

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 27

## Chapter 27

Easton

I have a serious problem.

And her name is mystery girl, Harper, off limits-take your pick. She's an addiction I don't want and I never asked for. Her tongue slips past her lower lip, tasting mine. I don't know how to go slow when I'm with her and every time we break apart, I question my own sanity and then go back for seconds.

I'm supposed to be helping her find the jackass who messed up her locker, I'm not supposed to be kidnapping her, bringing her to my house and kissing her. I lost all self control once I had her in my Jeep

Maybe I just need to get her fully out of my system like a fucking cleanse or some shit. I haven't fucked in two months. What Ryan doesn't know won't kill him, it's not like little miss perfect would tell him anyways, she'd die before admitting to Ryan that we hooked up.

I can't take it anymore.

The way she feels in my arms.

It's so wrong.

I kiss her harder, angry at her for making me feel this way and angry at myself for lacking the will to stop my mouth from moving against hers.

She bunches my t-shirt in her hand and twists while I dig my hands into her hair pulling her tight against me, my dick strains against my jeans. I'm so hard I can't think straight. She's soft in all the right places. I want to explore and her still innocently kissing me like she has no clue I'm ready to throw her against the counter and fuck her senseless.

Ryan was right about me.

She should have listened to him.

She shouldn't have gotten in my car with that knowledge and she sure as hell shouldn't be kissing me back like she is-fuck I'm going to do it. Who cares if she's a virgin, right?

Some sick part of me even acknowledges that I don't want any other guy being the first even if it means I'm going to get her out of my system

I will be able to forget her.

And everything will magically go back to normal.

No more mystery girl.

No more fantasizing.

Nothing

Maybe I'll even fuck Aisha next week just because I can.

I smile against her mouth. It's a good plan. The best plan I've had in years. I gently push her away from me and hop down from the counter then pull her into my arms, our mouths clang against one another as I try to breathe between kisses, between the pressure building between us and the tension that continues to grow like a bomb ready to go off in my kitchen.

Harper gasps as my mouth finds her neck-sucking and biting. I reach for her shirt and pull it over her head and I'm instantly rewarded with the most gorgeous tits I've ever seen in real life. I mentally take a picture as I flick off her bra and cup them in my hands. They spill over my fingertips, they're so damn heavy I have to look, I have to pull away and see her creamy skin spilling past my fingertips. Her eyes are uncertain, they ask me if I like what I see, if I want more, and I want to walk away.

Because I don't know why the hell I'm doing this with her.

And because I can't stop.

"I'm going to fuck you." There's nothing romantic about how I say it or about my meaning.

She doesn't flinch

Instead something shifts in her stance, in her eyes, like she sees through all the bullshit I try so hard to put between me and every

single girl I've ever fucked.

She grabs my wrists pulling my hands away

I let her. Intrigued by the look she's giving me. I've never seen it before and I'm fucking entranced as a topless Harper slowly descends to her knees then presses her palm against my jeans.

I'm so hard and sensitive it hurts.

My hips buck against her hand without asking permission from my brain to even move, damn it I've never been this close to nutting in my own pants by a simple innocent touch.

"Harper." I can't tell if it's a warning or a plea, only that I'm desperate and I might die before graduation if she doesn't do something. Her fingers move to the button of my jeans, then my zipper, I nearly black out when her hand tugs down both my boxer briefs and jeans then reaches for my cock and gives it a tight squeeze. "Fuck."

I see stars as her head descends, her hot mouth takes me in and I'm lost, pumping my hips as she sucks me dry.

It's almost too much, the heat, the sucking, and the feeling of her cupping my balls. I grip her by the hair and hold her there as I fuck her mouth. Harper's taking deep long pulls of my dick like she's never tasted anything better.

Her tongue swirls along my tip making my knees buckle. I'm surprised I've even lasted this long as she looks up at me through

her eyelashes and smiles around my cock.

I'm gone.

Done.

