

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 31

Chapter 31

Easton

I'm a dick.

I hold her all night and go to school the next day pretending like nothing happened. Her locker is back to normal though I have a bad feeling it's just going to get worse if she's seen with me and I'm still pissed that I don't know who took it upon themselves to be an asshole to Harper of all people.

A small annoying voice inside me says that I'm an asshole enough for her to actually suspect me, but I ignore it, just like the feeling of want every time she walks by smelling like fucking sunshine and the tropics.

I know I'm in a shit mood.

Ryan points it out to me several times and asks if I'm hung over to which I want to reply yeah, from your sister.

That would be a shit show.

What the hell is wrong with me?

She's not even that pretty!

Lie.

I scowl and look down at my phone in annoyance. It's dying and all I want to know is if she's okay, where the hell she's at and shit I'm acting like such a pussy right now. Ryan's furiously texting someone like his thumbs are gonna fall off if he doesn't send it fast enough. "Yo, can I borrow your phone?"

"Huh?" He doesn't look up. "You have a phone, it's in your hand."

I wave it at him knowing he won't look up. "Battery almost died, I just need to look up the score from the game last night."

"What game?" He frowns at his screen, damn it just give me your phone!

"The basketball game." Surely there was one on last night right?

He sighs. "Hold up."

Seconds later I have his phone while he's digging into his lunch and pulling out candy and a Coke..

A minute after that I'm texting her from his phone, and using his battery to charge mine so I can at least have a bit of juice.

It's almost too easy.

A few minutes go by as I wait for her text.

Nothing.

It's her fault anyway, I would have charged my phone had I actually stayed in my room last night rather than pulling her greedily into my arms and trying not to kiss her again.

"Thanks man." I hand his phone back to him and stand.

Lunch is almost over. I haven't seen Harper the entire lunch period but assume that she's out doing what nerdy girls do-studying.

I hate that my eyes keep searching for her and look down at my phone.

Me: Harper...Where are you?

Little bubbles pop up right away, then disappear. It's slow torture as I wait for her to at least send me a middle finger emoji.

H: I'm in the library.

Hlaugh. Of course she is.

H: With Blake...

Nope!

I trip over my own feet in an effort to sprint out of the cafeteria and down the hall into the library. What the hell is she doing with Blake of all people? The guy should still be high from last night.

And again.

There were rules about this sort of thing.

The more I think about it the angrier I get, until I'm jerking open the library doors and stomping towards their table. Both of their heads are leaning in as she points at her

book

The guy has a near perfect GPA, no way is he actually using her as a tutor.

"Thanks," I hear him say, then glance up and smile. "I needed a good idea for his present and my brain is fried."

"Stop with the weed." She smiles. "You're just killing brain cells."

He laughs. "I have some to spare."

"Do you though?" I interject fully looking like a jealous idiot. "What's going on?"

"Oh." Harper blushes. "It's Ryan's birthday soon and Blake wants to earn extra friend points by getting him something better than you."

I gawk. "And you're helping him?"

"He bought me coffee." She smiles.

The only response I can think of is, who gave you orgasms yesterday? Me.

I'm the mother fucking winner in this scenario.

You're. Welcome.

Instead I just stand there like an idiot. "That means it's your birthday soon."

Blake slowly claps and stands. "He's so good at math."

I flip him off, today is so not the day to piss me off, not after touching her, being

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The bell rings. I curse it to Hell while she shoots me an apologetic look and grabs her backpack and a protein bar from the table.

"I owe you." Blake says. "How about dinner?"

The protein bar freezes half way to her mouth as she whispers. "Huh?"

"Dinner." He shoves his hands into his black joggers. "As a thank you, I'll take you to dinner, will only stare at your tits like twice while lying about being lost in your eyes and will attempt to feed you without grabbing your ass."

She laughs.

Actually laughs like he's funny and then looks at me.

I scowl. "What? You need permission to go to dinner with Blake from me?"

Her expression goes dark.

I shrug, angry that I'm angry, angry that he's asking her to dinner and I had my fingers inside her without even taking her on a date. "No, I guess I don't."

"You don't." I repeat. "Oh and Blake, be careful, the last thing you want is Ryan killing you because you ate out his sister." I snap my fingers. "I mean took out his sister, sorry."

