

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 1

Chapter 1

Harper

"Nope. No way. Uh uh. This shows waaaay too much skin." I stare at my reflection in the mirror, glaring at the offending scraps of material I'm currently wearing. The triangle bikini top barely contains my breasts, and when I turn to check out my backside, the bottom half of my butt cheeks are hanging out.

"You look hot," my best friend Sadie says, her dark eyes sparkling as she clutches her hands together in glee. "Let's go to the

pool!"

Shaking my head, I face her, taking her in. She's wearing a two piece that barely covers her, but she's not as curvy as I am. I envy her smallish boobs and willowy figure. She can get away with anything, including not wearing a bra. If I didn't wear a bra?

Tits everywhere.

"I know that look." Sadie points at my face, where I can feel the scowl already forming. "You're coming outside with me. No chickening out allowed."

"I can't." I'm already whining, and this isn't good, especially when I promised Sadie I would actually be social tonight.

We're hosting a party. Our parents are out of town for the weekend and my twin brother Ryan thought it would be the perfect opportunity to throw an alcohol-soaked bash. He pretty much invited everyone from school to attend.

It doesn't matter to Ryan that we don't live in the best neighborhood in town. Or that our old, two-story house is kind of shabby. We have a pool and access to Dad's liquor stash. To him and his friends, that's cause for a celebration.

"You can and you will, Sadie says firmly as she grabs hold of my arm and steers me toward my closed bedroom door. I try to resist, but

she's stronger than she looks. "It'll be fun. I promise. All the boys will be looking at you."

She practically croons that last statement, as if it's supposed to entice me. Guess what?

It doesn't

Having the boys look at me is a problem. Their attention makes me uneasy. Uncomfortable. Ryan may be my twin, but we are the complete opposites in almost every single way. He's popular at our private school while I'm not. He attracts all the girls, while guys barely look in my direction. He's really attractive. I'm really...

Average.

Okay, I have nice hair. It's a thick, glossy brown with natural gold highlights that become brighter in the sun. It's my best asset. Well, that and my boobs. If you're in to big ones, then I can deliver.

Ugh, my thoughts are so dumb sometimes.

"Ready to go?" Sadie chirps, pulling me out of my head.

I blink at her, surprised to see we're standing directly in front of my bedroom door, her hand curved around the handle. "I'm not ready yet."

Her shoulders slump a little, but

she's not defeated yet. "I hear Easton is already out there."

Okay, that perks me right up. "Did he bring a girl?"

"I don't think so." Sadie smiles brightly and opens my bedroom door. "Come on, let's go!"

I let her drag me down the hall. Down the stairs. Into the kitchen, which is packed with all sorts of people I vaguely recognize from school. Not a one of them says anything to me, and it's my house.

Frustrating

We go outside, where there are even more people. Music is playing loudly over the portable

speaker Ryan got for Christmas last year. It's small but powerful, and the heavy base seems to throb in time with my heartbeat. There are so many people in our small pool, I'm not sure how they all fit. Others are crowded around the sides, dipping their feet in the water or sitting in one of the chairs that surrounds the small glass topped table with a giant crack in

Easton is sitting at the head of the table like a king surveying his court. He's the most popular boy in our class-in the entire school. He's gorgeous and rich and built like a god. Tall and broad with a powerful chest and six pack abs.

Cluster 1

Long legs and powerful thighs. He's currently got all of it on display as he sits there in a pair of dark blue swim trunks and nothing else, clutching a beer bottle in his hand as he glowers at everyone.

"There's your boy," Sadie whispers as we both watch him.

It's hard not to stare at him. That chiseled face with the strong nose and sharp cheekbones, it's all hard lines with those cold, glacier blue eyes, offset only by his soft, lush mouth.

An utterly kissable mouth.

A sigh leaves me as I stare at it. His lower lip is much thicker than

his upper lip, which is shaped in the perfect cupid's bow. Those lips are pink and full and he's currently licking them

I jerk my gaze away from the perfection that is his mouth and glare at my best friend. "He's not my boy," I remind her.

"He's no one's," Sadie readily agrees. "But I'm sure once he sees you in that bikini, he'll be dying to get his hands on you."

A shiver rolls through me at the thought of Easton putting those big, rough hands on my body and I try to ignore it. "He doesn't know I exist."

Sadie snorts. "Liar. You're his best friend's sister."

"He never talks to me." In his world, I'm no one. He's only interested in blondes, while I have dark hair. Popular girls who demand attention while I'm just... boring

The smart girl. The one who likes to read. The one who cringes when she's called on in class, even though she always knows the answer. The nerd. The one with only a couple of friends. The one who's...

Madly in love with Easton.

Sometimes I wish I could punch

myself in the face.

“He’d talk to your tits.” At my incredulous look, Sadie bursts into laughter. “What? It’s true! Look at you!”

I glance down at myself, wishing I’d worn a coverup. At the very least, a T-shirt. Everything is on display and while no one is paying us any attention, if Sadie keeps laughing like that, someone’s going to notice.

“Sadie! Gimme a beer!”

This comes from my brother Ryan, who knows my friend has a tiny crush on him and will do whatever he says without protest.

Pig.

True to form, she perks right up, her body practically vibrating with excitement. “Coming right up!”

She dashes off before I can say a *word*, leaving me alone. Just standing there. Feeling awkward.

What else is new?

Ryan’s gaze goes to mine, a frown forming on his face. “What the hell are you wearing, Harp?”

I shoot daggers at him with my eyes, but it’s like he doesn’t even notice. All of his friends laugh, barely looking at me. Save for one.

Easton

His eyes rake over me, making gooseflesh rise. He’s checking me out.

Oh my God, Easton actually notices me.

You’ re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Easton

What the hell is my best friend’s twin wearing?