I spill into her mouth and nearly have a stroke at eighteen when she swallows, one drip trails down her chin. She catches it with her finger and sucks that too.

I almost propose.

I mentally shake myself.

What the hell just happened?

Ryan would disown me.

No he'd kill me.

Sex is one thing

Fucking is another.

But a blow job with eye contact when a girl swallows you whole-it felt more personal, more than anything I've ever done with her.

I'm panting, I don't know what to say.

Thank you?

Let's do that again?

Instead I pull away from her and tuck myself back into my jeans, turn around and call over my shoulder. "Knew you were hungry."

Her eyes flash with anger as she wipes her mouth and whispers. "I've had better."

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 28

### Chapter 28

Harper

He has no heart, no soul, nothing but a super hot shell of a body, a six pack, and a giant dick. I've never wanted to kill someone so much in my entire life. If he laid down on the street I'd run him over with his own Jeep.

It was all false bravado.

My own version of chicken, except he let me taste him, he watched me, his smirk had disappeared. I don't know what I expected in that moment, maybe for him to taunt me or challenge me to go through with it. Instead, I realized I wanted him—wanted this, even if it meant all I was getting was angry Easton—at least in this instance I was in control and he knew exactly who was making him feel that way. I almost died when he gripped me by the hair, nearly choking me to death.

It was good

Damn it.

Ryan would decapitate him if he knew.

I get to my feet-shaking from our encounter and walk towards the fridge to grab a drink of water-soda-something that's going to take away his taste so my body stops reminding me of what it felt like to be on my knees in Easton's kitchen.

"What?" Easton is back to ignoring me as he grabs a bottle of water from the fridge then hands me one before opening his own and taking a few gulps. "Was it not good for you?"

"You're an asshole." I say reaching for the water. "I don't suppose you have any mouthwash around for the whores you bring here?"

He smirks. "Are you calling yourself a whore?"

"You lasted like three minutes, Easton, I'd tread carefully before it's your locker that

gets vandalized with the words Minute Man."

"Bullshit." He points his water bottle at me. "You took me by surprise, that's all."

"Mmmm, okay."

He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his phone. "Fuck, three missed calls is Aisha high or something?"

I flinch at Aisha's name.

The girl he was making out with days ago.

She would hate me if she knew.

Then again.

I frown.

She already doesn't like me.

Could she have been the culprit? But why? It's not like anyone knows about me and Easton? Even me and Easton didn't know.

He sighs and calls her right in front of me, he doesn't even say hi no he just goes. "What is it? I'm busy."

Busy. Hah. I was the one that was busy but whatever...

He sighs and starts wandering around the room completely ignoring me. I almost duck behind the counter then remember she can't actually see me. Suddenly he hits his screen and she's on speakerphone announcing how bored she is.

"Watch TV." He moves around the kitchen. "Do homework, like I said I'm busy."

"Wait," She pauses. I hold my breath. "Is Ryan over? Do you guys want me to come hang?"

"No." He sounds annoyed. "He and Harper got into a fight after some bitch wrote slut on her locker. You wouldn't know anything about that, right?"

She barks out a laugh. "Do you really think I'd waste my time on that bitch?"

I squeeze my eyes shut.

Easton doesn't even defend me. I suddenly feel dirty about what we did. Stupid. Five minutes ago I was proud of myself and now I want to throw his phone across the room. Why doesn't he just hang up? What does he see in her?

I tune out their conversation then hear her his flirty laugh." Aisha, lets not have a repeat of last week when you randomly showed up at my house and asked me to fuck you, okay? I really am busy."

"I was horny." She snapped "And you know you like it when=="

!-sorry you're breaking up." He coughs into the phone and finally looks over at me. "Is there anything else you needed?"

"Wow, all business today I see." She laughs. "Fine, fine." She lets out a lazy yawn that I can see perfectly in my head, she does it in front of Easton all the time, pressing her breasts back, and he almost always falls for it. "You know where to find me, maybe I'll send you a picture of my new skirt later, unless you prefer to see what's underneath instead?"

