

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 45

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Chapter 45

Harper

My brother is a complete idiot.

Our parents gave us the biggest speech ever about not having people over when they're out of town and how our friends broke stuff and raided their liquor cabinet. Ryan put on his best innocent front, telling them he had no control over their actions and he didn't think the party would get so out of hand.

He took the brunt of the blame because it was more his party than mine, and our parents knew it. I invited Sadie over. That's it. While Ryan invited the entire school.

Anyway.

He's got a group of guys out in the backyard sitting by the pool, the tiki torches lit and music playing while they all pass around a blunt. One of those guys just happens to be Easton.

An aggravated sigh leaves me and I refocus on my laptop and the English essay I need to write that's only halfway finished. I tap at the keys for a little bit before I pause, my mind drawing a blank.

I can't concentrate.

It's so hard, knowing Easton is here. In my backyard. I should be mad at him. I slapped his stupid face for saying such a shitty thing to me. Run a train ..

I kind of knew what he meant, but not really. The moment I slipped into my desk at class I pulled out my phone and Googled it, even more furious when I read the definition.

He wanted to uh...take turns with me with his friends? Gross.

The more I thought about it, the more I realized he was absolutely full of shit. He doesn't want to share me with his friends.

He wants to keep me all to himself.

Doesn't matter though. I'm still mad at him. And I swear, he makes me so mad that I also become aroused. Which is just weird and freaks me out a little. Like, what the hell is wrong with me?

Lots of things. Plenty of things. And all of them have to do with Easton.

Sighing, I give up trying to work on the essay and go to my window, pulling the curtain back so I can watch the boys sitting at the outdoor table, their long bodies slouched forward, legs spread and heads leaning back against the cushioned seats of our outdoor chairs. My gaze zeros in on Easton, noting his black hoodie and pants. How he looks ready to commit armed robbery, which is kind of hot.

See? I have issues.

My phone buzzes and I run to go check it.

Easton: I see you.

I glance toward the window, wondering if I should answer him.

Easton: Checking me out?

My fingers start flying. The arrogant jerk.

Me: You wish.

Easton: Why aren't you down here?

Me: Why are you texting me? I SLAPPED you.

Easton: You can't stay mad at me forever.

Me: I should

Easton: Let me see your room.

I pause, staring at his text. Should I? That's risky. God knows what he might do to me in here.

A shiver slips down my spine at all the possibilities flooding my brain.

Me: No way.

Easton: Come on. Just for a few minutes.

Me: Why?

Easton: I want to talk to you.

Me: Fine. But hurry. And don't tell Ryan.

Easton: Like I would.

I toss my phone on my nightstand and frantically get to work. Gather up all the papers and crap on my desk and shove them in my backpack. Slam my laptop shut. Kick my dirty clothes into the closet and shut the door. I straighten my bed as best as I can, eventually fall on making it.

He's still not here.

I go to the window and peek outside.

He's not down there either.

My door quietly swings open and then he's slipping inside, closing the door quietly behind him before he turns to face me, a devilish smile on his face as he scans my room. His hood is pulled over his head, giving him a stalkerish air which I should not find appealing.

Yet I do.

"Nice digs."

I roll my eyes. "What do you want, Easton?"

"Have I ever told you I like it when you say my name?" He raises his brows.

Remembering I don't have a bra on under the oversized T-shirt I'm currently wearing, I cross my arms over my chest. "Even when I'm mad at you?"

"Especially when you're mad at me." His gaze rakes over me, lingering on my legs, which are exposed by the cotton night shorts I like to wear to bed. "Come here."

It's the unspoken demand in his voice that does it for me. Like I can't stop myself, I approach him, a gasp escaping me when he snatches me by the waist and pulls me into him. Our torsos are flush, my thin shorts no barrier between my body and his ridged erection.

I'm confused. One look at me and he gets hard?

"Why do you hate me so much?" He touches my cheek with the backs of his fingers, drifting his knuckles down, down, until he's running them along my jaw. Goosebumps erupt all over my body and I part my lips, ready to answer him.

But he keeps talking.

"I wouldn't kiss Aisha," he murmurs, his fingers slipping beneath my chin and tilting my face up. "I'm not interested in her."

