

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Harper

I'm staring out the small bathroom window like a complete peeper, watching Easton

Always with my eyes on Easton.

He's drinking a lot tonight, and he doesn't seem happy. There's pain etched in his features, shading his eyes. There's no smile on that perfect mouth, and he's greedy with the tequila bottle, not willing to share it. I watch as he tips it back, his throat moving as he swallows, and I'm fascinated.

Who knew drinking could be so sexy?

Ryan talks to Sadie. I'm sure he's asking her to do something for him. He's so awful to her. I tell her over and over again she's wasting her time, but she won't listen to me. Guess that'll be a lesson she has to learn for herself.

It's not Sadie who runs the errand for my brother though. It's Easton who rises from his chair, his tall, powerful frame moving with ease as he makes his way toward our crappy little house. Wincing, I consider making a run for it so I can hide out in my bedroom, but it's like I can't move.

My gaze is fixed on him.

He pauses right in front of the window I'm standing in front of, and I've never been more grateful for the opaque glass that makes it so no one can see through it from the outside. He won't be able to see me, thank goodness.

But I can see him.

Up close, he's even more gorgeous. Tanned skin stretches over bulging muscles. His chest is smooth, his pecs developed and those six pack abs are utterly lickable. The thought alone makes me blush, because I can't imagine putting my tongue anywhere on Easton's body

Wait a minute. That's crap. I can imagine putting my tongue everywhere on Easton's body, and I bet he'd enjoy every second of it. I know I would

Withholding the sigh that wants to escape, I watch as he chats with a pretty girl who's a year younger than us. She's barely dressed in that black string bikini she's

got on, and she's thrusting her chest out toward Easton as if silently demanding he look at it. There's not even a flicker of interest on his face and I can tell she's disappointed. To the point that she leaves in a huff, and he enters the

house.

Oh crap. He's in my house.

My brother may be Easton's best friend, but he never comes over here. More like Ryan is always over at Easton's house. One of our parents is usually always here, and considering we're not one of the rich kids like everyone else, we don't like having a lot of people over. Though my friends do come over on occasion.

Never Ryan's though. It's as if he's completely ashamed of the place. I guess I can't blame him.

I contemplate leaving the bathroom so I can dart upstairs, but what if Easton catches sight of me? I'd rather wait it out here first.

No way is he coming into the bathroom. No one has tried coming in for the last five minutes. People might not even know this bathroom exists

There's a knock on the door and a gasp escapes me. I keep my gaze fixed on the yard outside, gripping the edge of the windowsill before I dare to turn around. The door opens at the exact same moment as I turn, and I wait in breathless anticipation to see who it is just before the lights go out.

I blink into the darkness. What the hell? Why would they flick off the lights?

The door shuts, but I know I'm not

alone. I can sense someone is in the room with me. There's a quiet snicking sound. The turn of a lock. Something heavy is set on the bathroom counter.

Suddenly, I can smell him. Men's cologne. Warm, masculine skin.

A boy is in the bathroom.

But who?

There's screaming outside and I'm about to turn back toward the window so I can see what's going on when he speaks.

"Did the power go out?"

A chill runs down my spine. I know that voice. Holy shit.

"Are you the little spy who was watching me in the window?" he asks, his head terribly close to mine. So close, I can feel the huff of his breath against my cheek when he speaks.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I say primly.

"Mmm hmm." He presses his body into mine and I reach for the windowsill, holding on tight. I can feel every inch of him mold against me, and I wonder if he knows who I am

Or if he just does this sort of thing to random girls in the dark.

I don't care. It feels too good to tell

him to stop. Like all of my dreams coming true. And when he reaches around me, his strong arms boxing me in, his hands settling on the windowsill beside mine, I feel as if I've died and gone to heaven.

"I wasn't spying on you," I tell him, hating how my voice trembles.

"But you were watching me," he says. "You have the unfair advantage, you know."

I close my eyes when I feel his face nuzzle my neck. What in the world? "How's that?"

I don't even know how I was able to ask that question just now, and sound so normal.

"You know who I am." His mouth moves against my neck and I grip the windowsill even tighter. "And I don't know who you are."

"You know me," I tell him, flirting.

And I never flirt.

"Hmm." He shifts closer, his hands leaving the window to settle on my hips. Whoa. "I know you're not wearing much."

"It's a pool party," I protest.

He runs his hands up my sides, achingly slow. "I know you've got smooth skin."

I say nothing in response. I'm too attuned to the way he's touching

me, how he moves behind me. The heat from his chest, the chill of his still damp swim trunks. With the lights out, I can focus on him and nothing else. He's making my head spin.

"You going to tell me your name?" he whispers, his fingers back at my hips, toying with the ties on my bikini bottoms. One quick flick and he'd have them undone.

I slowly shake my head, afraid to ruin it when he finds out who I am.

"Guess I'll have to figure out who you are in other ways." His hands tighten on my hips, slowly forcing me to turn.

And face him.

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Easton

I'll kiss this girl and figure out who she is. I've kissed pretty much every girl worth kissing in our class, yet I don't recognize her voice.

She could be disguising it though. Trying to trick me. Plus, I'm a little drunk.

I know this girl. I have to.