Tear's well in my eyes. He wants me to hear this. It's cruel.

"Nah I'm good, I already jacked off earlier.." This time when he looks at me he's not smiling, everything about his look is heated like he's remembering me on my knees.

"Aw did you save one of my selfies?"

He swallows, eyes still locked on mine. "Nah found something better."

She laughs: "Liar."

"Bye—" He draws out the word.

She hangs up

And we're left there staning in the silence, me drinking water in a vain attempt to wash away my sins and Easton staring at my mouth like he wants to do it again

The attraction is like this inferno, no matter how many times I toss something on the flames, we explode in a fury of madness, lust, and chaos.

He hangs up.

I'm so embarrassed I could die. I don't know where to look or what to say, I start to put the water bottle down so I can grab my phone and call Ryan to come get me, then again that's probably not a good idea either. Sadie will come to my rescue. I need to get out of the house.

Why would I think what we did meant anything to him when he's getting it on the regular by Aisha?

"Wanna watch a movie?" He asks like nothing happened.

"Are you kidding?"

He shrugs. "What? It's not like she thought you were here. Damn, can you imagine?"

She'd spread so much shit about you that you'd hang yourself before the next semester. That's just how she is, don't worry about it."

I shove him. "That's why you think I'm angry?"

He frowns. "I covered for you so you really don't need to be angry, it's not like! popped the phone on Facetime and waved the phone around. Besides you're already here, let's hang."

Was this his way of rewarding me for a job well done? I was stuck between wanting to prove to him that I could be mature and sit through a stupid movie without feeling uncomfortable.

"I liked it." He looks away, his expression unreadable when his eyes find mine again. "Don't read too much into it."

I roll my eyes. "Trust me, I wasn't."

"You know for a nerd you're a really good kisser-\*

"Easton!" I punch him in the shoulder

"Harper!" He smirks, rubbing his shoulder and sets down his water next to mine on the counter. "For the record, you really are, just don't tell Ryan I said that, I'll deny it to my grave and spread it around the school that you have herpes and halitosis before admitting it, k?"

I sigh pressing my fingers to my forehead. "You're exhausting."

"At least you're not bored like Aisha is right now it's not like I'm her cruise director or something, damn it's annoying. So what do you say? Movie?"

I hesitate.

If I stay longer things might happen.

If I stay longer Ryan's going to ask where I am.

If I stay longer I'll get weaker.

Easton somehow reads all of it, grabs me by the hand and pulls me against him, how the hell is this guy hard again? My eyes widen as he lowers his mouth and presses a kiss to my neck. "Stay."

"We can't be doing this." I sigh.

"I know." He agrees just as my brother's voice fills the room.

"Easton!" He yells. "You know where Harper is?"

Easton shoves me away, smiling cruelly. "I'm good at picking up strays."

My brother rounds the corner. "What's going on?"

Easton shrugs and says. "She was hungry. I felt sorry for her after your fight, I was gonna take her home but brought her here first to eat."

"What did you guys have?" He asks, his expression thunderous like any answer is going to be a very wrong and end up leading Easton towards an early grave.

"Yeah what did we have again?" Easton stretches his arms over his head all relaxed like he isn't about to get punched, exposing his tan skin and six pack.

I smile and say. "Miniature hot dogs."

His smile drops and for some reason the challenge in his eyes makes me want to kiss him again. It makes me realize I do affect him.

Ryan doesn't even hesitate as he grabs Easton and slams him against the counter, his hands fisting his shirt. "What the hell did you do with my sister?"

"Nothing." Easton shoves him back. "Damn what kind of friend do you think I am?" He shrugs a bit. "Let's watch a movie."

Ryan doesn't move, he looks between us with suspicion. Easton ignores it and then holds up his phone. "If you don't believe me, I was talking to Aisha for most of the time while your sister hydrated."

