

# **You're Mine by Penny Brooks #Chapter 171 - Read**

## **You're Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 171**

### **Chapter 171**

Chapter 171

Harper

I love how eager he is, and I love how he isn't the type to say no to things like this, like fucking in my parents' bedroom.

He's about to be even more surprised as I reach into my pocket and pull out the vibrator that Sadie got me for Christmas.

I clutch it in my hands and pull it from my jeans, dangling it in front of me.

"You ready to play?" Easton's jaw drops.

"Is that what I think it is?" "Sadie's a good friend." "The best"

He pulls me against him.

"We should definitely put her in front of Ryan for best friend of the year"

"Totally"

"Give her a ribbon"

"A trophy even,' I add with a laugh.

He kisses me hard, his teeth almost clanging against mine before he pulls back and grabs it out of my hand.

It's small shaped almost like lipstick— which is great since it fits in your purse and can be super useful during travel.

I mean, really, there's a reason she's my best friend.

Easton looks at it like we've just discovered fire, and then he turns it on, which of course turns me on as I clench my thighs together and watch him watch it in wonder like he can't wait to see all the ways he can make me scream.

I look over at my parents' perfectly made bed and suddenly want nothing more than to shove him against it, mess everything up, and scream out his name.

It's forbidden.

It's dirty.

Then again, it's Easton and me; how else would we fuck in my house? Love should be like this, I think to myself.

Life should involve things that make you excited, things that make you laugh more than things that make you cry.

I'm focused on the bed when I feel Easton behind me, his chest pressed against my back and only the sound of the vibrator filling the air.

"Get the fuck on that bed"

I still.

"You didn't say please"

"I said.."

He presses the vibrator against my ass and says it again.

"...get on the fucking bed"

A shiver runs down my spine as I sashay toward the bed and lay down on my back.

He follows, his stare determined as he roughly starts pulling off my clothes.

My socks.

My jeans.

And then my sweatshirt followed by my bra.

Before I know it, I'm completely naked, shivering beneath his stare as he strips himself and grabs the vibrator again, holding it out to me like a threat of the best pleasure I'll ever have.

"I like this"

He grins.

"I'm not going to kiss you." "What?" I lean up on my elbows.

"This is fucking." His nostrils flare.

"This is just fucking and fucking, and fucking.

Sometimes we need that more than love, a good fucking." "Say fucking again"

I laugh as goosebumps break out across my body.

He sneers, nearly reminding me of the old Easton that used to be mean to me, and for some reason, I like it, almost like my high school bully's punishing me in my parents' bedroom.

"Take it," he hisses and shoves the vibrator between my thighs.

I let out a scream as he teases my clit over and over again.

"Easton!" "Take it," he says again, this time twisting the vibrator and shoving it a bit deeper, only to bite down on my shoulder as he rolls his hips against mine.

"That feels so good." I can barely get the words out.

"Who makes you feel this way?" he asks as I nearly come off the bed.

I feel everything, from the way his body slides against mine to the sound of his voice in my ear.

Even the lights in the room feel brighter as he moves against me.

He's not even inside me, but I feel like he is.

"How does it feel, mystery girl?" Easton grinds harder, his dick against my thigh, the vibrator between them.

"With me on top of you? Pleasuring you? Making you come?" "Good"

I pant.

"Good, very good, keep going"

"Nahhhhh, do you even deserve it, curves?" He laughs against my neck.

"Do you deserve my mouth? My cock?" "Yes, yes!" My body's like a live wire as I clench the comforter and try not to go over the edge.

What the hell is he doing to me? He grabs my hair with one hand, keeping the vibrator positioned with the other.

The vibrator's like the worst sort of weapon or torture, and then finally, when I think I might actually lose it, he pulls it out.

"What the—" His cock slams into me so hard my body slides back, my head collides with the throw pillows, and hits the headboard.

He pumps into me over and over again, and then he flips me over onto my stomach.

I get up on my knees, arching my back toward him.

"Fuck yes!" Easton pounds into me from behind.

I'm so wet that I can hear each thrust he makes.

I grip the headboard, so my body stops moving.

Easton has my hips between his hands.

