

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 5

## Chapter 5

Harper

I can definitely see what I have done to him.

Oh my God, his dick is huge.

Massive.

I'll never be able to handle it.

If I ever even get the chance to have it.

He thrust those hips against me so smoothly, my eyes nearly crossed. And the way the boy kisses...it's as if I've died and I'm floating on a white, fluffy cloud,

only brought to life by his persuasive lips and delicious tongue. All that hip grinding and wandering hands and the heavy, hot breaths against my skin.

I'm practically a pile of sweaty goo on our bathroom floor.

No wonder people go on and on about sex. What I just experienced was freaking amazing, and it was merely a simple kissing session.

But I don't care that he doesn't want to leave, he needs to. Someone else could come knocking on the door or the lights could turn on at any second. What would happen then? Would Easton still feel the same way if he saw

who I was? Would he freak out that he's been making out with his best friend's sister?

I don't know.

I also don't want to take the chance of finding out.

I want to remember this night just like this, with my skin on fire and lips stinging and swollen and the memory of him telling me how hot my body is.

"Easton..." I start, finding his waist, touching his chiseled muscles, my fingers getting lost in the grooves between each ab. I open my mouth to tell him to leave. I need so badly to say those words, but

the way his hard-on is pressed against me, the way his body feels so scrumptious under my hands, my head is filling with other thoughts.

Ones that involve him staying and his mouth returning to mine and

No, Harper

This has to end.

Now.

"Easton," I attempt again, "you really have to go," I reinforce, leading him in the dark toward the door.

His fingers graze my chin. "You're going to miss my mouth."

He's right about that.

I suck in some air, giving myself the courage to jumble with the lock, twisting it vertically, the handle releasing as I pull it open.

"Not even a good-bye kiss?" he asks from the doorway.

One more and I won't have the strength to push him away. I'll tug him right back inside and let him untie every string of my suit.

"You already know what my lips taste like," I say softly, touching them with my free hand. "Now, you can dream about them."

I gently guide him through the threshold and lock the door,

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sagging my body against it. I take a big, fortifying breath, the quivers leaping in my chest, the tingles exploding in my stomach.

Did that really just happen?

I'm running my fingers over my lips, reminiscing about the way Easton's had felt when the lights turn on, the brightness so jarring, I cover my eyes

I can't believe my luck. If this had happened seconds before, everything would be different. He would know it's me.

But I'm all alone in here and our kiss is my secret.

I smile, staring at my reflection in

the mirror. I'm a mess. My cheeks and chest are flushed a deep pink. My eyes are sparkling. My hair is in chaos from his hands.

My skin grows warmer at the words lingering in my brain.

His words. His hands.

All over me.

There's a knock on the door and I'm nervous that Easton's returned.

"Who is it?" | ask.

"It's Sadie, silly, let me in."

There's a frown on her pretty face the moment the door is open. "What happened to you?"

"What do you mean?" I ask, wondering if she can tell what Easton and I just did.

"The lights go out and you disappeared! I had no idea where you were," she chastises, scooting her way inside and shutting the door. "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine." I smile, trying to hide my jittery nerves.

"You look all flushed." She waves a hand toward my chest. "Your skin is splotchy." Her gaze catches on the vodka bottle Easton must've left behind. "Ooh, check it out! Jackpot!"

"Come on." I open the door once

again and we exit together, Sadie clutching the vodka bottle. "Why did the power turn off? Do you know?"

"I guess the entire block went out I was outside when it happened, and all the houses around us had no lights either. So weird."

"hid out in the bathroom the whole time," I tell her, not about to reveal the kiss with Easton. Not yet

I want to savor it-try to recall everything he did and said. Relive it moment by moment. Then !! tell her

Maybe

"Lame," she teases, nudging me with her elbow. "Too bad you weren't locked in the dark with a hot boy!"

She's so close to the truth, it's scary. "Ha ha, I wish."

We pass through the crowded kitchen to head back outside, Sadie chatting a mile a minute while I don't say a thing. My mind is still in a daze thanks to Easton and his magical lips.

"Boys are staring at you," Sadie whispers

I shrug. "So? It's just a bikini."

Sadie watches me in wonder. "Wow, the lights go out for a few

minutes, and you're completely transformed. I love your new attitude!"

"I shouldn't be ashamed of my body," I say, glancing down at myself, seeing it in a whole new light

This body just had Easton's hands all over it. He even touched me in forbidden places. And I let him. I wanted it.

I wanted him

My gaze wanders around the back yard, searching for him, but he's nowhere to be found.

Did he leave? Where did he go?

"No, you absolutely should not be ashamed," Sadie reaffirms. "Show them how gorgeous you are, Harper!"

I love how encouraging my friend is. She's the best.

Sadie grabs my hand, dragging me toward the table where my brother and his friends are still sitting, save for Easton. Disappointment crashes over me and I put on a smile, trying to fake it as the boys start talking to us.

Mostly me.

And when Ryan realizes his friends are giving me attention, his gaze lands on me, his lip curling in

disgust. "You need to cover up," he says like the protective, older than me by two minutes big brother

that he is.

I waive a hand around the pool. "No one else is covered up."

"You still should."

"I don't want to."

"I say you should."

"Ryan," Sadie interjects. "Leave her alone."

He glowers at Sadie, but otherwise doesn't say another word.

