

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 39

Chapter 39

Easton

I'm irritated at school again.

Big surprise.

Everyone is annoying me, from Aisha attempting to grab my ass twice to Julia tossing my paper in my face and saying asshole under her breath as if she's this perfect princess who didn't literally ask for sex in exchange for what? Two pages?

Isn't that prostitution? Damn close if you ask me.

Plus, Blake said Julia's a stage five clinger. He took her to prom last year, and it was like he proposed—she told her mom he was the one.

I've never seen Blake so terrified in my entire life.

That actually boosts my mood a bit.

I smile and grab my History book from my locker, slamming it shut to see Aisha standing there like a stalker, leaning with her arms crossed and her black and white cheer uniform standing out against the gold lettering stretched across her tits.

"You going to the pep rally?" She reaches for me, her red fingernails pick at something on the front of my shirt, and then she runs her hand down my shoulder.

Her excuse of innocently touching me falls flat, but just as she's ready to move her hand, Harper turns the corner and stares at us.

I know it's a dick move, that I should push Aisha away to prove that there's literally nothing going on, or even use it as a way to make Harper feel like shit for assuming the worst of me.

But I can't do it, my pride won't let me, and I'm still pissed that she told me to delete her number. Who the hell does she think she is?

I grab Aisha's hand before she can pull away. It's clammy, cold, the exact opposite of Harper, and the way her skin seems to burn beneath my fingertips.

I'm thinking of Harper but staring at Aisha, holding Aisha's hand as my cock presses against my fly.

I imagine shoving Harper against the locker and lifting her ass with my hands, tearing at her clothes and doing it in front of everyone, staking my claim like a wild animal.

Aisha grips my hand and then leans into me. "You okay, baby? You seem distracted."

"I'm good." I rub my thumb across her hand. "And I wouldn't miss it. The pep rally." Harper walks by us as I lean in and whisper. "Remember the time I rubbed one out when you were doing that hip thrust thing to Drake last year."

Aisha swats my chest playfully. "You're so evil! I can't believe you did that in the school restroom."

"I couldn't wait." I lie, really I'd been semi-drunk, horny, and didn't want to touch her, but as the drinks got heavier at the party that night, somehow Ryan had made my story into this epic event like I saw Aisha dancing and just couldn't control myself.

Harper storms past us like her ass is on fire.

I feel like shit and start to push Aisha away again when I see Blake out of the corner of my eye. He sweeps in literally and lifts Harper off the ground, spinning her around.

Suddenly she's smiling.

Then laughing.

I scowl as she makes eye contact with me. Blake is completely oblivious. Harper slides down his body too slow... so slow there's no way she can't feel his dick.

What the hell?

When did Blake start flirting so hard with her?

He whispers something in her ear. She smiles again.

I'm going to kill him.

Thank God the bell rings.

Normally I'd be in a good mood because History is one of the only classes that I sit next to Blake in, meaning we can fuck around for a near hour of boredom. Not today.

Today I may just set his desk on fire.

He releases Harper, she goes in the opposite direction.

I ignore Blake and stomp into the class and sit.

He casually sits next to me, putting his feet up on the desk in front of him and leaning back like he doesn't give a shit.

My eyes narrow. "You and Harper seem to be getting close pretty fast."

His smirk hits me square in the chest as he slowly turns. His stupid man bun looks like he got fucking styled today for the Grammys, hell between that, the pierced ears, sharp cheekbones and "eyes" girl always drool over, I'm suddenly seeing him in a different light and feeling sick as fuck to my stomach.

"Yup." He turns. "Feeling threatened?"

"No." | scowl. Yes. "I'll enjoy watching Ryan bury you alive."

He laughs. "The only way he'd know I was even going for her would be if you told him..." His eyes flash. "Are you gonna tell him?"

"What the hell? You're actually pursuing her?"

He shrugs. "She's hot."

Yeah, I know, so does my dick, and my mouth, and my fingers... and damn it! How did this fucking happen?

Blake pulls out his phone. I steal a glance at his screen and notice he's going through all her pictures on Instagram and liking them, then he switches over to Tik Tok and smiles.

He starts typing a comment.

Something courses through me. At first, I think it's because I'm about to kill my friend, but no, it's something much worse.

Jealousy.

I feel threatened.

Something I've never really felt in my entire life.

I hate it and immediately grab my own phone and look at her profile and the comments that my friend is making in real-time.

Things like, so cute, lol, and a shit ton of emojis I'm pretty sure Ryan would kill him for typing.

By the time the bell rings for lunch, I'm not even sure we are on speaking terms anymore.

I grab my tray in the cafeteria, eyes scanning the room and landing on Harper, who's sitting with Sadie, their heads ducked together.

Blake approaches.

And I lose my shit.

I'm at their table in seconds, slamming my tray down and reaching for Harper before she can protest. "I need a minute."

I don't hear Blake or Sadie.

the hallway and then, on second thought into the janitor closet.

Again.

She jerks out of my hold. "Seriously? What the hell is wrong with you!" She reaches for the door handle.

I block it. "Wait!"

"Why should I?" She doesn't meet my eyes.

I hate this.

I hate that my mystery girl is Harper and that I can't help but hurt her when I want to kiss her. I'm so confused about my own feelings I want to break something.

All I know is I don't want her to be with Blake, and I want to kiss her again.

And I hate when she's angry but also kind of like the way her eyes flash with hunger at the same time she's yelling at me.