Thrust after thrust make it impossible for me to even speak; I can only moan, and then I feel him.

I feel us both losing control.

"Now"

He smacks my ass with one of his hands, then does it again, and I'm gone, so gone, I probably couldn't even remember my own address at this point.

He shoots into me.

And while I should be thinking about the incredible sex we just had or the way our sweaty bodies slide and fit against each other.

All I can think about is that I can't lose this.

I cant lose him.

And now I know I won't.

Because we're both going to UCLA.

We're going to be together.

And at the end of the day—that's all that matters.

Me.

Him.

Mine

## Chapter 172

Chapter 172 Easton "That's the last time we're ever gonna do that,' I say as I follow Harper into her bedroom, shutting the door behind me.

"What do you mean?" "Having sex in your—parents' bed." I grimace.

"Still not sure how to feel about it"

My girl turns to face me, her cheeks still flushed, her hair in complete disarray.

"Oh.

Well I know how to feel about what just happened." She laughs.

Waves a hand in front of her face as if she needs to cool off.

"It was hot"

"Fuck yeah, it was." I snag her hand, interlocking our fingers.

"You're hot"

"No, you are"

"This is not a competition." I'm grinning.

Feeling on top of the fucking world.

"Can you believe we'll be graduating and leaving this town soon?" Her brows shoot up in question.

"Together, I add.

"Yeah.

Together"

Her smile is small.

My heart feels like it's going to burst.

I pull her into my arms, holding her close.

Her body is warm and loose after coming so hard only a few minutes ago, and I savor the feel of her.

Her tropical scent.

How she melts into me as if we were meant for each other.

A perfect fit.

Who knew it could be like this? "When are your parents coming home?" I ask, my face in her hair.

"They should be gone for a few more hours"

"Let's get into bed"

Harper pulls away slightly so she can smile up at me.

"We can't get naked though"

"Okay"

Her expression is determined.

"I mean it, Easton"

"I know you do, Harper." I press my lips to her forehead.

"I just want to hold you"

"Aw." She tips her head back and I kiss her lips, keeping it light.

Easy.

"You're so cute"

A few months ago I would've totally denied that.

Hell, when all of this first started, I was a complete asshole to her, and I didn't care.

Not at first.

Now when I think about our relationship and how it first started, I have serious remorse.

Why did she tolerate my ass? All the things I did to her, all the shitty things I said.

She should've told me to fuck off.

I would've deserved it.

Of course, I totally bossed her around just now and she loved it.

My girl gets off on my demanding ways.

I'm starting to believe we really are meant for each other.

It feels that way.

And now that everything is falling into place so perfectly and we're going to college together, I can't help but think how lucky we are.

How lucky I am.

We crawl under her covers and the moment she slides up next to me, I'm hauling her in closer, her head on my chest, her hair in my face.

We lay like that in silence for a few minutes, the only sound I can hear is our breathing.

The steady beat of my heart.

"I'm so happy right now," Harper murmurs, her lips moving against my chest, making me ache.

Even though we just had sex and we're fully clothed, every little thing she does turns me on.

I give her shoulders a squeeze, kissing the top of her head.

"Me too." "I can't believe we're going to UCLA"

"Proud of you," I murmur.

"I'm proud of you too"

"We lucked out, that we got in together"

"We totally did"

She glances up at me.

"Now I just hope I can get enough scholarship money so I can afford tuition." "You can do it."

"We'll figure it out"

"I hope so"

She sounds so worried, and I hate it.

I've never had to worry about money ever in my life, and it's such a concern for her.

I wish I could fix her problem.

I wish I could fund her college and make all her worries go away.

"My parents don't want me to go,' Harper admits.

"Not that they'd ever fully stop me, but if I do go, this is all on me.

I have to come up with the tuition.

Get scholarships and grants.

Take out student loans.

Work a job every summer.

I might have to work when I'm in school too.' "That's going to be really intense." "I can do it." Her voice is firm.

"I know you can"

"Hey!" Ryan pounds on Harper's bedroom door.

"Please tell me you're not fucking in there right now!" "God Ryan, why did you have to say that word?" Harper groans.