Harper drops the protein bar onto the table, eyes wide and full of hurt, hurt I put there by being myself-and jealous of the ass hat who keeps looking between us like he's going to figure out why she looks ready to cry and I look ready to burn the world.

"Here," Harper looks away from me. Tll give you my number..."

I hate that Blake looks like he won the lottery and that he has an in now, and that I pushed her directly into his waiting man whore hands.

Blake types it in her phone then hands it back.

I'm so still I'm barely breathing

I'm pissed.

Livid.

Blake says something else I can't even hear above my own breathing and walks off. Harper starts to follow. I chase after her, grab her by the arm and pull her down the history aisle. Dusty books and the smell of paper surround us as I pin her against the bookcase. "What the hell are you doing?"

Her eyes search mine and then she leans in and whispers in my ear. "Eating."

I feel my control breaking. "You only eat at my house."

"Oh?" Her eyebrows shoot up. "Is that right?"

"My food is better." I snap.

She eyes me up and down. "Is it though?"

I lose all control, my forehead presses against hers, my bodys' on fire as I hold her captive and say. "Don't act like a slut-you don't want another mishap like yesterday."

She tries to slap me.

I grab her by the wrist, my fingers digging into her skin.

Tears well in her eyes.

And I like it.

I like that I make her react.

I'm a sick bastard because it makes me feel weirdly proud that out of all the guys in our school, I'm the only one who can make her scream in pleasure or pain-me.

She jerks away from me, "You're such a-"

I cut her off with a kiss.

She wraps her arms around me.

Someone gasps.

Something falls against the ground, we both turn.

It's fucking Sadie.

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 32

Chapter 32

Harper

Sadie!

My heart pounds through my chest as I stare at my best friend, her mouth hanging open, her eyes so wide they look like they're about to pop. The books that she was holding are now on the floor, her expression telling me she dropped them out of shock

I feel the same.

Air is no longer moving through my lungs. My hands shake as they cling behind Easton's back, my arms around him, our bodies pressing together.

There's no question in my mind, Sadie saw everything-the way Easton was ravishing my lips, the placement of his hands, the hunger that's currently dissolving from my eyes

"I – "I start, looking at Easton, my head jumbled with thoughts, none of them clear enough aside from how fucked this situation is.

With his gaze on mine, he takes a step back, his lips still wet from our kiss. "We'll

talk later, Harper.”

He walks down the rest of the history aisle, disappearing around the corner, leaving me with my best friend who I know is full of questions.

She picks up her books and hugs them to her chest. “I ran into Blake in the hallway and asked him if he’d seen you, he said I’d find you in here. I couldn’t remember when our Chem homework is due, and I knew you’d know. Girl, never did I expect to find you lip-locked with Easton.” Her smile grows. “But hell fucking yes is all I can say.”

I close the distance between us and loop my arm through hers. I lead her into a more private corner of the library, where Easton and I should have been in the first place rather than the middle of a popular aisle.

The truth is, we shouldn’t have been making out at all.

Even if I’ve been enjoying it, I’ve officially lost my damn mind.

The second we land against the wall, Sadie says, “Spill it, girl. I want every detail, leave nothing out.”

“You have to promise you won’t say a word of this to Ryan.”

Her brows furrow. “Hello, girl code. Duh.”

I sigh. “But you’re in love with my brother, so girl code is a little iffy in this situation.”

She sticks her books in her bag, freeing her hands, which rest against my shoulders. “I promise-on my life-you have my word.” Her fingers squeeze. “Harp, you’re my best friend, you know I always have your back and I’d never play *you* wrong.”

I feel guilty for even mentioning it, but I simply can’t take the risk of Ryan finding out. He’ll kill us and my random pop ins, like when Ryan walked into Easton’s house and found me in the kitchen, won’t seem so random to my brother.

“We’ve been hooking up-ish.”

She giggles. “It looked a lot more than ish to me.”

Why am I having such a hard time telling Sadie about Easton?

Is it because he’s the first guy I’ve ever done anything with? The first time I’ve ever had to have a conversation like this?

Or because the feelings I have for Easton are more serious than I thought?

I don't know

But I do know this conversation feels as intimate as the places he's touched on my body.

