

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 65

[/ You' re Mine by Penny Brooks](#)  
Chapter 65

Harper

Naked. In Easton's hot tub. Definitely not the way I expected to spend my afternoon, but this is the best surprise ever.

And one that certainly makes up for the fight with Aisha.

I don't waste a second longer thinking about her and I immediately peel off my clothes, leaving them in a heap on the chair and rush over to the stairs.

"It's hot," Easton warns. "Be careful."

I know he's talking about the water, but the warning feels fitting for what's going to happen once I get inside.

I take his hand and slowly sink into the scalding tub, his arms instantly surrounding me.

"Get over here," he roars, pulling me onto his lap.

I'm met with the hardness of his cock, the taste of vodka on his lips, the heat and slipperiness of his skin. I wrap my arms around his neck, giving him tiny pecks, not lasting more than a few seconds without kissing him.

"You feel so good." His palms slide up my back and around my butt, moving to the front of me where he kneads my nipples. "I thought I could wait until we dried off and I got you into my bed, but I can't. I need to have you right now."

"In here?" I've never even kissed in water, let alone done anything more. "But we don't have a condom. Unless there's one in your wallet?"

"You're on the pill." The words vibrate against my mouth as he speaks them, a tingle igniting between my legs. "You're clean, obviously. I'm clean. The pill will stop you from getting pregnant. I see no need for a condom, unless you do?"

His fingers dip into the water, finding my wetness, turning in a circle once they're fully inside me.

"Eastonnn," I moan, dragging his name into several syllables. "I see no reason at all."

He doesn't stop there, his thumb bends to my clit, adding pressure to that sensitive spot.

"Oh fuck." My head tilts back into the water. "I need you."

I don't have a chance to fill my lungs.

I don't even have a second to straighten my neck.

Not before he gives me exactly what I asked for, plunging inside me, his cock completely filling me.

"Fuuuck me," he sighs. "You're so tight and so fucking wet."

My whole body hums as he dives into me again, his thumb circling the top of me. "Oh my God."

Even though I'm straddling his waist, he takes control, rocking my hips back and forth, hitting the end of me. That's a place so far, so deep, I didn't think he could reach it, but each time he grazes across it, I find myself moaning.

Needing.

Desperate for, "More," I beg, my nails digging into his skin, my body now bucking.

"Tell me what you want, Harper."

Our stares connect, and I can see the pleasure spreading through his face. "Faster." Once he gives it to me, I add, "Harder."

"You dirty, dirty girl."

He flips me around, my back now pressed against the jet, my legs spread while he pounds into me. He circles his hips after each thrust, sinking into me and pulling out, before the pattern repeats. But what doesn't change is his thumb, relentlessly rubbing

across that sensitive spot.

grasp for the side of the tub, trying to brace for what's about to happen, but I can't get a grip, it's too slippery.

All I can do is hold Easton.

My feet cling to the back of his thighs, my nails find his skin and sink in. My mouth

searches for his and I moan against his lips as his power increases. It's like he's reading my body, giving me exactly what I need, what will make me scream, what will make me tremble.

And that's what is happening now.

"Easton!" I shout, unable to slow down the sensation, the build that's blasting through me. "Fuck yes!"

"Let me feel it."

There's something about his demand that makes my quivers explode, that sends every burst and spark through my body at a speed that makes it impossible to breathe.

He doesn't let up.

He doesn't slow.

And I don't want him to.

He rears his hips back and plunges into me. "That's it," he hisses. "That tightness is just what I want." He holds my face steady, aiming my lips to his. "Feeling you come is the sexiest thing in the entire world."

I'm lost

I have no control over the sensations inside me.

They hit a peak that's more intense than I've ever felt and slowly begin to die down. But even then, he doesn't stop. He doesn't calm. If anything, his dives become sharper, more emotion-filled, and my body is sucking up each one.

"Goddamn it, Harper, you're so fucking wet." He's breathing against my lips. "You're going to make me come ... is that what you want?"

The smolder in my lower stomach has returned. That spark, the one that makes me shudder. "Yesss."

"Say it louder."

I can barely speak. Think. Breathe.

But I can give him what he wants when he's already giving me so much. "Easton," I cry, my body consumed, a few more pumps and I'll be sent over that edge again. "I want you to come."