"You're lying." My voice is shaky and I close my eyes when his thumb brushes against my lower lip.

"It's true." His thumb presses against the middle of my lip. "You enjoy that kiss with Blake today?"

I say nothing.

He presses harder.

"Did you?"

My answer is the slightest shake of my head, my eyes still squeezed shut.

"Look at me, Harper."

My lids snap open to find his face directly in mine, his blue eyes glittering. "I'm

going to erase every trace of his lips on yours with mine. His lame ass is going to be a distant memory in a matter of seconds. Do you understand?"

"Yes, 1-

Easton silences me with his mouth, his tongue thrusting, circling around mine. I moan into his kiss, my arms coming up to wrap around his neck as we kiss and kiss as if we depend on each other's mouths to survive. He nips at my lower lip with his teeth. I thrust my fingers into his hair, pulling on it hard.

"Fuck," he whispers, angling his head so he can dive back into my mouth.

I should tell him to leave, I think as he slips his hand beneath my T-shirt, his warm fingers caressing my stomach. I should at least tell him to lock the damn door.

Instead, I do none of those things. I lean into his palm when he cups my breast, his thumb toying with my nipple, and silently beg him.

More.

Please.

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Chapter 46

Easton

Damn, she's so soft.

I cup her tit in my hand, squeezing and testing, my mouth attacking hers, swallowing every little whimper and moan. Fuck, she's so sexy she makes me go out of my mind with lust. All I want to do is touch her. Feel her.

Make her come.

I shift us both so we're by the bed, gently shoving her so she has no choice but to fall back on the mattress. She goes willingly, her eyes fluttering open as she watches me tug off my hoodie and T-shirt, letting them both drop on the floor. She crawls up the bed backwards, her eyes going wide as she reaches for the hem of her shirt, uncertainty making her hesitate.

"Take it off," I demand.

Sitting up, she whips the shirt off, letting it fall onto the bed next to her.

I'm like a man possessed. I go to her, forcing her to fall backwards, my mouth on her tits, tongue licking at her nipples, sucking them. I gather her in my hands, feasting on her chest and her fingers slip into my hair, holding me there.

I can't get enough of her. She tastes so fucking good. Feels even better. Her legs shift restlessly beneath mine and I run my hand down her side. Over her waist, her hip, slipping my fingers beneath her shorts to find nothing but liquid heat.

"So fucking wet," I tell her as I lift up, wanting to watch. She lies there sprawled on top of her bed, my fingers moving beneath her shorts, her erect nipples damp and pointing straight at the ceiling.

She opens her eyes and smiles at me, her fingers cupping her tits and playing with her nipples.

Jesus.

My cock strains against the fly of my pants but I keep stroking her, circling my finger around her swollen clit, wanting to get her off. She moves with me, the both of us finding a rhythm until I can't take it any longer.

I lean in, shove her shorts out of the way and attack her pussy with my mouth.

Harper lifts her hips, smashing her cunt against my lips, low moans sounding from her. I lick and search every little spot, slipping my finger inside of her and slowly pushing it in and out, desperate to get her off.

"Oh God," she gasps and I keep it up, increasing my pace. Add another finger. I lift away from her and enjoy the show, the way she moves, the sounds of my fingers working her wet pussy, the rosy flush coating her skin.

Continuing to finger fuck her, I bend my head down and flick my tongue against her clit again and again. Suck on it. Lick it. Suck on it. Lick it.

Until she's got her hands in my hair again and she's literally holding me captive against her pussy, her orgasm slamming into her so hard, her body bows up from the bed. I thrust into her with my fingers again and again, eventually slowing my pace, my mouth gentling on her pussy until she collapses beneath me in a sated heap, her fingers stroking my hair away from my forehead.

"Oh my God!" She tries to roll away from me, a giggle escaping her but I grip her hips, keeping her in place.

"Why are you laughing?" | drop a kiss on the rounded curve of her belly just above her pussy. "Should I be insulted?"

"No. No, no, no. That was..." She sighs, glancing down at me. "Amazing."

Rising up, I press a firm kiss on her lips. "You ever come that hard before?"

Harper slowly shakes her head, her hands settling on my ass. "No."

"Am I the only one who can make you come like that?" I kiss her deeply, thrusting my tongue inside her mouth. Wanting her to taste what I just tasted only moments

ago.