I can't help but laugh. These two are funny when they're like this. "Because that's what you two are always doing.

Like, all the time,' Ryan explains.

"Please, you and Sadie are the worst"

Harper glances over at me.



"Why am I having this conversation with him right now?" "Come in; I yell and Ryan immediately opens the door, staring at the two of us lying in bed wrapped around each other.

"Thank God you've got clothes on," he says.

"Like I'd invite you to come in if we didn't," I mutter.

"What do you want?" Harper snaps.

"Shit, chill out. Sadie and I are bored. We want to go grab some food. You guys in?"  
"Definitely, I answer for the both of us.

"Good. Meet us downstairs in a ten." Ryan leaves my room, shutting the door behind him.

"I don't want to go with them"

Harper sighs, snuggling closer to me.

"I'd rather stay here with you"

"Babe"

I kiss her forehead.

"We need to get out of here before your parents come home. And I'm starving." My stomach chooses that exact moment to growl.

Loudly.

Harper giggles.

"Guess your stomach just decided it for us"

"Yeah. That was kind of embarrassing"

I try to shift away from her but she clamps down on me, not letting me go.

"You're not going anywhere." She rises up, pressing her mouth to mine before she says,  
"You can't be embarrassed around me about anything. We've done so much together. We've shared so much. I love every piece of you"

My heart freaking flips over itself.

"I love every piece of you too, baby."

## Chapter 173

### Chapter 173

Harper

We all jump in Easton's Jeep and end up at a restaurant not too far from our house.

After we order our food at the counter, Sadie and I make our way over to an empty booth, the guys getting our drinks before they come join us.

The moment we're seated, Sadie leans across the table, her voice lowering to a near whisper.

"Your brother is pissing me off"

I frown.

"What did he do now?" "He got into a couple of colleges, but he hasn't made his decision yet.

He got into Chico State, and so did I.

That's literally the only college I got into.

The only one I ever wanted to go to." Sadie glances in their direction, making sure they're not close.

"He won't tell me where he's going.

Did he tell you?" I slowly shake my head.

"Ryan and I haven't really talked about college at all"

Which is odd, because Ryan and I usually talk a lot, especially about school, homework, all that stuff.

But we're both so busy lately.

We spend a lot of time together, but never one on one.

"You don't talk about college with him at all?" Sadie leans back against the booth, her shoulders falling.

"I don't know what's going on with him, and it's so frustrating." "Why don't you just ask him?" She drops her head, gazing at the table for a moment before she finally lifts her gaze to mine.

"I don't know.

I guess I'm just...scared." I gape at her.

Sadie's not scared of anything.

She's definitely not scared of my stupid brother and all of his antics.

"Oh come on." "I'm serious.

What if he tells me he doesn't want to go to college with me? I'd be devastated.

And what would that mean for our relationship?" She thunks the back of her head against the booth once.

Twice.

"He's so frustrating." "I'll say"

He's one of the most frustrating boys I know.

Besides my very own boyfriend.

"I should talk to him"

"You totally should," I agree.

"We talked before things got serious between us.

He always mentioned he wanted to go to Chico State.

That it was his dream school.

So...I applied there"

"Sadie, please tell me you actually wanted to go there versus just doing it for Ryan"

"I partially did it for Ryan, but I also did it because I didn't know where else to apply.

I have no idea what I want to do, or what I want to major in.

Why do they expect us to know what we want to do for the rest of our lives when were only eighteen?" Sadie is full blown whining now, and I feel sorry for her.

"It's okay.

You'll figure it out.

Chico State is a good school,' I say, trying to comfort her.

"You really think so?" I nod.

"And if that's where Ryan wanted to go, I'm sure he'll stick to that plan"

The distress is written all over her face.

"But what if he says he's going somewhere else?" "Then you'll deal with it.

I know you guys can make it." They really are a perfect couple together.

Sadie balances my brother out.

He's not as snappy as he used to be.

Not nearly as protective either.

He's come a long way.

We all have.

"I don't know." I hate the doubt in my best friend's voice.

"I can't imagine doing this without him"

"I know what you mean,' I admit, my voice soft, my thoughts filled with Easton.

