

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 11

## Chapter 11

Harper

That was close.

I press my fingers against my swollen mouth and try not to clench my legs too hard as remember the feel of Easton hard against me.

It was better than last time, more like a sex fueled dream.

A moment that can never happen again, if my brother has anything to say about it. He's already going to be pissed enough when he sees my costume, please God let Sadie

calm him down. Besides when has Sadie ever failed me?

Everything's going to be fine. Which is both a triumph and a disappointment. I stop in my tracks. If Easton knew, would he be touching me? Insecurity hits hard and fast as my boots click against the beautiful hard wood floors. With confidence I'm not really feeling, I adjust my black mask and walk into the kitchen.

I imagine it's gonna be nothing but more booze flowing when I stop in my tracks and see Sadie and Ryan in a stand off.

She's shoving at his chest, murder in her brown eyes as her batgirl

Chanter it

costume seems to tighten around strong, lean legs that look seconds away from jiu jitsuing my brother to the floor-if that's even a thing.

"Take it back!" she yells.

No wonder she called.

I can't decide if I'm thankful or disappointed at the interruption.

Ryan's face is doing that scary, wide eyed rage filled stare thing that means he's seconds away from either exploding or tossing her over his shoulder and taking out his anger in an entirely different, ewww my best friend and my brother way

"Ryan," I call. "Stop yelling."

"Stop yell-" His head swivels toward me.

And that's when I see it.

I thought he was mad when I wore the bikini.

No. This is next level, I may die tonight

I gulp.

His eyes move from my head down to my boots then back up. "YOU!"

One word.

His jaw clenches.

"YOU!" He yells again, only this time he's stomping toward me.

"Were not invited and who the hell gave you that costume!"

I'm silent, so is everyone else in the stupid kitchen.

He's now in a stand off between the two of us, the crowd continues to gather to see the drama.

"What the hell are you thinking wearing that

Sadie claps a hand over Ryan's mouth the minute Easton makes his presence known in the kitchen. My stomach drops to my toes.

Shit.

Is this how he's going to find out?

| officially hate my brother.

What's the term where you kill off your sibling?

Fratricide?

Tears well in my eyes as I realize I'm the center of attention-the thing I hate the most as my brother semi shoves her away and walks toward me.

This is it.

The moment Easton finds out my true identity

Fear pounds through me, making it impossible to move.

"There you are!" Aisha runs up to Easton and throws herself around his body

Was she a gymnast in another life?

Her legs wrap around his waist as she presses a drunken, open mouthed kiss against his lips.

I thought fear of him finding out was bad-this is so much worse, because he grins against her mouth a bit before he sets her on her wobbly heels. Her white nurse outfit leaves nothing to the imagination and her long blonde wig looks better than my hair on my best day.

I swallow the lump in my throat as he wraps an arm around her shoulders and saunters off, away from the scene between me, Sadie, and Ryan as if I wasn't even

in the kitchen. Once again, stabbing me in the heart and making me wonder why I even try when he's never going to notice the real me or even think of me that way

Unless we're in the dark.

"Hey," Ryan shoves me into a corner. "Why are you naked?" He shakes his head. "No, why the hell are you even here?"

"Not now, Ryan." I jerk my hand away just in time for Sadie to stomp up to him, ready to start world war three in the middle of Easton's parents gourmet kitchen and around gossip central.

"You look like a whore." Ryan says it loud enough for two girls near the fridge to hear. I want to die and refuse to look at who they are, too embarrassed to do anything except stand there. "Go change before I tell Mom and Dad."

"Oh wow, so not only am I a whore, but now you're going to tattle on me? Yeah okay, have fun when Dad buries your body in the backyard after I tell him to check behind your nightstand."

"You wouldn't." He gasps in horror.

"Oh, I would." I glare.

He sighs, putting his hands on his hips. "Look, guys are gonna get the

wrong idea, alright? Just...for my sake, so I don't go to prison before graduation, can you please, please, change your clothes?"

A knot forms in my throat.

It feels like I'm back in sixth grade, when I wore lipstick for the first time and Ryan told me to take it off in front of all my friends, while Easton stood by and laughed at

1. me.

"Fine." I don't want to fight, and I know that it will only escalate, especially after the bikini situation last week. "I stuffed some extra clothes in my purse just in case."

Sadie gasps. "You liar! I asked if

you did on the way over here, and you said no!"

I just shrug, my confidence semi shot. I leave them in the kitchen and start the search for my bag in the guest room where everyone left their coats and belongings. I lock the door just in case, then walk by the floor length mirror near the bed.

I stop and stare at myself, then with shaking hands reach up and touch my mask, the same mask that keeps me anonymous. I imagine Easton's hands on my hips, the way he pressed against me in nothing but a bathrobe.

The tears start to come as I rip the

mask off my face and turn away

from my reflection.

It doesn't take me long to change into the loose black sweatshirt dress that falls to my knee-high boots. I unzip the boots and tuck them next to the costume, placing it all in the satchell brought, then grab my Adidas slides.