She nods. "Yes," she whispers.

"Don't you ever forget it." I kiss her again. And again. Like I can't stop myself. She wraps herself around me, grinding her wet pussy against my dick, until I'm pulling out of her embrace and leaving her alone on the bed.

"What are you doing?" She scowls as she rises up on her elbows.

"I should go back outside. At least for a few minutes." I run my fingers through my messed up hair. "I don't want them getting suspicious."

"What do they think you're doing?" She sits up, grabs her T-shirt and pulls it back over her head, covering her gorgeous tits.

"I told them I had to use the bathroom."

She laughs. "They probably think you have issues."

"I do." I round the side of the bed and cup her chin, tilting her face up to me. "You're my issue."

I kiss her and when she pulls away, she's smiling. Still drunk on that powerful orgasm I gave her. "Wait for me?"

"You're coming back?" She raises her brows.

"Yeah." | kiss her again, murmuring against her lips, "And you'll be coming over and over and over again."

"Promises, promises." She reaches for my junk, her fingers brushing against me before I can dodge out of the way. "You deserve to come too."

"Later. I can't walk back out there with a raging boner."

She laughs, the sound lighting me up inside. Why can't we always be like this? Easy and fun. She's smiling. I'm smiling.

What the fuck am I doing?

"I'll walk you to the door," she says as I start to leave her room.

| glance over my shoulder, watching as she straightens her shorts and tugs the T shirt further down. "You don't have to."

"I want to," she corrects, her eyes glowing with womanly power.

Shit. Give a girl a couple of orgasms and she thinks she's in control of the situation.

Harper follows after me, pressing her body against mine as if she's trying to lure me to stay when I grab the handle. I turn and face her, kissing her firmly.

"I'll be back," I say as I turn to face the door once more. "Just give me a few minutes."

"Okay." She reaches for me as I slip out the door and I glance down the hall, making sure no one else is around before I pull her in for another tongue filled kiss. "Come back soon."

"I will," I whisper, kissing her one last time before she steps back into her room and closes the door.

"What the fuck?"

I turn to see Blake standing there at the end of the hall, his eyes practically bugging out of his head.

Shit.

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Chapter 47

Easton

Blake's hands clench into fists as he glares at me from the end of the hallway, his nostrils flaring like a bull. "Why the hell were your lips all over my girl?" He nods toward the closed door of Harper's bedroom.

"Your girl?"

I want to laugh.

I've known the guy since I was a kid, but suddenly he feels almost like a stranger. And someone I want to knock the fuck out and never set eyes on again.

"That's right, asshole. My girl."

"So, you're telling me, you've claimed her? You and Harper are dating now?"

"It doesn't matter what the hell our title is. I like her and I've made that clear to you. But obviously, you have no boundaries when it comes to your friends."

He made it clear to me?

I would hardly call it that.

When I mentioned to him that they seemed to be getting close, he asked if I felt threatened. I then asked if he was going to pursue her, and he shrugged.

And Harper's the one who kissed him in the hallway-the visual, once again, making me fucking crazy-not the other way around.

One thing I do know is I don't want him to tell Ryan about what he just witnessed.

I'm not ready for him to find out about us.

How the hell can I get myself out of this mess?

Before I even get the chance to respond, Harper's bedroom door opens and she pops her head out, peeking into the hallway.

Her eyes widen when glances from me to Blake. "What's going on out here?" Panic covers her face.

I'm not surprised, not when she knows Blake has a hard-on for her, and her pussy is still wet from my tongue.

I don't want her to get sucked into this, this is between me and Blake.

I lower my voice and say, "Nothing, go back inside-"

"No," Blake interrupts, "why don't you stay and tell us which mouth you prefer." He glares at me. "Mine or his."

Nice try, dickhead, but we're not going down that road.

"Harper, don't answer that motherfucker's question."

"I'm the motherfucker?" Blake snaps. "Because, from what I just saw, that role is all yours."

"Harper, get back inside," I order.

She disappears and shuts the door behind her, leaving us alone in the hallway.

"For someone who cares about her, you have a real shitty way of showing it," I tell him. "Putting her in the middle, that's real classy."

He crosses his arms over his chest, more anger seeping into his expression. "You're just afraid she's going to choose me."