Everything is coming together so perfectly.

I got accepted to my dream school and so did my boyfriend.

Not only that, he's going to UCLA with me.

Life seriously can't get much better than this.

I'm getting everything I could ever want.

Feels like there's a catch somewhere and I'm missing it.

Is the bottom going to fall out? What if I can't afford to go to UCLA? My grades are good.

I know I'll get a few scholarships, but will they be enough to make a difference? "What are you two talking about?" Ryan asks as they both approach our table.

I send Sadie a meaningful look, hoping she gets what I'm implying.

This is the perfect opportunity for her to mention college and if they're going together.

"Oh nothing,' she answers, oblivious.

She grabs the soda Ryan bought for her and she takes a sip.

"Just about school"

"School? Like...college?" Easton asks.

Ooh thank you Easton, I think to myself.

He just brought it up for us.

Sadie's eyes go wide, and they're full of panic.

"Yeah, I say.

"Sadie's going to Chico State"

"I got into Chico State,' Ryan says, his focus solely on his phone.

I glare at him.

So does Sadie.

"You going there?" Easton asks.

My brother shrugs.

"Maybe"

I roll my eyes.

Sadie looks like she wants to throttle him.

"What are you guys doing here?" All four of our heads swivel in the direction of the familiar voice to find Blake standing by our table, a smile on his face.

"Eating, dipshit," Ryan says.

"You should join us"

"Don't mind if I do"

Blake slides onto the booth seat, right next to me, and I end up plastered to Easton's side.

His body is tense.

I'm sure he doesn't like Blake sitting next to me, but he's totally harmless.

"What's going on tonight, kids?" Sadie giggles, at the kids remark I'm sure.

"We're talking about college.

Celebrating Easton and Harper's big win"

"Big win?" Blake turns his attention to us.

"What is she talking about?" "I got into UCLA!" I announce, the excitement still flowing in my veins.

"And so did I," Easton adds.

"No shit?" Blake glances from me to Easton.

"Congrats"

"You still headed to San Diego State?" I ask.

He nods.

"Oh for sure.

That's my dream school.

Can't wait to spend all my time at the beach"

"That sounds cool.

Congrats,' Ryan says.

"Thanks." Blake stares into my eyes, his expression serious.

"You two going to UCLA together then? I thought Easton would wind up at Stanford"

"Change of plans." Easton angles his body in Blake's direction, draping his arm across my shoulders.

A public claiming, I'm sure.

"I'm just following my girl"

"That's great," Blake says, his voice weak.

"Uh, I'm gonna go grab some food.

I'll be right back." I watch him slide out of the booth, noting his somber attitude.

What's up with that?

## **Chapter 174**

Chapter 174

Easton

It's the weekend and my parents are out of town so that calls for a celebration.

What exactly we're celebrating, I'm not sure.

But do we need to have a reason to party? I don't think so.

I'm dragging a cooler out on the back patio when my first guests show up, all three of them strolling into my back yard.

Harper, Sadie and Ryan.

"Hope you have lots of booze tonight!" Sadie does a little shimmy, hip checking my girlfriend and nearly sending her toppling over.

"Plenty for you Sadie," I tell her, extending my arm toward Harper and pulling her to me, delivering a quick kiss to her lips.

"Hey beautiful"

She smiles, her hand resting on my chest.

"I will never get tired of hearing you say that"

"Gag." This comes from Ryan, who's watching us with a scowl on his face.

"You two disgust me"

"Stop being such a grouch"

Sadie lightly slaps Ryan's arm.

"You should be happy right now"

"Is there a specific reason why he should be happy?" Harper asks, her gaze questioning.

"We discussed it a couple of nights ago and...Ryan and I are going to college together!" Sadie throws both arms up in the air, her expression triumphant.

"Oh my God!" Harper pulls away from me to wrap her best friend up in a hug.

"I'm so excited for you!" "I'm excited too." Sadie hugs her back.

"And so is Ryan.

Right Ryan?" "Sure, Ryan says automatically.

Hmm.

I wonder if that's true.

Soon after they arrive, all sorts of people start to show up.