Her skin is like silk. Soft to the touch. Her fragrance is intoxicating. I keep breathing it in deep, letting the delicate floral

scent fill my senses. Not too sweet. A hint of sexy.

She's all curves. Her flaring hips and tiny waist are the perfect ratio. And when I had her pinned earlier, that lush ass tucked against my crotch, my dick sprang to life, eager to come out and play.

But I'm not going to fuck this girl in a dark bathroom. I don't even know who she is.

I'll kiss her though. I'm not above

that.

"Wait a minute." She braces her

hands on my chest the moment she's facing me, and her touch is like a brand. Hot fingertips press

into my pecs, making me shiver, and no girl makes me shiver. "What are you doing?"

"Shh." I remove my hand from her hip, my fingers brushing against her chest by accident as I reach for her neck. Damn, her tits are big. Can't touch her there yet, though. I need to ease her into this. "Tell me your name."

A shuddery breath leaves her, but otherwise, she says nothing.

Okay, mystery girl.

I curve my fingers around the side of her neck and tip her head back. Leaning in, I hover my face above hers, my eyes slowly adjusting to

the darkness, barely able to make out her features. Big, dark eyes watch me in return. Pert nose. Plump lips part

Dipping my head, I brush my mouth against hers.

It's as if my entire body comes to life at first contact of our lips. A jolt passes from her into me, electrifying my blood, my skin. The tiny hairs on my arms stand on end as I pull her into me, that curvy body nestling against mine as I deepen the kiss with a teasing thrust of my tongue.

She parts her lips eagerly, her tongue meeting mine. It's a shy swipe. Tentative. Unsure. I slowly

circle my tongue around hers, showing her what to do, knowing in an instant that she's never done this before.

I'm her first. I still don't know who this girl is, but she tastes like heaven.

She's sweet. So sweet. She runs her hands up and down my chest as if she's unable to control herself and I groan into her mouth, my hand curving around the back of her head so I can hold her firmly. We devour each other, my tongue thrusting, hers meeting. Retreating. I chase after it, wanting more.

More, more, more.

We cling to each other, our accelerated breaths the only sound in the room. She whimpers when I sink my teeth into her lower lip. A breathy moan leaves her when I dare to touch her right tit, my thumb finding her nipple. It's hard, straining against the fabric and I rub tiny circles over it. Again and again.

"Oh God," she whispers when I break the kiss to run my lips down her neck.

"Who the fuck are you?" I ask as I nip and lick at her sensitive skin, making her tremble.

I return my mouth to hers, consuming her once more. She's

just as hungry, her arms going around my neck, her fingers sliding into my hair as she clings to me. I run my other hand down her back, over the strings of her bikini that tie behind her. One tug and I'd have that top loose. I could expose her lush flesh. Run my mouth all over her tits. Suck a nipple into my mouth. Bite it. Lick it.

Not yet, I tell myself. I can't push too fast. This girl isn't like that. She's eager, but a novice.

I'll teach her everything I know.

My hand slides down her back, resting at the base of her spine, just above the waistband of her bikini bottoms. They're not wet,

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which means she hasn't been in the pool. And they're not much, as in they're barely covering her.

I slip my fingers beneath the fabric, touching soft, soft skin. I dare to go further, skimming along the curve of her smooth ass. Her body is like a fucking wet dream, and I'm instantly hard. I want more. I want to touch her everywhere.

Will she let me?

She breaks the kiss, her breathing ragged, her face still turned toward mine. I remove my hand from her ass to touch her cheek. Her lips. Cup my fingers around her chin "You're bad for me." I tell her.

"Why?" I can hear the confusion in that one single word.

"Once I start with you, I won't be able to stop." I kiss her, our lips clinging. "Ever." Another kiss. "You're addicting." I nibble at her bottom lip. "Tell me your name."

"Isn't it more fun when you don't know who I am?" she asks, sounding amused.

"No," I growl before I deliver a brutal kiss. One that shows her how much I want her. How much I could unleash on her, though I won't. She trembles in my arms yet returns the kiss with equal hunger, as if she can't get enough of me.

As if she's my perfect match.

There's a pounding on the bathroom door and I lift my head, glaring in its direction. I'd had the forethought to lock the door when I slipped inside, right as the lights shut off, and the handle rattles, as if they're trying to get in.

"Someone in there?"

Oh fuck. It's Ryan.

Clearing my throat, I yell, "Occupied!"

Ryan's quiet for a moment, just before he starts to laugh. "My bad, buddy. Hope you're having fun in there."

He's gone before I can say another word.

The hot little bundle in my arms is suddenly squirming, as if she's desperate to get away from me. I let her go, my arms dropping to my sides and she's gone, pressing her body against the door, though the room is so damn small she's still within arm's reach.

"You should go," she demands, her voice firm, yet still shaky.

A laugh escapes me. "Really? You're kicking me out now? I can't see where I'm going."

"You can see enough."

"Maybe I don't want to leave." I

reach for her, but she dodges away from my seeking hands. "Come on. Two seconds ago you were grinding your hot little body all over me."

"You think my body is hot?" She sounds shocked.

"You're on fucking fire." I reach for her again, making contact with her hip, and I pull her in close, thrusting my torso against hers. "See what you do to me?"