His sounds turn more guttural, his grip on me strengthening. His thumb flicks across my clit with a serious agenda and I'm so far gone, I don't even know where I am anymore.

"Ahhh!" I feel my lips moving, but I'm not controlling them. "Yes!"

The tingles move up my stomach and into my chest.

"I can feel you coming again." He bites down on my earlobe. "Now, it's my turn."

Our lips collide and I feel the moment his body releases.

Because mine is doing the same thing.

"Harper, fuck!"

The sensation of him filling me is something I've never felt before and it only adds to what's already happening inside me.

"Don't stop," I beg, my fingers practically stabbing him.

Each wave slaps against me-the ones in the tub, the ones in my body, and I'm so consumed by the feeling, by the way his presence owns me.

"You feel so fucking good." His movements turn even more dominant, intoxicating, and .. when I don't think I can take another second of pleasure, he begins to kiss me.

It's a gentle embrace.

Soft.

But controlling in a way where another rush of wetness soaks between my legs.

"My God," I whisper. "You're fire."

He shakes his head. "And you're my fucking drug that I can't get enough of."

I circle my legs around his waist, keeping him locked inside me. "Don't go."

He laughs, a sexy, hungry sound. "It sounds like you want more."

"Maybe I do."

He slips out of me, and I feel myself close in, my body instantly missing him. But that only lasts for a second because his hand is down there again. At that spot. Circling. Rubbing. Giving me a pressure that has me moaning.

"You thought I was done," he growls in my ear, "but we're just getting started."

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 66

/ You're Mine by Penny Brooks  
Chapter 66

Easton

"I really hope your parents aren't going to go tubing tonight," Harper says, her legs wrapped around me, her hand playing with the back of my wet hair.

"Why do you say that?"

"What we just did in here." Her eyes go wide. "That would be all kinds of wrong .. no?"

I laugh.

When she breaks it down that way, she has a point.

But I have good news to share and say, "I'm the only one who uses it. My brothers used to before they graduated and still lived at home, but now that they have their own places, it's just me. My parents don't even go in the pool." .

"I'm relieved to hear that."

I touch her pussy, just the outside edge, needing to feel its heat again, my mind focused on only one thing. "Relieved ... and sore, I imagine."

Three times in a two-hour span. That isn't a record for me, but it's probably close.

"

I can't get enough of her. I knew that long before, when she was only giving me small tastes, but now that I've felt her wetness, her tightness, the way her pussy molds around my cock because it's only ever had me inside of it ...

Fuck.

There isn't anything better.

"I am, a little bit," she admits.

I put my arm around her and pull her toward the stairs. "Let's get out of here. We'll take a shower and go grab some pizza. Sound good?"

"I love that idea."

We're walking down the steps when I hear my phone ring. I know it's somewhere in my pants and I hurry over to where I left them, searching the pockets until it's in my hand.

Ryan's name is on the screen.

Is he calling to chew me out for getting Harper dismissed from school? The only way he would know is if he saw us walk by his classroom window. A possibility, but something! doubt he would care about. Maybe he's looking for her and tried calling her first and she didn't answer

Regardless, I know better than to ignore him.

I turn around, facing Harper, showing her the screen where his name appears.  
"It's your brother..."

"Yikes."

I hold the phone to my ear. "Hello?"

"Where are you?"

I continue to stare at Harper. "Home. Why?"

"Meet me at Shore right now."

Shore is one of the restaurants downtown that we often meet up at on the weekends. *We* don't ever go there after school, which is why I can't figure out Ryan's request.

"Right now?" | ask. "Why? What's so important?"

"Just come-and hurry up, I'll explain everything once you get here."

"Are you .. alone?"

"Yeah, I'm fucking alone. Who do you think I'd be here with?"

I don't take the time to answer his question. I just need to know if he's with Sadie, which would mean I could bring Harper.

Since that isn't the case, I say, "I'll be right there," and I hang up.

I move over to the chair that's holding Harper's clothes and toss over her pants and shirt. As she catches them, I tell her, "Get dressed, I have to go." I put on my own clothes,

frustrated when the zipper doesn't rise fast enough.

"I don't understand what's happening, Easton."

| slip my arms through my shirt. "Your brother needs me for something."

"Am I coming along, too?"

"No."

