

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 17

Chapter 17

Harper

I don't know how long I stand outside after Ryan and Easton are gone. All I can do is breathe in and out, in and out, as I mentally replay

HARTER

"Don't waste your time, Ryan. A little costume doesn't hide the fact that it's Harper— it also can't hide the horrible personality either. Let's go shoot some hoops."

Maybe if we hadn't kissed twice or if he hadn't touched me and made me feel the things he did. But, the truth was, even with the costume,

even with the darkness, that was all me, Harper, the same Harper that Easton just said couldn't hide.

It's like he knew exactly what to say and how to say it to make me want to cry until all the tears made my heart feel better.

"Hey." The cafeteria doors slam behind Sadie. "What happened? Is Ryan super pissed? Do I need to go talk to him?"

I remain quiet, not sure how to answer.

"God, I'm going to kill him! I refuse to crush on him anymore! You hear that, Ryan?" She starts yelling like he can actually hear her.

"We're through, you little—"

"Shhh." I tug on her arm. "Can we just leave?"

Her eyes widen in shock. "You want to cut class?"

No, I want to cut Easton, then tell him how badly he's cut me, then kiss him and confess everything and wait for him to laugh until he cries.

That sounds really fun.

Why is high school the worst?

I almost feel numb at this point as I shake my head. Somehow, my legs aren't taking me to my locker or to class – no, I'm walking

directly toward the gym where Ryan and Easton just went.

What am I doing and what sort of entity has taken over my body and somehow convinced my brain that this is a good idea?

Heart pounding, I shove open the gym doors. The smell of equipment and cleaner fill the air as the echoing sound of the basketball fills the empty space.

Ryan and Easton are laughing while Sadie, just behind me, quietly tries to grab my arm and pull me away like she knows something's about to go down

"It's fine." I shrug her off. "I'll be *quick*."

I don't hear her groan as much as I feel it when I walk on to the court in my boots and wait for them to notice me. Ryan does first, his expression unreadable, and then there's Easton. Beautiful, gorgeous, godlike Easton, with his perfect hair, amazing kissing skills, strong jaw, and stupid lower lip!

"Why are you such an asshole?" I blurt before I can stop myself, my heart pounding in my chest like I've just done a hundred pushups.

Easton drops the ball and crosses his arms, his crystal blue eyes laying into me with indignant fury.

What? I don't have the right to have feelings? To stand up for myself? To once and for all face him, despite making me want to hurl when I realize I'm currently sealing my own fate with him?

Whatever future we may have had is going to be gone in a puff of smoke and even though I don't want to care, I do.

"What did you just say?" His voice is low, his posture rigid.

"You heard me." I wait for more insults.

Instead, a small smirk toys at the corner of his lips. "Hey, Ryan, did your sister suddenly find out she has balls instead of a pussy?"

Ryan chucks the basketball at Easton's junk.

Easton dodges it and starts to laugh. "I was kidding, it's kind of refreshing that the quiet twin found her voice, right?"

"Remember, that's my sister." Ryan uses a tone that says he'll kick Easton's ass if he keeps talking about me in that kind of way.

Easton turns, his godlike profile making me want to both slap him and kiss him simultaneously. "How could I possibly forget?" His eyes roam me up and down. "She's like you but with boobs and "– his eyes leer purposefully lower– "y ou know."

Ryan hits him in the back of the head with his hand. "Really, bro?"

Easton stumbles forward but he still has that stupid grin on his face. "Anything else you need to say, sad twin?"

Sad twin?

I'm the sad twin?

grind my teeth ready to blast him with an insult. Something that will hurt him, but the bell rings, reminding us it's time to go back to class.

I quickly turn on my heel and grab Sadie's arm, marching out of the gym. Whatever, I said my peace, let him deal with his guilt and idiocy. And, maybe one day, I'll just announce to the world that it was my tits he was obsessed with, my pussy, as he called it, that he wanted

Me. Me. Me.

And what a glorious day it will be to see his horrified face when he discovers that the one girl he can't have has been standing in front of him all this time.

"That was brave." Sadie struggles to keep up with my strut.

"No," I correct her. "That was necessary." I want to scream, instead I pretend to be calm as I speed walk toward chemistry.

Sadie grabs her seat in front, and I grab my seat in back.

Within minutes, Easton's in the classroom, stopping in front of the desk behind me, the last row. "Yo, move."

Brad's groan is so typical of a guy who complains about everything, including the temperature in the classrooms. "Why? This has been my seat all."

"I'm not asking," Easton says in a

calm, lethal tone.

Soon, I see Brad scurrying past my

desk and feel the heat of Easton sitting behind me. Things are calm, or as calm as they can be as class starts, and then I feel a pencil start to draw on my bare neck.

I close my eyes.

“Feel that?” Easton whispers. “Does it tickle? Make you think dirty things that guys do to dirty girls at parties?”

I gulp.

“You will never be that girl, Harper.”

My stomach clenches, like I’m

going to be sick.

“Want to know why?”

I say nothing.

