

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 57

/ [You' re Mine by Penny Brooks](#)  
Chapter 57

Harper

In huge ugly letters, the word whore is spray-painted in black, covering the entire garage door for the subdivision to see.

This is so much worse than my locker.

I cover my mouth with my hands as tears form. I stumble out, "Who would do this?"

"We asked the same thing." Dad kicks at the grass in frustration and looks across the street. "For all his neighbor stalking, Mr. Mann had his Ring camera turned down so that the damn cat across the street would stop setting it off when it shits in his yard."

"He hates that cat" I say lamely.

"Yup." Dad nods then cranes his neck toward me. "Harper. is something going on? Really." The way he looks at me kills a part of my soul. I've always been the good twin, the one who never got into trouble, the one people never suspected.

Now I had enough drama in the last few weeks to keep me occupied for life.

I'm also very aware that the look my mom keeps giving me means she's so disappointed in me. I pray she hasn't seen Easton's Jeep. I mean, he parked further down the street but still... Hopefully, she hasn't noticed Ryan's not here, but his best friend is. Have they checked around the house? I didn't hear the stairs creak, so I can only hope they just got home.

I feel sick to my stomach, this is so bad. So bad. And just when I think it can't get worse, I hear Ryan's truck start barreling down the street at exactly the same time Easton comes strolling out the front door.

What the heck is Easton doing?

I can only guess he saw Ryan's car from upstairs and ran down, hoping to intercept him.

Easton completely freezes when he sees both parents still outside, his eyes widen even further when Ryan pulls up into the driveway. Ryan's eyes are trained on Easton. As he

follows where Easton's looking, a look of pure rage crosses his features.

My brain does the calculations as fast as it can.

Smart one, remember?

I'll be grounded for life if Mom and Dad find out.

"Hey Easton!" I say loudly as Ryan hops out of his car, clearly ready to kick Easton's ass. "See, I told you Ryan wouldn't take long grabbing his assignment from Sadie."

Easton slightly frowns while my parents watch us in curiosity. "Right. I was worried...so, very -Worried that she'd keep him all day. You never know how long..." He puts special emphasis on the word long. "-.these things can last, hours or -seconds."

"Ha, ha." Ryan slaps Easton on the back. Hard, then grabs him by the back of his neck and squeezes. "And leave my best friend alone with my sister? The one I trust most in this world? The guy who swore to be my right-hand man during the zombie apocalypse? Never."

I've never seen Easton so pale and feel a little bad that my brother is being so ridiculous, then again, we're all screwed if my parents find out what went down last night.

After all, I may have been home losing my virginity, but something tells me that Ryan wasn't at Sadie's house watching a movie while sitting on a separate end of the couch eating popcorn.

"Yeah." Easton manages to wrap an arm around Ryan, pulling him even closer. "You know me when I love someone, it goes beyond friendship..."

"Funny you should use the L-word." Ryan spits. At this point, they're joined in this weird angry bro hug, both of them have a grip on each other's necks too.

It's weird as hell.

There's no way my parents are going to buy it.

"Ryan," Dad barks. "You know we don't care if you have Easton over.."

"Yeah honey." Mom smiles at Easton. He's lucky his charm works on everyone. "We love Easton. You're always welcome, sweetie."

Easton smirks..

I start making funeral preparations for him. I take one look at Ryan's face and decide it will need to be a closed casket.

"But..." Dad takes a step toward them, his eyes darting between the guys. "How didn't you hear someone outside last night? What the heck were you boys doing last night. Do you even know who would do this?"

"Games." Ryan blurts while Easton smirks and follows it with. "Twister."

I inwardly groan.

Must he poke the bear?

Ryan's face turns a funny shade of red, like he's almost embarrassed. Easton turns to release Ryan, and his eyebrows shoot up as if he's seeing what I'm seeing.

"Apparently, Ryan wanted more than a few rounds, maybe next time, buddy." He shoves him away and smartly walks over to Dad and stands behind him.

Well, at least an idiot didn't take my virginity, right?

Ryan can't attack him with my dad that close by.

Ryan hangs his head. "Sorry Dad, I'll get some of the old paint. Easton can help me since he should have also been-more alert."