Lies. All lies

He flashes his phone to Ryan who relaxes a bit, then jabs a finger in Easton's face. "Hands off, you know the rules."

"I know the rules." He says as Ryan shoves past him. Easton's devouring me with his stare. He knows the rules. He's just choosing not to follow them.

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 29

## Chapter 29

Easton

I nearly choke.

Miniature?

Hot dogs?

Damn, that's harsh. Her arms cross as she stares down Ryan. "Did you want some?"

Oh hell, that little shit! "Actually," I interrupt. "We were thinking about ordering pizza and inviting some people over, you want in?"

"Sure." Ryan makes himself right at home, going to the fridge grabbing a beer then tossing one to me. "Blake was already on his way over anyway."

Oh great now I have another dick who's been staring at Harper way too hard lately. Is it my imagination or does she look really hot in her tight t-shirt?

i gulp and look away. "Sounds good."

An uncomfortable look passes across Ryan's face. "We good, bro?"

"Always." We fist bump.

And I smile.

He doesn't know I was just touching his sister.

That she licked me dry.

That the very hand he's pounding was minutes away from dipping into her pussy and making her scream.

There's something so fucking satisfying and horrible about the thoughts going

through my head, like I want to keep doing shit behind his back just because it fucking turns me on that he has no clue.

And she does.

Harper clears her throat next to me. "Mouth dry?"

Her glare says it all.

"I think I have more drinks." I make a jerking motion with my hand when Ryan's back was turned. She flips me off.

I fucking love it.

Damn it!

Pull it together, Easton!

My front door opens and closes. Blake strolls in like he owns the place carrying a six pack and sucking on his vape pen. His eyes drink Harper in then flicker to mine. "Did you get lost on the way to her house?"

Why does he sound annoyed? And why the hell is he looking at Harper so much lately? It irritates me. We have rules you know?

Rules I broke without knowing, but still.

He has no fucking business asking about her or even looking at her like he is right

POW.

"Yes. I was so confused I just took the stray home." I admit with heavy sarcasm in an attempt to pull his attention away from Harper and on me. "Plus there was construction."

Harper straight up growls. "Stop calling me a stray before I castrate you!"

"Hide the knives." Ryan teases as he plops onto the couch in the living room and spreads his arms wide. "She looks like she means it."

"I'm a lover not a fighter." I admit with a wink.

"More like a fucker not a lover." Blake adds again earning me another hateful stare from Ryan as Blake opens up the six pack and hands one to Harper.

Since when does he share his beer?

It doesn't sit well with me.

Even an hour later when it's dark and we're all sitting in the living room eating pizza and watching Netflix.

He keeps offering her random shit.

Need another napkin?

Another slice?

Oh look your drinks empty.

He's being so fucking nice I want to strangle him. Doesn't he know Ryan hates that? And yet Ryan ignores everything, going from texting on his phone to watching the movie to texting again.

He's probably horny.

Whatever.

I kick the coffee table then look up. Harper frowns at me like I've officially lost it. Without putting too much thought into it, I move from the chair to the couch she's sitting on Ryan's on her right. Blake is on the floor facing the tv and I'm suddenly hot.

Like really hot

I grab a blanket from the chair next to me and toss it over Harper then get up and make sure all the lights are off as Ryan clicks on the next movie

It's the second Quiet Place movie which I'll never admit gave me nightmares for at least two weeks.

Harper stills next to me when I sit.

"More like a fucker not a lover." Blake adds again earning me another hateful stare from Ryan as Blake opens up the six pack and hands one to Harper.

Since when does he share his beer?

It doesn't sit well with me.

Even an hour later when it's dark and we're all sitting in the living room eating pizza and watching Netflix.

He keeps offering her random shit.

Need another napkin?

Another slice?

Oh look your drinks empty.

He's being so fucking nice I want to strangle him. Doesn't he know Ryan hates that? And yet Ryan ignores everything, going from texting on his phone to watching the movie to texting again.

