

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 7

## Chapter 7

Harper

Thurry inside my room and slam the door behind me, anger exploding in my chest. My brother makes me positively crazy. To insist I cover myself up, at a pool party no less, is just absurd. But to make those demands in front of Easton, who offered me nothing more than a look of disgust, is infuriating

It's like he didn't even see me out there, oblivious to my existence.

Nothing more than Ryan's twin.

Maybe that's a good thing, he'll never figure out who I am. But if I ever want to kiss him again, how do I get him to notice me?

I just want that glacier blue stare locked with mine.

The one that makes my entire body scream

I go over to one of my windows, moving the blind aside to peek into the backyard. Unlike the bathroom, it's not opaque, so I carefully search, finding Easton in the pool. He's in the shallow end with Ryan, sharing the vodka with him, girls splashing around them.

His lips are wet, his skin dripping.

He's so ridiculously handsome.

The light in the pool shows the ripples of muscle across his chest, biceps that flex every time he moves, a grin I just want to lick.

My body won't stop humming.

I recall the feel of his tongue. The caress of his hands. The way he exhaled so seductively over my skin.

A chill runs through me as I stare at him.

"Harper!" I hear Sadie shout from the other side of my door, pulling my attention away from the window. "Harper, it's me, open up."

I drop the shade and rush over, turning the lock, opening the door a crack. "Hey."

I'm breathless and I know who it's from.

Concern is etched across her face. "Ryan can be such a dick sometimes. Are you all right?"

"Yeah." I roll my eyes. "I'm just annoyed."

Her eyes widen. "I don't want to make you feel worse, but I have news that's going to."

My stomach drops. "What?"

"I want to tell you, but I don't want to tell you, but I have to tell you

girlfriend code and all."

I reached through the opening and pull her into my room. "Spill it."

"It's just ..." She looks down at her flip-flops, taking a breath. "Right after you left, Ryan told me he caught Easton with a girl."

I swear she can see my heart beating and I try to keep my face from giving anything anyway. "What girl?"

"Ryan doesn't know, and Easton wouldn't give up her name."

"Why wouldn't he?"

She sighs. "He probably thinks I'll tell someone ... like I'm doing right

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now." She shrugs.

It's because Easton doesn't know it's me, that's why he wouldn't tell Sadie. But, for now, I'm keeping our make out a secret from Easton, Sadie-everyone.

I put on my best acting and say, "Ugh, I'm bummed he was with a girl tonight."

"Don't give him a second thought. You still look smoking hot, girl." She twirls a chunk of my hair around her finger. "In fact, Ryan can't stand that his friends are

giving you attention. A few more pool parties, like the one tonight, and you're going to give your brother a heart attack." She grabs

a maxi dress off my bed and hands it to me. "Put this on and let's go back downstairs."

I take the dress from her, my heart not ready to return to the backyard. "I'll meet you in a few minutes."

"Are you sure?"

I nod

"Okay, just don't take too long," she says and lets herself out.

Lock the door behind her and climb on top of my bed, tossing the dress on my chair.

There's another window near the foot of my mattress, this one

facing the pool. I push the blind aside, immediately catching sight of Easton. Nothing has changed since the last time I looked, he's still with my brother, a slew of girls around them, laughter filling their faces.

How's it possible that he looks even cuter than minutes ago?

Or that my body still feels like his hands are on it, those fingers wrapping around my hips, lowering to my butt, circling my cheeks, like he's going to lift me into his arms.

My skin tingles with sweat.

Like the breathlessness, I know it's not from running upstairs. It's

from the memories of Easton that won't stop churning in my brain. How his lips had so expertly meshed with mine, how his grasp had slid across my stomach and up my chest, how his gaze was impossible to see in the dark but still sent quivers through me.

Trembles that are taking over me

right now.

I can feel him.

Taste him.

Smell him.

And it's not enough.

I want more.

My head sinks into a pillow, and I

hold the blind open with my foot, staring at Easton while I get comfy on my back. I don't know this sensation. It's not something that's ever visited before, its demands so unfamiliar.

But there's a fire between my legs, a need pulsing through me.

I listen to it.

And I react

My fingers crawl down my body toward the heat, stopping at that special spot between my legs. I watch Easton through the glass, his grin sending my touch even lower, and it's like I'm back in the bathroom, the bottoms of my

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bikini on the floor.

gasp at how good it feels.

My legs spread further apart, my fingers moving faster.

As Easton's smile grows, I rub harder. As his hands slid over the pavers that edge the pool, I go deeper.

My breath hitches as pleasure builds inside me and my eyes close.

I'm in the dark bathroom again.

With him.

His tongue is sliding through my lips, and I imagine how it would feel on my body.

Oh God.

The pads of my fingers click back and forth, an intensity surging from the movement. Something is happening. Increasing. Charging. My eyes open and look directly at him.

I can't breathe, but I'm panting.

A jolt erupts and my back lifts off the bed, my knees bend, my toes curl, and I swallow the noise, so no one can hear me. The tingles bolt through my stomach, flutters move into my limbs. I don't know where this is taking me, but I hold on.

I rub.

And I stare at the boy who started it all.

A peak blasts and these paralyzing shudders follow, strong enough to make me suck in a moan and I bury my face in a pillow, releasing the sounds I can't keep quiet anymore.

This feeling is so overwhelming, I'm lost.

I can't stop it; I can't even make it pause.

When it finally rolls through me, pull my face out of the pillow and I glance through the small, uncovered space of the window.

I gasp again

But, this time, it's because Easton's looking up at my bedroom, and our eyes are locked.