Easton opens his mouth.

I'm afraid of what's going to come out, so I yell, "GREAT IDEA!"

"Honey.-" Mom covers one of her ears. "There's no need to scream."

"Sorry, I just really like painting," I mumble, suddenly remembering how much I screamed last night. What if the person who spray-painted the garage heard us? Or saw Easton's car?

Easton snickers behind his hand and gives me a heated look that has me forgetting everything I should be worried about and wanting to jump into his arms.

Ryan charges toward him and gives him a light shove toward the garage. "Let's go."

Dad looks on. "It's good they're so close."

"Yeah." Guilt slams into me. "It is."

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 58

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Chapter 58

Easton

My best friend wants to murder me and stand over my bleeding corpse, smiling and kicking until I breathe my last breath.

Actually, I wouldn't be surprised if he actually just grabs a shovel from the garage in a vain attempt to knock me out and bury me in his backyard next to the tree we carved our initials in.

Huh, how fucking poetic.

I walk behind him, angry that it's come to this but also angry that he can't see how much I care for Harper.

worst and has it out for Harper. The look she gave us yesterday is burned into my mind. She's officially taken it too far.

"Grab a roller," Ryan barks.

I grab one of the rollers.

He's silent. He grabs two cans of white paint, a tray, and some plastic. I grab another brush and one more roller, then follow him out of the garage.

Harper is standing in front of it in tears.

"Harper." It comes out harsher than I would have liked. "We'll take care of it, just go inside."

She crosses her arms over her chest like she's embarrassed.

Does she regret last night and this morning?

Shit, we had sex at least three times, or was that four?

I was kind of rough with her the last time.

Maybe she feels like a whore now?

Clearly the words on the garage could have been written at a better time.

Shit.

I'm not used to feeling insecure. I want to go comfort her, but I figure Ryan and I need to talk before I touch her.

Ryan sets the paint down and curses. "Easton's right, go inside, call Sadie or something, eat chocolate, do what girls do when they're sad."

"You should know what girls do when they're sad." It's like I can't stop myself from saying these things.

"Not now, Easton." He doesn't even look at me. "Harper, we'll figure it out, all right?"

She gives us both one last tear-filled look, then slowly walks toward the door. I fight like hell not to stare after the perfect ass I sunk my teeth into last night and nearly fail as turn.

Ryan's watching me, and I can't stop my feet as they move toward her. Harper's right hand reaches for the front door. I spin her around-possibly my last moment on this earth since I'm touching her in front of Ryan-and pull her against my chest, thankful that both parents are already back inside so they aren't suspicious of anything.

She relaxes instantly against me.

I hold her tight.

Ryan can go fuck himself.

She starts to sob as I clench her tighter, whispering in her ear. "We'll figure it out, I promise, okay?"

"B-but who would do this?"

"I can think of a few people who aren't so happy right now." I pull back and wipe the tears from beneath her eyes, damn she's so pretty, even when she cries. I want to go back into that house and lay in bed with her. I want to hand her all the ice cream and candy she needs then worship her body with my mouth. Her surrender would feel so good.

She needs me, I think, as much as I need her, but I have an angry brother/best friend behind me. So, I gently pull away and kiss her on the forehead. "He's right. Go call Sadie and try to relax. We've got this."

Harper nods and then looks over my head at Ryan. "I like him, please don't kill him."

"No promises," Ryan seethes.

I hope I don't look too panicked as Harper kisses me on the cheek and goes inside. Like an idiot, my hand goes to the spot on my cheek she touched.

A hard shove comes from behind.

I stumble onto the pavement, nearly falling. "What the hell Ryan?"

He grunts, "Grab a brush."

"Oh..." I walk past him and grab a brush. "So, we aren't talking about it?"

He jerks open both cans of paint. "If I talk about it, I might actually go to prison, so no, we aren't talking about it."

"We should."

He freezes, his hands hovering over the metal lids. "Anyone but her, bro. Why did it have to be her? Why?"

The fact that he looks sad kills me.

I sigh and start pouring one of the cans of paint into the tray. "You probably won't believe me, but I didn't know it was her."