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I check both sides of the enclosed area, making sure no one has joined us. With the coast clear, I add, "It hasn't been going on for very long and honestly, there isn't much to tell, just a few occasions

"A few? And you haven't told me about any of them?" She gently pushes my shoulder. "You dirty girl, how have you been keeping this from me?"

The guilt is eating me up inside.

"I've just been so worried that Ryan-and the rest of the school-is going to find out. Please don't be upset, Sadie. I need you now more than ever."

Her fingers play with the ends of my hair. "You've always had a crush on him, but something tells me this is more."

We don't have the kind of friendship where I even have to answer, she can read my thoughts, and I watch them register on her face.

"This is the real deal-your first love. He better not hurt you."

"It's too late for that."

Her eyes widen. T'll kill him

"I'm just saying he has the power to." i take a breath, knowing he's already hurt me, but if I tell Sadie that, she'll kill him, and then she'll most definitely tell Ryan. "We both know Easton doesn't do relationships. Besides, he's Ryan's best friend. Can't you see where this is going? And how it's going to end?"

"Harper, there must be a way."

The bell rings, signaling we have five minutes to get to class, and I still have to stop at my locker to get my books for next period.

"I don't see how. First, we'd have to convince Easton to settle down and after

conquering that impossible task, we'd have to convince Ryan not to murder the both of us."

"I'll take care of Ryan."

"Really?" I search her face. "And how do you plan to do that?"

A grin creeps across her mouth again. "Ryan and I have been talking more."

"Like talking, talking?"

She shrugs. "I guess we've both been keeping secrets from each other."

I grab her hand, locking our pinkies together, something we've done since we were kids. "No more secrets?"

"Promise."

"Then, I need to hear all the details about where you and Ryan are headed-minus the stuff that will make me want to dry heave."

“Deal.”

I glance down at my watch, seeing I only have three minutes to get to Spanish class. “I’ve got to go. I’ll see you after school?”

She nodded, “I’ll give you a ride home.”

I release our grip and hurry into the stairwell. I haven’t descended more than a few steps when I feel someone behind me.

Someone who causes tingles to erupt across my entire body.

Someone whose scent wraps around my nose, like hands circling my waist.

I look over my shoulder, my eyes connecting with Easton’s. “You’re following me now?”

He huffs. “You wouldn’t be so lucky.”

I stop at the landing, and he halts only feet away. “What do you want?”

“Is Sadie going to keep her mouth shut?”

“Of course.”

“What did you tell her?”

He isn’t acting paranoid, more like he’s scanning the cards in his hand, getting to know each possible play.

My eyes narrow as I take in his lips, remembering how they tasted when we kissed. “There really isn’t anything to tell her. Right?”

“Right.” He points at the pocket that’s holding my phone. “You can tell her that you’ve now saved Blake’s number in your phone.”

“Why would I bring that up?”

A smirk spreads across his handsome face. “I just think it’s funny ...” He moves in closer now that it’s only the two of us in the stairwell. “You have his number saved, but not the guy whose mouth has been all over your body.”

I feel weak, like his tongue is slowly licking across my breasts.

“Easton-” I start, my voice cut off when he rushes down the remaining stairs, leaving me completely alone.

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 33

Chapter 33

Easton

I can't believe Blake even bothered to save his number in Harper's phone. It's not like he actually gives a shit about her or wants anything more than her pussy. His game is the same as mine-sleep with the hottest girls in our school and bust out of here the second we graduate.

But it takes balls to tread on our best friend's sister.

Can't I say the same thing about me?

No.

The same isn't true at all because the first time my mouth was on her, I didn't know it was Harper. The second time, in her cat costume, I didn't know either. She was just Mystery Girl to me.

But now?

Fuck.

She's a goddamn tease with the tightest ass and a rack unlike I've ever touched before, nipples. I want to pull into my mouth and bite.

My dick is getting hard again as I find my seat in the last row of English class.

And to think the hard-on Harper had given me in the library had just died down, but it's back and roaring to be inside of her.

"Easton, you're late," my teacher says the moment my ass hits the chair.

"Sorry, traffic jam in the stairwell. Won't happen again."

Ryan turns toward me from three rows ahead and laughs. He's looking all studious with his notebook in front of him, pencil in hand, his gaze now on our teacher who's

going over the chapters that had been assigned as homework last night.