He leans up until his lips are next to my neck, until I can feel them

RE

nobody wants you. Dress up all you want, impress your brothers’ friends as much as you can, but you’ll always be you, and isn’t that such...” His laugh is low, mocking. “Such a tragedy?”

If he only knew.

I stiffen.

“If you need a bathroom pass, can raise my hand, you probably have some tears lingering on your cheeks to clean up. And, don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll find a nice boy who will ask permission to kiss you, who will give you

missionary every time, and then say thank you afterward. Just know, that guy won’t be me.”

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Chapter 18

Easton

“Don’t.” Harper’s voice is soft, luscious in all the right places that hit me yet again in all the places | should not be thinking about when it comes to her. What the hell is with this girl lately? Furthermore, what the hell’s with me? It’s driving me insane how she bothers me.

The way I want to attack her more and more, like I crave her tears just as much as her smiles.

How sick is that?

She leans back in her seat, then looks over her shoulder at me, and all I can focus on is that lush mouth and how it would taste, which is complete bullshit and probably means I need to get my head examined for a concussion.

I wait for her words, and I fucking hate that I want to know what she’ll say. I want to know if she’s in pain, if she wants to kill me, if I’ve done my job in making sure she understands that this is a no fly zone—she’s not welcome here, not near our little friend group when she’s trying to find herself in front of all of us, mainly me.

“Don’t, what?” I grin.

Her breath comes out in a soft exhale.

“....try to pay attention,” Mr. Egis says as the lights lower.

The movie turns on and we’re blanketed in semi-darkness. For some reason, even with a kid named Eugene on my right and a Steve on my left drawing lame hearts in his binder—the moment feels sexual.

I ignore the way she’s semi looking back at me. Her teeth bite down on her lower lip, like she’s thinking of what to say. Does she realize what that’s doing to me—to any guy who has eyes?

I imagine too many things. Things like tossing her against this flimsy desk and tugging the hell out of

her hair until she screams with pain and pleasure.

“Don’t bother. I can find my own guy, one who doesn’t yell at me, talk down to me, or make me feel stupid when I know I’m the smartest one in the room.” She smiles sweetly. “You’ll just injure a brain cell, and we know you’re running short on t hose.” Her eyelashes flutter and I’m nearly lost.

I don’t often get talked to that way and it’s kind of turning me on more –more than it should.

She turns back around.

I tap her shoulder

"What?" She snaps in a sexy

whisper

"You don't need brain cells to give someone an orgasm."

"You're insane," s he hisses.

"Want a demonstration of what you're missing?"

What am I even saying right now? | don't like her! I just like her mouth!

This is getting out of control, this weird need to shove her away and this angry need to pull her close only so I can hurt her and lick her tears.

Therapy. I need to look into it.

But I can't stop talking

"I think you need one..." I nod my head, mind made up. "I mean, of course, with your consent."

"Touch me and I'm breaking your dick in half." Her words say one thing, but I see the way her body arches back a bit, and how she crosses her legs.

"Feeling wet?" I whisper.

She gasps.

Her ears turn red at the tips.

"Need something to relieve that perfect pressure?" I go on. "I bet | could help. I bet one touch from my fingers would get you off so hard you'd be coming for weeks."

"You're full of shit." She swallows.

So, I raise my damn hand.

"Put your hand down." Her voice is panicked.

Good. She should be.

"Yes, Easton?" Mr. Egis looks annoyed.

"Sorry, but I just noticed that Harper nearly fainted. She didn't eat much for lunch and was embarrassed to say something. Can I take her to the nurse?"

"Sure." It's so easy with him, he just wants to retire and add vodka to his coffee. He grabs a pass and walks it over to us. "Straight to the nurse's office."

"Of course," I lie and reach for Harper. "Up you go."

Her eyes say she's going to kill me, but she still comes, so what does that mean? God, I can't wait to pleasure her and ruin her life because when would it ever be to his good for her?

Never. The answer is never.

We exit the classroom together and I grab her hand, looking both ways down the hall before I drag her into the closest janitor's closet, flipping on the light and turning the lock when we're tucked inside.

She shoves my chest really hard.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"Oh, I thought you understood." I smile and tilt her chin toward mine with my fingertips. "I'm giving you a sample of what you'll never have. Think of it as a gift."

She tries to shove me again, but I catch her wrists in my hands and drive her back toward the door, pinning them above her. Her chest heaves.

I lean in, my lips at her ear. "Scared?"

"Never," she replies instantly.

"Babe, you really should be."

I don't hesitate.

I also refuse to kiss anyone after Aisha—I'm waiting for my dream girl, but this girl also really needs a lesson right now, so I suck on her neck, biting into her. The scent hits me, strong and tropical. She smells good, so good. Why is it familiar?

She doesn't moan or even so much as move.

I tug at the front of her jeans and undo the buttons. "If I touch you here, will you be wet for me, Harper? Fucking begging for it?"

She lifts her lips just slightly.

It's all the invitation I need.

"Remember," I say as my fingers

slowly dip into the front of her lace panties, "t his is going to ruin you for life. I hope you're ready. And when I get you off, I want a polite thank you for the demonstration of a life you can only dream of. A life you'll never have."