"Huh?" He looks at me for the first time, really looks at me. "How did you not know it was her?"

I shrug. "I fell for a girl I was making out with in the dark, and by the time I realized it was Harper, I was already too far gone to do anything but jump."

He frowns. "Holy shit, did you just go all poetic about my fucking sister right now?"

I'm agitated because he's right. "No, I'm just saying, you know..."

"You're a simp." He mocks and dips his roller into the tray. "And she's a handful."

I want to say yeah, a handful of tits, ass, and every other fantasy I have, but I restrain myself.

"Look..." I work on my spot on the garage door. "Right now, the most important thing isn't you kicking my ass, it's us finding out who did this shit to your garage. It has to be Aisha, she's been all over me for months."

He snorts. "What makes you think it wasn't someone else?"

"She was pissed yesterday and in complete attack mode, it didn't help that Harper and I took off or kissed or..." I realize the more I talk, the more Ryan looks ready to murder me. "Never mind. It just makes the most sense."

"Maybe." Ryan is silent.

This sucks.

I don't want to lose my best friend.

But I don't want to lose Harper either.

We work in silence.

Harper comes back outside with coffee and some breakfast burritos, then goes back inside without saying anything.

I hang my head. "Bro, are we good?"

"No. Not right now."

"If I say I'm sorry, it means I regret her. I can't do that." I hate myself for my honesty.

Ryan tosses the roller down and looks over at me. "You lied to my face."

"Yes.

"So, how would you be doing in my position?" He scowls and goes back to painting.

I feel like shit the rest of the morning.

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## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 59

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Chapter 59

Harper

The guys are pissed.

My body is sore.

*My parents are clueless.*

And all I want is to go downstairs and kiss Easton. I want him to tell me it's going to be okay. I want him to tell me he misses me, that last night was everything he imagined it would be.

I notice that he's put my sheets in the hamper already, putting my comforter over my bed as if nobody has even slept in it, but I know the truth.

We did a hell of a lot more than sleep last night.

My hamper looks guilty.

How does a hamper look guilty?

I walk over to the basket and lift the lid, my off-white sheets look normal except for a few red stains.

*Me.*

*Us.*

I should have thought ahead, but I'm glad Easton at least imagined a scenario where my dad came barreling into my room, took one look at the bed, and questioned me while shoving Easton off the roof.

My eyes squeeze shut, and I imagine his hands on me, just as my door bursts open. Not my dad, but just as bad.

Sadie stands there, hands on hips. "Tell me everything."

I quickly turn around. "You saw everything. Apparently, I'm a whore."

She waves me off. "The boys already have it half gone."

I snort and move to my bed, she follows.

Sadie puts her hand on mine. "Let's talk about the good stuff before we talk about the asshole we're going to kill later."

I smile at that. "Fine."

"How was it?" Her smile is so wide I swear her face is going to break in half. When I don't say anything, she gives me a light shove. "Come on, there's no way in hell he took you back here to bake cookies!"

"We could have baked cookies." I grab a piece of hair and wrap it around my finger.

"So, cookies make you blush like that?"

"Maybe it's the chocolate?" I joke.

She shoves me harder. "Details, girl!"

I laugh and try not to feel too embarrassed that we're sitting on the same bed he took my virginity on. "It was everything I imagined it would be and more."

"Awww! So, he was...." She trails off like she's embarrassed.

"Incredible," I finish. "He was selfless, sexy, just, everything." I sigh and try not to melt into a puddle at her feet. "I mean at first, you know." I shrug. "... and then his focus was just on me, on us, I just wish..." I look toward the window. "I wish it wouldn't have been ruined by Aisha."

"Aisha?" she repeats. "What makes you think she's the one who spray-painted that?"

I shrug. "She truly has it out for me, that's why."

Sadie's quiet. "Well, it could be Blake too. Rumor has it he punched his own car yesterday after you guys left and went on a tirade."

I frown. "Blake? No, he wouldn't."

"Trust me," she says. "Everyone saw it, some got it on social media even, he was pissed." Sadie looks uncomfortable for a minute. "Plus, Ryan and I may have stalked Aisha on social media last night and noticed in her stories that she's out of town."