I laugh.

And I draw out the sound and movement, making sure he knows how funny he is. "If that's what you want to believe, be my guest."

"It's not what I believe, it's fact."

I'm not going to sit around and waste my time getting nowhere with him, not when I

know he's not going to say anything to Ryan when I can come back and tell Ryan about their make out session at school.

"You're ridiculous," I bark and rush down the stairs.

"Run away, Easton, like a real fucking pussy."

"Go fuck yourself."

I stop in the living room, seeing the guys through the patio door. I can't return to the backyard and pretend nothing has happened between Blake and me. Ryan will know within a second and every secret will come tumbling out.

My only option is to get out of here.

I catch Blake's stare one last time, my lips tightening the moment I see his smugness. "Have fun lying to Ryan, you pathetic piece of shit."

He chuckles. "I'm the pathetic one?"

I don't respond and I hear him following me to the door. With my hand on the knob, I turn around. The hairs of his bun are loosening, and I want to take a pair of scissors and cut the fucking thing off.

I can deny what he saw upstairs and try to smooth things over, or I can confess what he already knows.

I'm going to do something even better.

"It's on, Blake. It's fucking on." I smile. "There's only one man who's going to win that girl ... and it's me."

I flip him off and leave through the front door, climbing into the driver's seat of my Jeep. I pull out of the driveway and shoot Ryan a quick text, letting him know something came up and I had to go.

The message sends and my phone starts ringing, Aisha's name on the screen. If I don't answer, she'll just keep calling.

I straighten the wheel and hit the gas, holding the phone to my face. "What's up?"

"Why do you sound so out of breath?"

Because I'm fighting off friends who are after my mystery girl and it's making me crazy.

"I'm not. I'm driving."

"Come over."

I slow as I approach the red light. "Now?"

"Julia is on her way, and she's offered to write your history paper."

I wrack my brain, trying to figure out what she's talking about. "I have history homework?"

“Seriously, Easton, are you really that dense? You and Julie have history class together and she told me you have a paper due tomorrow and, knowing you, you haven’t written it. Looks like I’m right.”

I spent the entire class fuming, watching Blake like every single one of Harper’s pictures on Instagram. Of course, I missed the teacher giving us an assignment.

There’s no way I’ll get it done by morning, not when the only thing I can think about is how badly I want to be in Harper’s bed right now, my mouth tasting her wetness again.

“All right, I’ll come over,” I reply. “But I can’t stay long.”

“Why, you have somewhere else you need to be?”

There are so many things I can say, and none will lead to anywhere good.

“See you soon,” I respond and hang up.

I place the phone into the cupholder, and it immediately lights up with a text.

Ryan: I thought we were hanging tonight? What the fuck, man?

Just in case Blake makes any kind of reference to Ryan about Harper and me, I have to protect myself.

Luckily, the perfect excuse just fell in my lap.

Me: Aisha asked me to come over and I bounced. You know how it is—you’ve got to hit it when you can.

It fucking pains me to send that message.

The last thing I want is for anyone to think I’m hooking up with Aisha, but that’s certainly better than telling Ryan I just ate his sister’s pussy and that Blake and I are about to go twelve rounds over her.

Ryan: Staying the night at her place?

Me: Nah, I’ll be home later. Why?

Ryan: Text me on your way home, I’ve got a story to tell you.

A .. story?

I can’t imagine what this one could be about.

Me: You got it.

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Chapter 48

Harper

"I think I'm going to be sick," I say to Sadie the second she answers her phone.

"Why? What's going on?"

I'm huddled on my bed, looking out my window to the backyard where the boys are all sitting around the table, smoking weed.

Everyone except for Easton.

After he told me to go back in my room, a few minutes later I heard his engine rev and I watched him drive away and he hasn't returned. And now Blake is sitting next to Ryan, the seat Easton had been in.

But I've still been watching, waiting, hoping he comes back.

"Blake saw us," I whisper, even though none of the boys can hear me.

"Saw who?"

"Me and Easton, kissing in the doorway of my bedroom."

"Whoa."

"And Easton and Blake got into it and Blake asked me who I liked kissing more."

"What did you say?"

I run my hand over my forehead, my pick so obvious to both of us. "Nothing, Easton saved me before I had to answer. Sadie, this is a total nightmare."