She halts, her pants halfway up her legs. "No?"

"No," I repeat.

"So, we're not going to get something to eat?"

I put on my shoes. "I'm dropping you off at home. If there's time later, I'll come pick you back up."

"You do realize how fucked up that is, don't you?" .

She's pissed.

I get it.

But there was urgency in Ryan's voice. Something I don't hear often. Something that tells me whatever he needs me for is important.

I don't want to waste time arguing with Harper, so I move in behind her, grabbing her shirt from her hands, and helping her put it on. "We'll discuss it later-once I'm done with Ryan."

Now that she's dressed, I pick up the empty glasses and carry them inside. I place them into the sink at the bar, and make sure Harper is trailing me as I head out to my Jeep.

We climb in and before her seatbelt is even on, I'm backing out of the driveway, flooring the gas, taking every shortcut I know to get across to her side of town.

She's quiet during the drive and every time I glance at her, I see her anger building. I'm sure she thinks I'm putting her last, choosing her brother over her.

I suppose I am.

But this is different, this is somehow very important, and whatever is eating at Ryan especially if it's about Harper and me and his desire to hash things out again with his fists-I don't need her involved.

When I pull up to her house, she opens the door without saying anything and starts to get out of my Jeep.

"Harper ... "I clasp her arm, causing her to turn around and look at me. "I'll be back later, and we can talk then."

"Sure. Whatever."

She shuts the door and walks into her house, and I take off, weaving down the streets until I see Ryan parked along the side of the restaurant. I find an open spot fairly close to his and meet him on the sidewalk.

"I got here as fast as I could," I tell him.

He looks murderous, his hands clenched at his sides, his jaws grinding together.

"I drove by here on my way home from school and look what I came across." He nods toward the other side of the street where Blake's car is parked.

"So?" I can't piece this together. "He ditched school and came out to eat. What's the big deal?"

At least I assumed that's what happened since he wasn't in history class today.

"I wanted to see if he was in his car," Ryan says, "but his windows are too tinted to see from here, so I went over to look."

I follow him over to Blake's SUV and we stand by the trunk.

"I checked the driver's side, and he wasn't in there," Ryan continues, adding to the mystery of this conversation. "I don't know what made me come back here and look." Ryan cups his hands around his eyes, blocking the sun as he presses his face against the rear glass of Blake's X5.

There's obviously something in there that he wants me to see, so I cup my hands around my eyes, just like he's doing, and I peer inside.

"And look at what I fucking find .." Ryan hisses.

It takes me a few seconds to realize what I'm looking at.

But when I do, I lean back and glare at my best friend. "That motherfucker," I growl, my fingers clenching into fists. "I'm going to fucking kill him."

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 67

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

**Chapter 67**

Harper

I throw open the door to find Sadie standing on my doorstep. She rushes in without a word, pulling me into a hug before I can even shut the door.

"I came right over," she murmurs, giving me a squeeze. "You sounded so stressed out."

I called her maybe ten minutes ago? The moment Easton dropped me off I was on the phone, needing my best friend.

"At least someone cares," I retort once we pull away from each other.

Sadie's frowning. "What are you talking about?"

I explain to her how Easton and I ditched school and were spending the rest of the day together-I don't go into too much detail about the hot tub incident-then my brother calls and Easton drops everything to go to him.

"And he didn't even take me with him," I say, crossing my arms.

"Hmm, that's not normal." Sadie taps her index finger against her lips. "I thought they were still mad at each other?"

"So did I! I don't get it." I decide to express my deepest, darkest fear. "I mean, I'm glad they're not so angry at each other anymore, but I also feel like I'm always going to come in dead last in Easton's life."

And that hurts to admit, even if it's just to Sadie, who would never tell a soul.

"No. No way." My best friend's smile is gentle. "Easton seems really into you."

"Until my brother calls him and he rushes off without telling me what's going on," I say bitterly. "It makes no sense."

Sadie whips her phone out. "I'll call Ryan and ask him what's going on. I bet he'll tell me."

I lift a brow but say nothing. My brother is more closed-lipped than Easton and that's

saying a lot. Ryan doesn't tell me anything about his life, especially not lately. I barely know what's going on between him and Sadie.

Neither of them is talking to me about it, and I've been so wrapped up in my own bullshit that I haven't asked them either. I need to though.