Hmm. I should ask for her support more often

I can feel someone behind me, like an alarm going off, but the buzzing is only inside my body. Each nerve flickering like Easton's hands are caressing it. I become still, carefully glancing over my shoulder

Before I even see his gorgeous face, I know

It's Easton

Staring at me with a look of such disgust, I can feel my heart shrivel up in fear

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 6

## Chapter 6

Easton

I'd taken a quick walk down the block to get my erection to die down and get my shit together before rejoining my friends in the backyard. The last thing I need is to show up, pitching a tent in my swim trunks. But even though I'm no longer hard, my lips still feel swollen and heavy from kissing her. This mystery girl who makes my heart race every time I think about the feel of her body. My head is a

mess as I rack my brain, trying to come up with whose mouth that was. Whose perfect,

heart-shaped ass I had just squeezed.

I can't understand why she would kick me out of the bathroom. Why she would want to end something that felt that good. I know she was having fun. Her nipples were so hard as they'd pressed into my chest, her breathing ragged, the softest moans escaping those pouty, soft lips.

She wanted me. I didn't doubt that at all.

But, out of nowhere, I was suddenly in a dark hallway and heard the cold click of the door locking, leaving me with a raging hard-on and an even stronger

desire to drink

Now that I've returned to the table where my buddies are sitting, there are two things separating me from the vodka. Ryan's sister, who's in my way, and her best friend, who's holding the bottle.

Both need to move.

Now.

I push past Harper and grab the bottom of the bottle. "Mine," I tell Sadie, pulling it from her hand.

"Okay, Mr. Feisty," Sadie replies.

I untwist the cap and tip back my head, the liquid instantly filling my mouth, burning my throat on the

way down.

After a few swallows, I stop. Wait for my mouth to calm. And I search the flavor on my tongue.

I can still taste her. The sweetest of her lips, the tropical scent from her skin.

I hold the bottle to my mouth again and turn toward the pool. I know most of the girls sitting around the edge, dangling their feet in the water, and the ones floating on rafts. Still, I check out their tits and the curves of their neck and the

way their backs arch. If their asses are showing, I look to see if they fill out the bottoms of their bikinis.

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She's not over there, I'm sure of it.

I turn again, this time toward the firepit where another large group is standing, hearing Ryan grumble behind me.

"Harper, I'm not going to tell you *again!*"

"I seriously don't understand what your problem is! I'm wearing the same thing everyone else is."

"You're my sister, that's the damn problem."

As I study each of the girls by the firepit, I know all of them. One is a chick I dated for a couple days, another I got naked after a party last year. One gave me road head

a few months ago.

I know their mouths, their bodies.

They aren't her.

"Harper!" Ryan barks again. "Go!"

"Fine!"

I'm met with the deepest scowl as my best friend watches his sister storm off.

"You need to lighten up, man." || hold the bottle out to him. "Here,

drink."

"She doesn't listen to a damn thing I say, and it pisses me off." He hastily takes the vodka, drenching his lips as he swallows.

"You need to stop being so hard on her," Sadie says to him.

Ryan glares. "Don't you dare start with me. You don't have a sister, you have no idea what it's like."

"You're right, I don't have a sister as hot as Harper, so I definitely don't know what it's like to have all my friends vying for her attention." Her smile is meant to goad him.

And it works.

He leans back and takes another large swig

Ryan has reason to worry. These fools we hang out with will tap anything, whether it be his sister or one of these girls in the backyard

or even Sadie, who's clearly after Ryan's dick.

They have no shame in their game.

Neither do I.

But never once did I ever think about any of the girls I'd been with after my lips left theirs. None of them ever caused me to have to go walk it off.

Not a single one can I still taste on

my tongue.

Except her.

"Stop talking about how hot my sister is," Ryan says. "I don't want to hear it and I don't want her gaining any more attention."

I nodded toward the bottle. "Drink."

He takes my advice, and then looks at me with a sneer in his eyes. "Let's talk about you." A cocky grin spreads across his mouth. "You were certainly having a hell of a time earlier."

"What's do you mean?" Sadie asks him.

"I busted him with someone" Ryan replies.

"Seriously? With whom?" Sadie asks.

I take the bottle back, guzzling a shot worth. "Both of you need to stop."

I'm going to kick Ryan's ass for this. His girl is a little investigator. Although there's no doubt Sadie could pinpoint the mystery girl after a few descriptions of her body. But the last thing I need is Sadie involved, meddling in my life the way she's constantly invading Ryan's.

I grab my towel off one of the chairs and say to Ryan, "It's muggy, let's go for a swim."

"I'm game," he replies.

"Whatever, you two." She rolls her eyes. "I'm going to go check on Harper."

As she skips toward the house, I

jab Ryan in the shoulder. "Don't worry, I forgive you for outing me."

"You've hooked up with half the girls here. You think the news surprises her?"

I laugh, changing the subject back to him. "Isn't it time you give Sadie what she wants?"

"It's our senior year. We're off to college next fall. Why would I want to start something heavy?"

"Who says you need to give her more than just your dick?"

He watches Sadie walk inside, her hips swaying, her ass sticking out. She glances over her shoulder at him, like she knows we're talking

about her.

"Please," he says, "Sadie's not the kind of girl who can handle light."

I observe the way she stares at my friend, like she'd agree to marriage if he got on one knee. "I think you might be right."

"Trust me, I am." His brows raise. "Who were you in the bathroom with?"

I drop my towel on one of the lounge chairs and move to the edge of the pool.  
“Don’t know.”

“You’re shitting me?”

I take a final drink of vodka. “And I’m not going to remember any of

it in the morning.”

“Maybe it was her.” He nods toward the girl who gave me road head. “She’s eye-fucking you right now.”

“Can’t be.” She’s all nipple, no tit, and far too skinny. I cannonball into the water and reply, “But that’s a solid guess,” after he jumps in next to me.

“Oh, you know who it could be ...” He looks across the crowd, pointing to the far corner of the lawn. “Her.”

I squint. “Who?” I wipe my face, pushing the water out of my eyes, waiting for her body to come into

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view, her large, perky tits the first thing I see...