"No, a nightmare will be if Blake tells Ryan. Do you think he's going to?"

The thought has been haunting me and I don't know what to do about it. I definitely can't go downstairs and ask Blake, that'll just be weird. And I don't want to ask my

brother to come upstairs so we can talk, that will be even weirder.

When Ryan hears I've made out with both of his best friends, he's going to kill me.

"Oh God," I groan, rocking over my bed. "I hope not."

"What's happening now? Where are the boys?" I fill her in on the logistics of everyone, and then she asks, "How long has Easton been gone?"

I glance at the screen of my phone to check the time. "About twenty minutes. Maybe a little more."

"You need to call Easton and find out what happened once the boys went downstairs. Before you get into Ryan's car tomorrow morning for school, you need to know what you're walking into-whether he's oblivious or pissed out of his mind."

My heart is pounding so loud, I can hear it.

I can also hear the choice of words my brother is going to scream at me when the time finally comes. Blake or Easton-I don't know which one he'll be angrier about.

"You're right," I tell her. "I'm going to call him right now."

"Call me back the second you hang up with him."

"Okay,"

"Wait."

I freeze, my stomach lurching at the thought that there might be more. I hold my breath and say softly, "What?"

"Who's at your house?"

In case anything has changed in the last few minutes, I gently lift the curtain to take another peek outside. "Just the boys-Blake, Ryan, and the usual crew. Why?"

I could hear her smiling. "Just checking, you know, for stalker purposes."

I'm having a mental breakdown and my best friend is concerned there might be a girl here, vying for Ryan's attention.

I can't even with her.

"I wish you could see how hard I'm rolling my eyes." I make sure my voice shows how annoyed I am. "I'll call you in a sec. Bye."

I disconnect our call and find Easton in my Contacts, holding the phone to my face as it rings.

"Why am I not surprised to see Miss Desperate is calling," a girl says into the phone. "How many times a day do you call Easton? A hundred?"

I check my screen to make sure I've called the right number. My stomach drops when I see that I have.

"God, you're so pathetic, Harper," she continues, "you'll do anything for attention, won't you?"

I don't need to ask who it is.

I know.

And now that my stomach has lowered as far as it will go, it starts to churn.

"Aisha, why are you answering Easton's phone?"

My chest aches as every possibility begins to run through my head.

He was just at my house

and now, he's with her?

Like a switch, he just keeps flipping between us.

Each time, my heart breaks a little more.

"Easton is"-she giggles so loudly,"tied up at the moment. Or, should I say, I've tied him up. But his mouth is far too busy to speak to you."

His . mouth?

The same one that was between my legs tonight.

The same one that made me come so hard, I saw stars.

And now ... he's licking her?

I really am going to be sick.

"Ahhh," she moans. It's the same sound I made when he was going down on me. "Easton, oh my God, that feels so good. Don't stop."

I can't believe I'm hearing this.

I can't believe he's doing that to her.

I can't believe he let her answer his phone while they're in the middle of hooking up.

My entire body starts to shake.

"Miss Desperate ..." She pauses to release these tiny bursts of air, the same way! do when he's sucking my nipples. "I'm going to have his mouth tied up for a very long time, so don't hold your breath, it may be a while before he calls you back."

Tears fill my eyes

My mouth waters.

And the phone goes dead.

I can't remember anything ever hurting this badly. Not the words that were spray painted on my locker or on the cars. Not even seeing Easton and Aisha in the hallway together.

This is a burning that shoots fire through every part of me.

Why would he do this to me?

Why do I let him continuously hurt me?

Over and over again?

With trembling hands, I call Sadie, the tears really flowing by the time she answers and says, "What did he say?"

My breath quivers through my lips. "I d-didn't get to t-talk to him-m." I wipe the

bottoms of my cheeks before the drips fall onto my chest.

"Babe, why are you crying? What happened?"

"He," I begin, but swallow as a wave of nausea comes over me, "was eating o-out Aisha and s-she's the one who answered."

"He was WHAT?"

I bend my knees and hold them against my chest, wrapping an arm around them. I bury my face and close my eyes, trying my best to breathe. "I hate him," I cry. "I hate him more than anything in this world."

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