A chill wracks my body. "Really?"

"Yup." She nods. "She left right after school and took Julia with her."

I make a face then slowly turn toward her. "You and Ryan?"

"Hmm..." She starts playing with her hair.

"What were you doing last night anyway? He never came home."

Sadie bites down on her lower lip. "We were definitely not playing Monopoly."

Thankful for the distraction, I shove her off the bed onto her ass, she's sitting on the floor smirking up at me. "You little hussy!"

"I'm the hussy?" she asks innocently. "Go look after your brother, guys an animal when he's,"

I shake my head and start to plug my ears.

She laughs and lays down on the ground. "God, I miss that mouth."

"Nope!" I plug my ears harder. "Some things you can't unhear!"

She moves back to the bed and sobers. "Honestly though, the only other person is Blake."

"Nice subject change."

“Because I’m worried...” She puts her hand on mine. “If it’s him...”

“It’s not,” I say quickly. “He would never. Trust me, I know him.”

“Do you, though?”

I look toward the door and swallow. Is someone out there? Sadie grabs my attention again by going to the window and watching Ryan paint. “Damn, he’s hot.”

“My brother,” I remind her.

“Fully aware.” She grins and stares down at her hands, then looks up. “I really like him.”

“I know.” I put an arm around her. “Aw, look at us, growing up.”

She laughs and shoves me away. “I didn’t say I slept with him, unlike some people...”

I roll my eyes and feel myself blushing. “Very funny.”

“Are you happy?” she asks honestly.

I nod. “Yeah, I am. Easton makes me happy.”

“I think anyone who saw you two the other day would agree. Maybe that’s why we need to not forget the look on Blake’s face, he truly thought he was in the running, you know? He was pursuing you.”

I frown, hating that we’re even having this discussion. “But to go that far? If he really likes me, you’d think he’d try to actually do things for me, not write whore on my garage.”

“Look, I agree, but all I’m saying is, he’s the next one that makes sense. I just wish you had cameras outside, so we knew.”

I frown. “How did you know anyway? I texted you, and you were already here.”

She holds up her phone. “Ryan took a photo and sent it to me, I think he meant to say something but probably saw Easton standing there and lost all brain cells.”

I sigh and slump against the bed. “I hope they don’t kill each other.”

“He’ll get over it one day.” She nudges me with her elbow. “In the meantime, let’s cheer up, grab some ice cream and go watch some Netflix, yeah?”

I nod. “We should see if the guys want to hang out.”

"Weird." She gets up and walks toward the door. "We have guys now."

"Agreed." I look back at my bed and try not to blush.

Everything is different now.

I just hope that it gets better, not worse.

With a sigh, I open up my bedroom door and freeze.

It's Easton standing there, face unreadable. "Hey, can we talk?"

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 60

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Chapter 60

Easton

I shouldn't have eavesdropped, but the minute I heard Blake's name, I froze in place. Was she actually defending that asshole? Even after last night? After everything that happened between us? How was she so blind to that guy's manipulations? I'm so livid I want to break the door down.

Instead, I stand there and keep listening.

No shit, Ryan and Sadie hooked up.

I should probably thank her for at least calming him down a bit, otherwise, I'd be dead at this point

Is that why he's restraining himself? The minute she showed up and walked into the house, I nearly smacked him with a paintbrush, the guy went so still, I was genuinely concerned for his mental health.

The door opens.

Sadie gives me a wide-eyed look, then makes an excuse and bolts down the hall and down the stairs.

Harper gulps as I walk her backward into her room, shutting the door behind me and locking it. Her parents are downstairs getting lunch ready and I'm fucking famished.

I want to attack her, slam her against the wall, and strip her naked. Damn, I miss her taste already. School is going to be absolute torture, isn't it?

"Aisha's not in town," I say, itching to pull her into my arms.

She sighs and looks away. "I know, Sadie told me."

"So why are you defending that asshole?"

Harper chews her bottom lip. "We don't know it's him, and why would he go to that level?"

"Why?" My laugh sounds crazy. "Are you serious? Because he lost! Because he wants you and is pissed as hell that he can't have you. I mean, seriously, take your pick."

