper after Easton breaks up with her.

He wants her bad enough." Aisha shakes her head.

"I don't get what they see in you.

Maybe it's because you spread your legs so easily?"

I see red.

I want to rip out every strand of hair from her head.

I'm lunging toward her with my hands out, but Sadie steps directly in front of me, blocking me.

"I think you're confusing Harper with yourself, babe,"

Sadie says, her tone smug.

"Right.

Since I've fucked around with every single one of these guys in this house at one point or another."

Aisha's arrogant smile is infuriating and she aims it directly at Sadie.

"I wonder if Ryan still thinks of me when he's with you."

Oh.

Shit.

That was the absolute wrong thing for Aisha to say.

It turns into complete chaos.

“Oh, that is it.

I'm legit going to murder her, Harp.

I am!"

Sadie screams as she starts for Aisha.

I try to stop her, but she shoves me out of the way, and I slide onto the tile floor, landing on my butt.

Aisha shrieks and runs for the door that leads outside, Sadie hot on her tail.

"Blake! Oh my God, Blake!"