Someone starts playing music and it's fucking loud.

A couple of girls brought giant platters of food from a local Mexican restaurant and everyone starts eating.

Harper and Sadie are hanging out, dancing to the music with giant smiles on their faces and I can't stop staring at my girlfriend.

She looks extra hot tonight in those short denim shorts and the tight shirt that shows off her tits.

Her hair keeps getting in her face and she keeps batting it away, laughing at whatever Sadie says as she keeps shaking her ass.

Harper catches me staring and flashes one of those shy smiles that make my dick hard.



I take a sip from my beer, my gaze never leaving her even when I feel someone approach.

"You really love my sister, don't you?" I glance over at Ryan who's standing directly beside him.

"More than anything else in this world"

He takes a sip from his beer.

"I cant believe you gave up Stanford for her"

"Not like it was a hardship," I drawl.

Ryan rolls his eyes.

"Besides, UCLA is an excellent school." "Your parents cool with you changing your plan?" "It was never my plan.

It was always my dad's.

He never asked me once what I wanted to do.

He just assumed I would follow in his footsteps.

For most of my life, I figured I'd do the same,' I explain.

Ryan takes a step closer to me, his voice lowering.

"Tell me the truth—did you switch it up just for Harper?" It started the end of my junior year—the realization that law school didn't interest me at all.

I couldnt imagine spending the next seven or eight years of my life going to college and law school.

Of coming to work for my father and eventually take over the business.

That sounded like a nightmare.

Deep down, I didn't want to disappoint my father or cause a fight, so I kept my mouth shut.

The next thing I know, I'm applying to Stanford with my father sitting right beside me, going on and on about my chances and how I would be a legacy, carrying the family tradition on.

I usually do whatever the fuck I want, but for whatever reason, the idea of disappointing my parents about my future choices—specifically my father —freaked me out.

"I didn't choose to go to UCLA only because of your sister," I finally answer, my gaze still on her as she continues to dance with Sadie.

"But she helped make the decision easier for me.

She gave me the strength to fight for what I want, and stand up to my father.

And thank God my parents didn't give me too much shit over it.

Eventually"

"You're so fucking whipped." Ryan tips his head back, draining the last of his beer.

"You have no room to talk, considering you're going to the same college as Sadie," I remind him.

"She applied to Chico State only because she knew I wanted to go there." Ryan shakes his head.

"I love that girl.

She's crazy.

But sometimes I don't think she gives me a choice"

I frown.

"What do you mean by that?" "I don't know"

Ryan shrugs.

"I didn't choose her.

More like she chose me.

She set her sights on me and honed in like a woman with a mission"

"That might've been the case at first, but I can tell you're happy.

You two are good for each other.' "You really think so?" I nod.

"I didn't think you noticed shit like that." Damn, I normally don't.

Guess Harper's got me all in my feelings.

His attention snags on his girlfriend, who is drinking straight from a tequila bottle.

"She's going to be so fucking drunk." "Better watch it"

I turn to look at him.

"She's fine." Ryan makes a dismissive gesture with his hand, like it's no big deal his girlfriend is already shit faced.

"Just make sure she doesn't throw up in my house." That is the last fucking thing I want to deal with.

"I'll take care of her. Don't worry." Ryan's quiet for a moment before he points at our girls.

"But you should probably go interrupt that conversation.' I glance over at Harper to find she's in an intense conversation with...

Blake.

They're standing extra close, his head bent as she glances up at him.

He could easily reach out and touch her.

I clench my hands into fists, the anger rising.

Looks like I have to go claim my girl.

## **Chapter 175**

### Chapter 175

Harper

We've only been partying for a couple of hours, but I am having the best night ever.

The booze is flowing, I can feel Easton watch me as I dance, his gaze eating me up.

He doesn't come over and talk to me or try to dance with me—that is definitely not his style—but I'm still having fun.

Teasing him.

Trying to turn him on.

From the dark look on his face I've been seeing all night, I'm pretty sure it's working.

"Your man can't stop staring at you," Sadie yells, that ever present tequila bottle clutched in her hand.

"Your man is staring at you too"

My brother is standing right next to Easton, the both of them watching us.