I push.

She pushes back.

I spin her around, grab her hair and pin her to the door, my lips hovering close to her neck. "He's not it for you."

"Who?" She stills

"You know who." | grit my teeth and tug a bit harder on her ponytail. Her hair feels like silk on my fingertips, sliding around, taunting me, asking me to tug a bit more.

Her body stiffens.

I release her hair, my hands fall to her shoulders. "What do you want, Easton?"

I open my mouth, then close it.

She presses her head against the door.

We stand in silence. Tension swirling around us.

I slowly turn her to face me and tilt her chin up.

Her eyes narrow. "You're the absolute worst."

"I know."

"I hate you."

"I know."

Her mouth crushes mine, her teeth bite down on my lower lip, and I'm kicked out of Hell and welcomed back into heaven.

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Chapter 40

Harper

I really need to stop following Easton into dark corners and closets, and he really needs to stop giving me mixed signals.

I'm still pissed about the other day.

And even angrier that it feels like he's toying with me because he knows he can.
Am I really that weak of a person?

Am I that girl?

I hate that girl.

Everyone does

I pull away from him after biting down on his lower lip, tasting him, and wanting to inflict violence on his person for no reason other than a warning.

He flinches when I pull back.

His bottom lip is red from where I bit him and so enticing that I suddenly get a glimpse into what drug addiction is all about and why they teach you to never try anything once.

I tried Easton.

And now I'm in a friggin closet when I should be eating my lunch.

His hands move to my hips.

Everything pulses inside my body, my blood, my heartbeat.

His eyes are crazed, like he's not himself.

"God, did you see her today?" Aisha's voice sounds from outside the closet. Her locker is close by. I just assumed she'd be eating her carrots then throwing them up like the rest of the cheer squad.

"Ugh, don't get me started. I feel so bad for Easton. It's almost like he has to babysit her because he's Ryan's best friend." It sounds like Julia, but it could be Court too. "I mean, don't get me wrong, good for Easton. He's doing his charity work, but, damn, he has a life too."

"I know!" Aisha sounds annoyed. "I mean, I guess I'd be jealous if he hasn't been giving me so much attention lately...well that and we kind of, you know...a few months ago, you don't sample the goods..." She laughs. "Then fuck the help."

| squeeze my eyes shut. Embarrassment washes over me.

"You're so right." Whoever she is repeats. "It's only a matter of time before you guys are exclusive."

"I'll take him however I can have him-we're meant to be."

Easton curses under his breath and pulls away from me.

Wait, is he actually conflicted?

Upset?

He's not even freaking denying anything!

We stare into each other's eyes and I can't read his face, but I suddenly don't want to be in a closet with him anymore. I don't want to be in the same school or on the same planet with him.

If he really felt something for me, wouldn't he just roll his eyes and shake his head? Or at least bust out of the closet and call her out?

Yet he's doing nothing.

His eyes are still holding mine.

I stare him down, willing him to say something like it's not true, or I choose you, or she's just a bitch, but it's almost like he's purposely pushing me away when

seconds ago he was pulling me close.

A tear slides down my cheek.

How embarrassing.

He reaches for me.

I bat his hands away. It hurts to breathe. A knot forms in my throat. I don't hear them anymore, so I open the door before he can stop me and look down the hall.

The coast is clear.

I move only to have Easton pull me back and shut the door. He's in my personal space again, his eyes wild. "Blake's bad news."

"What?" I want to scream. "That's what you have to say to me."

His eyes look guilty, like he's telling me a lie he can't even convince himself of. "He's not good for you."

"And you are?" Is this guy for real right now? The same one who said he just fucks, that this, whatever this is, means nothing, is giving me guy advice?

"Just..." He slams his hand against the door behind me, cursing under his breath. "Promise me, all right? I know he's supposed to take you out or whatever, but I wouldn't be a good friend if I didn't warn you."

"Warn me? You're warning...me?" I repeat. "Do you hear yourself? Since when have we been friends, Easton?"

"He just wants one thing." He says quickly, avoiding the question. "Can't you see that?"

"And you," I shove his chest. "I suppose you want something different, oh wait..." I snap my fingers. "You're not my brother."

"I know I'm not your fucking brother." He hisses, all pressed up against me, chest to

chest. Why does fighting with him turn me on as much as everything else we do together?

It's toxic.

It's wrong.

Without any warning, Easton grabs my ass and then jerks me toward him. My jean skirt is short enough that he runs his hands down my ass and hikes it up, revealing my black thong.

"Blake couldn't find your clit if you gave him a fucking map." He rubs my bare ass cheeks with his massive hands, then brings one between my thighs. "He can't make you feel like this, so when you're sitting there flirting with him at lunch." He flicks my pussy with his fingers. "Remember who makes you feel this way. Remember my name, not his. You can try to forget this thing between us. In fact, I welcome it because I'm not worried that after some boring..." He flicks me again, my thighs squeeze. "Ass..." Another flick. "Dinner." He palms me, spreading my legs apart, rubbing me hard. "You'll come running back."

"You're under the impression," I say through clenched teeth. "That I ran toward you in the first place."

Easton's hand drops.

I quickly lower my skirt and open the door, not caring if the world sees me leaving that dark closet-only caring that Easton doesn't see more tears.

They stream down my cheeks.

I'm hurt.

I'm pissed.

And I hate that his only tool for convincing me-is to use his body when all I've ever really wanted from Easton.

Was his whole heart.