He's probably horny

Whatever.

I kick the coffee table then look up. Harper frowns at me like I've officially lost it. Without putting too much thought into it, I move from the chair to the couch she's sitting on, Ryan's on her right. Blake is on the floor facing the tv and I'm suddenly hot

Like really hot.

I grab a blanket from the chair next to me and toss it over Harper then get up and make sure all the lights are off as Ryan clicks on the next movie

It's the second Quiet Place movie which I'll never admit gave me nightmares for at least two weeks.

Harper stills next to me when I sit.

The flat screen is the only light flickering through the massive living room and I'm feeling buzzed. From the beer or from sitting next to Harper I'm really not sure, but I like it. I have a million sensations pulsing through my body as I sit next to her, thigh to thigh

I dip my hands under the blanket pulling it over my lap then reach across and grip her thigh.

She jumps a foot

Ryan laughs, slapping his leg. "You're such a chicken shit, Harper, do you need to close your eyes?"

"Shut up." She smacks him in the arm, he smacks her back, forcing her to scoot closer to me. Our bodies are pressed together and that awareness won't go away no matter how many times I try to ignore it.

I side eye Blake who seems to be more interested in the movie and his pizza before I slide my hand down her thigh again.

She's wearing leggings.

I can feel her pulse.

Her body heats as my fingers dance along her thigh, toying with her, playing with her, trying to see how far I can push her with her brother sitting mere inches from her.

She stiffens—spoiler alert—so do I.

I've never been so fucking horny in my life. I adjust myself underneath the blanket and try to focus on the movie, then after a few minutes, I move my hand up and dip it into her waist, adjusting my legs so it looks like I'm getting more comfortable on the couch when really I'm shoving my hand down his sister's pants. Her fingers dig into my leg

I lean in and whisper. "Sorry, I wanted a snack."

She turns her head, her mouth inches from mine, "There's some pizza left"

"I wanted pussy." I whisper.

She gulps. "You don't know what you want."

"Shhhhh!" Ryan shoves her.

I pull my hand away from her heat, my body devastated with the loss.

With a sigh she gets up and mumbles. "I'm going to the bathroom." Leaving me wondering if I've pushed her too far."

The guys are oblivious so I get up. "Anyone want more beer?"

"Sure." Ryan yawns.

Blake shakes his head completely blitzed out as he takes another drag of his vape. "Nahhhhh."

He's so stoned he probably thinks he's at his house.

"Cool." I bypass the kitchen and go straight to the guest bathroom.

I knock on the door twice.

She cracks it open

I shove it further, then shove her against the counter, and kiss the hell out of her slamming and locking the door behind us. "Fuck not doing this," jerk away briefly. "I'm going to have you and you're going to come so hard you see stars."

"Easton," Her eyes fill with panic.

"Make no mistake," I whisper against her mouth. "This time the lights are on."

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 30

## Chapter 30

Harper

It's like the Easton Twilight zone. He shoves me away, pulls me close, he kisses me with the same mouth that curses me. I don't think he even knows what he wants, but it's addicting and stupid the way he kisses like I'm forever when I'm not even a right now.

This time he doesn't take my shirt off, he just shoves it up while his mouth devours mine, his lips and tongue moving at a pace that drives me insane, I can't digest what's even happening because it's happening so fast.

It's Easton's house.

Easton's bathroom.

My brother is in the next room over eating pizza like everything is normal and I'm sucking on Easton's tongue while he bites down on my lip.

This is not a normal Monday.

This is not a normal day.

I want to shove him away because I know this means nothing to him, but I can't help the way I feel. That way I've always felt.

Selfishly I want this maybe more than he does.

Even if tomorrow he goes back to ignoring me. So I say it, out loud, I don't want to get hurt and he has the power to do exactly that. "This means nothing."

He moans into my mouth. "Absolutely nothing."