I need to be a better friend.

Sadie presses her phone against her ear and I can hear ringing. The gruff sound of my brother's voice when he snaps at her, "What?"

Nice greeting. No hello or hey Sadie.

"Hi." Sadie sends me an unsure look before she says, "What are you doing right now? Want to get together?"

Ryan's so loud, I can hear every word he's saying. "I'm busy. Can I call you later?"

Before she can respond yes or no, he ends the call

Sadie pulls the phone away from her face, frowning at the screen. "What the hell?"

"I guess he's being just as elusive as my boyfriend."

A little thrill moves through me at saying the word boyfriend, despite my frustration with Easton.

..

"Maybe they're going to take out Aisha. Together." Sadie smiles, and there's an evil gleam in her eye.

We both suspect Aisha is the one who wrote whore on our garage door. It just makes the most sense. She must've faked being out of town so she could do it.

That girl hates me with everything she's got, and I feel the same way about her.

God, she's the worst.

"She cornered me in the hallway earlier," I admit.

Sadie's gaze narrows. "What did that bitch say to you now?"

"Awful things about Easton. Trying to allude they're somehow still hooking up."

"Impossible."

Is it though? She knew things she shouldn't. I want to trust Easton and that he wouldn't commit to me while keeping Aisha on the side but..

He makes it so damn difficult sometimes.

"She also accused me of being a boring virgin," I admit.

"I hate her so damn much." Sadie shakes her head. "She's awful."

"I know. But how would she know I was a virgin? That part bothers me the most. To the point I had to ask Easton if he told her."

Sadie gapes at me. "What did he say?"

"He denied it, of course." I wrap my arms around myself, running my hands up and down my suddenly cold arms. "I want to believe him..."

Sadie makes a scoffing noise. "Oh come on, Harper. He would never tell her that."

"Then how did she know?"

"Girl, it was pretty obvious. You keep to yourself for the most part. Rarely, if ever, talk to boys at school. You've never had a boyfriend. Never really been seen on campus with

any boys at all, until recently. And,"

"Okay, okay, I see where you're coming from." I'm vaguely irritated by my best friend pointing out all the reasons Aisha could assume I was a virgin, but deep down, I know Sadie's right.

It was definitely obvious.

"She took a guess, and she was right." Sadie makes a disgusted face. "Still isn't cool she said all that shit to you though. God, I hate her."

"Me too," I agree. "I'm positive she's the one who did that to my garage door."

"What are you going to do? Were your parents super pissed? Did they call the cops?"

I sigh. "They wanted to, but Ryan convinced them they shouldn't. He promised he'd find out who did it, and put it on some jealous girls from school."

"Ryan's not wrong."

"I don't understand why Aisha hates me so much." I collapse on the couch, watching as my friend settles on the loveseat across from me. "What did I ever do to her?"

"Steal her man."

"I don't think Easton was ever her man in the first place." I scowl, thinking of her mentioning the scar on his...private parts. It sucks that she knows about it, because it means she's been up close and personal with Easton's junk.

I can't stand the thought, so I shove it out of my brain.

"We need to get her back," I say, clutching my hands into fists. "I need to get revenge on Aisha."

"You sure you want to do that?"

glance up when I hear the caution in Sadie's voice. "Why wouldn't I? She's made my life a living hell lately."

"She can do worse damage. I don't know if I'd mess with her." Sadie's gaze is serious as she stares at me. "She's as mean as a snake, Harper. And her bite is full of venom."

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 68

[/ You' re Mine by Penny Brooks](#)  
Chapter 68

Easton

There are black spray paint cans in the back of Blake's car, which is the same color that was used on the garage door. That's why Ryan called me over here to this stupid restaurant.

It wasn't Aisha who spray painted whore on their garage door.

It was fucking Blake.

"I'm going to kill him."

I start toward the restaurant entrance but Ryan darts in front of me, shoving at my chest and stopping me. "Calm the fuck down, dude. We have to approach this right."

"I'm going to. I'm going to kill him." My voice is calm. Way too calm. I'm ready to tear that motherfucker from limb to limb. Rip his face off and shove it down his throat. Kick him so hard in the dick that he'll never be able to father children.

Ever.