Chapters I haven't read because I spent the night with Harper instead.

I'm going to have to copy Ryan's notes after school, there's no way I can pay attention right now.

Not when his sister is owning every thought in my head.

I need to see more of Harper and decide to stalk Sadie's Instagram to make that happen, so I reach into the top of my bookbag, secretly sliding my phone into my hand. As I touch the screen, I hide behind the kid in front of me to make sure the teacher can't see what I'm doing.

There's a direct message from Harper waiting for me.

I click on the notification.

Harper: If either of us actually gave a shit ... except we don't.

The Blake comment must have made her feel bad.

Part of me thinks that's adorable.

I quickly check to make sure the teacher still can't see me, and I switch to text, realizing I hadn't saved her number in my Contacts.

But then a thought hits me.

What if Ryan sees my screen one day, when my drunk ass is reckless, and I accidentally leave my phone on a table and she happens to message me?

I delete her name and type in Mystery Girl instead.

Me: It's Easton.

Me: I'm glad you finally realize that neither of us give a shit.

Mystery Girl: Dick.

Me: But one that you like very much, especially when it's in your mouth and you're

swallowing my cum.

Mystery Girl: You don't have to remind me of the two seconds you lasted. Unless it meant something to you. Yikes, it sounds like it did.

I glance up, adjusting my position as the teacher moves to a different white board. When my eyes return to my phone, I read Harper's message again, imagining what she'll taste like when I lick her pussy again. What she'll sound like when she's finally begging for my dick, when she gets hours of me instead of minutes.

Me: Would you rather have Blake's dick in your mouth? Shit, it sounds like you would.

Mystery Girl: Maybe we should talk about Aisha. Now that's a girl who definitely knows her way around your cock.

Me: Jealous?

"Easton," my teacher says, "why don't you give the class your opinion on Scout's relationship with her father, Atticus, which was covered in last night's reading assignment."

I slowly gaze up, the teacher standing over me, glaring.

"Or should I read to the class the messages you've been sending while you were supposed to be paying attention?"

Fuck me.

I shove my phone into my pocket. "Their relationship," I begin, needing to find a way out of this, "is, you know, just like any other kid's relationship with their parents at that age." I look at my other classmates. "Am I right?"

"He's definitely right," Ryan agrees.

"You just earned yourself a two-page report, detailing their relationship, and due by our next class." The teacher turns around, glancing over her shoulder after a few paces. "Your phone stays in your pocket until the bell rings or it's mine. Understood?"

I nod.

I wish she gave me an hour's worth of detention, that would be much easier than reading the chapters and writing about them.

It's going to be a long night.

I remove my notebook, trying my hardest to focus on her lecture and by the time the bell goes off I don't have more than a few sentences jotted down. I shove my notebook back into my bag and hurry up the stairs, taking out my phone as I climb.

Mystery Girl: Jealous of her? And how-I'm sure-you treat her like shit, the same way you treat me? Nope, definitely not jealous of THAT.

I don't believe that for a second.

When Aisha called when Harper and I were standing in my kitchen, her expression told me she was all kinds of jealous.

Harper likes the attention I give her, she likes when my lips are on hers. She likes when she has me alone in the bathroom or garage, my fingers finding their way inside her.

Who can blame her, I know my way around a woman's body, and I know how to make her fucking scream.

Me: You're a very bad liar, Harper.

As I reach the top of the stairs and turn the corner, I see her leaning into her locker. There's a smile on her face as she stares at her phone, my latest message, I assume, on the screen.

The grin is a confirmation of everything I already know.

The hallway is full, kids rushing the corridors, so they won't be late to class. I can't take too much time, I'm already in enough trouble tonight, and I don't want to be seen with her, starting rumors neither of us need.

I stop a few inches behind her and whisper, "For someone who doesn't care, I certainly make you smile pretty hard."

I pause for a second longer to read the message on her screen.

But I immediately see it's not from me.

Blake: How about dinner tonight?

My hands fucking shake as I read what Blake sent her.

That bastard.

She turns around, giving me a clearer view of the text that I've already seen.

"You thought I was smiling because of you?" She grins even larger, laughing. "Damn, someone's quite full of themselves, aren't they?" She rolls her eyes and closes her locker. "Pathetic," she says over her shoulder as she walks away.