The music switches to a slow song and Sadie grabs hold of me like we're going to slow dance.

"What are you doing?" "Loving on my bestie." She gives me a tight squeeze.

"Thank you for always being there for me"

"Oh my God, Sadie." I hug her close.

"You've been there for me so much this year.

I don't know how I would've survived without you"

"Same girl, same"

Sadie pulls away, her hands on my shoulders as she contemplates me.

"I can't believe Ryan and I are going to the same college"

"Are you happy?" "So happy"

She lets go of me to take a long swallow of tequila, grimacing as she wipes the back of her hand across her mouth.

"That shit is nasty"

"Then why are you drinking it?" "I want to get fucked up"

She shrugs.

"Why?" Her grin is huge as she sways a little to the right.

"You dont want to know what I've got planned for your brother later." "God, no.

I really don't." I shake my head, laughing.

"I need to find more tequila"

Sadie tips the bottle upside down, only a couple of drops leaking from it onto the ground.

"I polished this one off"

"Sadie.."

I gape at her.

She really drank that entire bottle? She's going to be hurting so bad in the morning.

"I'll be right back.

Unless you want to come with?" Sadie sends me a questioning look.

"I'll stay right here.

Ask Ryan to go with you," I tell her, my gaze going to Easton to find him deep in conversation with my brother.

"Okay! Be right back"

She darts off, heading around the pool for Ryan and Easton.

Once Sadie distracts Ryan and drags him into the house in search of more tequila, I'll make my move on Easton.

A girl can tolerate her boyfriend staring at her as if she's the hottest thing alive for only so long before she finally gives in and jumps him.

And that's exactly what I plan on doing as soon as Sadie and Ryan are gone.

I don't want to hang out outside all night with everyone.

I'd rather be alone with Easton.

"Hey, Harp"

I turn to find Blake standing before me, a silly grin on his face.

His cheeks are ruddy and his hair is trying to escape his ever present manbun.

He's teetering back and forth, as if he's completely unstable and from the glazed look I see in his eyes, I'm guessing someone is already super drunk.

"Hey Blake.

How are you?" His grin grows.

"Fucked up"

"It's still early,' I point out with a faint smile.

"Yet I'm still fucked up." He steps closer, and I catch a whiff of alcohol on him.

"Really going to UCLA with Easton, huh?" I nod, taking a step back.

He's so wobbly on his feet I'm afraid he might collapse on top of me.

"Definitely.

UCLA has always been my dream school"

"And I'm guessing you're Easton's dream girl, so it works out perfect." His smile fades, his expression turning grim.

"Lucky son of a bitch"

"Blake"

I rest my hand on his arm briefly.

"You've been such a good friend to me.

But don't make this weird"

"IL cant help it, Harp.

I've crushed on you for a while—" "Please," I interrupt, needing to keep the moment light.

I do not want him to get serious on me.

"You never noticed me the first three years of high school." "That's not true"

"Oh, it's so true. You and Easton would hang out with Ryan all the time and never paid one minute of attention to me. And that's fine.

I was always hiding from you guys anyway,' I admit, sinking my teeth into my lower lip.

His gaze zeroes on my mouth, lingering there.

"Well look at you now.

The most beautiful girl at school and with the most popular guy in the senior class as your boyfriend, about to graduate and go to UCLA.

You're a superstar, Harp." He keeps calling me Harp, like we're the best of friends, even though we are so not.

I've always liked Blake, but we're not close.

Not at all.

"I don't know if I'd call myself a superstar"

He shakes his head.

"You are to me.

A beautiful, bright shiny star that I always want to touch, though I know I shouldn't," he admits.

"Blake—" He holds up his hands.

"I know, I know. You don't want to hear it. You're with Easton. You're in love with him, even though he treated you like shit for way too long and didn't deserve you. If you ask me, he still doesn't deserve you"

"Hey." I'm totally offended.

He makes a face, though I can tell he's not sorry for what he said.

"You know what I mean. I just wish I had a chance"

"A chance for what?" "A chance with you." He leans in, dipping his head, getting closer and closer...

Right before he's ripped away.