It literally feels like I went from princess to peasant as I glance at my reflection again

My lipstick is gone, compliments of Easton's mouth. The only thing that remains is the dark eye makeup

I shake away all thoughts of him

as I make my way down the hall searching for Sadie only to lock eyes with Easton as he mauls Aisha's mouth.

Normally, I'd just scowl and look away.

Not today

Because today he's kissing her but watching me, like he wants me to see, like he wants to hurt me-to make me feel even worse than I already do.

I try to pass by them.

He pulls back in time to sneer and say with a cruel smile, "Cool costume." A pause. "Go home, Harper."

"Wait, I thought you didn't invite her?" Aisha stares me down like I'm a disease.

I'm internally begging Easton to at least defend me or not be an ass. Instead, he kisses her again and says, "Oh I didn't."

She laughs against his mouth. "How pathetic."

"I know." This kiss is longer between them. I see his tongue dart into her mouth, then out as he says, "Fucking pathetic."

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 12

### Chapter 12

Harper

Tears start to burn at his rejection, at his cruelty, so badly that I can't see where I'm going as I shove through more grinding bodies and surging hormones. My

vision blurs as I run back down the hall. I look over my shoulder and sure enough Easton's still watching, that smug asshole smile in place.

Islam hard into something and fall, hearing Easton's laugh along with Aisha's over the pounding

music.

I blink up. It's Blake, because of

course it would be Blake.

"Oh shit." He quickly pulls me to my feet. "I'm sorry, I didn't see you."

Because I'm invisible, aren't I?

Unwanted

Uninvited

Great, am I really going to cry in front of him, of all people?

The biggest ass in the senior class with the emotional intelligence of a pea.

He takes one look at me and curses, then starts dragging me down the hall and into the garage, where I burst into giant, gut

wrenching sobs.

*My night's ending where it started.*

From famous makeout session with the off-limits guy I've crushed on for years, to the player who's slept with every girl on the cheerleading squad and dance team, now awkwardly comforting me.

Blake's staring, his green eyes roaming over me like I'm some sort of foreign creature. He lifts his hand, then drops it, before he finally pulls me in for a tight hug.

Both embarrassed and comforted, I briefly hug him back, completely weirded out that the third part of

my brother's friend trio-the one who once jumped off of the roof into our pool, screaming I'm Britney bitch is trying to comfort me.

"Anything I can do?" he asks.

I pull away, frowning. "Are you drunk?"

"The hell?" He shakes his head. "No."

"High?" My frown deepens but at least the tears stopped flowing.

"Why do I suddenly feel offended?" He laughs. "Do I have to be drunk or high to care about your

feelings?"

I think for a minute then blurt, "But you're you."

"Wow." He crosses his bulky, tanned arms. "Okay, I'm officially offended, no takebacks."

I find myself smiling. "You know what I mean."

"You should probably explain it to me since I'm a guy and we're dumb."

I always forget how pretty he is, with his dark hair pulled back into a bun and his green eyes focused only on me.

I lick my lips and try again. "I just mean you're Blake Elliot. You have a certain reputation for, you

know...idiocy."

He lifts a brow. "Wanna know a secret?"

"Sure?"

He leans in, looking like bad choices and sin. "I actually have one of the highest grade point averages in our class. I'm just bored as hell sitting there, so you know...I entertain." He spreads his arms wide. "Impressed?"

I narrow my eyes. "Are you being serious?"

"No, actually I'm failing and might have to repeat my senior year for the third time."

"What!" My jaw drops.

His laugh has me joining in. "God, you should have seen your face just now. How old do I look? Damn, now I'm doubly offended." He holds up his right hand like he's taking an oath. "I've never repeated school ever, not even when I accidentally killed the class lizard in first grade because wanted to set him free."

"Uh, I don't know this story." And I feel like I know all of Blake's

stories.

"I felt bad for the little guy, trapped in his cage. Like a prison. So, decided to let Mike go, that was the lizard's name, by the way."

"Oookay." I shake my head.

"Oh, good, you're keeping up." He winks. "Anyways, that's how Mike met his untimely death in the school toilet."

"Let me guess, because all drains lead to the ocean?"

"Exactly. I thought he could swim his way to freedom." He holds his hand up for a high five.

I slap it as the door jerks open.

Easton stands there seemingly drunk and uncertain on his feet. "Are you seriously hiding out in my garage now, Harper? With Blake? How desperate are you?"

I can't decide if I'm embarrassed or angry at this point as I try to come up with something to say. Maybe I should just find a baseball bat, let out a war cry and run toward him just to see his reaction.

Easton scowls. "Seriously, Harper, maybe you'd be more popular if you didn't try so hard."

"Wow *wwwww*." Blake wraps his arm around my shoulders. "You kiss Aisha with that mouth." He snaps his fingers. "Oh wait..."

"Stay out of it, Blake."

"Quick, how many fingers am I holding up?" Blake holds up three