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 8

## Chapter 8

Easton

Everyone is talking about Ryan's party when we return to school Monday morning. That's because anyone who's anyone was there, rumors swirling through the hallways and throughout my first period class about who got the drunkest, the sickest, who hooked up in Ryan's parents' bed.

I only remember one thing from the night

The girl I kissed in the bathroom.

The rest is one big blur.

But I remember every detail about that deliciously curvy waist and the softness of her skin and the way her lips had melded to mine. And since waking up with a whopping hangover the next morning, I've been trying to recall every chick who was at the party, comparing them to my memory of her. I don't understand why this girl is such a mystery

She must be somewhere in this school and I'm going to find her.

That should be easy. There are only two kinds of girls who attend Washington High- ones that disgust me and are not my type at all, and ones I've already been

with.

Since I'm on the hunt, I make sure to look at both categories while I'm passing them in the hallway.

By lunch, I haven't made any progress, and I join the guys in the cafeteria, filling my tray with a few slices of pizza and a drink before I take a seat between Ryan and Blake.

"I'm still feeling like death," Blake says, staring at his bowl of French fries, not putting a single one in his mouth. "I had Rebecca stop by my place yesterday afternoon and her deep throating couldn't even take this headache away."

"Damn." I bite into the pepperoni slice. "I was feeling pretty rough yesterday afternoon, too, but getting some head would have helped."

I think of mystery girl's lips, how they would feel sucking around my tip and lowering down my shaft.

Fuck.

"Tell me about it," Blake replies. "And that chick has a mouth like a vacuum, but I was doing everything I could not to throw up."

My cell vibrates in my pocket, and I take it out, seeing a text from my father, letting me know he's taking my mother away this weekend,

and I'll be home alone. "Hey," I say, tapping the screen to pull up a calendar, "isn't Saturday Halloween?"

"I think so, why?" Blake says.

I glance up from my phone, a smile moving over my face. "Mom and Dad are going out of town. Guess who's having a party?"

"Oh, hell yes," Ryan replies. "But what about your brothers? Will they be stopping by to make sure that's not what you're doing?"

Both are older than me and work with my father at his law firm, footsteps that I'm supposed to follow. The pressure my dad puts

on me every day is more than want to carry

"Nah," I answer. "I'll tell them I'm staying at your place, so there's no reason for them to pop in."

"I like this idea," Blake says. "A lot."

I write out a quick text, shooting it off to the important people in our class, making sure everyone knows about the plan, and I take another bite of my pizza.

"I've got an idea," Blake says. "Why not make it a costume party?"

I swallow, wiping my mouth. "For

*real?*"

"Yeah, why not. Can you imagine

how the girls will dress? How much tits and ass will be on display?"

"Girls love any reason to put on a costume," Ryan agrees.

"Which usually looks more like lingerie," Blake says, his eyes closing, like he's dreaming about it already. "All those hotties under one roof, it's going to be the fucking playboy mansion at your

*crib.*"

"I'm sold." I take out my phone and type up another message, letting the group know to wear costumes.

I wonder if mystery girl will hear about the party and attend and

what kind of costume she'll have on, if it will reveal that perfect chest with hard, perky nipples, or that ass I can't stop thinking

about.

A grin pulls across Ryan's lips as he nods. "I think we should all go as Hugh Hefner, the owner of Playboy Magazine."

"And round up a ménage of bunnies for the night," Blake adds.

"Shhh," I warn as Sadie walks into the cafeteria, Ryan's sister behind her, Sadie heading straight for Ryan. "Here comes the bunny killer."

Sadie stops in front of our table,

practically bouncing. "Sooo, I hear there's a Halloween party this weekend." She holds up her phone, like she just read the text.

"Word travels fast," I reply.

"I love costume parties," she sings. "Ryan, we should go as Ken and Barbie, how cute would that be?"

Ryan takes a bite of his sandwich, replying with a full mouth, "I'm dressing up with the guys."

"Well, whatever, I'll wear something else, then."

"Will it be skimpy?" Blake asks her.

She slaps his shoulder. "I'm not one of those girls."

"What about you, Harper?" Blake asks. "Are you one of those girls?"

"Watch it!" Ryan seethes.

I look at his sister, waiting for her to answer, which I'm sure is going to erupt a fight between her and Ryan. As she contemplates her response, my stare focuses on her mouth

I'm surprised by how sexy it is.

In

Her tongue slowly slides out to lick across her bottom lip, so full and now wet.

And hot as hell.

Fuck no, Easton, stop putting your brain there. She's Ryan's twin

sister and he's already pissed that his friends are giving her attention.

An idea comes to me out of nowhere and I say, "Doesn't matter," before she has a chance to respond, "because you're not coming."

She looks at me, like I just said the wildest thing. "Excuse me?"

"No siblings allowed," I tell her.

If Ryan doesn't want his boys hitting on his sister, the way he'd struggled like hell with her at the pool party, then this should make him happy

The amusement on his face and his laughter tells me I made the

right call.

"You're saying ... I'm not invited?" she clarifies.

"Did you get my text, asking you to come?" I don't have to look at my phone to know she wasn't on that group message; I don't have her number.

Her eyes widened. "No."

"Then, no, you're not invited."

"I know you're not being that much of a dick," Sadie snaps at me, her nostrils flaring, teeth showing like a rabid dog. "She's coming and I know Ryan will side with me."

Ryan puts his hands up in the air.

"I'm not getting in the middle of this."

"You already are," Sadie confirms. She glares at me and adds, "See you Saturday, dickhead."

Both girls walk away, but not before Harper gives me one final stare that involves her teeth gnawing on her lower lip.

Damn it, that lip.

I hope she keeps her pretty mouth at home where it belongs.

Far away from Ryan's friends.

And me.