"It's just sex." I agree even though I know it's not. Even though this will be my first time and everything is right and wrong and confusing and imperfect.

"One hundred percent." He agrees, his mouth leaving mine briefly as he kisses my chin then roughly pulls my leggings down along with my underwear, I'm completely bare to him. I have no time to be embarrassed. Cold air hits my ass as he lifts me onto the counter tugging off my shoes, socks, and letting my leggings dangle from my right leg while he unbuttons his jeans.

1 help him.

Something is seriously wrong with us.

If someone told me to stop, I'd compare it to withholding your breath, with choosing not to breathe.

It's impossible to survive.

His every touch feels like fresh air, I suck him in like an addict-he holds me close like an addiction

His jeans slide down his perfect ass annoying me to no end as he reaches into the drawer by the sink pulling out a condom.

This is happening.

"Easy access?" I taunt.

"Put them in here while you ordered the pizza." He says kissing me harder.

"So," I pull away. "This was planned?"

"No." He admits, his eyes unfocused, crazy. Just hopeful. Do you really think I'm that insane to fuck you with your brother sitting on my couch."

"Yes." I reach for him, biting down on his bottom lip. "I do."

"That hurts so good." He ducks his head into my hair, his lips on my neck, frozen there like he wants to memorize the moment when he's already promised it means nothing to him. "No jokes about going fast."

"No jokes about being a slut."

ch

"You aren't a slut." He says it so seriously so softly that I look at him, his eyes lock on mine, and then he's kissing me again, eyes open, eyes searching, filling. "Tonight, you're just mine."

He owns me.

He's owned me since my brother announced he had a new best friend.

And I've wanted him since I can remember.

Without looking away from me he tugs the foil wrapper open, he puts on the condom. I'm afraid to look down.

But when I do it's to see his fingers creeping up my thighs pulling them further apart as he tucks himself back in like he's changed his mind, and shocks the hell out of me by licking his lips. "Sorry I think I prefer a small snack right now."

I realize I'm shaking.

He knows it.

I don't know what to say as he presses his palm against me, his finger gently making my body tremble as he finds each spot that's needy for him, empty for him.

His kiss is soft in the next instant, disarming me as his fingers move. My lips part on a scream as he covers my mouth with his other hand fingering me, before his mouth replaces them—his tongue is invasive and hot. It's perfect. He knows exactly what he's doing and who he's doing it to. My head falls back against the mirror. He's gripping my hips, his mouth killing me slowly, as he alternates between kissing and sucking.

I feel tears. I'm not embarrassed. I'm scared. Scared this feeling will go away, scared this means too much to me and nothing at all to him.

So I remind him again between kisses. "This means nothing."

"Nothing." He grunts. "Nothing at all."

"Never." My eyes well up with unshed tears.

I refuse to let them fall.

"Never." He echoes his hands move to my face, our mouths are a tangled web of lies, deceit and lust. "Never."

A hand moves between my thighs, I spread them open as he moves his palm against me setting me off in a way I don't expect.

He whispers my name and it doesn't sound like a curse, it's gentle, sad, it's everything I wanted, nothing he'll ever admit probably even happened.

"Fuck, Harper," He feels me let go and pulls back gripping himself in his hand, pumping wildly while his other hand finishes me off. It's the sexiest thing I've ever

seen in real life. "Fuck."

My head slams back against the mirror, his breath is labored. Easton's eyes open searching for mine. In any other situation I would have thought we were having a moment but too soon it's gone.

I hear Ryan's voice. "Guys? Where did you go? Damn I'm high..."

Easton relaxes like he's glad Blake clearly shared the goods.

Two hours later we decide to stay the night after my uber never showed and Sadie never answered. The boys are too high so of course I'm trapped.

An hour after I lay down and attempt sleep and the house is silent, I hear a creak in the floor. The guest room door opens.

And Easton is crashing in my bed, an arm wrapped around me.

I don't sleep for a while, I just repeat to myself over and over again. "Remember, this means nothing."