"No, you're not. You can't go into that restaurant and make a scene. Blake will deny everything and they'll kick your ass out of the place." Ryan shakes his head, his hands still on my chest, restraining me. "We need proof. Evidence."

"Photos?" | ask.

Ryan nods. "If I let you go right now, you promise you won't run into that restaurant?"

I could lie and say yes. Then find my way in there anyway and shove my fist into Blake's smug face.

But maybe Ryan's right. We need to approach this situation carefully. Methodically. Harper will have a hard time believing Blake did this. She's firmly set on Aisha being responsible.

"Promise," I say, my gaze meeting Ryan's.

We stand in the parking lot, staring at each other before Ryan finally, reluctantly releases his hold on me.

Only for a second am I tempted to go into the restaurant but I tell myself to calm the fuck down and head back for Blake's car, whipping out my phone so I can start taking photos.

It's hard to focus through the tinted back windows, but I manage to get some decent shots. Ryan takes photos too, an endless stream of them, his expression turning darker and darker with every shot.

"He's one of my best fucking friends," Ryan mutters. "I can't believe he did this."

Ryan feels just as betrayed as I do, which infuriates me all over again.

"We're going to destroy him." Ryan glances over at me when I speak. "He can't get away with this. He fucked with you. He fucked with me. And he fucked with Harper."

"What, he wanted Harper too and he's pissed he didn't get his chance?" Ryan shakes his head. "I still don't know how this all started."

I'm not about to explain myself. I can't tell Ryan I kissed and groped his sister multiple times before even knowing who the hell she was. How I bullied her and treated her like absolute shit. Fingering her in the goddamn janitor's closet for God's sake.

Yeah. Ryan doesn't need to hear any of that.

"He saw me with Harper and decided to fuck with me," I say, because it's all I got.

"That's messed up." Ryan shakes his head, glancing down at his phone when it starts to ring. He makes a face and answers it. "What?"

I can hear Sadie asking what he's doing and if he wants to get together.

"I'm busy right now. Can I call you later?" He ends the call before she can answer him, the savage. "I don't have time for her right now."

I have a sneaking suspicion she's with Harper, and they're trying to figure out what the hell we're doing. "They're probably together."

"Who?"

"Your sister and Sadie."

Ryan rolls his eyes. "Great. They're probably conspiring with each other."

Probably coming up with ways to string me up by the balls, but I can't worry about that right now.

I'll make it up to Harper later. I hate that I ditched her, but shit.

Seeing those spray paint cans in the back of Blake's car was fucking worth it.

"Shit! Duck!" Ryan grabs my shirt and yanks me down so we're crouched behind a car.

"What the hell?" I jerk out of his hold. "What's going on?"

Ryan holds his finger to his lips before he slowly rises, peeking over the side of the car. I do the same.

Just in time to see Blake exiting the restaurant.

With...

Aisha?

What the fuck?

Blake walks her to her vehicle, dropping a quick kiss on her cheek before she climbs inside. He strolls toward his own car, whistling, his hands in his pockets, as casual as shit, like he doesn't have a single problem in his life.

He has no idea what I could do to him. What Ryan will do to him too. He has a whole mess of problems hanging over his head, and every one of them has my name on it.

The moment he's pulling out of the parking lot, following after Aisha, we both stand up straight, heading for our vehicles. Anger radiates off of Ryan in palpable waves and I'm sure I'm giving off the same vibe

"We could follow him," I say, my voice low. "I bet he's going home."

"No." Ryan shakes his head. "Not yet. We need to have a plan."

"Why? What's the point? We want to destroy him. Let's get it done." I start for my car but Ryan holds me off yet again.

"We need to tell Harper first. She's a part of this too."

My shoulders sag. "She won't believe it's Blake."

"We have proof. Photos. We need to show her." Ryan shoves me and I stumble backward. "I should still be pissed at you for fucking around with my sister."

"I care about her," I stress, throwing my arms up in the air. "I'm not the one going around spray painting shitty words on your house, Ryan. Fuck that. She means something to me. Blake's just fucking around and causing havoc everywhere he goes."

God, I hate that asshole. Even though he was one of my best friends, he's taken things too far.

Our friendship is over.

Finished.

Done.

I don't care what Ryan thinks. If he's not going to handle things properly, then I'll take matters into my own hands.

And fuck Blake's life up.