Her eyes narrow. Shit. I know that look, it's not a good one, it's one that says I need to apologize for everything even if I'm not sure what I did wrong. "So, I'm something to win."

"Why are girls the worst sometimes?" | mutter and stretch my arms over my head in frustration. "No, not because you're an object, but because he has pride, and it was seriously hammered yesterday in front of the entire school. Come on, you know me better than that. Trust me, if I thought I'd won, I'd be gone."

"But you did kind of win." She points out.

"I don't win until everyone knows you're mine, until you're in my arms and bed on a . weekly basis, until I get to walk around the school and claim you in front of everyone. Winning lasts more than one moment."

Her cheeks burn red. "That was actually really romantic."

I laugh, I can't help it. "Is that a compliment?"

She shrugs. "Maybe."

I suddenly realize we're alone.

Or maybe my body does.

I don't say anything else.

Reaching for her is as natural as breathing. I grab her hand and tug her against me. She comes easily. Our mouths meet in a perfect tangle of tongue and hands as she digs into my hair and pulls.

"Mmmm..." I drink in her taste. "I missed this."

"It's barely been a few hours."

"Too long." I kiss her deeper, then walk her backward toward her bed, slowly shoving her down.

My mouth waters when I imagine all the places I can taste and touch right now.

"My parents..." She looks up at me with innocent eyes that ask should we do this, but her

body is already arching for me, ready for me.

"What about them?" I brace her body, leaning over her with mine. My body presses her against the mattress as I rub myself against her, up and down, the friction is going to kill

1.

"Don't stop." She grips my forearms, her nails digging into my skin while I straight-up dry hump her against her mattress.

I'm fucking hard for this girl.

And it's not just her perfect body.

I want to make her feel good.

I want to be inside her again.

groan, my eyes roll to the back of my head when she reaches for my length through my jeans then frees me by unzipping my jeans like she's in a hurry. My dick slaps against my stomach. Her little hand moves around it, then up and down.

"Fuck." I lean toward her as she moves her hand up and down. I'm ready to beg her for her mouth when she leans down and sucks me deep.

I nearly collapse onto her. My legs are weak as she licks my tip, only to pull my dick harder, sucking like it's her only job.

Her hand moves to my balls.

I don't deserve this.

Ryan's still pissed. Why the hell am I thinking about Ryan?

"You're going to have to be quiet," I whisper.

She pulls back and looks up. "Huh?"

I give her no time to think.

I tug down her shorts and underwear, leaving her shirt on just in case we have to get dressed real quick.

"Five minutes tops," I say, jerking my jeans all the way to the floor along with my briefs. I

shove her down onto the bed and smirk. "We'll taste each other at the same time."

I'm pretty sure I just scandalized her, but nothing sounds hotter than her mouth on me while my mouth is on her.

I flip her around until her lips are at my dick.

She makes a little squeak when I open my mouth and kiss her wet pussy. I've never actually done this before. She had her first with me, I want my first to be with her.

As I slowly start to suck and lick, she repeats each movement until we're both writhing against each other, attempting to pleasure the other while having a hard time dealing with all the pleasure we're receiving.

"So good," I say between sucks and licks.

She grips my balls again.

I fucking die when her tongue flicks my tip again.

It sets me over the edge, I have a hard time controlling myself and know that I have only a matter of seconds before I'm shooting down her throat.

I give her little butterfly licks between her legs, soft, then hard, driving her crazy. Her moan is so loud I'm afraid we're going to get caught.

"Right there." Her lips are wet against my cock.

"Yeahhhh." I can't hold out anymore. "I'm there!"

She doesn't stop sucking, instead, she drinks deep, shocking the hell out of me as her heat pulses against my hand.

Damn, I don't think I've ever felt her so wet as she orgasms hard.

We're both out of breath when I collapse half-naked against her.

"SO." She takes in a deep breath. "That's what all the fuss is about with sixty-nine."

grunt. I have zero energy left.

Footsteps sound.

“Easton.” It’s Ryan. “I know you’re in there, you piece of shit. Get out here. Now.”

“Fuck.” I grab my jeans and look around the room.

Yeah, we’re officially screwed.