The bikini is a deep, dark green, which stands out against her smooth, olive skin. The girl has a lot of it. Skin. Acres and acres of it. The triangle top barely covers her tits. They're huge.

Her brown eyes are wide and unblinking. She reminds me of an animal in the forest. The look on their face when they're caught.

Right before you shoot it.

Ehaper

Unable to help myself, I raise a brow, never looking away from her. She's fucking hot.

Like, I'd fuck her hot.

"Get some clothes on!" Ryan yells viciously at his sister, making her startle.

Like a scared little deer, she darts off, running back into the house. My gaze drops to her ass just as she opens the back door. That ass is round. A perfect handful. I could scoop her up and pull her to me, no problem

"What the hell is she thinking, wearing something like that?" Ryan mutters under his breath. He's

very protective of his twin, though I always figured that was because she's so damn skittish all the time. As if she's afraid of her own shadow.

Maybe it's because deep down he knows his sister is beautiful and he hangs out with a bunch of disgusting perverts who'd love to get her alone.

"Your sister is looking good" says Blake with a leer, the most perverted one of our group. He's currently proving my point.

"Don't you even think about her," Ryan says, his voice dark, his expression thunderous. "She's too good for you. For all of you."

He says this to the entire table, including me.

"Not my type," I say, leaning back in the chair and spreading my legs wider as I gaze out at the pool. I can feel Ryan watching me for a beat too long, but I refuse to look at him. Or say anything.

If he's worried about me trying to get with his sister, he needs to chill. She doesn't interest me. You see one pair of tits you've seen them all.

She's nothing

A nobody

The tension leaves Ryan pretty rapidly once his sister disappears

and soon, we're all shit talking and doing round after round of shots. We've moved on from the beer to cheap ass tequila because Ryan's family doesn't have a ton of money, so I toss it back without complaint. I'll end up with a killer hangover tomorrow, but it'll be worth it.

Anything to help me forget. At least for a few hours.

The alcohol doesn't help lighten my mood. Lately nothing does. The pressure at home is mounting, and I can't escape it. My father's words are always in my head, lingering long after he leaves for yet another business trip. He

wants me to come work with him. Immediately after I graduate high school.

That is the last thing I want to do.

To forget about dear old dad and his demands, I consume more tequila. I grab the bottle and drink straight from it while my friends cheer me on. Girls approach our table, their gazes finding mine, the sultry expressions telling me everything they're feeling without saying a word.

They want me. They'd willingly go anywhere with me. They know how I operate and they're hoping they're next. The chosen one for the night

Despite them all being gorgeous, with hot bodies on full display, not one of them interests me. The only thing I plan on holding tonight is a liquor bottle.

"Hey, you drank it all, Blake gripes when he snatches the tequila out of my hands. "Sure hope you've got more where that came from, Ryan."

"I do," Ryan says, leaping to his feet, wobbling a little to the side. That one girl who's always doing what he wants, Sadie what's her name, comes rushing over, like she's going to rescue him. Pathetic. "In the house."

"I'll go get it," Sadie offers.

"No." rise to my feet, feeling the need to get away for a little bit. "I'll grab it. Where do you keep the alcohol in your house, Ry?"

"Top shelf in the back corner of our pantry. You can't miss it!" Ryan shouts.

T head for the house, my gaze taking it in. They live in an older neighborhood, one that's seen better days. The exterior of their two-story house could use a fresh new coat of paint. The roof looks in bad shape too. It's not bad, it's just old

But the twins don't come from money. We all know this. They attend Washington High on a

district transfer, their parents wanting them to have a better education, I guess. The rest of us come from mega rich families who don't have to worry about anything

At least, that's what we look like. But even rich people have problems.

Big ones.

A girl stops me just as I approach the back door, talking to me nonstop as she shifts closer and closer to me. She smells like beer and heavy, expensive perfume. She's wearing a black string bikini that barely covers her crotch and I'm afraid if she makes one wrong

move, I'll see all the goods.

And where's the fun in that? I like a little mystery with my encounters. Girls who act coy. Like they have no idea what I'm about, though of course, they know everything about me. They flirt and they protest and then, always, they give in. Making me feel like the man.

Frowning, I concentrate on her moving lips, but I don't hear a damn word she says. I'm kind of over that scene. The fluttering damsel in distress type who's helpless unless a big, strong man

-me-comes along. It's all an act, one I'm bored with. Maybe I need a challenge.

Chat

Maybe I need to change things up.

I glance toward the small window that's closest to where we're standing, frowning. The window is cracked open, barely a sliver, and I swear to God, it feels like someone is watching me. I squint into the near darkness, trying to make out a face, but I see nothing.

Must be a figment of my imagination

"Want to take off?" the girl asks, knocking me from my thoughts.

I blink her back into focus, taking her in. Dark blonde hair that hangs to about her shoulders. Pretty, bland face. The requisite blue

eyes, thick eyelashes and pouty lips. Her golden skin has a slick sheen that I'm afraid might be oily to the touch.

Fuckin' gross.

"Yeah, I don't think so. I'm staying around here tonight" I tell her.

Her expression shifts and changes. No more easygoing, let's get out of here for me. Now she's scowling with thin lips and flared nostrils. "Your loss," she says, flipping her hair over her shoulder before she flounces off.

I watch her go, irritation settling in my veins. Irritated more with myself than her. Why couldn't I

just take off with her? What's my problem?

Liquor. That'll solve all my issues.

I head into the house, taking in the kitchen full of people, most of them I recognize. They say hi as I walk past and I mumble a greeting in return, searching the small pantry until I find my prize.

A giant bottle of vodka.

I head for the bathroom, knocking on the closed door in warning before I try the handle. It opens with ease.

Just before the lights go out.